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(Un)Natural Desire

Menu

[Skip to content](#)

- [Home](#)
- [About Me](#)

The Fart Fetish (aka The Elephant in My Room)

[Schamberedheart](#) / [12/09/2013](#)

Before I start I apologise for my disjointed style, wavering off point, misleading post titles, excessively long blog entries (self-editing was never a strength), any grammatical mistakes, typos or spelling errors. It has been quiet a while since I have written in meaningful prose and I welcome any constructive feedback. However I do not apologise for my use of [British spelling](#) and for the actual content itself, that said I am open to debate, discussion and further interrogation.

“How the hell can you like that? That’s disgusting!”

I wish I would hear these words more often when I reveal that I’m a fart fetishist (which trust me is not that often). I’d always assumed that this would be the way that people would react but alas it always tends to be more awkward, abrupt or angrier than that. I wish curiosity killed the cat more often, but maybe people aren’t as curious as I want them to be. Maybe I’m selfish and behind my facade of confidence and knowing that “normal” doesn’t exist I still seek some validation for my “abnormal” fetish. I really do love hearing that puzzled bewildered “why?” so that I can eloquently (to my mind) justify myself in a long diatribe that will either leave you fascinated, bored, more disgusted or just plain indifferent.

So let’s start with some common misconceptions. I am not attracted to just anyone farting, it has to be a woman that I find attractive in some way or another. Then again I might find a woman attractive but I might not necessarily fantasise about her farting and whilst I do have some bisexual tendencies the thought of appreciating male flatulence in the same way disgusts me. Neither am I looking for a woman who can fart on command nor am I looking to feed them a non stop diet of lentils/Indian or Mexican food. I do not get aroused by walking into someone’s stinky offering in the supermarket aisle and I don’t pitch wood when someone accidentally lets slip within audible distance though I am puerile enough to smirk and stifle a laugh. When I meet an attractive woman my mind does not automatically jump to thoughts of her flatulence but I may choose to do so at later point. I do not see my fetish for female flatulence as an act of submission or one in which I am being humiliated though that being said I am a switch and do like to act out on my some of my submissive/dominant urges within a sexualised context.

I started exploring masturbation around the age of twelve, mainly in the shower and it took a couple of months for me to have an orgasm. The first few times I played the build up of sensation was so intense I’d pretty much chicken out before the real fireworks began; mainly because I thought I was going to pee the most powerful stream ever. Looking back at it I was in the shower and really it wasn’t going to be a problem if that happened anyway. I eventually did go all the way and besides falling to my knees and bruising them my first orgasm went off without a hitch. From then on I was hooked and soon realising that I could do this self-loving ritual pretty quickly and without fuss I graduated from the shower to other locations, however living in a house where the bedrooms didn’t have locks I was generally confined to using the bathroom anyway. Initially the whole process was mechanical the feels were new and the physical sensation was wholly intense and overwhelming there really wasn’t that much time for a thought process behind it all. Soon though the whole process had to be attached to something more and fantasy, titillation, pornography all started to play more of a part, however since my ritual was to masturbate in the locked bathroom fantasy had a much bigger role to play.

One of my early masturbatory fantasies has always been of women farting. In some of my fantasies I would watch the woman farting and she’d be either clothed or naked. In other fantasies I might be more intimate with her and she would fart on me or I would even willfully smell her farts. The fantasy came somewhat naturally to me, I wasn’t alarmed or perturbed by the fact that I was aroused in this way, not that I would have told anyone. As far as the boys at school were concerned all fantasies were about shagging a Spice Girl or Shirley Manson (depending on the friends circle). I was told that as a young toddler I had a thing for terrorising women’s bottoms, much to my mother’s dismay I developed a predilection for silently sneaking up behind women and biting them on the backside, a dalliance that seemed to persist until the age of two perhaps two and a half. In pre-school I had the odd incident of urinary and fecal incontinence or witnessing incidences occurring to other kids nothing in particular about this sticks out to me other than the fact I enjoyed being cleaned by the poor teacher/assistant faced with the unpleasant task not a sly/mischievous enjoyment but a warm appreciative one. As a young child (maybe between the ages of 5-9) I had the on and off interest in my own bowel habits and was particularly fascinated by the muscular ring of my anus often touching myself there whilst on the toilet to feel the poop come out or feel its contraction maybe a protracted version of Freud’s *Anal Stage* but something that I grew out of and again I doubt that fascination is uncommon for a young child. Besides what I have mentioned there really isn’t much to indicate the origins of my peculiar olfactory attraction, I liked the female derriere a lot (I really do mean a lot) but that really isn’t ground breaking territory for a young adolescent male.

So what is it about attractive women farting that I enjoy so much. Well first I love that a woman could be comfortable with me in that way, now I know many women fart in front of their partners and that is often part of the natural progression of many relationships. Let me clarify I like the fact that a woman can be that comfortable with me subsequent to me admitting that I have a fart fetish as that changes the dynamic of the act altogether and if anything would make most women more self-conscious of their flatulence. Secondly I like the humorous side of it, puerile as it may seem but yes I do find farts funny but everything in its right time and place. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t susceptible to the social mores that most proscribe to and even I’d find deliberate public flatulence uncouth. Furthermore the taboo aspect of female flatulence (silly as the taboo maybe) and the dirtiness of it both heighten my arousal. Also the fact that it is anally related and the fact that I am a arse man beyond any doubt obviously makes it an act that I find attractive. On the sensual side yes I can appreciate the fart itself I love the variety of sounds from a deep bassy rumble to the coke can hiss, I love the feel and heat of the gas as it comes out against my skin. If you are wondering about my thoughts on the most obvious element of a fart well the answer is yes I can enjoy the smell (I suppose the preference for type varies among eproctophiles). I have a penchant for the dull thick lingering ones that are mellow and odorous as opposed to the short sharp stinging ones that are short lived and make you gag. I enjoy the smell in much the same way a person might tolerate or occasionally enjoy their own brand.

Well how do I know I enjoy farting in this way, the truth is my experience of women farting to indulge me in this way is extremely limited (but satisfying nonetheless) and a lot of it is conjecture on my own part but my instincts when it comes to my own sexual penchants have always been pretty accurate without much need for trial and error. In general what I think I will enjoy tends mostly to be true for me and is a subject I will broach perhaps in another posting. On the whole in the real world as opposed to the virtual I have always been very protective about my fetish I dare not approach the subject seriously with anyone and if I ever do raise the topic it is in jest and in a way that most think I am just going for shock value more than anything else. The only real long term partner I have had, did have her suspicions and tried to broach the subject with me and I got very defensive and passively aggressive and she never really raised the subject again. I admit that cowardice when it comes to being true or honest to myself has always been a deep seated issue in my life. I have always put others first within my life passing my actions of as selflessness to myself but really its dishonesty and lies unfortunately stack. I will try to address these issues in further entries as and when I feel comfortable to do so.

To be honest I don’t really know how to finish this entry it does to me feel incomplete but as you can see some internal confusion exists and even writing this makes my hands tremble and a cold sweat break out. I will however go ahead and press publish and if I feel the need to revisit I will.