

After the unfortunate collaboration with Alastor, Vox was too tired to care about anything anymore. He decided to go out for a walk to unwind and calm down.

Just as Vox was approaching the elevator, he encountered the other Vs. Valentino and Velvette were walking from the opposite end of the hall, discussing something amongst themselves. After noticing Vox, those two had smirks appearing on their faces.

“Why are you grinning?”, - Vox asked gloomily.

“Oh no reason~”, - Valentino drawled.

“We just saw your last program, that’s all”, - Velvette said, blunt as ever: “Nice show you put on there, Vox!”.

“A roaring success!”, - Valentino added: “Of your ass!”

With those words, the pimp demon finally snorted loudly with laughter. Velvette joined in, and both doubled over, holding onto each other and laughing like hyenas. Vox gave them a murderous glare, digital blush colouring his facial screen.

“I’ll tell you the same thing I told that radio fucker”, - he spoke slowly, his left eye twitching: “You may be laughing now. But when YOU BOTH get bloated, I’ll be the one laughing at you!”, - he yelled, his voice gaining a thick TV filter.

“Nah, not gonna happen to me”, - Velvette boasted proudly, flicking her hair: “You heard what was said about this disease on the news! It didn’t affect all demons in Pentagramm city!”.

Vox raised one eyebrow: “And you’re so confident that you’re gonna be unaffected forever... because?”.

“Because it’s been a while, and I’m still fine, dumbass!”, - Velvette replied, then pointed at Valentino: “He’s fine too!”. Valentino looked proud at that statement.

Velvette continued to speak: “I guess we are proof that there are demons with stronger stomachs! And we are the ones that disease won’t strike down”. Having made her point, she proceeded to get distracted by tapping her phone screen.

“True”, - Valentino added: “That matters, Voxy~”.

“Hmph, I don’t buy it”, - Vox said, crossing his arms: “We’ll just wait and see if you are as lucky as you think”.

“Aw, just don’t get all grumpy because you’re the unlucky one, sugar”, - Valentino cooed, stroking the lower edge of Vox’s facial screen with his fingers. The TV host frowned and turned away.

Valentino declared: “Well! I want to treat myself to WackDonald’s! Who’s with me?”.

“I’ll go!”, - Velvette raised her hand, beaming like an excited child.

“Me too...”, - Vox muttered, still offended by his friends’ mockery but feeling like he deserved a reward after such a stressful day.

“Splendid!”, - Valentino clapped his hands and pushed the button to call the elevator.

“Val, are you sure it’s safe to get in the elevator with Vox?”, - Velvette said, giggling at the TV host, but then switched to a more serious tone: “Because I’d rather not sniff his farts while we’re in!”.

Valentino minded her words and threw a suspicious glance in Vox’s direction: “Hmmm, actually, yes. Voxy, would you mind using the stairs?”.

“Don’t worry”, - Vox rolled his eyes: “I farted everything out when destroying my fucking studio. My guts are empty right now”.

“Okay, maybe that is so...”, - Velvette commented, pointing at Vox: “Actually, after what I’ve seen on TV, I’m kinda surprised you can walk after that last fart”.

Valentino chuckled as Vox covered his face in dismay and whispered: “Shut up...”.

“Fine, we’ll take your word for it, Voxy”, - Valentino said, an ominous hint prominent in his jaunty voice: “But keep in mind, if you fart on us in the elevator, I’ll gladly back arch throw you right onto the asphalt once we are all out~”.

“I heard you...”, - Vox rolled his eyes again.

The three entered the elevator. It was going well as they passed two floors. And then a disturbingly loud crash resounded, making all the Vs flinch. The lights flickered, and the elevator stopped dead in its tracks.

“What the fuck?”, - Valentino yelled, throwing his four arms up and almost smacking his companions with them: “Ah come on! Why did it have to stop NOW, of all the times?!”.

To make matters worse, a disturbing sound could suddenly be heard in the tight space of the elevator. It was a growling of a stomach.

“Alright, who’s stomach is that?”, - Valentino asked in a harsh voice.

“Not mine”, - Vox said calmly: “I’m out of gas, remember?”.

“And why should I believe you?”, - Valentino growled at him: “I swear to Satan, Vox....”.

At that moment, both men heard a bassy windy fart being released. The sound came from between them. Vox and Valentino looked down at Velvette who stood still with raised stiff shoulders. Her face was slowly turning pink.

“Seriously now?”, - Vox said, unamused.

“I... It’s not... I can explain!”, - Velvette mumbled, rubbing her wrists. Her stomach growled again, worsening the situation.

“Velvette...”, - Valentino started to fume: “If you had gas, why didn’t you say so BEFORE WE ENTERED THE ELEVATOR?!”.

“I didn't have gas back then!”, - Velvette shouted back at him, breaking under Valentino’s pressure: “I don’t know where it fucking came from!”.

The air in the elevator quickly soured, reeking of spoiled vegetables and milk. Valentino started coughing and acting like he was being choked. Because of that, Velvette felt even more embarrassed and half-covered her face with a palm.

Vox managed to remain calm. He only grimaced and fanned the air near his face: “Some weapon of mass destruction you’ve got in your ass, Vel”.

“You’re one to talk”, - Velvette talked back, clenching her fists and glaring at him: “Remind me, why did your today’s program fail again?”. Another windy fart burst out of her ass.

“Fine, you got me there. I AM no better”, - Vox put a hand up in defense and then smiled: “Welcome to the gassy club, girlie. Enjoy your stay”.

“If I’m not making it out of this elevator alive”, - Valentino groaned, resting dramatically against the wall: “Promise me that you’ll publish my browser search history for every fucker in hell to see. I want them all to suffer as much as I’m suffering now”.

“Sick bitch...”, - Vox rolled his eyes at Valentino’s weird behavior and then looked at Velvette: “I think he’s high on your gas already”.

“Stop monkeying around, Val!”, - Velvette said with irritation: “My gas doesn’t smell that bad!”.

Valentino abruptly tore himself off the wall and towered over Velvette: “Well it doesn’t exactly smell like flowers either!”, - he hissed angrily into her ear.

Silence fell in the elevator, both Vs staring sharply at Velvette - Vox with indifference and Valentino with fury. Her gaze darting from one man to another in return,

Velvette slowly reached for her phone with hands that felt numb, took it out of the pocket, and then frantically dialed the emergency technicians' number. As she did that, a bassy fart slipped out of her tush, making her whisper some profanities under her breath.

In a few seconds, she was yelling at the technicians, demanding that they fix the problem “this instant”. Valentino held his nose, trying to take breaths as small as possible and Vox simply leaned against the wall, tapping his foot and staring at the ceiling.

“Why are you so okay with this stench?”, - Valentino complained, looking at him: “What is wrong with you?”.

Vox huffed: “I spent time in a studio filled with my own gas a few minutes ago, Val. Something like that’s guaranteed to change one’s views. By the way, I thought you’d actually happen to enjoy someone’s gas. Considering how many crazy kinks you’ve got”.

“Well guess what?! I’m not obliged to have every fucking kink in the world!”, - Valentino whispered in anger before turning away: “Especially not something this disgusting”.

Meanwhile, Velvette finished her call and grumbled: “Hey, I’d really appreciate it if you both kept your traps shut while I’m talking to someone on the phone!... Also, I need to break major wind now”. She patted her rounded belly

that was growling loudly from all the gas that had collected in there.

“Please don’t?”, - Valentino pleaded: “I can’t take any more of this!”.

At that moment Vox unexpectedly let loose a dirty wet fart, adding the smell of his gas to Velvette’s. As other Vs looked at him in surprise, he shrugged his shoulders: “Well shit, my winds are back it seems... I’m not sure my pants will be alright down there with that wetness”.

“Vox!!! You promised!”, - Valentino wailed.

Much to Valentino’s horror, Velvette said: “If Vox already cut one, I don’t see the reason for me to hold back! Get ready for a gas attack from me, boys!”.

“No, no, no! Don’t make it worse!...”, - Valentino protested, but his pleas fell on deaf ears as Velvette leaned forward and unleashed a 4-second fart, feeling her ass vibrate from how strong it was.

“What the fuck?”, - she gasped: “That was so loud!”.

“No shit”, - Vox said in shock: “I’m sure the elevator’s rope could have snapped from that one!”. Velvette blushed and looked down awkwardly.

Valentino squeaked and huddled himself up in a corner as if he was attacked by a wild bear. His vain attempt to avoid the combination of Vox's and Velvette's gases was futile, and they surrounded him in a thick merciless fog. The moth demon fell to his knees, whimpering hoarsely.

After a few minutes of Valentino suffering and the other Vs being silent, the elevator's doors finally opened.

"Huh?", - Velvette blinked and then huffed: "About time those morons fixed this thing! I swear, if the elevator ever breaks down again, I'll kill them with my own hands!".

Valentino, teary-eyed, looked at the exit and rushed out with the speed of a hurricane, almost knocking the other Vs over.

"Air!", - he yelled out, startling everyone who was in the hall: "Sweet fresh air! Oh how I fucking missed it!", - he fell to his knees, clutching his chest as other Vs simply watched him, tired of the moth man's behavior.

"The epitome of theatrics", - Vox nudged Velvette, throwing a pointy glance at Valentino. Despite the uncomfortable situation, she couldn't help but nod and giggle. At that moment a bubbly fart slipped out of her behind, and she winced, still hating her newly found gassy nature.

“Hope you learned your fucking lesson, Vel”, - Vox raised his eyebrow at her: “Don't count your chickens before they're hatched. Or rather, your gas before it bubbles inside and rips out”.

“Ew, Vox!”, - Velvette said, pouting: “Gross wording!”.

“You deserve it for laughing at me earlier, bitch”, - Vox dabbed at her chest with his finger. To that she slapped his hand away hard, making the man shout “Ow!” in pain.

“You fucking maniacs!”, - Valentino picked himself up from the floor and walked up to them: “I'll NEVER forgive you both for doing this to me!”.

“Simmer down already!”, - Vox said: “You can have revenge when you get gassy like us~”. To accentuate his words, he swung his leg to the side slightly and ripped a long airy fart.

“Ew! We'll just see about that”, - Valentino retorted, fixing his fluffy collar: “Looks like I'll be left the only V who's not farting all over the hell!”.

Right after the moth demon said that his belly growled loudly. Simultaneously, Vox and Velvette said “Ooooooh!~” and started laughing.

“See? It's already coming!”, - Vox jeered.

“Are you about to join us, Vally?”, - Velvette cooed, leaning towards Valentino.

“Fuck NO!”, - Valentino said, his eye twitching: “My stomach is growling because I’m HUNGRY! I was never planning to get stuck in the elevator with your idiots for so long!”.

“Wonder how come you still got your appetite after what just happened”, - Velvette inquired, a taunting beam on her face. Vox supported her with a toothy beam of his own directed at the pimp demon.

Valentino threw one last pissed-off look at them both and stormed off, heading for the building’s exit.

Vox hugged Velvette around the shoulders with one arm, and they both followed the moth demon, chuckling along the way.