

A 27 year old man was waiting patiently in his house for a bug exterminator to come in and help him out with a certain bug problem. While he did so he kept himself safe by covering himself up in some kind of gear made of whatever he considered protective around the house. When the man said he had a bug problem, he meant it, bugs in holes, walls ceilings, basically whatever crack may be around his house, well there's most likely to be something in there. The bug exterminator he called for goes by the name of Pumbaa, someone who's well known for his supposed, "unique methods" and with a big problem as big as his, he thought he could use those unique methods in able to done as efficiently as possible, even though, it was a bit of a gamble, who knows whether this guy was good at his job or not.

A couple of minutes later he hears the doorbell ring. He took a peep at his window and saw a white truck outside, with the logo of the bug extermination company he called. Oh thank heavens, his problems would soon be solved! He carefully makes his way towards the door and once he opens it, what he saw wasn't your average human in a suit, but instead, a warthog, and a rather chubby one at that. For a few seconds he looked at the warthog and looked completely stumped, a plethora of questions began filling his head. Why is there a warthog at my house? Is this the bug exterminator I called? And what is the god awful smell?! The man thought, while the warthog looked back at him innocently.

"Umm, hey, umm... What do you want and why are you at my house?" the man asked, a bit ok in disbelief that he may have hired a stinky warthog to do the job. "Well I'm Pumbaa, I'm the bug exterminator you hired, yes?" the warthog replied. The man raised his eyes slightly, not just by the fact that he did indeed hire a stinking warthog, but also that the warthog could speak. Beyond the weirdness of it all he tried to act natural, whilst not commenting on the stench, which he only now realized came from the warthog. "U-Umm y-yes I did, um, would you like to come in, Mr. Pumbaa?" The man said, gesturing for the warthog to come inside, still finding this whole thing incredibly bizarre. "Well of course, though I prefer the term Mr. Pig, you can also just call me Pumbaa" Pumbaa said, as he walked into the house, the man still trying not to comment on any of this, so as to not potentially hurt the warthog's feelings and have him leave.

The man turned around and closed the door, not exactly pleased with how quickly the warthog fetid odor would quickly fill up the room. "Sooooo, any idea where these bugs are? *gggrrrgglll* whoops, heheh excuse me" The warthog asked, his stomach loudly gurgling after the question, which initially made the human a bit nervous about what that meant. "Umm, j-just in some walls, and the ceiling, they mostly hide in these holes but I couldn't exactly figure out how to get them out" after speaking, the warthog would immediately respond. "Ah of course, you just gotta smoke 'em out, here I'll show ya!" Pumbaa walked towards one of the holes and then... put his butt on it..?

The human quickly became confused again, asking Pumbaa, "Um, what are you doing?" nonchalantly the warthog would respond. "I'm smoking the bugs out. Oh by the way, you might wanna stand back, and cover your nose" The human was too confused to take the warthog's warnings and would ask, "Wait wha-" but unfortunately it was too late for him. Pumbaa released a loud fart into the small whole, of which the gas would quickly spread across the walls and

ceiling, however, some gas wouldn't come inside the hole, and would spread across the living room. The human would soon smell the gas and gagged instantly, coughing rapidly as the smell was downright unbearable. "Jesus!" the human shouted, desperately looking for something to lighten the smell, but the gas caused his eyes to water, therefore messing his vision. As the human suffered the bugs would escape the hole and run across the living room, only to faint as they themselves couldn't take the smell for very long either.

Pumbaa looked around and noticed a few bugs scrambling, "Whoops, missed a few" Pumbaa said, after that his cheeks would have inflated and he later released a loud belch towards the bugs. The scent of the belch would only worsen the intoxicating smell in the air, which certainly didn't help the human who felt himself feeling rather light headed afterwards. Thankfully for Pumbaa, the brother caused those few bugs to faint. "Yyyup! All the bugs have been cleared out!" a few seconds after saying that, the human snapped back to reality and was at least able to stand up and see a bit more clearly, though he kept his nose pinched as he definitely did not want to smell that again. "Ugh, so this is the unique methods people were talking about?! I was expecting some kind of special chemicals or a some innovative technological device, not a living stink bomb!" the human complained, he clearly wasn't happy with the warthog's way of taking out bugs.

"Sorry, but I did warn you, and hey, look on the bright side, I managed to clear out all the bugs in less than five minutes" Pumbaa responded, however, even though the warthog pointed out a positive, it certainly wasn't out weighing the negative. "Oh sure, you managed to clear out the bugs, but you didn't actually get rid of them!" the human said angrily, though Pumbaa didn't seem to take much from the human's tone and would just say, "Oh right! I almost forgot!" Pumbaa said. He bent over to the floor and began to drag his tongue across the floor, slurping up every single bug off the floor. The human watched in complete horror as he watched the warthog eat up all the bugs off the floor, feeling almost sick as Pumbaa chewed them up. For the cherry on top, after Pumbaa gulped down the bugs and licked his lips, another loud belch would be unleashed, along with a short fart to follow, at that rate the human felt lightheaded once again as Pumbaa sighed with relief, rather oblivious to the humans reaction.

After Pumbaa would fill in the holes and was reluctantly paid by the human for a job well done, Pumbaa stood at the front door along with the human, who now wore a face mask to lessen the possibility of getting lightheaded again, though he could still smell the warthog's stench. "My job here is officially done, if you ever get bug problems again just feel free to call" The human felt almost offended that the warthog would think he'd call him again after that whole experience, as a result he made a snarky response. "Will do, I'll be sure to wear a gas mask incase you have to stink up my whole house again" Pumbaa once again didn't seem hurt by the comment, but would say. "Oh umm, speaking of stink, that smell would probably last a few hours so you might wanna, open your Windows, and turn on the AC, and by a couple of air fresheners, and maybe change your clothes" The human would raise a brow and sniff his shirt, realizing the Pumbaa's gas managed to stick on his own clothing. "Bluegh seriously?!" the human said, now even more upset, in which the warthog anxiously chuckled "Sorry, anyways I gotta go now, Bye-bye!" the warthog said, gleefully making way towards the truck, while the human turns around and scoffs

“nasty piece of-” as the human spoke to himself, his words were interrupted by yet another flatulence by Pumbaa, as if he didn't make enough of a stink. “Sorry!” Pumbaa said, before the human groaned and slammed the door to his house shut.

Though his bug problem was thankfully fixed in short time, it came at the cost of having his house uninhabitable for hours. As he opened his Windows and turned on an air conditioner, he thought that maybe he shouldn't have been too harsh on the warthog. He may have been gross, but he got the job done, not to mention he was polite. He even considered calling again, not just to apologize to him but maybe even befriend him, but oh well, he might as wait a bit until the stink has cleared, but for now, he was gonna need some air fresheners, and a change of clothes.