

Big Bridget's Butt Bomb

Amidst the flying ships of the Jellyfish Pirates crew, there was a scene of utmost calm in one of the main cabins thanks to the heavenly aroma that filled it. Inside there was a long table covered in a large amount of food that had been prepared for two people. Though the sheer number of dishes had been created due to an error in the kitchen, the pair were trying their best to make the most of it. Especially when they were seeing it as a chance to catch up with one another.

"You lost your yo-yos?" May asked, smearing part of the feast on her orange hoodie as she leaned against the table. Realizing her mess, the brown-haired young woman sat down and fixed her cap to ensure she looked at least somewhat presentable. "So then what happened? Obviously, you beat the bandits, right?"

"Yeah..." Bridget said, the young woman tapping her fingers together as she stopped mid-bite. Even without speaking, the nervous shiver going from her toes to the tips of her blonde hair. "I did manage to take them out, but it was using a very unorthodox attack."

"Oh, come on. It's not the first time you've used Roger," May commented as she gestured towards the teddy bear sitting in one of the empty chairs.

"No, that's not it," Bridget replied, ruffling her blue hoodie as she spoke. "I panicked and just flung myself at the bandits. Just my luck that the first thing that hit them was... my butt."

"I mean, it's not like you haven't done that before," May commented.

“Something about this was different,” Bridget explained. “It looked like my improvised attack did more damage than even some of my heavier duty yo-yos. And I think it’s because I’ve been having a little too many sweets lately. I’m worried that I’ve been putting on weight.”

“I don’t think that’s necessarily a bad thing,” May said as Bridget helped herself to a few more bites of food to calm herself down. “You mentioned that you’ve been struggling with bounty hunting a bit lately. Maybe what you need to do is alter your tactics.”

Taking a moment to finish chewing, Bridget cleared her throat with a gulp of soda. “That sounds like an idea. But I’m still not sure I want to be known as the bounty hunter who gets her job done by relentlessly slamming her butt into BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPPP!”

The loud belch was followed by a moment of awkward silence between the two women. Covering up her mouth with her puffy sleeves, Bridget managed to prevent any further slip-ups. However, she couldn’t hide the red blush that started to spread across her cheeks. Still stunned by the sudden outburst, May merely sat there as she tried to figure out what she had just witnessed. From her still position, the brunette got a whiff of the lingering smell of the feast clinging to Bridget’s breathe.

“E-excuse me, I must have eaten a little too-“

A clunk sounded through the room as Bridget attempted to make her escape. In the wake of the table shaking from the sudden bump, a few of the crumbs that had managed to fall onto her clothes during the meal came loose. The misplaced bits slid down her slim form until they hit an impasse in the form of the belly bulge sticking out from her mid-section. May only had a moment to gaze upon the exposed bit of chub around the bounty hunter’s navel before it was covered up by her hoodie.

“S-sorry, I didn’t mean to UUUURRPP eat so much,” Bridget said, looking ready to rush out the door as soon as she found an opening.

“It’s fine,” May said, both for Bridget and her own sake. “I’ll let Auntie Leap know that you enjoyed her cooking.” Walking up to the embarrassed blonde, she grabbed her shoulders and felt the extra padding the bounty hunter had recently put on. “You go rest up while I go make up a plan of how to make the most of your new battle strategy.”

On the deck of one of the Jellyfish Pirate’s ships, the crew had made extra space for a sparring session. In the open area, May and Bridget were participating in the mock fight to see how far the bounty hunter’s training had progressed. With the yo-yo’s put away and Roger waiting on the sidelines, the pair managed to put to the test the new battle techniques that they had spent the last month honing.

Even without having to lug around her usual anchor, May was finding it difficult to keep herself from getting hit. Each launch of Bridget’s backside towards her came inches away from slamming into her face. With every failed attempt, the brunette only had half a second to recover before she had to dodge again. As impressive as the bombardment was considering the bounty hunter’s current state, it was only a matter of time before May either gave into the mix of exhaustion and curiosity.

Hearing a mix of a wheeze and a belch, May hazarded to pause for a moment to look back towards Bridget. With her hands clutching onto her chubby knees, the bounty hunter squatted down to try and catch her breath. Each heavy exhale brought her hoodie closer to

widening the hole that displayed her bulging belly. Even more stress came to the garment as another meat-scented BWOOOOOORPPP rolling up her throat threatened to pop her melon-sized chest out for all to see.

As Bridget stood back up to her full height to wipe her brow clean, May couldn't help herself from focusing on the bounty hunter's largest asset. Thanks to the multiple sessions of binge eating, the blonde had taken on a definitively bottom-heavy figure. Her pear-shaped body was made up by a set of wide hips and thighs that threatened to rip asunder her black spats at any moment. Though the strained fabric did show off the bulge in front of Bridget's groin, May was more focused on the other side.

A momentary lapse in judgement kept May still as her opponent swiveled around her body. Even after Bridget stopped moving, the leftover jiggles wreaked havoc on her pair of meaty butt cheeks. The luscious bottom was typically the thing that got the bulk of May's attention during these sessions. Especially when it was used as the main form of attack by the blubbery bounty hunter.

As the large rear rocketed towards her, May momentarily came back to her senses. Unfortunately, her cleared mind came a little too late to avoid getting a face full of Bridget's ass. The combination of the speed of the impact and the large mass made it impossible for her to remain standing. Legs crumpling from immense force, she allowed herself to hit the deck and get smothered by hefty butt.

Head engulfed by her partner's ass, May couldn't see much. However, she could feel the bounty hunter frantically trying to get pick herself back up. Hearing panicked cries from above, the sheer exertion the blonde pushed through showed itself in the form of beads of sweat slipping

through the fabric of her spats to soak both her ass and May's face. The continued struggling stirred up the bubbles inside of her gut that had been building since their previous meal. Hearing the ominous groan, May's own body shuddered in anticipation as she awaited the extra kick of Bridget's new battle strategy.

One final attempt from the bounty hunter to lift herself up set off a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP. As the fart blasted directly onto May, the pirate willingly allowed the foul, rotten fumes to singe her nostrils. Though she enjoyed the strange pleasure the experience brought her, she still didn't fully understand how she had become infatuated with the gas. She theorized that it came from the same part of her that enjoyed every pound that was currently wobbling on top of her. There was one person who could probably help her answer why she had become so obsessed with fat and gas. Unfortunately, that person was both in the dark about May's developing desires and was currently scrambling to free her from the sweaty pair of ass cheeks.

Managing to roll herself off at the cost of letting loose with another PHHHHRRRRRTTT, Bridget loomed over May to check on her. "Are you BWOOOOORRPP okay?"

"Y-yeah," May said, graciously accepting the pudgy hand in order to sit herself up. "Your training is really showing progress."

"Thanks," Bridget said, a nervous smile on her face as she scratched the back of her head. "I just wish it didn't make me so UUURPP gassy or involve crushing you. Sorry about that."

"Eh, I think I'm getting used to it," May said as she stood herself back up. Lifting up her hoodie, she freely showed off the bit of pudge she had gained around her mid-section from taking part in Bridget's feasts. "I'll be able to take bigger hits once I fill out more."

“I appreciate it,” Bridget said as she fidgeted with her fingers. “Although, I don’t know how much more I can take. Sure, I’m BWOOOOORRRPPP effective in battle, but…”

The long pause and the look of concern in Bridget’s eyes took away from some of May’s lingering enjoyment. Stepping forward, she placed a hand on the bounty hunter’s back fat. It was less about feeling up the soft flesh and more about trying to console her close friend. “What are you so worried about?”

“Even if this does work out, I’m not sure that I want to be known as the sloppy bounty UUUUUURPPPPP hunter,” Bridget admitted. “I don’t think anyone will find me cute anymore after this.”

The admission brought a pang of guilt to May. She had been so obsessed with watching Bridget’s transformation, she hadn’t really paused to think of the ramifications. Figuring that it was her sign to stop, she took a deep inhale of the foul fumes lingering in the air. Whether she liked it or not, she was going to have to tell the bounty hunter the truth. Her only wish was that her friend didn’t completely hate her afterwards.

The darkness outside enhanced the warm glow of May’s private cabin. It had been hers ever since that fateful day when she had come clean with the true intentions for Bridget’s training. Though it was far away from the rest of the crew’s quarters, it was the perfect place for May to go through the usual evening routine she had taken up over the last few months.

It took a moment for May to get the key properly in the lock; a side effect of her fingers having become plumper in the wake of her own binge eating sessions. Managing to finally gain access to the cabin, she pulled off the food-stained hoodie from her nearly 300-pound body to reveal the chubby belly sticking out from her mid-section. While her weight gain had given some extra heft to her chest, it was nothing compared to the doughy fat that had encroached over her backside. The layers of fat that had given her the bubble butt and her overall chubby figure were more than just a side effect of getting to indulge herself on such rich meals. It was a necessary alteration if she hoped to keep up with her “training partner.”

Lazily scratching her rear as a fart slipped out, May rubbed her belly to try and ease her digestion. As a belch rolled up to let her retaste the meaty meal she had just finished eating, the smell made her realize that something was off. Turning back towards the doorway, she figured out what it was as she spotted the mass of exposed flab currently stuck in the threshold.

“UUUUURRPPP May, could you please help me out?” Bridget asked as she held out a blubbery arm.

More than happy to oblige, May rushed over as fast as her pudgy legs would carry her. Grabbing hold of Bridget’s hand, she attempted to pull the blonde into the room. Very slowly, the doorway let more of the former bounty hunter’s over 800-pound belly slip through. The constant tugging sent her pumpkin-sized tits into a jiggling fit that had the unintended bonus of dousing May in more of her belches. Finding strength in getting able to inhale the heavy stench, the brunette dug in her heels and yanked hard to finally get her partner through.

Bridget’s awkward stumble into the cabin was punctuated with a powerful BRRRAAAAAPPPPPP slipping its way out of her elephantine rear. The rancid odor akin to

rotten meat was something the obese woman had cultivated to be as pungent as possible. While initially her goal had been to use the awful fumes as part of her battle technique, it had taken on another purpose as her priorities changed.

“That wasn’t everything UURPP right?” May asked as she got a whiff of the lingering gas cloud. With a smirk, she gave her own belly a small bump to release a squeaky PHHHHRRRTTT from her own rear. Though it was small, the odor akin to an open sewer line more than made up for it. “Wouldn’t want me showing you up, right?”

“Of course BOOOUUURRRPPP not,” Bridget replied, taking a moment to rid the sweat from her brow and pick out leftover crumbs from between her breasts. “I’m saving it up for our session just like I UUUUUURRRPPP promised.”

With a grin, May shuffled up to Bridget to cuddle up to the blonde’s belly. “Then let’s not waste any more time and get started before you blow.”

Going at a slow waddle to avoid unleashing the storm inside of Bridget’s gut, the pair made their way over to the bed. The king-sized mattress was a rarity amongst the crew, but it was a necessary accommodation for the couple. It plus the remoteness of their cabin from the rest of the Jellyfish Pirates ensured that none of their smells or sounds would be bothering them. By now, the crew had become very much aware of what the couple spent most of their time doing. This ensured that they wouldn’t be interrupted in their nightly ritual of making the most out of Bridget’s blubbery form.

Leaving Bridget at the edge of the bed, May crawled her way onto the mattress. Placing herself in the center, she looked back to see the fully nude behemoth of a woman standing over

her. While she was more than ready to begin, there was still a bit of hesitation lingering in the blonde's eyes.

“Come on,” May began, gesturing for her girlfriend to move forward. “You won’t hurt me, I promise. I’ve packed on more than enough chub to act as a barrier. Give me a full-on belly UUUURRPP flop. Don’t hold anything back.”

With a deep, husky breath, Bridget squatted down as if she were trying to mimic a sumo wrestler. Calling upon the muscles buried beneath her blubber she heaved herself into the air. Though she only managed to get up a few feet, it was just enough to get over the edge of the bed. While most people would have understandably panicked at the sight of the hundreds of pounds of fat coming down on them, May welcomed it with arms wide open.

The massive blob known as Bridget came down with her full force to the sound of the bed's springs protesting against her girth. In the wake of the impact hitting her gut, a large bubble rolled up her throat in the form of a powerful OOOOUUUURRRRRPPPP that echoed through the room. Waiting for just a moment to let the mattress and her jiggling flab to settle, she hoisted herself up to check in on May.

Thanks to the brunette's own layers of fat, she had mostly gotten out of the slam unharmed. The only lingering damage appeared to be the layer of sweat that her girlfriend had coated her body in over the span of just a few seconds. Shuddering at the lingering warmth and comfort of the belly hanging right above her, she tilted her head up to meet Bridget's gaze.

“Come UUUURPP on,” May belched, the expulsion coming out to jostle the blonde's swaying bosom. “Give me another one. Make it as strong as-“

May's request became muffled as her mouth was filled with the fatty globes that were Bridget's bosom. As the massive woman rolled back and forth to sink May further into the mattress, the brunette returned the favor by using her lips to suckle from the plump nipples. While she didn't get any milk from the act, her efforts did succeed in making Bridget let out soft moans in-between her husky exhales. As much as she would have loved to merely stay there in the cave of flab, both she and her partner were aware that this was far from their main goal.

Just as May felt like she was about to pass out from lack of air, she tapped her fingers against Bridget's blubber in a specific pattern. Recognizing the safety signal, the blonde rolled herself off to give May a momentary rest. Laying on the bed to inhale the lingering aroma of body odor and gas that permeated the air, the brunette moved into the next position. Turning herself around within the puddle of sweat the two of them created, she held out her hands towards the pair of meaty ass cheeks slowly making their way towards her.

"Are you ready?" Bridget asked, the question barely audible over the rumbling sounds growing stronger within her stomach with each passing second.

"Whenever you BWOOOORPPP are," May replied, her her body's excitement too strong to even attempt keeping her gas bubbles bottled up.

With a knowing smile shared between the two of them, Bridget began to swivel her body around. Giving May a full view of her ass, she once more called upon the strength that managed to persist despite her massive amount of blubber. Many of her physical skills had degraded since she had made the choice to give up bounty hunting to be a devoted, sloppy feedee to May. However, she still made sure that her legs could work well enough to deliver the move that started all of this.

Leaping into the air, Bridget soared towards the bed ass first. The flying blob found its mark as she managed to wedge May's face between her butt cheeks on the first try. Sinking her partner into the crevasse even deeper with a series of well-placed wobbles, she waited for the signal. A tremble went through her form as she felt the sensation of a tongue pressing up against her anus; proving that May was more than ready for her rewards as Bridget's trainer.

Shoving her pudgy fists into her gut, Bridget was able to summon forth a powerful PHHHHHHHHHRRRRTTTTTT. On the receiving end of the torrent of flatulence, May tried to make the most of the foul, rotten fumes as possible. Having acquired something akin to an addiction to the gaseous outbursts, the brunette put her tongue to work trying to push out more farts.

A moan parted Bridget's lips as she felt the loving touch of May's lips around her hole. The sensation allowed her to let loose with the reserves of gas she had built up from the earlier feast. For anyone else, the horrendous, rotten odor that plagued each reverberating release would have been enough to knock them out. However, May's own training ensured that she could enjoy as much as the foul fumes as she wanted as more came blasting out.

Up above, Bridget's attempts to push out every last gas bubble was somewhat hindered by her own enjoyment. As much as May was finding pleasure in getting to be a fart cushion, Bridget herself kept squirming in place under the influence of her partner's tongue. Her belches began to be overtaken by more moans as she got closer to her limit. Chewing on her lips, she tried to hold out until the last possible moment.

Seconds away from her own release, May managed to trigger her girlfriend's climax by regurgitating some of the rancid fumes in the form of a belch. The sensation got Bridget's entire

body to tremble in pleasure as she hit her orgasm. In the wake of her release, she unloaded powerful BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP that completely engulfed May's senses. Overwhelmed by the prolonged fart, May found her own climax as she worked alongside her partner to make a complete mess of the bed.

For a few minutes, neither Bridget nor May attempted to move from their spot. When Bridget did manage to roll off of her partner, she didn't make it more than a few feet before collapsing back on the bed. Picking herself up on shaky limbs, May glanced over to see the mass of blubber and gas stuck in a state of basking in her euphoria. A lingering shiver managed to squeeze a small BRRRAAAPPPP from the brunette's rear. Even if the smell was strong as ever, the fumes floating through the air managed to engulf it and its owner in the warmth provided by her sloppy girlfriend.

Rather than try to disturb Bridget, May found it better to use the opportunity to pick herself up off the bed to get more food and some drinks to fuel up for another session. Making her way over to the entrance, she paused as she heard a knock on the other side. Forgetting to dress herself in her post-release state, she opened the door to give a shock to the woman with a blue streak going through her black hair. As surprising as it was for May to see Unika there, something told her that the visitor was even more bewildered by what she saw.

"Is this why Bridget said she was giving up bounty hunting?" Unika asked, leaning over to see past May's hips. "What happened? Ugh and why does it smell so bad in here?"

The questions brought with them a strange grin to May's face. "Come here," she said, taking Unika's hand and pulling it close so that the much smaller woman could feel up her pudgy flesh. "Let me BWOOOOOOOORRPPP show you Bridget's new battle technique. You'll

OOOOUUUUURPP love it.”