

## Gassed by an Angel

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/60683161) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/60683161>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Neon Genesis Evangelion</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Ikari Shinji/Nagisa Kaworu</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Ikari Shinji</a> , <a href="#">Nagisa Kaworu</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fart</a> , <a href="#">Farting</a> , <a href="#">Fart Fetish</a> , <a href="#">male farts</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-11-19 Words: 3,954 Chapters: 1/1

# **Gassed by an Angel**

by [FetishStories](#)

## Summary

When the new pilot in class Kaworu Nagisa seems to take a liking to Shinji, lunch together turns into something much more.

That being farts. Kaworu farts, a lot.

“Class, I would like you all to meet Kaworu Nagisa. He’s in town to do work with NERV while Ayanami is out of the country. I want you all to treat him with the utmost respect and help him become acquainted with our fine city.”

“Hello, all. I am Kaworu. I’m pleased to meet all of you. I understand that we will be the best of friends.”

The class wasn’t exactly sure what to make of the seemingly perfect young man standing before them. His skin was almost as pale as his extremely light gray hair and his red eyes were even more striking than Rei’s - maybe because they had so much more intent behind them than the Second Child’s.

However, as unsure as the students before him were, Kaworu could not have been more focused. His eyes narrowed in on the desk that sat in the exact center of the classroom. Three columns from the left and three rows deep, Kaworu saw the boy whose life he was about to change.

“Go take a seat beside Ikari, I understand you two will be working together often so it’s good to grow used to each other’s company.” Kaworu nodded curtly and bowed at the teacher, stepping over towards Shinji Ikari. The boy stared at the approaching angelic boy, looking slightly dumbfounded as Kaworu offered him nothing but a sly smirk back.

“Good to meet you, Ikari. Let’s speak more after class.” Kaworu bowed at Shinji next, continuing to be bizarrely polite - especially in comparison to the last Eva pilot that transferred into the class.

“Uh, g-good to meet you too, Kaworu.” Shinji nodded his headly shakily, before his jaw dropped. There was one more bizarre thing about Kaworu Nagisa beyond his perfect appearance and unnatural behavior, a thing that could only be appreciated when you got up close to him.

The boy seemed to be packing two thick, wobbly cheeks into his black pants. Each fat enough to jiggle from the slight movement on him twisting down into his seat. Shinji’s eyesight followed the new student’s rear down as it squished against that lucky seat... *empty* ! That *empty* seat...

Shinji glanced back up to catch a glimpse at Kaworu’s face, not anticipating to meet his hypnotic red eyes. Suddenly, he felt a lump in his throat as the new pilot offered nothing but the slyest grin as he turned to face the front once more. He was content leaving Shinji wondering firstly how a boy could have a bigger ass than any of the girls in the class, and secondly if he noticed his gawking.

The nervous boy gulped and slowly turned his attention to the front, subconsciously crossing one leg over the other to cover his body’s natural... appreciation for Kaworu Nagisa. He was just trying to ignore what was happening below his belt, because Shinji Ikari was *not* into another guy’s ass.

Probably.

Shinji tried to pay attention in the subsequent two hours of class but everytime he tried to write a note, his mind wandered just a few feet to his side. He'd take the occasional side glance at Kaworu, who himself seemed quite focused on class. Then, when he was sure that the boy was looking ahead at the board, he'd take the quickest glances down at the meat he was straining that seat with. If Shinji had just the slightest amount less control he'd have licked his lips then and there.

Again though, to be clear, he was *not* attracted to Kaworu Nagisa.

Eventually, the bell rang and Shinji released his white knuckle grip on his pencil, leaning back in his seat with a sigh as everyone around him stood up.

"Ikari." Then, just like that, Shinji jolted up in his seat, turning to face the frustratingly beautiful face of his angelic neighbor.

"Kaworu, h-hi." Already blushing, the brunette boy pushed himself up to stand, eyes darting to avoid contact with the boy's shimmering perfect red irises.

"I would love to get to know you personally. Is there a time that would be best for you?" Hearing Kaworu speak put butterflies in Shinji's stomach, he was only an inch or two taller but whenever he spoke, Shinji felt like he was looking up at him.

"T-Tomorrow at lunch. Misato has a meeting and Asuka is meant to be going to Hikari's..." Shinji didn't even think as he made the plans, mouth working independently of the brain. Before he could snap in with an excuse to cancel, things were sealed.

"Sounds excellent. I will see you tomorrow then, Ikari." And like that, he made his exit. Shinji would be meeting the boy in an empty apartment tomorrow, and he was nervous about what would happen to say the least.

Shinji's nerves weren't enough to stop the passage of time however and despite all his fretting, lunchtime the next day came.

He was pacing back and forth when the inevitable knock at the door came.

"Heeey, hi, Kaworu." Shinji opened the door, forcing himself to stand up straight and smile, "Please, come in." He moved to the side and let Kaworu enter, trying his best to not think about how much of the doorway the boy filled up or how his slacks somehow looked tighter today than they did before.

"It is awfully warm in here." Kaworu noted, pulling on the collar of his orange undershirt to fan himself a little.

"Right, sorry. The AC broke down last night and, well, if you knew the other two who lived here you'd know they're not really... good at fixing things." Shinji laughed nervously, before quickly stopping when he noticed Kaworu's blank, piercing gaze burning a hole through him.

“Here, I made lunch. It’s nothing special, I just whipped up some leftover vegetables into a stir fry.”

“If you’ve made it, Ikari, I’ve no doubt it will be delicious. As Lilin say, "I'm *hungry* .”” Kaworu was nice to a sickening degree, but he wasn’t joking about his appetite. Shinji would watch in slight amazement as he saw Kaworu empty his plate no less than three times, the majority of the meal making its way into his stomach.

“Wow, you... eat a lot. Not in a bad way!” Shinji covered his face in shame as he blurted out the first thing he could think of.

“It’s quite alright. Is there anything else you’d like to do?”

“We can watch... TV, if you wanna.”

“I know of television, yes. I’d be intrigued to watch it.” And so, a few seconds later the two were plopped down on the couch, Kaworu more than covering Misato’s indent in the cushion.

For a moment, it was peaceful. The two boys flicked through channels, the new pilot seeming intrigued by literally everything on and asking Shinji constant questions - it wasn’t annoying though, being helpful was what Shinji lived for and Kaworu made him feel essential.

But then, half an hour or so after the reckoning that Kaworu devastated on their lunch, the unmistakable sound of a stomach grumble cut through the living room.

“K-Kaworu?”

*grgggglllgggglllggggg*

“Yes, Shinji?” Kaworu turned his head, his red eyes once more incapacitating Shinji before he could question the loud tummy roar. The Fifth Child tilted his head. “Do you mind if I take these pants off? I’m getting awfully warm and they’re growing very uncomfortable.”

“HUH?!” Shinji’s face turned bright red and he felt himself stiffen up - yes, in multiple ways. “You... but, huh, why, I don’t... s-sure?” He’d have to ask where Kaworu was from because the boy had a completely different understanding of boundaries and customs than anyone Shinji had ever met before.

“Thank you.” Kaworu bowed his head and stood up, revealing the mighty groove he had dug into the seat in just a short time. The next time Misato would sit in that seat, she’d sink into a crater deeper than she could’ve ever imagined.

However, before Shinji could appreciate the craterous impact zone to his side, something unavoidable consumed his vision. Kaworu had unbuttoned and unzipped his pants and was now bending forward to slide them down.

Two glistening cheeks, both visibly dripping with heavy droplets of sweat. His underwear was wedged between his cheeks, although Shinji could still make them out even if the fabric was borderline translucent. For a moment the image of wringing them out flashed into his mind and despite everything disgusting about it, the idea aroused Shinji.

***FRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPTTTTT!!***

Then he farted. With his big, ghostly-white ass mere inches away from Shinji's shocked face. And despite how angelic the boy looked, the smells exiting his fat rear were nothing short of demonic. Immediately, Shinji's nostrils were flooded with the most acrid, spoiled smell he could possibly imagine. All the greens and peppers and otherwise that smelled and tasted so wonderful before had worked their way through Kaworu's digestive system, and they have come out a shambling zombified corpse of what they once were.

That may seem like hyperbole, but that's only because you couldn't smell what Shinji could.

"K-Kaworu, did you just-"

***BBBBWWWWAAARRPPPPPTTTTT!!!***

Yes, he did. And now he's done it a second time, making Shinji tear up even faster than Asuka ever could. The boy gasped for air, having to quickly turn his head to avoid losing his lunch directly onto Kaworu's shimmering backside.

"Kaworu, you gotta... please, can y-you..." He could barely even get the words out, coughing into one hand and clearing his eyes with the other. The difficulty asking him to stop didn't have anything to do with the thick gas he was choking on either. Unfortunately for Shinji's already fragile mental state, he wasn't able to ask Kaworu to stop because deep down, he didn't want him to.

Even when the horrible scent got particularly onion-y, Shinji couldn't stop taking small inhalations of it, even if his flooded-with-gas brain was begging him to stop.

"Oh, I see, is that annoying you?" Kaworu tilted his head, sitting back down.

"N-No, no... it's just, uh-"

***FFFFFFFFFFFFLLLAaaaaaaARRRTTTTTTT !!!!***

The color drained out of Shinji's face when he felt the fairly sturdy couch below himself vibrate like it was caught in an earthquake. Kaworu's epic release reverberated with such force and power that Shinji would swear it actually moved the seat multiple inches to one side. At the very least, the smell was being contained beneath Kaworu's almost-bare ass, meaning Shinji wouldn't continue sniffing the air and further corrupt his mind.

"D-Do you need to go to the bathroom, Kaworu? I can show you where it-"

***PPPPHHHHBBBBBBLLLAaaASSSPPPTTTT !!!!***

Shinji winced at the wet ending, knowing that he'd have to scrub any stains out. Once again he felt the power of this bomb rattle his skeleton, his teeth chattering as his nerves grew so overwhelming he started to shake.

"Thank you, Shinji, but that will be unnecessary. I understand that this is simply flatulence, just gas. I only need to release it all." Shinji chose the worst time to look back at the boy,

once again falling upon the spell of his scarily beautiful eyes. “Unless, it *is* bothering you, Shinji.”

It would have been so easy for Shinji to just say yes and tell Kaworu that it’s rude to pass gas around company.

“I-It’s fine…” But Shinji simply couldn’t allow himself to go without his new carnal desire: Kaworu Nagisa’s booming farts. He watched as his guest’s concerned face turned into a smirk.

“Very good.” That was the only comment Kaworu offered before lifting a cheek up and unloading a magnificent twenty-odd seconds of:

**SSSPPPPPLLLLAAAARRRSSSSBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTT!!!**

Far and away the biggest rip of the day so far, and Kaworu even went to the trouble of hoisting one of his hefty cheeks up so the smell would blow right out into the increasingly toxic atmosphere of the apartment. Shinji’s bottom lip quivered as he saw the beautiful relief on his new crush’s face. His nostrils flared as soon as the fumes blasted over to him, wanting to fit as much of the odor in as possible.

His cheeks were bright red - that’s the one on Shinji’s face, to be specific. It was hard to say if the heat he was feeling was from embarrassment or Kaworu’s warm fart hitting him, but the answer was likely a bit of both.

Almost half-a-minute later, Kaworu dropped his cheek back down with a thud, the sudden shift lifting Shinji up out of his seat for a moment before he plopped back down. He hadn’t even noticed all the movement, he was still spinning after sniffing up the majority of that previous monster. Kaworu gazed at his face closely, still smirking ever so slightly.

“I apologize, Shinji, my body must not be reacting well to the food.”

“I-I’m s-sorry…”

“Oh, it’s quite alright, Shinji. I’m having a wonderful time.”

“Oh, well, good. M-Me too.” Shinji offered a shy smile, hoping Kaworu wouldn’t notice his blindingly pink cheeks. With that, the two returned to normality, until Kaworu cut through the pleasant silence as easily as he cut the cheese.

“Would you mind if I sat in your lap, Shinji?” For a second, the boy thought he had just had a heart attack but it was actually just the organ beating so fast it was fit to shoot out of his chest.

“I-I-I mean, I don’t… I don’t know if- I mean, you know, that’s a…” The brunette continued to babble on to Kaworu’s unchanging blank smile. Despite word salad still spilling out of Shinji’s mouth, the new pilot had decided he’d heard enough. As the inane rambling went on, Kaworu stood up, reached back to unwedge his underwear with a loud **SNAP** and took three small steps to the side.

Then he dropped.

Time ground to a halt as Shinji sat in complete shock. His eyes were bulging, his hands shot up straight into the air to avoid touching the boy and the less said about the immediate reaction in his pants the better. The only sound leaving his mouth now was a quiet repeated gasp - both from arousal and probably a bit of pain considering Kaworu dropped his dumptruck down without warning right onto Shinji's weak little lap.

"This seat is much more comfortable."

***BBBBBWWWWWWWWAAAASSSSppPpPLABBBPPTTT!!!***

Kaworu's quiet chuckle was overshadowed by the monstrous sound of his ass exploding with another volley of wet, sloppy flatus. The force of the gas shot right through Shinji, rattling him in place so he'd bounce up and down against the thick angelic boy. This did not help his arousal issue. It only got worse when Kaworu would lift himself up and drop back down onto the Third Child's nether region. Not only was this another harsh slam on the boy, it also freed all of the stench out from under Kaworu's ass.

From there, Shinji had a two prong attack on the senses: first the septic tank odor blasted up his nostrils and secondly his eyes took notice of just how translucent his briefs had gotten from the sweat. There was no mistaking what the deep, dark line going straight down the center of them was.

"I can feel how engorged you are, Shinji." He could only see the back of Kaworu's head but his tone made the smirk on his face more than obvious. "It's practically pulsing under me."

"I-I... I mean, y-yeah."

"That means you're enjoying this, right? If you aren't, I'd be happy to get up." Kaworu glanced back over his shoulder and like everytime their eyes met, Shinji was suddenly putty in his hand. "But if you are enjoying this, like I believe you are, I'd also be happy to help you with your... problem. So, are you enjoying this, Shinji Ikari?"

He nodded.

"I need your words."

"Y-Yes."

"Very good. I like to help you, Shinji. Sometimes I believe it's the very reason I was born." Kaworu let Shinji wallow in that uncomfortable quote (and also the foggy haze of ass gas he was leaving) and stood up, putting the boy's face directly level with his fat bubble butt. "Now, lie down for me."

Shinji slid his limp body down the cushion, eyes glued to Kaworu's two plump cheeks as he slipped down onto the carpet. He felt like he had melted into a puddle as he turned to allow himself to lie totally flat. It wasn't much of an achievement to get Shinji to do what you say,

but it usually takes yelling or guilting him - with Kaworu, he simply had to speak and Shinji would make it so.

Noticing his host's adjustments, Kaworu moved himself so his ass was still pointing towards Shinji's head like a compass facing north. As he eclipsed the ceiling light, Kaworu took the chance to stretch a little, every movement changing how the light hit his perfect curves. It was like a statue of a Greek god but it was real and fleshy and so close to Shinji's face.

Once he was all warmed up, Kaworu did what he seemed to do best: drop without warning. He spread his legs enough to land with a thud on Shinji's chest, somehow managing to not break a rib with the amount of weight slammed down. He did manage to knock the air out of Shinji, who craned his neck up with a pathetic wheeze, lifting his face mere inches away from Kaworu's big, sloppy ass. The resulting inhalation was about a quarter oxygen and 75% angel boy butt musk.

When he first heard Kaworu's offer to "help with his problem", Shinji was almost certain that he was about to be inside of the other boy's mouth. He really should've realized that that was too straight forward for his new friend.

The gray haired boy leaned forward and Shinji just waited for him to unbutton his pants and free his throbbing shame. That never came, even if he nearly did. Instead once Kaworu was practically laying on top of the brunette, he started to back up his two fat cheeks. If he had more awareness of human culture, he'd have hummed the Jaws theme.

Instead, he just offered a very slight chuckle as his rear slowly consumed more and more of Shinji's view until there was nothing for him to see except pounds and pounds of pasty white assfat. And then, blackness. Kaworu's ass was smothering Shinji's face. There was an immense overflow of cheek on either side of the now groaning Third Child's head, fully boxing him in with the smell of new and old sweat.

Shinji's hands shot up, slapping and grinding deep onto the mostly-exposed cheeks. He struggled to breathe before but now he had no choice but to survive on the foulest smelling asscrack in Tokyo-3's natural fragrance.

"Oh, silly me." Kaworu spoke, smirk audible in his tone. "I almost forgot that Lilin require air to survive. Allow me to accommodate you."

"*MMM!*" was the most Shinji got out before Kaworu ripped a monstrous ***BBBBBWWWWWWAAARRRRSSSSPPPPPTTTTTTTT !!!***

It exploded over Shinji, truly quaking the entire apartment now as the force went through the boy's head and into the floor below. If Misato and Asuka weren't already so loud all the time, Shinji would've been concerned about noise complaints. Thankfully he had more time to be concerned about the gallons upon gallons of literally inhuman smells being forced into every orifice on his face.

Kaworu didn't wait for the fart to end to quite literally rub it in. He would grind back, sliding Shinji's nose back and forth on his crack like a credit card. That would be humiliating enough

but the true kicker was where Kaworu's hands went, straight ahead to rub themselves on Shinji's crotch.

"Oh, yes, it's good I'm here to help you deal with this, Shinji." Kaworu began, the first part of his sentence drowned out by the bassy foghorn sound blowing out his ass. "It seems like such a *big* problem." It was hard to say if that was a strange inflection or if the red-eyed angel was actually teasing Shinji. Everything about his personality would lean to the former, but the way his hand would rub gently against Shinji's painfully hard bulge implies the latter.

Whatever Kaworu's intent was, the result was clear as day: Shinji was more aroused now than he had ever been in his life. And every tiny maneuver of Kaworu's palm only amplified that horniness tenfold. Shinji reached two shaking hands up towards his crotch but before they could get remotely close, Kaworu acted.

He slammed Shinji's arms down by his side, leaving his flailing legs as the only outlet for all of Shinji's panicked exhilaration. Not that there was anything he could do before, but now there was zero question that Shinji wouldn't be able to stop Kaworu from doing-

***PPPHBBBBLLLLLLAAAAARRSSSPPPPLAAABBBBBBBBTTTTTT !!!***

-that.

Yet again, Kaworu proved that one can never judge a book by its cover by both looking the way he does and farting the way he does. Shinji's nose was practically branded by the toxic, pungent scent. An odor so thick he could taste it even with his mouth shut. The tears the acrid funk created in his eyes could barely exit his ducts before they were mixed with salty sweat fresh from Kaworu's perspiring ass. Needless to say the room was not getting any less stuffy and humid with the amount of farts the boy was cranking out, he was sweating even more than before.

And yet despite the smell now unidentifiable as vegetables, or the disgusting syrupy sweat, or the radiator-like heat emanating out of the crack - Shinji Ikari was still rock hard in his pants. Kaworu did finally do him the kindness of unzipping his pants, but his manhood still stayed firmly within the confines of his briefs.

"I think you're about ready for the swelling to go down." Kaworu was satisfied now, taking a look around Misato's apartment to find it slightly ransacked. All his enormous farts had shuffled the furniture around and there was even a visible green haze over the space that wasn't going to dissipate anytime soon. He was content knowing that Shinji would be waking up day after day and walking into a home absolutely *dominated* by his anal stench.

The angel boy reached forward once more, not even caring about the audible **RIIPPP** coming from his truly soaked underwear as they were shredded by the magnitude of his backside. He simply extended one finger and slowly pressed it down against Shinji's bulge. It took mere seconds of contact before Shinji's dick started to throb for the final times that day, pumping out multiple globs of cum into his underwear. Kaworu was more than content watching the dark stain on the front grow, feeling a weak whine of pleasure punctuate each rope shot out.

“There we are. All better now, right, Shinji?” Kaworu sat up straight and arched his back, sighing as he pulled the tattered remains of underwear off his shelf of a backside. There was no response from below, which elicited a final laugh from the angel as he stood up straight. Shinji’s face traveled with his immense cheeks for a moment before slowly sliding back out, the boy’s head smacking back down to the carpet to reveal he was well and truly unconscious after the pleasure overload he had received.

“I’d love to stay and clean up but I really must be going. I hope you don’t mind my borrowing of your clothes, but I am aware enough to know I must be dressed if I’m to be out in public.” Kaworu bent over one final time to pull Shinji’s pants down his skinny legs. “I’ll try my best to fit into these. Goodbye, Shinji Ikari, I’ll see you again very soon.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!