

Hope you enjoy the story. E-mail me at scentslave84@yahoo.com if you have suggestions for any more.

I was coming home from school one day on the bus. I had just sat down about half-way back when another guy, Mike, who lived in my neighborhood, got on. We had been friends since elementary school and talked to each other once in a while, but had not really hung out together in quite some time. He came back and sat down right next to me in the same seat.

“How ya doin, Josh?”

“Not too bad I guess, just the usual school and hanging out.”

“Yea, I hear ya. How bout ya come over to my house for a little and mix it up a bit. Parents are out of town and we can just fool around for a few hours or so so that you don’t have to go back to your place and do work.”

“I guess I could do that, anyone else gonna be there?”

“I invited some people over, so we’ll see who comes.”

We spent the remaining ten minutes of the bus ride home just talking about random stuff. Mike talked about his football season and I talked about cross country a bit. He said he was going to probably take up wrestling in the winter. It was at about this time that we got dropped off at his house and made our way up his driveway. Upon getting up to his room, he asked if I wouldn’t mind helping him out a bit.

“What with?”

“Well, I haven’t really wrestled before and was wondering if you wouldn’t mind me trying out some moves on ya for practice.”

“Ummm...I guess I could help ya out though you do weigh a hell of a lot more than me.”

“Easier for me to win then, haha. No, I’ll try and be nice.”

As he said this, I noticed a little smirk on his face, but decided to give it a go anyways. We cleared away some of the furniture and got into some gym clothes. To elaborate on our size differences, I would say that I am about 6’ 150 pounds and Mike is 6’1” 210. With this advantage, there was no question that he was going to destroy me, though the plan was just to practice moves anyways so I wouldn’t really need to fight back. We started off and he was just practice the basics – nelsons, cradles, leglocks, etc. Then all of a sudden, he has me pinned down and just won’t let me go.

“So I think that was enough wrestling practice.”

“Alright, get off me and then I guess the others will be over soon.”

“Well you got that half right. They will be here soon, but I am not getting off. We’re gonna have some fun today. I was thinking that maybe I’d put ya through the works – sitting on ya, squeezing ya, farting on ya, some wedgies, and see what else comes up.”

At this point, I am struggling and trying to get out but he is sitting full weight on my chest and I really can’t do anything about it. He lets me know that the others are fully aware of what’s gonna happen and that they will help him put me through it all. After a minute or two of pleading, the doorbell rings.

“Guess that’s them. Would have you come down with me to answer the door, but I think I can find a better way to keep you from getting away.”

Mike grabs his football bag and reaches inside to pull out some socks. He gags me with one and holds it in place by tying the other around my head. He then finds some duct tape and tapes me to a chair. As if it didn’t smell enough (and taste) with the socks, he grabs some boxers from his dirty laundry and puts them over my head. Despite my muffled screams, he heads downstairs and lets in the mystery others and brings them back up. I hear voices coming into the room but with Mike’s nasty used underwear on covering my face, I can’t see exactly who it is. All the others seem amazed when they see me there all tied up and tortured with Mike’s smelly laundry.

“Voila! I told you it was worth it to come over today.”

“Dude, this is amazing. I can’t believe you actually are doing this.”

“Oh no, not just me. We are all gonna enjoy this one. Pretty soon Josh will be at all of our mercies.”

I hear footsteps come over to where I am and then Mike pulls the boxers off of my face. He unties the sock and pulls the other one out of my mouth. I am shocked at who I see before me. It is pretty much half of the starting football team. Here is a rundown of who is there and there sizes:

Josh – 6’2 220

Nick – 6’1 215

Charlie – 6’4 262

Tim – 6’1 176

Karl – 6’ 207

Dan – 5’10 220

Still tied up, all I can do is sit there and listen to them talking about what they are going to do and who gets to go first. Karl and Dan seem especially keen on torturing me but

after a coin-toss it is decided that Karl will get first go. The others kind of just go off into the corner and Karl approaches me. As he gets close, I squirm as if I have a chance to get away. Noticing this he quickly puts me in my place and sits right on me facing me.

“Don’t think so. You are not getting away from me that easily.”

He reaches over my shoulders and grabs hold of the waistband of my boxers. He gives them a slight tug. I wince a little bit as the fabric gets wedged between my cheeks. Then he pulls more until they reach my mid back, and then more stretching them to the limit. He finally stops pulling and says:

“Now you better be good or I may have to keep pulling.”

After this, he unties me and pushes me onto the floor. He turns me over onto my back and then lies on me so that I am looking up between his legs at his ass. All I can do is beg him not to fart, but in all honesty, I am expecting the worst. A few minutes pass and other than the obvious discomfort of his weight, I am fine. Then from over in the corner I hear Dan talking.

“I gotta get in this.”

With that Dan comes running over and in record time is squatting over my face. Looking up, all I see are Karl’s thighs on either side and Dan’s big ass stretching the shiny fabric of his track pants. He slowly lowers himself down til he is sitting on Karl’s legs and when the weight is pressed down, my nose makes contact with the crack of his ass.

：“You ready for this one, big boy? Karl may be suffering from stagefright, but I sure am not”

And with that, Dan ripped a nasty fart right into my face. It smelled horrible and I couldn’t get away. Dan was not moving and with the combined weight of Karl and Dan, neither was I. Finally Dan convinced Karl that it was his turn to have a go, so they shifted and Karl got off. Still dazed from the fart, I remained on the floor as Dan took control. Whereas Karl had more of a toned body, Dan was stocky. His main goal in my torture was to use his large frame against me. He forced me up and then moved me to Mike’s bed. He threw me on it and then belly flopped right on top of me. A few more bonsai drops, his ass ever-creeping towards my face, and then he removed his pants. He sat on my face for a little, but luckily was unable to get out another fart.

At this point, Charlie comes over and grabs Dan’s pants. He removes his own and puts on the new ones. Dan’s pants look tiny when Charlie has them on. They are skin tight and every curve of his lower body can be seen. Dan sees that his time with me is up and gets off as Charlie grabs me off of the bed. He grabs my head and puts it between his thighs and squeezes away. Then, he sits down on my head and gives me a wedgie.

“How you liking it down there? Not much room, huh?”

With that, he gets up a bit and flips me over. He then sits again on my face. The whole time he lowered himself down I was screaming. This guy is huge. I thought I was going to die!. I don't know if it was my face in his ass or the tight pants, but despite all of his efforts, Charlie was unable to rip one in my face.

“Yo, Bogs. Get over here and help me out.”

Josh comes over and drags me out from under Charlie's ass and then Charlie lies down on his stomach.

“Let's see if anything else can fit in those tight pants!”

With that, Josh lifts up the back of the waistband and begins to shove my head inside. It must have taken several minutes but finally, he was able to get my entire head into Dan's pants leaving me completely squashed face first into Charlie's boxer-clad ass. There was no escape. While Charlie's huge ass did feel like a pillow beneath my face, the fact that it smelled like...well, ass...made it not the best place in the world. And when I thought I could wiggle myself free, Josh then came and sat on the back of my head. My face is wedged right into Charlie's crack so much so that I can actually taste his ass with every breath. And then it happened. Charlie let rip a booming fart right up my nose and mouth. I started screaming muffled sounds into his ass as the stench and warm air hit my face. I began to actually get light-headed and I guess my wriggling slowed down and I could feel myself being pulled out of the pants.

“Don't want to lose you now. Still got a lot more to put ya through.”

I could hear Josh's voice though was still a little dazed so could not make out the face. He then came over to me and lied down near me and wrapped his legs around my head. He squeezed my head between his thighs with my face pressed right up against his crotch. He humped my face a few times making sure that I knew his crotch was right there. Then he let me go and flipped me over. Josh sat on my head and took hold of my boxers. He yanked them so hard I thought they were going to rip. Unfortunately though, they did not and they simply exposed my ass which he then began to spank.

“Getting punished today, huh? Gonna feel this tomorrow for sure. And, oh wait...”

With that he paused and let out a high-pitched fart right on the back of my head.

“...gonna smell it too.” I couldn't smell it at first, but being trapped underneath his ass and between his legs, the air did not have much place to go. When it hit me, it hit me hard. It smelled disgusting; luckily I could hear Tim and Nick screaming for their go so Josh got off and I caught a breath of fresh air.

Nick and Tim decide to double team me from the get-go. Still a little groggy from Josh's fart and trying to unwedge my boxers, the two come up to me and Nick gets me in a full nelson. I struggle to break free but there is just no way I can get out. He is walking me

forward getting closer to Tim. As I get about two feet away, Tim lifts up his arms and Nick then shoves my face right into his pits.

“Pretty rank, huh?”

“I am not letting you go until I hear you take a nice big whiff.” Nick says.

My face is right in a little sweat patch and the last thing I want to do is smell it even more. I struggle to try and get out but Nick is just too strong, so I suck it up and take a nice, big, stench-filled whiff of Tim’s pits. It smelled horrible. All I wanted to do was just to get out of there and get some fresh air. A little while after I took my big whiff, Nick lets me go and I almost collapse onto the floor. Tim picks me up and drags me to the corner of the room and sits me down. He takes off a shoe and ties it around my face and uses a sock to tie my wrists together behind my back. His shoe smelled almost as bad as his pits. Luckily this only lasted for a minute or so before Nick comes over.

“Here ya go” as Nick removes the shoe. I almost thank him but then he sticks his ass in my face. He leans back against me and rips a massive fart. “Oh man that was a bad one.”

He gets off and lies down on his stomach a few feet away. Tim comes over and lifts me up. He tries to get me to go to Nick, but I am resisting. “Not a chance. You are doing this.” And with that, he puts me in a headlock with my face in his armpit. That’s all it takes for him to get me to go to Nick and he has me lie on top of him with my face on his ass. He then places my head inside of Nick’s pants. Tim lays on top of me and pushes my face into Nick’s ass even more.

“I think I’m about to fart, man.”

With that, Tim pulls his head away while still holding mine in and Nick lets rip a small fart. It smelled real bad from that close. Soon after, Tim gets fully back on me and begins taunting me.

“Bet it smells real good in there. You love it, don’t you. Nothing better than the smell of Nick’s ass combined with my scent from above. I mean its turning me on.” With that, he starts to slowly hump me. Not only does this make me feel his weight even more, but it adds to his smell and makes my nose go in and out of Nick’s ass. Nick lets rip one more massive fart and Tim gets off. I am so knocked out by that last fart that I barely notice that all of the guys leave me there alone with just Mike.

“So, had a good afternoon? Guessing it was a little more than you expected. You’re almost done. Just want to try out something else.” He takes off his shirt, lifts me to my feet, reaches over my head so my face is in his bare armpit, and grabs hold of my boxers. He tugs them so I get that nice wedgie feeling along with my face going right into his rank pits. After like 15 seconds, he lets me go.

“Guess that’s enough for today. Oh, by the way, Tim wanted you to have these.” He threw at me a pair of sweaty socks and an undershirt.

“Gee, thanks.” And with that, I left and went home to dream about all that had been done to me.