

Date with the Blonde Bull

The peaceful night air surrounding the quaint restaurant was disrupted by the arrival of a luxurious limousine. For a place that boasted large portions for small prices, the guests and workers hanging around the entrance were baffled by the man that stepped out of the passenger seat. The black suit, burgundy tie, and gold cufflinks were well known around town. His slicked back, short brown hair cemented his identity as Francis Hackle. He was one of the major players in the up and coming wrestling federation, in charge of managing the heel for some of the dirtiest matches anyone had ever seen.

Walking along to the back of the limo, Francis opened up the door and stood aside. A meaty hand reached out of the vehicle and grasped the hood. The limo shook as the woman inside stepped out and stomped her black heels onto the pavement. She ducked down to avoid hitting her head and to keep her silky, long blonde hair highlighted with two brown streaks intact. The sweet smile on her pudgy face belonged to a woman named Jane, but her body let her be known as something else to the general public: The Blonde Bull.

Fitting her role as a heavyweight wrestler, her belly made up the majority of her over 500-pound body. Her sparkling, sequin black dress took on the monumental task of keeping her heavy breasts in check while its fabric sunk into the depths of her belly button and fat rolls. Turning around to grab her purse from the limo gave the people standing outside the restaurant a good view of her double-wide rear nearly slipping out from the hem of her dress. The plump posterior was the signature trait of the Blonde Bull's style, adding to her reputation as a dirty fighter with a quite unorthodox fighting method. Despite the flashes in everyone's minds of the awful things she had done and said in the ring, she bounced around like an excited child as she locked her bulky arm with Francis's.

“Ready to head in?” Francis asked.

“I sure am,” she replied, pecking his cheek with a small kiss. “I’ve been waiting all week to eat here.”

“Then off we go,” Francis added, cuddling up to her love handles as the odd couple strolled into the restaurant, Jane’s bulky form barely making it through the front door.

A quick discussion with the hostess had the two of them squeezing Jane between tables and chairs to reach a secluded spot in the corner. Waiting for them there were three chairs, one on the side for Francis adjacent to two reinforced chairs meant to hold up Jane’s weight. Thanking the hostess with kind words and a handful of cash, Francis helped ease Jane into her seat and took his spot next to her.

“Everything looks so good,” Jane said as she glanced over the menu. “I don’t know where to start.”

“Whatever you want baby,” Francis said. “You’ve earned your spot at the top of the wrestling world. We’re on a hot streak that I plan to keep us on for quite a while.”

The praise from Francis brought a smile to Jane’s face. However, her expression soon turned sour as she glimpsed at the stares of the people from the other tables. “Do you think...I’m a bad person?”

Francis shook his head. “Why in the world would you say that?”

“In the ring I’m so rude and nasty. I know that I’m supposed to play a villain, but I can’t help feeling like that’s all people see me as these days.”

Reaching across the table, Francis put his hand on her broad shoulder. “They may see you as the fearsome Blonde Bull, but I know you as the gentle, kind hearted Jane I’ve known since high school. Nothing’s going to change that.”

Jane adopted a small smile as she grasped Francis's hand. "Thank you."

"No problem. It's my job as both your manager and boyfriend." Leaning back, he held out the menu towards her. "Now no more wallowing in your own sorrow. This is a night of celebration. Anything you want from the menu, just let me know and we'll get it."

"Anything?" Jane asked, a gleam in her eye.

"Anything."

"Alright." Reaching out, Jane picked up the menu and turned to a specific page. "I'll take this then."

Francis's eyes went wide for a moment, only to answer with a grin and nod. "Should have expected that."

The couple passed the next half hour going over past and future matches. While Francis sipped away at the most expensive wine the establishment had to offer, Jane filled her belly with mugs of beer. Going through more alcohol than a pledge at a fraternity was an easy feat for Jane's larger than life body. She treated the liquid feast as an appetizer for what was to come.

Amidst the discussion of developing signature moves, Francis and Jane were interrupted by the sound of a squad of servers approaching them with what was deemed the office party special. Their arms were full of plates, each one with a different kind of dish. Each plate that was set before Jane filled her with anticipation as she nursed her fifth beer of the evening without showing even a hint of being buzzed. With the final plate placed on the table, the servers graciously accepted a handful of cash from Francis and took their leave.

"It all looks so good," Jane commented as she rubbed her meaty hands together. "I don't know where to start."

“If I had to make a suggestion,” Francis began, pausing from his meager meal of a steak and baked potato, “I’d start from the beginning of the pyramid.”

“Pyramid?”

“You know, like the one they taught you in school?”

“Francis, that was discredited years ago. The food pyramid was proven highly limited when concerning people’s various dietary needs.”

The words took a moment to register in Francis’s head. “I thought I was supposed to be the brains and you were the brawn around here,” he said, playfully shaking his fork in her direction.

Jane shrugged. “Just something I picked up while researching my own diet.”

“Regardless, it’s a good a place to start as any if you have trouble deciding.”

After a moment of thought, Jane agreed with a small nod. “Hand me the butter.”

Accepting the plate of butter, Jane began her meal with the basket of freshly baked biscuits. Slathering butter on each ball of warm dough, she proceeded to devour through the entire basket with little effort. Stopping to lick the butter around her lips and brush the crumbs off her chest, she reached out towards the plate of fried pickles, waffle fries, and tater tots. Not quite done with fried food, her first stop into the realm of meat was a plate of fried chicken wings alongside several stalks of celery and a container of blue cheese dressing.

Pausing to wipe the grease off her cheeks and three chins, she pulled over a bowl of chili and lifted it up to her face. For a solid minute, Jane chugged through the combination of smoked beans and meat without a second thought. Licking what was left of the sauce from the bowl, she noticed that Francis was staring at her. Turning her head slightly towards him, she let a small

burp pierce her lips. Content with the proud expression on his face, she returned to finish her feast.

Done with the main courses, Jane set herself upon the bevy of sweets offered to her. A plate of chocolate dipped strawberries was her only serving of fruit on the table, furthering the indulgence by soaking each one in a bowl of caramel before swallowing each. A whole raspberry cheesecake was her next dish, savoring the sweetness as she licked leftover sauce from her lips. It was only after a dozen blueberry muffins did she begin to feel at her breaking point.

Pressing her stuffed stomach against the table, Jane reached across to grab the last part of her meal. Dragging over a bowl of ice cream with several flavors, sprinkles, and nuts, she doused it in what was left of the caramel sauce before sinking her spoon into the mix. Her speed decreased significantly over the last bites, her own will and Francis's expectant gaze helping her power through what was left of the dessert. With her stomach feeling like it was about to burst, she lifted the bowl up to her face and drank the slurry mess of sugar to properly end her feast. Dabbing her face clean with a napkin, she let out a satisfied sigh.

"I take it you enjoyed it?" Francis asked, his plate only half-finished from a combination of a small stomach and being engrossed in watching Jane eat.

"BWOORP yeah," she replied, running her hand along her stomach and feeling how tight her dress had become.

"Are you feeling alright?"

Jane opened her mouth to speak, only to be shut down by an ominous groaning noise in her stomach. "I'm doing UURRP just fine, I just think it's about time we leave."

"Very well, I'll call up the limo driver. He should be able to drop you off at your house in no time at all."

“Actually, I had another idea,” she suggested. “You’ve been such a big help, so I want to show you some of the results of my training.”

“What about your stomach?”

“I’ll be fine. It’s not the first time I’ve eaten like this. Besides,” she said, placing her hand on his thigh, “there’s something special I want to show you. It’s a present for all of our hard training.”

The gentle touch of Jane’s large hand as it caressed his leg was all the coercing Francis needed to pull out his phone and call up the driver to meet them out front. Quickly paying the tab and ensuring that the staff was well compensated for their troubles, he helped Jane carefully waddle her way out of the restaurant. Taking his spot in the passenger seat of the limo, he kept his eyes trained on the rear view mirror the entire ride to ensure that Jane was alright. Knowing this, Jane did a not so subtle job of letting her fingers caress her overstuffed form, only pausing when the groans from her stomach became too much. Biting his lip in anticipation for whatever Jane was planning, Francis silently rejoiced at the sight of Jane’s house.

Sending off the driver with a pocket full of money, Francis aided Jane in helping her climb the steps of the porch. After several agonizing seconds of searching through her purse, Jane managed to find her keys and the two of them entered her home. Taking Francis by the hand, Jane led him down the hall. Just as they were about to head into her bedroom, Jane made an abrupt turn to bring them to the room across from it.

Francis found himself surrounded by posters, articles, and merchandise for the Blonde Bull. The impressive collection was the backdrop for the home gym Jane used to keep her bulky form in peak condition for her job. In the corner of the room were a set of weights that could easily crush a person, yet counted as a meager warmup for Jane. A plastic blue mat was spread

out in the center of room to make it the perfect place for Jane to practice her various grapples and signature moves. The main draw of the gym was the belt hanging up on the wall, the latest trophy the Blonde Bull had fought to achieve.

“Strip down and wait right here,” Jane said, stepping back out into the hallway. “I going to slip into something more...comfortable.”

Brimming with anticipation, Francis started to undress as soon as Jane stepped into her bedroom. Neatly hanging his suit on one of the weight sets, he passed the time wandering around the room in the nude. A wave of pride washed over him as he examined each poster and article about his prized wrestler. Everything from her initial debut, vile victories, and crushing defeats were a reminder of how much the two of them had worked to make their dream a reality. As his thoughts lingered about their success, he thought back to what Jane said at the restaurant. He knew it was the right thing to comfort her worries about being mistaken for an evil brute, but that was hiding his true feelings. Sometimes, he felt himself wondering what it would be like to be dating the fearsome fighter that stepped into the ring.

“Turn around. Now!”

Francis jumped as he heard Jane shout from behind him. Turning towards the entrance, he marveled at the sight of Jane’s body crammed inside of her wrestling uniform. The black and yellow spandex adorning her body was skin tight to accentuate her body’s combination of toned muscles and pudgy fat. Printed across her chest was the symbol of a bull that had become her trademark signature. The fierce red of the bull’s eyes went well with the fearsome looking horns that were stretched across her heavy breasts. A silver ring jutting from the bull’s nose circled the center of her gut to emphasize the deep hole of her belly button, a favorite place to shove the heads of her opponents. Waddling her way into the room, Jane turned to slam the door shut,

giving a good view of the fabric wedged between her butt cheeks. Turning her attention back towards Francis, the fearsome snarl on her face and the menacing look in her eyes revealed that she had fully immersed herself in the persona of the Blonde Bull.

“Why are you wearing the costume Jane?” Francis asked.

Approaching Francis, Jane put her hands on his shoulder. Effortlessly hoisting him up into the air, she belched right in his face to give him a small taste of the gas she had built up during her gluttonous feast. Tears forming around his eyes from the smell, he strained his vision to see the look of disdain on her face.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about,” she said, pressing him up against her chest. “You’re in the Blonde Bull’s domain and no one’s coming to save you little man.”

The Blonde Bull kept her grip tight on Francis as she walked towards the center of the room. With an animalistic snort, she leaped forward to belly flop onto the mat. Francis felt the entirety of her body pressing down on him as his vision was obscured by her bountiful blubber. Despite feeling his twig of a body sink deeper into the mat with each passing second, both he and Jane knew how much he enjoyed the feeling of her showing him everything she could do.

Sliding off of Francis, the Blonde Bull stared down at him with a look of disgust. “Is that really all you got? Can’t even last a single round with me?”

“I-I can take more,” Francis said, his shaky arms lifting him up into the sitting position.

Any dignity he could muster was thrown away as the Blonde Bull lifted him up with one hand. Carrying him over towards a mat on the wall, she pressed his head between her bosom and slammed him against the padded surface. With his face sinking deeper between her heavy breasts, his ears picked up a series of unruly groans coming from her body. Following the

gurgling noise of a bubble rising up the Blonde Bull's throat, he pulled his head out from her cleavage just in time to catch another burp to the face.

"Did I say you could UUURRP try to escape?" the Blonde Bull asked.

"N-no."

"Any yet you piece of crap tried to squirm out of my grasp. Fine, let's see how you like this one."

Pulling Francis off of the wall, the Blonde Bull slammed him back down onto the mat. Slowly titling his head up for fear of moving too much and angering the gigantic woman, he watched her turn around and back up towards him. The gigantic woman came toppling down on him, her back fat smothering his face and further pinning him to the ground.

What little struggle Francis could put up was stopped as the Blonde Bull grabbed his appendages with her arms and legs. Wrapping her thick arms around his and ensuring her thighs were tightly wrapped around his bony legs, he treated him as nothing more than her personal training weight. Over and over again she pulled on his limbs, each time ensuring to rub her numerous rolls of back flab across his body.

Motivated by Francis's cute squeals and the feeling of his member going erect was more than enough for the Blonde Bull to continue her exercise. The constant movement brought a cascade of sweat running down her body as she increased her pace. Any perfume that had been left over from their date was quickly overpowered by the smell of her body odor. Francis acted as a sponge for the downpour of sweat, enamored with the sensation of her sweaty flesh sliding against him.

For his patience and durability, Francis was rewarded with a rumbling noise in the Blonde Bull's intestines that had spelled the end for so many of her opponents. Sensing Francis

trying in vain to place himself closer to her rump, the Blonde Bull came down hard on him to slam her back fat into his face. Leaving the scrawny man stunned, she proceeded to sit up and press her rear up against his groin. Giving a meaty smack to her belly was the final push needed to bring out the storm brewing in her colon.

A loud squeak came from the Blonde Bull's body suit as the first blast of flatulence came out. The puff of air was small, but the smell that it carried up Francis's nostrils was akin to getting a whiff of a dumpster full of rotten eggs. Barely giving Francis a chance to enjoy the first fart, the Blonde Bull let loose with several others, each just as horrible with ever increasing power and volume. Just as another large rumbling noise got Francis to lift his head up and open his mouth wide, the Blonde Bull swung her massive form around to pound her belly against his.

"So that's what you're into huh?" she asked, sweat dripping down her hair to fall onto his face. "Getting off from a girl's gas? You really are a freak." Climbing off of him, she grasped the zipper at the back of her suit. "Alright, if you want it so badly then you can have it. I'm going to fill you up with so many farts and burps that you'll be smelling like me for a month."

In a single motion, the Blonde Bull unzipped the back of her suit to allow her back fat and ass to emerge from the fabric prison. As much as Francis wanted to bury his face between her wobbling butt cheeks and never let go, he knew better than to disobey her. Obediently he waited for her on the floor, tapping his fingers against the mat to hold himself over as she waddled over to him. Straddling his body, the Blonde Bull hoisted her rear right above his face.

"Since I'm so nice, I'll give you a three count to prepare yourself. 1...2..."

The number three was drowned out by a sputtering fart escaping from the hefty woman's anus. Francis's wide open mouth proved the perfect receptacle for the noxious gas to seep into

his body and fill his lungs. Nose hairs burning and his eyes covered in both sweat and tears, he reveled in each second of the foul air gracing his senses.

Reaching below her waist, the Blonde Bull gave him a harsh slap to the cheek. “Don’t give up on me now twig. I haven’t even started yet.”

Putting her hands on her knees, the Blonde Bull slowly lifted herself up. Just before she was fully upright, she squatted right back down to blow a nasty fart right in his face. Waiting for the horrible gas to peter out, the Blonde Bull rose up again and repeated it with ever increasing speed. Each rep of her squats put her rear closer to Francis’s face. Between sucking in the foul air, he appreciated every pound of flesh that made up her meaty form, his urge to appreciate every inch of sweaty flesh rising as she got lower and lower.

A combination of the Blonde Bull’s workout routine and the warm, foul air filling the room made both of them a sweaty mess by her 50th rep. Starting to lose some of her endurance, the Blonde Bull sunk lower with each squat to give herself a chance to rest. Her moments of rest left Francis’s head buried deep within the crevasse of her ass crack. With her entire body pushing down on him, he was left restrained as he heard one of the loudest gurgles of the night echo into his ears. The farts became longer and harder, taking upwards of a minute to show any signs of weakening. Francis was left a soggy mess of sweat and gas as the wet sounding flatulence was unleashed onto his waiting form. Amidst his sense of smell going numb, his ears still ringing from the noise, and the taste of the Blonde Bull’s colon on his tongue, the only thing he could feel was his growing arousal.

Letting out one last sputter of gas, the Blonde Bull slid down his chest to allow him to see light again. “Still alive?” she asked, looking over her shoulder at the weakened lump of sweat and farts she had left him.

“Y-yes,” he replied, gasping for air, “but I don’t know how much more I can take.”

The Blonde Bull slammed her rear against his chest. “Don’t give me that act.” Reaching down, she firmly grasped his rigid member. “Looks like you have plenty of life in you, perverted freak.”

Keeping him in place with her rear, the Blonde Bull ran her fingers along his manhood. While one hand squeezed and groped his testicles, the other roughly ran the length of his shaft. Despite the less than gentle treatment, it was only a matter of time before drops of pre-cum emerged from his tip. Just before he felt like he was going to release, the Blonde blasted a fart up his nose and let go of his cock.

Rising up again, the Blonde Bull shuffled further down his body until her crotch was hovering over his groin. “You better keep up. I intend to milk you for all your worth.”

Lining up the tip of his cock with her womanhood, the Blonde Bull came slamming down on his waist. The rough insertion acted as warm up as the Blonde Bull started gyrating her hips. The constant jiggling got whatever gas reserves she had left to come bursting out to take care of any fresh air that remained. Spurred by the feeling of pleasure of her flesh pounding against him, Francis hazarded to reach out his shaky arms. As soon as his fingers sunk into her ass flesh, the Blonde Bull stopped.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” she asked, a look of complete disgust on her face. “You should know by now that I’m the one who’s in control.”

“S-sorry Ms. Bull...you’re just so...”

“Fat? Mean? Smellier than a barrel of rotten meat?”

“N-no I-“

“Pathetic and rude. You’re quite the mess aren’t you? Fine, then I’ll give just what you want.”

Sliding off of him, the Blonde Bull ripped off what was left of her body suit. Tossing the sweat soaked outfit to a corner of the room, she slowly stomped her way back towards Francis. Each step let him gaze at the marvelous jiggle of her heavy breasts against her bulging stomach. Eyes tracing over the beads of sweat cascading over each inch of her flab, he almost missed the drops coming from beneath her belly. As she got closer, he got a glimpse of her womanhood wet with arousal. As much as Jane wanted to hide her feelings behind her wrestling persona, she was enjoying this just as much as him.

“Knock that grin off your face,” the Blonde Bull ordered, looming over him as she got on her knees. Shuffling towards him, she heaved her body on top of his scrawny form. “If you want my meat so bad,” she said, sliding his member inside of her needy womanhood, “then I’ll make sure to give you enough to drown yourself in it. Just try to stay conscious tiny man.”

Without skipping a beat, the Blonde Bull resumed her rigorous fucking. Each slam of her hips onto Francis’s body gave him a chance to feel her bare, sweaty flesh against his. In place of the Blonde Bull’s fragrant butt crack, Francis found himself getting smothered over and over by her heavy mammaries, letting him fully engross himself in her refined body odor. The feeling of her belly was like getting hit with a pillowcase of meat, made all the more memorable by the gurgling noises.

A number of greasy strands that had fallen in front of the Blonde Bull’s face were blown away from the combination of a moan and a belch bursting forth from her mouth and bathing him in her smell. Not to be forgotten, the Blonde Bull’s wobbling ass cheeks were sure to cover the area in a pungent cloud as her hips continued to slap against him. Through the sight and

smell of her gas, the Blonde Bull's violent grunts gave way to Jane's soft moans as she gave herself to the pleasure.

Treating Francis as her personal sex toy, Jane continued riding his member. Gas spewed uncontrollably from both ends, the sound intermixed with her increasing cries of pleasure. It all came to an end as Jane's body was overtaken with euphoria as she reached her climax.

Bombarded with one last explosion of gas, Francis released soon after into her waiting womanhood. The pair of them let their post-release pleasure send shivers through their bodies. Fat rolls and breasts still jiggling from her orgasm, the Blonde Bull gently slid off of Francis and rolled onto her back.

Both left as a mess of exhaustion and sweat, the two of them laid side by side on the mat. Between their heavy breathing and Jane pushing out the last of her gas, Francis struggled to sit himself up. Leaning over Jane's face, he planted a small kiss on her cheek.

"That was sweet," she said, a warm smile on her face as she gently grasped his hand, "but not something someone should do to the Blonde Bull. At least, not if they want to live to see tomorrow."

"Not that I'm saying I didn't enjoy it, but why did you put on the costume and take on the rough attitude?"

Using Francis for leverage, Jane lifted herself up into a sitting position. "You've always been the one to take the lead in the bedroom. I wanted to give you something different tonight, but I knew that wasn't really in my nature. Putting on the outfit and getting into character...I felt truly free to express myself. I've never felt so much pleasure before." Turning towards him, she wrapped her flabby arms around his body. "Would you mind doing this again? It would be a big help in practicing and letting off some steam."

“Of course,” Francis said, hazarding to place another kiss on her cheek. “It’s my job as both your manager and your boyfriend.”