

House of the Filthy Fly Girl

After a long day at the office, Todd wanted nothing more than to relax in the comfort of his own home. His fantasies of a peaceful evening vegging out in front of the TV were shattered the moment he discovered his door was unlocked. The need to protect his belongings making him neglect calling the police had him bracing himself to duke it out with whatever intruder was lurking for him inside.

Pushing the door open, Todd was met with a gust of foul wind billowing out from his once neat and tidy abode. The smell seemed to have come forth from the depths of an overturned septic tank, every logical part of his brain telling him to turn around and never come back. Clamping his fingers tight around his nose, he managed to power through the heavy smog to enter his house. In a momentary lapse in judgement he closed the door behind him, blocking off the escape for both himself and the horrible odor that had filled his home.

Moving about the halls, he couldn't recall having such a wide collection of overturned trash bags and rotting food strewn about each room. Tape had been sealed against the edges of the windows and vents, preventing the awful miasma from escaping. The tacky wallpaper that he had learned to tolerate had begun to peel off the walls from the sheer power of the built up smog. Shuffling his way through the powerful stench and plethora of useless junk, he heard something buzzing around in his living room. Cautiously peeking his head around the corner, he wondered if his watery eyes were hallucinating from the fumes.

Hovering off the ground with the help of a pair of rapidly beating, translucent bug wings was a young woman with bright green skin. A raggedy, stain-riddled, blue, buttoned down shirt and a pair of grungy, white underwear clung to her filth ridden form. Strands of neck length, dark green hair dripped a mysterious goo onto her shoulders that trickled down to the floor. Upon

seeing the fly woman's bright red, compound eyes, Ted let out a gasp that allowed an unhealthy amount of the house's rotten odor to fill his lungs. Breaking into a coughing attempt in a futile attempt to rid his body of the toxic air, he almost didn't hear the mischievous laughter emanating from the monstrous invader.

"Hello there," the fly girl said, hovering a few feet in front of Ted to show off her seemingly friendly smile. "My name is Maggie. I'm assuming you're the owner of this house. Well, former owner at least. I've taken quite a liking to this place and I intend to make it my new home. Don't suppose you'd be against having a roommate?"

Ted opened his mouth to protest, but was soon shut up by the lingering odor of roadkill clinging to Maggie's breath. Backing up in an attempt to find breathable air, he tripped over a worn-out boot. He fell backwards into one of the many piles of trash, finding himself surrounded by filth as equally disgusting as his home invader.

"I knew you'd like it," Maggie said, an excited smile on her face. "I spent all day bringing my collection over from my last house. It used to be so cramped and unpleasant, but here I can really spread out and admire my precious, personal landfill as much as I want. Speaking of which, I think I've earned myself a chance to relax and freshen up a bit."

Stopping the flapping of her wings, Maggie sent herself falling into a nearby trash pile. Squirring about in her vile hoard, she gave her body a new layer of slime and filth. As she continued to roll about, Ted became aware that she was permeating with her own horrible fragrance in the form of a thick musk of body odor clinging to her skin. While it was hard to make out amongst the rest of the trash, he could sense the distinct scent of a woman who hadn't bathed in her entire life. He had to face this fact head on as she rolled up mere inches from his

face with a banana peel clinging to her hair. Shooting him a toothy grin, she inadvertently gave him another taste of the rancid breath seeping out from between her teeth.

“Isn’t this nice?” she asked, either ignorant or uncaring of his growing nausea.

“Surrounded in a collection of wonderful garbage really makes this place feel like home. It was all so stuffy when I first got here. So much unused space, too much fresh air from the outside, and not to mention that flower smell coming from those candles.” Maggie shuddered as she recalled Ted’s preferred way of living. “This place really needed a filthy gal’s eye for interior decorating. Thanks to me, the house is almost perfect. It just needs one last finishing touch.”

Pulling herself out of the pile, Maggie flew over to a corner of the room. Shooing away flies buzzing around the mound, she stuck her hand in and began to fish around. Holding up her hand, she showed off her prize of a half-eaten apple tainted by dark green mold and bites taken out of it from maggots. Licking her lips as she inhaled its rotten scent, she opened her mouth and devoured it in just a few bites. Turning away from the disgusting sight, Ted glanced back at Maggie just in time to watch her gather up an armful of more rotten food.

Spreading out her disgusting feast across the floor, Maggie went at her meal with animalistic savagery. Sinking her teeth into a dozen more over-ripened pieces of fruit made a sickening juice slather her chin as it dripped more stains onto her shirt. An ancient looking corn dog was stripped clean in a single bite, allowing her to toss the leftover stick into her collection for later use. A half-eaten sandwich paired well with an old box of onion rings slathered in a heavy amount of month old mayonnaise. Finishing a dessert of stale muffins covered in a mysterious, black sludge, she set her sights on a carton of spoiled milk. Putting the carton to her lips, she tilted her head back to chug down the chunky, green milk to help wash down her feast of filth.

Wiping stray droplets of milk from her lips, Maggie tossed the empty carton to the floor. The sound of cardboard bouncing against the trash made Ted fight against his better judgement to glance back at the fly girl. He watched as one hand picked off leftover crumbs from her shirt to be used as a post-meal snack while the other massaged her stomach. The feast had left her with a beach ball-sized, stomach bulge that made her hover a little lower than before. Her bright green skin peeked out between tears in her shirt to show off the taut surface of the bloated orb. Ted felt a sense of unease as he watched a series of tremors go through her body.

“I can’t remember the last time I UUURRP ate like that,” Maggie belched, rubbing her distended belly. “Should make good fuel to properly redecorate this place.”

Before Ted could have a chance to ask what she meant, he heard an unsettling groan emanate from her. Grabbing hold of her food baby, Maggie pressed into it to force out a bassy belch that spread her rancid breath throughout the room. Wiping a stray drop of drool from her mouth, Maggie lifted up her head to inhale the lingering gas cloud. Pleased with the result, she opened up her mouth to let out another thunderous belch. The burp was followed by several others, doing the job of filling the house with the reverberating noise and seeping her breath into the walls.

Just as Ted’s ears stopped ringing and his nose powered through her burps, he was horrified to hear another sound coming from lower in the fly girl’s digestive tract. Bouncing around the room like a fairy of filth, Maggie looked as if she was attempting to hold in a building pressure. As the rumbling in her body reached its apex, she showed off a wide grin as she clutched her stomach and flew up to the ceiling. Hovering above a terrified Ted, she let finally let it all loose.

A blast of air came squeaking out of her rear at first, gradually turning into a deep bellow that fluttered the hem of her shirt. The fart quickly engulfed the room, the odor overpowering the already foul atmosphere to be overtaken by noxious cloud of the various rotten meals that had been stewing in her stomach. Ted's nostrils felt like they were on fire as her flatulence reached him, his eyes a watery mess and his lungs dying to get a semblance of fresh air.

To his utter horror, he watched as Maggie scrunched up her face and pushed out more boisterous farts to further taint the house with her stink. Laughing at the worsening aura of odor surrounding her, Maggie's chuckles were interspersed with more burps to add to her gassy outbursts. The sound of her constant belches and farts mixed with her childish laughter. Opening her mouth wide after a particularly nasty belch, she was more than happy to re-taste her revolting meal as the gas bubble glided across her tongue. Overtaken by her own enjoyment, her hands slid over her bloated gut to push out more gas and revel in the layer of filth caked onto her. Taking a deep inhale after a particularly long and rancid fart, Maggie finally felt at home.

"Isn't this BWOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRP wonderful?" Maggie asked. "Everything is just the way I like it. Wonderful décor, amazing food, and an irresistible odor make this place absolutely perfect." Pushing into her stomach, she reveled in the feeling of a loud PHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTT sputtering out from her butt cheeks. "Wouldn't you agree?"

Ted couldn't answer, too busy being unconscious on the floor. His body had mercifully gone limp in an attempt to avoid further torment from Maggie's stench. Assuming he was just tired from overexcitement, Maggie flew down to his motionless form and cuddled up next to him.

Pushing her belly against him, she gave one more blast of flatulence to give them a warm blanket of foul air to get comfortable in. “We’re going to be great UUURRP roommates,” she said, wallowing in her trash pile as she got ready for her first night sleeping in her new home.