

Valentino has been feeling weird cramps in his belly since the morning. He decided to just wait until they went away and get on with what had to be done.

So now, Angel is locked in one of Valentino's offices – a tight room in a distant hall, where no one can hear them. Valentino himself is towering above the spider demon and walking around him. Angel does his best not to wince openly every time the pimp's hands are feeling him up.

"More than ninety years, and you're still doing a great job of keeping up with your diet!", - Valentino praised: "No sign of gaining excessive weight whatsoever~".

Angel, knowing full well that he never even tried to put actual work into looking slim, rolled his eyes when Valentino wasn't looking.

"And with how you were spraying the whole studio with your gas yesterday, you're perfectly fit for acting in a new line of films for fart fetishists!", - Valentino announced: "We'll start tomorrow right away~".

At that moment a long bubbly fart emerged out of Angel's buttocks, making them tremble, which could easily be seen from under the edge of his extremely short skirt. The spider demon blushed, not liking that his body did that in front of the demon he hated the most.

Valentino, who stood behind him, suddenly felt a pang of interest in that outburst. His gaze fixated quite firmly on Angel's gassy ass. The pimp quickly snapped out of it, though, and internally reminded himself that he was not supposed to like farts. Not at all.

"Well, isn't that just wonderful?", - Valentino cooed with an artificial sweetness that made Angel want to die: "Your belly is in perfect condition to get our viewers wanking off like crazy~".

A surge of pain shot through the pimp's lower body, so unexpected and harsh, that he almost yelped. While Angel was standing there, thinking

about something, Valentino shakily rubbed his stomach through the wings, trying to calm it down.

And then the spider demon turned around to look at the pimp. Valentino jerkily removed the hand from his stomach and frowned with irritation.

“Uh, mister Valentino... sir?”, - Angel said in a hoarse voice.

Valentino didn't say anything to that. He just narrowed his eyes questioningly at the spider, and with that, uncomfortable tension appeared in the room. Another jitter ran through the pimp's guts, making it hard not to grimace.

“A porn star's reputation is what matters most... right?”, - Angel asked.

“Right”, - Valentino said coldly: “So?”.

“Well”, - Angel gulped: “What if... My usual sex routine doesn't sell well after everyone will see me farting?”.

To that, Valentino laughed loudly: “Oh, Angie! Don't talk crap! Your reputation hinges on the image of a DEGENERATE. A degenerate, who'll do anything to please EVERYONE in ANY way!”. He laughed more in a condescending manner before advancing on Angel and growling: “I have a feeling that you are trying to worm your way out of your job responsibilities!”.

Angel paled and put hands in front of himself in defense: “N-no! I didn't mean it like that! I was just worrying.. that...”. The spider demon had no idea he chose the worst moment to reason with his boss since the latter's stomach discomfort made him even angrier.

“I do all the worrying around here!”, - Valentino shouted, pointing at his chest with a thumb and then shoving his index finger onto Angel's forehead: “While you do your fucking job! Do not forget your place and do NOT question me, you stupid slut! Because I....”.

As Valentino was saying that, he felt the pain in his stomach disappear with something forming in his bowels and shooting out in the form of a ripe long fart. He lowered his hands, listening to a stream of noisy vapours shooting out of his butt. Angel stood motionlessly too, trying to comprehend that.

When the fat blast ended, Valentino made an effort to ignore what had happened and raised his finger to shove it at the spider demon's chest again: "Because I....!".

A short loud fart burst out of the pimp, interrupting him. It seemed that his guts were far from finished. Angel began to see the humour in how baffled his boss looked with glasses slipping and antennae lowering, and couldn't help letting out a small giggle. He instantly regretted that when Valentino gave him a venomous glare.

"Because I fucking own you, you little bitch!", - the pimp yelled at the top of his lungs, making Angel cower and the windows in the office rattle. It felt satisfying to have finally finished that sentence. But then another bubbly report roared out of Valentino's behind.

"What's with all this fucking gas?!", - the moth demon cried out, flinging up his hands: "Oh, for fuck's sake...". He rubbed his face with a palm, already imagining how the other Vs will react to the arrogant pimp that ridiculed them for their gassiness, being humbled with the disease too.

By that time, all the gas he let out had permeated across the room. Valentino could smell it, the rotten combination that stunk like pickles and eggs. He also heard Angel gag and turned to look at him. The spider demon was openly retching and trying to waft Valentino's exhaust away from his face.

"F-fuck.... Val...", - Angel choked out, too focused on how much his sinuses suffered to think rationally: "With gas like that, you're a better model for those fart tapes".

“Oh, shut up!”, - Valentino shouted. His belly gurgled, obviously getting filled with a large amount of gas in such a short time.

And then the moth demon got a very wicked idea popping up in his mind. He had a vile evil grin spread across his face. Valentino chuckled darkly, fixing his glasses and approaching Angel coquettishly. He took the spider demon’s chin and tugged it forward, bringing Angel close to him in a way that the latter’s chest bumped straight into his fluffed collar.

“What the fuck did you just say to me?”, - Valentino hissed in Angel’s face: “Angie, you’re lucky the opportunity to sell your new tapes is so gold that I haven’t smashed your dumb skull into the wall yet! Have to keep you a nice and healthy gassy boy for tomorrow~”.

His deranged cooing made Angel alert once more and his blood ran cold. “But you need a lesson in manners badly!”, - Valentino continued to speak: “So how about we get to just that!”.

He grabbed Angel by his collar and threw him on the sofa. The hard landing made the spider demon whimper, but then it got worse - Valentino’s massive body was placed right on top of him. Angel’s protests were smothered when Valentino pinned his hands down.

Then the pimp rolled his hips to rub his tush straight into Angel’s face.

“Ah, got you in the perfect fart-sniffing position, little toy~”, - Valentino cheered. He was beginning to feel something akin to excitement – he had always loved facesitting someone. The sense of domination and forcing someone to nuzzle his sweaty asscrack was practically drugging him. And now, the helpless victim could only let out muffled cries.

“And I’ve got just the perfect first one for you to try”, - Valentino said, eager to evacuate all the gas that was boiling inside of him: “It’s about to come out! Are you ready, Angie?~”.

Angel yelled into his ass and tried to wiggle out of his grasp once again, making the sadistic pimp beam even wider. “Of course, you are~”, -

Valentino said in a sultry voice. He pushed, and the first bassy fart came out strong, blowing in Angel's face like a windstorm.

The smell, barging straight through Angel's nostrils, felt a hundred times more putrid than when it was spread across the room's space. The spider demon felt like he was about to throw up, his face turning green. He desperately tried to hold his breath, but since he didn't have enough air in his lungs before that, it only made him feel worse.

"That felt so fucking good", - Valentino groaned: "Are you enjoying this, you son of a bastard?". He rubbed his ass harshly against Angel's face, catching the spider demon off guard and making him whimper again.

Valentino waited for the next bout of gas to accumulate in his colon and ripped a windy one, just as strong as the previous one. Since Angel couldn't hold his breath anymore, he had no choice but to choke the pimp's nasty gas down and burn his throat. His pitiful moans and muffled whining were like music to the pimp's ears.

"This is how you torture someone with your nethers correctly. You do the exact same thing to your partners tomorrow, you got it?", - Valentino told Angel haughtily. He then cocked his leg with an impish smirk. That allowed a small poot to break out of his buttcrack and hit the spider's face again.

"Oh, yeah~", - the moth demon moaned sweetly. Valentino could not miss how majorly turned on he was by torturing Angel like that.

"What's the matter, Angie? Can't handle a little piquant smell?", - Valentino teased before effortlessly expelling a series of rumbly reports all over Angel's face.

Brrrrpt

"I hope it stinks real bad for you down there! Hnnnggg...".

Brrrrpt

"That's what you get for running you cum eating mouth too much - ..."

BRAAAAPT

“...you do that, and you eat my smelly gas! That’s how it’s going to be from now on~”.

brpt

Angel lost track of time. With every bellowing wave of flatus being blown up his nose, he slipped further and further away from reality. He could vaguely tell that Valentino’s wings got wet where they covered his ass. Must have been sweat drenching them from all the hot gas trapped beneath Valentino.

Angel realized that the pimp finally got off of him when the lamp’s bright light rushed into his blurred vision. The spider demon quickly sat up, retching and trembling in agony, his lungs so full of Valentino’s methane that it physically hurt. Valentino meanwhile laughed at his pained state.

He didn’t give the spider demon much time to recover, grabbing him by the chin again and asking: “Well now? After a punishment like this, will you act like an annoying bitch from now on?”.

“N-no!”, - Angel stammered in fear, barely able to speak: “I w-won’t! A-and I’ll do anything you’ll tell me to!”.

“Just don’t plant your shitty smelly fucking ass on me again!”, - he pleaded in his thoughts.

“What a good boy!”, - Valentino mocked, patting Angel’s head: “It’s always such a pleasure to discipline you~”.

The pimp then bared his teeth and hissed darkly: “Now get the fuck out of my sight!”.

The panting and gulping spider demon frantically rushed towards the door and stumbled out into the hall, happy to avoid spending any more minutes in the office filled with Valentino’s gas.

“That pussy gets on my nerves a bit too much lately”, - Valentino sighed, rubbing his temples and then switched to a happier voice, shrugging: “But he’s still one of my top stars, so.... As long as I get to have fun putting him in his place, it’s all fine and dandy!”.

He sat down in his armchair. Suddenly his belly gurgled again.

“Hmmm, again?”, - Valentino mumbled: “Fuck, this room stinks a lot already as it is...!”.

The pimp lifted his legs, spread his pants-clad cheeks with both arms and let more of the clustered gas out, enjoying the breeze blowing out of his ass with a raspy noise. He then relaxed in his seat with a sigh and took a few small sniffs of the new portion of his winds that got added to the toxic mist in the room.

“Being gassy is not quite as bad as I thought”, - Valentino purred to himself, stroking his collar with fingers thoughtfully.