

DETERMINED Mouse

Simon Tesla belongs to his player

Undertale and all its characters belong to Toby Fox

The air was quiet when Simon peeked his head out of his little hidey hole. It was night in the underground and all the world was still. Stepping out, the brave mouse took a deep breath, looking about in the ruins. A wedge of cheese lay on the table, slowly gathering dust. Simon's whiskers twitched in his sniffs, perhaps that wouldn't be the best place to find food for today.

Gathering his courage, the tiny mouse ventured out into the ruins. The frogs and insects snoozed in their little homes, but it wasn't there that Simon was interested in. Behind a flower garden stood a quaint little cottage home.

It looked almost too human to exist in the monster realm, but oh so inviting. Scampering forward, Simon squeezed himself in under the front door. The glowing parts of his body illuminating the world around him. It was warm, welcoming within. The feeling of 'home' with a hint of melancholy permeated the air. Taking another deep breath, Simon took the hallway to the right.

The smell of musty old, well loved books filled the library. Simon grinned, he could easily spend the rest of his days here, contently devouring tomes, metaphorically and literally, but that wasn't his goal. Darting from the door to the easy chair, Simon did his best to cover his glowing form, though the magic mouse made his way into the next room. The smell of cinnamon and butterscotch filled his nostrils, making Simon give a loud squeak of victory.

Leaping onto the handtowel, Simon made his way to the countertop. Waddling over, he started to munch on a bit of the pie. The cinnamoniness seemed to conflict with the butterscotch, very spicy, very sweet. Simon would have preferred a cheese quiche, but he was not going to complain.

Patting a pudgy belly, Simon felt his H.P. going to a reasonable number to want to explore once more. The stairway in the entrance yawned open wide. The feeling of sadness came from the black abyss, growing stronger and stronger whilst Simon's eyes peered down there. Whatever happened there, it was not a place Simon was too eager to find out about. Shaking his head clear of the emotions, he bounced into the east wing.

The carpet absorbed the sound of his tiny claws, making the means to keep quiet easier. The first door bled light from underneath, and Simon could hear the hushed sound of children giggling from within. His ears perked up a little bit, but that was no place to explore now, not if he didn't want to be caught. The second door was quiet, and the mouse squeezed himself underneath with a bit more difficulty from the full belly. With a pop he shot into the middle of the room.

The sound of snoring came from the bed, and Simon carefully made his way over, grabbing onto the edge of the bed, climbing underneath the covers, the mouse came across a massive white paw. The mouse gasped softly, looking over the worn pads, rough and calloused from walking barefoot, smelling slightly of garden soil and flowers. Simon's twitching whiskers gently brushed over one pad, making the foot twitch, kicking out, and colliding with Simon's tiny body.

It was like being hit by a soft full body warhammer, spiralling Simon in the covers, going head over tail. His little green eyes rolling around as he slowly regained composure. That was not something to do again. The knock made him lose his place in the covers though. He wasn't sure where the exit was. Taking a deep breath, Simon started to walk, moving closer to wherever he'd find next.

The blanket kept him warm, but as he moved forward, the air seemed to get hotter. A smell of wetness in the air confused him, driving his curiosity and his determination. The weight of the blanket felt lighter, not pressed down on him as much. The glowing mouse's eyes widened as he saw where he was.

The two white legs created a hallway on either side of him, slowly lifting up the blanket to the owner's belly. Each leg twitching only slightly from dreams, and lightly spreading. Simon could see further down, or rather up. The white legs meeting and a pudgy cave was between them. Simon was a mouse, and a mouse's greatest desire was to hide in holes.

Taking a deep breath, Simon's little legs hied him towards that warm, inviting place. The squeaking mouse bounced slightly on the squeaking bedsprings before finding himself face to muffle with the Boss Monster.

The lavender petals peeked out from snowy white fur, thick enough for Simon to get lost in. Twitching his nose, Simon perked himself on his hindlegs. Sniffing some more, Simon saw the large purple pearl at the top of the cave. His hands reaching out, touching over it, feeling how warm it was, how it throbbed slightly in its position. His look of wonder didn't catch the sudden shift in the bed, however.

Toriel bolted upright, feeling something between her legs as her dark red eyes went wide, "What the fu-!" she yelped, looking down at her lap, then pulling the blanket aside. Seated between her naked legs, Simon glanced back up, mousily giving a squeak of hello. Toriel's peevish look seemed to melt seeing the bright green eyes peering up at the boss. Taking a deep breath, she smiled softly, "Alright, alright. Look, if you're gonna do that, you'd better get to work."

The fanged goat's legs spread wider, letting those folds open up for Simon. The curious mouse perking his ears as he peered into the nether channel. It looked so cozy and warm, his pointed snout peering a bit more into the warm void. Toriel grinned naughtily, licking her lips, "Now, if you want a good look at my cunt, let me help you."

Simon yelped a bit, a hand coming in from behind him and he felt himself getting stuffed in there. The lavender cove gripped him tightly, feeling the wet walls ripple all around him. Simon's twitching nose continued to tickle the walls around him. His tail, still outside of Toriel wrapped around one of her fingers instinctively, and she responded by holding onto that tail, letting him know he's safe.

Simon groped around, his glowing body helping to illuminate within Toriel, feeling the purple flesh ripple and massage him. His pink cock sliding from his sheath as he moaned slightly. A grin crossing his face as he wondered if this was considered making love to the Boss Monster, after all, his erection was inside of her.

Simon's hands rubbed around, feeling a rough patch of flesh along the roof. Touching it made the whole channel spasm and squeeze over him. The corridor getting wetter and hotter, and its owner making a happy groan. Simon took a deep breath of the humid air before moving to lick along that spot.

Toriel's toes curled and squeezed into fists as she felt Simon directly stimulating her g-spot. Her eyes crossed as she breathed faster. The whole body trembling about the mouse. Simon pushed himself further in, holding onto Toriel's finger with his tail as best he could. His nose sniffing along a large doughnut the size of his head.

Grunting, the goat mother felt that mouse venturing as deep as he could within her, those soaking wet whiskers brushing all over her cervix. Toriel's teeth were clenched, "Nnnnngh, naughty boy." She muttered, giving the mouse another squeeze all over. Her belly felt warm, tingly as she enjoyed that feeling of pleasure coming from a far different source she had known before.

Simon groaned quietly, his tongue lapping all around, feeling himself getting drunk on Toriel's juices. He knew if he kept this up, it would be getting even wetter in here, and the lust magics drove him further and further to that goal. His hands kneading and fondling Toriel's g-spot and his mouth drinking the fluids leaking from that cervical opening. He felt the finger his tail was holding onto grinding and rubbing over Toriel's clitoris, putting him in the middle of an orgy of one.

The tightness in Toriel's belly squeezed and squeezed into a ball, getting smaller and smaller, growing in intensity before exploding in a rush of pleasure. A ring of blue flames surrounding Toriel as she let out a loud cry of pleasure, not even trying to hide herself from the boys in the next room.

It was like standing at the heart of a tsunami. The whole channel squeezed and nearly crushed the little mouse as he squeaked loudly, opening his mouth and feeling it getting filled and shoved down his throat with all the juices. He couldn't breathe, drowning in the liquid love of the Boss Monster. His vision starting to fade slightly, not that he could breathe without the fluid as Toriel's muscles squeezed him hard, gripping all around.

Simon's H.P. ticked down, making him wonder if this was the end, but suddenly he was yanked out by that finger around his tail. Dangling from Toriel's hand, the mouse coughed and panted, breathing fresh air. As he dangled from his tail, recovering, he found himself eye to eye with Toriel, with a squeak, Simon gave a shy wave.

"Well, looks like you're an absolute mess." Toriel said, letting Simon turn in the air still held by his tail. Simon nodded slightly, giving a slight squeak of victory of that wetness coating his glowing fur. "It'd be wrong of me as a host to let you stay like that, though." Toriel's fanged mouth slowly opened up wide. Her pink tongue lolling out as Simon peered down the purple portal.

Lowered in there, Simon squeaked, finding himself within the Boss's mouth, her lips closing around him as he squeaked loudly. The tongue he laid upon rolling all over him, starting to clean off her own juices, drinking up her orgasm off of Simon's fur.

The massive tongue rolled between Simon's legs, grinding over his little cock. The mouse squeaking in the maw, reflexively grinding over that wet, thick muscle. Clinging onto that tongue, Simon continued to rub himself against it. Toriel's lips curled around the mouse, letting that tongue caress and tease all over the little explorer. The salty preseed leaking onto her tongue, a tiny trickle, but just as tasty as ever.

Simon peered into the oblivion of Toriel's throat, panting faster as his hips worked back and forth more and more. His head in the clouds figuratively whilst literally it was just over Toriel's throat. The tongue tip of the Boss Monster teasing over his little tailhole, making him squeak loudly, huffing and groaning even more.

That penis rubbing her tongue made Toriel shiver slightly, focusing on pleasuring the little mouse in her maw some more, wanting to give as good as she got. She felt Simon squirming around in her slimy muzzle, wiggling a bit before she felt a hot little spike of saltiness splash over her tongue.

Simon squeaked down that throat in his orgasm. His little body trembling and spasming as he felt the rush of seed bless the former queen's tongue. His whole glowy body radiated in his pleasure, only barely catching that Toriel's head was leaning back, gravity beginning to become a concern.

Toriel suckled all over Simon's body, drinking down the little seed the mouse offered. His squirming tugged on that finger, and his head knocked on her uvula, letting her finger loosen its grip.

Simon squeaked again, grunting before the slimy tunnel pulled at him more, or perhaps it was gravity, or the natural effect of the food chain. Simon squeaked loudly, wiggling before getting dropped into that darkness.

She didn't mean to drop him, but there was little Toriel could do now, feeling the mouse wiggle in her throat, down her neck. She felt as Simon squirmed indignantly down to her belly. Her cheeks flushed quietly, not wanting to raise her LoVe higher than it was already.

A warm hug clung onto Simon, milking and fondling over his form, lighter than her netherlips, but more insistent, guiding him deeper and deeper within Toriel's passages. He, and his cum, and whatever else joined each other before dropping into a large, fleshy cove.

Blue flames lit where his glowing body didn't. The magic moving to each bit of pie and food within Toriel, converting it into H.P. and her mana source. Simon gulped, knowing this was something to avoid. Taking a deep breath, the mouse darted deeper within Toriel. The passages were twisty and branched several times. The mouse knew he could end up anywhere within the boss, but he had to keep moving if he wanted to avoid those blue flames.

As she laid down, Toriel's body went to work hunting for the mouse. The squeaker finding himself at Toriel's spleen, nearly thinking it was the end as one flame chased him, sending him round and round the organ before he escaped. The damage from Toriel's orgasm gave him little confidence in a straight fight, even if a minion monster would even consider going against a Boss Monster.

Toriel felt the little pawpads pitter-pattering within her as Simon dashed about. The wet walls occasionally giving him little hugs as she fell asleep to his internal massaging. Simon's glowing body at least not giving his position away to the eyeless flames, but they did seem particularly drawn to his SOUL.

Taking a left, Simon peered at a hole at the end of the passage. He wasn't sure where he was, not that even a map could have helped him, but behind him a whole mess of flames were heading in his direction. Those bodily functions eager to do as they would to the mouse, make him H.P., and Exp for the Boss. There was only one thing to do, and with a squirming jump, wedging himself through the hole.

Simon's head popped into somewhere large again, and his wet body nudged itself through the hole, going head over heels inside of Toriel. Wherever he was, those flames stopped chasing him at least, letting him breathe a sigh of relief. The room was, for lack of a better word, roomy. A very maternal essence filled the place as Simon got up, looking around. The place had a familiar scent to it, tickling his nose in a particular way that made him blink. To one end of the place he was, a familiar doughnut shape was there, making him gasp softly. He was right where he started, in a way, just one the other side.

Moving to nudge against the hole didn't seem to warrant any sort of helpful opening. Sitting down on his rump, Simon sighed, when Toriel was having her orgasm, it seemed to flutter open slightly, possibly enough to let him through, but in his position, he wasn't able to do that. It was just the waiting game at this point.

Simon's glowing body quietly illuminated the room as he curled up near the cervix, the mouse allowed himself to take a nap. The exhausted Simon letting out a long breath before falling asleep.

Drops of moisture splattering on his face woke up Simon. He wasn't sure how long he was out, but based off his remaining exhaustion, it wasn't long. The whole womb trembled around him with a rhythmic pounding. The mouse darting upright, looking around. The cervix seemed to flutter again. He wasn't sure when the next opportunity was, but he was certainly going to take it, stretching that muscular hole as best as he could. The little mouse sneaking himself through further as he growled a bit, using every remaining scrap of his ATK to get himself through. Birthing himself into Toriel's vagina, the squeaker found himself snout to urethra with a large, pink invader inside of the sleeping Boss Monster.

Simon's night really has just begun.