

Cure for the Small

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Cure for the Small

by [NymphoLady](#)

Summary

Tachyon gave Narita Taishin a drug to make her digestive process faster, making her hungrier and making her food digest all the faster, in hopes of getting taller. It was very effective but left her with undesired effects.

Luckily, Super Creek is there to rub her stomach for her.

-----THIS IS A FART FETISH FIC, DON'T READ IF YOU'RE NOT INTO IT, READ THE TAGS!!-----

Notes

I'm still in Uma fever. I'm working on cmms/requests still but a really good idea came to me, or was thrown right in front of me when I was playing Narita Taishin's career which led to me immediately writing this. There's a lot of good potential ideas for different umas so I'm trying to get to them one by one. If nothing else happens, my next fic should be about Agnes Digital.

Regardless, anyone is allowed to message me on my twitter (@GassyNympho) to request things, talk, or whatever. And if you want a story of your own, my requests are open. If you're interested in more of my stories, message me on twitter. If you have any of your own ideas, you can also drop a comment as a request!

And as always, you saw the tags. If it's not your thing you don't have to read it, just move along if these kinks aren't your thing. However, if you're morbidly curious and want to read anyway, go ahead even if you're not into it. I'll delete any toxic comments if it isn't constructive.

What a ridiculous predicament.

Narita Taishin shifted on her bed, the thin mattress doing nothing to soothe the roiling storm in her gut. This was all her fault. She never, ever should have listened to that madwoman in a lab coat. Everyone at Tracen Academy knew Taishin's deal. It was a sore spot, a raw nerve she wore like a heavy blanket. She was small. In a world of towering, powerful horse girls like Special Week or Oguri Cap, who seemed to be built on a larger scale entirely, Taishin was... compact. People looked down on her, sometimes literally, and it had wormed its way deep into her head.

That insecurity was a hungry beast, and she fed it the only way she knew how: with food. It wasn't a real appetite, not the joyous, bottomless hunger of the titans. It was a chore, a desperate attempt to add some sort of mass, some sort of presence to her diminutive frame. Her trainer, that stubborn, infuriatingly caring woman, had caught on almost immediately, gently suggesting meal plans and talking about "healthy weight distribution" which was just a polite way of saying "you're tiny and you're not getting any bigger this way."

That's where Agnes Tachyon, resident witch and aspiring mad scientist, had slithered into the picture. Taishin had been staring at the cafeteria menu, a feeling of dread coiling in her stomach, when Tachyon appeared beside her, a glint in her eye that screamed 'unethical experiment.'

"Having trouble with your mass conversion efficiency, little Taishin?" Tachyon had purred, her voice too smooth.

"I'm fine," Taishin had grunted, trying to shut her down.

But Tachyon, as always, knew exactly which button to press. "I see. Well, I was just working on a little something to accelerate the digestive process. A way to maximize nutrient absorption and, theoretically, increase cellular growth rate. A true... bulking agent, you might say."

The words hung in the air. Bulking agent. Taishin's interest, despite every screaming alarm bell in her head, was piqued.

Her trainer, of course, had been right there to rain on her parade. “Hold on now, that sounds experimental. I think you should try a more traditional approach. Maybe a digestive aid? Something to speed up her metabolism safely? It sounds like a much more sensible option to me.”

And Taishin, in a moment of profound stupidity, had listened. She trusted her trainer. She’d taken the stupid medicine. And it worked. Far too well.

The effect was immediate and terrifying. The moment the pill dissolved on her tongue, a warm, gurgling firework went off in her stomach. All the food she’d choked down that day felt like it was being vaporized, processed at an impossible speed. An emptiness followed, a black hole of hunger that demanded to be filled. She went back for seconds. Then thirds. The food vanished, digested in moments, leaving her hungrier than before. At first, it was kind of cool.

She felt... powerful. Like one of the big eaters.

Now, it was just annoying. A constant, gnawing hunger that was never satisfied, and a digestion system working at a million miles an hour. Which led to her current, much more humiliating problem.

After a long, miserable day of force-feeding herself, she had finally retreated to the sanctity of her room. And of course, her roommate was there. Super Creek.

She was... not bad. That’s all Taishin was willing to concede. Super Creek wasn’t the problem that she was facing now, not entirely. The problem was brewing inside of her.

Because the hunger wasn’t the only side effect of Tachyon’s medicine. All that super-charged digestion had to produce something, and it was producing a truly heroic amount of gas. Her stomach was a constant, wet percussion section. ‘

Gluuuurrrrgggle... blorp... ggggllllooorrrrgggle.

The sounds were obscene, wet, and constant. She was curled up on her bed, wearing a simple pair of light blue cotton pajamas, trying to pretend she was invisible. She could feel the pressure, a heavy, bloated feeling deep in her gut, a roiling, churning mass of air that was demanding an exit.

She clenched her thighs together, her small, firm ass pressing against the mattress. Her panties, a matching set of simple light blue cotton, felt tight. She was so bloated they were digging into her skin. She watched Super Creek out of the corner of her eye, praying the other girl wouldn't notice, yet she definitely heard the sounds. The last thing she needed was to fart in front of her roommate.

A sharp cramp seized her. She winced, her hand flying to her stomach. Her body betrayed her. A small, silent puff of gas escaped, a moist *pfft* that was barely audible but she felt it as a soft, warm bloom against her sheets. The smell was immediate. It was a light, airy scent, but it was undeniably a fart. A faint, cabbagy smell that made her nose wrinkle. Super Creek didn't seem to notice, not immediately anyway.

This was too embarrassing.

Taishin relaxed for a second, thinking she was safe. That was a mistake. Another cramp, more powerful this time, forced a wetter, louder blast from her.

PrrBbbt!

It wasn't loud enough to echo, but it was definitely a sound. A sputtering, wet noise that was followed by a stronger, more foul stench. This one smelled like rotten eggs and something metallic. She froze, her heart pounding in her chest. Super Creek's looked back, looking around and sniffing at the air. For a terrifying second, the room was completely silent.

She hadn't noticed? Or maybe she was just being polite. Taishin didn't know which was worse.

The pressure was building again, a familiar, heavy weight pushing against her asshole. She knew another one was coming. It felt bigger this time. She bit her lip, her small body trembling with the effort of holding it in. Her ass, usually a tight, compact curve, felt bloated and tense. She could feel the muscles straining, fighting a losing battle against the immense pressure in her bowels.

She squeezed her eyes shut, her face flushed with a deep, burning shame. She was a balloon, a small, gassy, disgusting balloon, and she was about to pop right here in front of her roommate.

Taishin was a statue of pure, concentrated shame. She was clenched so tightly her muscles screamed in protest. She could feel the massive fart brewing, a deep, heavy pressure that was threatening to blow her cover, and possibly her underwear, wide open. Her heart hammered against her ribs, a frantic, panicked drum solo. Any second now, it was going to happen.

“Taishin?”

The voice was soft, gentle, and laced with a genuine concern that was somehow more terrifying than mockery. Taishin slowly, reluctantly, uncurled enough to peek over her knees. Super Creek was turned in her desk chair, looking at her. She had one of those warm, motherly smiles on her face, the kind that could make you feel safe, even when you wanted the ground to swallow you whole.

“Are you feeling alright?” Creek asked, her head tilted slightly. “You’ve been squirming quite a bit. Is it your stomach?” Her eyes, a deep, calm brown, flickered down towards Taishin’s midsection. “You look a little bloated. Are you hungry? Or... do you need to use the bathroom?”

Every word was a gentle, precise jab at Taishin’s soul. How could she be so perceptive? And so direct? Taishin’s face, already flushed, went up in flames. “I’m fine!” she squeaked, her voice cracking. “Just... cramps. Buzz off...”

Creek’s smile didn’t waver. “I see. Well, I have some snacks, if you are. I was just about to have a midnight snack myself. Sometimes a little something helps settle an upset stomach.”

As if on cue, Taishin's stomach let out a deep, gurgling roar that was impossible to ignore. *GGGLLLLLOOOORRRRRGGGLLLE-BLLLLORRRPP!* It was a wet, unhappy sound that echoed in the quiet room, completely betraying her lie. She slammed her hands over her stomach, her face a burning mask of humiliation.

Creek just chuckled, a low, warm sound. "I'll take that as a yes. Don't move." She rose from her chair, and Taishin began to panic. Even in loose pajama pants, Creek had a presence. She was taller than Taishin, of course, with a soft, womanly curve to her hips and a chest that was... substantial. The simple white t-shirt she wore did little to hide the fact. As Creek moved closer, a faint, clean scent wafted over to Taishin, like lavender and fresh soap. It was annoyingly attractive, a scent that made Taishin's head feel fuzzy in a way that had nothing to do with the gas.

Creek returned with a small tray laden with an assortment of snacks: a handful of crackers, a small wedge of mild cheese, and a few sweet, red berries. She sat down on the edge of Taishin's bed, the mattress dipping with her weight, bringing her uncomfortably, wonderfully close.

"Here," Creek said, her voice a soft murmur. She picked up a piece of cheese and held it to Taishin's lips. "Just a little bite. It will help."

Taishin's mind screamed no. Her pride, her stubbornness, everything in her wanted to slap the hand away. But her body, traitorous thing that it was, was ruled by the super-charged medicine and its endless hunger. Her stomach growled again, a high, desperate whine. She hesitantly opened her mouth and took the offering.

The moment the cheese hit her tongue, a familiar, terrifying warmth spread through her gut. The medicine was working, already breaking it down. The ache in her stomach lessened, but was instantly replaced by a new, more demanding hunger.

"See?" Creek cooed, her smile widening slightly. She seemed to be enjoying this, the act of feeding her, of taking care of her. She picked up a cracker and fed it to her. Then a berry. Taishin ate them all in a silent, mortified daze. Creek was so close. Taishin could see the gentle rise and fall of her chest, the faint line of cleavage visible at the collar of her shirt. She could feel the warmth radiating from Creek's body. It was too much.

The snacks vanished, digested in an instant by the inferno in her gut. And their digestion produced an immediate, violent consequence.

Without warning, her body seized. A deep, bassy fart ripped from her ass, loud and sharp in the quiet room.

BBBBRPPFFFPPTPTPTPTPTPTP!

The sound was explosive. Taishin froze, her eyes wide with horror. The smell was even worse, a thick, eggy, cheese-stink that immediately filled the small space between them. It was disgusting. It was humiliating. It was undeniable.

Super Creek, however, just blinked. She didn't recoil. She didn't even flinch. She just looked at Taishin, her expression softening with a new wave of sympathy. "Oh, you poor thing," she murmured. "Your tummy is upset. It's okay. It's just gas."

"C-creek!"

Before Taishin could protest, Creek did something that shattered her last line of defense. She reached out and placed her hand directly on Taishin's bloated stomach.

Her touch was warm, soft, and firm. She began to rub in slow, gentle circles, right over the roiling storm in Taishin's gut. The pressure of her hand felt incredible, a soothing weight that somehow made the urge to fart even stronger.

"D-dammit Creek..." Taishin felt defeated, somehow.

"It's alright," Creek whispered, her voice a hypnotic balm. "You don't have to hold it in. Just let it out. It will make you feel better. Don't be embarrassed."

Another fart, this one longer and wetter, bubbled out of her. *Pfffffffff-blillloooooorrrrrpppsss.* The vibration traveled through Creek's hand, and Taishin felt a fresh wave of shame. But

Creek just kept rubbing, her face a mask of serene concentration.

“Good,” she praised softly. “Just let it all out.”

Taishin was trapped. She was cornered by kindness. She couldn't fight it. She couldn't fight Creek's gentle hands, her soothing voice, her intoxicating scent. She closed her eyes, a single tear of pure, defeated frustration tracing a path down her burning cheek. She relaxed her muscles, just a little.

A long, sputtering fart hissed out, followed by another. PrrFppT, FRTTPPPFT. PTPTPTPBPTPTP! Each one was a little death of her dignity, a release of pressure that was both a profound relief and a deepening shame. And through it all, Super Creek just held her, rubbing her belly and telling her it was okay, a gentle, smiling executioner of Taishin's pride.

A strangled noise, half-sob, half-groan, escaped Taishin's throat. Super Creek's hand was still making those slow, maddeningly gentle circles on her stomach. Her other hand had come up to stroke Taishin's hair, pushing a stray strand from her sweaty forehead. The combined assault of care, of warmth, of that intoxicating scent, was too much. It was a fortress of pride, and Taishin was all out of ammunition.

“Do... whatever you want,” she mumbled, her voice thick with defeat. She didn't look at Creek, just kept her burning face buried. “Just... get it over with.”

A soft, warm puff of air brushed against her ear as Creek chuckled. It wasn't a mocking sound, but one of pure, gentle affection. “Shhh,” she cooed, her hand never ceasing its soothing rub. “It's alright, Taishin. Just let it all out. Don't hold back. Just relax.”

And so, Taishin gave up.

She let her muscles go slack. She unclenched her thighs. She stopped fighting the churning, gassy storm in her gut. The moment she surrendered, her body exploded.

It started with a long, low hiss that seemed to drain all the air from her lungs.

Pfffffffffssssshhhhhh... The gas was hot, a warm, steaming gust that billowed into the fabric of her pajama pants. The smell was light, almost airy, but with a distinctly foul, cabbagey undertone that made her eyes water.

Creek's hand on her belly paused, then resumed its rubbing, a little more firmly this time. "That's it," she whispered encouragingly. "Very good ~"

The encouragement was a key turning a lock. Another fart, this one louder and wetter, ripped out of her. *PLLLRRRRRRRPPT!* It was a sputtering, disgusting sound, and the smell that followed was richer, more complex. A thick, cheesy stench, like an old block of provolone left to rot in the sun.

Taishin felt a shiver run through her. It wasn't just shame anymore. A deep, traitorous warmth was spreading through her pelvis, a thrumming pleasure that was terrifyingly good. She felt... lighter. Better. The constant, cramping pressure was finally finding its release.

Then came the bass. A deep, resonant fart that vibrated through her entire body, up her spine, and directly into Creek's hand. *BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPT!* The sound was immense for a girl her size, a true room-shaker. The air grew thick with a heavy, sulphurous stench, like a dozen rotten eggs all cracked at once. It was toxic. It was foul. It was bliss.

Creek giggled, a soft, delighted sound. "Goodness, Taishin. You were holding all that in?"

Taishin couldn't answer. She just pushed. The dam was broken, and a flood was coming. A rapid-fire series of farts, each one different from the last, erupted from her.

PTPTTPBPBTPTP! A long, drawn-out, bubbly hiss. *PtptpTtptOp!* A short, sharp, almost painful pop. *POOT!*

The room was filling with a miasma, a complex soup of her own making. The smells were all layered: the sharp tang of the cheese, the deep rot of the eggs, the faint metallic scent she'd

noticed earlier, and a new, almost sweet smell from the berries Creek had fed her. It was disgusting, and she was reveling in it.

Time lost all meaning. It could have been minutes, it could have been hours. Creek just kept feeding her small bites of snacks, which her super-charged digestion would instantly turn into more fuel for her gassy symphony. And Taishin just kept letting them out. She was lying on her side, her body completely relaxed, a small, constant smile on her face that she would immediately wipe away whenever she thought Creek might be looking.

She'd fart, and Creek would rub her belly and praise her. "That one sounded a little wet, are you okay?" or "Wow, that was a strong one! You must be feeling so much better." Taishin would just nod, her face burning, but her body humming with a pleasure she refused to name. She was a machine, a small, gassy, farting machine, and she was happy.

Eventually, the storm passed. The violent churning in her gut subsided into a gentle, contented gurgle. The farts became fewer, farther between, until they stopped altogether. A profound, empty peace settled over her. She felt... light. Floating.

The room, however, was a biohazard. The air was thick, hazy, and smelled like a compost heap that had been set on fire.

Creek finally stopped rubbing her belly, giving her a gentle pat. "See? All better," she said, her smile as warm as ever.

Taishin slowly sat up, her movements stiff. She felt... different. She looked down at her body. It seemed like the medicine had finally worn off, but its effects remained. She was definitely chubbier. But it wasn't the tall, powerful frame she'd dreamed of. She had grown... sideways. Her hips were a little wider, her belly a little softer. She looked... plush. She groaned in frustration.

"Thank you," she muttered, the words coming out as an embarrassed mumble. She couldn't look Creek in the eye.

“It was no trouble at all, Taishin,” Creek said, her voice full of sincere warmth. “Honestly. If you ever feel... backed up again, just let me know. We can do this anytime.”

Taishin’s head snapped up. “No! I’m never taking that stupid medicine ever again. This is... this is never happening again.” Her voice was firm, but a tiny, traitorous part of her brain, the part that was still buzzing with the memory of that release, was screaming *‘Yes, please, let it happen again!’*

She stood up, a little wobbly. A new, different pressure was making itself known low in her gut. Heavier than the gas. More... substantial. “I... I have to go to the bathroom,” she said, her voice quiet. “I... I think it’s a little more than just gas now.”

Creek just watched her, a knowing, mischievous glint in her calm blue eyes. She let out a small, barely concealed giggle. “Of course, Taishin. Take your time.”

A few days later, life at Tracen Academy had returned to its usual, chaotic rhythm. In a corner of the bustling cafeteria, a mountain of half-eaten food was steadily disappearing. At the center of this culinary catastrophe was Oguri Cap, her face a mask of pure, joyous gluttony.

Across the table, Tamamo Cross sipped her tea, watching her teammate with an air of weary amusement. “Oguri. If ya eat any faster, yer gonna create a black hole.”

“Mphf jushgud,” Oguri mumbled around a mouthful of rice, already reaching for a bowl of stew.

It was then that Super Creek approached, carrying a tray with a single, daintily prepared salad. She was the picture of health and serenity, her gentle smile a soothing balm in the noisy cafeteria. She took a seat at the table, nodding a greeting to them.

“MmmfoggCreek” Oguri waved, a greasy hand.

But before Creek could respond, Tamamo's nose twitched. Her brow furrowed. She leaned forward, sniffing the air curiously. "Hey, Creek... did ya change yer shampoo or somethin'?"

Creek's serene expression didn't falter. "No, I don't believe so. Same as always."

"Nah, it's not that..." Tamamo leaned closer, her eyes narrowing. "It's... weird. Smells like... Like a giant fart, yaen no ka? A really, really eggy one. With a little bit of... cheese?"

Oguri, always attuned to anything remotely related to food, paused her chewing and took a deep sniff. Her eyes went wide. "It smells like rotten food."

Creek's smile froze on her face, a delicate crack in her porcelain mask. The events of the other night, the symphony of gas, the intimate care she had given Taishin... the scent had clung to her clothes, her hair, her very skin. She had showered, of course, but it seemed the memory of that miasma was a stubborn thing.

She let out a small, almost inaudible gasp, her cheeks flushing a pale pink. She looked down at her salad, her mind racing.

"Oh dear..." she muttered, so softly the others almost didn't hear. "It seems like I went too far..."

Tamamo and Oguri exchanged a confused look.

"Too far?" Oguri asked, tilting her head.

"With yer salad?" Tamamo added. "Did ya put too much dressing in or somethin'?"

Creek just shook her head, a flustered, apologetic smile plastered on her face as she desperately tried to think of a believable lie.

The two other horse girls just stared at her, utterly lost, while the faint, unplaceable smell of a thousand farts continued to waft gently from their serenely panicking friend.

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