



# **FORCED TO SMELL HER BURPS**

BURP FEMDOM, GAS, HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

# **FORCED TO SMELL HER BURPS.**

---

BURP FEMDOM, SMELLY GAS & HUMILIATION.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

ALEX KILROY.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

Copyright © 2020 by Alex Kilroy

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Join my mailing list for info of new releases and *occasional free stories!*

[Click Here To Join My Mailing List](#)

Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

If you would like to **commission** a story, email me at:

[AlexKilroyBooks@outlook.com](mailto:AlexKilroyBooks@outlook.com)

Here are some of his other titles;

[Becoming My Stepmothers Slave Part 2: Foot Worship, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Humiliation & Femdom](#)

[Eat My Faeces To Live.: Toilet Slavery, Ass Worship, Hostage Humiliation, Punishment.](#)

[Whatever It Takes: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Forced Oral, Foot Fetish, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation](#)

[You Can Cheat... If I Can Watch : Extreme Cuckoldry, Voyeurism, Humiliation & Infidelity](#)

[From Assistant..To Toilet Slave Part 2](#)

[From Housemate... To Slave.: Lesbian Domination, Bullying, Ass Worship, Lezdom, Forced Oral, Humiliation](#)

[You Are Her Slave 7: An Extreme Femdom Bundle](#)

[Becoming My Stepmothers Slave. : Foot Worship, Forced Oral, Toilet Slavery, Humiliation & Femdom.](#)

[Maria Gets Milked 2: Full HuCow Conversion](#)

[Taking Advantage Of Tammy.: Male Domination, Female Submissiveness, Usury, Abuse Of Power.](#)

[From Assistant To Toilet Slave](#)

[Doctor HuCow : Feeding Him Her Sweet Nectar](#)

[Maria Gets Milked : Full HuCow Conversion](#)

[Dominating Daria: Her Desperation, His Exploitation](#)

[Chronicles Of The Cucked: An Extreme Cuckoldry Bundle](#)

[You Are Her Slave 6](#)

[You Are Her Slave 5](#)

[You Are Her Slave 4](#)

[You Are Her Slave 3](#)

[You Are Her Slave 2](#)

[You Are Her Slave](#)

[Fun In The Bathroom : Scat/Toilet Slavery, Toilet Play, Femdom](#)

[Eat Our Waste & Love It!](#)

[Open Wide, It's Coming Out!](#)

[Your Meals Come From My Ass!](#)

[Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery](#)

[Daniel's Dreadful Day: Part 1](#)

[Smelly Our Stinky Farts](#)

[Swallow My Turds, Nerd! Part 2 : Scat, Toilet Slavery, Coprophilia, Femdom](#)

[I Can't Bear Watching Anymore, Part 2 : Extreme Cuckoldry](#)

[I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry](#)

[Foot Worship At The Movies Part II](#)

[Foot Worship At The Movies Part 1](#)

[Open Wide Boy, Its Coming!.: \(Scat, Toilet Slave, Femdom\)](#)

[Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!](#)

[So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday](#)

[OceanofPDF.com](#)

## WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

*To my fellow sexual deviants .. Keep having fun ;)*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)



“We're all captives, in one way or another . . .”

— JANE FRANCES

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## EVERYTHING HAS ITS PRICE.

Jackson wanted, *needed* to get laid, that was the blunt truth. But he was also looking for something else. He ached for a woman that rocked his world, a woman who he could fall head over heels for. He understood Tinder wasn't usually the kind of place you could find someone that special, but surely he could get a decent fuck out of it.

And if he just happened to be lucky enough... well, maybe there would be more than a one-night-stand in his future. Maybe a good friend with benefits situation for a while.

The good thing was Jackson had money. Obviously this was good for attracting certain kinds of women. The bad thing was he certainly was not a looker. It wasn't so much that he was ugly, as that he was utterly plain and forgettable. His nose was a bit too large, his hairstyle dated, and his body was *far* from what you could call athletic or in shape.

He did have sharp, deep dark eyes that denoted his intelligence, but that was all that really made him unique on the outside.

And so after much swiping, when he landed a profile of a stunning woman, he was surprised. No way a woman like her could be single, it simply wasn't possible. She was the kind of beauty that could simply walk outside her door and get asked ten times in a single block. What was she doing on Tinder?

He stared at her picture for a few moments, taking in how gorgeous she truly was. Her pictures didn't seem to be photo shopped or ridiculously old. In fact, one of her pictures looked like it was taken at a nearby football stadium just last week.

Her hair was long and straight, falling behind her back prettily. He had always had a thing for redheads, so the fact that her tresses were a dark shade of auburn was undoubtedly a plus. Her eyes were big and stunning, emerald green. And her smile, oh, he could melt for that grin if she ever smiled in front of him.

She also had a great body. Curvaceous in all the right places, but not particularly thick. The picture didn't try to hide any imperfections: It was a full-figured pic. And then the next two photos she had uploaded showed her face with almost no make-up on, and her stunning body in a pink bikini, respectively.

She was perfect. Absolutely perfect. Too perfect to be true. Jackson frowned and hesitated. Maybe he shouldn't try to match with her. It was evidently some kind of catfish scenario or a scam, right?

And even if this Madeleine gal was the real deal, she would swipe left on him in a heartbeat!

But Jackson couldn't bring himself to swipe left. He couldn't miss such a chance. What if this was the woman he had been aching for? The special gem that maybe, just maybe, could become more than a quick fuck?

And so, putting himself out there, he swiped right.

"Why did you do that?" He asked himself out loud, shaking his head. She was a 10, easily, and he could be a 6 if he dressed up and showed his wallet. He was just setting himself up for disappointment.

And yet, much to his surprise, they matched! His heart skipped a beat as he realised that he could text her now. And he did it right away, not caring if it made him look desperate. After all, this wasn't the kind of chance you threw away by trying to act cool.

It didn't take long at all for Madeleine to agree to go on a date with him. Jackson was stunned; this simply couldn't be happening! It was really his lucky day!

They agreed to meet at a local restaurant. He made sure to make a reservation at an exclusive and popular location so that he could at least impress her by paying for dinner.

He took a shower, tried to make his hair look as stylish as possible, and threw on one of his most flattering suits. A dark-blue pair of elegant pants, a white shirt, and a blue blazer seemed like a good outfit for this date. He decided not to wear a tie, as it seemed too formal, but he did pick up a couple of expensive, leather oxford shoes.



Jackson arrived at the restaurant a bit earlier than they had scheduled and made sure that their reservation was still standing. Giving the maître d' a good tip, he actually managed to get an even better table, and there he waited, wondering what was going to happen next.

Surely she would look nothing like the picture. He was being catfished, wasn't he? She surely was a 50-year-old divorcee who used a photo she found online. Fuck, what on earth was he doing there?

And yet, a few minutes after 7 pm, he saw her. Madeleine.

Oh, gorgeous, stunning Madeleine.

She actually had a few men turning to stare at her when she walked toward Jackson, looking even more stunning than she did on her pics.

She was tall and stunning, with a VS model type figure. Her breasts were incredibly perky, and her dress' cleavage gave a generous peek at her gorgeous attributes. Her high heels helped shape her ass and her long legs, and it was almost impossible for Jackson to keep his mouth closed. He was fully aware he was staring at Madeleine, mouth agape, and yet how could he avoid it?

She was the most beautiful girl he had ever laid eyes on, and there she was, sitting across from him at that trendy restaurant after agreeing to date a guy who looked... well... plain.

“Hi, Jackson. I’m so glad you could make it tonight,” She said, smiling at him sweetly, and oh, he melted like a fool.

“No, thank you,” He whispered, and tried his best to seem charming, to show her he was worthy of her precious time.

During the meal, they had a pleasant enough conversation, but something weird kept happening. She would look him straight in the eye, smile sexily at him and then..

**BUUUUUUUUURRRRRPPPPP!**

**BOOOUEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRPPPPPP!!**

***BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUEEEEEERRRRRRRRPP!!!***

She belched like an overweight trucker, over and over again!

They were so loud and forceful that Jackson could practically smell what she had eaten over the course of the day, such was the amount of gas blasting out of her mouth in his direction.

Jackson was stunned that such a sexy, athletic woman could burp so loud and so hard. People actually turned around to glare their way the second time she did it, but she ignored them, pretending nothing was wrong.

He ignored it as well. She might just be gassy, and no fucking way was he going to give up on a girl like her just because she burped a few times. He wasn’t insane!

Aside from Madeleine’s foul gas filling his lungs, they were having such a good time that they decided to continue their date at a nearby bar. She held his hand as they walked outside, and Jackson felt like he was walking on thin air.

Was this really happening? What on earth did Madeleine see in him?!

They arrived at the bar without any significant incidents and ordered a couple of drinks with strange names. He didn't care what he ordered as long as she was there next to him, so close that her leg brushed against his own.

They were talking close, as the music was loud, and so when she belched for the third time, it was directly to his face.

**BOOOOOUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!**

He could literally smell what she ate at the restaurant, the scent of the spaghetti carbonara unmistakable. The noise was astonishingly loud. She seemed to have the lungs of a massive, overweight man by the way the gas blasted out of her mouth!

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Jackson... I'm feeling a bit gassy tonight" She apologised sweetly, and he immediately shrugged it off.

"D-Don't worry, Madeleine; it can happen to anyone!" He assured her at once. He didn't want her to feel bad about it, after all.

She was so beautiful, so angelic that he was willing to put up with a few silly burps. Well, there was nothing silly about them, to be honest: They were long, loud and incredibly smelly. He was starting to piece together why she was still single. A lot of men would never tolerate such gassiness coming from their woman. But Jackson would never be able to attract a woman like her again, so he decided to force himself to just ignore them.

Best to continue with their date as if nothing had happened.

"I think I can get us a private balcony so we can actually hear each other!" He had to scream as the music got even louder.

It didn't take him long to slip a tip to one of the waitresses and get guided toward a private section with a beautiful sight of the city.

Once there, with the soft summer breeze making her auburn hair dance rhythmically behind her back, Madeleine looked more beautiful than before, if that was even possible.

“I have a confession to make,” She whispered, looking a bit embarrassed. Jackson was immediately fearful and dejected. He wondered what a girl like her could have to confess. Perhaps she was engaged? Or she was dating him because her friends dared her to?

“Well, I’m all ears,” He assured her, and Jackson decided to be a bit bolder and actually take her hand in his. She smiled and caressed the back of his hand with her thumb.

“You are so sweet, Jackson. I’m glad you asked me out on a date. You see... I don’t usually date much”

He laughed at this, thinking she was making a joke, but she didn’t smile back at him. She looked a bit lonesome, even.

“You can’t be serious. You are stunning, Madeleine!” He replied, surprised, and she shrugged, sighing heavily.

“Yeah, I might be, but I have a problem. I’m sure you’ve already noticed it” Just on cue..

***BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPPP!***

She belched once again, and her burp actually seemed louder in that balcony, like it spread in the open air. It smelled bad, too. He could definitely smell the egg and bacon of the carbonara she ate, but as it had begun to digest in her stomach it didn’t smell pleasant at all. He could even see her tonsils vibrate with the force of her mighty belch. But he didn’t step away from her. He just listened. She watched his reaction closely, and after seeing him stand still, not turning away from the smell but embracing it and breathing it in.. she smiled and opened up to him.

“I’ve been this way my entire life. Since I was a little girl! That’s why I struggle to get guys to date me. Sure, they look the way I look, but they can’t handle my gassiness. They think it’s not lady-like, they are embarrassed or even disgusted by it” she said, her face a little downcast.

There was a small silence then, but he didn’t speak. He had a feeling she wasn’t done telling Jackson her story.

“There is this corrective surgery one of my doctors recommended a few years ago. But why should I go under the knife to fix it? It’s who I am; I don’t want to change myself to fit some guy’s idea of his perfect woman!”

“Oh, Madeleine, you are perfect just the way you are. There isn’t a thing you should change,” He assured her, offering her an honest, enthralling smile. Sure, she was gassy, but so what? She was stunning, charming, and oh, her smile! How could any fool reject her just because she burped once in a while?

Little did Jackson know there was far more to it than Madeleine was telling him, but she couldn’t just come out and say everything at once. He had already accepted far more than other guys had in the past. She wanted to see if he was willing to go much further, but didn’t want to scare him off right away either!

Jackson decided it was time to be bold, to take another step toward conquering a woman such as her. Madeleine wasn’t the kind of woman you fucked and abandoned. She was a keeper, he could sense it, and he couldn’t let her flutter away without giving it his best shot.

And so, Jackson leaned forward and was greatly relieved when she didn’t squirm away from him. Just when their lips were about to brush, and electricity started to run down his body...

***BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRP!***

Madeleine opened her mouth wide and released a *massive* burp, a nastier one than any other she had belched out during their entire date. This one really packed a punch.

He actually felt the hot, smelly air slip into his mouth, and he could actually *taste* and smell the pasta she ate at the restaurant, as well as the fruity cocktail she had drunk minutes ago. It took a huge effort for him not to gag, to try and look like it didn’t bother him. But he couldn’t lie to himself, her gas smelled and tasted horrible. It went right into his mouth for goodness sake.



Madeleine frowned and sighed, expecting this to be it. Usually, when the guy didn't leave at first, he surely said goodnight after she burped right into their mouths.

Jackson, however, was successful in his self control. He didn't frown; he didn't wrinkle his nose, he didn't insult her. He just slipped in closer, and she allowed him to kiss her.

Their lips met, and the kiss started out tender, sensual, yet soon began growing in passion, as their tongues began dancing together.

She slipped away from him, giving him a teasing little peck after that searing kiss, and tugged at his hand.

"Why don't we go somewhere more private?" She suggested, in a seductive little purr. He grinned widely and nodded at once.

"Want to come over to my place?" He asked, and she said yes. He couldn't believe his luck! Burps or no burps, Madeleine was the most perfect woman he had even met, and he wasn't going to let her condition get in the middle of what could be an amazing relationship... and his chance to sleep with a girl who could very well be a supermodel.

Since they had been drinking, Jackson decided it was best they took a cab to his house. An added bonus was that he could keep making out with this beautiful young woman without having to keep his eyes on the road. He could send someone to fetch his car the following day when he wasn't busy enjoying the best date of his adult life.

While they kissed passionately on the back of the taxi..

BURRP, BRRRRRRUP, BOOOOOUUURP!

Madeleine burped a few times against his lips, making them vibrate lightly. He could taste and smell everything she had eaten, and though he didn't mind at all, it was clear the driver did. He wound his closest window halfway down, and whilst kissing Jackson heard him mutter..

"Christ, it stinks in here"

The driver shot the pair of passengers a few dirty, disapproving looks before dropping them off at the gorgeous house Jackson called home. But the driver clearly didn't have the guts to actually speak his mind, and Jackson kissed Madeleine encouragingly on the cheek as they stepped outside the cab and toward the front door.

"Forget about him. All taxi drivers are grumpy" He tried to lighten the mood with a little joke, and she chuckled politely, as he unlocked the front door and waited for her to step inside first.

"This is impressive!" Madeleine praised him, looking around as he poured them both a glass of wine. "You have good taste!"

"Well, I have to thank my interior designer for that fact. I just bought what she assured me would look good."

Soon they found themselves sitting on a lavish, comfortable loveseat, laughing and talking as they drank the wine.

Madeleine leaned closer to him, her sexy body pressed against his side, and kissed him passionately, caressing Jackson's cheek as their tongues danced together.

***BUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!***

Just like before, she belched right into his mouth, and now Jackson knew she was doing it on purpose. He knew that she was burping in his face, into his *mouth*, not because of any condition. But because she *wanted* to.

Before he could react however, before he could say or do something, the beautiful goddess straddled him, pressing herself against his lap. It was clear to Madeleine that he was stiff as a board, and she rubbed against him sensually.

Then she confessed to him.

"Jackson... this is my biggest turn on. I love having men smelling my burps. I love fucking them and kissing them while I burp in their face, over and over again. I want them to inhale deeply every time I belch, taking my gas right into their lungs. *That's* why I'm single, the real reason. I'm

looking for a guy who wants this as much as I do. I can't enjoy sex if I'm not burping. I've never had an orgasm without belching all over my lover's face... and most men simply can't put up with that fact"

As she spoke, she removed her dress, revealing she wasn't wearing a bra. She was clearly trying to entice him, convince him to accept her strange desire, her unusual kink.

Her breasts were perky and beautiful, and he knew right then and there that he didn't mind her burping. In fact... it was starting to accept. As if her beauty, her nudity, was tied to those stinky gasses. The price of him being with such a beautiful woman would be the inhalation of her foul gas.

To Jackson, it was a fair price.

She had the perfect body, and he stared down at her as she slipped her panties away without ever getting off his lap. Then she grinned up at him, and began helping him undress as well, caressing his body as she...

BUUUURP!

Burped once more, this time straight against his nose... and he inhaled it deeply, just like she wanted him to.

"I want you, Madeleine, all of you" He assured her, rolling his hands up her body, caressing her soft skin. He reached her breasts and cupped them both on his hands, squeezing them playfully and pinching her beautiful nipples. God, she was perfect. She was sensual and beautiful and everything he had ever wanted in a woman.

And if that came with a bit of burping... or a lot of burping, well, then he could take it. Or maybe, just maybe, he could do more than just take it. Jackson could perhaps enjoy it... get aroused by it, even grow to like it.

After all, her beauty was so great, her sensuality so intoxicating that he was beginning to feel like the burping was a part of it all.

His cock was stiff, and he felt her wrapping her delicate fingers around his erection. He gasped, as she positioned herself on top of his cock and then slid down, letting her velvety pussy engulf him inch by inch.

He felt her ass press against his lap, his entire cock impaling her perfect cunt. He grunted in arousal, thrusting his hips up, and letting her ride him like she was a wild cowgirl. It felt incredible, her tightness unlike any other woman he ever fucked, her warmth all-consuming.

Jackson knew right then and there that he would accept everything she had to offer. Her pussy, her tits, her cascading hair, her green eyes, her perfect body... and her burps. Every single one of them.

BUUUUUUUURRRPPPPP!

**BBOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUURRRPP!!!**

**BBBBBBBBBUURRRPPPPP!**

She rode him while burping down onto his face each time her pussy engulfed his cock completely, and then moving back up, in a hypnotic and rhythmic repetition that had him lost in a sea of arousal and desire.

The inhalation of the huge amount of gas she was blasting onto his face was making him lightheaded, but ironically it pushed him closer to the point of no return...

“Oh yaaaaahhhhhh....” He moaned loudly.

He cum hard inside her, his balls tensing, his eyes rolling back. Wave after wave of hot sticky semen blasted into her tight, warm vaginal walls. He smelled her gas against his face and inhaled deeply, hearing her moan in ecstasy.

She had found the man who would let her belch against his face while they fucked, and not only bear with it, but embrace it fully.

And he had found her goddess. She was gassier than he had expected her to be, but those were the twists of life.

He felt her pussy clenching harder than ever before and he knew she was cumming, reaching her own ecstasy as she burped one last time.

**BBBBBUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!!!!!**

It was a long, warm, echoing burp that filled his ears more so than any of her moans and whimpers. The warmth of it tingled his nose hairs as her gas invaded his nostrils.

Finally, exhausted, Madeleine slipped away from his lap and cuddled up to him on the sofa. Jackson wrapped his arm around her and pulled her closer, kissing the top of her head.

“So...” He finally spoke after long, comfortable silence “What kinds of foods make you really gassy? Because I’m going to make sure I’m always well stock with them.” He asked her cheekily.

She looked up at him and grinned widely. Madeleine was, without a doubt in his mind, the most beautiful woman Jackson had ever laid eyes on, let enough touched.

“I’ll give you a list” She replied still smiling and kissed him once more.

*BUURRRP!*

This time, the burp she breathed against his lips was soft and tiny, as if she was running out, or perhaps she was trying to be romantic, who knew?. “Let’s go up to your room; I’m exhausted.”

They made their way to his bedroom and into his bed, wrapped in each others’ arms.

“I’m a cuddler, I’ve got to warn you,” He told her playfully.

“Oh, if you’re happy to breath in my burps, I think I can put up with that” She giggled, and let him wrap his arms around her as they both fell asleep, covered in sweat, blissfully spent.. with Jackson breathing in the lingering scent of her horrible pasta scented burps.



**THANKS FOR READING ;)**

**[Click Here To Join My Mailing List For Perks](#)**

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)