

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 (now colloquially referred to as 'toonies') 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.

The two animals would frequently visit each other's homes and enjoy getting an insight into each other's lives. Meow felt very privileged getting to freely hang out at Mickey's well-kept manor and visit his rodent friend when he was working in his mayoral office at the city hall. Mickey enjoyed being able to relax and let loose at Meow's apartment, despite the rather grungy state of the place. Being able to share feasts of fast food and joke around with Meow while watching some movies or playing some video games was a delight for the upbeat mouse.

Upon Mickey's first visit to Meow's apartment, Mickey had quickly noticed his betelgeusian friend's body had a distinct, musky scent that hadn't been present at the hotel, but was noticeably strong within the confines of Meow's messy home. Mickey learnt fairly soon into their friendship that Meow preferred to wash himself with tongue-baths, rather than taking showers or actual baths. This led to Meow smelling strongly of his own body odour and saliva most of the time, unless Meow chose to cover the scent up with plenty of deodorant. Mickey was polite enough not to make any comments about this, or other hygienic issues such as Meow's fishy breath.

Though he kept quiet about it, Mickey actually found Meow's earthiness and laid-back attitude rather endearing. It was a pleasant change of pace to the clean-cut politicians, advisors and businessmen he found himself obligated to converse with due to his job. He'd often find himself missing Meow's alluring natural scent and relaxing presence when he was alone in his clean manor.

Mickey grew very fond of spending time with Meow. As they sat close together on a couch, he'd often imagine cuddling up to Meow, planting kisses and nuzzles against the cute feline's long, fuzzy body. As time went on, the rodent's fantasies about his friend grew dirtier and more lustful, but he

never worked up the courage to act upon any of them. Eventually Mickey decided he needed to see if Meow would be okay with being more than 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 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.

GRRRRRRRRWWWWWWWWWHRRRRLLL...

RRRRRRGGGGGRRRRRRRHMMMMMNN...

GLLRRRRRRHHHHRRMMMMMMMMM...

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.

PFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRHHHHHRRrR
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.

"Gosh....haha! That was huge! I guess you were ***cough cough*** holding that in all ***cough*** evening, huh?" Mickey said with an amused smile, wafting a gloved hand in front of his face, the stink clearly getting to him.

"Oh...uh...yeah, that's right. You're...not mad at me, then?" Meow asked, rather surprised that Mickey sounded more impressed than irritated.

"Ha, no, I'm fine, Meow...I think that's perfectly ***cough*** understandable after all that Mexican food and drink we had. But I do think we might have gotten too eager for uh... ***cough*** love making, considering how full we are at the moment." Mickey politely replied, sitting up a bit on the desk. "Why don't we get our clothes back on and walk back to my car? We can cool off and let our meals digest a bit." Mickey continued, a bit of a reluctant tone to his voice. After months of holding back his desires,

Mickey's office became truly foul, causing both of them to repeatedly cough and gag as the smell of the office and their own bodies got worse. They managed to power through it though. The feelings of arousal and relief they shared proved to be excellent motivators. As time passed, and the room grew hotter and smellier, their bellies eventually grew quiet and far more normal in size.

Once their furry tummies just looked rather plump and well-fed, the two of them finally stopped their crude activity. Precum was messily leaking from both of their stiffened cocks as they did so. Being so close to each other, and being able to show each other their dirtier side, had clearly been quite the turn on for them both.

Mickey and Meow looked at each other. They both smiled and let out a little chuckle. In terms of their belly's sizes, they were in a much better state to have sex now, but the room's thick, muggy air was practically noxious at this point. The two of them were feeling groggy and light-headed after being stuck in the smelly sauna of a room for so long. They both knew it was time they left the building. "Let's ***cough cough*** head back to my car...we can ***cough*** decide what we want to do when we get there." Mickey said.

Meow put his clothes back on, while Mickey opened the door to the office wide open, letting some fresh air into the rancid smelling room. Once the two sweaty animals had all their clothes back on, they exited city hall. As they walked down the streets back to Mickey's car, they greatly appreciated the cool, evening air.

Mickey sat his plump butt down on the driver's seat, and Meow sat next to him in the passenger's seat. "Mm...I think I'll just relax in the car for a bit before doing any driving, I'm feeling pretty hazy at the moment." Mickey said.

"That's fair enough, dude. When you're ready, did you just wanna drop me off back at my apartment, and then you can head back to your manor? I think we're both ready for some sleep or at least a lie-down, heh." Meow said.

"Oh, sure! I guess this evening didn't turn out quite as expected...but I hope you still enjoyed it?" Mickey asked.

"Oh, totally! I really enjoyed the food and talking to you at the restaurant and seeing you so affectionate and kinky back there was awesome too! I'd love to have another date with you, Mickey." Meow replied with a smile.

"Aw, that's great to hear! I'd love that too. Though next time we should probably have our alone time before dinner, haha!" Mickey said.

"Ha, sounds like a plan, dude." Meow agreed with a nod. After a few seconds of silence passed, Meow asked, "Would you mind if I kiss you good night?"

"Oh, not at all! That's very sweet of you, Meow~" Mickey happily replied. The short mouse turned himself towards his long-necked lover so they could easily kiss.

Meow leaned forward, closed his eyes and locked lips with Mickey. Their mouths pressed against each other for a while, as Meow deeply kissed the black-furred rodent.

"MRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHHHP!"

A deep, muffled belch rose up from Meow's throat, and blew into Mickey's mouth, making the mouse's cheeks puff up. A tangy, fishy flavour quickly spread across the mouse's tongue and a spicy

heat filled his mouth, making Mickey break from their kiss as he let out several surprised coughs and splutters.

Once Mickey managed to catch his breath, he playfully shoved Meow.

“Haha, you filthy feline! You did that on purpose, didn’t you?” Mickey asked.

“Nyahaha! Sorry, I couldn’t resist.” Meow replied with a cheeky smile.

- *THE END* -