

An Alligator's Aroma

Commissioned story written by HamsterTrove for Gomanfury

Marcel sighed and stared longingly at the television screen. It was a rainy Friday evening and Marcel was alone in his apartment, passing the time by watching some of his favourite animated movies. At that moment he was watching Disney's 'The Princess and the Frog'.

The black-haired twenty-four-year-old had been living in this apartment for two years now, as he had a nearby office administrator job in the city. He didn't much like his job, and he wasn't exactly a fan of how cramped his apartment was either, but he knew there were others out there in situations worse than his, so he drudged on, feeling generally dissatisfied with life.

Adding to Marcel's dissatisfaction was the sense of loneliness he felt. He had broken up with his boyfriend three months ago and had very few friends who were interested in consoling him or setting up Marcel with somebody new.

Initially Marcel and his boyfriend, Damien, had bonded over their shared enjoyment of certain live action movies and TV shows, their similar sense of humour, their enjoyment of foreign foods and their mutual physical attraction. After moving to a new city and getting into a new job, Marcel was delighted to find somebody who he could enjoy his spare time with and potentially build a future with.

For nine months, Damien had been a small beacon in the fog of Marcel's boredom and dread. However, over time Damien grew more emotionally distant. He started joking less and took longer to text back. He grew openly critical of Marcel's kinks and enjoyment of animated films and series. Eventually, Marcel started feeling like whenever they went out Damien was paying more attention to any attractive stranger that passed by them than him.

Marcel, on multiple occasions, tried to politely hint that he was feeling unloved by Damien and that he should be more accepting of his interests, but Damien seemed uninterested and dismissive of this. Three months ago, Marcel had angrily confronted Damien about these issues, as he was feeling very tired and perplexed by Damien's attitude. This had led to the fight which resulted in the two of them breaking up.

Marcel had heard through social media that Damien had already got together with a new boyfriend a couple of weeks after that event. Of course he had.

Outside Marcel's apartment, large purple clouds loomed above. They looked somewhat out of place against the dark sky and seemed to be moving oddly quickly. Marcel could hear the rumbles of thunder outside.

He tried to ignore those sounds, and his negative thoughts, so he could just enjoy the movie that was currently onscreen. At that moment, the transformed frog protagonists of the film were meeting up with Louis the alligator. A slight grin appeared on Marcel's face as he enjoyed the smooth, bouncy animation of the plump reptile's body, as well as his deep, soulful voice.

"Man, I wish I had a friend like Louis...or better yet, a boyfriend like Louis, ha..." Marcel quietly said to himself while he watched Louis swim through the bayou of New Orleans. The film's two frog protagonists were stood atop his round, yellow-scaled belly while he sang and played his trumpet.

Somebody fun, cute and chubby, not to mention musically talented...as far as Marcel was concerned, Louis was grade A boyfriend material. He couldn't imagine Louis judging him for having an attraction to gas and musk or getting passive aggressive with him.

What he *could* imagine was hugging and kissing that big, sexy gator. Marcel's mind started to wander as he fantasised about cuddling with Louis. He imagined how warm and pungent the gator's breath would be up close, and how musky Louis' large, smooth-scaled body would be.

Marcel completely lost focus of the movie in front of him, and the outside world in general, as he continued to fantasise about Louis. He lost track of time as his mind conjured up increasingly lewd (and smelly) scenarios involving himself and Louis. Thoughts of Louis' plump, musky ass sat on top of his face and Louis' fang-lined mouth letting out loud, raunchy belches filled his mind and excited his body.

Outside, the rumble of thunder was growing louder. The purple clouds seemed to have grown larger, and were now flashing with light, as if brewing up lightning bolts inside of themselves.

KRRRRRRRRRRSSH!

Marcel flinched, and was brought out of his perverse fantasy, as he heard the ear-splitting sound of a lightning bolt nearby. Very nearby in fact, as a stream of electricity had seemingly blasted through the ceiling of his apartment and hit his television.

"What the hell?!" Marcel exclaimed, moving himself back against his couch out of fear and confusion.

The stream of electricity remained where it was and kept barraging his television. Sparks randomly flew out of the both the lightning and the television.

Marcel's flatscreen television was still showing footage of *The Princess and The Frog*, specifically footage towards the end of the film where Louis was now in the city of New Orleans. However, the hue and size of the footage was changing rapidly, and colourful static occasionally covered the screen.

"Uh...?" Marcel said hesitantly, unsure of what to do.

He decided he would turn off the television in the hopes that would somehow stop the stream of electricity. Marcel reached for the television remote, which was currently situated on the arm of his couch.

Marcel picked it up and tentatively pressed the power button. Nothing happened.

He tried pressing the power button again. He then tried pressing all of the remote's buttons. Nothing happened.

"Oh geez..." Marcel said, putting the remote back where it had come from.

Marcel stood up and nervously walked towards his now glowing television, with the intent of manually turning it off. Marcel approached the illuminated device and reached out his hand towards the television's power button.

"ARRRRGH!" Marcel cried out as he suddenly felt his body being gripped by a mysterious force.

He felt like his whole body was being drawn in towards the television's bright, colourful screen. His body tingled peculiarly, and his own body started to glow. Gripped by unknown forces, Marcel was pulled arm-first into the screen.

Flashes of colours dominated Marcel's vision. An intense and peculiar warmth engulfed his body. He was being transported into another world. Fortunately for Marcel, it was a world he was already thoroughly acquainted with.

Once thirty seconds had passed and the flashes of colour stopped, everything went black as Marcel fell unconscious. His body and mind had been understandably overwhelmed by the strange event that had just occurred.

"Hey! Hey, brother, you okay?" A deep, familiar voice asked.

The blackness of Marcel's vision ceased as the young man opened his eyes. His vision was blurry; for several seconds all he could see were blobs of green and yellow. The strong smell of rotten steak and prawns entered Marcel's nose, as the breath of whoever was speaking impolitely wafted into his face.

"Hrmm...? ***cough cough*** W-where am I?" Marcel replied, clutching a hand to his aching head. He grimaced slightly, both in reaction to his unpleasant headache and the sordid stench filling his nostrils.

"Oh, thank goodness...ol' Louis here saw you fallin' down into the Mississippi River, so I dived in and brought you back to land! I thought you were a goner for a minute there! We're in the kitchen of my buddy Tiana's restaurant right now!" Louis replied.

"W-wait, what? You're Louis...like ***cough*** Louis the alligator?" Marcel said, blinking his eyes a few times to clear his vision.

"Haha, yeah that's me! You seen me performing in Tiana's Palace before, brother?" the tubby alligator said with an amused chuckle, causing more of the alligator's warm, meaty breath to blow down to Marcel's face.

Marcel's vision gradually cleared. He was lying on a tiled kitchen floor, some towels placed below him to dry his soaked body. He was looking up at the light-yellow eyes and chubby face of Louis the alligator, who was currently crouched over him. After a few seconds of simply trying to process what had happened, Marcel realised he needed to answer Louis' question.

"O-oh! Uh...yeah, I have, quite a few times actually. I'm a big fan!" Marcel stated, delighted but rather taken aback by the strange situation he'd found himself in.

"Ahh, that's great! It's always nice to meet a fan! Well...uh, it's nice to meet one now, anyway. People tend to be kinda skittish when they're close up to alligators, whether they play the trumpet or not, aheh..." Louis said, scratching at the back of his green-scaled head.

While Louis had been talking, Marcel had briefly looked down at himself and experimentally moved his hands around. He was no longer a human made of real flesh and blood, but an animated replica of himself comprised of coloured inks. He fit in very well in this animated world. As Louis finished speaking, his gaze returned to the large alligator's face.

"Oh? Do you not have people approaching you after the shows you perform in?" Marcel asked.

"Ah...well...no, not really..." Louis started to speak, looking a bit embarrassed. "They'll cheer at the shows, when all the other band members are around, but I haven't had anyone approachin' me for autographs, or askin' for advice or anything like that. Tiana and Naveen are the only humans who

really spend time with me outside a' me performin'...I guess people are still gettin' used to havin' me around." he continued.

"Hm, I guess so...that's definitely their loss though. I think you're a really sweet and talented guy!" Marcel said.

"Ha, aww...if alligators could blush, I'd definitely be doin' that right about now!" Louis said with a smile that showed off the ample amphibian's sharp teeth.

"If you're not busy right now, I'd love to spend some time with you!" Marcel said, smiling in return.

"Oh, well...sure! I ain't got much to do on the restaurant's closed days except swimmin', practicin' my tunes and stuffin' myself with all the restaurant scraps Tiana gives me! It'll be nice havin' a new human pal to hang out with! What's your name, brother?" Louis replied happily.

"I'm Marcel! I think it'll be nice hanging out with my new alligator pal too." Marcel said.

Louis smiled warmly in reaction to hearing this, then offered out his right hand to Marcel to help him up. Marcel grabbed the alligator's pudgy, clawed digits and allowed Louis to help him to his feet.

Once Marcel was comfortably stood up, Louis spoke again, "Well, Marcel, I guess before we head off anywhere, we better get you outta those wet clothes. We don't wantchu gettin' a cold and sneezin' all over my scraps, right? Haha!"

"Oh, r-right...of course! So you're, um...fine with me taking off my shirt and trousers in front of you?" Marcel asked.

"Sure, I'm fine with it if you are! Don't know if you noticed, but I ain't got a thing on me, baby!" Louis said. To illustrate his point, the well-rounded alligator turned around, then presented his thick, ridged tail and pudgy, green and yellow butt cheeks to Marcel. To make things extra clear, Louis gestured towards his large rump using his hands.

Marcel's heart started to thump loudly within his chest, and a blush appeared on his face. Seeing the alligator's plump ass alluringly jiggle after Louis had quickly turned around had been a delightful sight to witness. Adding to Marcel's delight was the musky scent emanating from the large alligator's body, most notably from his deep, unbathed butt crack. The butt musk that Marcel breathed in had a rancid, swampy stink to it.

Marcel audibly swallowed down some saliva, then said, "A-alright, great!"

Marcel took off his soaked T-shirt and placed it down onto the kitchen floor, revealing the shirtless human's slim physique. While he had a fairly average height, Marcel felt tiny compared to Louis, both in terms of size and weight. The stocky amphibian could easily pin him under his immense belly or butt if he wanted to...Marcel found the idea of that very exciting.

Louis remained stood where he was, facing away from Marcel. While he did this to show he was politely looking away while Marcel was changing, the alligator's large, smelly rump was still being shown off to Marcel. As the plump alligator waited for Marcel to take off his trousers, some gurgles and groans could be heard coming from the Louis' stomach.

Louis' rump had caused a noticeable bulge to appear at the crotch of Marcel's waterlogged trousers. As Marcel was unsure how Louis would react to seeing his erection, he just kept quiet and hoped his cock would calm down if he took his time. Marcel grabbed the sides of his trousers and very slowly started to pull them downwards. As this happened, the sounds of Louis' stomach grew louder.

"Mmrrrn..." Louis winced and grunted. The fat gator gripped his belly as it let out a loud rumble.

PFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RrRrRrRrRrRrRRRRRRRRHHP!

Louis' round, pudgy butt cheeks jiggled wildly as he ripped a long, low-pitched fart right in front of Marcel. A moan of arousal escaped the shirtless human's lips as he felt a powerful blast of hot alligator flatus blow against his lower body. The humid air had felt incredibly warm and strong against his body.

Marcel was left repeatedly coughing into his right hand, as the rank stench of Louis' fart reached his nose a moment later. The pungent scent of digested seafood, chicken meat and butt musk swiftly filled Marcel's nostrils, causing them to sting.

“Phew~! Sorry about the stink; I was eating a buncha leftover gumbo earlier on. Bet that warmed you up pretty good though, huh?” Louis said with a playful smile while fanning away the smelly air in front of his long snout.

Not wanting to alert Louis to his erection, Marcel just politely chuckled before returning to his coughing fit. Slightly concerned by the amount of coughing and spluttering he was hearing from his new human friend, Louis started to turn around and speak.

“You okay there, Marcel? I was thinkin’ you were gonna run out of air in the river, but it sounds like my fumes are doing an even better j-“

Louis paused as he noticed the bulge of Marcel's erection.

“Heh...are you gettin’ hard over me fartin’ in front of you? You really are a big fan of me, huh~?” Louis said in a playful, teasing tone. To Marcel’s surprise, a rather naughty looking smile was present on the alligator’s chubby face.

"I...uh- ***cough cough*** - did quite enjoy that, yeah... ***cough*** Seeing you show off your butt to me was pretty exciting too...I think you're a very attractive alligator." Marcel shyly admitted.

“Oh yeah~?” Louis said, sounding flattered and delighted at Marcel’s response. “Would you enjoy feedin’ this ‘attractive alligator’ and sniffin’ up the belches and farts he lets out in your dirty, lil’ face~?”

Marcel was left stunned for a couple of seconds. His heart raced in his chest, and his face blushed profusely.

"I...I would love that, yes! Oh my god...yeah...please!" Marcel replied with a smile.

“Heh heh, well luckily for you, there’s a buncha pots full of leftover food still here, and I’m in the mood to chow down and have some fun with my cute, lil’ human buddy~ Go ahead and get the rest of those clothes off and you can start feedin’ me~” Louis said. As he spoke, he turned around and gave his large, scaly gut a few playful pats, causing it to jiggle in reaction.

"S-sure, that sounds great!" Marcel happily said.

The young human did as he was told. He took off his damp trousers, socks and boxer briefs and placed them down next to his discarded shirt, leaving Marcel completely nude. Thankfully, it was a typically warm day in New Orleans and there was nobody in the restaurant except for Marcel and Louis.

While Louis sat himself down against a wall and put his hands behind his head in a relaxed position, Marcel found the large, metal pots that Louis had mentioned in one of the kitchen's corners. He eventually brought six of these pots close to where his fat alligator buddy was sitting. In addition to that, he brought along a couple of water pitchers he found on a kitchen counter, in case Louis got thirsty. The musky, masculine scent emanating from Louis' unwashed armpits and the lustful grin upon the alligator's face proved to be excellent motivators for Marcel.

At first, Marcel picked up graspable bits of food like cuts of meat and cakes from the pots, chucked them into the air and let Louis chomp down on them. This was very entertaining for the both of them, particularly when Louis let out a loud, rumbling belch after he'd swallowed down his snack. After the first couple of burps, Marcel made sure he was stood close to Louis after he'd thrown the food, as this allowed the plump gator to get his snout right up close to Marcel's face before letting out a wet, steamy belch.

Marcel eventually decided it would be quicker and easier to just pass the pots to Louis and allow him to gorge on all the food within them at once. Louis was perfectly happy with this idea. The fat alligator stuffed himself with pot after pot of food while Marcel adoringly rubbed and kissed his belly. Gumbo, steaks, rice, beans, pastries and more found themselves plummeting into Louis' salivating maw before they were promptly chewed up by sharp alligator teeth and swallowed down into Louis' fat, gurgling gut.

A multitude of loud belches escaped the alligator's mouth, and a plethora of hot, rancid-smelling farts made their way out of Louis' plump ass as he ate. Marcel gladly sniffed up every bit of gas that came his way and encouraged Louis to keep stinking up the kitchen's air. Out of all of Louis' gassy releases though, there were some particularly notable ones.

“BWUURRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRAAHP!”

After the first pot was emptied and tossed aside, Louis let out a deep, satisfied belch. The alligator's warm, smelly burp breath reeked of spicy chilli and rotten beef. While Marcel breathed in Louis' lingering breath, the gluttonous alligator downed half a pitcher of water. Once he put the pitcher down, he quickly returned to his feast.

PBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRRRRT!

After the contents of the third pot had been completely devoured, Louis lifted his right leg, narrowed his eyes and let rip. A powerful blast of hot alligator flatus warmed up the floor beneath Louis' plump, scaly ass. The rancid stench of digesting shrimp and vegetables quickly spread throughout the increasingly stuffy and foul-smelling kitchen.

“URRRRRROOOOOOUHHRrRrRrRrRRRRRRHP!”

Once all the food within the fifth pot was comfortably stewing within Louis' gassy stomach, the chubby alligator let out a long, rippling burp into the air. The pungent scent of rotten pork and onions promptly wafted over into Marcel's stinging nose.

Once Louis had eaten all the food within the sixth pot, drank all the pitchers' water, and cast aside the empty containers, Louis smiled and let out a satisfied sigh. He felt comfortably full and was relaxed by the feeling of Marcel's hands tenderly rubbing his huge, bloated gut.

"Mmm... ***hic*** This was fantastic, Marcel~ I'm- **BWURRP**- real glad I got to meet you today~" Louis said contently, some hiccups and belches escaping his mouth as he did so.

"Mm, good, I feel the same way~" Marcel replied while hugging Louis' well-fed belly.

"Heh heh...c'mere, I wanna show you much I appreciate ya being here~" Louis said, using a clawed finger to gesture towards his own face.

Marcel smiled and stood up. Louis hugged his thickly built arms around the naked young man's torso, then pressed his lips against Marcel's.

"Mmmn~!" Marcel let out a muffled moan of delight.

The two of them closed their eyes as they greatly enjoyed their tender embrace. Louis passionately and repeatedly kissed Marcel for around a minute and a half. As one might expect from a trumpet player, Louis was good with his mouth.

The human and alligator's kissing got increasingly adventurous, as their lips and tongues played over each other. Marcel could taste the various sauces and foods that had touched the alligator's lips and entered the alligator's mouth; it was an oddly appealing mixture of flavours. The human's erect cock occasionally twitched with excitement as the two of them made out.

After that minute and a half had passed, a gurgle could be heard rising up Louis' throat. A moment later, a much louder, but equally muffled sound could be heard coming from Louis.

"MMHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRRHHHP!"

Marcel's eyes suddenly opened up as he felt a hot, spicy heat fill his mouth. At the same time as this, he could feel the strong flavours of spiced meats and seafood embracing his taste buds. Louis had crassly burped into his mouth.

Marcel broke from their embrace and started loudly coughing and gagging into his right hand. As this happened, some precum leaked from the tip of the young man's long, hard cock. Despite his shocked reaction, he'd clearly derived quite a lot of enjoyment from the alligator's gassiness.

"Heh heh! Sorry 'bout that, looks like I had a bit more gas in my gut than expected...although lookin' at how wet you're gettin' down there, I guess you didn't mind too much~" Louis said with a playful grin.

After several seconds, Marcel managed to catch his breath enough to reply, "Heh, yeah- ***cough cough*** - don't worry about it, I- ***cough***- thought that was really hot! Hot in both senses actually...you've- ***cough cough***- got some pretty spicy breath after eating all that chili and gumbo!"

“Haha, makes sense! Well, I’m real glad you enjoyed all of that. I’m glad you managed to handle all that too; I know gator gas can be a bit overwhelming for some folks, ha! Anyway, there anything else you wanna do while we’re here together?” Louis said.

“Yeah, I’ve got a few ideas in mind! Before I tell you though, I kind of wanted to ask you something first...” Marcel said, looking a bit hesitant.

“Well, go ahead, brother!” Louis said encouragingly.

“Sorry if this is a bit forward, but...would you be interested in having me as your boyfriend? I don’t really know anyone else here, and I think I’m going to feel lost without somebody to help me...I think it’d be really nice if you could be the one to do that.” Marcel said.

Louis looked surprised but intrigued. “Uh...well, I...ain’t really been asked about being anybody’s boyfriend before, ‘specially not by a human, heh! This is quite a lot to take in, but...I’m certainly flattered.” the plump alligator said.

Louis took a few seconds to think to himself. He had really enjoyed Marcel’s company, and it certainly seemed like the human could do with somebody to love and support him. Now that Louis thought about it, he could do with somebody to love and support him too...with a quick nod, Louis decided he’d be more than just friends with Marcel.

“Ah, what the hey! Let’s be boyfriends; if people don’t like it, they can end up as dessert!” Louis said before tightly hugging Marcel. Marcel smiled warmly as he was pushed against the gator’s soft, pudgy gut. He lovingly gave Louis a hug back.

“So, boyfrieeend, what did you wanna do with me next?” Louis said with a toothy grin.

“Hmhm~ Well, if you’d be up for it, I was thinking you could put that cute, musky butt of yours to good use by sitting it down on my face~” Marcel suggested.

“Hoohoo! You’re a brave, lil’ fella suggestin’ that! I’d be up for that, but you better make sure you got plenty a’ air in your lungs before you end up below *my* booty!” Louis said, gesturing towards his plump butt with a clawed thumb.

“Ha, I’ll bare that in mind!” Marcel said with a nod.

The two of them promptly got into the positions they needed to be in for Louis to sit on Marcel’s face. Marcel lay down on the tiled ground of the restaurant kitchen, and Louis stood up and turned himself around. The hefty alligator backed up until his thick, scaly rump was looming over Marcel’s slim torso.

Louis raised his large tail and teasingly shook his plump butt cheeks, causing them to appealingly jiggle above his human boyfriend. More precum trickled down from the tip of Marcel’s erect cock as his body reacted to the arousing sight and smell of Louis’ big, voluptuous booty.

Louis then lowered himself down towards Marcel’s face. Not wanting to hurt his new boyfriend, he took it slow and made sure Marcel’s face would end up between his deep butt crack. Marcel appreciated the gesture, as the sight of Louis’ fat, musky butt cheeks gradually growing larger and darker in his vision was a lovely sight to behold.

Louis sat his butt down on Marcel’s face, then started grinding on it to get comfy.

“MMMMMPH~!” Marcel let out a muffled moan of delight as he felt Louis’ plump butt cheeks moving on top of him. Louis’ huge rump felt incredibly heavy and warm upon his face and chest. The rank,

swampy stink of the alligator's butt musk surrounded him, causing his nostrils to sting and his eyes to tear up.

"Comfy down there, Marcel?" Louis asked.

"MHMM~!" Marcel responded.

"Heh heh, excellent~" Louis said.

Louis bounced his butt on Marcel's face a few times, causing the nude human to let out muffled moans of both pleasure and pain. The weight and musk of Louis' fat ass was truly overwhelming, but Marcel's excitement and arousal allowed him to carry on regardless.

For about two minutes, Louis playfully moved his butt around in various ways, while teasing Marcel about how much he loved his big, alligator booty. While he did this, the tubby amphibian's belly occasionally grumbled and groaned.

The hefty weight upon Marcel, the warm, stuffy air and the smell of alligator butt musk grew increasingly difficult to deal with, but the kinky human managed to persevere, spurred on by Louis' teasing and playful attitude. However, after about two minutes of dirty teasing had passed, Marcel suddenly found his limit.

PRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RrRrRrRrRrRAAAHHP!

Marcel could feel Louis' thick butt cheeks vibrate, and a searing heat blast his head, as Louis unintentionally let out a massive, rumbling fart on his face. The heat was sweltering, the strength of the alligator's wind was painfully strong and the utterly rancid stench, a stench reminiscent of rotting meat and fish in a swamp, was downright nauseating.

"MMMMMPH~!" Marcel let out a loud, muffled moan, simultaneously revolted and incredibly turned on by the alligator's raunchy release.

Hot, white cum burst out from the tip of Marcel's hard cock. The young man's impressively large load flew towards himself before messily splattering against his own belly and Louis' large, scaly back. For a few brief seconds, Marcel felt absolutely incredible, as his kinkiest desires had been satisfied by his fantastic, new boyfriend. However, once those seconds had passed, the man's body went limp and those feelings dissipated as he passed out. The hot, noxious air present between Louis' butt cheeks and the heavy weight of the alligator's body proved to be too much for Marcel to handle this time.

"Oh no...!" Louis said, noticing what had happened. He quickly stood up and allowed Marcel to breathe in some relatively fresh air.

When Marcel eventually woke up a couple of hours later, his semen had been cleaned off his body and Louis' back. Louis was there to comfort him and give him some food and water to return his strength.

Once Marcel was feeling better, the two of them spent the rest of the day getting to know each other better and indulging each other's kinks. They talked while walking down the New Orleans riverfront, they shared several meals back at Tiana's Palace and they got up to some very dirty activities that Marcel certainly wouldn't expect to see depicted in a Disney movie.

While Marcel had some worries about leaving behind the world he'd come from, those worries had already disappeared by the end of the day. He knew he'd be truly happy living with Louis, even if it did come with its own challenges.

Once the day came to an end, Marcel and Louis entered the bedroom that Tiana and Naveen had constructed for Louis within Tiana's Palace. Louis slept on his bed, and Marcel slept on top of the alligator's big, soft belly. Soothed by the rhythmic rising and falling of his boyfriend's plump belly, Marcel drifted off into a deep, content slumber.

He looked forward to seeing what the next day in New Orleans would bring.

- *THE END* -