

Mickey and Meow's Hot Date

Commissioned story written by HamsterTrove for Sin34

After growing tired of the stress and danger that came with capturing and registering aliens with Space Dandy, Meow had decided to move to the expansive, planetoid-sized city of Toon World to get a new job.

Toon World was quite an odd, but interesting place. Many years ago, a peculiar community had arisen online. This community was filled with various creatures from different planets wanting to physically transform themselves into their favourite animated characters and take on their personas. Their dedication to this goal eventually paid off, as through genetic and cybernetic modification, and the use of a lot of money from wealthier members, a city filled with creatures resembling animated characters from throughout the universe was constructed.

While Toon World was extravagantly decorated and notably large, over time the city had become fairly similar to any other. A mixture of animated character lookalikes and relatively normal creatures now roamed the streets and inhabited its shops and houses. What had initially been an incredible, amusement park-like novelty was now just everyday life for the city's inhabitants. People would casually walk by and form friendships with creatures resembling Woody Woodpecker, Felix the Cat and Homer Simpson.

One of these friendships between an animated character lookalike and a normal creature was between Meow and the current mayor of the city, Mickey Mouse. The two of them had met at a hotel where Meow had been doing his job as a room service waiter and Mickey had simply been taking some time off. Neither of them was in much of a rush to perform their duties at the time, and they both quickly took a liking to each other's appearances and personalities, so they got talking and soon became good friends.

After several months of hanging out together, Mickey suggested they go out on a date and see if they could form a closer relationship together. Meow was very flattered to hear this and happily accepted the black-furred mouse's offer. A few days after the offer, the geeky feline and short rodent met up at a Mexican buffet, intending on having dinner together.

The two of them greatly overindulged on the food available there, taking the phrase 'all-you-can-eat' very seriously. Their furry bellies grew extremely distended and round, gurgling and growling with each subtle movement they made. Not wanting to embarrass themselves on a date, both Meow and Mickey had miraculously managed to hold in the copious amount of gas present in their bloated bellies. A few stifled burps and hiccups was the furthest extent the two animals had displayed any sort of gassiness.

Once they had finished enjoying the food and conversation at the Mexican buffet, the two of them headed back to Mickey's office with the intent of getting intimate. As they entered Mickey's office, they could feel the air inside the room was notably warm and stuffy. It had been a hot day, and the mayoral mouse's air conditioning unit had broken last week. This didn't stop the two horny animals from kissing and laying their hands all over each other's gas-and-food filled bodies though.

As they stripped off each other's clothes and excitedly felt each other up, they both noted how the softness of their fur contrasted interestingly with the tight, tautness of their bloated bellies.

The two of them were fervently amorous. Meow stroked and licked Mickey's body, his hot, fishy breath washing over the mouse as he pleased him. The mayoral mouse nuzzled and kissed the

betelgeusian's body in return, loving the feeling of Meow's warmth and touch. Their distended bellies frequently squished against each other as they demonstrated their passion for each other.

Sweat started to appear on the aroused animals' bodies and trickle down their bloated forms. A salty, musky scent filled the warm, muggy air as they grew sweatier and more aroused. After a good amount of foreplay and (rather laughable) dirty talk, Meow suggested they get to the main event.

Mickey smiled and agreed. The nude mouse laid himself back on his desk, presenting his plump, black-furred butt and long, slender tail to Meow. The feline alien's cock twitched excitedly below his massive belly, reacting to the sight of the mouse's thick, sweat-drenched cheeks and deep, musky butt crack. Judging from the size of the rodent's rump, Meow guessed this wasn't the first time Mickey had overindulged at a restaurant.

The sweaty, musky aroma emanating from Mickey's crotch and plump ass filled Meow's nostrils and excited the long-necked feline. Meow stepped closer to his lover. Meow grabbed hold of Mickey's damp, furry torso and leaned forward; his cock ready to enter the rodent's tight, little hole.

The two animals' round bellies pushed against each other as they got close. Meow started excitedly humping his body against Mickey's, letting out little grunts and moans as he did so. After thirty seconds of this, Meow noticed Mickey wasn't reacting the way he'd expected him to. The mouse seemed to have an expectant, somewhat perplexed look on his face.

In those thirty seconds, Meow's cock had been bobbing beneath the sweaty betelgeusian's immense gut, not even touching Mickey's pucker. As the two of them had such massively swelled-up bellies, Meow had been unable to get his penis close enough to Mickey's ass to actually get his dick inside him. Both Mickey's gut and his own were getting in the way.

Meow carried on thrusting his hips, his stiff cock rubbing against the underside of his own warm, sweaty belly. "Haa...so...haah...h-how does it feel?" Meow asked rather breathily. "Oh, uh..." Mickey hesitated to answer. Not wanting the feline to feel embarrassed or inadequate, Mickey decided to tell him a white lie. "Oh, it...uh...feels great! You're really giving it to me good there!" Mickey responded with a tentative grin.

"Haa...sweet! I was...haah...worried we weren't gonna be in a- nmm- good state to do it after all that Mexican food, but...mmnf...it seems like we're doing just fine~" Meow happily said, some grunts and hot, heavy breaths leaving his mouth as he spoke.

Meow carried on attempting to hump the bloated rodent, his long, furry tail swaying behind him excitedly as he did so. The wet 'plap' sounds of the two animals' sweaty bodies slapping and pushing against each other could be heard again and again. With each determined thrust, Meow grew sweatier and muskier. It wasn't long until the room's air grew thick with the smelly feline's body odour.

After a while of this, Meow's thrusts slowed down and a concerned expression appeared on his whiskered face as he heard a deep, loud gurgle coming from his engorged belly. As the sound had been so loud, and the two animals were so close together, Mickey had been able to feel the rumbling of Meow's stomach against his own. Reacting to the peculiar sound, Mickey asked, "You're still-ugh-hungry, buddy?"

Meow hesitated to answer. He was sure that rumble wasn't due to hunger, but the huge amount of gas in his gut that he'd been stirring up for the past several minutes. The bloated betelgeusian could feel an immense amount of pressure building inside of his stomach. He was certain a huge fart was

brewing inside of him but didn't want to admit such a crass thing while he was trying to have sex with Mickey.

GRRRRRRRRWWWWWWWWHHRRRLLL...

RRRRRRGGGGGRRRRRRRHMMMMMMNN...

GLLRRRRRRHHHHRRMMMMMMMMMM...

The sounds of grumbling and gurgling coming from Meow's round gut grew louder and louder. Sweat was now pouring down the distressed feline's body. *"Oh...my guts..."* Meow thought to himself as he winced with pain and anxiety.

GRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHLLLLLLLRRRHHP...

His gas-filled stomach only grew louder. Both animals were visibly worried.

"They're getting..."

GRRRRWWWRRGGRLLLLL...

"...louder. I don't know how much longer I can..."

GRRRRRRRRWWWWWWWWWWHHRL!

"...HOLD IT!"

Meow diligently carried on humping Mickey's body, a pained expression on his face and sweat drenching his furry form. However, after half a minute of managing to hold back his gas, Meow could hold back no longer.

A tremoring squelch could be heard emanating from the feline's innards. As Mickey began to speak up, Meow could feel the pressure present in his bloated body was suddenly moving downwards.

"Um...Meow, we ca-"

"Mmn...damn it...!" Meow muttered with frustration; his eyes tightly shut.

"Hm?" Mickey said, confused at Meow's reaction.

PFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRHHHHHRRrR

RrRrRrRrRrRRRHPPP!

Meow's musky, pink pucker opened wide, and blasted out a massive, rippling fart. The feline's hot, pungent gas reeked of rotten fish and bean burritos. The intense heat and repugnant stench present in the stuffy room only grew stronger as Meow's spicy flatus spread out across Mickey's office.

Both animals were left stunned and wide-eyed after that incredible, smelly release.

Meow let out a deep breath, swallowed down some saliva, then looked at Mickey's face to see how the rodent would react.

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