

(Warning: Contains F/F facesitting and fart domination)

(Commissioned by anonymous. [Commission info here.](#))

"Ugh..." Fionna groaned as she trudged up the stairs. Another day, another job lost. This time she'd been working at a nearby amusement park as one of their costumed mascots. She figured it'd be easy money; just standing around doing nothing all day besides occasionally waving to kids. If she was lucky, maybe she'd even get unlimited snacks and free guest passes for her friends.

The reality, however, turned out to be far more grueling than she'd ever dared imagined. For one, there were more than a few snot-nosed brats who thought beating up the mascot was the funniest thing in the world. And thanks to the park's strict performer guidelines, Fionna couldn't even defend herself or else she'd be fired immediately. Apparently a video of a beloved corporate mascot fighting a child would be "bad PR".

Fionna could deal with the occasional troublemaker, but what she couldn't deal with was just how sweltering it got inside the poorly-ventilated costume. Between the summer sun and her own body heat, it was like some sort of disgusting sauna in there. By the time she was done for the day and she was able to take the damn thing off, her clothes were completely drenched with sweat. She tried standing in shade, covering herself in anti-perspirant, and taking cold showers before getting in the suit, but nothing she tried had any long-term success.

Fionna wasn't particularly squeamish, one look inside her disaster of an apartment was proof enough of that, but even she couldn't stomach her own stench by the end of the day. At least, it was *mostly* her stench. Because the costume was rarely (if ever) washed, more often than not it reeked of the girl who worked the shift before her. Fionna had never even met her before, but whoever she was fared little better than her. Turns out there was a good reason why this job was so easy to get...

To deal with the stress of the job, Fionna had taken to indulging herself in the various food carts around the park; whether they serve hot dogs, ice cream, or things that had absolutely no business being deep-fried. They were undeniably delicious... but also *incredibly* unhealthy.

Fionna's body decided to make its displeasure known by way of giving her absolutely horrendous gas. It would've been bad enough to be room clearing, except thanks to the suit Fionna was the only one who had to endure the stench. While part of her was grateful her suit muffled the sound and stench from those around her, she would've vastly preferred it not coming at the cost of her own wellbeing.

Worst of all was the fact that all the hot air rose directly into the mascot's head. Now instead of being hotboxed by her own BO, she had to be hotboxed by her own farts as well.

Fionna supposed she could solve this issue by simply not eating so much junk food... but that was a solution for someone with an iota of restraint. Whenever she was gorging herself on park food of questionable quality, she considered her eventual indigestion to be a "future Fionna problem".

Fionna had reached her breaking point a couple weeks in after a particularly awful kid kept following her around, pulling on the suit, and insulting her; all the while their parents made no effort to discipline them. Fionna opened her mouth to tell the brat off, only to immediately gag from the taste of her own farts. She decided enough was enough, ripping the costume's head off, throwing it at the kid, then giving everyone around her some choice words that weren't exactly PG.

As good as it felt in the moment, it did also mean she was now jobless. *This is bullshit...* Fionna scowled. *The head didn't even hit the kid! Plus they were saying way worse words than me! I'm already late on rent, what am I gonna do now?!*

But that was a problem for tomorrow. After the day she'd had, Fionna just wanted to go home, get naked, watch TV, drink a bottle of wine, and down an entire pint of ice cream; the exact order of which she'd not yet decided. Part of her was tempted to shower first, but figured she might as well wait since she'd probably be sleeping off her future hangover in the shower anyways. That way she could save some on her water bill.

Fionna inserted her key and turned it, but was surprised to find the door was already locked. *That's weird...* Fionna thought as she opened her apartment door. *Could've sworn I locked it. Hopefully no burglars broke in. Not that I have much for them to take... If I did get robbed, I suppose it's a good thing Cake's off at the groomers.*

As Fionna walked into her apartment, she gasped as she found someone standing inside it. Not a burglar, but something far worse. Her landlord, Hana Abadeer. Ruthless businesswoman and estranged mother of her friend, Marshall Lee. She was friendly enough whenever Fionna talked to her, if a bit condescending and loquacious, but the way Marshall talked about her made her sound like the devil. Her black suit, cold eyes, and chiseled cheekbones certainly didn't persuade Fionna to the contrary.

"Ms. Abadeer!" Fionna dropped her groceries in surprise. "I'm sorry, I didn't know you were coming!"

"Fionna!" Hana smiled warmly, moving erratically as she shook Fionna hand. Her grip was rather strong, which Fionna supposed made sense for a businesswoman. "And please, just call me Hana!" She looked around for a place to sit, but elected to remain standing since every available chair seemed to be covered in dirty laundry or dishes. "Do you know why I'm here?"

"I know, I know..." Fionna looked to the ground in embarrassment. "I'm late with rent... Again. I promise, I'm trying *really* hard to get your money! But I just keep running into problem after problem!"

"You certainly seem to have plenty of money for food..." Hana mused, looking towards the dropped groceries then Fionna's thighs.

"Hey..." Fionna whined. Normally she'd give anyone who said that a piece of her mind, but in this case she held her tongue. Better to be insulted than evicted.

"You see my predicament. I can't just let you keep living here rent free. Well I could; but that wouldn't make me a very good landlord would it? I'm afraid I must take... drastic action."

"What?!" Fionna's eyes widened. "Please no! I'm sorry, I'll do anything I can to pay you back! Just don't evict me!"

"Evict? Oh, don't worry. I'm not about to kick you out. You are a friend of Marshall's after all, even if I do worry you're a bad influence on him for supporting that *ridiculous* musician dream of his." Hana's expression hardened briefly, before she began smiling enthusiastically. "No, I've come to propose an... alternative payment plan. One that won't cost you a cent!"

"Really?!" Fionna's eyes lit up. While some might be suspicious of such an offer, she was a firm believer that the best things in life were free. "Hell yeah! Just tell me what I gotta do!"

"Excellent!" Hana clasped her hands together before pointing downwards. "Now, see those panties on the floor there? The stained white ones?"

"Uh... Yeah?" Fionna's smile faltered. Fionna recognized the panties as the ones she wore yesterday. They were in a particularly dire state, bordering on a biohazard, thanks to the record high temps and dubious street food she'd endured that day. "What about them? I wasn't expecting you so I didn't clean up beforehand. You want me to wash them now?"

"In a way." The corners of Hana's lips raised ever so slightly. "Put them in your mouth."

"...Huh?" Fionna began to laugh uncomfortably. "Hehe... It almost sounded like you said to--"

"Put your panties in your mouth, yes. And suck on them." She added. "I believe the instructions are rather straightforward."

"But... why?!" Fionna glanced between the soiled panties and Hana in horror. "I mean look at them! They're horrible!"

"Yes. They are." Hana nodded curtly. "And you'll do it because I'm in dire need of entertainment, and you're too desperate to say no."

Fionna opened her mouth to protest, no words came out. As much as she hated to admit it, Ms. Abadeer was right: she *was* desperate. *Well... I guess I already lost my dignity after smelling my own farts all day... What's one more terrible job? At least this one pays better...*

"If I do this..." Fionna spoke reluctantly. "You promise my debt to you will be paid off?"

"Of course!" Hana bowed graciously. "You have my word! And I *never* break a contract; verbal or otherwise!"

"Well... Okay then..." Fionna exhaled deeply before picking up the panties. She tried to avoid looking directly at them, but couldn't help but catch glimpses of her formerly white undergarments. *Oh God... They're not gonna get any cleaner, so best to just get it over with...*

Fionna closed her eyes, craned her neck back, opened her mouth, and shoved the panties inside like she was downing a shot of tequila. Immediately her mouth filled with the taste of dry, crusty sweat, but there were more subtle flavors as well. A slight metallic taste from what Fionna assumed was her crotch, and the lingering taste of old farts trapped in the fibers that must've been riding up her asscrack.

The taste was especially vile on a greasy spot just larger than a quarter, no doubt where Fionna's panties had met her asshole. Her underwear riding up her asscrack wasn't exactly uncommon, especially considering the poor undergarments were now a size too small owing to her growing waistline, but working in the park only exacerbated the problem. Her costume not only gave her a wedgie, but simultaneously prevented her from picking it until after the shift as well.

"Oh God...! Ew...!" Fionna's eyes bulged as she tried not to barf. "I... I can taste my own butt! It's horrible...!"

"I believed you're supposed to be sucking on them, Fionna dear!" Hana chided. "I'm not sure how talking helps you accomplish that."

"Mmph..." Fionna whined, but nevertheless obeyed, shutting her mouth and sucking all the flavor she could out of the disgusting panties. *Is this the universe's way of telling me to do my laundry or something?! If so, this is completely overkill!*

After a couple minutes of doing her grim work, the panties had gotten wet enough to stop absorbing her spit. As a horrid-tasting pool of saliva began forming in her mouth, it became clear she needed to get rid of the vile liquid. And thanks to Hana's demand she keep her mouth shut, there was only one way to do so; repulsive as it was. She needed to *swallow*.

Suppressing both her gag reflex and self-preservation instincts, Fionna clenched her fists and forced her neck muscles to swallow. She shuddered as the warm, vile liquid slithered down her throat and into her stomach, but she succeeded nevertheless. *Gross... Gonna need to drink a whole bottle of wind just to wash out the taste... And even that might not be enough...*

"Alright... I... sucked on them..." Fionna cringed; the panties making it hard to speak. "Are we even now? Can I please spit them out?"

"Hm..." Hana walked up to Fionna; inspecting her as if she were a show horse for sale. "You handled that rather well. Too well, I'm afraid. It seems I must push you further if I'm to be properly entertained." She tapped her foot as she considered what to do next, before a delightfully devilish idea entered her mind. "Ah! I've got just the thing!" Without so much as a warning, she reached into Fionna's pants and grabbed the back of her underwear. "These will do nicely! They're much... fresher."

"Wait, what are you- *Eep...*!" Fionna's voice raised to a glass-shattering pitch as Hana yanked the panties upwards with impressive strength; briefly lifting Fionna off the ground before her cheap underwear snapped and sent her falling face-first to the floor.

"Ow..." Fionna blinked tears from her eyes as her ass and womanhood burned from her unexpected wedgie. "Why did you- *Mmph?!* " As she lifted her head off the floor, she was caught off guard yet again; this time by Hana shoving her freshly-torn panties into her mouth.

"There." Hana nodded satisfactorily at Fionna's bulging cheeks and distraught expression. "Much better."

Fionna's eyes twitched as the stale taste of her old panties mixed in with the "fresh" taste of her new ones. Rather than absorbing her spit like before, these ones were still drenched with sweat from a long day at work. The salty, musky taste complimented the flavor of lingering farts trapped in the damp fibers just as well as one would expect.

"*Grk...*!" Fionna retched on her hands and knees as she did everything in her power to keep the panties in her mouth. If she were to quit now, then it'd mean everything she'd endured would've been for nothing.

Unfortunately for Fionna, Hana remained unsatisfied with her performance. *She handles her own stench rather well. Makes sense, I suppose, considering she lives in this disaster of an apartment. But perhaps someone else's odors might be more effective in breaking her resolve?*

Looking down at Fionna struggling on her knees, Hana didn't even hesitate as she pulled down her own pants and panties then shoved her naked butt into her tenant's face; her asshole pressed right against Fionna's nose.

"**MMPH?!**" Initially Fionna was too overwhelmed by the foul flavors in her mouth to even realize what had happened. All she knew was her face was somewhere warm, soft, and musky. *What the...? What just happened?!* She blinked tears from her eyes to see clearly, and was horrified to learn she was ears-deep in her landlord's buttcrack. She instinctively recoiled at this disturbing revelation, only to be stopped by Hana grabbing the back of her head.

"MMPH?!?! HMMPH!", came Fionna's muffled protests. Of all the wrong turns she thought her day could take, never did she imagine ending up with her nose pressed against the asshole of a woman nearly twice her age. And not just any random middle-aged woman, but specifically one who was simultaneously her landlord and friend's mom. She'd always heard people describe Ms. Abadeer as a tight-ass, and it turned out the descriptor was both figurative and literal.

"Be a dear and smell it, would you?" Hana's tone was shockingly casual, as if she was asking Fionna to pass the salt at dinner.

"Grn..." Fionna groaned, but offered no further resistance. *Too late to backdown now...* Tossing aside what scraps remained of her dignity, she closed her eyes, clenched her fists, and took the deepest breath she could muster. Hana smiled to herself as she felt Fiona's nostrils suctioning against her asshole.

In case the sensation wasn't evidence enough of Fionna's deed, Hana could also hear her tenant's loud sniff clear as day. She began slowly wiping Fionna's face up and down her crack; relishing rubbing unemployed woman's soft, scowling face against the dirtiest part of her body.

As humiliating as all this was, the smell admittedly wasn't horrible. For all her faults as both a person and parent, Ms. Abadeer was at the very least well-groomed. Even with her nose on the verge of giving her landlord a colonoscopy, Fionna found the smell of earthy musk mixed with high-end perfume to be almost pleasant; especially when compared to the revolting flavor of dirty panties.

Or at least, it *had* been almost pleasant. Until Hana's anus puckered and blasted a gust of hot, rancid gas up Fionna's nose. There was no perfume in existence that could overpower the burning stench of that point-blank fart. Though it was mercifully short, it more than made up for it in potency. Fionna felt like she'd just snorted rancid sulfur straight from the bowels of hell. Her eyes and nose immediately began to run, yet Hana's grip on her head remained as firm as ever.

Just... stay calm... Fionna told herself as she dug her nails into her palms, curled her toes, and did everything in her power to distract herself from the stench. *It's unlikely she already has another one ready to-*

Fionna naïve hopes were quickly dashed by a second round of hellish gas; both longer and bubblier than the first. Only this time, rather than the rancid fart giving her a surge of adrenaline, Fionna felt her vision begin to darken. If she didn't get a breath of fresh air soon, she'd be knocked out within a minute.

"Mm... Mmph..." Fionna weakly tapped Hana's thigh to signal her need for air, but her hand was simply swatted away.

"Now, now..." Hana chided. "Keep breathing these for me. I'm sure I'll be out after just a few m-" Hana continued to speak, but Fionna was no longer able to make out any words. In fact, she wasn't able to hear much of anything as her limbs turned to jelly and everything began fading to black. The last thing she recalled before falling unconscious was the stinging sensation of another acrid fart worming its way up her nose.

Fionna awoke with a gasp, which quickly devolved into choking as she nearly swallowed the panties still in her mouth. After spitting out the spit-drenched undergarments like she was her cat coughing up a hairball, she spent some time hyperventilating on her hands and knees as she regained her bearings.

"Ow..." Hana groaned as she rubbed her nose. Judging by her sore face, it seemed she'd fallen face-first to the floor the moment her body went limp. If Ms. Abadeer had made any attempt to catch her or even slow her fall, she'd failed. Speaking of that devil-woman, Fionna noticed her landlord had let herself out while she'd been unconscious.

Well... Probably for the best she didn't stick around... Fionna scowled. *That was easily the grossest job I'd ever done, and I worked at a public pool for crying out loud! How long is the stench going to be stuck up my nose?!* While part of her was bitter Hana hadn't called an ambulance to make sure she was alright, the more practical part of her knew she wouldn't have been able to afford it anyways.

As Fionna shakily got to her feet and checked her phone, she noticed Ms. Abadeer had texted her.

You may consider your rent payments to be current.
However, as you passed out prematurely, I will be seeing you next week as well.
I recommend better preparing yourself in the meantime.

Well... At least she kept her word... Fionna thought, desperately trying to convince herself this new arrangement was a good thing. As great as it was not having to worry about rent, she couldn't help but worry she'd just sold her soul (and nose) to the devil.