

Rancid Mika

Brown hair neatly tied into a ponytail and wearing a pink gi with only a few stains on it, Dan hyped himself up for what he believed was going to be an excellent sparring session. It was no secret that the Saikyo dojo had fallen into disrepair due to lack of funding and students. More than a little desperate, he had reached out to Sakura to see if she could find any fighters willing to come visit and increase the dojo's reputation. Though only one person had actually showed up, Dan intended to make the most of it as he slid open the doors to the sparring area.

Waiting for him on the tatami mats was a woman with two, long blonde pigtails hanging over her back. She was clad in a skimpy, blue and white leotard that left wide swaths of her skin visible. Finding himself gawking at her exposed butt cheeks, Dan scrambled to make himself look presentable as she turned herself around. Trying his best not to stare at her cleavage, he put on a wide grin as he looked upon the blue eye mask and eager smile of the legendary Rainbow Mika.

"I see you're already getting yourself warmed up," Dan commented as Mika resumed squatting.

"Always good to limber up before a fight," she replied, sweat dripping down her body as she increased the speed of her reps.

Dan shuddered for a moment before regaining his posture. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, but if you're here to learn about Saikyo style, we should start with the level one training exercises."

"Oh, I'm not here to join your dojo," she said, standing back up and wiping the sweat from her brow. "I was looking for a sparring partner to test out my new fighting style and you were the only one available."

Shaking look of disappointment from his face, Dan puffed up his chest and struck a pose. “I doubt whatever techniques you learned will size up to the awesomeness of Saikyo style,” he boasted, grinning from ear to ear.

“Heh, want to test that?”

Walking over to a nearby table, Mika chugged down a mysterious liquid. Though her face squirmed as she drank every last drop, she regained her confidence as she turned back towards Dan. “Let’s have a fight. If you win, I’ll become your student. But if I win-“

“Unlikely,” Dan commented, already getting into a fighting stance. “Nothing compares to the power of the incredibly awesome and handsome Dan Hibiki.”

Mika grinned as she got ready for the battle. “Then I guess I’ll have to make you submit. Seems like a good way to test if you’d make a good sparring partner.”

“We’ll see about that,” Dan shouted, running towards her with his fist aimed at her chest.

Missing his mark by a wide margin, Dan went flailing forward. Catching himself before he fell to the floor, he turned on his heels and made another rush towards Mika. Easily dodging the attack, she grabbed him by the arm and swung him around. Glancing over at the wall, Dan closed his eyes and braced himself for the moment he would be slammed against it.

Dan’s cheeks were saved from crashing into the hard drywall as they were pressed against something soft and sweaty. Daring to open up his eyes, he realized that his face had been pushed against Mika’s butt. His confusion about the strange position only worsened as he heard a rumbling noise emanate from the wrestling woman’s stomach. The growing sound culminated in an abrupt BRRRAAAAPPPP slapping out of her rear to enshroud his face with an atrocious fart.

“Ugh,” Dan said, reeling back as he pinched his nose. “What did you do that for?”

“All part of my new technique,” Mika said, showing off a confident smile as she let out another rumbling fart to prove her point. “I’ve been chugging these special drinks like crazy to make sure I have plenty of gas in the tank for a full fight. Now hold still. Rancid Wrestling works best when I can get in close.”

Mika let out a yell as she came charging towards Dan. Given proper motivation, he began to run around the mat at breakneck speed. While his fighting style left much to be desired, he had obtained quite the talent for avoiding danger. However, his evasion only lasted up until he took a wrong turn and wound up in the corner.

“End of the line,” Mika shouted.

Letting out a huff, Dan took up his battle stance. “Fat chance. You think you have me trapped, but you fail to see my true genius. The abilities of the Saikyo style arts can only reveal their true glory when-WAIT WAIT HOLD ON!”

Dan’s pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears as Mika stepped back for a running start. Breaking out into a sprint, she approached her opponent with lightning speed. Getting within a few feet of him, she leapt into the air and turned herself around. Faced with her signature Flying Peach technique, there was little Dan could do to avoid falling to the ground as he was smacked in the face by her ass.

Collapsing onto the floor, Dan tried to squirm his way out. His escape attempts were proven futile as Mika slammed down once more to ensure he was stuck between the wall and her butt cheeks. Continuing to wriggle about, Dan’s efforts were increased upon hearing the same gurgling noise from before echo in his ears. Unfortunately for him, there was little he could do stop what was coming.

Clenching her fists, Mika let loose with a reverberating, minute-long fart. Forced to suck down the noxious fumes, Dan's felt his body lose its strength. Left to ferment in Mika's flatulence, he was given a chance to survey any damage done. While there were no physical injuries, there was something brewing inside of himself that seemed to itch a certain part of his brain.

Another fart blowing into Dan's face exacerbated this strange feeling. The smell was absolutely revolting, but he couldn't help feeling a strange sense of satisfaction as it wafted into his nostrils. Feeling his body shiver from the lingering vibrations, he couldn't help noticing a certain bulge growing in his pants. Moments before another fart came out to worsen this budding desire, he summoned up his strength to throw her off with a rising uppercut.

Rolling along the floor, Mika stood back up and shot a smirk at Dan. "Really thought you were done for there."

"Of course not," Dan said, wisely keeping himself turned around to avoid showing off the red flush on his face. "Your underhanded techniques are no match for the mighty Koryuken!"

"Heh, glad to see you still have some fight in you," Mika said before rushing at him once more.

The next few moments were a blur to Dan as he ran back and forth across the mat. Though his motivation to get a student for his dojo was strong, it was becoming weaker with each narrow miss of Mika's gassy rear. Time that could be spent counterattacking was instead wasted on his mind trying to understand this mix of disgust and pleasure welling up inside of him. Unwilling to concede to his new desires, he did his best to keep away in the hopes of tiring her out. That was easier said than done considering her constant near misses still left the dojo reeking of her flatulence.

“You’re pretty hard to catch,” Mika said, taking heavy breath to compensate for her body being drenched in sweat.

“I-I told you not to underestimate me,” Dan replied, his confident smile wavering under the effects of his own sweaty and weary body. “I haven’t even shown you a fraction of my power.”

“Then I guess I’ll just have to give it my all,” Mika said, slapping her rear to the tune of a squeaky fart leaking out.

Letting out a primal yell, Mika charged towards Dan. More than a little exhausted and weighed down by the strange desires in his head, his attempt to escape was half-hearted at best. Struggling to even move his feet, it was no surprise when another flying tackle hit him dead on. Brought to the ground once more, he barely put up a struggle as Mika pressed her sweaty body on top of him. However he did manage to wriggle himself into the right position to have his face right below her hindquarters to hear the same rumbling noises as before.

“Last chance to surrender,” Mika said, shaking her hips as she threatened to plunge her rear down on his head.

“T-this is nothing,” Dan forced out. “The legendary Saikyo arts will not succumb to-“

Dan was shut up as Mika slammed her ass onto his face. He was left completely blinded as he was buried deep between her butt cheeks. Hearing the gurgling noises louder than ever, he at first started to struggle. As his nose picked up a whiff of her gas starting to leak out, the last of his strength left his body. Lying motionless on the ground, he freely accepted what was about to happen.

Letting out a grunt, Mika pushed out a prolonged PHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT that rippled through her body. The increased volume and length of the fart came with an equally atrocious

odor that blew back Dan's ponytail and blasted down his throat. Forced to inhale and taste the rotten air made him surer than ever that he was actually enjoying the strange form of torture. Just as he hazarded to lean his head forward with his tongue outstretched Mika pulled her hindquarters away.

Shuffling herself around with her body still balanced on Dan's chest, Mika loomed over him to show off the confident smirk on her face. "So do you give up? Or am I going to have to give you more of my Rancid Wrestling techniques?"

"Y-yes," Dan spat out.

Mika tilted her head. "Yes? To what? Come on. Tell me what you think of my new technique."

"Yes, I want you to give me more!"

Dan's proclamation left Mika momentarily dumbfounded. No longer driven by the adrenaline of a fight, she was able to look over her opponent and take notice of his heavy breathing and flushed face. Upon noticing the bulge in his pants rubbing up against her hindquarters, it all finally clicked in her head.

"You're enjoying this?" Mika asked, receiving a head nod in return. Sitting up, she scratched her chin as she pondered this revelation. "Huh, didn't expect that." Continuing to stare into his face, her expression gradually turned into one of renewed excitement.

Standing back up, she maneuvered herself around until she was in a squatting position over his head. "I still have plenty of fuel in the tank," she remarked, shaking her hips to further stir up the gas bubbles inside. "Since I won the fight, I'm pretty sure that means you're my designated training partner. What say you help me hone my skills?"

“Go ahead,” Dan said, hazarding to tilt his head up. “The Saikyo style can withstand any punishment you have in mind. Give me your worst.”

Mika let out a chuckle. “Then don’t let me down,” she said, raising her fist. “Give it your all!”

Hoisting up her hindquarters, she slammed her butt against Dan’s face to the tune of a thunderous BRRAAAAAPPPP from her rear. Waiting for the last of her gas to peter out, she lifted herself up once more and looked over her shoulder. Seeing the expression of complete bliss on Dan’s face, she couldn’t stop a laugh from leaving her lips as she got back in position.

Mika began to repeatedly squat over Dan’s body, ensuring each plunge had her ass smacking against his face. Each repetition came with a blast of flatulence that further stunk up the room. While she found the smell absolutely atrocious, she could tell by the shivers going through her partner that he was enjoying every second of it. This suspicion was confirmed after one squat where she felt something flick against her taint.

Momentarily pausing her exercise, she looked over her shoulder once more to catch Dan with his mouth open and his tongue sticking out. Rather than be revolted, she merely reached between her butt cheeks and popped apart the thin piece of fabric sunk deep into her ass crack. With nothing left in the way of her anus, she once again brought herself down on Dan’s face.

The constant motion of Dan’s tongue against Mika’s anus helped to push out more of her flatulence. Getting accustomed to the strange stimulation, she began to wobble her cheeks back and forth. Gritting her teeth, she managed to smile through the sensations as she continued to unload her gas onto his face.

Beneath the gassy wrestler’s sweaty rear, Dan summoned up what little strength remained in his body to continue licking her fragrant, sweat-slicked hole. Each successful swipe

rewarded him with another mouthful of foul air to suck down. His ears became bombarded with constant BRRRAAAAPPPPPSSSS and PHHHHRRRRRTTTSSS as he tirelessly worked to push out every last gas bubble. Just as his stamina gave out and his body reached its limits, he managed to dip his tongue once more into her anus to receive one final blast of flatulence before he collapsed.

Rolling off of Dan, Mika stood up and wiped the sweat from her brow. Looking over the sweaty, smelly mess that was her training partner, she couldn't stop herself from smiling. Reaching out for his limp hand, she managed to get him into a standing position.

"Didn't think you had it in you," Mika said, helping Dan trudge across the floor.

"You should know by now not to underestimate a master of Saikyo style," Dan replied, forcing a weak smile on his face as he was carried over to his room.

"Heh, glad to see you keep up that energy," she said, plopping him down on the bed. "Make sure you save some of that for next time."

"Next time?"

Letting out another chuckle, Mika turned herself around to give Dan one last squeaky fart to his face. "Better rest up. I still have plenty of techniques I want to practice before I hit the ring. Mark my words, Rancid Wrestling is going to take the world by storm! All thanks to Dan and the legendary Rainbow..."

Mika pondered for a moment before smacking her ass and striking a pose. "The incredible Rancid Mika!"