

The Mob Boss's Beach-Side Seats

The sunny shores of the beach were as breathtaking as ever. Waves of pure blue crashing against white sand were left mostly vacant due to it being the off season for tourism. In the distance could be heard the screams of a few park goers as they rode the various rides on the boardwalk amusement park between sampling their various offerings of unhealthy food. On the horizon could be seen a number of watercrafts, from simple jet skis to luxurious yachts valued in the millions of dollars. While there was so much to choose from, a couple found themselves settling for taking a simple walk along the shore as they passed a beach ball between one another.

What was supposed to be a leisurely activity turned out to be harder than expected for Graham. The pale complexion of his lithe appearance revealed how little he had come to the beach, his skin helping his pair of blue swim trunks stand out. Further examples of his inexperience with athletics were found in the way his medium-length, chestnut brown hair frantically waved as he tried to keep up with his partner. In truth he was rather fit, but it was nothing compared to his girlfriend.

June couldn't help letting out a chuckle as she watched Graham nearly miss his next shot. In comparison, her tanned, athletic body effortlessly bounced the ball back with the shapely legs her hobby as a swimmer had given her. Letting a breeze of wind blow around her long, dark brown hair, she rewarded Graham for his successful pass by showing off her body with her recently bought red and yellow striped, two-piece bikini.

“P-pretty nice day, huh?” Graham asked, a smile trying to hide his growing exhaustion.

“I suppose,” June replied, giving him a break by kicking the ball back and forth between her feet.

“Something wrong?”

June let out a sigh. “I just thought we’d be getting more out of this vacation is all.”

“Getting something out of a vacation isn’t the point,” Graham replied. “This time away is the perfect opportunity for the two of us to figure out what kind of relationship we want to be in. Free from everyday stress and worry, we should be able to focus on the things that makes us stick around one another. At the very least, I can figure out how in the world you manage to put up with me.”

June smirked at him. “Your sense of humor tends to help. Shame about your reflexes though.”

Even with the most obvious warning in the world, Graham barely had time to react as June kicked the ball to him. Moments before he was slammed in the face, he ducked down and hit the ball with the top of his head. As the ball went flying towards a nearby alcove, Graham appreciated the modest golf clap his swift thinking had earned him. His good mood was shattered as the couple heard the sound of glasses being knocked to the ground and a series of angry swear words.

“Come on,” June said, tugging at Graham’s elbow. “Let’s get out of here. I think the rocks blocked their view.”

“No,” he said, his defiance partially undermined by the way June effortlessly dragged him through the sand. “It’s our fault so we should own up to it.”

“And if they sue us?”

“It’ll be fine,” Graham said, his reassuring smile finally convincing June to let go and follow him towards the alcove. “We’ll go over, apologize, and pay for any damages we may have caused. I assure you, nothing will go wrong.”

Following Graham optimistic attitude, June followed him close by. This ended up being a detriment as they turned the bend and she stumbled right into his back. Stepping away from him, she noticed that he was as still as a statue. Seeing his mouth agape and eyes wide, June turned towards a pair of blankets on the ground covered in the sticky aftermath of the empty drink glasses laying in the sand. The owners of both the soiled towels and ruined beverages approached upon making eye contact, their visage giving ample reason for Graham’s behavior.

Leading the couple was a man who looked like his entire body was comprised of his massive gut. Above his flabby belly could be seen a slicked back, pompadour style haircut, its black color extending to the sideburns curtaining his pudgy, olive colored cheeks. A set of glittering chains hung around his multiple chins and reached nearly as low as his plump, sagging, man boobs. Around one of his meaty, hairy wrists was an extravagant wristwatch that led the couple to believe the pair of designer sunglasses on his face cost more than their monthly rent. The various pieces of expensive jewelry did little to take away from the intimidating trail of body hair that led from the depths of his belly button, down to the skimpy, black speedo that showed off generous portions of his behemoth backside and thick legs.

So awestruck by the sight of the enormous man, Graham and June were caught off guard by the mass of creamy white flesh that stepped out from behind him. Like the portly fellow, the woman couldn’t have weighed any less than 800 pounds. Her flab was neatly wrapped up by a

white, cross wrap halter bikini that did an admirable job of supporting her watermelon-sized breasts while leaving her doubled over stomach plenty of room to shake about. A set of pearls around her neck, various bracelets, and earrings adorning her body displayed how much the gentleman had spent on her. The diamond affixed to the ring hugging one of her sausage-like fingers identified her as the man's wife. Tilting back her sunhat against her curly blonde hair and pulling down her triangle-rimmed shades, she made sure Graham and June got a good look at her look of distaste.

"You got something to say, little man?" the large gentleman asked.

Seeing how Graham wasn't moving or speaking, June took the initiative. "We came by to apologize. See, we were chatting as we passed the ball around when--"

"Shut it, you hussy," the woman interjected. "My hubby asked your man to respond. He didn't want words coming out of that scrawny thing you call a face."

June grimaced as she stomped her foot into the sand. "You're really going to talk to me like that when you're the size of a--"

Graham promptly silenced June by slapping his hand against her mouth. "S-she doesn't mean it, sir," Graham stuttered out, trying to defuse the situation with a weak laugh.

Effortlessly pushing off his hand, June pulled Graham up to her face. Noticing the worried expression on his face, she dragged him several feet away from the irate couple and brought him into a huddle. "What the hell do you think you're doing? How can you let them step all over us like that?"

“June, you don’t understand that we’re talking to Franky and Emilia, otherwise known as the Gigantes.”

“Who? Why should I give a shit about a couple of land whales’ opinions?”

“Y-y'know those local mob bosses everyone's been talking about," Graham stressed.

"Those Gigantes. Franky “The Foghorn” is notorious for his ruthless behavior. Not to mention his wife, Emilia “Big Em” is just as cruel, if not worse. We get on their bad side, and this may be the last time we see the light of day.”

Those words made June finally realize who they had the misfortune of pissing off.

“S-sorry,” June said, stepping towards the irate couple and bowing her head. “I had no idea who you were.”

In response, Franky yanked out a cigar and placed it between his lips. “Well, at least one of you knows who runs things around here,” he said as his wife lit the tip of his cigar. “So, let’s talk about how you’re going to repay us for ruining our day.”

“How about we just buy you replacement drinks and towels?” Graham asked, hoping the offer would be enough to avoid getting his and June’s kneecaps busted.

In response, Emilia waddled forward to loom over the terrified couple. “You think you little rats can get away with messing up our sunbathing with whatever skinny stacks you can pull out of your ass? Think again.”

“P-please, we didn’t mean any harm,” Graham added. “We’re truly sorry. Please don’t kill us.”

A husky laugh from Franky did little to help the smaller couple's nerves. "Don't know what kind of news you've been hearing through the grape vine, but it ain't in me to whack some random civvies."

"Does that mean we're off the hook?" June asked.

"Course not," Franky said, letting a puff of smoke blow into their faces. "Only means I gotta think of some other way to get you two to pay up. What you think, doll-face?"

"Considering they ruined our towels," Emilia replied, kicking aside the tarnished cloths with a swing of her bulky legs, "I think replacing them is a good start. Although, I doubt they can afford even half of one."

The Gigantes shared a wicked smile with one another.

"The usual then?" Franky asked her.

"Of course."

"Alright," Franky replied, turning his attention back to Graham and June. "First order on the long list of things you two need to do to make up for screwing over our day: go lay down in the sand."

"Why?" June asked.

"Just do what he says," Emilia answered, grabbing June, and dragging her over to their spot. With a mighty swing, she sent the tiny woman toppling to the ground. Moments later, June had to roll to the side as Franky tossed Graham next to her.

“Now let me make this as simple as possible,” Franky said as he waddled up to them. “The two of you are going to be our servants for the day. You will answer our every need until I say you’ve paid your debt. Understand?”

“We’re not going to let you walk all over us,” June defiantly answered in spite of Graham’s terrified expression.

Franky let out a chuckle. “Funny, we were just planning on sitting on you,” his comment eliciting a malicious laugh from his wife. “Since you seem so eager to bite back, I’ll make sure to give you more than enough chances to prove your worth. Even if that’s just as a pair of sub-par, replacement towels.”

“You can’t be serious. I’m not going to lay here and support your fat-“

Emilia came slamming down with a belly flop to silence June. “You heard my hubby,” she said, rolling over onto her back to ensure June was pinned to the ground. “Now be quiet and try not to fuck up my day even more.”

“Same goes for you, little man,” Franky said to Graham, moments before he plopped down upon him.

Driven by adrenaline and common sense of not wanting to suffocate, Graham and June tried to free themselves from beneath the Gigantes. All of their wriggling seemed to accomplish was aid the hefty couple in sinking their bodies deeper within the folds of their back fat. Blocked completely from the sun’s rays, their frantic struggling came to an end as Franky snapped his fingers.

“Stop panicking like I’ve cut your god damn legs off,” the mob boss announced. “This ain’t the wife and I’s first time dishing out our brand of retribution. You’ll be getting out of this gig without any scars. Well, as long as you behave yourselves.”

Before either Graham or June could confirm with the big man, they were silenced by the couple tossing and turning to make themselves comfortable.

“This work for you, honey bear?” Franky said, his voice barely audible to Graham beneath his blubber.

“My towel’s a little lumpy,” Emilia replied, bouncing her legs against June’s, “but I’ll manage. We got any booze those bozos didn’t screw up?”

“Got some beer in the cooler.”

“What kind?”

“Wild Iris.”

“Eh, what the hell. Hand it over.”

Graham and June shuddered as the Gigantes shifted about to obtain cans from the cooler. Feeling the couple turn to their sides gave a momentary feeling of their true force as Graham and June felt belly fat pile onto their lithe forms. It was with a sigh of relief did they hear the pop of a pair of cans, only for their breaths to be shortened again as the Gigantes returned to their lounging positions.

“Wow, I’m not usually one for beer,” Emilia began after swigging down a mouthful of booze, “but this stuff is pretty damn good.”

“Glad to hear. Bought it off of a recommendation from Wide Mouth Mitch.”

“Didn’t he get whacked after squawking to the cops about our betting parlor?”

“Yeah, but he kept raving about it before we smoked’em. He was pretty knowledgeable about beer. Too bad he turned out to be a dirty rat.”

“Wait then who’s handling your loan shark scam?”

“It ain’t a scam, it’s a legitimate business. I just have some...severe penalties for neglecting to pay up in time.”

“Whatever, you still need someone to run the joint.”

“I got a few goons in mind, but I haven’t decided yet. Mind bouncing off a few candidates with me? Typically helps me think to talk things through with someone.”

An audible sigh from Emilia could be heard through the blubber. “Alright. Who ya got?”

Franky began to list off a long series of nicknames off the top of his head. As he recited dozens of potential thugs, he pointed out the various pros and cons of having them take over the late Wide Mouth Mitch’s job. Emilia was quick to speak up when she heard enough, more than willing to dismiss anyone who wasn’t good enough for her husband’s business. It would have been all the more intriguing to June and Graham had they not been spending all their energy trying not to suffocate.

The back and forth conversation of the Gigantes was occasionally broken up as they took turns retrieving beers from the cooler. What few pockets of fresh air the young couple managed to get from these moments were swiftly pushed out the moment they felt the entirety of their tormentors’ weights come back down on them. For an hour straight this went on, until they heard the sound of Franky’s watch go off.

“Time to turn over,” Emilia commented. “Mind if we swap towels? This one’s a little too wriggly for me.”

“Sure thing, honey bunch.”

The sun once again graced Graham and June as the Gigantes stood up. Weary from their time beneath the mounds of flesh, the smaller couple attempted to slowly crawl away. Their escape was thwarted as the Gigantes piled their belly fat on top of them. June received a mouthful of Franky’s chest hair as his gut engulfed her lithe form. Graham’s head became sandwiched in-between Emilia’s pillowy breasts, with only the thin fabric of her swimsuit between him and her plump nipples.

“Now then, as I was saying,” Franky continued, wobbling back and forth to ensure his man boobs properly cradled June’s face, “sounds like I don’t have much of a choice, but to close down the loan company at this rate. Maybe if we go over the list again, we’ll come up with something.”

Graham felt every pound of Mrs. Gigantes belly as she stretched over to grasp Franky’s hand. “Hubby, I’m thankful that you took time out of your busy schedule to spend the day with me, but could you please not talk about work?”

“Eh, I’m sorry. Can’t get my mind off the business. Doesn’t help matters that the Flenzos are making moves in my territory.”

There was another shift in weight as Emilia rolled over to hug Franky. “We can worry about that crap later. You need a chance to rest and relax. Can’t help out the business if you die from an anxiety attack.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Hand me another beer?”

“Sure thing sweetie.”

Toasting to a day of well-earned leisure, the Gigantes channeled their stress into their living towels as they spread out along the sand. As the sun rose higher in the sky, Graham and June had to deal with added torture of sweat beading onto their tormentors’ flesh. Slipping and sliding beneath the mounds of fat, they truly felt that they would never escape. As they felt their breath grow short and the massive amount of fat continuing to push down on them, they felt a series of strange sensations pulse through their bodies. It was similar to pain, as to be expected from being crushed, but it carried with it another factor that seemed to be moments away from revealing itself to them.

The moment of epiphany was brought to a halt as the Gigantes finally saw fit to get up off of Graham and June. Worn out just from lying on the ground, the exhausted couple were left soddened with sand and sweat. Holding onto one another for balance, they stood up on shaky legs to face the Gigantes.

“Not too bad,” Franky commented chugging the rest of his beer and crushing the can against his flabby pecs. “Although you still have a long way to go before you’ve paid back your dues.”

“That wasn’t enough?” June asked with exasperation.

“Nowhere near, twig,” Emilia answered. “Guess your pea brain doesn’t comprehend how much a day off with my husband costs. You still have a long way to go before we forgive you.”

“Honey,” Franky said, holding back the wild look in his wife’s eyes by putting his hand on her shoulder, “I think we should consider moving our activities elsewhere. It tends to get a little crowded this time of day and I think I’d prefer some privacy.”

“Fine,” Emilia replied, crossing her arms, and placing them between her breasts and belly folds. “Do you have an alternative?”

“I was thinking it’s been a while since we’ve taken out the S. S. Emilia.”

A wide smile spreading across the boat’s namesake brought a similar expression to Franky’s face, while filling June and Graham with dread.

“Sounds like a plan,” Emilia said, pecking Franky on the cheek.

“Great, let me take care of our provisions and we’ll get underway.”

Waddling up to the smaller couple, Franky bent down to meet them at eye level. “You’ve been doing good so far, but there’s still room for fucking our day up. To avoid that, listen closely to what I’m about to say. Understand?”

Graham and June nodded.

“Good. Head on down to the pier and pick up enough food for me and the missus to have a little feast.”

“What kind?” Graham asked.

“Anything and everything. Despite appearances, the food stands there are top notch grub. I expect a bunch of dishes from each booth.”

“But we don’t have any money,” June said, well aware the meager amount they had back in their car wouldn’t be enough to afford what the mob boss was asking.

“No need,” Franky said, standing back up and letting his chains jingle against his moobs. “Tell’em it’s for the Gigantes. That should cover it.” With a jolt of his hips, he pushed his belly forward to bounce into the couple “Now get to it. We’ll meet you down by the dock within an hour. Don’t be late or else...well, I think you get the picture.”

“Yes sir!” Graham called out, taking June by the hand as they sprinted off towards the pier.

Arriving at the plethora of food stands sweaty and exhausted, Graham and June took a deep breath before approaching the first booth. As per their instructions, Graham listed off a sizable sample from the menu. As the clerk nodded his head with each item ordered, he gleefully announced a price that would make a person’s head spin.

“It’s for...the Gigantes,” June said, immediately shattering the clerk’s smile.

Zeroing out the price on the register, the clerk shouted to the other workers at the booth to get started on the food as fast as possible. Loaded down with twice the amount as what they ordered, June and Graham gave a quick thanks and moved onto the next booth to repeat the process. Going from stand to stand, they were met with the same reactions of enormous orders at no cost. Just as the food was getting too much for them to carry, a “generous” soul at one of the booths handed them over a cart, saying there was no need to bring it back. Humbled by the fear the mere name of the Gigantes instilled in the populace, Graham and June dragged their haul over to the pier.

“So, how long do you think they’ll keep us as slaves?” June asked, pulling the cart while Graham kept it balanced in the back.

“I’m not sure. No one really knows what the Gigantes do during their private time. Honestly I think they’ll keep this up until we either pass out or worse.”

June stopped for a moment. “Are you okay?”

“A little shaken, but yeah.”

Turning over her shoulder, June locked eyes with Graham. “No matter what happens, I’ll be there with you. I promise.”

Graham didn’t expect to hear such tender words coming from his girlfriend, her signs of affection typically more reserved. However, he could tell by the shivers going down her legs that there was more to the claim than what she was willing to talk about. “Thank you,” he said, letting the subject drop as they continued forward.

They knew they had found the right place when they came upon a yacht that easily outclassed all of the boats around it. Straining their muscles to get the cart up the gangplank, they found themselves surrounded by luxurious pool chairs upon freshly laminated wood. Even without the presence of their tormentors waddling towards them, the sheer extravagance of the place was enough to let them know the boat belonged to the Gigantes.

“About time you two got here,” Emilia said, stomping over to the cart to inspect the food. “Are you so dense you couldn’t recognize the only boat that looks like a freaking suite that floats?”

“Don’t know why you have to be so negative, honey bunch,” Franky said, taking a puff from his cigar as he joined her in looking over the mountain of food. “They got here with plenty of time to spare. Save your insults for if they screw up getting our meal spread out.”

Snapping his fingers, Franky pointed towards a low table positioned in front of two chairs. Understanding immediately, Graham and June rushed to get the feast set up. While they worked, Franky excused himself to the bridge to drive the boat. So focused on their task, the couple realized a little too late that their only form of escaping the Gigantes was getting further away as the boat departed from the dock. By the time they had finished, they looked out towards the distant shore in hopes that someone could see them.

“Not a bad haul,” Franky commented, sliding his hand along a basket of popcorn shrimp, and licking the residual grease off his fingers. “There really isn’t anything quite like fair food.”

“You can say that again,” Emilia added, nibbling on a handful of fried pickles. “I can’t wait to dig in.”

Emilia and Franky turned towards their servants. The next moment passed by with an awkward silence at the couples stared at one another. Franky finally broke the silence as he clapped his hands together. “Yo, you two forget something? Me and the missus need some cushioning since our towels were ruined.”

“No, not again!” June demanded, stomping her foot in defiance of her own common sense.

“Don’t waste your breath,” Emilia said as she grasped June’s shoulders. “These numbskulls will have to be shown their place again.”

Realizing what was about to happen, June attempted to slip out from Emilia's embrace only to be slammed down onto one of the chairs. Graham fared little better, so distracted by his girlfriend's plight that he could do little to stop Franky from tossing him down just as easily. As June began to climb back up, she was halted by a combination of Emilia's gaze and Graham gently grasping her arm in an attempt to keep her calm.

"There we go," Franky said, getting ready to slam his ass down on Graham.

"Not yet," Emilia said, keeping her husband aloft with a pinch of his arm flab. "I think I want to try something a little different. Their last shift as our seats weren't very comfortable, so I say we use the other setup."

Franky paused for a moment to scratch his chins. "Seems a little cruel, but I see what you mean."

Emilia answered the couple's confusion by effortlessly lifting up June and turning her around to have her face on the lower part of the chair. "Much better. Your face might be good for something other than back talk now."

"You can't be serious," June said as Franky replicated the motion with Graham. "I don't want to have your fat ass on my--"

June's rebellious words were drowned out by Emilia as she plopped her backside down on her face. Only able to watch as Emilia wobbled her butt cheeks against his girlfriend, Graham didn't have time to prepare himself for the full heft of Franky as the mob boss sat down on him. Wriggling about to ensure their human seat cushions were in the proper place, the Gigantes leaned forward to begin their feast.

From above, Graham and June could hear their tormentors tear into their food. Fried meat went down just as easily as a variety of sweets. Pretzels the size of the younger couple's heads were chowed down after being dipped in overly generous amounts of cheese. Puffs of cotton candy disappeared in the blink of an eye as the couple opened up their wide jaws to swallow them whole. Through the sounds of loud eating, the true nature of their situation only became clear once the Gigantes reached the nachos and they heard a rumbling noise from above.

"You okay honey?" Franky asked, despite his own stomach making similarly concerning noises.

"I'm okay, but this fair food always does thing to my tummy," she replied, her quaint choice of words doing little to undermine the terror lurking inside of her intestines.

"Same. Too bad it tastes so good to stop eating."

"Right, guess we'll just leave it to our cushions to take care of the aftermath."

Realizing what was about to happen, Graham and June upped their efforts to try and escape. Their struggling only served to further shake around their hosts' digestions and quicken their demise. Any hopes of making it out were demolished as the Gigantes let loose with a pair of prolonged farts that were far more terrible than anything they could have imagined.

"Marone, that reeks!" Franky said, a squeaky toot coming right after the last one petered out.

"Tell me about it," Emilia replied as she let another fart burst out to momentarily deafen June. "I can usually take it, but I'd rather not smell it while we're eating."

“That’s why we got these special cushions,” Franky said, wobbling his body around to force a fart down Graham’s throat. “Listen up down there, you’re going to be our fart filters. Better open wide, otherwise we’ll have to open them for you.”

Any chance to politely disagree with outrageous request was dashed as the Gigantes rearranged themselves to have their anuses’ right up against Graham and June’s mouths.

Graham was remarkably easy to comply, partially due his mind still be scrambled from the initial bombardment. Even still, his acceptance did little prevent the way his skull rattled as the mob boss let loose with a grease-fueled fart. Each helping of rancid air down his throat was a reminder that he was partially responsible for the gaseous feast. Lost in blaming himself for the unusual punishment, he was blissfully aware of tingles going through his body.

In stark contrast to her boyfriend, June tried to keep her mouth locked tight no matter how much Emilia tried to open her up. The struggle lasted up until Emilia slammed her waist down on June’s stomach to force her lips open. Seizing the opportunity, Emilia pressed her rear up against June’s face to ensure her mouth was pried open just as another series of wet sounding farts came rolling out of the obese woman.

“Alright you two,” Emilia called out over the groans emanating from her stomach, “make sure you suck down every fart! I’d better not be able to smell a single one. Understand?”

Graham and June’s muffled replies were further drowned out by a set of meaty farts escaping their captors’ rears. The sheer heat coming off of the clouds of flatulence felt warm enough to melt their faces. Coughing and hacking to try and remove the gas from their lungs only sent it straight back as the Gigantes let loose with another barrage. Whilst the couple

struggled to remain conscious through the thick fog of flatulence, the Gigantes were more than happy to devour their meals without any regard to what it did to their digestion.

Halfway through the feast, Franky and Emilia heaved themselves up. Turning around, they saw the sorry state their digestion problems had left their living cushions. Graham looked up to them, hoping they would give them some sort of relief or break. Unfortunately for them, they had forgotten that the Gigantes wanted to ensure equal torture among their victims.

“Now don’t be trying to weasel out of this,” Franky said as he lowered his ass onto June. “You’re the reason we’re so gassy in the first place.” A loud PHHHHRRRRRTTT punctuated his accusation at the cost of momentarily deafening June.

“Yeah,” Emilia replied, accentuating her stance with an abrupt BRRRAAAPPP down Graham’s throat. “We wouldn’t have ordered this kind of food if you hadn’t ruined our day. Better take responsibility.”

Through another torrent of flatulence, the Gigantes resumed their feasting to finish off the rest of the food. The gas began to worsen as they reached the final helpings, their farts becoming increasingly disgusting with each release. Upon swallowing the last handfuls of greasy fries, the Gigantes capped off their meal with a pair of loud PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTSSSS slapping out their rears. The sheer force of the gas was enough to make Graham and June’s feel like they were going through an earthquake. As the flatulence filled their bodies, they shared a moment of fear as they felt their bellies begin to swell with the gas. Thankfully and unthankfully, their bloating was resolved as the Gigantes leaned back to push the rancid air back out through their puffed up cheeks.

The bombardment of gas lead towards the mounds of fat leaning back to bask in their post-meal bliss. In a matter of seconds, Franky was passed out with his snoring sending ripples through his flab towards the overstimulated June. Graham had to contend with Emilia as she stretched out over his body and let out any leftover puffs of gas. As she relaxed and smothered him with the lingering smell of her rancid air, Graham felt the sensation from earlier at the beach come back. The more Emilia pushed down on him, the more something of his began to push back. It only took him a few more puffs of gas against his face for him to realize what had awakened in him.

Graham's moment of epiphany ended abruptly as Emilia slid back off the seat. Forcing himself to sit up to see what was going on, he was horrified to see the massive woman prodding a certain something sticking out from his swim trunks. Turning back to him, Emilia proudly showed off the wicked smile on her face.

"Hey Franky," Emilia called out, waking him from his peaceful slumber.

"Honey, you know I need my sleep after a meal. Otherwise, the digestion gets really riled up."

"I think that's just what this freak wants," Emilia said, pointing towards the bulge in Graham's trunks.

"No kidding?" Franky scooted back with the intention of adding June's look of disgust to Graham's humiliation. "You've been around this guy more than us. Does he typically get off to..."

Franky paused, seeing June's face flushed and her breathing heavy. While it wasn't as evident, he could tell the difference between her expression and the usual reaction his victims

had to getting gas bombed by him. As he pondered her strange reaction, his face twisted to mimic the mischievous grin on his wife's face.

“Looks like we have a couple of perverts here,” Franky said as he towered over June. “Got to say, we've done this plenty of times before. Can't recall that we've ever had seats that have been into this shit.”

“N-no we aren't,” June dismissed, her shaking body doing little to convince the Gigantes. “Maybe Graham, but I'm definitely not into getting pancaked by your fat, smelly asses.”

“No need to hide it, tiny,” Emilia replied, leaving Graham with a flick to his member before joining her husband to loom over June. “You're allowed to like what you like as long as it don't hurt anyone. That being said, it'll hurt you even more the longer you try to deny what your body wants.”

June's eyes swiveled back and forth between her tormentors. After a raging, internal debate, June gave a soft nod. “Alright, I do,” she finally admitted. “Not as much as Graham, but...”

“Say no more,” Franky replied, grasping June's wrist to get her into a standing position. “Honey, you grab horn dog over there. I think I know the perfect activity to put an end to the day.”

Walking on shaky legs, June and Graham obediently followed their hosts into the lower decks of the ship. Swaying about through the halls, they eventually reached the master bedroom to see that it was just as luxurious as the rest of the yacht. Of special note was the king-sized bed covered in red, satin covers that did little to hide the impressions in the center of the mattress.

In direct contrast to their earlier treatment, Graham and June were placed on the edge of the bed with utmost care. The gentleness was soon overridden as their hosts backed up to drop their heavy rears onto their laps. Their initial reaction to struggle back gradually lessened as they were reminded of why they were there by the sound of ominous gurgles from the Gigantes' stomachs.

Sinking their hands into the Gigantes' fat rolls, Graham and June braced themselves as they were subjected to another bombardment of flatulence. Franky and Emilia grinded against their laps with each burst of gas to further embed the smell into their senses. June was the first to notice the drastic change in power, her nostrils burning as the acrid odor of Emilia's gas was forced upon her. Graham also learned of their host's waning ability to hold back as his ears rung with a BRRRAAAAAPPPPPP loud enough to wake the dead. Growing weak from the onslaught of farts, Graham and June laid back on the bed and allowed the mounds of fat to encompass their bodies. Laying there and letting themselves be surrounded by flatulence simmered flesh, they finally let their desires come out as they nuzzled their faces into the Gigantes' flab.

"Don't be giving out on us yet," Franky commented, he and Emilia standing up to ensure they hadn't knocked out their partners. "If you're gonna make a big show on how you two get off on us crushing ya, better give it your all."

"Maybe it would be better to have one on one attention with these perverts," Emilia suggested, letting her belly sway against Graham sweat-slicked chest. "Twig girl, you sit this one out. I know just what to do with your little man."

Her former rebellious nature weakened by her burgeoning desires, June obediently got off the bed and sat down in a nearby reclining chair. From her seat, she watched as the Gigantes crawled up onto the bed and dragged Graham with them. Keeping Graham looking up at the ceiling, Franky crawled across his body to have his belly hair rub against the shaken man's face. Turning himself around, Franky plopped himself down to have his chest engulf Graham's lower body, leaving only his head visible between the mobster's chunky legs. Forced to gaze at the small amount of fabric covering up Franky's butt crack, Graham didn't get a chance to see Emilia approaching from the other side. The weighty woman came crashing down on Graham's head to perfectly wedge his face between her and Franky's backsides.

The residual energy of the impact was enough to set off the Gigantes' digestion. From her chair, June watched the Gigantes unload one booming fart after another into her boyfriend. If she looked hard enough, she could see his face between the behemoth mobsters. Upon the release of a rippling fart, she could barely contain herself as she watched Graham's cheeks bulge with gas. Through all this, she could hear Graham let out a series of moans that fed into her rising desires.

"Hold on!" June shouted, barely audible over a loud PHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTT. "I though you said you were going to give us both a taste."

The Gigantes stopped their gassing to shoot June mischievous grins.

"I'm sorry, didn't catch that," Emilia said, letting a quick burst of flatulence seep into Graham's mouth. "What exactly do you want from us?"

June clenched her fists and looked right into Emilia's eyes. "Please, I want you to do...that to me."

Rolling off of Graham, the Gigantes left him to hang off the side of the bed to catch his breath. Waddling up to June, they grasped her shoulders and led her over to the mattress. Letting her go, they didn't need to say a word as she crawled onto the bed and got into position. In return, Emilia rolled onto her stomach and scooted her rear to be mere inches from June's lips. Franky's meaty backside completed the small woman's coffin of flab by acting as a fleshy blindfold to smother her face. With everything set up, June could only wait. A few seconds passed by, followed by a full minute. The anticipation itself was worse than anything the Gigantes could dish out.

The gas finally appeared as a fart ambushed June's throat. A mix of Emilia and Franky's gas combined to seep across June's tongue to temporarily overwhelm her senses. Her body shook along with each thunderous fart, a mix of her weariness and growing pleasure. Through the echoing sound of flatulence and the myriad of awful smells, Graham heard the distinct sound of moaning emanate from June. By the way her flatulence-filled cheeks went back and forth between sucking up farts and spouting out cries of ecstasy, both she and Graham doubted they would ever be able to go back to the way things were.

"You two really are something," Franky commented as he pulled June out to lay her next to Graham. "Guess we have to use the big one."

"The big one?" Graham asked.

"Yeah, the reason they call me Franky 'The Foghorn' Gigante. Go sit in the middle and wait."

June and Graham crawled their way towards the center of the bed and watched their hosts slowly approach them. Swiveling their bodies around, the Gigantes proceeded to sandwich June

and Graham's faces between their set of gassy rears. Small puffs of farts foretold the storm the obese mobsters were brewing up that at any moment would come out to give them the big finale they were hoping for.

The eager couple flinched as they heard a loud boom. However, they found themselves lacking when it came to any new clouds of noxious gas. Their confusion only grew as Emilia and Franky pulled away and got up off the bed.

"Was that a gun shot?" Emilia asked.

"Dammit, knew I shouldn't have let my guard down," Franky said, scrambling through his dresser. "On the same day I decided to have my piece cleaned too."

Another gun shot went through the air, a call for the Gigantes to quicken their pace.

"You two stay here," Franky said to Graham and June. "I'm gonna check out who's making all that racket out there. Probably some idiot shooting off his pistol on the shore."

"Not without me," Emilia said, locking her arm with his. "Like my hubby said, we'll take care of this. Just don't get in the way."

"But what about--"

June's question was silenced as the gunman let off another round. Watching the Gigantes waddle up the stairs with surprising speed, June and Graham followed as fast as their weakened forms would allow. Reaching the top of the staircase, they tried to remain hidden as they gazed upon the two people standing on the bow of the boat.

The man in front was the complete opposite of Franky, his slim, athletic build easily visible through his still dripping wetsuit. Standing close behind the skinny man was a woman

with an equally fit form with her arm hanging off of his shoulder. The new couple looked upon the Gigantes with malicious intent, as to be expected considering the handgun they had aimed between the obese duo.

“Slim, what the hell do you think you’re doing?” Franky asked, taking a step forward only to be pulled back by his wife.

“Something that should have been done a long time ago, you fat piece of shit,” Slim replied.

“You tell him Slim!” the woman said.

Slim shook his head. “Angel, I get that you’re trying to help, but you have to let me do the talking. These two worthless sacks of meat need to know why I’m offing them before I fill them with lead.”

“Shove it!” Emilia shouted out. “We know why you’re here. While the other families are trying to keep the peace, it’s no surprise you’re willing to start a war just because you don’t like the way we look.”

Slim shot another round into the air. “It’s precisely because of the way you two look, act, and smell that I have to do this for the sake of the families. We ain’t getting any respect when the supposed strongest gang in the city is off on some yacht stuffing their faces and stinking up worse than a recently made corpse.” Slim lowered his weapon to point towards Franky’s flabby chest. “For the good of our business, you’d be better sleeping with the fishes.”

A collective groan emanated from Franky, Emilia, and even Angel.

“Really, you’re going to resort to that stereotype?” Franky asked.

“Yeah, none of us in the business have said that in years,” Emilia added.

“It does sound pretty cliché,” Angel commented.

Slim let out a grunt of frustration. “Does it matter how I say it? It gets the point across.”

“Well yeah, but you keep saying how you’re going to clean up the families, but I don’t know how when you’re defaulting to that kind of lingo.”

“Angel, baby, you’re the one who kept telling me to look up source material to make the way I sound more authentic.”

“You watched a bunch of mobster movies, didn’t you?” Franky asked, Slim’s expression saying it all. “Outdated ones at that.”

“Hey, don’t be dissing the classics,” Slim said, his bloodlust turned to heightened aggravation. “There is this one flick called the Godmother that everyone says is overrated, but I personally think...”

Watching Slim drone on and on about his supposed expertise when it came to gangster cinema, June surveyed the situation to try and stop the Gigantes from meeting their end. Her attention was drawn to the side as Graham poked her shoulder and pointed towards a familiar orb of various colors in nearby storage container. Before she realized what she was doing, June picked up the beach ball and placed it before her. Reeling back her foot, she kicked the ball as hard as she could. Her hit found its mark as the very thing that put her in this predicament in the first place sent Slim’s handgun flying through the air and splashing into the water.

“Was that a freaking beachball? Where in the hell did that-“

Seizing the opportunity, Franky and Emilia charged towards their attackers. Belly flopping onto Slim and Angel, they repeatedly slammed their bodies onto their assailants without a hint of the tenderness they had shown Graham and June. Dazed and confused, Slim and Angel could do little as the Gigantes sat them up and pressed them back to back. Sharing a knowing nod, Franky and Emilia pressed their assailants' heads between their asses. Shaking around their guts, they finally released the explosive series of farts they had been initially saving for their partners.

Stepping onto the deck only once the last fart petered out, Graham and June cautiously approached to survey the damage. Pulling themselves apart, Emilia and Franky let their attempted assassins fall to the ground. With their eyes closed and lack of movement, it was only the smallest rise and fall of their chests that signified they were still among the living.

"Nice work there, twig," Emilia commented as Franky began dragging Slim and Angel across the deck.

"Thanks, you weren't too bad yourself," June replied, daring herself to smile for the first time since meeting the Gigantes.

"What are you going to do with them?" Graham asked, glancing out at the water, and reminiscing about Slim's outdated, gangster vocabulary.

"Should make for a nice icebreaker at the next family meeting," Franky replied, using a rope to tie them together. "What happens to them after that...well, you don't need to worry about it. In any case, you two saving our hides more than made up for the little incident earlier today. Soon as we get back to shore, you're free as birds."

“Do you think we could...meet again another time to continue our session?” June asked, sharing a knowing nod with Graham as they held one another’s hands.

Franky and Emilia waddled up to the couple and embraced them in a hug. “It’d be our pleasure,” Franky announced, giving them a good squeeze as a way to cement the beginning of a very strange relationship.