

## INSIDE CHRISTINA LOPEZ'S BUTT

By SellCon2762

Christina Lopez used her roller blades to navigate the busy streets of San Francisco one Tuesday afternoon, with a grumbling stomach. Wearing a green tank top with a long pair of blue jeans that tightly hugged her enormous ass and large calves; she gracefully moved her legs to power the blades down the street toward her home. Christina's butt though was her defining figure and the one she was best known for...in a multitude of ways. She didn't know if she had the ability to make it home or not before she had to let one rip. But as soon as she arrived at the secret entrance to the government facility, she was able to navigate herself to the nearest bathroom. There, Christina walked through the doorframe, which was only less than a foot from the top of her head and stood up high over the toilet, dwarfing it in size. She stripped off her pants and purple underwear and plopped her butt on the seat, covering it completely with bits of butt hanging on both sides. Her butt was big enough that no smell would escape the toilet, until she got up.

Christina sat there high upon the toilet where she grunted and released her first, smelly, sloppy fart into the toilet. The three-second gaseous explosion from her enormous rear end shook the entire toilet and signaled the beginning of her onslaught upon the poor porcelain throne. To most people in the complex, the toilet was sufficient for their needs, but not for Christina. However, the pains in her stomach had been far too great for her to navigate the entirety of the complex to worry about that. She started dropping massive loads of crap into the toilet, giving a sound of actual bricks falling into the water while mixed in with the sound of loud, mind-blowing farts to release the excess air from within her bowels.

All around Section 26, they could hear the furry and smell the fumes radiating from the bathroom as Christina continued to eliminate any of the previous Febreze smell of the bathroom and alter it with her own, gaseous, rotten egg odor. She had gotten Mexican for lunch that day at school, and instead of stinking up the classroom, which was a common occurrence, she decided to hold it in. After ten minutes, Christina had been finished, and tried to flush the toilet, but it remained clogged. She shrugged to herself as she pulled her underwear up, covering her very generous butt and slid up her blue jeans. Then, the stench from the crap began to overtake the bathroom, filling it with an ominous odor from her Mexican meal. She liked to have the beans, but they did wonders to her digestive tract.

"Great. That's the second time this week. Maintenance isn't going to like this one...looks like a Class 4...no wait...probably a three. Oh well." She then proceeded to spray the Febreze all over, using up the rest of the can, which only slightly took care of the smell. Christina was known throughout Section 26 for being a big-time farter, and just as easily a big-time clogger. They all knew the smell of Christina. Meanwhile, there was an unknown government official walking the corridors, dressed all professionally with a slight gray beard and big-rimmed glasses, he had just passed the bathroom where he noticed the enormous dump lying inside the bathroom. He was taken aback by the smell, even after the Febreze, but then peered over and looked inside. An idea came to his head, and we wanted to know who the originator of that load was.

Christina was a tall, Hispanic teenager, really tall. In fact, she was among the tallest kids in the entire country. At just past 18 years of age and into her last year of high school, she stood and dominated over everything she saw. She stood at six foot six inches with her long, black hair flowing radiantly down her head to the top of her shoulders. She had a form of gigantism which had affected her height since she was young, but that also meant that she was able to tower over everyone, which she liked very much. Her height also gave her the chance to show off her fantastic curves. She bore nearly D cup breasts underneath her green tank top and appeared to be quite the hourglass figure. But her defining feature was her butt, and what a butt it was. Each cheek was nearly as big as her head, and it defied gravity by stretching out some six inches from her body. Still, even with her blessed curves, they didn't stand out too much with her increased height.

She had clearly been blessed with her mother's figures, a woman of similar size who had also worked there at Section 26, until she was killed on a mission one day. Both she and Christina's father, Bill had worked for Section 26 for nearly a couple of decades, and Christina had been a resident of the complex since birth. While it wasn't department policy to keep children, Christina had been a doll for the agents there and since the Lopez family had been one of the founders of Section 26, they decided to keep her around and let her grow up. Section 26 was an unofficial codename granted by the CIA to help assist in apprehending enemies of the United States, sometimes terrorists but not always. Section 26 had broken off from a larger Section 13, based in New York, and 26 has since branched off into Sections 39 and 52, based in Chicago and Houston respectively. Although the official location was never revealed to those not within the agency, Section 26 was located within Telegraph Hill, underneath several buildings upon the hill in the vicinity of Coit Tower. At 26, they were in charge of criminal activities along the West Coast, but the missions these agents took sometimes had taken them off to more exotic locations, and Christina had always wanted to go along with her father. Growing up in Section 26, she had been attracted to the life of a secret agent, and while her father would always protest that being "James Bond" wasn't what his job actually was, she had seen it in that kind of light.

Such a person like Christina, and one would have thought that she would have guys going all over her, and yes they did, but for a while. That was usually when they discovered the other thing that Christina's ass was famous for, its farts. Scientifically, what Christina had was Chronic Flatulence, realistically, what she had was far worse. More or less, there was no standard for the kind of flatulence and bowel movements this tall, Hispanic girl produced. Christina's digestive system was a vast and complex machine, one that no scientist or doctor had ever been able to fully understand. It's capacity was much greater than that of normal humans and the amount of food she ate on a daily basis was staggering. But most of her food was either burned into energy that she used while working out and competing in sports, or expelled through her bowels with her horrendous farts and toilet clogging dumps. While it started around the age of 9, Christina's gas started to increase in power each year. Almost at the same time, she increased in height and size, though fat she never was. Even though she weighed nearly 220 pounds, her height made up for it and that weight was distributed in the best places. Of course, it wasn't all fat; there was plenty of muscle in her glutes too. She was a high school volleyball player and a track runner, so she was kept in great shape. With Christina's high allowance for

food intake, it took a considerable amount to keep her full, but since Bill was connected to the government, his salary was able to take care of it generously.

The government official who had been inside the Section 26 bathroom had looked at the crap in the bowl for several minutes, before he was inspired to seek out Captain Parker, the head chief of Section 26. Captain Parker was an older man, but short in stature, he actually only went up to Christina's breasts, though he recalled a time when he could look down on the budding little girl. He wore a brown jacket with a white t-shirt underneath and was busy at a wall of monitors checking in on the progress of some of his agents out in the field. The official reached the Captain and took him by surprise.

"Stanley...what a...surprise. What brings you to San Fran...what can I do for you?" Parker, surprised by the appearance of who was his superior officer, had stood up from the computer consuls.

"Captain Parker...I smelled something in the bathroom over there, a strong odor, like crap...but that was stronger than anything else I've smelt before." The government official had stated, Parker had looked embarrassed and began to apologize.

"I'm terribly sorry for the conditions of the bathroom; we have a maintenance crew on the way right now...I'm terribly..." Parker was interrupted by the government official.

"No...no...no...it's not the upkeep of that bathroom that I'm interested in. I have every confidence that you can keep the complex running just fine, and I know you well enough. No, what I was wanting to now is....who was in there?" Parker raised his eyebrows as he looked up at his boss; he was completely serious when he said this.

"Who?" Asked Parker again, just to clarify.

"Look...I know this is awkward, and obviously not a question I would ask most people. But the federal government, more or less the Department of Health and Human Services along with the CDC had for some time been conducting experiments on people's digestive systems, to get more information, more data, facts about these...uncomfortable topics. Still, in the interest of science, they are doing it. I got the memo on the issue a few weeks ago and they have been looking for the perfect specimen to 'research.' When I smelt that bathroom and saw what was in there, I knew that this person...whoever left that in the toilet, would be a prime candidate. So, yes, in the interest of benefiting the American people, I want to know...who was in that bathroom?"

"It was Christina, Bill Lopez's daughter. She was the last to use the bathroom, and had called for maintenance to take care of the problem." Captain Parker replied while he continued to look back at the computer monitors.

"Christina? It was a girl who did that?"

"Yes...Christina is Bill's 18-year old daughter; she has been with us ever since she was born. And over the past 10 years or so, she's been farting up a storm. That is the reason we have installed fumigators around this complex. We received a grant to get rid of the smell she causes. Sir, there are

people to fart, and people who fart pretty well, and then there is Christina. No one has ever since a girl, let alone a person who passes gas as much. You catch her here when her family has Mexican food and sometimes those fumigators aren't even enough. On the nights that they have it, I just tell my agents to leave and enjoy a night out on the town. "

"Dear God, that is impressive, and she's only a teenager? Can I see her...would that be possible?"

"Let's contact Bill first; he should be in shortly...so what kind of data are you looking into?" Parker said as he sent a text message to Bill, asking him to arrive at headquarters as soon as possible.

"From what I've seen, they have done plenty of study on...stools, that sample isn't that hard to obtain...its farts that we want to study more...but it requires a different approach." Several minutes had passed and Bill was just arriving. Both men thought that they could smell a particular odor coming from around, but it wasn't that noticeable.

"Bill?! Stanley here has an interesting idea...we need you to hear about it." Parker called Bill into his own office, located in a part of the hallway near the living space of the Lopez family. Bill had just gotten back from a mission in Mexico and was curious as to Stanley's thought. He was no short man himself, at around six feet with a dark red 49ers sweatshirt and a pair of blue jeans, he had curly brown hair and a small beard around his chin.

"What can I do for you?" Bill asked eager to help his superior officer's superior officer.

"We may have some need for your daughter; Parker here tells me that she gets a lot of...gas."

"Yeah...what does that have to do with you though?"

"Bill...your daughter can help provide us with something that we haven't been able to do before, a study of human flatulence, and in depth study, from what I've heard so far, your daughter has been known for cutting the cheese, what we would like to do is to research how she does that...who knows, perhaps they may find a cure to curb it down a bit." Captain Parker started noticing a rotten egg smell develops down the hallway as they approached the room Christina was in.

"Study? How would you be studying her, granted, she's 18, and as much as I have wanted to keep her safe and away from doing these things...but she's an adult." Bill was unhappy, but had to acknowledge that his daughter had independence. Since she grew up in Section 26, she had wanted to become an agent, and since Bill's wife had died during a mission he was on about the time Christina was 12. Since then, she has wanted to be on Bill's side, as a sidekick for him or not, carrying on the tradition of her mother. But at this point, she was continuing to go to high school, receiving pretty decent grades and perhaps on her way to go to either San Francisco State, UC, or if she was able to pull it through Stanford. Of course, there are a few who say that her good grades are only because her teachers couldn't handle having the gassy behemoth in their classroom twice.

“Yeah...what were your ideas of doing this?” Parker had asked, and then...as soon as he thought of a way for the study, a weird idea came to him, something that the CDC or Department of Health and Human Services would have never thought of.

“How about shrinking?” Parker proposed.

“Shrinking? Like...shrink the...”

“...the ones who will be doing the studying, and place them inside of Christina’s butt. I am proposing this because we have the ability to actually do this.” Parker’s suggestion had caught both the government official and Bill off guard.

“You can shrink people...how come I’ve never heard of this. We have been trying to develop shrinking and growing technology, and you are telling me that you guys have perfected the technology?”

“The technology no...but we have a means of doing so. An old wizard in Chinatown named Winn. He helped us in an operation a few months back, in which we had to track a suspect to a particular location, we did it here in the city, Bill was the main leader of the group...” Parker began to explain.

“...was he shrunk himself?” the government official had asked.

“No...but he can attest that the shrinking works. We can shrink the...people who would be doing this project, shrink their equipment, and give them com units to keep in touch with us. Winn could conjure us up a spell that would accomplish that. We can then transport them into Christina’s butt and have them stay there. If you want to get your research, wouldn’t it be appropriate from the source itself?”

“I thought magic was against the wishes of the federal government?” Bill addressed Parker who had been weary of the first time they attempted it.

“Yeah...me too, I’ll have to clear it with Washington...but...” the government official began to recall the deep stench he had smelt when he heard Christina fart, the thought was arousing him. He didn’t want the research to stop and had even considered for a brief moment whether or not he should go. “...you know...Washington doesn’t need to know about the shrinking part. I’ll contact the Department of Health though that we have found a specimen and will need a few of their scientists out her as soon as possible.”

“That is an interesting idea...but I’ll have to clear it with both Bill and Christina herself, 18 or not, she still needs to know what is going on.” The government official had confirmed, he pointed to Bill who nodded his head. He had been with his daughter all his life, he knew how bad her gas was, and anything to at least curb it would be helpful.

“I would have to clear it with her.” Bill said as the three approached Christina’s room. There she sat on the floor, playing one of her video games in a most playful manner, with a strong, rotten odor in

the air. The government official was taken back at first by what he had smelled come out of that room. Christina was sitting in her room and she was out of her pants. She was now wearing her yellow volleyball shorts that covered her butt very tightly. Each butt cheek was larger than the heads of any of the men looking at her. As Christina sat there playing a game, she tilted her body to the right, and out came another powerful fart, BRRRAAAPPPPTTTHHH! The fart shook the girl's tight shorts and vibrated the nearby floor, where a small brown spot had developed. This was not just any fart. It was a hot rasping eye waterer. With the three grown men so close to the source there's no escape. They could almost see thick yellow smog hanging in the air. Trying to resist gagging they turned around and take a few shallow breaths until Christina began tilting her ass to the right and another loud ripper that almost deafened her ears and brings out another potent stench. The room was almost out of air. Christina giggled furiously as she looked back at the three men, suffering from the potency of her fart.

"Sorry...I farted, must have been the chili I had earlier." She said as she waved the air around her face, breathing in the strong rotten egg and cheese smell that had polluted the room. The government official, while taken back by what he had to smell from Christina Lopez, was also very impressed and knew that this was the right choice. To study the fart, they had to get it from a powerful source, and this teenage girl might have been the best choice of them all.

Bill, Captain Parker, and the government official had vacated the room that Christina had cleared out. Inside, Christina was still laughing as she continued to breathe in the heavy stink that her previous fart had created. The three men went back to a computer consul where they discussed more about Christina's farting.

"What does that girl eat...to produce farts like that?" the government official asked.

"Anything...honestly, anything gives her gas...though beans, vegetables, and cheese give her the worst. Her daily intake of milk and protein shakes don't help much either." Bill explained.

Captain Parker had explained the chemical that Section 26 created that when digested gives Christina super-powered farts, way worse than even her bad farts already are. "We combined several of foods that gave Christina bad gas and placed it inside a chemical compound and then we gave it to her. We wanted to test the effect, so that we could use her perhaps for chemical warfare, her farts are THAT bad if she wants them to be. The problem is...the chemicals have made her farts much worse than even we could project. We have a measuring device that records the power of her farts on a scale we measure as CFI, or the Christina Fart Index. On a normal human being, the score is around 3 or 4, 5 on a really bad day. If you had gotten back from a Mexican restaurant and had been drinking a lot of beer, that would be a 5. Christina regularly now farts 20s on the scale, and 50s on a really bad day. With the chemical, she can break 60, but even without the chemical, catch her on a good day for her and she can still break 60." Captain Parker explained.

"What would the chemical do to a normal human?" The government official asked.

“Theirs would be no worse than a 10, bad on most scales, but weak on Christina’s.” The official was now quite astonished to hear this, he knew that he had found the perfect specimen, even without the chemical, he had plenty of gas to work with from Christina.

All of the sudden, the three heard another loud rumble come from of the direction of Christina’s room. It shook the nearby room and out from the room came a green smoky haze. All the agents working around that site immediately vacated the premises as they knew what had just happened: Christina had farted, again. But this was one of her more massive farts. A strong, sewer-gas seeped out of the room with a suffocating sour milk and cheese stench that dominated the hallway of the Section 26. A few moments later, Christina appeared out from her room, coughing a little bit. She was having some pretty horrendous farts. Her tremendous ass had been on fire as it was burning through her shorts, this had been a normal episode for her though. Beside her was the source of her gas, her gigantic pot of chili had ground beef, sausage, peppers, hot spices and sauces, and 4 different types of beans. And she ate 3 delicious bowls with the fourth one at her side. By this time of the day, her colon decided that it would manifest into a vehicle of death. So as she started walking closer to the men at the computer consuls, she released a diabolical bomb of gas. She gave a big smile at the group as she started walking toward the computer consuls as they were looking at the formula that they created for Christina. As she walked toward the consuls the stench of her farts grew stronger and stronger. The seat of her shorts was burning with all the warm gas that had accumulated there after her farts. There were plenty of coughs around the complex as Christina’s gas continued to filter throughout Section 26, giving the girl plenty of glee.

“Hey dad.” Christina said while she started waving her hands to get rid of the gas that had enveloped her ass and floated throughout the complex. The government official was more and more impressed with the incredible quantities of Christina’s gas. The government official was taken back the tremendous size of Christina. She towered over him by nearly a foot and she had to bend down, almost hitting him with her large breasts to see him. Bill had taken the government official aside to explain a little more before he went on to explain his mission. Christina’s tall stature meant that she played volleyball, and while she was fierce on the court, her stomach was just as bad, especially after she ate Taco Bell or chili. Either one of those foods would give Christina a lethal combination of gas. They had to clear the entire gymnasium one day after Christina kept on ripping bean-scented farts, continuously, some 20 farts in about 10 minutes. She could only laugh to see what was going on. Christina was a tomboy at heart, and while most people would be ashamed with such a farting problem, Christina embraced it; she would often eat the gassiest foods just to see what would happen.

The government official was still getting more impressed with what he was hearing, all while smelling the pungent odor of her gas around her. She continued to smile as she began wondering what the three men were looking at her for.

“She’s perfect.” The government official said as he had to put his shirt over his nose to cover up the smell. But he was sincere in his claim.

“Perfect?” Parker asked.

“When we do these experiments, we want the best of the best. Christina’s farts are the best and from what you guys have told me here, she would be the perfect specimen to study. We would be doing our country a great disservice if we don’t study someone of this caliber.”

“Caliber?” Parker asked, but was then interrupted by the government official who asked Bill if he could ask his daughter about the possible mission. The government official then turned over to Christina, who had remained standing, listening in on their conversation in praise of her mega farts.

“Alright then,” the government official began, “Christina, what if I were to tell you that the government needs you for a mission?” Christina’s eyes were enlightened as she began to wonder what kind of mission she was in for.

“Cool! What will I be doing in this?” Christina started getting excited about the prospects of her mission. The official looked at both Bill and Captain Parker and began talking. She took out her soda can and proceeded to drink the entire thing in one huge gulp. After a few seconds had passed, she expelled from her mouth a tremendous belch that filled the air with more of Christina’s gaseous force. The government official had to wave his hand around for a few seconds in an attempt to get more air.

“He...he...sorry.” Christina said innocently. The government official then began to state the request.

“All you would have to do is...um...fart for us.” Christina giggled as she heard this request from the government, “...we want to do an in depth look at your bowels and your gas production and expulsion. Ultimately, we want to take some scientists, shrink them, and place them inside your body to measure the power and intensity of your farts and to record data on them that we have never been able to obtain before.” Christina at first looked disappointed but began to imagine the feeling of small people up her butthole, recording her farts.

“So...what would my job be?” Christina asked with a smile.

“Your job would be to produce as many of your....\*COUGH\*...impressive farts. You are likely the best candidate on Earth for this job and we want to study from the best. Our research may be able to help find out about this part of the human digestive system that we often...forget about. Their studies within your bowels would help create a framework on every aspect of farts imaginable. Perhaps even help in developing medicines that could curb flatulence. It’s a natural part of the human system, there ought to be ways we can exploit it.”

“Perhaps as a weapon?” Bill asked, since it was always an idea of his and Parker’s to use Christina as a biological weapon of sorts. If she were out in the field as an agent and needed information from a suspect, she could use her farts as a natural form of getting information.

“Possibly? But we need to know what kind of weapon we would be dealing with first, hence the need for research.” The government official responded back.

“How long would your scientists be within...Christina?” Captain Parker asked the government official. Likely 48 hours or so, so that they can record for a considerate period of time. They would be wearing protective suits that would keep them safe.”

“Cool! Just imagine, two days in my butt!” Christina was getting pretty interested in this idea and she was pretty much ready to go ahead with it. The government will be able to provide whatever it wants to both these two and the usage of Christina’s bowels to benefit America will mean that we can help offset some costs for these two in the future. All of Christina’s food will be provided by the government.” The offer was starting to sound even better for Bill, but the three of them were taken off guard by a strong scent. Deep within the seat of Christina’s pants, a super-heated, methane powered, bean-scented gas was being expelled like a pack of lions roaring out of a cave. The fart lasted a total of ten seconds but it soon became clear what had happened. The fart smelled of garbage and funk and it wreaked havoc across nearly the entire complex, the chili had really gotten a hold of Christina’s bowels. “Excuse me.” Christina said giggling.

“Dear Lord Child!” The government official said as he continued to have trouble breathing in the fumes of Christina’s fart. The heavy rotten egg stench was heavy in the air and had even risen the air temperature by a couple of degrees. It was an inhuman smell and well over a 30 on Christina’s fart scale. The fart stench was causing the eyes of every man within that complex to water profoundly and caused nearly half the staff there to leave to get some fresh air while they constantly gagged on the way out. Christina could only giggle to watch what these grown men were doing because she had farted “That is amazing...that is so bad...I have never, NEVER, smelt a fart like that before!” the official claimed as he looked at Christina with pride.

“That’s what they call an SBD!” Christina said proudly. “An SBD?” asked the official. “A Silent BUT DEADLY Fart! And boy was that one a stinker!” Christina continued to giggle at the effect of her amazing fart. Christina’s SBD farts were legendary throughout Section 26, and just about anywhere where people have been in contact with her. Christina’s regular farts were already well ahead of her normal humans, but when she was given the opportunity to produce a truly monstrous fart, that silently leaves her body and enters the atmosphere to supplant the natural air with her own, it made her happy.

Captain Parker had brought the wizard Winn over to Section 26 to explain with him the premise of the idea. “We need a shrinking potion for this team that will need to travel for two...” Captain Parker was cut off by the government official who stated that it now had to be three days.

“Three days?” Captain Parker asked.

“Correct, the first day we will do this will be Friday; we want to get a day of Christina in school, how her gas is then, and the next two she will be back at Section 26. We want to get her gas on a normal day of her life and then we will focus the next two days on getting the full analytical data, before resizing the people on Sunday. We will shrink them Thursday Night so that they can greet Christina’s bowels on Friday Morning.” The government official explained.

“Alright then...three days in the chamber of death.” Parker said, half-jokingly, all he could think was that he was happy to not be going with the crew.

“It shouldn’t be a problem for me...I’ll have my assistant Bailey obtain the proper ingredients and I’ll get something together by Thursday. Of course, I will have to be using something more potent than the last time, since they were only shrunken for a few hours.” Winn explained to both Parker and the government official.

“I still can’t believe you want to do this.” Bill said in disbelief with his head down, that’s when Captain Parker looked over toward him and explained that he had another idea.

“Bill...how would you like to join the scientists?” Captain Parker’s request at his friend caught him with shock.

“What?” was all that Bill could muster up.

“I know...I know...it sounds weird, and probably disturbing, but you know Christina more than anyone else here...you would have an insight to what Christina would do...not to mention you have a bit of an immunity to Christina’s farts.” explained Captain Parker.

“No I don’t...at least not a full immunity, and at that scale, immunities would do very little.” Bill looked over at his daughter in another room, watching TV and eating what looked like her fifth bowl of chili, he began to worry over any thought of being inside his daughter’s rectum, he looked at Winn and asked if a potion could be devised to keep the smell down for him.

“Perhaps...but it wouldn’t get rid of the smell completely...only partially. Of course, I assume you guys will have equipment to keep these guys from passing out.” Winn explained.

“Sure...the crew will have plenty of oxygen available, plus you’ll have suits to wear and be sleeping in state-of-the-art tents that should shield some of the stench away from you.” Parker tried to reassure his good friend, who figured that that was going to have to do.

“That would have to be enough...I guess I could go, but what would I do?” Bill asked Captain Parker.

“You would have to keep the scientists cool, and protect them in case...anything happens, I will reward you handsomely as will the U.S. Government if you go along with this, besides this is a family member of yours, you know what’s going through her mind and what kind of things she does. You will be a resource to the other scientists on background information about this girl’s behaviors, you’re participation will be crucial, do you guys not go into missions with some go-to guy for information?” The government official asked as he tried to hype up the significance that Bill would have on the mission. After a few minutes to think about it, he decided to go along with it. All his life, since he started out with the San Francisco Police Department and later with Section 26, he was committed to helping America, and to refuse this opportunity would be betraying his oath of duty. He agreed to participate, but then Bill sighed to himself as he started wondering what he was getting himself into.

“You’re going inside my butt?” Christina asked in astonishment as she heard of the plan. Bill shook his head as he acknowledged that he was indeed part of the team studied to investigate Christina’s farts.

“I know it sounds weird, and believe me it is...but they feel that I would know more about you so that I can study them further. Just try not to kill me who knows what your killer farts would be like at the level I will be at.” Christina shook her head in agreement, for she really didn’t want to kill or hurt her Winn, even with her own digestive processes. The next two days were spent with Christina spending some time with several scientists to develop a diet that would complement her for the three days of the research. They were surprised to hear that everything gave her gas, but they soon found out various other foods that Christina ate that gave her “really good gas.” Breakfasts each day would consist of her eating eggs, meat, and lots of milk, along with her normal protein shakes. Lunch would involve a special Mexican meal full of beans and cheese along with more of her milk. Dinner on Friday would be chili with extra beans, and more Mexican meals for both Saturday and Sunday. Also, she was advised that for each meal, she would be eating some broccoli and cabbage, two foods that they were told would up her fart ante, far more than it already was. Christina started licking her lips when she realized the diet she’d be put through, no one would want to be near her butt after those three days. But the one thing they forbid her from doing, or less she’d be disqualified from the study, was to take any chemicals for her farts, they wanted to study them on a natural level and not have it be amplified by the chemicals, although this disappointed Christina, she knew that with her diet that wouldn’t be much of a difference, the added quantities of the foods in fact might increase her farting power on their own. In addition to this, she ate three full cans of beans each day to add on to her farting before she would start this diet.

A team was devised by the government officials; three individuals would join Bill inside Christina’s butt. The three officials arrived in San Francisco on the Thursday before the mission. And given the rather, disturbing aspect of the mission, their names were shielded, instead they were given the codenames of Scientists A, B and C. The first was an expert on smells and was sent to investigate the individual smells that would come out of Christina’s butt. He stood in a red sweater vest with gray slacks and was an older man in his 50s; still, he was the senior official on the authority of the digestive system in the country, he was Scientist A. The second one was a scatologist, who also investigates the digestive system and was a male who had always had a fascination with crap and farts, unknown to those around him. He was a younger male, likely in his mid-20s who had studied the topic since high school. He had always been fascinated with the female fart and had a brief experience with an old girlfriend of his who’d like to cut the cheese, he was Scientist B. The third was a female scientist in her late 20s, with a white coat and khaki pants. She was there to investigate the fact that this was done from a female specimen, she would explore Christina’s feminine qualities when compounded with her farts, and to help dispel the old rumor about girl’s not farting, she was Scientist C. These three would accompany Bill on the voyage inside Christina’s butt. Several photographs were taken from the inside of Christina’s bottom to locate possible sites for the team to be situated. They would be shrunken to near minuscular levels so that even the hair on Christina’s large butt. The crew would be outfitted with suits that would provide up to three days’ worth of oxygen each and a special tent that would house them and keep the



study outside the site. Scientist A started breathing in the contents near the doorframe and came up very quickly as the cause of the sulfuric odor from Christina's gas, Scientist B started getting a little aroused, such a powerful stench, coming from such a small girl, it was going to be three days in heaven, he thought. And Scientist C was amazed alone at the stench, as it was stronger than any fart she had ever produced, nor smelt from any of her male colleagues, this was truly an amazing girl, with a unique gift for producing vast quantities of gas. About 10 minutes later, Bill had finally gathered enough strength to go into the room and confront his daughter, who had just stood there, looking around, wondering what had taken everyone so long to return to the room. To her, the gas was nothing. Bill walked in and after coughing for a minute went to hug his daughter, in one last moment with her.

"Please...come back safe." Christina told her father while looking down at him.

"Don't fart that bad...just keep it normal and keep me safe. My life is in your hands." Bill said back to Christina. For once, it was Christina who would be looking after Bill and not the other way around. She had grown up and he knew it, now she was going to house her own father within her gaseous ass for three days. 15 minutes after Christina had cut the cheese, the air in the shop had been cleared just enough so that they could take part in the shrinking and allow for the team to travel into Christina's bowels. For which, Christina had to strip down to her bare butt and lie on the table in the shop while the crew continued to breathe in trace amounts of Christina's powerful fart.

The three scientists and Bill were placed in another room with Bill and they were given their final instructions and given their equipment that would last them for three days, furthermore, the equipment would be able to be shrunken by them. There was also a decision made for there to be communication between Bill and the outside world with a device that could send transmissions from him up to either Captain Parker or Christina, that way they would be able to give progress reports and the two sides could talk to each other. In Winn's shrinking spell, he gave them a little immunity to the stench to hopefully protect them, but there wasn't any guarantee that any of that would work. The four were then placed on a platform and sent inside a submarine object that would transport them at least into the depths of Christina's butt crack, which from there they would be able to power a way to her anus. Christina had to strip down to her bear butt on the table while a doctor was going to place the submarine into her butt, while on the table, he could breathe in heavily the gaseous odors still emitting from her butt. It had now been nearly a half an hour since Christina ripped that first fart and the stench was still strong within her blue jeans and around her exposed butt, which had warmed up since that first fart. It took the doctor a minute or two just to open up Christina's butt crack and stomach the stench coming out from it. Christina moaned as she was being felt like never before, but still the thought of people about to go inside her made her feel great inside, and what felt even better, her stomach was bubbling with a whole assortment of gases, being fermented within her stomach, if they wanted to study her gas, they would get a full dosage of it very soon. Finally, the moment came; Christina hugged Bill as he departed with the crew, Winn started dancing around chanting his usual spell phrase while blowing a powder on the four along with their submarine, shrinking them to minuscular size. The four responded back to the crew, they were ready and in good shape, the procedure had been a success. The four went inside the submarine, which Scientist A piloted. The doctor then picked up the submarine and

pushed it inside of Christina's butt crack, which was still leaking some of her gas and the submarine was able to pilot itself inward all the while with the rest in the shop, listening to the coverage.

The doctor continued to observe the situation for a little longer while he also took a temperature of Christina's rectum, which was a bit warmer than usual, but after taking her temperature in her mouth he realized that it wasn't her body temperature being warm, but rather the large volumes of gas being produced in her anus that caused the rectum temperature to increase. It took three minutes for to reach the canyon that was Christina's buttcrack and the four all stared down to what seems like forever until they could see the outline of a hole at the very bottom. As they started going into the depths of her ass Christina shifted her weight a little bit almost causing them to fall in to a very horrible place, but it was quickly corrected. Now they finally stopped the submarine, they had piloted it as far as possible; it was about halfway down Christina's buttcrack. That was about as far as the submarine was going to go down the butt crack; there was just too much booty in the way. Christina's butt crack was very deep, deeper than the Grand Canyon would be to a normal person. For a person with tremendous butt cheeks, her canyon was just as big. Standing inside the Grand Canyon still wouldn't do justice for what the crew was experiencing at the butt crack of Christina. But Christina's butt was the worst place to be after Christina ate such a gas-inducing meal as she had.

"It's very dark in here." Bill relayed to Captain Parker, who told the crew to use their GPSs as they walked toward the base camp site at the foot of Christina's anus. Up top, Captain Parker also alerted the crew that Christina was starting to moan in displeasure and warned that her next gassy bout was about to happen. The crew in her buttcrack was then told to brace themselves. At this point, no one had ever been this close to someone's butt to smell their fart, let along with a farter like Christina, so it would all be a new experience to them, as they continued to walk further down the buttcrack toward the hole. After another five minutes, Christina laid there on the table and she began to moan even more, the doctor took one last temperature and saw that her inside temperature had gone up even more. Inside her ass, Bill and the crew felt the rumbling reach earthquake like heights as they felt the rumbling begin, they could now see vaguely where the anus was, and it started opening. Bill alerted the others to turn on their oxygen and brace themselves; Christina was going to let one rip.

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Christina Lopez laid on the table, clenching her fists in pain as she felt a boatload of gas starting to be expelled. Bill and the crew started hearing the rumbling noise as they approached Christina's anus. The giant teenager's anus zoomed before the crew, it began opening and the strongest earthquake that any of the four had ever been through had started, as the insides of Christina were struggling, Bill had thought that this was going to be like a bomb going off, and indeed it was, just not in the way he had thought. Before the four, a loud, howling wind, like a tornado began to blow in their face. Hurricane-force, even stronger than that, winds began to blow, but instead of regular wind, it was Christina's homemade, putrid, fart gas. This was the ultimate, the last resort of the digestive process. The crew all had their suits on and was getting oxygen, but they were feeling the temperature rise considerably

inside their suits and the stench of Christina's farts were still getting to them. The previous fart that Christina was dropped was a sulfuric mixture of rotten eggs and shit, this was far worse. The winds inside Christina's butt were clocked at nearly 200 miles per hour, much stronger than a hurricane and the super-heated gas was nearly 150 degrees in warmth. Only their suits were protecting the crew from receiving third-degree burns and oxygen deprivation. The whole episode lasted for a full 20 seconds as this super-heated, past-Hurricane strength pungent wind blew past the crew. Each person had to hold on to one of the hairs of Christina's butt tightly as this heavy stench blew past them. Outside, Christina laid there on the table, releasing this deadly SBD Fart into the air causing the doctor to be blown away from where he was standing, looking down at Christina. She started giggling there on the table as she felt the warm gas from her fart spew from out of her ass. The room she was in instantly was cleared out of all available oxygen and filled in with the sulfuric methane mix of her powerful gas. This was another of her power SBDs, and if her previous two farts were any indication of what was to come, Christina was in for three, long, powerful farting days.

"Bill...Bill...are you okay, I farted." Christina said giggling into the microphone, trying to hear from her Winn. It took several minutes, but Bill had finally gotten enough air to respond that he was doing okay, and asked Christina not to do that that often, but Christina couldn't promise, it all depended on her stomach. But fortunately, she was about to go to bed, so that she could get ready for school, and while she did fart in her sleep, it wasn't nearly as much as normal, so it was quite possible that the crew could at least set up camp and get some sleep, but they would be reminded by the tingly, rotten-egg stench throughout the butt crack of Christina Lopez all night while they slept at the base of the anus of a sleeping giant, a sleeping, farting, giant! And as she slept, small puffs of her pungent gas would occasionally seep out, blinding the crew once more.

At the base of Christina's buttocks, Bill and the crew had finally reached the site where they would set up their equipment. Bill was much smaller now than he had been the previous time he had to scale his daughter's body. They were well inside between the cavernous ass cheeks that her Christina's and each of her butt cheeks were larger than the entire Chinatown neighborhood that Section 26 was based out of, at least from Bill's perspective and they reeked of her rotten egg gas. The first scientist started using one of their devices to detect what kind of odors were in the air and their composition. What was found wasn't surprising, but it was in much larger quantities than expected: nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, and large quantities of methane, more so than in normal humans. The stench was attributed to several components: methanethiol, dimethyl sulfide, and hydrogen sulfide (which created the rotten egg odor.) There were dense and vast amounts of these components found throughout the site and it kept the crew from actually taking off their suits. Scientist C looked around for how these components could be impacted by the fact that Christina was female, giving off the often sited fact that girls farted more than boys, or at least to worst quantities, but Christina was in a whole league of her own. Scientist B had been hiding a hard-on since they arrived at the site, experiencing Christina's first SBD was more than he had ever hoped for in experiencing a girl fart. To him, this was heaven, he too was analyzing the components of Christina's gas, but he was getting more and more aroused just thinking about it. An idea came to his head, he wanted to take off his suit and get a good, full whiff of the gas that Christina was producing. He walked up closer to the anus and started in awe as he was no

more than a small boy compared to the size of the small girl's buttocks. It towered over him by what looked like twenty stories and it was seemingly covered in her digestive products. It was estimated by the crew, the exception being when Christina washed herself, this site was always smelling of her farts, with their enormous power, there was no way that the stench could go away. Finally, against the wishes of everyone else, he slowly took off the astronaut-like helmet and was quickly assaulted with the warm and powerful stench of Christina's farts. Almost immediately, he could barely breathe, he started breathing in vast amounts of Christina's gas, supplanting the oxygen in his own lungs with Christina's special blend, he couldn't believe just how much was inside this sleeping girl, but up above him, he felt the insides of Christina move once more and the anus opened up, a constant, but short, stream of more of Christina's gas started pouring out, immediately giving the scientist third-degree burns on his face, with Christina's gas and blasting him nearly 30 feet (from his perspective) back toward the site. It was a small, very small puff of gas from the sleeping Christina, perhaps not even enough to wake her up from her slumber, but it had caused the crew to seek medical attention on Scientist B, who had been given the fullest blast of a small girl's fart gas as possible, it was considered even worse than being skunked by a skunk, this smell would almost never be taken off of the scientist, he was practically branded with Christina's smallest fart. Even Christina's small farts were becoming deadly!

Morning soon came for the young, teenage Hispanic girl, and her stomach began rumbling once more. Bill and the crew of scientists had managed to get a little sleep that night, well...except for Scientist B, who was busy tending to his wounds from getting a face full of Christina's deadly and potent gas. His face was now much redder and it reeked of Christina's intestinal wastes. While they slept in their fortified tent, held down to the surface of Christina's rectum which kept it from necessarily blowing away, when Christina decided she needed to pass gas once more, they kept feeling rumblings come from beyond them and they knew it was only a matter of time. Meanwhile, Scientist B kept on going through some of the readouts and data already found within the girl's gas, and measure it along his own face, it had become imprinted with Christina Lopez's gas, he was marked by the girl, and he didn't know for how long. But still, he fantasized by how wonderful it also felt, he had always wanted to be facefarted, but this was a whole new experience for him, to be able to feel the full power not only with his own nose up someone's butt, but to receive the contents of the fart around his own face, it made him get excited, and to think this was only the first of the three days. His expectations had already been surpassed in just the first few hours, and now it was time for more to come. The only problem was...could he stand smelling of Christina's butt forever. Regardless, he wanted to eventually get out of his entire suit and experience one of Christina's mega farts in full person, but he had to find the right time for that.

Back in her bedroom, Christina had the cover over her, and started feeling the rumbling return, it was nearly morning. She turned over her large tush and grabbed the cheeks in pleasure as she felt the gas coming to the end of her anus. She knew this was going to be bad but she released them anyway. She got up and immediately began farting, three, large, bubbling blasters came out from within her, creating a raucous stink within the blanket, and Christina had just given herself a Dutch-oven. The girl breathed in heavy amounts of the beans, onions, and Brussels sprouts-induced gas in her face and started to get a little sick. She had to pull the cover over and look out into her bedroom, the scientist

monitoring the situation within Section 26 itself were instantly awoken, first by the loud noise and heavy stench of the fart as it traveled the complex, but also because of their worry for the crew. Christina began laughing to herself as she also pondered their situation within her butt. Indeed, the three farts were felt by the crew as they were awoken with a barf-inducing stench that came out of three, tornado-winds strength fart that filled up their tent and caused them to reach for the oxygen in an instant. They breathed heavily as the three farts continued. One lasted for ten seconds, another for five, and the third went on for fifteen seconds, 30 whole seconds of these kinds of conditions were not kind on the crew, and their tent had been pushed out from its sight and was flung way out into the canyon of Christina's buttcrack, where it was ultimately stopped. Finally, Bill had gotten up and looked out in a haze at the green and yellow gas that flowed all throughout the interiors of Christina's butt. Scientist A had taken out the device that measure the Fart Power Index and had an astonished look when the last fart recorded a 200 on the scale. None of Christina's farts had ever reached past a 60 on the scale before, but this deep within Christina's bowels and they soon discovered just how much more deadly her farts truly were. Scientist C had to throw up in the inside as Captain Parker and the others at Section 26 were called into Christina's room where they started gagging to the woken up Christina.

"Ah...excuse me, just some morning thunder." She said to the others, suffocating on her farts as she sat there in bed.

"Morning Thunder! That was a freakin' thunderstorm of stink!" Scientist B had yelled out as they continued to breathe through their oxygen.

"Oh...that's normal...believe me. She was my own alarm clock when we went out, it didn't matter what food we ate or what...when she wanted to wake up and let one rip, you did as she said, and the smell would have woken you up anyway."

Christina got up and out of her bed and went straight for the bathroom, which she had just alerted Bill and the crew about. The crew were preparing themselves for any movements, although the medicine that Christina was forced to take before she began this experiment allowed for all of her crap to be turned into gas instead, that way, she couldn't threaten the crew by taking a dump and allowing for one of her turds, which would as large to the crew as a football stadium, to overtake their campsite. This also meant, that much more of the digestive process that came from Christina would mutate into gas instead. Still, the crew held on as Christina sat on the toilet and began pissing. The heavy stench of urine filled the campsite while gallons and gallons of the young girl's piss began cascading out from within her bladder and into the toilet. When she got up and put on a new pair of shorts, a dark red color that was even shorter than the ones she wore the previous day, she felt a couple of short, bubbling farts rip out of her butt. The farts shook her new shorts, which had just be cleaned and instantly they already smelled of Christina gas.

"Wow...if that's what I'm going to be like today, school is not going to be pleased." She laughed to herself as she sprayed the new can of Febreze around. In perhaps a small victory for Section 26, she had used the whole can and it had covered the bathroom nicely, it no longer smelled of her gas. But then she felt one last juicy one come up on her anus and she tilted her long leg over to the right and let





coughing at the intense smell. The driver of the cable car, trying to breathe the oxygen that was available, looked back at the smiling.

“What is wrong with you child?” the driver asked.

“What can I say....I’m gassy.” Christina giggled as she hopped off the cable car and continued toward her school, waving her hand around her face. “...whew...that was ripe.”

Meanwhile, deep within Christina’s bowels, Bill and the crew were busy recording and monitoring the data that had been produced from Christina’s mighty fart. There was an extra helping of hydrogen sulfide as recorded in that past fart that had really increased the rotten egg odor with Christina’s fart. Somehow, there was only a 160 with that previous fart from Christina, but they weren’t buying it. The heat and pressure from deep inside Christina’s crack stunk of eggs, beans, and shit. The crew decided to go a little further and actually investigate the anus themselves, if they could. The sounds around them were hollow like the bottom of an ocean, and the smell is thick with warm friction. They could plainly feel all the giant muscles surrounding them moving in synch and about to move. The fat around them rumbled ominously as the doughy walls shiver. Their vibrations were making them tremble and push all of their cruel weight down on the crew all at once. But then you sense movement far below and realized she was walking. Her foot falls at the exact moment her cheeks clap together and the impact sends you further yet up her anal cavity. Another step, as the crew ventured further into Christina’s anus. The fleshy walls warble against your body and guide you upward. The shivers from her foot reverberate up her leg all the way up to you. Wriggling, they choked on the lingering smell of Christina’s ass getting stronger and peer up. Christina’s butt gently smacks together, jiggling enough to send you further up no matter how much you anxiously squirm. One last contraction sent the crew up your Christina’s ass faster than ever before. All around them they could feel her giant muscles pull taut. Her cheeks squish together tightly, and all at once they were well within the anus. **\*\*PLUBMP!!!\*\*** The crew began to look around more and record the gases that they could now feel and taste inside of Christina’s anus. Back up top, Christina had just gotten to school, releasing no more farts since her cable-car-clearing SBD, which even took a bit out of her. She started walking down the hallway of the high school, standing out as always. She was the tallest person in school, so her bountiful breasts and butt stood out for all. But the students were also well aware of her gas, and that was the only reason that Christina wasn’t as popular as she could have. Christina had friends all right, but they knew well enough to stay away from her when she had gas, there was a reason that the school didn’t have Mexican food too often. She passed up on of her friends in the hallway, who had noticed that her butt already smelled of gas.

“I’m gonna be so gassy today...the government is recording my butt.” Christina said proudly, with Matt rolling his eyes, he believed the gassy part; this was Christina after all, but not the government part.

“No...really, the government has shrunken four people and they are inside, monitoring all of my bowel movements and recording my farts.”



A belch that went on for ten full seconds, smelling like newly digested milk and limburger cheese. The students started coughing loudly as they could barely breathe in the heavy amounts of gas that had been emitted from within Christina's mouth. The teacher there had been caught off guard by Christina as she stood there on the table, bowing to the fact that the students were actually impressed by such a massive belch. Its power had actually shaken the table and caused there to be a slight haze in the room, but it wasn't a fart. Meanwhile, back within Christina, the crew continued going around Christina's anus, placing sensors inside that could be recorded later from the outside. They had heard the power of Christina's belch as they moved around, but it didn't stop the fact that they could still feel and smell her fart gas forming within her rectum. All around them, Christina's fart gas was becoming heavier and heavier as there was more and more being formed, but yet Christina hadn't released any of it, even though her stomach was still grumbling very loudly in the cafeteria. Now it was time for gym class and the student's quickly left the cafeteria, which had become induced with the stench of Christina's belch. It was one thing to have her fart in there, it was another to have her drop one massive milk and cheese-smelling belch within the cafeteria to clear out the room, but her classmates also knew that the burp was still a precursor to bigger and larger things.

Now it was gym time, and Christina did two different things that day, for the first half she played a game of basketball against several other students. Although she didn't play basketball, she was good at it, and with her size it was easy to understand why. In truth, she didn't want to dominate that much in sports, that plus the fact that basketball games usually brought larger crowds and she may not be able to hold her gas in for that long. Logistically, the evacuation of the gymnasium, which occasionally occurred for her volleyball games, would be a larger nightmare with the added crowds; it wasn't worth the risk to the school she felt. As Christina moved across the court with her butt and breasts kept swaying with the movements of her body, it was memorizing with several students who always had fantasized about her. She was going back and forth with the basketball and normally he would be doing well, but Christina was really hopping it up this time. As she moved back and forth, her insides continued to churn as she was filling her bowels with more and more gas. Inside Christina's bowels, the crew continued to hear the intense pressure of Christina's gas develop and now they felt that it was probably wise to leave.

"I don't think I've seen...or smelt this much gas before. What did they feed that girl for lunch?" Scientist C had asked.

"Beans...broccoli...milk...and limburger cheese, I believe." Answered Scientist A as the crew left Christina's rectum.

"Wow...all those foods, and all this gas, she is gonna blow!" Screamed Scientist B as he became excited at the prospect of what was going to happen. Horrible gurgles and wet sloppy noises greet them as they were down deep into the recesses the teen girl's hot, undulating bowels. If one had ever wondered how smelly the inside of a giant girl's ass would be, it was beyond any sort of mortal comprehension. The stench is so overwhelmingly foul it transcends any negative words that anyone's feeble human language could muster. Instantly overpowered by the aroma, they had felt their senses shut down in order to cope with it. They could tell that Christina was moving fast, playing her basketball

game, because the repetitious motions of her buttocks smearing together is creating a burning friction, and a distinct smell of sweat is building up in addition to the ripe odor inside her hole. They still feel the brunt of each footstep through the merciless shifting and clamping of her thigh and pelvic muscles. Back up at top, Christina had just shot her recent basket when the pain in her stomach became too much, she started lurching over as she knew she had held her gas long enough, but she was in the gymnasium, so she was worried about her gas and its impact indoors.

Regardless, it would stink for those inside her butt. Unbeknownst to Christina's gentle swaying of her butt while she was playing basketball. The crew could feel over and over her cheeks squish out, her crack tightening then relaxing, the humongous masses of round flesh pressing against one another then being pulled apart. The sensation this causes is unbearable. Every nerve in Bill's body was screaming with pain. All the while the temperature in Christina's bowels rises, the walls of her anal canal growing hotter and sweatier by the minute. Soon, the inner lining of her rectum, now slick and wrinkled from perspiration, presses down and rubs against the crew like wet sandpaper, squeezing them ever deeper as the pressure reaches an apex. The rumblings within Christina's anus were keeping the crew in as they tried to escape.

Back up top, Christina was watching as a big guy who was a bully to some of the freshman was playing around with some of those freshmen. The bully had always tried to pick a fight, but Christina had a soft heart for those who couldn't defend themselves, so she went over off the course, trotting her big butt across the course. That's when the bully turned back and made the biggest mistake of his life.

"Hey big butt!" He opened his mouth, and insulting Christina was not the way to do it. Immediately, she got an idea, she was going to sit on him.

"Who you callin' big butt?" Christina said as she pushed the bully down on the floor. The bully was strong, but Christina was bigger and stronger, so she was able to get him to the floor. She then proceeded to sit on his face. Her large, red-clad ass fell down so that the bully's nose was going straight up Christina's shitter. The crew underneath Christina had felt the movement of the bully's nose, but at their minuscular size, it wasn't that noticeable. She started moving her butt around so that the bully's nose would get the perfect position to get her gas; her butt was big enough that his mouth was going to get a good deal of the contents as well. Her underwear and shorts were very tight, and so what the bully felt with his nose wasn't the fabric of the clothes more so than it was the skin of the deep, cavernous canyon of Christina's massive ass crack. The bully was now worrying, he knew Christina enough, and that if she was going to sit on his face, she was going to fart to. On top of his face, Christina's colossal butt cheeks hung over his face, leaving no air for the bully to breathe at all. The bully's nose was well up the cleavage of her ass, with his nose within an inch of Christina's asshole, he could smell the strong stench of shit and rotten eggs, and that was from her farting previously during the day. Then, to his great horror her stomach gave out one last big rumble, her gas had become too much for her to handle.

"Uh Oh...I have to rip one! You will regret calling me a..."  
""PUPUPPPFFHHHPPPPPTTTHHHHTT!!!.....BBBPPPLUURRRBBPPPHHFFFT!!!!!" A gentle push is all that's needed to eject a large gas bubble lodged deep in her lower intestine. The deep whistling breeze

of the bubble hurtling down Christina's sphincter blew across the face of everyone in the crew. Fortunately, they had just gotten their suits on and were breathing within their helmets. The horrible impact of the foul gas colliding their bodies and detonating around them like a volcanic explosion before spilling around them through the tight crevices between the crew and the anal walls. The tight meaty tube rumbles as the stench rockets behind them toward the tiny light of Christina's anus, puffed open and waiting to release it into the open.

"A big butt..." Christina finished her claim. She then leaned forward the bully's body and started staring up in the sky. PPPPPPPPPGGGGGGHHHHHHHTTTTTTTTT!!!!  
FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTSSSSSSS!!!  
BBBBBBBBBBLLLLLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPP!!!  
Three more, mega-sized blasters came flowing out of Christina's asshole and straight into the bully's face. All around him, a dark green gas was flowing out of Christina's generous rump and flowing around his entire body. She leaned over and blasted out two smaller farts that only added on to the incredible stink that flowed out from her ass. Christina had been holding it in all day and now she had to blow like a nuclear bomb. The bully had now gone completely cold, his face actually turned slightly pale with tints of green and yellow around. Christina didn't just blast some farts on his face, she imprinted them on his face, the bully was going to smell these for a long time...once he got up.

The fart had pushed the crew out from within Christina's anus and back toward their camp. The smothered fart travelled out from within Christina and assaulted the other students in the yard. The stench of limburger cheese, broccoli, raw milk, and rotten eggs stared flowing out toward the other students. They started pinching their noses and gagging at the heavy stench of Christina's fart. Having nowhere to go, the gas simply floods back into her rectum and rushes up to consume the crew again, stretching the unyielding anal canal to its limit. Christina's bowels issue a bellowing groan at having to accommodate the fart again. Christina began laughing at what was going on, the entire gymnasium was starting to smell like Christina's farts. Her farts were loaded and everyone knew it. The bully began yelling but it fell on deaf ears. His voice was muffled up by Christina's large ass.

Christina stood in front of the fallen bully and all that she could say was..."Woah!" The stench from her previous fart had covered the entire playground and one by one students were fainting from the horrible smell.

The first victim, a young Asian girl about Christina's age rolled her eyes to the back of her head, turning the corners of her mouth and she there her head back in an attempt to get her nostrils above the slowly spreading brown cloud before falling flat to the ground. At which point, the toxic fumes continued to spread across the playground, and another kid is smote by Christina's Stench of Death. The cloud consumed all the students in the playground as it appeared that her gas was taking precious oxygen and replacing it with her own brand. Eventually, the bully had also had fallen to the ground as he couldn't believe the inhumane smell that was emitting from Christina's butt. A couple of flies, flying around the base of Christina's feet had started flying up toward Christina, but they were quickly assaulted by the terrible smell of Christina's fart and had both fallen down with the lack of oxygen, dead from the smell of Christina's farts. The students themselves weren't dead from the smell, but they were

all knocked out cold by this 18-year old girl's bowel movements and even for Christina this had been new. Previously, it would have taken a whole host of farts to take out the student body, now it only took one, one tremendously powerful and death-induced fart.

Still, even though she sat on top of a now unconscious bully, she felt a little more gas coming. Three more farts went out from her ass shaking the poor bully's face, BRAAAAPPAAT! ARROOOORT! IEEOOORRRF! Three foul bombs ripped the teacher's nostrils as she began struggling as the source of the horrendous smell started to laugh at what she was able to do. These farts were something that Christina hadn't been able to do before and there was a hint in them that wasn't there before, it was as if the farts were breed for a more devious purpose, Christina could only wonder what was going to below her in her nether regions as she saw the yellowish-haze claim the life of her teacher, who started to get dizzy from the horrible stench of her farts.

Christina now felt like going to the workout room to train a little bit. At this point, the powerful gas had only covered the gymnasium, but at this point she figured that class was now over. Back inside Christina's anus, the crew had been rocked by these new, killer farts, which even Bill had admitted were in a class of their own for Christina. They had been recorded at a CFI of 210, and the warm humid gas they produced was even more suffocating for the crew despite all their modified suits and equipment. All at once the gas comes back into contact with air coming seeping through her open pucker and immediately surges back toward the crew, Christina had just farted once again. They were pulverized yet again by the onslaught of nauseating foulness as it escapes past the swell of their bodies once more. Christina had to bite her bottom lip and smile gratefully with relief. Fighting to get out, the fart gradually is released out from under her with a series of light pops. The pressure in her pelvis dissipates. The gas is mostly released into the outdoor hallway, which is now claiming the life of more students as they are assaulted by the stench, but some is absorbed into the cushion and tight fabric of her pants.

Christina had finally arrived at the weight room, where she regularly went to keep her body in shape. It had been full of mostly football players, working out for the next game and was a den of jockiness all around. Still, Christina was the biggest thing most of them had seen so they rarely ever gave her a hard time. The guys in the room all stopped as Christina walked by them on the bench presses, while they were lying down they could see Christina's butt hover well over their face. Most of these athletes only went up to Christina's chin in height and a lucky few were even shorter than that and got a full view of Christina's D-cups. She had noticed that all the bench presses were currently occupied, and that's what she wanted to do there in the weight room. Finally, she walked over to a set of weights that were on the ground, so that she could pick them up and use them. She stopped there at the weights and she began smiling, she slowly started to bend over, knowing too well that the guys in the room would be watching her butt as it bent over and spread its cheeks out further and further to their enlarging members. She had bent all the way down, her ass still four feet high in height, higher than most of the guys lying on the ground. As she began picking up the weights with her arms, she cut a juicy, monster-sized fart.





"Ouch!!! This is painful. I can't feel my face, Christina what is happening to you!!" Bill yelled up toward his daughter. Although they had the com systems working, she was not responding on it at the time. Up above, Christina was just finishing ripping her fart, and she had seen the principal slowly cover his mouth and gag as if that was going to do anything to stop the inevitable. He eventually collapsed on the floor and scores of more people were taken out as Christina walked toward the exit, where she would be assaulted by clean air for once. Even to her, this fart smell was becoming a bit much.

"Oooohh, hold on ..... Those types of farts always take my breath away. You have no idea how much I just suffered." Christina said laughing as felt the warm air still escape her butt, there was so much gas, that even though she had finished farting, the gas was still trying to escape her pants, where Bill and the crew were trying to measure all the aspects of Christina's fart.

"Chrissy! Please, not this many at once...oh please..." Bill started complaining up to Christina, as he was beginning to lose consciousness, in fact, the whole crew was, and that was even inside their supposedly air-tight suits and in with their oxygen. The situation inside her butt had really deteriorated since lunchtime.

"No point trying to fan my butt's release away, sir." She said as the principal had fallen to the floor. All around her, in the adjacent classrooms, there was a noise of coughing and gagging, with the sounds of desks being hit by fainting students. Christina almost began to appreciate the sadistic feeling she was having. Bill had also just passed out, albeit briefly after taking a whiff of these latest blasters. There were simply too many farts all at once. These farts were causing Bill to slowly getting insane. The lack of sleep and the now poisonous farts are turning to be deadly. The rest of the crew was also starting to get lightheaded and even Scientist B, who loved the smell of a girl's fart, had felt that this was too much. They could vaguely see part of Christina's white underwear, which were now becoming brown from the intense farts that had been expelled and they saw the light since Christina was now leaving the building; she was going to head back to Section 26, as she felt that she might need a doctor to see what was wrong with her. She knew her farts, but these farts were different, they were something else, and she had just cleared out an entire school with only a few of them, nearly all the plants inside the school had been taken out as had all the people, they would wake up eventually, but they would be smelling Christina's fart for a long time.

Christina had finally cleared the school and began walking back toward Section 26, releasing some more of her toxic farts along the street. It was really astonishing just how many people were taken back by the smell coming out from Christina. More of the rotten cheese and egg stench could be smelt as Christina's pants were getting more and more humid and moist with the residue of putrid gas coming out from them. However, contrary to what the crew had believed, Christina was still holding in more gas than she was releasing, which was a devastating fact in and of itself. Back on the street, Christina, now more sure of herself than ever before stood waiting to cross the busy street. A young, 9-year old boy came walking up toward the massive girl. The boy was even smaller than the one she had approached earlier that evening and only made it to the top of Christina's leg. His curiosity had gotten the best of

him and he wanted to explore those two massive globes that were extending of the back of this tall, curvy teenager. However, the pressure was too high and Christina decided to let a silent and burning one that seeped from her shorts. The young boy suddenly noticed that something was very wrong, up above him; a foul stench was flowing at record speeds out of those two massive globes and was burning his face. He actually felt the top of his hair start to flow with the force of Christina's massive silent fart. He started coughing real loud when he noticed the deadly stench.

"Oh my god there is a terrible smell, have you farted? I think that they have problems with the sewage system around here". Christina just laughed as she assured the boy that the stench was coming from her, at which point she dropped another long bomb, silent as ever but killer. Instead of backing away however, the boy began to get hypnotized by these large butt cheeks and the killer stench they were releasing. His oxygen levels started to go down as his eyes begin to flickered as she fanned the fumes to him with her hand. That smell; that Christina knew too well, but other hadn't, was the same odor of cheese, beans, broccoli and eggs. Christina had felt a spot of fire forming once more at the base of her anus. Suddenly, she released the fart, and it had to be amongst the hottest farts ever released, with the thermometer being used by the crew measuring the winds coming out at around 10,000 degrees hot. It was one of those farts that were tiny little burning ones, and stink up a whole room up instantly, even though she was outside, the fart gassed up the entire block. The fart was like that, except it kept on and on.... ffffffffffffffffffffffffffff... Almost but not quite audible, on the hairy edge- and it burnt so bad it was all she could feel her shorts getting hotter and it almost smelt like she was actually burning them. It was a thankful fact that the crew's suits were able to withstand that kind of heat of this burning fart would have burned them alive.

"You need a doctor!" The boy cried out as he smelt the new wave of Christina's horrible gas before he had fainted to the ground. Christina bit her lip as she quickly headed back toward Section 26, dropping more gas bombs along the way. Back at Section 26, the officials who had been monitoring Christina had been made aware of what happened at her school as well as her encounters along the street. They had noticed ambulance reports that were centered around both Christina's school and along a corridor that went from the school toward Section 26. Captain Parker began to get concerned as he knew that whatever food she had eaten she was on her way to the complex, and could she be contained. He went and asked what food she had eaten today, and the government official mentioned that they had also given her some food on the side.

"Why? Isn't her normal eating patterns good enough for your research?" He asked the government official.

"Oh...the diet is very good for the research and we have already gotten plenty of good data facts, but we are seeking more from Christina than just research on medicine that could combat the problem...we are looking to use the problem."

"Explain." Asked Captain Parker.



They had to fix up their tent while both Scientist A and B went to get some sleep. While the giant was not farting they knew they had to get as much rest as possible, for dinner was coming and they knew already that Christina was going to have chili, like she did a few days ago. It felt like they were in a tropical rainforest, if it weren't so dark there underneath Christina's anus. The stench of her gas was always filling up the area and the smell of raw shit was present too, but they were reassured that the little medicine she was taking would prevent her from taking a dump, fortunately. After Section 26 had been deemed unusable by Christina's ONE fart, she had booked it back to Winn's shop where she went and watched TV while telling his assistant Bailey went to talk to Christina.

"All that from just a few farts?" Bailey asked. "Yep...isn't it cool, to think, all I needed was to rip one once, and Section 26 would be mine. Isn't it amazing?!" Christina giggled with glee.

"But aren't you afraid you might hurt someone with your farts...even kill them? It seems that you have released quite a few stinkers and that depriving people of oxygen isn't a great thing." Bailey had asked, to which Christina now was a little worried since Bill was still inside her. She turned on her communication device to make sure that Bill was still around; he was...but he did tell her that her gas was quite atrocious that day. It just caused her to giggle more as she knew that her gas was having an impact.

"Well...then they should be getting plenty to study." Christina laughed as she felt her shorts, still clinging tight to her vast butt cheeks and still holding out like a trooper, albeit a very warm one.

Once Captain Parker had awoken he had the others who had also regained consciousness to check at the ambulance reports throughout San Francisco to see what other incidents of people fainting had occurred. Nearly 200 at Christina's school had to be given oxygen after they smelt her gas and even the first responders were at first knocked back by the power of the young girl's fart. Eventually though, all the teachers and students were treated, an effect of Christina holding back her farts. There were also reports of some 80 people all along the route that Christina used to get to school and come back collapsing from the lack of air, again all those reports resulted in the person regaining consciousness. The chief government official overseeing the project announced that he was intending to tell Christina the purpose of the project as well as his desire to see her fart power increased, so that she could produce as gas so deadly, it could actually take life, but he wanted the right combination, and the right person to test it on, some criminal, someone who was on death row perhaps, that way, her fart wouldn't be harmful except to people who were already in trouble. The two were discussing this while they had their noses in their shirts, trying to get any oxygen that wasn't tainted by Christina's fart, which was like mustard gas on the complex. They went and gathered the food and started heading over toward Winn's shop while other crews in the complex started fumigating the complex so it could be made at least breathable.

6:00 in the evening had arrived and Christina was getting hungry once more. It had now been an impressive four hours since Christina had to let one rip and now there was a little concern that she was holding it in. Inside Christina's bowels, the crew had set up some cameras that would take video of the

farting process; even Bill thought that Christina might want to see that eventually. The cameras also had some thermal indicators that would help indicated the intensity of the fart. Ahead of them, toward the 18-year old's pooper; they could hear some noises and occasionally get a small amount of gas to whiff their way, but nothing else.

Back at Winn's shop, Captain Parker and the government official had gotten Christina to eat a large, really large tub of chili, very similar to the one bowl she had a few days ago, and they had still remembered the farts she produced there. She also ate two full heads of cabbage and more of her protein shake plus some soda, which had normally given her burps more than farts. Both Winn and Bailey had produced some spells that would help offset some the smells from Christina's bowels, but they didn't know just how much it would help. After Christina's meal had entered her system, the crew within her bowels started hearing the digestive process going on. Christina afterwards saw herself sitting on a chair Indian style as she began drinking another soda, that's when Captain Parker and the government official came walking in.

"Christina ...can we speak with you for a moment?" The government official asked as Christina nodded her head, deep down inside her the crucible of her stomach was rumbling as all the chili and cabbage were bubbling within her stomach. These were different farts Christina though, and she'd soon find out.

"Christina ...we are conducting more than just an experience of your farts...we are trying to come up with a way of chemical warfare...do you know what I'm talking about?" Christina shook her head as she continued to sip her drink.

"Christina, you have always wanted to help out the world, to do something good for the government, work for us...right?" Captain Parker asked.

"Sure...what can I do?" Christina asked.

"We want to develop flatulence inside of use to be able to use against the enemies of our country, as your handiwork today has proven, you can gas people almost more efficiently than are regular gases, your stomach is just that potent. What do you think?" It took Christina a few moments to realize what they were proposing. Of course, she liked the idea, the ability to get out there and be in the action, she would be able to bring down the baddies like always, and it wouldn't involve having to kick anyone's ass, it'd just required her to let one rip.

"Awesome....oh....oh no." Christina yelled out as she approved the idea but then looked down as her stomach had reached a breaking point. Back within Christina's bowels, Bill and the crew were realizing what was happening, they went for their oxygen and started to brace themselves for another bout of gas. Inside the furnace of Christina's butt they could hear some explosions going on, it was the gas exploding from within her, rumbling up to the exit of her butt. Both Captain Parker and the

government official was looking at Christina as she started felt the pangs in her stomach reach a climax. Christina finally tilted her ass in that chair and let one rip, a BIG ONE!

It started off with a low murmur, gradually getting louder and louder until it stabilizes into a single loud roar of an engine. She had given out an atomic fart and with glee too. The look on her face was so orgasmic, her eyes rolling as she ripped more and more. It ceased to be a murmur and became a dirty blast of air so forceful that there was a hole slowly being burned by the powerful winds from the fart. Such a windy bowel she had. She could have filled up a balloon with that one fart. It kept going . . . and going! There was such a loud and deep bubbling noise from all the gas that kept on pouring out from Christina's bright red shorts and white underwear. She started laughing to herself as she felt the intense heat and horrific stench pouring out from her vast butt and out into the room. Deep inside Christina's bowels, this deadly, bubbling fart had caught the group off guard, there were expecting more SBDs, not this. The winds that blew out from Christina's anus were also much stronger; at least at the strength of an EF-5 tornado, it blew everything against Christina's white-now brown underwear, which had not gotten a hole in them yet. Christina's plank-splitting butt thunder, the force of that sudden expulsion of original air peeling back the eyelids of both men and coating their corneas with blinding methane. The two grown men panted for air. The ungodly smell hung in the room like a poisonous gas. After a full minute, Christina's fart had finally subsided. It still kept fucking going! It got to its bassiest tone, uttering a long musical note of pleasure, like a foghorn. This was the first big blast of the evening for Christina and it felt utterly good for her.

Finally, the fart winded down. It began to sputter back to a murmur. At times there would be another long strain but then it would cut short with another sputter. It was all so dry and bassy, not wet or juicy. Pure gas, pure Chrissy Gas! Both Captain Parker and the government official were out.

Christina Lopez had completely stunk up the entire library of Winn's shop and more had spread her gas out toward the rest of the shop, but Winn was too quick to cast a spell on the shop to prevent it from spreading out too much more. But to Christina, it was the relief, having an enormous load released from her rectum. She sometimes grunted even more as a sudden force in tone came, and then it went back to its normal, constant hum. With the look on her face, she could imagine her feeling every inch of her stomach feeling less and less pressurized, feeling the gas escape her bowels. She could rub her belly again without that wave of pain. But the gas wasn't nearly as done as she would have thought, but perhaps she wouldn't be farting as much that night. She noticed a small hole was there in her shorts, she had actually burned a hole in her shorts from her intense gas, but once again her underwear weathered the storm. And inside of her underwear, deep with the cavernous crack of Christina's bowels, it surely did feel like a storm. The crew was trying to get an answer back from Captain Parker, to tell them about the frequency and power of that previous fart, but Christina had to alert them that they had fallen unconscious by the power of her fart.

Now, to finish off the evening, Christina went back into the library which had a TV in there and began playing video games, like there was nothing wrong with her or the bomb ticking within her. But slowly, as Christina realized, the food she had eaten up to this point had still given her lots of potent gas.



they could carry a conversation with her. Christina remained seated there on the couch, playing her games.

“So...you like the idea we have about using your farts as a weapon then?” the government official asked Christina, recalling his conversation they had before Christina had first let one rip there in the library.

“Oh yes...yes I do...you have no idea how much I’ve wanted to use my farts for the reason of inflicting pain on those who are mean or evil. Every time Bill faces off against his enemies, I just want to pass gas just once and end the fight, but he always keeps me out. So yes...I would like to be used to go into situations and just fart, although I would just like to kick ass too.”

“I’m sure your father is just concerned about you.” The government official said back, trying to give her a good justification for him keeping her out of the fighting, of course he was right.

“I know...but I’m a big girl now...and I love to help.” She said as she began giggling to herself. She was indeed a big girl in more than one way and the government official could see that.

“Well...good then, we would just like to inform you then that we will proceed to Day Two of our tests which will look more into the power of your farts instead of the stench, today’s farts were tested to primarily see what kind of odor you would produce, and you sure did not disappoint us.” Christina began giggling at the thought of what they were telling her.

“Tomorrow’s tests will look at the power of the eruptions themselves and then on Sunday, we will run the final tests, which we hope will create a potent combination, one that will be enough to kill a man. We have some ‘test’ subjects on Death Row; we will test your farts on them....” Christina continued to giggle and it soon became clear what had happened. “...so...why are you giggling...oh Dear God! Phew! Let’s get out of her Captain....” The government official and Captain Parker had just been assaulted by another one of Christina’s SBDs. What Christina was giggling at was the fact that he fart took a long time to leave her anus, from the time the government official had started talking to the time that he had finished, Christina was quietly releasing a very hot stream of putrid, chili-powered gas with an extra helping of onions and cabbage into the atmosphere of the already stinking room.

The fart had left her underwear burning with her horrendous fart and she continued to smile as she knew that the two grown men weren’t going to leave the room. As soon as they realized what had happened, they began to get dizzy and lose oxygen, in a matter of seconds, they were both out cold once more. It seemed like no one could be in a room with Christina that evening, and this gave her lots of pride. Inside Christina’s shorts, the SBD came out with the force of a tornado and the heavy and moist fart stink the place up to unbelievable levels. It was so bad, that even with the oxygen, they could still breathe her gas like there was no oxygen going to them at all, and immediately, all four of the crew was passing out. But there was a more sinister thing going on deep within the bowels of Christina and within the lungs of the crew, they were starting to become more accepting of her gas. They had only passed

out because of the intense power of this one fart, but the more and more gas she produced; the more they started liking the gas, breathing it instead of oxygen.

Winn had entered the room where Christina was in and was assaulted himself by the fart, but he took out one of his wands and did a spell that at least quashed the impact. The smell was starting to make Christina herself pretty dizzy and she had to get going to bed. Instead of Section 26, it was agreed that she would sleep upstairs at Winn's shop, in a bed they had already made. A spell would be cast around the door frame that would again keep the smell down to a minimum elsewhere, and the spell fortunately did work. So Christina walked off toward the bedroom, dropping small bubbling farts as she walked up the stairs, momentarily knocking out both Winn and Bailey. Now, even her small farts were causing people to pass out, but they had regained consciousness quickly and cast another spell on the room. Christina then gave a big yawn before heading into bed where she would sleep for the night, launching more farts in her chamber that was a bed.

The crew became trapped in her colon and could feel your world shifting as she slid under the covers, turning onto her side. Trapped among the remnants of previous bowel movements, the smell was even more terrible than even Bill had remembered, as though he had blotted out all notions concerning it. Then they heard a little giggle. A soft gurgle in her bowel, as she pushed, would expel a gas bubble. Exploding around them, the gas would create an intolerable pressure on the crew, the foul smelling gas wafting around them. Pushed powerfully by her muscles, the tightening pressure would reach its apex, causing them to squirm with discomfort deep inside of her rectum. Then, it would flow out her anus, as another long blaster that shook her bed. Her muscles would clench following it, keeping them inside with her gas. Christina slowly fell asleep, her bowels gurgling ominously. The scent inside of her had worsened in light of the fart. The tight walls of Christina's bowels had squeezed around the crew, welcoming them back to the warm depths of her body.

The farts Christina had been releasing throughout the night were nasty and wet farts that shook the inside of Christina's underwear and pajamas like nothing else. Inside, Bill had noticed that he could breathe a little better than he had before, he didn't have to consult his oxygen tank as much as normal, which felt odd for him, but the smell was growing on him. The night in bed with Christina was the equivalent the going through a World War II battle. Christina likely farted some 20 times throughout the night, each of them, long and bellowing. Being through a thunderstorm was better than what these people were going through. Since her SBD, she had been releasing loud farts that started deep within her anus and rumbled out between her city block-sized butt cheeks and be expelled through her previously white, now brown underwear before being rocked out of the pajamas. Fortunately for the crew, Christina was no longer wearing her tight shorts, which were now on the floor of the room she was sleeping in.

Captain Parker and the government official, for the third time that day had regained cognizance. They walked in to go and take Christina's shorts and give her a new pair to put on for the next day. Captain Parker had picked up her blue jeans and could feel the heat all along them. But at closer inspection, he caught a strong whiff of Christina's farts on the shorts, all the powerful farts the girl had



remembrance for what had occurred. They had prepared two separate meals for Thanksgiving, one for some of the families living in the complex, such as the Lopez's and one entirely for Christina. She received an entire turkey, a couple of large bowls of baked beans, one of mashed potatoes, one of sweet potatoes, one of stuffing, one small bowl of cranberry sauce, and a dozen rolls. The farts coming out of Christina's large butt were the stuff of legends, she was farting during her dinner while the other agents were eating and then the real, earth-shaking farts picked up. The traditional post-Thanksgiving dump that Christina took almost destroyed the toilet. They invented a new class for her dumps after that one, a Class 6. It took two plumbers (after the first one bulked at the sheer size of it, the second was offered a hefty payout to remove the crap, and replace the toilet.) Christina always was quite proud of that particular episode and had vowed, to the annoyance of the rest of Section 26, to improve of that this coming year.

"Class 6?" The government official asked Parker, relaying back to his story about Christina's Thanksgiving Bowel massacre.

"We assign a class, unofficially to Christina's bowel movements. With all that food she eats, a lot of it ends up in the toilet. How bad the load is inside determines how high the class is. The one you saw earlier this week was probably a two or a three." Parker explained.

"Two or a three...damn, that was large for one that size, I'd hate to see a 6." The government official had been impressed just by the enormity of the one he saw earlier. His growing interest in this tall Hispanic girl's bowels had caused his member to grow slightly. And just to make things even better, Christina had just dropped a long, egg-smelling burp from her breakfast, she waved her hand around her face to revile in her massive burp.

"We want to take you around the city, into different settings to see the impact of her gas; we will take you back to Section 26 to run some more tests on your farts, tests that cannot be done underneath you. We have contacted the crew in your butt Christina and they have told us that they are doing pretty well this morning. Meanwhile, both I and Captain Parker will be with you during the day, but we will be wearing gas masks, it appears that your farts have crossed a new threshold and we need to be kept from passing out every time you let one rip..." the government official was disrupted by a strong, bubbly fart that erupted from the seat of Christina's underwear. A swamp-gas odor came out, filled with a new batch of eggyness came out from underneath Christina and quickly filled the room. The government official saw this as a good of opportunity as any to test out his gas mask. He placed it on his face and found that he was able to breathe pretty well through it.

"He...he...excuse me." Christina said, now relieved from the immersive pressure she had felt inside. The potent stench had travelled upward into Christina's nostrils and she had taken a big gulp of her own special blend. It felt like it would be a good day for her. The official allowed for Christina to finish her breakfast and blast off another couple of big farts before he got her ready for the trip to her first location. But before they got ready, they wanted Christina to wear something else.

“Could you wear a skirt for us today?” the government official had asked.

“Why?” Asked Christina.

“We want to test your farts against different clothing options, you wore your shorts yesterday, and we’ll need you to wear your pants tomorrow, so is there a skirt you have?” the government official looked up at Christina for an answer.

“Sure.” And with that Christina was heading back to her room. Captain Parker had noticed something odd about Christina that morning, something he saw when the government official was talking to her. A few minutes later, almost shaking the floor entirely, Christina came down in a tight blue t-shirt, showing off her tremendous front curves and wearing a white and blue striped skirt that flowed around most, but not all of her large butt. She seemed to have remembered that the skirt had fit her in the past, but now it was only covering half of her ass, with the other, covered in very tight white panties that gripped itself at every curve the 18-year old’s enormous rear end. Parker then noticed that all her clothes seemed a little small.

“Christina, are you any...bigger this morning?” Christina looked down on Parker, and felt like he was a tad bit lower, with her breasts practically cutting off her vision of him.

“I don’t know...maybe I should check.” They quickly got a tape measure and measured up the large girl, and it now showed her at a new height of six feet seven inches.

“Christina...you grew an inch!” Parker said in astonishment.

“I did? Wow! I’m getting bigger!” Christina said as a sudden trumpet-like noise was made from underneath her underperforming skirt. It lasted for three seconds and spread the first wave of toxic gas of the morning into the atmosphere. Christina began giggling, but she was really surprised about her sudden growth spurt. They had measured her at 6’6 just last week, so she grew another inch in just a few days, it also helped explain as to why both her breasts and butt appeared bigger. She then noticed that the foul stench wasn’t going anywhere and she went with Parker and the government official over toward the Section 26 van.

Christina entered the Section 26 van and buckled up, with Captain Parker driving. Christina’s increased height had forced her legs to be a little cramped in the seat. She caused the van to shake a little when she first got in to sit down. She used as much space as she could while seated there. With her short skirt on, Christina’s panties were in clear vision of both Captain Parker and the government official. The government official was really starting to get aroused by the sight of this tall, Hispanic beauty with her too-short skirt covering her too-big ass. She was giggling with glee as she sat there, now bigger than ever. It had seemed that every part of her body was now increased in size. Captain Parker and the government official had explained that their first test was to see how Christina’s farts would do inside an enclosed vehicle. In the back of the van, were several pit bulls, who were barking.

“Aww...doggies.” Christina said as she heard what Parker was saying that was inside the van. “We want to see how bad your farts are, do they knock only people out or can they knock out other animals.”

“You want me to kill them?” Christina said, as she was a friend of the animals, she really didn’t want to hurt any.

“Only knock them out.” Captain Parker said, but Christina was still having second guesses about the whole operation, but that was part of the test. Captain Parker figured that Christina was going to hold in her farts much more now, and once she had to blow, it would be a devastating fart. So, for the first 30 minutes, Captain Parker, wearing a gas mask, drove Christina around San Francisco, and with all the up and down driving of the hills, it really caused her stomach to churn as the food from her breakfast was started to bubble up inside of her.

Bill was inside talking with Scientist C, he was asking her about the prospects of his daughter and how they were doing. “Well...Christina is developing quite well for a girl her age and I see that she will likely become much bigger, and no doubt her gas will become much more as well.” Bill was shocked to hear this, but there was something else on his mind, “Is it me...or does Christina’s farts not seem so bad today.”

“Oh they’re bad...in fact, they are on par with yesterday’s, but it appears that we are slowly getting used to them, so perhaps we will all develop immunities to them after all. Christina’s gas has slowly gotten integrated into our lungs, so it recognizes it as a legitimate source of air; after all there is oxygen in them.”

“Oh...but isn’t that not good.” Bill was a little worried by that statement, the scientist reassured him, “probably not, but it hasn’t been tested, no one has been exposed to flatus that long and it’s hard to say what its impacts would be. I’d say after this whole thing is over, we will be a little dizzy from the lack of oxygen, but it should only be temporary, and any effects shouldn’t be long term. The crew then continued to look up along the long, immeasurable canyon of Christina’s buttcrack. Every now and then, a small amount of light would flash briefly above the crew, almost like stars up in sky, a very gassy, hazy sky. The light only appeared because Christina was wearing her skirt.

Up ahead of the two, they could hear a loud bubbling noise form from above them, Christina had held her gas in long enough. Back in the van, Christina held her hand down by her panties, trying to suppress the pressure in her stomach, but it became too much, she give off a small groan. Christina then lifts up butt on the seat slightly and you let loose. Her skirt started flying out toward the rest of the van. Her fart was forceful enough to shake the entire seat of the van. Her pucker opens up as a deeply rumbling and sputtering fart comes out of her butt hole. The blast continues on for a few moments and the stench gets successively worse as she pushed and groans. The fart soon stops off, leaving the van smelling something like sewage.

Captain Parker was sweating and wearing his shirt over his face from the stink Christina had made, even with his gas mask on. She grinned inwardly and willingly pushes out this next blast. It wasn't quite as powerful sounding, but it didn't need to sound powerful. This fart came out of her rear, sounding like a large gashed tire, and the sound was quite wet, she swore you could even stain the steel the van was made up of. The loud wet blast stops off and he glanced around at Christina. She continued to laugh at herself as she was waving her hand around in the van.

“Whew...I sure am gassy this morning!” She giggled as she continued to wave the putrid, gassy air around the van. There was a large brown stain against the seat of her pants. Captain Parker looked back at her, sweating bullets...and the grin grew...Suddenly, Christina’s stomach grumbled and she grunted very hard, stretching out her body as though she were about to yawn. Then a loud raucous burst of gas comes flying right out of her butt at lightning speed, making a horrible trumpeting sound. Captain Parker, even with the gas mask couldn't help but cough a few times and yank his shirt over his nose before opening up a window.

Christina grinned widely and snicker under her breath. The dogs began to bark even more within the van, so Christina turned her butt toward the seat and was ready to let it loose. She sighed heavily and let the gas seep out slowly and steadily, not forcing the whole thing out at once. Captain Parker couldn't help but groan even more and cough violently, veering the van into another lane and almost hitting another car. His eyes were burning and it was becoming hard for him to see. But, this was what he wanted, the dogs barked even louder. At that moment, Christina let the big bubbles shoot out. She farted out humongous bubbles of flatulence that were so loud the metal began to rumble. Both Captain Parker and the government official had felt their seats vibrate to the powerful fart that was ripping out of Christina’s oversized butt and short skirt. But if that wasn't bad enough, the smell came in and that was just...awful. Even she was burying your nose into your hands to avoid inhaling the funky odor. Then it finally happens: Captain Parker had to pull the van over. He stopped his van and kicked open the door, coughing and retching vigorously as he stepped outside to get some fresh air.

Christina smiled widely and saw that the dogs barking had been subdued. The horrible and foul stench was enough to make even Christina retch and barf up the food already inside of her. But Christina felt another bout of gas coming, she leaned up again, her belly churning and bubbling mightily. She looked down at her belly and it was bulging outwards, and quivering. The sudden feeling gets worse as a massive, wretched fart rips from between her butt cheeks and blew a thick stink into the air. The fart carries on for a few moments, getting fouler and thicker.

“Christina! What the hell is wrong with you?!” Captain Parker yelled as he continued to get some fresh air, even with his gas mask on.

“What? You wanted me to fart.” Christina said giggling as she got out of the stink zone she had created in the van and walked back toward the back of the van. She opened the door to the back and

saw was blasted by her powerful stench. It caught her off guard for a moment, but soon it she was able to see the effects of her handiwork, the dogs were passed out, if not dead, for her farts.

“Aww...poor doggies, my fart took them out.” Christina looked down at her body, which now had the ability to take out pit bulls. She looked up toward Captain Parker, “Phew that was a stinker...so...what my next test is?”

Captain Parker and walked with Christina down a street toward a local Taco Bell, he was going to fuel her up on fast food, and not just any fast food, but the gassiest possible. Meanwhile, Christina every now and then had to push another large fart from between her cheeks, creating a vibration noise from within her skirt and assaulted the nearby passerbys with her awful stench. At first, those passerbys were wondering what Captain Parker was doing with a gas mask on, but they soon found out, especially the two kids who were knocked out on the spot just because she had passed them and ripped one at the same time.

Finally, they arrived at Taco Bell where Christina slyly walked in to gouge herself on lots of bean burritos and other assortment of Mexican food. At her new and improved 6'7 height, she stood out even more than ever before the rest of the people at the restaurant. When she walked up to pay for her meal she had to bend down a little to pay the person at the register, giving the people behind a good view up her short skirt and up her white/brown panties. Though, there were also some looks by some teenage boys as they were looking at more ass than they had ever seen before.

They could smell what could only be described as a mixture of eggs, beans, and shit. Back down in her ass, Christina's previous farts in the van had been devastating to them to say the least, the farts created from within Christina's bowels had turned up to an unexplainable level and the gas masks the crew were wearing while piping in the oxygen were not helping matters at all. Oh...they were getting oxygen, but just not as much as expected. Meanwhile, Scientist B had become more obsessed with walking around the campsite up to Christina's butt hole and taking his mask off every now and then just to get a deep whiff of her farts. He was already burned up as much as possible and this was not going to help things anymore.

Meanwhile, Bill was telling the crew of a story of when Christina was flying with him across the world, and had eaten beans that previous day. The plane ride was not pleasant to say the least, and she had cleared out the plane several times that flight, except for the fact that the plane itself couldn't be cleared. Several on board had opted for using their oxygen masks that came down from above them, even though the plane was flying perfectly fine. But alas, Bill had always regretted this one little quark about his daughter, he had no problem with Christina following him around, and although he never admitted it, he did like her presence and the fact that she managed to save him reputably, it was just the gas. The horrible gas that came out from butt on a continuous basis, it was the bane of his existence for the past few years. He always had to put up with it, along with his growing daughter. He had thought that by thing point, with his connections to the federal government the problem would have been remedied, but Christina's farts only grew worse and her entire digestive system only continued to



look up Christina's skirt to her panted asscrack. Not that it mattered much since most of Christina's panted bottom was showing. It seemed that the further the day went, the smaller the skirt got. Christina loved the attention she was getting for those who were watching. Christina's skirt-covered ass hung out like two basketballs off her body. She could only smile, because while those people were watching her tremendous ass, she was preparing it to release her ultimate weapon.

As the BART train went out of Embarcadero Station it began going through the long tunnel underneath San Francisco Bay, it was 12 minutes to the next station, and Christina's rectum was about to climax. On the moving train there was nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide. It is literally a target-rich environment and Captain Parker knew it, in which everyone still breathing gets a little. It's was only a question of the thread count of her pants, the thermodynamic properties of her fart (measured in BTU's per cubic inch at standard ass temperature and pressure), and the apparent temperature of the exothermic exhaust against her sphinctronic nozzle. Turmoil has engulfed my lower intestinal tract as the processing of certain foods is in dispute. While unsuspecting passengers endlessly endure an otherwise dull train ride across the bay, Christina's ass has secretly dispatched two rancid assassination farts -- to seal the fates of all on board. Christina's anus muttered a quiet "ba-fufffff... frawffffffffff." This deuce of bad boys was searing hot and utterly putrid. The vileness was unparalleled. It was, without any doubt whatsoever, extremely objectionable. The two farts quickly filled the entire subway car with a warm, humid gas that no one at the moment knew where it came from. Only Christina knew that it was coming out of the largest butt on the train. And the staying power that this fart had, she had cleared subways before, but never this quick! The passengers' reactions were a thing to behold. She heard gasps of disgust. Murmurs of discontent. The kill zone grew as, with the dispersal of the cloud to which she had just given birth. Deep within Christina's bowels, a crew of four adults, shrunken to the size of ants was gasping in horror of these latest farts Christina was releasing.

"Oh no...it reeks of Taco Bell." Bill complained, knowing the source of the stench all too well. But Christina was not done with her gaseous onslaught. There was a larger unrest in her large intestines. Several thousand cc's of turdular fumes have declared their intention to leave the Digestive System. After a couple of minutes had passed from Christina's first fart, the people in the car were still waving their heads around in horror to the stench and praying for the ride to be over. The Christina decided to let another one rip; it was one round of nasty-ass butt-bombs after another. They were reasonably hot -- not the searing fire described above, but still well to the right of "warm." What made them special was that they were being manufactured and released at regular intervals. She was launching a regular series of farts and all of a sudden the time between farts had increased dramatically and the smell and temperature was getting exponentially worse. Now, the people in the train were becoming worried. It was clear now that those massive farts were coming out from underneath this large butt from this tall Hispanic teenager.

As the train now reached the midway point across the bottom of the bay it seemed that her brain received flash traffic from her ass that a lethal charge of sphinctrous sphinctride was locked and loaded. She tilted the side of her backside and performed the time-honored Right Cheek Sneak, losing the compressed pocket of penultimate stench unto the huddled masses. This latest fart blew from

within the vast rectal cavity of Christina and through the tight white panties and finally as a strong, pungent, warm wind that blew the skirt like a flag in the air. Those on the subway car were now horrified as they now knew the source, the young Hispanic girl. Captain Parker quickly grabbed his gas mask and placed it on. Perhaps due to the Venturi effect, the gas charge quickly entered the train Air Current and reconfigured itself from a tiny painful pocket of sour acid fume into a broad, miasmic fartstrosity. Riding the breeze of her previous fart, it snaked its way through the legs and luggage of standees, up the back stairs, and onward until it met and infiltrated the nasal passages of council of prepubescent female in the back of the car. The girls had yelled out, "Ohmygod that's \*gross\*!"

Christina then started giggling to herself, her Mexican food had created too much gas, and there was so an overflow in the stomach. She started feeling those dreaded cramps. There was a bowel-shaking 7.9-magnitude earthquake occurring in her intestines and it resolved with another fart, a strong, bubbling fart of epic proportions. Out of her asshole, propelled large pockets of toxic gas. The odor was horrific, much like a decomposing corpse smoldering in the hot California sun. The strong rotten egg odor had left everyone on the subway car asphyxiated with only Christina standing and Captain Parker seated there.

"Oopsie...I'm sorry." Christina said as she stood up there in the subway car. After another ten minutes, the subway had arrived at the station in Berkley, where Christina was going to go. As they left the subway car, still strong in Christina's massive stench, the fart smell had been forced out of the subway car and into the station, giving it a slight tingly sewer smell. Christina then dropped two more bombs as she walked through the station and the train left. What was once a busy station had several people lose oxygen temporarily while others had quickly made it for the exits, not knowing that it was a teen girl who had caused the devastation.

Once they got out of the station, it was only a few blocks from the campus of UC. Christina got plenty of looks from the passerbys who had not been used to see anyone, let alone a teenage girl at her impressive height. It had seemed that her skirt had been even shorter on her butt than it was earlier and Christina could now feel the warm breeze off the bay heading straight for her buttocks. Deep within those same buttocks, the crew could every now and then see flashes of light and get gusts of wind from the outside that made survived the long and grueling journey through the canyon of butt flesh. But Christina returned the favor by releasing a few of her own breezes from within her buttocks while walking the crowded sidewalks of Downtown Berkeley, to the annoyance of anyone around her. Her Mexican meal, compounded with everything else she had eaten up to that point had created a tangy, potent mix of gas that was enough to take anyone's breath away from those who were unfortunate to be caught right below her skirt or behind it.

Just as she arrived on the campus, one of the ones she had been looking at for college, she felt one last sharp pain appear in her stomach with an intense bubbling sensation occurring within her lower intestine. After a few minutes of epic struggle within her bowels, the gas had succeeded once more and was at the floodgates of her sphincter. She stopped there on one of the sidewalks overlooking a grassy field, where many college students had gathered. The ones nearest to Christina had looked back with



Christina's stomach were far more advanced than in normal humans, and it was theorized that Christina could eat perhaps a few items that were not considered safe for humans. It was a small amount of gas that they placed within her soup, but Christina had noticed the kick in the soup immediately. She quickly drank the entire soup, eating all the contents, and noticed a new bout of gas-induced fuel coming within her.

The head scientist had been amazed at Christina when she first walked in, towering over everyone else at the complex, they had never seen a girl this large and this tall. Then they were amazed when she ate bowl after bowl of the soup that they had prepared, they were only loading up Christina more and more. After her final bowl, she released a deep belch that expelled some of the foul odor of her digestive system. After that, she got up and approached the head scientist, who for a brief moment felt intimidated by the girl's size. He then walked up to her and arched his head up to begin talking.

"My...you're a big girl." The head scientist had addressed Christina, looking straight at her D cups.

"Oh...thank you, I'm a growing girl." Christina said as she continued to admire her new, enlarged shape. She looked down at the head scientist by laughing at him. The head scientist then used the communication device by talking to Scientist A inside Christina's rectum.

"So...how goes the mission?" he asks.

"Very interesting...the bowels of this girl are out of this world; we have seen and smelt more gas from Christina in the past day and a half than in most of our lives. Whatever fuels this girl; she has the potential to produce a great fuel for power."

"Okay...so is your equipment fine then?"

"Yes," Scientist A answered "...our equipment is fine." Of course, what Scientist A wasn't telling him was that they were running out of oxygen, but the gas from Christina was continuing to supplant the need for oxygen, or at least as much of it. Even the food and drinks that they had brought with them, including the water, was being tainted by Christina's gas. By this point, everything with the crew, on their person, and their equipment was tainted by Christina's fart gas. Now, it was time to see what Christina was made of, they decided to hook Christina up to a bed, with her skirt off to measure the full power of her fart without her pants inhibiting the power. There, Christina had a TV to watch while the gas had been building within her stomach. The main scientist of the facility had alerted the crew within Christina to brace themselves and get into their suits. The crew was suddenly blinded, above their location, there was some light shining down the cavernous canyon of Christina's butt crack, and for a brief time, they could breathe a little fresh air. They even took their helmets off and started breathing in the pure oxygen that was pumping in between her butt cheeks, but they started coughing and they ended up putting their helmets back on. The testing room was a large airtight chamber that was built into a stone building on the University of California campus. The walls were many feet thick of reinforced steel and concrete and could probably shrug off a nuclear blast. The room was lined with

vents and a wide array of sensors and equipment. It also had a few cameras so the scientists and Christina could see the one inside.

"Christina, you may begin" the scientists' voice echoed throughout the chamber by one speaker at one wall. Christina then lied on the table, with her butt pointed toward a measuring device that would record the CFI of her farts. Christina's colossal butt, encased only by her tight white panties was the only thing separating this room from the loads of deadly gas she had behind her anus. As she was watching one of her TV shows and without warning, Christina started one fart that the fumes engulfed her completely from the vision of the cams. Much to her surprise, there was no sound to her fart, as she was extruding a silent-but-deadly. This fart oozed out slowly and with a heat that even she had never experienced in her long and illustrious career as a champion farter. If a rectal thermometer had been in place, the fart would have melted off the glass bulb on the tip. The heat had burned off all her butt hairs and destroyed the follicles. She looked back, and saw a green fog as thick as good German pea soup trailing along behind her. The fart had caused the crew to begin sweating profoundly inside of their suits, with the intense smell flowing through their every being. The smell was normal for her farts, but had much more rotten garbage and gasoline in it; Christina's butt was practically on fire, at a temperature that no human had been able to release before. The devices that had been set up within the chamber were slowly being destroyed one by one by the intense power of Christina's farts.

"Christina, you destroyed all the F-type sensors, and all P-type except the 1000i, the stronger of the normal types!" Her eyes were watering as the scientist was telling about the results, but she had admitted that she wasn't done.

Just as she had done this, an older girl who worked there had moved up toward the table where Christina was lying. Just as she was passing her, Christina began cutting another SBD. The fart lasted only a couple of seconds, but it was enough to gag the poor college student with her rotten and obnoxious odor.

"One moment, just warming up." Said Christina as she was remarking at all the mighty gas that she still had to release. She let out one more noxious fart while sitting on the table, causing the older girl to fall to her knees gagging.

"What a lightweight. Here, let me help." Once more Christina lifted her butt into the air, letting out a hot rank fart, before continuing to watch the TV.

"You should be smelling that one for a couple days, hope it helps your endurance." She chuckled to herself as she continued to watch her show in the testing chamber. The head scientist at the facility was simply astonished at what was going on, Christina was getting a little powerful on her rippers and his concoction had helped it. Christina yawned slightly as new sensors were prepared, and the door tightly sealed.

"Okay Christina ...let's see what more you have." The head scientist had alerted her, Captain Parker, standing next to him, had put his gas mask on.

"Come'on...this is an airtight room." The head scientist claimed.

"I'm not taking any chances." Parker had alerted him.

"I'll start off small..." Christina said smiling, with that she began to let out steady rips of her smaller farts. The S&N sensors exploded immediately, Christina was not paying any attention to them, as each one shook the chamber slightly.

"Now that I'm a bit more warmed up, let's see how much I've improved since just a few minutes ago." Her eyes took on a more serious look as she farted at full force, or at least as much as her conditions would allow. The weakest of the stronger sensors shattered at this point, as Christina began to let her farts out faster. The crew within her butt were now really starting to feel the intense pain of her farts, these gaseous explosions of Christina had been dropping, the fresh air that the crew had been trying to breathe from the outside had now been contaminated by her fart gas. The gas was building in both speed and power, and a haze had filled the room, condensation dripping down the walls from the heat of her gas. A deep groan shook the room as the gas exploded out, each one now like a bomb going off in the room. The stench inside the room was intensifying exponentially by the second, as more and more of Christina's putrid stench was spreading out from between her butt cheeks. The monster fart that she had released when she walked across the college campus. Rotten eggs was only the beginning of the stink that had been created inside the room, it was humid, dense, smelled of every imaginable food that she could eat, all coming out of basketball-sized buttocks and through a pair of tight white panties, everyone looking in had either become horrified or aroused by this site.

"Hope you didn't pay much for this room, because I think my butt just went nuclear!" Christina laughed as she strained to release larger farts, her gas still building as the sensors burst, the walls shaking and groaning. She finally gave a deep moan of relief as she released her strongest yet, the door exploding out as the horrific gas flooded the room. The little girl turned and took a strong whiff of her ass at the others on the outside smelt the horrible smell flowed out from the chamber, most who breathed it in falling unconscious on the spot, except for Captain Parker of course.

"And that's what a fart is really like." Captain Parker had to walk into the room himself and unstrap Christina and allow for her to put her skirt back on. She had noticed that the skirt felt even tighter on her body as before, it only covered 1/3 of her buttocks. Christina proudly crossed her arms as she left the room, her gas having once again spiked to new levels.

"Oh my...that was...just awful!" Captain Parker said to Christina as she got out of the gas chamber that she had created. She thought for a moment and tilted her left leg and dropped a final monster blow of horrendous gas into the hallway, instantly gassy out the rest of the facility. She had walked back past the same grassy field as she was when the students were out there previously and she still noticed a deep smell in the air, it had been nearly an hour but it still reeked of her massive fart. Just then, a couple of college guys, not wearing their T-shirts on but having on blue swim trunks who had been lounging around the grassy field when Christina had passed by earlier had saw the girl and went up to her with an odd request.

"You're the one who ripped one here earlier...aren't you." One of the guys said as he looked up at the massive bust of Christina. She had to step back once to see the guy's face, he was just at six foot, but was now looking into the chest of the growing tall girl. He could smell the deep stench of farts from her previous incident at the lab.

"Yes I am." She said proudly. The guy then started getting a hard on as he was looking up at the greatest thing he may had ever seen. He and his friend had a farting fascination, but one they did not typically share with their friends. They had always tried to outdo each other with their farts and to gross out their girlfriends. They would load up on beer, beans, and vegetables to drop the most stinky, powerful farts in their entire dorm, and until this day they had thought that they were the best farters out there.

"I have a strange request...could you fart in my face?" The guy asked, stuttering as he was asking this to a much more formidable girl than he had ever seen. Captain Parker had insisted that she shouldn't.

"Christina, maybe you shouldn't do that...." The captain was cut off by Christina who walked up closer to the guy and bent her head down toward his face, her heaving chest, contained only by a shrinking bra and tight blue shirt, brushing his face.

"I'd love to...I have a BIG one building right now...get on the ground!" She said, hoping to prove to this boy her gassy prowess. The guy, who more or less had turned into a giddy little boy immediately, started lying on the floor, with his nose up in the air. His friend was watching, partially with excitement, and possibly with horror. He thought, if Christina had said that this one was a big one that was building, what was the one before. Several other students had taken noticed and were curious as to what was going on. Some of the students there were not there for Christina's first fart and word of mouth had spread about the massive ripper this tall girl had ripped, so they were wondering what this was all about. Parker went over to a nearby bench and sat down, there was really no arguing with a girl who was 6'7, and he knew it, just let her do her thing and head on home, he thought.

Christina was feeling a deep bubbling sensation within her stomach and she knew it was the rest of what was her massive eating binge that afternoon. She looked down at the boy and stood over her prone body. Looking up the boy saw Christina's pillar-like legs go up to her curvy hips and sweet round ass. Volleyball and track had done wonders for the girl as her legs were in great shape. The boy had seen that Christina's enormous butt cheeks were straining the fabric of her panties. His member grew as Christina looked down at the boy and smiled. She then proceeded to slowly lower her butt further down on the guy's face. In the matter of a few seconds the boy could no longer see any light from the world, his entire face was being covered by the massive butt cheeks of an 18-year old.

When her butt reached the base of his chin she grabbed the back of her skirt and said "Floop." in a cute little voice as she flipped it over the boy's face. The guy was now in heaven as he saw what was above him; the entire student population in that field was now looking at fascination at what was happening.



volley of putridity right into the boy's nose, she had more pungent gas than even she thought she had. Each of these massive farts from Christina had shaken the kid's body more and more. All around, the students had started to back away; they were gagging and coughing at the immense smell that was radiating from Christina's behind. The ones who were there earlier with Christina farting on the way to the lab knew that these farts were much, much worse. When Christina said she had to rip a BIG one, she meant it! At some point, he had felt like everything about his farting fetish had been satisfied. The fart that Christina had cut earlier was nothing in comparison to that, and that fart was nothing like anything that he had ever smelled before. At last, with one final Phooottpapapafrt!!! Christina smiled widely and said

"Mmmmmm...I feel sooo much better. Thanks kid." She stood up and boy's nose slipped out of her gassy grip. The boy was not responding. His eyes were rolled back and his face was so badly swollen it wasn't immediately recognizable. Christina listened, and heard breathing, so she knew she didn't cause any permanent damage. Christina started laughing to herself as she got up off the kid's warmed body, she also joined the crowd in coughing and gagging as she smelled the deep onion scented stench that had completely filled the grassy field, the grass all around the boy's body had turned brown from the lack of oxygen and a couple of nearby trees had leaves that were already falling off the trees, Christina had definitely left her mark on that college campus. When she goes on a tour of the campus later on that year, she would be able to show the admissions people the mark that she had left on the grassy field.

"Oh God...what is wrong with you...what did you eat?" The guy's friend, looking at his unconscious friend on the ground, much warmer than he was before. He continued to wave his hand, breathing in the immense magnitudes of gas that Christina had laid. This fart was beyond impressive; it could have killed cancer if she got the ability to.

"I must admit, that was better than most of my farts." Christina, standing taller than ever, said waving her hand around her face. She laughed at the guy's face.

"Let's see if he still likes farts...I think I'm done for now." Christina said as she started walking away. Her tall stature gave her the added benefit of not having to smell as much gas as the others by being higher up in the air. She walked toward the front of the campus while Captain Parker was waiting, just outside of the most intense stink zone. And indeed, Christina may have been right, that boy's farting fetish may have very well ended there, after such a gassy onslaught, it was hard for him to really love farts again. But as the massive girl walked away from the site laying down one last rippling rumble of rectal vapors into the air and then she trotted out of the campus with a last couple of blippy farts squeaking out of her sweet cheeks.

"Good God Chrissy! That was...horrendous!" Captain Parker said, waving his hand around as Christina came up to him with the biggest smile.

"Hey...we wanted to get farted on...I just obliged." She said giggling.

“Well...are you done now?” Captain Parker said as Christina leaned her body, much to the horror of the captain, and released one more small ripper between her vast buttocks.

“Now I am.” Christina laughed as Captain Parker waved his hand around his face, even with his gas mask he could smell a little of that fart. The two headed back toward San Francisco, allowing for the students at the university and the head scientist at the lab to wake up naturally an hour later. Back at the lab, the chamber they held Christina in was now contaminated by Christina’s gas for quite some time. True to her word, Christina did not release any more farts as they headed back to Section 26, which had now been cleared of her gas, where they prepared her for dinner.

Back at Section 26, the government official was there sitting, waiting for the report on what had happened that day. Captain Parker informed in on the details while Christina went back into her room to play more of her video games.

“Dear God! That girl is a living weapon...I am so glad we picked her for this project.” The government official had said, after hearing of Christina’s gassy onslaught throughout the day.

“But putting gasoline into her food isn’t that going too far.” Captain Parker had mentioned about the soup she was given sooner.

“Well...on normal humans, yes, that would be too far, but that girl isn’t normal, her stomach is a work of art and they were simply trying to see how many instruments they could use to express her “art form.” Christina went back on the couch in her room and sat her big butt on the couch. The couch appeared a bit smaller to her and her butt seemed to have covered a little more of the couch. Christina continued to play her video game on a couch there at Section 26 while her insides had calmed down. In the bowels of her body, Bill was trying to get some rest, while Scientists A and C were running through their latest bout of data.

“They said they fed her a small trace of gasoline.” Scientist A had said to a shocked Scientist C.

“Gasoline, so that’s what caused it to smell even worse. I had thought that it would have a deadly impact, but Christina’s other vital signs are showing no sign of any problems. It means that there may be other items that they may try; it is possible that Christina’s stomach may be a literal garbage compactor and that whatever goes in may still be processed into her gas. I have found trace detections of bacteria, of a form that I haven’t seen before, it’s a mutated form of bacteria, and there appears to be a lot of it within her, we were only able to find trace amounts of it so far.”

“Oh my...so that explains her suspectablility to even things like gasoline.” Confirmed Scientist C.

“That’s right...and the reason why any food seems to give her strong gas, and not just the typical ones.” Scientist A had said, in which he started wondering any of the facets behind what powered Christiana and her gas.

“Hm...so that’s why my daughter farts so much.” Bill said, overhearing the conversation.

“Sir, the fact that you’ve had to smell her farts for so long, it’s astonishing that you’ve lived as long as possible. Seriously, if someone had to stick their nose, up her butt to smell her fart, without any of this protection...they’d probably die.” Up above, they heard another deep noise that shook the insides of Christina’s anus.

“Wait...that’s not gas, she’s just hungry.” Scientist A had reassured them, meaning that they had a little time left before Christina was going to be releasing more farts. Bill then went toward the tent to get a little sleep, it was in there he noticed something, Scientist B was not present.

“Where is he?” he asked the other two scientists. They looked around and noticed that he was missing. Up above, Christina’s dinner was finally ready. They were giving her a break, with a large pizza with two kinds of cheese, pepperonis and onions on it. She was also given a bowl of fresh veggies and more milk to drink it down. The meal was very delicious for Christina and she had appreciated it very much, but it caused her stomach to growl a bit as the food was colliding with all the other foods she had been eating previously.

“So...how will tomorrow go?” Captain Parker asked the government official, while Christina was eating her meal. “Oh...about that, we will resize the crew members tomorrow afternoon, there is no sense keeping them in her for three full days, they will gather more data tonight and tomorrow morning, and we will take Christina to the prison to test her final product. After that, we will be finished, and they will be resized, and then we will start working with the data to create a medicine to cease her fart.”

“Cease them.” Captain Parker had asked.

“Well...it would take some time, but with this research, he should be able to get something out of her....” The two men were taken by the sound and stench of a large belch from Christina. They went back into the kitchen and started waving their hands from the pizza-smelling burp.

“He...he...’scue me.” She said as she finished her meal. After the air in the room had cleared from Christina’s burp they watched as the tall Hispanic girl got up from her seat and walked back toward her room, with her now shrunk skirt trying to cling to the top of her butt. Her underwear was barely on as well, it hung very closely to every part of her buttcheeks, being stretched to its limits. The government official went over to Captain Parker’s office to explain more about what they were doing at the prison the next day.

“We got word of who the prisoner they are going to be executing tomorrow.” The government official showed the file to Parker, whose eyes, had lit up when he saw the person on the file.

“Oh my...him...I haven’t heard about him for a while, he’s been in San Quentin?” Parker asked. The file revealed that the person who was scheduled for execution was the same person who had gunned down Victoria Lopez years ago. He had murdered an entire family after molesting a few of the kids, heinous enough crimes that he was sentenced to death. Now, Christina was going to be the one instituting that death, which Parker felt was necessary to tell her about.

“Won’t that be something, that the person who killed Christina’s mother would be killed by Christina herself...I’d got to tell her that? Parker said back at the government official.

“Why?” the official asked.

“Because...she will know to load up even more on the gassy foods tomorrow.”

He went in to see Christina, sitting on her bed, getting ready to change out of her clothes and get comfortable to play her video games. She was on her bed, with her white pantied butt resting like two globes on the blanket. Her skirt now only covered the top part of her butt, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the butt not covered by it. Her tight blue shirt had become even tighter with her vast breasts and nipples stretching it toward eventual ruin. Parker had gone into explain the situation about the prison to Christina when he asked her about her size.

“Christina? Have you gotten...any bigger?” Parker asked the girl who stood up and noticed that she towered over the captain even more than she had earlier that day.

“I don’t think so....” Christina said, trying to find the captain underneath her bust. Nevertheless, he grabbed a tape measure and stood up on the bed while Christina stood up against the wall. Her butt had pushed her body nearly 9 inches off the wall itself so she back wasn’t able to lie flat against it. It appeared like everything about Christina’s size had gotten larger just within that day. Captain Parker gave big gasp when he saw what the tape measure had finally shown, Christina had grown!

“Oh my God! Six feet, and nine and a half inches!” Parker cried out as Christina began laughing at what Parker had said. She couldn’t believe it, in just a couple of days she had grown three and a half inches, somehow she was getting even taller.

“Really?! Are you sure that tape measure is right?” Christina said as a large pang in her stomach had gotten to its breaking point.

“I can check again...” Parker started, but was cut off by a deafening blast that had started from underneath Christina’s shrinking skirt. PPPRRRaaaaaPPPPBBBBBlllllllbbbbbppppptth! A roaring, bubbling, greasy sound erupted from inside her, causing her ass to jiggle visibly and the skirt to start flying up in the air. The fart shook the wall that Christina’s butt was up against. Captain Parker began to cough loudly as he quickly got off the bed and started running for the door. Somehow, he managed not to pass out from the ghastly odor that had come out from Christina’s butt, but he just might have well passed out, the odor reeked of onions and beans and cheese, all now reoccurring parts of Christina’s diet. The raucous air blew throughout the entire room and covered it in a light-brown haze of pure funk. Christina started giggling to what she was doing, the fart had completely stunk up her entire room and the main part of her gas hadn’t even arrived yet.

“I’m sorry Captain Parker...really; I guess I’m just excited about growing even bigger.” She said in such a sweet and innocent manner, she bent down and placed her hands upon the tights of her long legs, she pushed her butt out toward the wall and looked down at a horrified Captain Parker. He quickly confirmed that the measurement was correct before he ran out of the room in hope for some fresh air.

Parker moved into another part of the complex, one that wasn't completely polluted by Christina's gas and made a call over to Winn's shop.

"Captain Parker...what may I do for you?" Asked Winn as he called from within his shop.

"Winn? Was there anything within your potion that would have caused Christina to grow?" Parker had asked the old Chinese wizard. Winn had become a little perplexed by the question, he thought he knew his magic that well, and he placed the captain on hold for a moment while he queried his assistant and got the book out that contained the spell to the shrinking spell. Winn had found nothing and went answered back to Parker on the phone.

"Look...the spell has nothing in there that would cause her to get bigger. However, I have a theory, and that may be the best I can do. The spell worked perfectly on the people and equipment that were being shrunk and it is possible, highly unlikely, but possible, that when they entered Christina's body, some of that poteen may have gotten into Christina's body and caused a reverse effect of the spell. This is highly irregular, but it is possible, I've heard of stuff like this happen before. This is a theory though, however, if my calculations are correct, given how much I had put into this spell...I would think that Christina wouldn't grow no more than five additional inches, and that the growing would only be confined to a couple of days, so by tomorrow any additional growth should be it."

"Okay...so, you believe there is nothing I should worry about...I mean, giant girls isn't exactly a threat this city is ready for, especially one that has such powerful farts."

"Oh yeah...there should be nothing to worry about, I'll look into this and make sure about my calculations and call you back." Winn then hung up and began to do some research with his assistant.

"Oh boy...that's all I need...a bigger Christina." Parker sighed to himself as he started to smell a small eggy odor flowing down the hallway, Christina had ripped another one.

Later that evening, Christina was lying on her bed playing a video game, but she was doing something different, she was not wearing any underwear or skirts. Her entire body lay across the bed, stretching out further than it had before. Christina was in a way intoxicated by the stench of her farts earlier. There was something about being able to smell her handiwork without any clothes on as opposed to having her clothes on. Her skirt and underwear were on the floor of her room, causing that surrounding area to smell of her gas. Like the previous night, her clothes smelled way too much of her farts, no one wanted to touch them.

Back inside Christina, Bill and Scientists A and C were now looking for the whereabouts of Scientist B. The insides of Christina had gotten much warmer and humid, with the putrid stench of Christina's gas still hanging over them. They had flashlights looking deep into the cavernous pits of Christina's anus. There were traces of gasoline within them that had made the insides even stinkier. The crew had started to ration off their oxygen and now Bill was the one who wasn't breathing any oxygen at all, with him sacrificing his breathing for them. But interestingly, he was able to breathe at what seemed like no problem. After a few minutes of looking for B, they had heard a little movement all





seeing the approach of death. While his research, especially in the field of farts had been commendable, this was where he saw himself, deep within the anus of a young girl, breathing in on her farts. As that happened, he heard a vibrating noise come from deep within the anus, he got up off his knees and started facing the rectum, with his face ready to take in the heat.

A strong wind had begun; it had started out sounding like an ocean breeze and just increased in force and intensity as it grew in power. At first, he could start smelling faintly, from all around him, the raucous odor of Christina's gas. Finally, the strong wind reached a zenith and it cheerfully, Scientist B started inhaling all of the deadly odors around him. It smelled like shit, it smelled like rotten eggs, it smelled like pure garbage and it smelled of digested pizza, but that didn't matter to him, it was like breathing in oxygen on a sunny, non-smoggy day. He was rejuvenated, breathing in the vast quantities of Christina's gas, even though she was sleeping. About a minute or so after this gaseous buildup had started, the opening to Christina's anus had been breached and the gas was now ready to flow out into the world to greet any others around Christina. The strong, tornado-force winds started blowing the man out from around the rectum. He didn't reach the opening as he was holding on to what seemed like a hair inside of it, but that was fine, he felt like he was at home where he was.

On the other end of the anus, Bill and Scientists A and C had been camping, contemplating what happened to Scientist B when they heard this strong gust of wind blow out from within Christina's anus. The now familiar superheated gas started to blow out from the anus and the whole episode lasted for roughly ten seconds before the winds slowly calmed down as the last, trace amounts of Christina's new gas had flowed out of her rectum. The others had begun to use some of the oxygen while breathing through this most recent explosion.

"Gosh...is this girl gassy or what...even when she sleeps, she is still letting them out." Scientist C had said to Bill as he sat on the surface of his daughter's butt, looking up into the dark canyon, where somewhere, out there was the real world, with fresh air, and where people were not always subjected to Christina's bowels.

"Oh yeah...these farts remind me of the ones she would drop during track meets." Bill had thought to himself. Christina, with her superior size had loved to run track and field since middle school. She had gone back and forth between distance running and sprinting, and in the previous two years had taken up high jumping, breaking the school record this last year. But it was in the 200m dash that she always seemed to have won. But it wasn't necessarily the fact that her powerful legs carried her across the finish line first and that she was extremely fast, usually getting around 23 or 24 seconds, but it was her placement in the starting grid that made all the difference. She insisted that she wanted to be up around the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> lane of the track. At that position, she would be able to drop a fart right when she came out of the starting block. And just like clockwork, the smelly fart would stop the runners behind her, causing them to fall back and stagger as they ran up to catch up with her. On one particular race, she had eaten an entire tub of chili before the race and a couple of girls didn't even finish the race. Her performance on the high jumping had similar results, she tried to get herself toward the top of the order so that she could rip a nice silent fart as she jumped up in the air and over the bar, spreading her cancerous stink around the site, causing the following participants to gag and have trouble jumping. Her

team knew very well that it was Christina farting and they actually open about having her gas out the track during competition, knowing that it would give their team a competitive edge, since there were no rules about using flatulence to alter any races. The team always insisted that it was the San Francisco sewer that they smelled, but they knew very well the true source of the sewer gas.

“Wow...I wouldn’t blame her school for using a weapon like that.” Scientist C responded to the story Bill had told her. “So...why doesn’t she play basketball?”

“Honestly...it’s two different things. Her ego isn’t really that big, she doesn’t want to be the best at everything, she thinks that if she joined the basketball team, she would be the only one that would score and get all the attention. While she likes to receive attention for her size, she does it on her terms. Secondly, she’d gas out that gymnasium way too much...the doctors here even were convinced that it would pose a health risk to the basketball games with her farting during the games, the volleyball matches are bad enough. That’s why they said she shouldn’t have done swimming either, her farts would have polluted the water, and with her gas mixed in with the chlorine of the water, they thought it would have made her gas even worse. At least with track and field you are outdoors.”

“I don’t know how you do it...I mean...what was her mother like?”

“Oh Victoria...she was very nice, and very good at her job. She was actually 6’2 herself, with me just a 6’, so Christina is getting her height from somewhere, we’d just didn’t expect her to get much taller. It was when Chrissy was 8 that my wife and I had been sent to Oakland to settle a family disturbance. Because of Oakland’s budgetary problems, their police were spread thin and the two of us weren’t doing anything, so we volunteered to help. The incident got much bigger than we expected and the suspect had gone on a chase. My wife had caught up and tackled the guy to the ground, but as she had him on the ground, she was stabbed, the guy had pulled out a knife and stabbed my wife, right near her heart. She died a few hours later...it’s one thing to lose your partner out on the job, but it’s another to lose your wife out on the job...”

“Oh...I’m sorry...” Scientist C started to cry a little bit as she heard this story, though she didn’t know if her tears came from the sadness of the story or the gas that still flowed throughout the area.

“Thanks...but it was Christina here that got me out, she is the thing that kept me going, that and the folks here at Section 26. All were very helpful in getting me back on my feet and it was at that moment that I vowed to always protect my daughter and keep her safe. Of course, now that’s she’s old enough to go out into the field if she wants, and big enough to hover over me...I just hope that I can still do that job.”

“I’m sure you will...it looks like you two both love each other...who knows, maybe she will be looking out for you.” The scientist had reassured him as she got up and headed back for the tent, Bill soon followed as he tried to get as much sleep as possible, quietly whispering “I’ll always love you...both.”

Back in bed, Christina slept calmly, underneath her covers to protect the rest of the world from her putrid stink, the gaseous odor had been building on the inside of her covers, but it still leaked out to the rest of her room, which by this point had been covered in a small, yellowish-green haze that filled the bedroom. Christina woke up only for a few seconds when she felt her warm gas blow across her cute face. She took in a deep breathe of her handiwork, smelled that it wasn't enough to make much of an impact on her and went back to sleep. Sure...her eyes were watering and the humidity inside the covers had increased, but she was used enough to her product that it ultimately didn't matter.

The third morning with Christina's massive farts began with a great spectacle. Captain Parker was already up, getting ready for this final day of the experiment. It was just after 7:00 when he started to feel the ground rumble. Even a few doors down from a sleeping Christina, he felt the ground all around him shake. Then he heard the sound, it was a large, vibrating sound that sounded like the loudest cell phone vibrator only 1,000 times greater. The rumbling had lasted for twenty seconds and it caused some of the agents to find the nearest doorframe to protect themselves in case the complex began falling upon itself. Fortunately it didn't, but it really didn't matter since the stench that started radiating out from the room, even with it closed was enough to cause several agents to collapse due to the sudden lack of oxygen, fumigation or not, this new smell got rid of any traces of a clean complex. Captain Parker went to his desk to get his gas mask when he felt the ground vibrate once more, this time for a longer period of time, almost for a full minute. The seismographs in the complex were only recording a 5-pointer on the Richter scale within the complex, but the blast was enough to cause a mass of green and yellow gas to flow continuously out from underneath the door of the Christina's room. The temperature in the hallway by Christina's room had gone up by ten degrees and was nearly 20 degrees warmer right by the room; Christina just had her Morning Thunder!

Christina was awoken by a horrible sound. She had been lying on her bed, with her feet now on the floor just in front of her bed, the blanket she was wearing had felt a tad smaller and the bra and panties she had on were straining her breasts and butt, not to mention trying to hold in her massive farts. Her powerful farts had shook her bed and the surround walls of her room, and the tons of fart gas that were being emitted from her butt had made being underneath her covers unthinkable. Even if she was the only human alive that could breathe in that stench, it had gotten to her too. Bill and the crew had been awoken by the biggest and most impressive Morning Thunder in the history of anything. Scientist A had spent a couple of years in college and was on the Storm Chasers team, going after big bad thunderstorms, and what he woke up to that morning was infinitely worse than any severe thunderstorm he witnessed. They were blinded by a foul smell that was far worse than humanely possible. They entire area around the two had shaken with a stronger force than an earthquake ever, perhaps double the power of the worst earthquake. And to make matters worse, it appeared that Christina's anus had gotten larger, towering over them as high as the Empire State Building with her buttocks increasing in size far beyond their comprehensive. Her immense butt canyon had just gotten even more unworldly, it went on forever, the Mariana's Trench would be nothing of a distance down as it was up Christina's beyond cavernous buttcrack. And then of course, there was her Morning Thunder, this wasn't a Morning Thunder episode, this was a Morning Apocalypse!

Back in Christina's bed, her nostrils curled back in disgust as realization hit her, she had cut a massive fart. She was still an 18-year old waking up from sleep after all, and this was a major inconvenience to wake up to such power. It took a few moments to realize what had happened, but once Christina was forced to take the blankets off from her now warmed-up Dutch oven she yelled out. The inside of her blanket was warmer than being in a tanning bed. Christina had her eyes water as she coughed to the incredible smell that came out. She pulled the covers over and saw that the air inside her bedroom had turned a tannish-color, deep with a humid haze that was nothing but her gas. She didn't pass gas; she dropped a nuclear bomb of flatulence. This was the biggest case of Morning Thunder she had ever had and it wasn't even close to another incident, she was causing global warming with this kind of fart, hell, the city probably was becoming foggy due to this instead of the normal temperature inversions that had usually fogged the city. Of course, Christina had to laugh at herself at the mere thought of controlling San Francisco's weather with her gas, but what was more at stake at the moment was that she was controlling the air quality within her room and it was none too good, even for her. She had to get up and take a deep whiff of her proud creation. She had topped even the massive farts she had cut at the university yesterday by a long way.

"Man! That was one to remember!" Christina began coughing as the incredible stink kept on radiating out from the seat of her nearly destroyed underwear." She didn't even try to distance herself away from the terrible stench that invariably followed one of her gaseous eruptions, and allowed to permeate her nose. She finally stood up and noticed something odd about her height, it had increased. She looked at her floor and bed and it looked smaller, still her ceiling was still about a foot higher than the top of her hair. She looked down at her breasts, they had also gotten bigger overnight and peering back at the leaking canon of gas that was her butt, it also stretched out a tad further, nearly a full foot away from her back. She moved forward to the doorframe and saw that she now was as tall as the doorframe was. As she walked around, the floor creaked under the increased weight of her body and the agents at Section 26 heard a little rumbling come from within Christina's room as her body shook the floor around, if she had been on an upper level it would have shook the ceiling.

"Phew....wow...that is perhaps the most disgusting thing that I think I have smelled." Christina said as she got up from the bed and started walking around, pacing to get any air. Her movements had caused the dense air to move around, but did little to dissipate it; this was gas that was going to stay for a good long while. As she headed toward the door, the smell caught up with her with a full force. She choked back nausea and moved toward the front of her room, which did little to help. Christina's meal last night had finally come with a vengeance and it had alerted her that it meant business. It was a raw odor; it reeked of rotten cheese and eggs with a hint of old beef and garbage. The smell was terrible and could have probably killed a small kid if it was at point blank range.

"Woah! That smells so bad! What did I eat?!" Said Christina as she had her hand over her nose, trying to get a little fresh air. She looked back toward her bed with watering eyes, but grinning with pride and satisfaction, she felt an inner pride of what she had been able to do. And to complement her warm pride, she looked at the window to her room and saw that it was already fogged up from the sudden rise of humidity. As Christina begins leaving her room, she tilted her butt and blasted out three

more, fog-inducing, farts that shook the room and only added to the marvelous stink that she had left in her room.

She began to wave her hand around as she could only guess what kind of farts she would have on that third day. Back underneath Christina's butt, Bill and Scientists A and C were sleeping within their tent when they were woken up by what felt like to them as a nuclear bomb exploding off before them. The force of the fart had blown their tent away and left all three of them flying around in the tent as it was tossed aside by the power of Christina's morning farts like it was nothing. And then the deep stench and heat of the fart came rushing up on the crew, who were already in their suits. They had no time to get to their oxygen, but once they did, they quickly started breathing the oxygen as much as they could. They were quickly running out of oxygen as well as warming up to the force and furry of this particular fart. It had left Christina breathless as she got up, so the impact it had on them was much greater.

"My daughter is particularly gassy this morning; that is some morning thunder." Bill had commented to the other two scientists.

"What do you mean...it's been that bad before." Scientist C replied.

"No...this is different, this was bigger. I've had to wake up to that girl farting most of the past few years I've been with her, and these smelt differently, more raw, more powerful. Christina is VERY gassy this morning." Bill stated once more as the crew got out of their overturned tent, which was now about 100 feet (from their perspective) from their original campsite.

"Now...let's get our gear ready and start communicating with headquarters to get our instructions for this final day...just think, after a few hours, we will be enlarged again, and we will be able to breathe in fresh oxygen, and not have to smell this girls' atrocious farts again!" Scientist A had said, happily, as he knew that the end was near.

"...well, except for you Mr. Lopez, I guess you'll still have to live with her." "

It won't be this bad, and if your research does prove successful, you ought to find a cure for this, correct?" "Yes...or at the very least, something to calm this down to a much more manageable level. It's only because of the impacts of Christina's previous two days of eating that her farts are this bad, it's not just the pizza and vegetables she had, it's a growing combination of lethal foods, that are going to reach a climax today, and the final test for her."

"Which is?" Asked Bill.

"Can she actually kill someone, not knock them out, but kill someone with her farts."

Christina Lopez, an 18-year Super-Farter who has been tested for the past two days was walking through the complex at Section 26, with the stench of her previous farts still very much in play. She noticed something different though today, everyone around her was wearing gas masks. It would seem that they finally got the message about having a person like Christina live within their complex, and that it made her smile, just how bad her farts had gotten, that she was controlling what people were wearing

inside of an underground government facility. Christina had walked around the complex and noticed a few things were on the ground. She went over to Captain Parker who had been communicating with the crew.

“Did we have an earthquake?” She asked the captain, giggling out loud as she already knew the answer.

“More like a *fartquake*! You’re farts this morning were the worst I’ve ever heard, I’ve been through missions that didn’t sound that bad.” Parker said as he looked up at the colossal girl and noticed something different about her.

“He...he...yeah, I guess my butt really had to release some...steam this morning.” Her giggling had gotten a little louder and echoed off the surrounding walls.

“Christina...has your bra always been that tight...and...I’m afraid to ask, have you grown any?” Parker asked as Christina went and felt her breasts, they were bigger, not just by the tight bra but by the fact that part of her boob flesh was overflowing the bra itself. Only a couple of days before it would have fit her just fine, but now the bra had had it with her. As for her height, she looked up and saw that the ceiling in the complex had seemed a little less high up as before. She looked back down at the captain, who was now just above the level of her stomach; he was looking up at the bottom of her straining breasts. They went to find the tape measure, which had remained in her room. At first, Captain Parker had gone in the room after it, but quickly balked out when he started gagging with watery eyes and a nose that had been attacked by Christina’s eggy stench.

“Maybe you should go in after it.” Parker suggested as he held his mouth to prevent it from attempting to throw up. She giggled at what happened and went in after the tape measure. She found it on the floor and brought it back to the main hallway of the complex. Parker went and stood on top of a chair as he held up the tape measure along the wall just he had previously. Christina stood there as tall and proud as ever. She stood against the wall as best as she could, but her enormous ass prevented her, and only the far, extruding end of her two, twin-monster sized buttocks could touch the floor. There was an incredible amount of space in between the wall and her back. He finally reached the top of Christina’s hair, which she had fashioned into a ponytail with a pink tie to hold it back. He dropped the tape measure once he saw what it was. He quickly got off the chair and moved out in front of Christina, the look on his face said it all as he looked up at the towering teen girl who stood there with her larger-than-life breasts, body, and butt. She smiled down with pride as she knew this was going to be a new record.

“Seven feet. You’re seven feet tall.” Was all that Captain Parker could say, Christina was amazed, she had gotten to six feet just two years ago and 6’6 a month ago. In that time she had grown another six inches. She couldn’t believe what was going on, she had a strange feeling in her stomach as he said this, he really couldn’t believe that she could have actually gotten this big.

“Seven feet tall...really...wow I must be like the biggest girl in the world. This is so amazing!” She yelled out with glee, she had always appreciated her big size, and now that she had grown even bigger, it made it all the better. She was jumping up with pride, causing her massive globes on both her chest

and butt to shake, showing that they indeed had also grown in size. Christina picked up the tape measure and measured around her chest and butt. Her breasts had grown to the size of E cups, amazing given that she had C cups only six months ago, and her butt was now one foot out from her back, forming a nice, long curve that went deep within her butt canyon and out to form a curve up her spine, and her legs were also improved as well, though her muscles were always a part of her body, with her sports and all. Then, the government official walked in and had his eyes opened widely when he saw for himself the new and improved Christina.

“Um....breakfast is ready.” The government official said, looking up at the growing Christina Lopez.

“Good...I am so hungry.” She said as she turned her back toward Captain Parker and had her enormous butt facing him. Just as she began moving, he started feeling a burning sensation. This sensation had continued for a few seconds and it only grew in power and in concentration. It flowed out from between Christina’s shrunken panties and spread out like wildfire from her ginormous butt and out to where Captain Parker was standing, and since her butt was only a few inches away from being right in Parker’s face, he felt the dreadful wind blow against his entire face much sooner. Then, the dreaded rotten egg and bean stench started and it soon consumed his entire being. Christina had just released a Silent-But-Deadly Fart, right in front of Captain Parker. The five-second fart had enough force and power that it knocked Captain Parker out immediately. Once she heard the thud of the captain’s body falling to the ground she turned her head and scrunched up her face as she took a deep whiff of her heinous creation of a fart.

“Opps...I’m sorry.” She said, and in this case, she really was sorry. She had forgotten that Captain Parker was back there, with her massive body she had blocked him out completely, so when she cut the cheese right there, she totally had spaced on the fact that Parker was standing there behind her.

Finally, it was time for Christina’s breakfast, which consisted of nothing but eggs and steamed cabbage, plus milk and a protein shake. The agents there at the kitchen were shocked to see the new and improved Christina Lopez. She walked in with her new figure, showing off her E-cups through a D-cup bra and by showing her new, larger ass through a pair of panties that were straining at every fabric by the endless quantities of butt flesh that had extruded from Christina’s immaculate figure. But it was her height that caught them off guard; she was really in a league of her own with no one to question her. She finally sat down to the sound of a chair that couldn’t take as much pressure from her as normally, it was a brown wooden chair that was meant to hold people up to six and a half feet with butts much smaller than Christina’s and her large butt was now spilling over on both sides of the chair, causing it to rub against the chair. From right behind her, it almost looked like Christina’s butt had swallowed the chair itself.

Christina licked her lips at the thought of what such a meal would do to her already overburdened bowels. There were even a couple of actual rotten eggs, which themselves had stunk up the room, but Christina ate them first, allowing for real rotten eggs to digest in her stomach. Christina tore through all the food that was given to her and the agents were enticed by the fact that more was

going into Christina's stomach in this one meal than had gone through it at any previous meal. She ate more there for breakfast than any of them ate for a full day, even two. There were ten bowls of the steamed cabbage, ten plates of eggs, a couple of rotten eggs, two gallons of milk and one gallon of a protein shake. Christina, at her new size also had a larger stomach and therefore more capacity to store her food and process it into her powerful flatus. Inside, her stomach was churning with all this new food to process and grant her energy and gas. Even though this would seem like the meal of an overly obese person, Christina was big enough and had enough metabolism that it rarely stayed inside her, coming out usually as loads of crap and stinky gas, and since her craps were being suppressed for the moment, it was ALL coming out as gas.

Halfway through her meal, the agents watching the girl and they saw a slight motion come from within the panties that had covered her giant tush. They heard a loud pop noise and then silence, after ten seconds, there was another pop noise, and by that point it was already too late. A strong, eggy odor overcame all inside the kitchen and caused them to collapse by the sudden transfer of oxygen in the room to a mix of methane, oxygen, hydrogen sulfide, and other various gases. The temperature inside the room had increased exponentially and suddenly it felt very dense and hot inside the kitchen. Gas mask or no, the fart had taken the precious oxygen away from those watching Christina eat and had quickly made its way down the corridor of Section 26. The strong stench of hydrogen sulfide, plus the enormous amounts of methane had made Christina's panties very warm and she had turned her head back to see what had happened.

"Man that was ripe.....um....sorry. I guess I should have warned you." Christina giggled as she saw the half dozen agents, wearing gas masks, still passed out on the floor. She quickly hurried to finish her meal, just to add to the enormous indigestion she was having. As she finished her meal, two more bubbling farts had been expelled from within her panties before she was done eating.

Inside her bowels, the crew had started to get really woozy by all the gaseous odors that came out from Christina's asshole. Up above them, this large, skyscraper-sized hole had opened up and allowed for a violent torrent of beyond-EF 5 tornado strength winds to blow the foulest wind imaginable all around them. Even the farts from this morning were no match for these SBDs that Christina was releasing. As she got up from her seat, she briefly touched the wooden bottom, which had been glued to her buttocks and felt that it was almost as hot as the inside of an oven. She got up and saw the government official standing there with a gas mask. He tried to enter the room but saw that there was no way he was going to make it, but Christina had also noticed that the agent had a bit of a tent forming within his dress pants.

"Wow! That was a good one!" The government official had complemented Christina who giggled in a joyful reply.

"Thank you." The government official then walked up and tilted his head up through Christina's bountiful breasts and to her youthful face to explain to her the next test for the day.

"We actually want you to take a bath." He said.

"It's because I stink, isn't it...two days of farting like this, and I think that every part of my body likely reeks from me too." Christina giggled as she realized that she had indeed stunk up her entire body. Not to mention everything else that had contained her body for a period of time.

"Well...sort of, we want to see if a bath would end up helping you or not, after the farts you will be launching today. We also wanted to test your farting abilities...underwater." He had started to get aroused at such a thought of this large girl, naked in her form, breaking wind inside of bathtub.

"Cool! So you want me to pass gas in the bathtub, Bill would never let me do that...not that it stopped me of course." Christina laughed at this ability.

"Yes...we want to test your ability to rip one, and see how much the water carries the stench."

"Oh...my farts do smell stronger in the water...that I can guarantee." The government official was getting a bit more confident, and had Christina head over toward the bathroom where Captain Parker would be the one to observe this experiment. As she started walking down the hallway, the government official walked toward the wooden chair that Christina was sitting on. Against all logic, he took off his gas mask and quickly fell before the seat of the chair and began to breathe in the strong stench from Christina's farts. He began coughing before he even got his nose to the seat, but he managed to get it all the way down to the hot wooden surface. At the very base of the wooden seat, the temperature had to be over 200 degrees and the government official could feel the heat burn his nose as he took in deep breaths of the eggy, intoxicating odor from Christina's gas. He began to get light-headed as he breathed like a crazed maniac at all the powerful gas that had gone out from her buttocks, it had been ten minutes since she had pushed out her first SBD there and the stench was as strong as ever, the hang time on that chair had simply been unbelievable. He continued breathing in the strong, rotten aroma of Christina's fart until his brain had simply run out of oxygen and he found himself passed out next to the chair.

Back in the bathroom, Captain Parker stood there in awe as he watched Christina undress out of her panties and bra and got ready for her bath. They had turned the exhaust fan on inside, even though there was little chance that it would actually do anything. Meanwhile, Christina continued to strip to her bare body, which was smelling very much of her gas, she was right that her gas had given her a need for a bath. It was said that the exhaust fan lead directly up toward Coit Tower, which in years past had been described as having a "unique" smell, but Parker had always denied it. Parker was one of the few individuals that Christina tolerated being in the bathroom. Ever since her mother's death, he had become an unofficial caretaker of the girl, so he had enough of a well-being in her life that he would help her in the bathroom if needed. After she had gotten out of her undergarments, the captain went and took them to a spot away from the tub. Christina had been impressed by the fact that he didn't pass out or anything from the mere touching of her panties, but he explained that he had one of the scientists at Section 26 modify his gas mask so that it would work better, he had just gotten this new mask a few minutes ago. There, before the captain, stood this colossus of a teenage girl, 18-years old and seven feet tall, few kids, let alone people in general were not as big as she, nor had a butt canon like hers. She had become intoxicated with her mere size and was going to enjoy being this new height. As

she moved toward the bathtub, which had looked smaller than she was used to, she let loose a small fart that rippled against the globe-sized buttocks.

“He...he...and I haven’t even gotten in yet.” She said as she waved her hands around her to get rid of the potent stink. Fortunately for Captain Parker, the smell wasn’t that bad, even though it would have still caused a small kid to pass out. She bent down toward the faucet for the bathtub with her butt pointed straight at the captain and turned the handle to start filling the tub for a bubble bath. The crew began to realize what was going on and went for their scuba suits, which were packed in their gear.

“Why did we even bring that?” Bill was wondering, as he had remembered the equipment there since they had arrived at the site. Christina’s crack responds to her going into the tub by trembling back to where it was. The tub was full and steaming hot. She pours a little bubble bath in the tub and sways her hips over the side. As her knees bend, her buttocks spread apart slightly and gave the crew a glimpse of the hard, gleaming porcelain edge below her. The crew just started to brace for impact as Christina’s massive figure started displacing water that had flowed into the tub. With an excruciating squish, her cheeks spread over the edge and pull apart. She had only filled the tub halfway but it was already overflowing from her increases size, as it would turn out the water that flowed out from the tub was the lucky water. The water came rushing it toward the crew, as they quickly got their scuba suits on with full oxygen tanks to begin swimming in the water. By the time that Christina was inside the bathtub, the water had already become fouled by the mere presence of her butt. As for the crew, the enormity of Christina’s butt cheeks kept them from floating out into the rest of the bathtub, as both Scientists A and C had taken out another piece of equipment that measured the quality of the water and looked for trace elements inside of the water, slowly being polluted by Christina’s being there, and this was before she began farting.

Inside, the bathtub, Christina was finally getting a well-deserved bath, but her breakfast was still coming back with a vengeance and she knew it. Christina took the soap and began to work up a lather. As she rubbed, she began to feel pressure in her bowels. It was the steamed cabbage and eggs. She looked at Captain Parker, who was sitting on a chair near the door, partially to make sure no one walked in unexpectedly to see Christina naked, or to smell her horrendous farts. Suddenly, a stronger rumbling noise came up from her stomach and before she had time to react, a violent fart ERUPTED from her ass with a loud BLURT! Bubbles poured from between her butt cheeks and floated to the surface, where they popped just behind her.

Christina giggled and felt herself blush, but only because she was being watched. That was....exhilarating. She smiled and looked behind her. A strong stench of cabbage and eggs floated throughout the water, and Christina sure was right about one thing, IT STUNK! She raised her right cheek a little and let out a large BLOORPT! She giggled again, watching her bubbles surface. She leaned forward and squirted out a series of tiny farts. Plooop...plooop...PLAP! Glub....BLAPPPPPPPP! Christina smiled. She never knew how.... amusing her bottom could be. Christina continued to push out fart after fart. She was quite gassy that morning, although given all the food she ate, it didn’t surprise her. After her latest bout of gas an idea struck her. She rolled over onto her elbows and knees, keeping her ass just below the surface. Her butt in place, she pushed. PHURT! Her blast caused water to fly into the air and

land on the floor in a puddle. She had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing too loudly. The air inside the entire bathroom was quickly become foul with the stench of eggs and cabbage mixed in with water, even Parker had to cover his mouth over his gas mask as tried to avoid a little of the smell. Christina submerged herself to just below her eyes... glub, glub, froop...plerp! The bubbles floated out of her bum, between her legs and to the surface just in front of her face. She watched closely as they burst, splattering water on her face. She wiggled he toes. This was becoming fun, and the air inside the room was starting to become hazy.

But to Bill and the crew, it was far from fun, all the violent bubbles that were coming out of her anus were rocking them. They were being attacked by large bubbles of methane and sulfuric gas that stunk much worse than just the air. The bubbles that were attacking the crew were also much larger than their entire bodies. Bill had been caught inside one and ended up staying in there for a minute. He was able to float all throughout this bubble, it was as large as a house, his daughter had been producing some really large gas bubbles. Bill even took his mask off and turned off the oxygen and started breathing the air inside the bubble, and surprisingly he was able to manage that. As soon as he heard another rumble begin he quickly got his mask back on, anticipating the bubble would burst.

Then, Christina felt another bout of gas coming and it started rocket out from her ass...BLRputPHTTHTH.....BLOOOP! She fell back, exhausted and giggling like a school girl when she was struck with ANOTHER idea: put her legs up, squeeze her butt tight and let 'er rip! A smile came to Christina's face She couldn't do it from her current position... the faucet was in her way. She scotched around on her butt so she was facing the door. Her butt squeaked as she slid around on it. She continued to giggle at the fun she was having, all the while, Captain Parker was watching, covering his mask covered face, trying not to get aroused or anything. He knew that Christina was in control of the situation and that there was little he could actually do. The heavy aroma of Christina's gas mixed with water particles was affecting the entire wing where the bathroom was at. A couple of agents had found the government official lying on the floor next to the still-gas covered seat. After they had braved the intense stink around Christina's seat they grabbed the government official and got him back to another part of the complex, where he was given some oxygen and brought back to life, so to speak. He heard the noise of bubbles forming from the bathroom; he got up from his seat and walked forward toward the increasing stench from Christina's bathtub farts. He opened the door to see Parker standing back against the wall; Christina had just releases several more bubbling farts, creating dark green bubbles in the bathwater that had turned from a normal color to something more polluted. After these latest farts, Parker had had enough and went straight for the door, where the government official was looking over, with a greater sense of appreciation for Christina's fart.

"Oh...hi Stanley!" Christina looked up at the government official, calling him by his first name for the first time. He still looked like he was in a bit of a haze, but he quickly got his mind off it and addressed Parker.

"We need to be going shortly."



sewer stench radiating from within the tower. Normally, it was thought that it was just the way the city smelled, it was a city after all, but this stench would put any sewer to shame. The two tourists had gotten nauseated and quickly went back down the tower. Back at Section 26, as Christina headed toward her room, which had still been covered in her massive stink, she got a request from the government official.

“Christina...could you wear something different today, for what we were original going to have you wear...could you wear a bikini?” Christina looked down at the government official and had a intrigued look for a moment. But a huge smile then appeared on her face, she had the perfect two-piece white bikini she had always liked to wear to the beach. She had recalled the time that she went to the pier down in Santa Monica and ate some of the fair food there. That day, she was cutting huge farts out from between her cheeks and that bikini she was wearing. She looked so hot to all the guys watching (she had been 16 at the time) but once they took a whiff of the strong farts she had been releasing they quickly backed away, either because the smell was so intense or because they were so embarrassed that they couldn’t top it. It usually took a couple of runs to the washer and dryer to clear out all the stink from Christina’s farts, but that day it took three to make the bikini back to normal specifications. Of course, she was also only five foot nine at the time too.

“Sure Stanley...whatever you say, give me a few minutes to dress.” She said, turning her stinky butt back at the government official, who gave one last cough at the mere gases that were still hanging around Christina’s ass. She had walked back into the gas chamber that was her room and went to retrieve the white bikini, all immaculate in its design and color, she wondered how long that was going to last, and then she started to put it on. Surprisingly, the stretch fabric of the cotton bikini was enough that she managed to get most of her behemoth breasts into the cups, which were designed for C’s and not E’s, but her back was another matter. Back when she wore the bikini to Santa Monica, it covered her butt cheeks pretty well, and even then she had quite the bubble butt. Now, the bikini couldn’t comprehend the size of her new and improved ass and she only managed to get it to conform within her buttcrack. At last, the bottom piece looked more like a thong, but it still managed to look good on Christina. What once was able to cover her butt now only covered the top part of the canyon of Christina’s buttocks, which was where her gaseous fumes were erupting from while the rest were wedged deep within the rest of the canyon, covering her growing reproductive organs from the rest of the outside world. She then went and tied up her top piece and struggled as she had to overcome the vast amounts of breast she had also accumulated within the past two days. Once she was all tied up, her breasts were partially covered, but at least her nipples weren’t showing, and her bikini bottom, turned thong was mostly disappeared in the globe-sized buttocks that were Christina’s.

Bill looked up and saw more flashes of light as he tried to understand what was going on, and then he noticed the white bikini that Christina was putting on.

“Oh no....oh no....Chrissy, this doesn’t fit you...why would she be wearing it.” But Bill’s pleas were falling onto death ears, as well as within the rumbling confines of her stomach.

She went up to the mirror and stood up, trying to grasp her immaculate form. She was going to be gassing the person that killed her mother to death that day, it was now clear to her that the official wanted her to do it in her best looking form, to make the death punishment even crueler. This large, beautiful giant of an 18-year old girl, with both her breasts and butt spilling out of her bikini was going to fart on this criminal to death, the though only made her giggle, but not as much as the long squeaker of a fart that roared out from between her cheeks. She started pulling her hand down underneath her butt to wave the fumes around. She was relieved though when she knew that the wads of bikini that were now in her buttcrack weren't covering up her asshole that much, so that she could still release and inordinate amount of butt gas. The insides of the bikini were already burning hot and as she released another small bout of her potent gas, it soon became too much for the bikini-clad goddess to handle and she promptly left the room while her mustard gas bomb started to settle.

"Phew...well those weren't clean that long." She said about her panties, which had already started their transformation to a browner coloring with just those first two farts. She went back over to where Captain Parker and the government official were standing and both couldn't believe their eyes, at the radiant beauty of Christina. Parker had always known Christina to be a lovely girl, but this latest growth spurt of hers had really enhanced her features. She looked up at amazement as Christina walked toward their positions, causing the floor to creak underneath her new weight.

"Um...mmm....Christina...you look great!" The government official said, looking up through the E-cups that Christina held high upon her body. Her breasts were now higher than both men, who at least a head and a half shorter than her. Her butt was about at the same level as their chest, with her buttole no more than half a foot below their face. Parker had seen that Christina was straining her clothing and made another offer to her.

"Chrissy, before we leave...we wanted to do a few...additional measurements to your body, and while that goes on, I managed to pull a few strings and get a new, two-piece bikini for you," He pulled out the set, hoisting it up in the air because it was so long. It was a white string bikini, very similar to the one she had worn. Each cup of the set could easily fit a grapefruit inside of them and the bottom had more a thong-like feature, with magnificent large globes like hers, there was no sense in covering them up, since it would take a lot of fabric, therefore, it would only cover up her buttcrack, but allowing for it to be more comfortable than the wedgie she was currently experiencing with her undersized bottom piece. She was very happy at what she had seen and was grateful to the captain for his gift to her. She bent down and gave Parker a big kiss, while smothering him and her new and improved breasts. She then did the same to the government official, just because. They then told her to head back to the infirmary there at the complex so that she could strip down and get new measurements as well as get dressed for real this time.

They arrived at the infirmary, with no one inside the place that earlier on a Sunday. The government official went to get a chair so that he could stand on and get an accurate measurement. Parker went inside a medical cabinet there and retrieved two pills that he wanted to get Christina to

take. He had Christina stand against the wall, or at least as best as she could. Her stomach started rumbling and Christina started grunting, but was quickly stopped by Parker.

“Christina...could you try to hold in your farts at least part of the day. You need to have as much of your gas when we get to the prison, and not any time sooner.”

“Sorry.” Christina said giggling. The two had wondered what had happened, but it was already too late. As Christina took her undersized bottom piece off, she heard a little pop at the beginning and the little sound at the end five seconds later. What they didn’t hear was the silent stream of her worst gas imaginable, flowing out from between her titanic butt cheeks that made no noise, except for the crew that still felt it like a Category 5 hurricane. Some 10 seconds later, her nose crinkled, and she started giggling even more as she knew that she had just ripped a nasty one! This was one of those “clear the entire Section 26 complex farts, it was an epic gasser, and one that was released so quietly that no one had heard it. Both Captain Parker and the government official had to start backing away. It smelled of pure rotten eggs and spoiled cabbage crossed in the dark with a sick burning hair smell and putrefied mystery meat and small dead rodents. All of this coming out of a large, seven-foot Hispanic girl that was now standing naked in her full glory. The hairs coming out from underneath her pussy were warm and humid from this latest release. Even a minute after she'd left this massive fart in the infirmary it was still plenty strong enough that the captain and government official couldn't go and do their measuring. They had to back off several feet to be able to safely savor her work. The hang time on this one was simply amazing, and to think that it was a rather small fart for Christina, it just kept expanding and the captain and government official were forced to leave the infirmary for a couple of minutes while they retrieved their gas masks. They had to finish this measurement and the stench in that infirmary wasn't going to clear for a long time.

A couple of minutes had passed and the two returned to measure Christina in earnest. She continued to giggle as she continued to breathe in the sweet, ripe smell of her fart. This was truly a powerful fart and the smell it produced was bad enough to make anyone, *anyone* pass out after taking a deep whiff of it, regardless. As the colossal, naked, teenage girl stood against the wall, Parker stood and confirmed that her height was still seven feet and a half inch. Her weight had also increased, to a healthy 270 pounds, which on her body still looked quite fabulous. They then took a measure of her breasts; it was 42-28-38, which had her in the high end of the E Cup range. She could only giggle as her breasts shook with every laugh as she heard about how much her breasts had grown. Finally...it was time to measure the size of her butt. It took both men to get the tape measure around her ass, but they estimated it was around 30 inches around, with each butt cheek measured at 9 inches across, extending from her body at around 11 inches. The government official was more than happy to take those measurements, as he took a strong whiff (through his gas mask of course) of Christina's giant pooper, still fouled up by her latest SBD. They finally measure her buttcrack itself, and saw that it was nearly 10 inches long from top to the bottom of her body and 7 inches deep from the end of her buttocks to the anus, where the crew at the base camp had calculated as being roughly 2 miles for them.

Finally, it was time for Christina to put on her new pieces of clothing. First she attached the top piece, which contained her immense breasts a lot better than the original bikini, only with a small amount of boob flesh still sticking out, and she worked the bottom piece up her long, imposing legs to go around her butt, with the middle section fitting firmly, deep within her ass canyon and ending at the top. It was a much better fit and it made her look even more spectacular than she had before. And through all of this, both Captain Parker and the government official had to keep their gas masks on, as the power and fury of that one fart was actually still expanding, and it had now reached an apex at to its extent. Christina visibly was coughing as that fart had actually been a little too raunchy even for her. The captain finally gave Christina two pills and a gallon of milk, which she took without question. She then chugged the entire gallon down and chucked the container to the ground. She then looked up and delivered a long, bellowing burp that produced its own eggy odor that just added to the cornucopia of stench that was already present within the room.

“He...he...pardon me!” She said, patting her smooth stomach as well as her firm, colossal ass cheeks. “So...what were those pills you gave me?”

“The first, continues to process all of your digestive processes into gas and not solid matter and the second actually boosts your appetite, it will allow for your stomach to take in three times as much food as normal. He had a special surprise for you before we get to the prison, and we will need for you to be loaded.” The government official said as the three of them finally left the stinky prison that Christina had rendered completely useless.

The three finally got into the Section 26 van and started on their way up north toward San Quentin Prison, where Christina’s final test would be done, via a special stop for Christina on the way up. When Christina first sat her smooth buttocks on the seat and she noticed that her legs were now bunching up along the front of the van. Both Parker and the government official recommended that Christina move to the back seat where there was more room. She agreed, and moved over to the back seat of the vehicle, seating her bikini-covered butt on the seat, shaking the van further. The trip to San Quentin would only take about 40 minutes from their base, in the best of traffic conditions, but the surprise that they had for Christina would add on about an additional hour. Little did they know as well, that Christina had a big surprise awaiting them.

The van started its trip from base down Lombard Street on its way toward US 101. Even with it being a Sunday morning, traffic was still moving slowly through the city, and the movement up and down the hills of the city had caused Christina’s stomach to continue to churn. Inside, it was processing food at an alarming rate and soon it would be time for her to expel some of this. And the worst part, even releasing a small fraction of this gas would gas out the van entirely, so she tried to hold it in before she got to the prison.

Back down, underneath the white bikini bottom, Bill and Scientists A and C were now regrouping and assessing the damage caused by her devastating SBD back at the infirmary. The latest fart had created stronger winds than they had ever felt before, at least some 200 mph on the anemometer.

By this point, they had given up with their tent and started to collect their gear and get ready for the moment at which they would be brought back to normal size. Still, Scientist B was nowhere to be found, and there was a general concern that he may have taken a bad step and that he could have been killed, which would most likely make him the first adult to die within a living person. But there was another pressing matter, the oxygen tanks that were keeping the occupants from suffering too much from the farts were nearly gone, with only a couple of tanks remaining. All this time, as they had spent more time near Christina's anus, they had slowly adjusted to the constant rank odor of Christina's bowels, and Bill had even more time to acquaint himself with the stenches as he lived with Christina on a daily basis. With the two tanks remaining the three gathered for a conference, all the while feeling the constant movement of the van ride. Communication between them and the outside world had been less, as the equipment was slowly becoming more tainted with the sticky residue of Christina's hot farts.

"Well...we can't wait much for B...I feel something bad may have happened to him." Scientist A had concluded.

"Should we just give up...what else we are going to do here, perhaps we should search for him...at least a little bit more." Scientist C objected, she was always a sentimental type for people and she had gotten to know B the last couple of days. Despite the fact that he was a bit troubled, and the others knew it, the kid had become quite valuable with the vast amount of knowledge he had on the subject. The crew didn't realize just how much one person could know about farts.

"I feel we should look for him." Bill gave his answer as they started to hear more rumbling noises come from behind them, they all looked at the anus with fear now. This experiment had become too much, even for the most experienced on this subject. "From my experience in the field, you do not leave someone fallen behind if you have the chance to rescue them. Until we are in a compromising situation, we can still look for him."

"Yeah...but how far can we look? When do we reach the point of jeopardizing ourselves? What if we went up the rectum and past it...we shouldn't be going that far." Scientist A still fought back, though his point was valid, the acids at work within Christina's stomach would surely kill them if they actually led an expedition up her intestines, and if that was where B had gone, he would have absorbed or something by that point.

"We won't go that far...besides, there are two tanks left, you take them." Bill offered up his opportunity for continuous fresh oxygen with that statement. The two other scientists looked back at him with a "what the hell" look. There was no confirmation that they would survive the final assault by Christina's bowels, and given that she had to produce enough gas today to kill someone, they didn't know whether having any oxygen at all would have been a wise choice, but Bill defended his position.

"No...seriously, take them. When I take a crew out on a mission, my primary function is to look out for their wellbeing, they go first over me. I am the one who had experienced this girl and her farts

before, in fact, I am breathing rather fine, despite the difficulties. So...protecting your lives to me is more important..." Bill was cut off by Scientist C, who pleaded to him one last time.

"But Bill...it's your daughter, without her mother, you need to take care for her."

"Nevertheless, she is 18, and now I feel that she will take care of me. I will be fine, I promise." Bill had finished his speech and was now content on seeing this mission through to its end. To the scientists, this was an experiment, a chance to do research. But to Bill, this was a mission, he was going up against an enemy and he knew he would have to fight his way, for the right to live on, even inside an environment that was dreadfully much worse than most combat zones. And as the two scientists when to take their tanks (which would last them three more hours) they felt another quaking sensation all throughout them, the churning and bubbling inside Christina's stomach had created another bout of powerful, stinky gas that was now at the doorstep of her anus.

The van had finally reached the Golden Gate Bridge and it Christina's stomach produced too much gas for the tall, Hispanic girl to hold. As Parker began to drive the black van across the bridge, Christina began to smile very wide. She looked down at her crouch and out from between her bare buttocks and from within her string bikini a slow bubbling noise began. Her smile then proceeded to become a giggle as it became very evident that Christina was letting out a very big fart. The bubbling fart continued to push out at a faster and louder frequency and it soon erupted a mighty odor that reeked of the cabbage and eggs. The smell was far more impressive than mere words could even describe it. It filled the inside the van with a light brown haze along with a mix of green. It flowed out with that raunchy bubbling noise from between the folds of Christina's bikini and shook the seat that she was sitting in. What was worse was just how long this fart was lasting, it was nearly 30 seconds later when Christina had finally run out of energy and had to evacuate the rest of this fart at the risk of running out of breathe.

Parker and the government official up front were now suffering from the insane odor from this latest outburst. Christina did not roll down her windows, so everything that flowed out of her had nowhere to go except the front, and that was the problem; there was too much fart gas and too little space to hold it in, so it moved to the front. Fortunately, both men had gas masks on, but that was not helping matters at all. As soon as the stench grew in power both their windows were down and it almost looked like smoke bellowing out of the van. But even when the windows first went down, Christina's factory-like ass was still producing more. Parker had to take his head out of the window, while driving the four-mile stretch of the Golden Gate Bridge just to get a grasp of normal-smelling air. He had to control his driving, which had become erratic, but still managed to stay within the lanes, all the while, wheezing at the incredible stench coming out from Christina. Anyone sitting next to Christina when she passed that latest bout of gas would have surely collapsed due to a lack of oxygen.

Underneath Christina's erupting volcano of an ass, the crew had found themselves at the sphincter, where they could view large bubbles coming out from her anus. Only these were simply gas bubbles, but it did help to put into perspective the bubbling sound that came out when Christina ripped

that first fart. The amount of gas that flowed out from the sphincter was simply unfathomable. They carried on by going further into the rectum and trying to muck around the warm, intense gas that remained. The measuring devices that the crew had to measure the composition of Christina's gas had detected an inordinate amount of hydrogen sulfide; this only made the suffering inside rectum even worse. Both scientists were continuing to breathe their oxygen tanks while Bill, sweating profoundly, was able to breathe in the vulgar odor with relative ease.

As they had reached the halfway point of the bridge, Christina had more gas to pass. The government official couldn't help but stare at the intense strain of Christina as she let loose another bombardment of immense gas. For some reason they were now finding the site of this young girl erupting gaseous explosions from her big butt quite intriguing. He was now convinced, he had created a monster, a gassy monster that mere mortal humans couldn't comprehend with. As he began to admire Christina's farting, they heard another thunderous burst fired out of her stinky butt. BRRRRRRRRRRRAA AAAAAPPPPPPPPPPTTTT!!! The powerful fart echoed throughout the van and shook the frame of the vehicle just as it began the approach off the bridge. This fart lasted only ten seconds, but did nothing to ease the pain and suffering caused inside by the pure lack of oxygen. The government official was able to take in the smell of her fart for some reason better than Parker, but even he was sweating at the sudden rise of temperature inside the cabin of the car. Once they had reached the Scenic Pullover on the north end of the bridge, Parker pulled the van over into the nearest parking spot and quickly opened the door and fell to his knees outside the van, as did the government official. After a few more seconds, they then vacated the van as quickly as possible, leaving Christina to sit there in the back of the van with her arms at the back of her head, a big smile, and a steamy, warm feeling within the but crack of her bikini.

"What the hell did we do?" Captain Parker said as they went up to the overlook, viewing the city that had been partially covered in fog, natural fog of course. They looked back at the van and saw that Christina had now left the van and was walking toward them.

"We need to cut down on her diet when this is over." Parker continued, to which the government official concurred. Sure he wanted the best of the best, but this was *too* good. Christina got plenty of stares as she walked across the parking lot to the overlook where both government official, dressed in business attire were leaning against, trying their best to get any of that sweet air to blow from the sea and the bay.

"Hey...sorry about that back there." She said giggling, looking down at the men. She now had to take a step back when she addressed them since they disappeared underneath her bikini covered E-cups. They could still smell the gas that had left the bottom of Christina's bikini bottom, but mixed in with the air from the sea, it was more tolerable. They also noticed a couple and their two kids walking by the van, which had both its side doors open. As they walked past the van, the parents started to get disgusted looks and the kids were quick to run away from the van. Christina could only shrug her shoulders as the three of them watched this scene.

"I guess some people just can't take it." She said giggling, watching as the family now started walking further away from the van, trying to avoid Christina's gas smell as best as possible.

"I wonder why?" Parker said sarcastically. By this point, he had gathered enough strength where he wanted to return to his journey, he asked Christina whether or not she could hold her gas in any more, she didn't make any promises. It still took an additional five minutes for the two government men to actually have enough strength and courage to make it back into their seats, while Christina patiently waited. Once they reentered the van, with the air still thick and muggy, they started up the car and ran the air conditioning while having the windows down. Christina just sat there, admiring her proud creation, and all too eager to add to it.

Somehow, the three in the crew had continued to look for Scientist B, inside the rectum of Christina. The darkness of this location didn't allow for them to see much of the inside. But all that they could tell was that it was like a hot cave. It was also slimy inside of the cave, all the gastric juices and pieces of her feces stuck to the floor of the cave. By this point though, the crew had become used to walking through the shitty cave of Christina's rectum. But it was the growing smell of flatus that was making things uneasy for the crew. Sure, there was a lot of gas before, but it seemed like the amount was much bigger than earlier. A couple of minute had passed and the van was now heading through the Waldo Tunnel just north of the Golden Gate Bridge. And right as they began going through the tunnel, both government men heard Christina say something in the back seat.

"Oh man!" Christina said, quite stressfully. Everyone knew that things were about to get even more intense. Beneath Christina's rump, there was another loud and powerful bubbling sound, FFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAABPPPPPTT!!! The gas bomb exploded violently out of Christina's rump and the seat rattled once more. All of the sudden, the gas started flowing in plentiful amounts once again, much to the relief of Christina and the horror of the government van in the vehicle. They were running through the tunnel, which didn't grant them much oxygen. Once more, there was a vast amount of gut-wrenching gas being pumped from between Christina's cheeks and into the vehicle.

"Uhhh...Christina! That reeks!" Parker had waved his hands while driving the van. Christina was playfully waving her hands around the burning seat that she was sitting in. There was then a louder, grumbling noise coming from her stomach. The government official looked back with a concerned look as Christina looked like she was holding in more.

"Oh this one is going to be enormous..." Christina said while still straining with the attack of gas coming out of her, she tilted over and allowed for another fart to go. The fart started shaking the seat further and only added to the noxious fumes that were encircling the van, this was a monstrous fart! PRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAATBBBBBBBBBBEAAAPRR RTTTPRTPRTPRT!!! This twelve second monster was the end of Christina's second onslaught of noxious farts. The van now seemed to be quite warm and of course quite foul smelling. The potent smell of rotten cheese and egg loomed over the nostrils of both men, and the smell had become too intoxicating. More of the brown haze that had surrounded the vehicle earlier continued to spread within the van. There was simply too much gas for





absorb the biggest farts ever coming from the most powerful farter in history and it smelled so amazing. After several minutes Captain Parker and Christina had returned to the van where they saw the government official, still with his nose down on the heavy stench that still covered the seat, it wasn't going anywhere for a good while. Humans couldn't produce a smell like this, only Christina Lopez.

Captain Parker used the com system to communicate with the crew, to see how they were holding up. Scientist A had responded through the com unit with a very wispy voice.

"Yes Parker...we are fine...for now. I don't know what you fed that girl, but what we saw was greater than any nuclear bomb going off. We have been off looking for....um never mind. We are doing fine, but we are running short of oxygen, so whatever you plan on doing, you need to be doing it within the next few hours, or else I feel we won't survive." Scientist A had turned off the unit and sat there with the other two, who were out of breathe and were trying to survive this latest onslaught by Christina.

"I understand...we are going to take her to get something to eat, and then we are off to the prison. I'll contact Winn to be present at the prison; once Christina is done there we will resize you."

"Now...can we go? And Christina, you need to hold your farts in for when we are at the prison, and we'll feed you some more, we need your potent gas there, not in here." Captain Parker explained to the smiling young girl. "Sorry Captain Parker...I'll hold it." And Christina had been true to her word as they finished the trip to the prison, but inside her body, more gas was forming, and it was forming into a deadly concoction. The three had finally arrived at the site for Christina's surprise, it was an all-you-can-eat buffet. Christina's eyes lit up as she knew that she now was able to gather more fuel for her gas. The location had been kept secret but the buffet was located somewhere in Marin County, which was chosen for specific reason. The San Francisco City Board of Health had to be called in the last time Christina visited a buffet near the Section 26 base. Her gas had turned the buffet unusable for a day and she was officially banned from there, so they had to pick a new location. Parker had already paid off this buffet and even gave them the money for the loss in profit there was likely going to experience that day. Still, there were some people eating there for their Sunday brunch so it wasn't completely empty. Christina walked into the buffet towering over everything around, with her globe-sized buttcheeks towering over most of the younger patrons and at chest or stomach level with the rest of the adults. Both Parker and the government official stood alongside her as they made their way to the register. Finally, they had arrived at the front where the person running the register, some 16-year old boy who was in a particularly bad attitude had looked up at Christina, smiling before him.

"I'm sorry, but you need a shirt to eat here." The boy, with balls of steel it seemed, had addressed her, referring to the "No shirt, no shoes" policy of the establishment. Christina simply started lowering her head, closer to the boy at the register, and with all her beauty and all her power. She finally met him at eye level, with her eye-popping humongous tits hanging right in front of the boy's face, filling him with the distinct smell of boob flesh, lots of boob flesh.

“You gonna make me?” Her strong, eggy breathe blew all over the boy’s face, he almost got sick just from breathing in her breathe. At that point, both Parker and the government official went in front of Christina and displayed their government badges to explain the situation with the boy.

“We have a previous arrangement with this facility, for the national security of this country, to serve the three of us, regardless of appearance.” The boy then took the credit card that Parker had given out to charge the three their regular prices, at which time Parker went over to the owner and the cooks and explained what their order was. Christina could only get excited for the massive eating binge she was about to go on, and to make it even better, there was no risk of her becoming fat from whatever she ate, since the pill she had taken earlier would process it ALL into her own, special, pure farting gas.

The two had moved over to a set of two tables, one of which Parker and the government official would eat their meals from and the other Christina would eat, as it was implied that she would need the entire table to hold her food. First, Christina took the first plate and filled it to the brim with chicken, baked beans, mashed potatoes, broccoli, and cabbage and she brought it back to the table. Both Parker and the government official went off to get their own, modest meals. But after they brought their plates to the table, they both began to assist Christina in obtaining more food while she ate her first round. Parker had instructed the place that Christina would need a whole lot of beans, cabbage, and broccoli, as well as gallon after gallon of milk, along with the other foods that she would be eating. So, they loaded up three plates of each item and two full jugs of milk, for starters. Christina had to bend down when she got her food from the buffet and exposed her colossal butt to any of those unfortunate enough to be caught behind her, the smell of her farts in the van were still evident.

As she went to sit down, the entire crowd there at the buffet had become mesmerized by watching this titanic of a girl sit down on this less than adequate wooden chair. She had to extend her legs all the way underneath the table and rest her feet on the chairs at the other side of the table. But it was her colossal butt that attracted on lookers who had likely never seen such a tush so large. They could see the white bikini pushed up well within the buttcrack of Christina’s butt globes and saw that barely half of each cheek rested on the actual seat, with the rest hanging over. The cheeks sat there with such authority as there was nothing in the entire restaurant that was going to be satisfied with them. Even up at top, the size of her breasts, while not entirely breathtaking, caught the eyes of nearly all the men in the restaurant, it was simply how high up they were that made it even better. Christina had to make sure that her food was reaching her mouth and not falling into the deep canyon of her own cleavage. She had to begin getting adjusted to her new size and power. Before everyone at the buffet was a spectacular site, a seven foot tall, 18-year old Hispanic teenager with a white bikini covering up her vast globes of breast flesh and mostly being completely gone within the asscrack of her bodacious buttocks, appearing only at the top that went around her waist to tie up behind her. The rest of the body was pure Christina flesh, as athletic and immaculate as other.

And at the table itself, everyone had stopped eating to watch Christina devour her first plate in only five minutes. It was a spectacle that these people were watching, and to make the situation weirder, it was coming from a tall girl who was otherwise skinny. Sure, they would have expected a fat

girl to be eating like this, but not someone with as tight and skinny of a body as Christina. Sure, she wasn't entirely skinny and she did have some fat in a few places, but it was her muscles that made up more of the shape of her body than the fat, and when you are seven feet tall, there is plenty of space to put that food in. She finished her first plate and released another powerful, table-shaking belch that released a vicious odor around the surrounding tables, then she eyed the table that more pieces of chicken and she began tackling it. By this point, some of the patrons were starting to get the point that today, the buffet was Christina's.

Any weight-gain loving person would have loved to watch what was happening at the table as Christina tackled the chicken like it was nothing and started to work on the cabbage. The two government officials went back to the buffet and got more food, some turkey, some Brussels sprouts, and some pizza. What Christina had immediately noticed was just how fast the food was dissolving within her stomach. It didn't stay around to become fat for the belly; it was being processed in the vast machinery of her digestive system into fart gas, all of it. The pill she took had allowed for one last provision, it would actually enlarge both her intestines and her rectum so that it could hold even more gas. Parker and the government official both her hesitant to use this pill the previous two days as it would have led to Christina releasing far more powerful farts than she did, but this day was different, she was supposed to kill someone with her farts so she needed the ammunition and the storage space for that ammunition.

"This feels so cool...I can feel the gas processing within my tummy, I don't think I have ever felt this much gas before." Christina was giggling out loud as she continued to work on her cabbage and then her beans. By that point, there were two more platefuls of each item and the cook in the kitchen was instructed to continue working on more beans.

"We need you to be in top condition when you administer your farts to Carlos (the name of the suspect who killed her mother and was being put to death.) You have to be loaded...just try not to release too much of that gas here, please."

"Oh...all right, but I don't know how much more I can hold before I need to let out a little." Christina had started to feel the enormous amounts of gas pushing through her intestines and heading for the exit. Back inside Christina's bowels, the noises that were coming out from Christina's eating binge were starting to frighten Bill. They were now inside the rectum, looking for Scientist B when the gases within it started to multiply; they were starting to collect the final gaseous solution of Christina's eating binge. The odor inside the rectum was simply out of this world, the sensors they were using had stopped recording, for the fact that there was simply too much. They would hear a loud, deafening gargling noise that was coming from Christina's stomach. It was a factory that was taking in a whole lot of materials and manufacturing it into a whole lot of product. The stomach had also started to create a shaking sensation within the rectum from the sheer amount of stuff being processed. As the amount of stinky gas continued to buildup, the crew agreed that they needed to head out of the rectum. It was like war was about to happen, and by war, this meant a war that was unwinnable of the crew, they simply would have to sit it out. But to Bill, who had been without his oxygen tank for a while, he had to





Her stomach had never felt as bloated as it was now, but even with all that food, her figure still remained in good shape.

“Ahh....that was the greatest meal I think I have ever eaten.” Christina said as she released another bellowing belch, releasing more of the bean and milk scented gas into the air.

“Your greatest meal, that was probably the greatest meal any human had eaten.” Parker said as he and the government official got up from their seats and walked with Christina toward the exit. Section 26 had already alerted the EMS officials that they needed to treat some people who remained at the buffet, as the massive seven foot tall bloated girl started walking away from the table and out the door. As she left, one of the kids who had passed out had gotten back up and he walked over toward the seat where Christina was seated. A couple of his friends had also gotten back up and they made a bet with the first boy to take a whiff of the seat. The boy did so and once he got his nose right up to the seat of the warm seat, he took a deep whiff of the fart and started gagging and coughing strongly. His nose had all the scent that was previously inside of it overtaken by her fart and it created a burning sensation up through his nostrils and into his mouth and up through his eyes, causing them to water. The boy began to cry like a baby as he could taste the thick stench of Christina’s fart. Clearly there was too much power behind this one fart and even he knew it.

“Do you think you can hold it?” Parker asked Christina as they entered the van, still smelling from Christina’s earlier van farts. She shook her head but told Parker that he’d better hurry as she felt the bubbling inside her stomach continue to increase in fury. Her trip to the prison only took five minutes, but it was too much time and Christina had to release a small SBD within the van, but her small SBDs could put anyone in their place instantly. Fortunately, the van had arrived at the San Quentin Prison and both Captain Parker and the government official could pull out and leave the van quickly before the pungent odor came up and assault them. Christina could only giggle at realizing how much power her small fart had on the crew, but it was still an overpowering smell and the warden could smell her gas as he came up to greet the three.

“Phew...what smells?” The warden asked. “That was Christina. She’s been warming up.” Captain Parker winked his eyes at Christina who now felt the strong concoction within her stomach, ready to go. The warden of the facility was a black man in his 40s, nearly six feet tall, yet only tall enough to talk to Christina at breast level.

“Dear God they’re making them big these days!” He yelled up as he saw the massive Christina Parker standing before him. He had never seen a girl this big, nor anyone else. Even when we went to Golden State Warrior games he didn’t recall a basketball player this big. The only person he had seen in real life that size was Shaquille O’Neal, and that was when he played with the Los Angeles Lakers against the Warriors. He had seen the girl and knew that this was going to be a devilish execution. As they walked toward the prison, Captain Parker and Christina were talking on the communication devices to the crew back in her butt; they were now trying to conserve their oxygen for only absolute situations.

“Sir...we are nearly out...so whatever you need to do, do it now, I couldn’t estimate more than an hour left before we would be out of oxygen and provisions.” Scientist C was on the other end of the com unit, communicating with Captain Parker.

“Provisions?” Parker asked.

“That’s right...we have been living in a wind tunnel, the strongest, most powerful wind tunnel ever invented. This girl’s farts have been clocked at more than 300 MPH. If you placed a brick house here at the base of her buttohole, I’d doubt it would survive. And the smell...well I’m sure you have been able to smell it up there. Add that, and multiply it 100 times and that may give you an idea of what we have been going through. None of our protection and food is viable anymore; they have all been tainted with her gas. Somehow, are suits are holding up, but they reek of this girl’s bowel movements too, even the inside of the suits smell of her gas. It always smells like a Christina fart inside of here, the only way we can even tell if she is letting one rip is when the anus opens up and the windstorm begins. The CFI of her farts in here has been recorded at well over 300.” The scientist’s report had really been eye opening for Parker and he had the warden hurry the three of them up to the execution chamber. He had grabbed a measuring device for Christina’s farts and said that he wanted to use it in the chamber to record how these bad boys were going to be.

“Alright, say 30 more minutes or so and we should be done...but to let you know, we are gassing her up big time for this execution and it may get even worse than it has been, so bunker down, get ready and brace yourselves, because this will be a rocky ride. No one has ever done what you guys are doing now, so there is no standard to measure how you should treat this, but afterwards, I have Winn on his way and he will resize you guys to normal.” Parker had given his last words of comfort to the three, who all sat there, against the base of Christina’s buttohole, hearing the symphony of digestive noises come from within, bracing for the final impact. It was almost like anticipating the dropping of an atom bomb on your city and not having a way to escape it nor knowing when it was going to drop. Also, there was an uncertainty of whether or not they would even survive.

“Now...what we are doing here today is very unprecedented...” the warden began as the three were passing by some of the cell blocks. Some of the inmates had taken a look at the gigantic Christina and were awe-struck at such a massive girl. The warden then started talking but was interrupted by the government official who had wondered what the contingency plan was.

“...and we don’t even know if it will work...what will happen then?” He asked as another loud bubbling noise came from within Christina’s bloated stomach. The three of them looked behind them at Christina’s massive belly and then up at her.

“We will hold him a little longer and then we kill him by lethal injection, the governor has given his approval for what we are attempting here so we will carry on with this. Through this, if it works, we can execute inmates through a means that is perfectly natural, and to imagine, it is through the gas coming out of a little girl.” The warden was quite amazed that such a plan like this was even possible. He

had always wondered if stuff like this was even possible. As for the governor's approval, it was only because Governor Davis had been looking for cost-effective ways to do executions and if loading up a giant, Hispanic girl was saving more than going through with the lethal injection, then it should be worth a try.

"Can you hurry up...I really have to go!" Christina said as she continued to hold the growing pressure inside of her stomach. The group then reached the execution chamber where Carlos was lying down on the table, strapped to it while wearing his orange prison suit. The guy himself was creepy looking, with a bald head and a small beard. He had a couple of tattoos go down his arms but was otherwise in a contempt look. Parker suddenly remembered the description of the guy and pulled Christina aside just before they walked into the white-walled chamber.

"Well...there he is Carlos Sanderson...this is the guy who killed your mother back there in Oakland 10 years ago. Are you sure you would want to do this?" Parker pretty much knew what Christina's answer was going to be, but he wanted to make sure anyway. Carlos was officially in this prison for the vicious acts he did with a family over in Alameda a few months after his confrontation with Section 26. He had brutally raped both a mother and her 14-year old daughter and had them both killed, along with her 8-year old son. With all his other crimes, it was enough for the judge to seek the death penalty, which even Bill was happy with, given that he also testified against Carlos in court.

"I have all this gas and I'm very bloated, I'd rather not gas you out anymore Captain. You have been very helpful through all this and I'd rather not have to hurt you anymore. So yes, I do want to carry this out." Christina then, in a quick moment of kindness, hugged the captain against her breast-like pillows and gave him a small kiss on the cheek. She then walked toward the execution chamber along with the warden. Both he and the government official were now inside an enclosed room with a window looking into the room.

Carlos had not been told about the changes in his execution schedule, and he was unaware that it was now being held during the day rather than at midnight when they were normally held. But he looked around and saw no needles and no containers with the liquid poison that would normally kill him in five minutes time. Instead, there stood the warden, as smug as ever, and this tall girl wearing only a two-piece white bikini with E cup breasts and two ass cheeks as large as his head with a small white thong like piece diving deep within its canyon and disappearing from his sight.

"Who's the cute little girl?" Carlos had asked as he saw the two of them stand around him. He was amazed at just how tall this girl appeared to him, lying on the table. As he stood there, Christina's stomach was just over him and he could hear some bubbling noises. But what aroused Carlos even more was that he could look up and see grapefruit sized mounds extending some five inches from her body and encased in the white bikini.

"This is Christina Lopez...she's going to kill you." The warden announced. Of course, to Carlos, he felt like the warden had been joking. How was this girl actually going to hurt him.

“Oh yeah...and how’s that, she’s gonna beat me up or something.” The criminal boasted, not yet seeing Christina’s potential. The rumbling in her stomach grew even louder and it started to cause Christina to bunch over in pain as she felt the gas collecting itself at her back door. Back underneath Christina’s buttocks, Bill and the two scientists had been standing there, looking up at the large, Grand Canyon-like buttcrack that had blocked out nearly all light from them and over to the enlarged anus, straining with what would be tons of flatus ready to explode from within her anus.

“Well...it has been a pleasure.” Scientist A said to the other two, standing at what appeared like their impending doom. He knew that if he did somehow make it out of this, than he would tell the Department of Health no more on any research.

“The feeling’s mutual.” Scientist C replied back, shaking the hands of both Scientist A and Bill.

“Don’t worry. My daughter has never let me down; I still feel that she will take care of us, and that we will survive. But you two have been great and I hope for the best, you better retrieve your oxygen and get ready.”

“You have a very gifted daughter Mr. Lopez, I hope you two will stay with each other and keep each other safe, and I hope you are right about our outcome. Now...let’s pray for the best.” The three of them got on their knees and prayed up toward the deep, cavernous asscrack toward the Lord and prayed for the best.

“My name is Christina Lopez...you killed my mother. Now I am going to carry out your execution.” Christina, looking down into Carlos’ eyes, with her bouncy boobs partially in his eyesight, had claimed. Both she and Carlos and the warden had started to notice a strong odor in the air, it smelled of pure shit.

“Man...who ripped one?” the criminal said as he started smelling the intense odor from Christina’s small SBD. The smell continued to gather strength as it moved throughout the room and bounced off the walls and reverberated back to the center of the room. It was only a three second SBD, but it stunk bad enough to burn the inside of Christina’s bikini and to cause both Carlos and the warden to begin coughing.

“That would be me!” Christina said proudly, and with the warden coughing.

“That’s right...she is going to kill you...with her farts!” The warden said as the criminal began laughing. He still couldn’t believe that this was actually going to happen; he continued to laugh at the warden as he also coughed from the increasing odor of her fart.

“You’re joking...the state would never allow this.” Carlos said as the warden began leaving the room, he himself getting tired of the smell.





“Dear Lord...I can’t even take the smell in here.” The warden said as he began waving his hands. Despite the relatively sealed room being sealed, the smell of Christina’s gas was still creeping into the side room. He now began to see why both Captain Parker and the government official were wearing their gas masks; the stench from the fart was only getting worse. He looked back across the window with his shirt over his mouth as he saw Christina playing there on the guy’s face. Any right-minded guy would have an instant hard-on watching this, but Carlos did not. Likely because Carlos was dying.

Christina then readjusted her ass and pulled her bikini up a tad to make sure that Carlos wasn’t being denied any of her special perfume. She took a deep breath and grunted, finally bearing down on the guy’s face and pushing out her fart. This latest bout of flatulence was a powerful blaster, more so than the previous ones. It shook not only Carlos’s face, but his entire body, bed, and the walls of the room they were in. They could hear the table rattle against the floor as it was being forced under the deep vibration of Christina’s fart. This fart also had a lot of staying power and a great time, going for nearly 15 seconds. It changed from a sloppy splattery sound to a sloppy roar, and the gas visibly began filling the room in a brown steamy fog.

"Oh my god, that’s so niiiicce" she said in utter relief as her gas stuttered on and on after the initial blast between an earthquake and a plane engine taking off, sloppy and wet sounding as ever. The fart was finally over and Christina had felt a bit relieved that she had dropped that master bombshell of a stinker. No one...ever would be able to top a fart like that, only Christina’s clockwork-like bowels could even produce a powerhouse of a fart like that one, but the continuing pressure in her stomach made Christina smile, as she felt that there was still time to top that latest one and improve on her record-breaking farting performance.

"Uhhh, my tummy feels soooo happy", Christina whispered in blissful relief she continued to unload her gas upon Carlos. She looked up at the ceiling and felt more pressure coming up at her anus. She tilted forward and out from her ass came the sound of a jackhammer. It was another forceful fart, one that carried a lot of power with it. The smell of digested beans was now becoming the norm for Carlos as his oxygen was starting to subside. Slowly, his lungs were starting to shut down as he became more and more loopy his thought. Above him, Christina’s butt cheeks are steaming hot, with the crevasse between her buttocks even hotter. Through their astronaut-like suits, the crew had a thermometer and they had recorded that the temperature inside the butt was over 20,000 degrees. Carlos’ face was becoming white, as all the oxygen had been sucked out from within. He gave a few more desperate cries for help. But Christina’s fart gas continued to flow into his nose and mouth, even when she wasn’t ripping fart into the guy’s brain. Up above, Carlos heard the dreadful noise of Christina grunting as she released more of her terrible gas from within her stomach.

“Oh...I feel the beans kicking in now!” Christina said with a bright smile as she pushed a big one. PPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!! A raunchy, 12-second, power blaster of a fart roared out of Christina’s shitter and added more of the intense heat into the guy’s face. The guy’s complaining and muffled screaming had slowly died down. Christina then sat on top of the guy’s face and began scrunching up her face as she felt another load of



felt like it was on fire. She picked the table back up and resettled it and placed Carlos' now-lifeless body on the table, but Christina still had more gas to pass.

She continued to sit on the criminal's face with full force. The smell of her ass was ten times more volatile than it was before her latest farts. It was made of an indescribable mixture of rank aromas that no one could not begin to understand. It smelled so bad; he tried to sniff any of it, trying to get any oxygen. His body was getting instead more sulfuric farts from Christina. No one knew how filled his lungs were with the young girl's farts, what they also didn't know was that he was now brain-dead. But Christina was not finished with her gaseous massacre and she took her bikini bottom off and threw it to the floor. She was now getting a power trip with what she was doing and she was enjoying it, much to the horror of Captain Parker, the government official and the warden. Christina grunted as she farted again, releasing another powerful fart, only this time, it was going straight from her asshole and into Carlos' nose. His eyes remained fixed, they were continuous open as the shitty gas hole of Christina started to open and fill his body with another bout of potent gas.

"Pardon Me!" Christina said laughing as she pushed through her butthole more deadly gas. PRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTOROROOOOOOOOOMMMMMPPTTTTTT!!!! A GIGANTIC fart exploded onto Carlos' face. He was immediately greeted with a potent smell of rotten eggs beans and cheese. It did not help him that there was no protection between her butt and his face; it was now all flowing into his body. Each fart Christina was ripping was stinkier and longer than the last. They were all extremely loud and were the bubbliest sloppiest bassiest farts anyone was ever capable of. She unloaded every three seconds. After about eight minutes of getting nuked by gas, Carlos was clearly out. The life signs of the guy were nearly out and he was having trouble breathing. She laughed as she let out more, now shaking her hips to spray it all around. The glass in the room vibrated under the force of Christina's fart as the pressure and humidity increased on it as she strained out more gas.

The farts were truly off the scale, and the system was momentarily stunned. The device measuring Christina's farts from the outside had been broken with it stopping at 250. Her farts, at least on the outside were now 250 times greater than the normal human. No one was prepared for such a huge and sudden assault. No one had ever smelt gas this bad, and now Carlos had been facefarted for the final time, his life signs were out, unfortunately for those at the prison, Christina didn't know that and she continued the farting. Christina pushed her butt right into the center of the guy's nose and let out a long loud fart. Christina kept on pushing out this long fart, releasing all the built up gas within her rectum and blasting it all on the guy's face. The room trembled from the power of Christina's fart, the walls behind her exploded back as everyone was blasted with her gas. The room has quickly evacuated as they retreated to another part of the facility. Now those in the prison could hear what was going on, and a few close to the lethal injection facility could smell Christina's eggy fart stench. The fart continued for at least two minutes, the yellow cloud getting denser by the second. Until finally it seemed to come to an end, Christina's butthole quivered, and she fired out one last hot burst. It was almost silent and less than a second in length, but at least as bad as it had confirmed what had already been known for a minute, the criminal was dead. Christina's uncovered butt cheeks bounced from the gas as she turned and looked at everyone. Dark brown and yellow and began to flood through the room filling in with the

vile green gas that was already present. No one had taken into account just how corruptive Christina's gas was; her fart had absorbed it all the air in the facility, and there was now little air left. Christina finally felt like she was out of gas and she had gotten up off the guy, she started coughing profoundly, it smelt like nothing else. The door to the facility had been blown open and she walked toward Captain Parker, the government official and the warden were all looking horrified as Christina approached them.

"Oh...my....God, Christina, that was an impressive show." Parker said to the titanic 18-year old who just began laughing as she waved her hands around and continued to smell the incredible stench of her gas.

"But I'm not done...I've just begun!" Those words started to grip at Captain Parker, he was horrified when he heard this. Christina then started pushing her uncovered buttock against the guy's face and she pushed her stomach inward as she gathered up all the rest of the fart gas that Christina was building up. Parker then quickly went for the door and slammed it as Christina started pushing out the largest, smelliest, and deadliest farts in human history. There were a total of ten farts, all of them lasting at least 15 seconds, and releasing more of the digestive gas from Christina's behind on top of the guy that killed her father. Each fart was a long, bellowing blaster that shook the guy's face and blasted more of her methane-powered stink inside the entire room. The smell of raw Christina gas continued to multiply within the room and it was now flowing down the hallway of the prison, knocking out prison workers along the way. By the fifth fart, the entire window connecting the lethal injection room had become fogged out and there was nothing but a whirling wind of green and yellow gas flowing around. These were impressive farts; even Christina's most impressive fart up this point had been blown away by these ten mega blasters. By the time she had ripped her last, and largest fart to them all, an entire minute of gut-busting, room-shaking, rotten egg stinking fart, the entire room had been declared unusable, forever. Christina was starting to gag on the insane smell of her fart, these were farts that could kill someone instantly if they had their butt near Christina's behind, even she was worried that the crew and by extension her father had not survived that gassy blitzkrieg. The smell couldn't be described; there were simply not enough words to give it proper justice. In the end, Christina had a new name for the stench that her fart had left within that prison, Christina Fart Smell, since there was no other way to describe it. The Christina Fart Smell was the newest smell invented that day, and it was created only through its master, Christina Lopez herself. She had finally left the room, with Captain Parker getting on his gas mask as Christina opened the door. She opened the door and a rush of her foul smelling Christina Fart Smell spilled out from within the room and started to overtake a whole part of the prison.

"I think there's a gas leak coming out from my butt...he...he...that was fun!" Christina laughed as the smell of her butt had followed her out; all three of the guys had passed out momentarily from just smelling the fart off of Christina. It took a few minutes for a few brave souls from the prison to approach the inside of the room, now covered with a dark green haze. They arrived wearing yellow biohazard suits, breathing in their own oxygen, and even with them on they could still smell Christina's gas. The extracted Christina's bikini bottom, lying on the floor, all burnt up from the impact of Christina's farts. Most of the bikini bottom was white, but the part that was inside her buttcrack had turned brown. The prison guards took the bikini bottom and tossed it inside one of the common areas of one of the cell

blocks, the one with among the worst criminals. They closed the cell block and watched as the criminals went crazy over the smell that had radiated just from Christina's bikini bottom.

Another thing that they had obtained was the dead corpse of Carlos Sanderson. His face had turned completely white, with a tint of green on it. Christina had completely killed the man with her farts and had shut his brain off with the lack of oxygen. Even with all his twitching, it was estimated that the criminal had actually died several minutes prior to the end of Christina's farting, she was just adding on to the room's smell at that point. As she walked toward the exit, she trotted out a couple of more bubbling farts out from her gigantic naked bottom. She finally got herself out of the prison where the warden the other two government officials were finally obtaining fresh air. Even Christina was getting a little woozy from her gas.

"Whew...that took a little out of me." Christina said as she started waving the air from her behind. They couldn't smell anything but Christina's gas, even outdoors, but the smell was considerably down.

"So...what do you think?" the government official had said as he was looking at what happened. The warden admitted that it worked, and it did prove that one could die from farting straight in the face, though that had to come from the right person and the right combination of gas. He did admit however, that the process took too long and that they would probably stick with lethal injection in the future, though Christina's lethal butt could be used elsewhere. This was also partially because Christina had gassed out that execution room for the time being, and that was something they did not want to deal with, given that the room would likely not be cleared for a while. When a room smells of "Christina Fart Smell" there is no way of knowing what kind of impact it would have on a room.

But there were now disturbing communications coming from within Christina's butt, Captain Parker had been communication with Bill. He had relayed the information coming in from within the young girl's bowels. The gassy pasting by Christina upon the criminal had caused much havoc on the crew. First, it was discovered that they found the dead body of Scientist B located deep within Christina's rectum. He had died of a lack of oxygen, as he had practically been marked by Christina's fart. The death likely occurred hours ago, and her latest farts had simply blasted his lifeless body around the rectum, slowly dissolving it into the girl's rectum. The farting at the prison had been incredible to Bill and Scientists A and C. They were consistently bombarded by Christina's farting with an impact that was viewed as much worse than war, the gassy war from Christina's anus had been much worse than any biological weapon that had been created at that point, and even Scientist A and C had both concluded, that the dose of methane and hydrogen sulfide that they were now receiving was a much more lethal combination, and without receiving any oxygen, they would die instantly.

Quite simply, what they experienced inside Christina's gassy prison was without words to describe, it was a truly horrifying experience, and they wanted it to be over. They were just about out of oxygen, and it was a good thing, since Winn had now arrived at the prison with the appropriate spell to get them out. Being inside the belly of the beast that was Christina's bowels were now getting the best

of the crew and inside it was like reliving the impact of a nuclear bomb over and over again. Christina's farts were now like nukes going off and there was nothing worse in the world. Winn had finally, arrived at the site and had his spell ready. They had Christina stand over outside the prison with her gassy butt pointed toward the others. Winn had a spell already prepared and he began chanting it while sprinkling a little of the potent down Christina's butt crack, hitting the three survivors. By then, they had taken a popsicle stick and he shoved it straight into the deep buttcrack. They were instructed to go onto a popsicle stick that they had shoved up Christina's butt. It took several minutes for the three to find the popsicle stick and then the stick was taken out of Christina's ass and they were suddenly overtaken by the light from the outside air. It was taking this popsicle stick out of Christina's butt that caused her to feel another strong pang in her stomach. Christina then had to alert everyone around her.

"Oh no, here comes a big one!" Everyone started to back away from the tall, Hispanic girl, who started ripping some massive ass, stinking up the area once more with her own blend of flatulence. FFFRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTBRRRRRRA AAAPPPPTTT!!!!!! The smell of the fart immediately hit everyone like a thirty ton wall of shit. It reeked of inexplicable smell, but by this point, the smell was nothing compared to the crew, which had just gotten back out from Christina's ass. It stank of milk, beans, broccoli and rotten eggs. The fart kept on going, and going, and going for about 15 seconds. Winn had now completed his spell and waited for the crew to get enlarged. Christina's fart continued to go on, and didn't seem like it was going to stop. This was a truly amazing fart, everyone was now becoming woozy. The fart continued to smell up to high heaven and create a green cloud around the girl, all those beans and onions and broccoli were now getting to her farts. Her eyes watered overpoweringly as her fart continued. By now it had to be about thirty seconds and everything seemed to get lighter for those around, except for Winn who had empowered some kind of spell around himself. At around forty seconds all others blacked out. And by that point, the rippling effect of Christina's gaseous fart on her buttocks had subsided and Christina had felt relief at last. The fart again had the significant odor of Christina Fart Smell. It took nearly three minutes for the effects of Winn's spell to reach the crew and slowly the three humans began to grow in size.

Christina was relieved, not only because she had released that last big fart, but because her father had now returned to her. But the appearances of the three had shown that they had gone through some major battles. Their clothes were burnt, smelling heavily of Christina's farts, their equipment was all ruined, although the data collected had been kept in a safe place. But there was something else weird, something Christina had noticed, the three people had all gotten on their knees in desperation and started smelling Christina's butt, smelling it euphorically. Each of the three was taking chances taking in deep breaths down Christina's buttcrack. Christina looked back and noticed that the three were now taking deep whiffs of anything else that had come out of her butt; it was as if her butt had been their entire existence and they were being taken away. Once the rest of the people, who had to back away from her previous fart, they saw Bill and the two scientists continually on their knees, smelling away at anything around Christina's butt. Finally, the three were pulled away, as the sight had become a little too weird, even for Christina, but it soon became obvious that those three were becoming dependent on Christina's farts, and this had concerned both Captain Parker and the

government official. As the three were taken off to a medical facility, they all had passed out, from what would seem like a lack of oxygen, only it was from the lack of Christina's gas.

Three days had passed, and the effects of Christina's farting had become lesser. Her farts were still mega huge, but nowhere near the impact her farts had on the prison, which was considered a good thing. Scientists back at Section 26 had felt that if her farts had continued at that caliber it would eventually cause a major fallout around the prison, killing all living things around it. Christina's school was allowed to reopen once the EPA had declared the site void of any of Christina's farts. They also had to clear Winn's shop, Section 26, and the prison. It was estimated that two inmates had received burns and lost oxygen for a little bit just because Christina's bikini bottom were thrown into the common area of the prison, but they had since gotten better. The air quality all throughout San Francisco had improved to normal levels and there were no trace elements of Christina's gas around anywhere. Meanwhile, Christina's diet had been improved and she was now eating smaller portions and less gassy foods. Her fart quality had only diminished a little, but it was tolerable enough. While she was at the prison, it was estimated that Christina's fart had a CFI of well over 300, now they were down to 60, but that was much better than before. Christina's room had been cleared as best as it could and she had been given a whole new set of clean clothes, not only because of her farts, but because of her increased height. Because of her new height, she had to start getting used to being seven feet tall. This would give her a greater advantage while playing sports at school and even Christina considered joining the basketball team, how could they refuse one of the tallest kids on Earth?

The scientists who had survived along with Section 26 were able to create a massive report on the human digestive system, and in particular the flatulence portion of it, the part that the Department of Health and CDC did not have much on. There was also an ongoing rumor that they actually sent the group of scientists into the underwear of the specimen that they were studying, but Parker was quick to dismiss such rumors. Meanwhile, the data that was collected by the scientists was now being analyzed into a new set of medications and research data that could be used to study flatulence. Thanks to Christina, they had found out much more about the human digestive process, perhaps too much. The medicine that would be created would be designed to help control Christina's flatulence considerably, but Captain Parker advised that it may not be such a good idea. Furthermore, it was later estimated that the medicine would be able to control normal human flatulence by over 50%, but it would have no effect on Christina, if anything it would actually become dissolved into Christina's system.

As for the scientists who had been inside Christina's bottom, the family of Scientist B were very disheartened to find out the fact that he was likely to have disintegrated into the bowels of a 18-year old, forever inside of her to grow up with her and die, so a proper burial was never possible, needless to say, the children of that man didn't pursue a career in science after that. Scientists A and C were both recovering at a hospital, they had slowly regained consciences and were soon able to take in more quantities of oxygen. It was estimated that they would both make full recoveries. The only catch was, they were forever linked with Christina's gas, and they were never going to get that out of their system. This explained how the two scientists were even surviving after Christina's final gassy assault. It wasn't that they ran out of oxygen and died, but that they had slowly become adjusted to this new paradigm

that was Christina's flatus, it was their new oxygen. Christina worked with the scientists overseeing the project and provided a special pill, infused with the elements of her gas, that the scientists would have to take once a day, to keep some of Christina's fart in their bloodstream.

Bill however, was not as lucky, his recovery took longer, and he had only woken up after they started pumping in gas from Christina's butt. He had become completely dependent on Christina's farts, much more than the other two scientists. It was a disheartening scene for Christina when she finally saw Bill lying in the hospital bed. Captain Parker was with her as he woke up Bill and began to explain the situation to him. Bill had also wondered if Christina had gotten a little bigger since he was first sent into her deep, gassy bowels.

"Um...what happened?" was all that Bill could ask as he started breathing in the "air" that was being pumped into him. His face and body had looked like they had recovered, but his lungs had been completely altered. It was revealed there that Bill had actually given up using his oxygen tank by morning on the third day; he gave it to the remaining two scientists to breathe until the mission was over.

"We have had our doctors and scientists look at you, and we have found nothing wrong with your body personally, except for your lungs." Captain Parker began, to an amazed Bill, who now understood what he was saying.

"Lungs?"

"Yes Bill...your lungs have been altered to the point that there is no way they can be repaired...but they aren't damaged, just altered."

"How are they altered?" Asked Bill.

"Right now...you are not breathing oxygen through those tubes; you are breathing in parts of Christina's fart. Your lungs now recognize Christina's farts as the true air to breathe to run your system, and your entire system, respiratory, circulatory, and nervous, have been changed chemically to accept Christina's fart gas and only her fart gas. There is still oxygen within her gas so it still helps your system, but the other chemical compounds in her fart are now being accepted by your body...I'm afraid that the changes are permanent." The final statement had shocked both Bill and Christina who looked at each other in fear and wonderment of just how permanent he was talking about.

"What do you mean permanent?" Asks a terrified Bill, who continued to breathe through the tubes the raunchy odor of his daughter's farts.

"I mean it exactly; you will *always* be dependent of Christina's butt and the gas that comes out of it. You will not survive without it."

“You mean...I’m have to be by Christina forever...I’m stuck with her.” Bill’s question had been valid, while he loved his daughter greatly, he did have a thing against her following him around, releasing her toxic farts along the way.

“No...actually Christina is stuck with you.” Parker affirmed, realizing that Bill’s presence would be more of a detriment to Christina’s life. However, this also gave Christina a much higher power in her family as she ultimately controlled whether or not her father lived, so he would have to bend forward to meet her needs first.

“Oh my...oh my.” Bill said to himself as Christina placed her head in her hands and moaned with displeasure. As she sat there, she felt a small gas bubble appear and her anus and she tilted her enormous behind toward her father and ripped out a devilish fart. It was small, but still carried a very potent stench of rotten eggs that quickly stunk up the entire hospital room.

“Gosh Christina, that reeks!” Captain Parker said waving his hand around his face; he saw this as a good time for a demonstration. He took the tubes out of Bill’s nose and they watched as Bill started to breathe in the air intensely. He took in deep breathes of Christina’s fart and he felt relief, as did Christina, who had a little gas to pass. Christina had seen what had happened when she farted and she slowly saw as Bill began losing consciences as the fart began to dissipate. Captain Parker quickly placed the tubes back in and Christina’s fart gas in the canister began refreshing his body. Christina was now beginning to understand what had happened, her father had become completely addicted to her farts.

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#### EPILOGUE:

Ultimately, Captain Parker felt that it was not necessary nor recommended for any altering of Christina’s farts, which meant that the girl was allowed and expected to continue dropping her massive bowel movements into the toilet and releasing her disgusting, eye-watering farts throughout the complex, that way Bill would be able to survive. Several weeks had passed since Bill was in the hospital from his trip into the bowels of his daughter. He had been allowed out of the hospital, but it wasn’t the same for him. While he started getting back to work, the effect of Christina’s gas was always going to be with him, more importantly, he had to receive parts of Christina’s gas on a constant basis. The original orders were that he had to receive one fart from his daughter every two hours, although it ultimately became four hours, and that was actually the best they could hope for at the moment. It had become a ritual, every two hours, Bill had to be where Christina was, and she had to actually fart into his face, so that he could be renewed in the gases of his daughter’s digestive system. While it was theoretically possible, there was no way of wondering whether or not anyone else’s farts could feed Bill, but most tests that were conducted saw that Bill could only receive gas from Christina, since it was a special blend.

There were two ways, two embarrassing ways that Bill could receive his fuel, he can either receive it straight from Christina's ass, or he can get it from the toilet after Christina had taken a dump. She had to start altering her schedule so that these could be done at the right time so that Bill could receive his "gift" from his daughter. Christina though generally cared about her Winn and now more so than before. Before this experiment, Bill had always been caring for Christina and she had returned the favor in various ways, but now Bill was far more dependent on Christina. The two had become a symbiant, with one dependent on the others. Christina still needed Bill to raise her, but now Bill needed Christina just to breathe. This had placed Christina in a much more desirable position. In the past, she had wanted to follow Bill on his missions but he had always said no, now he had no choice in the matter, Christina had to accompany him. Christina more or less got anything she wanted, because (although this was rare) she could threaten not to fart or take any craps and Bill would be done for.

One day, several months later, once Bill had been able to take in Christina's gas at a four-hour basis, he had found himself at trouble one afternoon. Christina had not been eating much that morning, and had a very small dump, for her standards. Bill had already inhaled all the contents of the toilet and it had to be flushed, it was now approaching the fourth hour and he was starting to have trouble breathing, sloughing around Section 26, trying to gain any bit of consciences. He sent a text message to his daughter and demanded she come home immediately. She had to leave during her last class, insisting that she had to save her father's life again. Admittedly, the students and the teacher in the class didn't object since they had heard the grumbling in Christina's stomach and knew that an explosion was soon to follow. Christina's guts were indeed bubbling, for she had burritos for lunch, and while normally she would be gassing out the classroom, she knew now that she had to hold in her farts and keep them for Bill. Now, Christina was rushing home on her scooter, flying through the streets of the city to reach the shop all while her stomach continued to rumble and process its contents. After a few minutes had passed, Bill had fallen to the ground and was now starting to black out.

Like a Godsend, Christina came rushing through the door where she saw Bill lying there on the floor. She went down to the floor and positioned Bill with his head up, she then positioned his nose right between her buttocks and gave Bill life. She sat on her father's face and released her first payload, a loud, 5-second fart that instantaneously stunk up the entire room he was in, releasing another foul batch of rotten eggs and beans into the air, the remains of her Mexican meal. She then lifted her right leg, with her soft butt trying to escape the confines of her pants while resting on both sides of Bill's face. She grunted for a moment and with ease a loud, deafening fart was released. The pressure and power behind which made her butt feel raw as she let her leg back and wand crinkled her noise in disgust. The entire floor and Bill's body shook to the power of this enormous fart. The odor matched that of rotten cabbage and spoiled milk and eggs. More gas churned in her own stomach for a moment as she sighed, thinking it was over, which it wasn't. Another warm bubbly hit her, and she farted again, this time trying not to push so hard so it didn't hurt her butt as much. The warm gas oozed out of her tight mushy cheeks that were pressed firmly against Bill's face and past her thighs, resulting in a burn like feeling as she waved again. She sighed and just began to bask in her own stink as she released one canon of farts after another.

“Don’t worry father, Christina is here for you...Christina is here.” She smiled as she appreciated the situation she was in. Bill had gotten up, now feeling refreshed, although the room smelled intolerable, both Bill and Christina were now able to appreciate it, but that was the new paradigm. They told Bill that he would never be able to breathe oxygen in completely, and while he was able to walk and do everything else normally, after every four hours he had to receive some dosage of Christina’s fart smell. This meant that there were many nights where he would be in Christina’s bed with his nose firmly up Christina’s butt, waiting for the precious gas to flow out from her cheeks. After breakfast, Christina would “feed” her father with a fart and leave a dump in the toilet to feed him while she was off at school. When she got home, she would feed him again then this continued every four hours.

Bill Lopez, for the rest of his life, would have to breathe in Christina’s fart gas at least six times a day, though the Section 26 doctors had been working with the scientists to conjure up something that would increase the potency of Christina’s farts so that Bill would only need it every six hours, but for now, four hours was the new reality. This was the new way of things, Bill was no longer an independent being, but was dependent on the farts of his daughter, the worst farter in the whole world. She appreciated this more than anything else, as she lied in bed with her pants off and her buttocks showing. She motioned for Bill to pick her up and hold her buttocks up to his face; there she would drop of monster-sized, bean-powered fart into his face.

“I farted!” Christina would laugh.

“Thank you.” Bill would breathe in the contents of that potent fart and continue to live for another four hours. Christina then released another foul-wrenching, steamy bean smelling fart throughout the whole bed, gassing out the covers instantly. She simply went back to sleep, smelling her powerful gas in her new powerful situation, she now controlled her family.

“I love you father.” She said, releasing one last silent hisser, another stinky fart, her bedroom now completely stunk of Christina’s farts, and her father loved it.