

## May The Farts Be With You

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# May The Farts Be With You

by [FetishStories](#)

## Summary

Not tagging this properly cause I'm terrified of shippers. Are they even still a thing? The Force Awakens is almost a decade old, are they still around? I dunno, I'll play it safe lol.

Taking place after the Rise of Skywalker, a movie I have not seen, we follow a man and a woman - yes the man dies, don't worry about it, he didn't in this world. And the woman can't stop farting, and the guy likes it. It's Star Wars, it's fart stuff, you get it.

Rey Skywalker was no stranger when it came to working up a sweat on a desert planet, and while the two suns of Tatooine did pack a bit more punch than Jakku's single celestial body, it was nothing she couldn't handle.

She wafted the neck of her tunic a few times to cool herself as she walked around the exterior of the Millennium Falcon, running a hand along it as she turned the corner to find someone slightly less acclimated to life on a desert planet.

"Up you get, we've still got plenty of work to do today." Rey smirked as she stepped in front of a sitting Ben Solo. She was silhouetted against the sun with her hands on her hips, before extending one out to him.

"I was afraid you'd say that." He sighed, taking her hand and pulling himself up to his feet.

"Oh, come now. I want to start working on the inside anyhow so you won't have to worry about a little heat."

"This is a little?" Ben questioned, scoffing.

"It's not that bad." Rey admonished, giving her partner a little tap on the arm before heading back to the Falcon's entrance ramp. Ben took a moment to wait behind, watching as Rey walked away.

"No it is not..." He commented under his breath, watching the way the Jedi's hips shook in her formerly-baggy pants. The two round cheeks stretched the white fabric out taut, leaving little to the imagination as it perfectly outlined her ass - it looked like the crack had swallowed her pants up.

Rey had never exactly been flat but the moisture farmers must have been putting something in the water on Tatooine because the young woman had ballooned out in the best way possible. She had gone from having a pert rear to two phat mounds of fat that jiggled so perfectly when she walked it was like a Jedi mind trick.

"I'll drag you in here if I have to!" Rey called out, snapping Ben back to reality as he cleared his throat and followed.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" Words he would be repeating by the end of the day.

As he walked up the entrance ramp, he cursed himself for taking so long and missing the chance to trail behind Rey as she went up an incline. Call him a pervert but he reserved the right to love his girlfriend however he chose to, and it so happened that sometimes manifested in a deep desire to perv over her backside.

"About time." Rey chuckled, hip checking a mini-fridge shut as she took a quick swig of a freshly-opened carton of blue milk, sighing with satisfaction as she wiped her lips after.

"You drink too much of that stuff and you'll turn into a Bantha." Ben used snark as a cover for his real feeling, as a matter of fact he didn't mind that Rey drank blue milk like it was

going out of style at all. There was one aspect of it he *really* enjoyed.

*grgggl*

“Ah, bloody hell, already starting.” Rey stopped in place, scrunching up her face and lifting a cheek up as she shamelessly let rip a fat dairy fart.

***FFRRRRPPPPPBBBBBBTTTTTT!!!***

It echoed through the many tight corridors of the Falcon, flapping out wetly from between Rey’s cheeks. She gave her behind a quick wave and then strolled past Ben as if she didn’t just unleash an unholy smell of rotted cheese and spoiled milk all over the kitchen area of the ship.

“Starting to smell like a Bantha too.” Ben laughed externally, but on the inside he was burning up. For whatever reason, there was something about his girlfriend acting so uncouth and foul that turned him on like nothing else - and nothing got him going more than when she farted like that.

Of course he could never tell her that, he had no doubt he’d be laughed off the planet if he did, but when he was sure she wasn’t paying attention...

Ben took a sly step into the gas cloud, closing his eyes and taking a deep inhale. It was nothing short of a dumpster-level stench. Not just from the effects of dairy on Rey’s lactose intolerant stomach but also every meal she had eaten recently all mixed together and spit out in a repulsive facsimile of what it once smelled like.

He just imagined her, bent over in her tight white pants, ripping ass as shamelessly as an Eopie. She’d call out to him. “Come closer, Ben. I want you to smell this, Ben. I’ve stuffed myself stupid full of cheeses and meats and cake, Ben...”

“Ben...”

“Ben!” Once again he had to be jolted out of his horny spell, the tall man suddenly standing up straight and turning to face the unimpressed woman.

“You do know that I just farted there, right?” She asked rhetorically - he could’ve been halfway across the planet and he’d have heard it.

“Yes, obviously. Of course. And it reeks.” He assured, stepping closer to Rey and out of the fermenting cloud of odor she had left moments prior.

“Then what were you doing in the middle of it?” That was the impossible-to-answer question he was hoping she wouldn’t ask.

“Ah, I was just... trying to... check something.”

“You are an odd man, Ben Solo.” Rey grinned and shook her head. “Now come, I need some help up in the cockpit, I don’t think some of these parts have been swapped out since before you were born.”

“Actually, I think I might go for a little... walk. Just get some fresh air.” He said, despite the fact that he wanted the exact opposite. “But tomorrow, hey, I’ll be right back here to help. Promise.”

Before Rey could say another word, he was off. And she was left there as confused as she was when the conversation started.

“Still don’t know what he wanted over here.” She spoke aloud as she followed his steps over into the odored kitchenette, nose turning up. “Eugh... maybe I do drink too much blue milk.”

*grggggllll*

**FRRRBBBBBPPPPPPLLABBPPPPPTTTT!!!**

“Crap... make that definitely.” Rey winced, her ass roaring out another thick fart into the poor punished nook. It made the last one seem downright fragrant, old cheese was certainly better than the rotting garbage she just exhaled through her rear. She reached back and wafted her hand back and forth as fast as she could, doing anything possible to disperse the thick cloud of stench - she did still intend to eat her dinner there after all and the last thing she needed was a lingering fart ruining her appetite.

Rey continued around the ship completing odds and ends as the day progressed, knowing that Ben would have been back at the hotel he was staying at in the nearest city already. It was productive but admittedly boring doing it by herself, no one to banter with or bounce ideas off of. The one levity she had that night was the occasional **FRRRPPPPPTTTT** rumbling out of her ass, although her smiles were often cut short once she caught a whiff and then had to quickly duck into the next room.

Eventually the twin suns set and the crop dusting of the Falcon had to come to an end, at least for today. Rey yawned and stretched as she retired to the sleeping quarters of the ship, scratching up and down on one of her thick cheeks as she face planted down onto the bed. It had been a long day so she knew she’d be out shortly. She laid there with her ass pointed up in the air.

**PPPHBBBBLLLLAARRRPPPPPTTTT!!!**

She sighed brazenly, as one would after such a satisfying release. It rumbled through the bedroom, knocking trinkets off shelves and shifting anything not bolted down. She knew she’d have to clean it up tomorrow but she didn’t care at this point, she was too exhausted to do anything but lay down and unleash olfactory hell.

“Smells like...” Rey mumbled into her pillow before trailing off, unable to find the energy to even compare her foul flatulence to anything else. It smelled awful, that was the crux of it.

The brunette remained still for a moment as she let the thought ruminate in her mind. Her gas truly did smell absolutely terrible... So why was Ben actively walking into it before? She

tossed one way, then turned the other, before she groaned and sat up again. She needed an answer, but she wasn't going to get one by asking him directly.

Luckily for her, the force had many ways to get information out of anyone, especially someone you share a force-bond with. Sitting up in bed, Rey closed her eyes and began to focus - if they could meet this way across the galaxy then across a single planet should be child's play.

"There you are..." Rey spoke to no one in particular as she quickly found herself before a sleeping Ben. The other times they had force-bonded, both parties were awake. This time however, things were different. Rey was conscious before the snoozing man, giving her free reign to poke and prod for anything she wanted to know.

Was it exactly moral? Certainly not, but she wasn't exactly using it for nefarious means.

"Tell me the truth..." She continued to focus, reaching out a hand to tune her force powers directly onto Ben. She wasn't quite prepared for what she saw. It was memories of her... and her ass. Side glances, full on gawks, it was like he had catalogued everytime he had ever seen it.

"Goodness, maybe I am getting a little fat." Rey was taken aback at just how large it looked in his head (and in reality). Things only got more shocking to her when she accessed the truly deep portions of Ben's kinky mind.

***FRRRPPPPPPPPBBBBTTTTTT!!***  
***PBbbBbbBBbbLLOORRRRPPPPBBBBTTTT!!!***  
***SSSPPPLLAABBBBBBPPPPTTTT!!!***

And so on. Rey winced at the last example, remembering the time she accidentally stained the whitest pair of pants she had. She had repressed that, he clearly hadn't.

She shook off the shame of that unfortunate day and refocused on the truly pressing matter: Ben actually liked her farts? That was about the only explanation for why someone would willingly walk right into them, every other person she knew would never dare jump into the toxic clouds like that. At least, not anyone with a working nose... and plenty without - she once saw BB-8 race out of the room after a particularly potent release.

It wasn't as if Rey was disgusted by the fact or anything, it was just the first time in her life someone had responded to her horrific gas with anything but disdain or illness. If anything, she wished Ben had the guts to tell her when they started seeing one another! Not that she was shy about her gas but she still held in so much more than she released around him.

Rey allowed the force-bond to break and she immediately found herself back in the Falcon, sitting up in her bed. It was always a little disorientating coming out of those, both mentally and-

***FRRRRPPPPBBBBLLAAPPPPPPPPP-PPBBBBBBB-PHBBBBBBTTTTTT!!!***

-physically. Rey winced slightly as she unleashed a chunky, warm blast into the bed she was currently making two round indents in. With the soft mattress squishing against the equally soft cheeks, two things happened. First, the sound was relatively muffled, at least comparative to how loud it would have been if Rey let it rip freely. Second, the power of the bomb was amplified as it reverberated through the bedding and spread all over the room, its area of effect stretching out over half of the ship now. It was monstrous, and now she knew the exact thing Ben would love to see (and smell) her do.

She went to sleep feeling invigorated, like tomorrow would bring a new step in their relationship.

Before Rey knew it, she was awoken by the buzzing of her alarm. The Jedi groaned as she sat up, rubbing her eyes and yawning before she flipped off her blanket - this was a mistake.

All of her sleep farts that had been collecting while she snored attacked their creator with the viciousness of a Rancor, shooting up her nose and spreading their foulness over every last nanometer. It was even more of a shock to her system than the beeping that woke her up.

“Oh, god, no...” Rey coughed and gagged at the odor. She was capable of some horrendous smells but nothing quite like this. It was like a dead womp rat was left to ferment in the dual suns on the hottest day of the year. She tried to not use the Force for matters as trivial as this but, well, when have her farts ever been *trivial* ?

Rey extended out her hand and pushed the stench away in the further corner of the bedroom, still holding her nose with the other hand to avoid any lingering stench as she crawled out of bed. It was a rude awakening, but it wouldn't dampen her spirits for long.

She rolled up into a sitting position on the side of the bed, heavily weighing down the mattress' centre as she continued to yawn and stretch and ***FFRRRRPPPPBBBBPPPPTTTT!!!*** shamelessly. She unleashed some beasts in the night but now it was time for her ass' morning shift to begin, and it was as productive as ever.

Standing up? ***PRPBBBBPPPPPPBBTTTT!!!***

Taking a step? ***BLBLBBBLBLLLORRRPPPTTTT!!!***

Realising her clothes absolutely reeked of sweat *and* farts?  
***SSSPPLLOORRRBBBBPPPPTTTT!!!***

“Goodness... that was wet.” She scoffed, reaching a hand back to check for any damage. It was thankfully dry (enough) but a trip to the bathroom was still in order - for a shower and a porcelain punishment.

It was around this time that Ben was arriving at the Falcon, about to take his first step up onto the ship when he was stopped right before footfall by a disgustingly loud ***SSSSSSKKKKPPPLLAABBBBBPPPPPPPTTOOSSHHH !!!!***

He decided he'd wait until she was done. The last thing he needed was to get all excited about her various stenches and have a repeat of the prior day's awkwardness.

It didn't take long, shockingly, before the loud sloppy plops ended and Rey gave her body a quick and much needed wash. Of course, it took mere moments after soaping up her crack before it would start to reek again but she wanted to at least put an effort in.

Before Ben's mind wandered too far back to the wet sounds he was hearing before, Rey stepped out of her ship. She was dressed in a fresh new tunic - questionably she opted to once again wear white even with her plan for the day - and her hair was halfway up as she walked out into the desert landscape.

"Oh, Ben! I didn't think you'd be here already." The brunette was startled, quickly laughing off her shock as she finished putting her hair into its usual three buns. "I was still getting ready but, I think we can get down to business early."

"Look, I just wanted to say I'm sorry about-"

"Upp!" Rey raised a single finger to silence the larger man, knowing she had all the cards now. "Not another word, you don't have to explain anything. I know all about what happened, and I want you to know one thing..." She waited for him to lean in before she struck, fists clenched and butt jutted out.

***PPBBLBLLLLARRRBBPPPPPTTTTTTTT!!!***

"Oh my- Rey!" Ben gasped, stepping back and turning away from the immediately thick cloud of fumes. "That is disgusting." He laughed to himself, because he wasn't wrong, it *was* foul.

"But you love it, right?" Five little words completely shattered Ben and froze him in place, eyes wide as he stared at Rey's smug expression. He never quite noticed before how even when staring at the woman head-on, he could see her fat asscheeks. It had gotten *big*.

"I don't- you can't- I- What?!" The flustered Solo stuttered out a laugh, looking anywhere but Rey's eyes. If he thought rationally he'd have likely put together right away that she used their bond to discover his dirty little secret. But when one is called out like that, the last thing they'll do is think rationally. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"C'mon now, Ben, don't make me make you admit it" Rey tsked, knowing she might have to use advanced tactics to get him to stop playing dumb. "You know you can't hide anything from me."

"I *know* that I am not interested in the horrible things that come out of your body." He wouldn't relent, even as his beautiful girlfriend took slow steps towards him until they were mere inches apart. Then, without a word, she spun around on her heel and immediately bent down to touch her toes. "H-Hey, wait, what if someone sees-" Before Ben could raise his very valid point, Rey struck.

***FFRRBBLBLLASSSPPPBBBBBTTTTTTTT !!!!***

"Ohhh, that hits the spot. Think I had an itch back there." Rey giggled cutely, a direct contrast to the Hutt-like sounds that had just roared out from between her pachyderm cheeks. They

wobbled aggressively against Ben's crotch, so hot and humid and nasally abhorrent that no erection could survive in its wake - even if it was cushioned between the fattest ass in the galaxy.

That is, of course, unless one was even more attracted to the fart than the ass that created it.

"Rey, you're- tch..." Ben winced his eyes shut, unable to even find words as his brain was so overrun with pleasure. He considered pinching himself to see if he was dreaming, but why would he ever want to wake up from this?

"I'm what?" Rey asked, looking over her shoulder with a deadly smirk, giving her hips little jumps to jiggle her cheeks against her boyfriend's crotch even more. "Gassy? Reeking? Totally and utterly disgusting? I'd take all three as a compliment."

"How did you- ggh!" Another attempt at forming words was ruined by Rey's giant wobbling backside as it gave a loud, firm clap against him now.

"You didn't exactly make it hard to tell something was wrong yesterday." She began, slowing her grinding to a painfully leisurely rub. "I felt bad about it but I knew I had to find out what was bugging you, so I used our bond while you slept."

"You what?!" Ben spat out, cutting himself off with another moan as one hand found its way sinking into one of Rey's doughy fat cheeks.

"Well, you were never going to tell me! I'm sorry for invading your privacy like that but just consider all the ways I can make it up to you now."

"I should be upset but... I'm listening." Ben knew it was wrong but the way Rey was shaking against him, he knew he wouldn't be able to stay remotely mad. And she *did* do it just to make him more comfortable.

"I think you can expect a lot more of this, and a lot more-"

***FFRRRPPPBLLLAASSSPPPPPPTTTTTTTT!!!***

"Unf- of that." Rey reached a hand back and slowly, tauntingly wafted it side to side. She knew he'd appreciate the absolute ineffectiveness of the action because it would only amplify just how massively disgusting her flatulence could be.

"And you don't feel embarrassed? Doing this? Or being with someone who's... you know." Ben started to get a bit bolder as he kneaded her asscheek and took his first few cautious whiffs of the tainted air.

"I'll admit, I think it's a bit strange. Usually when I let one like that out it sends people running for the hills. You're the first person I've met who doesn't seem terrified to be downwind of me."

"There's no place I'd rather be." He asserted, giving Rey's behind a firm slap which prompted even more vigorous jelly-type jiggles against his manhood.

“See, *that* embarrasses me more than any fart I’ve ever ripped.” Rey giggled through the blush that immediately took over her face.

“You know, I’ve always appreciated that in women. That shamelessness, that defiance against polite society. As long as I can remember, I’ve been attracted to the type of woman who spits in the face of standards and expectations.” He explained, in the most verbose and serious way possible.

“So basically, you like when a girl is nasty and isn’t afraid to cut a fart in front of anyone?” Rey translated for brevity. “I can’t say I’ve never been mortified after farting in front of someone I shouldn’t have but if you want me to be an unabashed Gamorrean slob for you, Ben, then your wish is my command.”

The brunette finally stood up straight and turned back to face her worked-up partner, still grinning at him - especially now that she could see his dumb lovestruck expression.

“When I lived on Jakku, there was no time to worry about being a proper girl. I don’t know if you’ve ever been-” He had but it was unlikely either wanted to dig into the circumstances of it. “-but it wasn’t exactly the best planet for keeping clean. I didn’t have a shower, a sink, not even a toilet. Living mostly alone like that, it got so easy to be nasty that I never learned how to be clean.”

Ben listened to Rey intently, every detail of her past life seeming specifically designed to reaffirm that she was in fact the woman of his dreams.

“Doesn’t help that basically anything there was to eat in that place went through me like a blaster. I’d swallow it and half a minute later it would get explosive.” She chuckled, looking back on her time as a scavenger with just a hint of fondness. “That is when there *was* anything to eat.” Of course she quickly reminded herself of just how hellacious it was.

“I’m sorry.”

“Oh, don’t be. You see what happens to me when I can stuff my face whenever I want to?” Any seriousness on Rey’s face vanished as she brought the mood all the way back up with a single trick. She lifted herself up onto her tippy toes before she dropped back down hard, crashing her two fat cheeks together like waves on Kamino.

From behind it looked like two soft, pillowy Hoths were colliding with one another and the sound it produced was loud enough to be a planetary impact. The sound of a whip cracking echoed through the desert for miles as Rey’s clap attested to just how mighty her ass could become on a proper diet.

“It’s like I can only gain weight back here.” Rey half-lamented, cupping under her two hefty Death Stars and making them bounce a few times. Each drop resulted in another deafening clap and another volley of fatty trembling that would outdo even the chin of a Gungan Ankura, “But anytime I feel even the slightest bit self conscience, now I can just think about how much you love it.”

*grggggllll*

“Speaking of things you love. Think that cup of blue milk I chugged after my shower is ready to play. Question is, are you?” Rey took Ben’s hand and practically dragged him up into the ship, making sure to shut the entrance ramp behind them to make sure they were sealed inside.

Before Ben could even realize what was happening, they were in Rey’s sleeping quarters. The Jedi on all fours on her bed, pointing her big round weapon right at him. That’s no moon - it’s a giant fat ass.

Her stomach continued its loud gurgles, clearly at the end of its rope and knocking angrily at Rey’s clenched backdoor. She was holding it in for a massive start, she just needed Ben in position.

“Get in here.” She ordered, pointing a finger at her crack before running it up and down, wedging her pants between the colossal mounds to further illustrate the perfect size and shape of her cheeks. “Your face, c’mon.”

It didn’t take any mind tricks for her boyfriend to obey.

Ben didn’t need to be asked twice before he kneeled down and stuffed his face right where Rey had instructed him to. His eyes poked out over the top of her enormous ass, taking in the wide expanse of white that filled the bottom half of his vision. It was like he was surrounded on all sides by stinking ass - and for all intents and purposes he was.

Before Rey could unleash her grand beginning, Ben was already sniffing at the gaseous residue left behind in her cavernous crack. He’d slide his nose up and down repeatedly like a podracer lapping around Mos Espa, ensuring he was getting a strong whiff of every possible inch.

Then, finally, it happened.

***PPPPRRRRBBBBBLLLLLAARRRRSSSSPPPPPBBBBBTTTTTTTTTT !!!***

An ungodly long, ungodly foul and ungodly powerful fart erupted into Ben’s face, still ship rattling even with his head plugging the hole. Ben felt his skeleton rattle from the Star Destroyer power Rey was blasting out her ass, making his body shiver and his knees weak.

Around the halfway mark of the mighty minute-and-a-half long fart, Ben couldn’t help himself and reached his large hands up and grip onto Rey’s phat ass. Within a millisecond of making contact, he was massaging the magnificent rear, parting and mashing the cheeks together against his face to further indulge his kink.

Each inhalation was worse than the last, more lung-destroying with its toxic, rotted dairy stench. If anything could grow on Tatooine, a fart like this would have been sure to kill it. Thankfully Ben was built a bit stronger than a weak shrub, but even for a man of his stature who actively enjoyed the agonizing smell, he hacked up more than once.

“You really are enjoying that, aren’t you?” Rey chuckled, looking over her shoulder at the clearly aroused man as he continued to shamelessly grope her rump. “Even when they’re as

bad as they are today, hm?” Expectedly, she didn’t get a response, just the sensation of even more fervent sniffing at her hole. “Just be careful you don’t regret it now.”

She gave a warning before starting to push out her next bomb, giving her hips a twist as the big bubble in her guts moved down her from her stomach to her colon. It struck quickly, without warning, a shockingly sneaky strike for an attack this massive.

**PPPPBBBBLLLLAAASSPPBBBB - BLLLORRRPPPP - PHBBBBBTTTTTTTT !!!!**

It came in three acts; a massive splattery start, a foghorn-esque droning middle and a sharp raspberry finale.

Each one stunk worse than the last, like Ben could smell the deep-fried gorg Rey had last night rotting in real time. His eyes were watering by the end of it, his nostrils singed hairless and his mouth coughing up farts everytime it opened. He looked like he was on the wrong end of a horrible torture but he had never been aroused more in his entire life. Each sniff of the rotten meat aroma only sunk Ben further into his pleasure-addled state.

“More...” Ben moaned out, voice muffled by the ass but still just audible to the Jedi he was worshipping.

“You sure? I don’t want you to pass out back there.” It wasn’t clear if Rey was genuinely concerned or just taunting him but either way Ben wasn’t dissuaded. Instead of words, he’d just moan into the dense rear and wiggle it approvingly - his way of saying “please yes”.

“Alright then, I’ll make sure you get every last drop of it.” Rey was about to do something she had secretly always wanted to ever since she learned she was Force-sensitive but never had the chance to... until now. She raised a hand and gave it a wave, closing her eyes to focus.

Ben wouldn’t have noticed at first but around his head there was an invisible bubble forming, securing itself around Rey’s hips. Inside its radius was the man’s head, his hands and Rey’s ass - it was clear which took up a majority of the tight space. With its impervious seal, there was no way for any fresh air left in the bedroom to make its way to Ben’s nose.

He was about to breathe in 100% flatulence.

**PPRRBBBBLLLLLLLLAARRRBBBBPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTT !!!!**

A beastly howl bellowed out from Rey’s ass, shooting directly into Ben’s face once more. At first he didn’t notice the growing lack of oxygen, he was close enough to her ass that he was used to this total methane exposure at first. But something strange happened, no matter how much he inhaled, the smell never seemed to dissipate. Not that Rey’s farts didn’t tend to linger but this was something else, like they were congealing in the Force bubble into some truly disgusting smog.

The stench seemed to intensify by the second too. It was already abstracted to the point that it wasn’t clear what one was even smelling beyond *stink* , but it was layering upon itself as the

toxic fumes swirled around their small container. Each breath got worse and worse, and this was just the beginning.

***PPPHBBBBLBLBLBbbBbBLLLAARRRbbBbPPPPPTTTTT !!!***

The follow-up came quickly, offering exactly what Ben wanted at that moment: a sloppy wet blast to make the fumes concentrating around him even worse. He put it together quickly, and he had never been more turned on in his life. Who else in the galaxy was capable of creating a dream come true like this? He was stuck in my place by the power of the Force, being forced himself to suck down what Rey was feeding him. Not that he minded, naturally.

From the outside, it was an interesting experience for Rey too. The small sized bubble served to block out much of the horrible wet sounds, making them sound almost normal in volume (nothing could be done about their length though). It wasn't just an auditory curiosity however, as Rey took in one of the stranger sights she'd ever seen.

While the Force is invisible, and as such the sphere holding her rear and Ben in was too, her gas was quickly growing opaque as she unleashed more and more. She'd noticed before on particularly potent days that whatever poor room was on the receiving end of her hotboxing would have the slightest green fog around it, but she chalked it up to her mind playing tricks.

Now there was no denying what she saw. Floating around Ben's head like the nastiest cloud imaginable, there was a darkening green miasma.

***FFBBLBLBBBBLLLAARRRRSSSSPPPPPHBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTT !!!***

And it just got even darker, shifting colors once again as Rey couldn't even hold her gas in at this point. Uncontrollable gallons of gas boomed out and fumigated the prison she had trapped her partner in. It was becoming so thick it bordered on chewable, her view of Ben becoming more obscured by fumes with each passing second.

***PPBBBBBBBBBbBBbBbbLLARRRRRFFBPPPPPTTTTT !!!***

And each passing fart, that would again mutate the color of the fart haze to a browner shade of green. By this point, the bubble was almost completely filled in with farts. It was visibly quaking, a sign that Rey should have expanded it out. Unfortunately Rey herself was in a state of ecstasy, meaning neither party was in any state to make a reasonable decision.

Rey's eyes were crossed as her butt belched up more fumes than even she thought possible. Mere seconds all that separated whole minutes of explosive gas. Her hole was on fire, working overtime to please both herself and Ben who was similarly overdosing on pleasure. He could hardly even find the brainpower to continue massaging her cheeks, hands just gripped tightly in place now as he snorted every farticle up.

***SSSPPPPLLLLLLUURRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT !!!!***

Things took a turn for the truly disgusting as Rey released her messiest sounding fart yet, and this was too much for even her mighty powers to withhold.

An enormous boom shook the Falcon as the bubble burst, and with it came an onslaught. All the brown gas that had been congested into the tight space was allowed to fly free. It shot out to fill every inch it could, blowing out the door of Rey's bedroom after filling it in mere seconds. Within moments, the entire interior of the Falcon was filled with a fart fog as dense as smoke.

Ben felt himself grow limp in all but one place, his hands slipping down the round cheeks and falling by his side as he collapsed onto his back with an overjoyed expression. Without either the strength or the Force keeping him in place, he was free from the gigabutt (albeit against his wishes). His chest heaved as he panted, trying to catch his breath but finding only Jedi gas filling his lungs.

Rey was equally slack as she collapsed flat on the bed, ass still up in the air. It was only just beginning to slow its jello-thick wobbling after the previous fart, audibly clapping and slapping against itself before coming to a stop as drawn out as any of her prior rips.

Unfortunately for Rey, she didn't have any time to catch her breath like Ben did. Just when she thought she might've been empty, a disgusting ***SPPPLLLLRRRTTTTTT !!!!*** blew out her behind, a harbinger or something more solid.

She clasped both hands over her crack and shot up onto her knees with an eep. It was one thing to sweat through her white pants, something she had done a lot over the last twenty or so minutes - they were bordering on transparent between the perspiration and the way the fabric was stretched over Rey's ass.

"Gotta go, gotta go!" That was all Rey offered a still smiling Ben, who rolled on the ground to and fro and continued to indulge in the inhospitable atmosphere left in his girlfriend's wake. All the while he listened to her distant cries of "Where is that damn bathroom?" and "I can't see anything in here!" before they eventually gave way to sounds so soupy and foul they'd stay with him for a long, long time.

He was just hoping she managed to find the bathroom first.

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