

Overgassed

In an out of the way place dwelled a quaint bar by the name of Good Times. Typically, the establishment would play host to both regulars and new faces that have heard of the excellent service and peculiar owners. This night however, the bar was shut down early to accommodate two very special guests.

The tables were cleared out to make way for a pile of cushion in the center of the main room. Upon the makeshift bed were the bar's owners themselves. At any other night, the blonde haired and muscular Brad would be working the bar counter while his co-owner, Layla would wait on guests and tease them with a wide grin behind her wavy, black hair. Instead, they found themselves in the hands of two of Overwatch's largest members.

With heavy stomps shaking the pig tattooed along his gut, Roadhog climbed over the pile of pillows. Looming past his obese belly, he showed Brad the rare sight of him without his telltale gas mask and his white hair freed from its ponytail. The various scars across his face and scruff of his beard made him an imposing force as he smiled at the comparatively tiny man.

"Should have known better than to challenge us," Roadhog said as he shook about the food in his overstuffed gut. "Would have saved both of you from the hell we're about to unleash."

Layla found herself in a similar situation as her head was flanked by a pair of muscular toned legs belonging to Zarya. Peeking upwards, she could see her sleeveless, blue bodysuit showing off each inch of her impressive physique. Looming over her victim, Zarya ran her hand through her short, pink hair as she gave her a playful smirk.

"I'm going to have some fun with you, little woman," Zarya said, stretching out her back. "We don't plan on going easy on you just because we're old friends."

“Shouldn’t we set limits first?” Brad asked.

“You had plenty of time to think that through before you had the nerve to face us in a drinking contest,” Roadhog answered in a gruff voice.

“There’s no need to worry,” Zarya said, squatting down to run her fingers through Layla’s hair. “This isn’t our first time doing this. Just lay back and let us-“

Zarya found herself interrupted by a low rumbling noise emanating from her stomach. Moments later, a similar sound echoed from Roadhog’s gut. The unruly performance furthered the domineering pair’s smiles as they crouched over their chosen victim’s face.

“Guess judgement day is here,” Roadhog said, slowly lowering his body on top of Brad.

No amount of weight training could have prepared the former soldier for the sensation of Roadhog’s meaty butt cheeks encasing his head. Brad’s entire world turned to darkness, feeling each and every pound of his tormenter pressing down on him. As the hefty warrior wobbled about to get comfortable on Brad’s face, the same rumbling noise as before elicited a hearty laugh from the piggish man.

“You make a good seat pretty boy,” Roadhog commented as the sound grew louder. “Let’s see if you can handle this.”

The noise came to the forefront as it traveled through Roadhog’s gut. With a grunt matching his hog-like appearance, he released a fart that seeped past Brad’s closed lips. While it was a brief puff of gas, it was nonetheless powerful enough to convey the taste of rotten meat as it encompassed Brad’s face.

“Like the appetizer?” Roadhog asked, chuckling as Brad’s attempts to reply were muffled by his thick ass. “Hope you’re ready for more.”

“You better stop worrying about him and look at me,” Zarya commanded Layla.
“Especially since you’re my little toy to play with now.”

Layla let out an involuntary shout as Zarya’s toned butt cheeks were pressed down on her face. The admiration she had for the Overwatch soldier’s skill and physique were hard to recall as she felt the Russian born soldier deliberately wedging her head further up her ass crack. Her fate was sealed as she heard an unruly groan.

“You’re mine,” Zarya announced. “Let’s see if you can handle this.”

Compared to Roadhog, Zarya had no mercy as her gas came spewing out. Layla found her ears ringing as if an explosion went off right next to her head. The deafening noise preceded a rancid flavor that burned her taste buds.

“Couldn’t start them off easy could you?” Roadhog asked, rubbing his gut to further along his digestion.

“Considering they were bold enough to challenge us, it’s only right that I treat them with the respect they deserve,” Zarya replied, lifting up her rear for a moment, only to come slamming back down to let out a fart into Layla’s open mouth. “I know you can do better.”

Roadhog let out another chuckle. “Well, you heard her,” he called out to Brad. “Best brace yourself pretty boy.”

Shuffling back and forth to ensure Brad’s head was completely engulfed by his pudgy rear, Roadhog continued his gassy barrage with a fart similar to concussive grenade. The vibrations violently shook Brad’s cheeks as he was subjected to the foul air. Recoiling from the expulsions, he tried in vain to free himself from Roadhog, only to receive another cloud of gas for his efforts.

“Nope, not leaving my backside anytime soon,” Roadhog said, breaking out into a hearty laugh as a long, wet sounding fart reverberated from his butt cheeks and sent tremors through Brad’s body.

Not to be outdone, Zarya continued to torment Layla with a loud BRRRAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. She couldn’t stop her mocking laughter as she felt Layla gasp for fresh air, only to suck up more of her gas. As a reward, she made sure to follow her nasty gas explosion with several puffs to keep Layla in a persistent, toxic miasma.

Letting out one last pair of farts, Zarya and Roadhog finally saw fit to lift themselves off their victims. Waddling to the side, Roadhog let out a chuckle as he saw that his gas attack had left Brad’s blonde hair swept back. The sweat beading down Layla’s forehead from her impromptu hotbox was enough to bring out similar response from Zarya.

“A-are we done?” Layla asked.

“Course not,” Roadhog said, looming over her. “We’ve barely started.”

“We’re just switching up partners,” Zarya added as she strolled over to Brad. “We want to make sure we both have our fun watching you squirm underneath our overwhelming power.”

“W-wait I-“

Layla was shut up by Roadhog coming crashing down on her face. “Like I said, you had your chance to regret your decisions, but now you have to accept your punishment.”

Lost within the confines of his fat ass, Layla’s already overwhelmed taste buds were subjected to a long fart that echoed through the bar with a loud PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTT. Sinking her fingers into his plush rear in an attempt to escape only pushed him to unload another gas bomb onto her with the force of a gale force wind.

“Guess I have to do the same,” Zarya said, stretching out as she straddled Brad’s face.

“Hold on. Is Layla going to be okay? I know firsthand how heavy Roadhog can be and I-”

Brad understandably became more worried about himself as he was subjected to Zarya’s hindquarters.

Zarya pondered to herself as she shifted her weight back and forth across Brad’s face. “Hmm, a little more rigid than I’m used to when it comes to chairs, but you’ll do.”

Zarya wasted little time bombarding Brad with a series of rapid farts, each one small in size and sound, but more than making up for it with their taste. Rocking her butt cheeks back and forth, she followed up her rapid blows of gas with a longer one that made his entire body shake from the sheer force. Feeling his body wriggle underneath brought forth a demeaning laugh as she relished in his suffering.

“That’s some nasty stuff you got there,” Roadhog said, having to speak up over the sound of his own thunderous fart.

“You’re not much better,” Zarya replied, waving away a waft of the Roadhog’s gas. “It’s to be expected considering we loaded up on meat before this. I’m not running out anytime soon.”

Roadhog scrunched up his face as he let fly a loud BRRRRRAAAP from his rear. “Same here.”

“Hear that?” Zarya shouted down to Brad as he fumigated his face with another toxic cloud. “We still have plenty left. Should give you plenty of time to think over your mistakes and come up with a good apology for...”

Zarya trailed off as she noticed a considerable decline in her victim’s struggling. Concerned that she had knocked him out, she used a quick spray of gas to confirm he was still alive. Pondering how or why Brad wasn’t trying that hard to escape from her gaseous rear, it

finally dawned on her. Moving aside from his head, she looked down to show the malevolent smile spread across her face.

“What do we have here?” Zarya asked, noticing the look of wanting in Brad’s eyes. “Are you enjoying this?”

“N-no,” Brad replied, his entire body shivering.

Gassing him with a squeaky fart, Zarya smirked at the flushed expression on his face. “You’re a pervert aren’t you? Probably been looking forward to swallowing our gas ever since the night at the bar.”

“What are you saying?” Roadhog asked, smothering Layla in another gas bomb.

“My little boy seems to actually want to suck up our nasty farts,” Zarya replied, shutting up Brad’s attempt to deny her with a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT.

“Really?” Roadhog asked, lifting his rear off of Layla’s face. “What about you,” he said, reaching down and putting a hand against her reddened face. “Do you enjoy eating our gas?”

“I...I...”

Roadhog gave a slight pinch to her cheek. “If you don’t want it we could stop right now. No sense in making you suffer longer than you need to.”

“That’s right,” Zarya added, leaning back on Brad’s face. “Just say the word and we’ll stop. You’ll never have the pleasure of feeling our butts against your faces ever again, nor will your tongues be subjected to our flatulence. Unless, this is really what you want and this was all a ploy to have the honor of being our personal fart cushions.”

“W-we don’t,” Brad replied, his body shaking. “This was just meeting our end of the deal. Just get it over with and leave the bar before-“

“We do!” Layla admitted, holding a hand up. “Ever since that night at the bar, we’ve been craving to experience your gas again. Please don’t stop.”

Roadhog reached down and brushed his fingers through her hair. “See, it wasn’t that hard.”

“Yeah, a lot easier than this one,” Zarya commented, pointing her thumb at Brad. “Don’t worry little man, your body is saying everything your lips don’t. We’ll make sure to give you plenty of attention, while filling that useless mouth of yours with something other than lies.”

Watching Zarya stand up, Brad fully expected her to come slamming back down to continue her torment. Instead, she joined Roadhog as they both walked over to sit in a circular booth. “Bring us some food and drink,” she commanded.

“What?”

“You heard her little lady,” Roadhog replied to Layla. “We’re your guests aren’t we? Rude to not offer us some grog and grub for being so nice to you.”

Scampering to their feet, Layla and Brad ran behind the counter to fulfill their tormentors’ wishes. Several trips back and forth let them weigh down the table with mugs of beer and plates of food. With everything in place, the pair of them stood still, waiting on baited breath to see their guests’ reactions.

“Why have you stopped?” Zarya asked. “The table isn’t ready yet.”

“We gave you everything you wanted though,” Brad said.

Roadhog stepped forwards and grabbed Brad by the back of his head. “Not everything pretty boy. You still haven’t set up the seating arrangement.”

Keeping a tight grip on Brad, Roadhog dragged him into the circular booth. Zarya followed soon after with Layla in tow, pushing her right up against Brad. With the two bar

owners in place, Zarya and Roadhog pushed them down until they were laid out face up along the cushion.

“There we go, much better,” Zarya said, shuffling her way into the booth.

“Hope their cooking is better than their lies,” Roadhog said, shoving his hefty form into the opposite side of the booth.

The two heavy soldiers met in the middle, pressing muscle and fat against one another.

“So which one do you want?” Roadhog asked as he shook his butt back and forth.

“Either you get smothered by his fat or feel my rock hard butt cheeks against your pathetic faces,” Zarya added.

The bar owners opened their mouths to respond only to receive a pair of gas blasts to keep the quiet.

“How about we just take turns?” Roadhog suggested. “I’m sure these perverts want everything we can give them.”

“Probably so,” Zarya agreed. “However, I want another go at the little woman. You don’t mind do you?”

“Not at all. I’ve been looking forward to giving pretty boy’s hair another makeover.”

With their decision made, Zarya and Roadhog sat down on their victim of choice. Any hope of movement or escape was worthless underneath the overwhelming weight. Despite getting the very thing they wanted, it didn’t stop Brad and Layla’s bodies from futilely struggling against their gassy captors.

“To a wonderful evening,” Zarya said, holding up a mug of beer.”

“I’ll drink to that,” Roadhog replied, clinking his glass against hers.

Upon putting the mugs to their lips, Zarya and Roadhog graced their living seat cushions with a pair of sputtering farts. Between the barrage of gas, Layla and Brad could hear the Overwatch members digging into the bounty that had been set out for them. The sounds of ravenous eating coincided with the moaning and groaning of their bellies as they prepared the next round of farts.

“This chicken is pretty good,” Roadhog commented. “Could use a little more spice though,” he added, gracing Brad with a warm fart that turned the enclosed space into a hot box.

“And I wish you had chosen a better beer,” Zarya said, adding to the mix with a vibrating fart of her own. “You want to eat up all our farts and yet you give us such a lousy meal.”

Muffled complaints came from below, only to be silenced by another barrage of gas from the heavy rears. Left to stew beneath the gassy rears, Brad and Layla found themselves sinking further into a miasma of foul air. Involuntarily Brad attempted to squirm out, only to have Roadhog slam back down on him with a short, but powerful gas blast.

“Stop trying to fight it scrawny ones,” Zarya said, shoving a sausage in her mouth as a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRTT came slapping out of her rear. “Just lay back and enjoy our stench.”

Roadhog joined with a loud BRRRRAAAAAAP of his own. “What she said. Not like you can do much anyway.”

“Maybe it’s time to switch up? I want another go at showing this little man what a real woman feels and smells like.”

“Sure thing. Don’t think the lady got enough of my fat ass the first time.”

Squeezing their hefty forms past one another, they left behind a lingering gas cloud before swapping victims. Using the bar owners' coughing fit as an opening, they sat back down to shower them with another mouthful of gas.

Zarya wobbled her ass cheeks against Brad, mirroring the same movement as Roadhog to ensure they were wedged deep between their butt cracks. "Like he said. No need to hide your freaky fetish. Just sit back and enjoy everything your sick bodies have been yearning for."

Slamming her fist against the table, Zarya let fly with all the gas she had in reserve to pump into Brad's lungs. Already going numb at the smell and sound, Layla was left completely unprepared as Roadhog added his own explosive fart to the mix. For a solid minute the bar was filled with the prolonged release of gas, petering out with a final squeak from Zarya's rear.

"What the hell did you eat?" Roadhog asked, waving away the noxious cloud that had drifted into his face.

"Same thing as you," she replied, seemingly unfazed by the massive gas bomb. "What about you two? Are you enjoying our farts?"

Noticing a distinct lack of movement or complaining, Zarya shuffled out of her seat. As Roadhog squeezed out of the booth, Zarya got a good look at the limp bodies of Brad and Layla. The slow rise and fall of their chests let them know they were still alive and the look of serenity on their faces conveyed the pleasure they had felt during the barrage.

"What do we do with them?" Roadhog asked.

Zarya let out a laugh. "Make them work for it." Reaching out, she gave soft slaps to their cheeks. "Wake up now or we're leaving."

"N-no please," Layla begged.

"We...we'll do whatever you want," Brad added.

“Good boy,” Zarya said, running her fingers through his fart swept hair. “I want the two of you to open your mouths wide and don’t close them no matter what. Understood?” Upon receiving a pair of enthusiastic nods, Zarya motioned for Roadhog to rejoin her in the booth.

“We giving them the usual?” Roadhog asked, grabbing his butt cheeks and spreading them out as he hovered over Brad’s face.

“Of course,” Zarya answered, copying Roadhog’s motion to allow Layla to gaze into her butt crack. “I can’t think of a better way to reward this pathetically perverted couple.”

Straining themselves and turning their faces red, the pair of heroes unleashed their unhindered gas onto their victims. The foul air seeped into their very beings, simultaneously disgusting and pleasuring their twisted brains.

“Yes that’s right,” Zarya shouted over the constant flatulence. “Swallow every drop of our filthy farts.”

“It’s what you deserve,” Roadhog added, pinching his butt cheeks around Layla’s face to ensure she didn’t miss a single fart. “Just lay there like the pieces of useless trash you are and enjoy your treat.”

With the last of their gas sputtering out, Roadhog and Zarya stopped to quench their parched throats with more beer. Settling onto their living cushions, they shared another toast. “I’m fine with hanging out here for a bit and having some more fun with our hosts. You got anything to do tonight?”

“Just teaching these scrawny ones what a real hero can do,” Roadhog replied, his own squeaky fart rebounding off of Layla’s face bring a round of laughter to the two Overwatch members.

Drinking and eating to their hearts' content, the pair didn't notice Brad and Layla give into their new positions. They relaxed under the comforting feeling of hundreds of pounds of fat and muscle constantly being pushed against their faces. Left to gorge themselves on a never ceasing cloud of flatulence and demeaning comments, they let themselves fall into the strangely comforting grasp of the gassiest rears in Overwatch.