

Mungo and the Ring Merchant

Skunkbomb

On days where Mungo and Gerry had some money, but not enough for a night at a brothel, they would go to a tavern, eat, drink, and find companionship for that night. As the sun sank behind the taller spires of the city, Mungo still found himself wiping sweat from his brow. The windless summer heat hung thick in the air. Mungo waved goodbye to The Jolly Thorns, the theater group he was a member of, and walked off into the city. The hedgehog had a little money saved up and Gerry was bound to make some money fishing at the docks, so he and the otter agreed to meet up for a drink at a tavern called The Barking Spider. Mungo smirked a farted. The pun was never lost on him.

The Barking Spider sat on a side street near the inner circle of the city and it wasn't long before Mungo arrived. Before stepping inside, the hedgehog ducked into the alleyway nearby and let off a quick succession of three farts. Most food and drink, gave Mungo gas and he figured it was best to unload the last of the flatulence he carried from the walk over. Gerry and some of the other patrons were bound to complain, so he figured he may as well try to make it through the meal before his flatulence would double in strength and frequency. When he was done, Mungo walked in, wiping his sweat-dampened face with his forearm.

The inside was a half moon with chalky stone walls. Mungo walked to the stools near the bar. Less than a dozen people were inside, mostly those done with work for the day and a couple drunks who had most likely been there since that

morning. There was no sign of Gerry, so the hedgehog decided to start without his pal.

Before ordering, a glimmer from the back corner of the room caught Mungo's eye. The glimmer came from the round belt buckle worn around an rat with brown fur with graying stalks. He raised his arm, encumbered by a poofy embroidered jacket, and toyed with the curled end of his mustache. A white ruff around his neck made it look as if his head were something to be presented at a fancy dinner. A mole sat on the rat's left cheek.

Mungo stopped at one of the stools near the bar. Something about the rat was familiar. The hedgehog smacked the seat of the stool as the memory clicked in his brain. Last week, at The Rough Diamond, his and Gerry's brothel of choice, Rosamund, one of the workers, had told him how she encountered a rat merchant who had a mole on his left cheek. She had used what money she could save up to buy a ruby ring. When another worker had asked to try it on, she dropped it and it shattered as it hit the floor. She had chuckled a bit to hide a sob, explaining the ruby turned out to be a replicate made of painted glass.

"What can I do you for?" the pig bartender asked. But Mungo walked past the bar and to the rat.

"Needing some company?" Mungo said, a smile on his face, to the rat.

The rat glanced up at the hedgehog, an eyebrow arched. "No."

Mungo hunched over to look at the ring on the rat's paw. "Lovely ring you got there. I'm thinking of getting one myself. You got the name of who sold you yours?"

The rat perked up a bit, in that he wasn't scowling anymore. "I happen to be a merchant of fine gems." He glanced up and down the hedgehog, wrinkling his nose in distaste. "Though I doubt you have the money for what I'm selling."

"Well, at least let me see what you have," Mungo said.

The rat's paw brushed his jacket.

Mungo held the back of his paw to his head. "Oh, for shame! Do you think me a thief?" He chuckled. "A few good patrons are bound to stop me if I were to rob you, even if I have these." He ran a paw through his head of quills.

The rat glanced at the other patrons before slipping his paw into an inner pocket of his jacket. "I've sold most of my wares today, but I still have this." He withdrew an emerald ring. What little light came from the window bounced off the ring. "A genuine emerald. It matches your tunic, no?"

"It does," Mungo said. "But let me see if it fits."

The rat pulled the ring to his chest. "Not until you purchase it."

"I'm no thief, remember?" Mungo said, a paw to his chest. "At least let me hold it before one of them tries to buy it first." He pointed to the other side of the bar. When the merchant looked over, the hedgehog grabbed the ring. The rat, showing a bit more strength than Mungo would have guessed he had, pulled back. Mungo landed on the table belly first. Before the merchant could pull his paw back further, Mungo leaned forward and licked the rat's paw. The rat yelped and released the ring. Before the rat could brush his paw off, Mungo slammed the ring into the wall. The green glass shattered.

The rat's mouth quivered as he tried to form words. As Mungo continued to smile, the rat said, "You have to pay for that!"

"Pay for it?" Mungo said, a chuckle in his voice. "I was looking for a genuine emerald. Emeralds don't break that easily." Mungo took a quick glance to his side. The other patrons were staring, but no one got up or said anything.

Mungo stood up on the table. "I believe you need to pay for all the Rosamunds you swindled." It would have been easier to take the rat into the alleyway and beat him, but Mungo was a lover, not a fighter. Mungo decided to show some love to the rat and pulled the cord of his belt. Mungo trousers dropped to his ankles. He turned around, bent forward with his paws on the table. A drop of sweat traveled down Mungo's left inner buttock. He licked his lips as he looked back. As the rat's eyes grew wide, as if just registering that yes, he was staring at Mungo's tailhole, Mungo pushed himself back. His back paws reached the wall and his thick rump rammed itself against the rat's face.

Mungo wasn't an acrobat and while he had some muscle, he wasn't particularly strong. All he had was a desire to shove his ass, his loveliest feature, in the rat's face, and sometimes that's all one needs. Mungo's thick ass muffled the rat's retorts. The only other sound was one drunkard giving a sloppy wolf whistle, the other patrons speechless. The hedgehog bucked his hips, scrubbing his butt deep into the rat's face fur. He imagined the rat's mustache would need to be groomed again after unraveling under the warm sweat from his ass.

As Mungo thrust up once more, something hairless nudged his tailhole. As the rat's yell redoubled in force, Mungo chuckled. "Aw, come now, how about a kiss?" He winked his anus against the rat's nostrils.

As Mungo's arms gave out and the rat pushed further back, the two toppled over, Mungo's rump planted firmly over the rat's snout. A familiar pressure built up in Mungo rear. "If you won't give it a kiss, it'll blow you one." Mungo grunted and a long squeak pushed from his anus. He may have imagined it, but it felt as if one of the rat's whiskers had blown in the wind of his flatulence before coming back to tickle the hedgehog's rump.

Figuring the rat had had enough, Mungo gave one last push down with his rump, the ring of his anus brushing the area between the rat's nose and mouth. The hedgehog stood up, pulled his pants up, and tied his belt. Only then did Mungo notice his cock was at half-mast. He shrugged, knowing such a physical stimulation was bound to arouse him a bit. "Now then. Have you learned your lesson?"

The rat said nothing. He quivered, reaching a shaky paw to wipe the dampness from his snout. The uncurled ends of his mustache lay limp against his face.

"Right then," Mungo said, clapping his paws together and walking to the bar. "I'll have an ale."

"Get the fuck out of here!" The bartender said. "You can't wave your cock around like that in here!"

Mungo, not even stopping, walked to the door. "Fine then." A couple patrons sitting near the back of the bar sniffed and gagged as the odor of Mungo's fart lingered. Mungo wish he hadn't unloaded his flatulence before entering.

As he exited The Barking Spider, his erection mostly subsided, a sharp whistle met Mungo's ears.

"Where you off to, mate?" Gerry waved and joined Mungo near the door. "Got caught up at the shipyard. You still up for a drink and a bite?"

Mungo nodded. "Not here though. I don't think I'm welcomed."

Gerry scoffed. "You farted, didn't you?"

Mungo stuck his tongue out and put his arm around the otter. "All in the name of being a gentleman." He pinched off a quick fart and chuckled as Gerry pushed him away. "Even if I'm a vulgar one."