“I want to go back to farting on you now,” Jerome muttered. Neither had been paying attention to how long Jake had been used as a fully-grown teddy bear, but it had been serene for the both of them.

“Aww. No more hugs?” Jake asked playfully, though he was already taking in rapid breaths through his nose. Jerome buried his head into the fur on the back of Jake’s neck briefly before slipping out of bed.

“Maybe if I knock you out again. I’ll tell you what it was like when you wake up.”

Jake was still tied in the sheets, but was able to roll himself onto his back so that he could get a look at Jerome as he rounded the bed.

“Bitch!”

“Is that any way for a fart slave to treat his owner?”

“I dunno, it’s not like we’ve signed anything, right?”

“Not yet.” Jerome was on Jake’s side of the bed now. He reached over to roll the raccoon to his side before turning around and slapping his left butt cheek. “We can do it if you want though. Make it official.”

“I dunno. Making something like me sniffing your farts forever ‘official’ sounds weird.” Jerome was resting his rear on Jake’s nose by the time Jake had finished speaking, and now the torture started yet again.

**BRRRRRRPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHPT**

“Yeah, I guess. I’m gonna be farting on you no matter what.”

“How would…” Jake paused to collect himself. Already, he was getting better at stifling his coughs and gags if he needed to. “...How would we even do it. We’d need, like...a witness to it.”

“You know, I never did find out what Silas was. Maybe he’s, like, a specialist preacher who can make this official.”

“What? A fart preacher”

Jake chuckled at the idea. Jerome hiked his right leg and cut a series of small farts that tried to emulate the sound of the raccoon’s laughter.

“We get to write our own vows, right?” Jerome asked, before trying to put on the poshest accent that he could.

“Why yes, mister Fart Preacher, I would like to take this here fart slave - **PHRRRRRRRRPT** - to be my personal filter for eternity - **frrrrrpt prrrrrrrrp PRRRRRT** and he *shall* keep my air clean as I make sure - **brrrrrrrnt PHHHHHHHHHPT** - I can let them rip around the clock!”

As accents went, Jerome’s attempt wasn’t great. Jake’s voice, whilst strained, was far better as Jerome wriggled his ass in Jake’s face;

“Oh, indubitably, mister Fart Preacher! I will be taking every single one of this here...ah, farter’s farts, and not a single one shall be let off where I can’t smell them, and I promise to let the farter know how much he stinks, and how utterly *ghastly* his farts are! May I spend eternity listening to the music of his *soul*!”

“Shit.” Jerome had already ditched his attempt at an accent. “You’re making my farts sound classy as fuck!”

“Why yes -”

Jake paused as another raunchy fart - **BLLLLLLLLPTPTPPTPTTP** - erupted against his face.

“- your farts are...indeed...in a class of their own. There is...no other (**brrrrrrrpt BRRRPTPTPT phrrrrrrrpt**) thing...in all the universes that has...such…(**phrrrrrrrpt)** - such…(**PRRRRRRRRRPT**)

At that point, Jake, too, broke off his posh accent.

“There’s never been a fucking word to describe your farts!” he croaked.

“And there never will be. Now, forsooth...or whatever...how about you go ahead and alligate yourself to me before our fat-assed kobold Fart Preacher?”

“Go ahead and...*what* ourselves? Is that, like, a marriage thing, or is it -”

**PRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPT**

“...Yup. A fart thing.”

“Nah, it’s neither.” Jerome said over the sounds of the coughs that he had finally coerced out of Jake. “Well...it sorta is a fart thing, but not really.”

Jerome wasn’t making any sense, but since he was helping loose the sheets that had been wrapped around Jake, and since he was still coughing from Jerome’s farts, he didn’t say anything in return. Once Jake was free, he sat up slowly. Noticing that Jerome had slipped into the closet, he took the time to stretch his limbs. He got out his phone to look up the word that Jerome had just said before realising that he didn’t know how to spell it.

“Ah, verily, a question for my...farter - okay, I’m going to stop calling you that now, that sounds really weird!”

“Hey, it’s still better than ‘Sir’ or ‘Master’”, came Jerome’s slightly muffled reply. “I’ll try thinking of a good name too if you wanna go all formal with your new role. Plenty of time for me to think whilst my farts are stopping you from thinking!”

“Yes, quite! The one who blasts his soul music from his buttocks speaks truth!”

“Yeah, ‘course I do. Now get in here for your alligating, or do you want to break your vow to the Fart Preacher so soon?”

“The possibility of me not smelling one of your farts strikes fear into all our hearts!”

Jake’s tone had dropped his accent for a more sarcastic tone as he approached the closet, but two things struck him as he opened the closet.

The first was the unheard fart smacking him right in the face.

The second was a very familiar harness that was now being worn by the coyote. Jake was able to infer what ‘alligate’ meant at that point. Fear really did strike into Jake’s heart at that point.

“Shit. That again?”

1. Twin
2. Score
3. Ambition
4. Fascinate