

# Sonic Underground: The Anon Chronicles

## Substory 1 - In Service of Her Majesty

It had been several months since you agreed to be Aleena's errand boy to work off your debt. Autumn ended rather abruptly as a harsh blizzard heralded the arrival of Old Man Winter early this year.

The snowstorm blew through just after you had returned home from school this Friday, blanketing the state in a sheet of white, six inches thick.

Of course, it WOULD have to fall on the weekend where there's no school to cancel, and since the worst of it's already over, the plows have been running through the streets, meaning school will continue just as it normally would by Monday.

But for now, you have to journey to the Hedgehog home in the wintry weather, regardless of whether or not you even want to go.

Even with the piss-poor travel conditions, you know Aleena isn't about to let you off the hook this week. That woman is a slave driver. Perhaps it's due to her upbringing as royalty.

You grumble to yourself as you trudge through the snow caked on the eerily quiet suburban streets. Several houses have crudely constructed snowmen in their yards. Even more have Christmas decorations drizzled over their homesteads.

After a nearly two-mile long trek through the neighborhood, you finally reach the house belonging to the Mobian family you've become so acquainted with these last few months.

You take notice of several footprints leading away from the house. It seems they were recently made, most likely this very morning. The sight causes you to ponder who left the house so early on such a snowy Sunday morning.

The mystery isn't so enticing, however, to cause you to ignore your more pressing concerns at the moment. You march up to the front door, knocking the excess snow off your boots using the front step.

Following that, you remove the glove on your right hand temporarily, and loudly rap upon the door, hoping that someone would be awake to answer soon.

Fortunately, the door swings open almost immediately. Unfortunately, it's the one person you dreaded meeting this early: Aleena.

She's wearing an orchid-colored turtleneck sweater and khaki pants. Despite seeing her in this outfit numerous times, you still feel that she looks really good in it for some reason.

"You're late", she curtly tells you, with her brow furrowed and her arms crossed.

"Well, just look what I had to walk in to get here", you retort, waving towards the tundra outside. Your pleas for sympathy are going to fall on deaf ears, but damn it, you're not about to let her nag you for something completely out of your control.

"I don't want to hear your excuses", the violet tyrant predictably replies, "If you're late again, I'm cutting your payments on any work you do in half until further notice, understood?"

"Yes, Ms. Hedgehog", you miserably utter. This is why you hate dealing with Aleena lately. She's clearly abusing her power over you and enjoying every second of it. Sadistic bitch.

"Alright, as long as we're clear", she says in her haughty voice. God, what you wouldn't give to knock her down from her high horse.

"I think you already know what I'm going to have you do first", the purple despot continues, as she reaches around the door. When she produces an orange-colored snow shovel, your first task of the day becomes obvious.

You solemnly take the tool from her hand. "When you finish, I'll knock off ten dollars from your debt", Aleena declares.

"T-TEN DOLLARS?!", you indignantly shout.

"That's what the kids get when they shovel Mr. Brikowski's walk down the street", the amethyst authoritarian remarks. "It's a fair price"

"Mr. Brikowski lives in the middle of the block," you begin to explain. "YOU live on the corner. That's twice as much sidewalk to clear, PLUS your driveway! I want at least twenty knocked off for this!"

Aleena is clearly seething at this proposal, but you're not about to back down from this. You know how much your labor is worth, and you're not about to work for bitch wages like some Mexican.

"...How about we settle this with a little wager?", your creditor finally asks after you two have a staredown.

"I'm listening", you flatly respond.

"If shoveling my sidewalk takes you more than two hours to complete, I'll double my previous offer. You'll have twenty dollars removed from your debt", she begins to offer.

"However", she then continues, her tone becoming darker, "if I catch you lollygagging, sandbagging, 'catching your breath', checking your phone, or you simply fail to reach two hours..."

"You'll do it...", the purple Pol Pot announces with her eyes narrowed, "FOR FREE."

These were some serious terms. At least two solid hours of shoveling, no breaks, and you couldn't simply do a half-assed job to pad out the time. You know damn well she'd be watching you like a hawk the whole time.

Regardless, you weren't about to miss an opportunity to make an extra ten dollars. There have been weeks when you barely knocked that much off over an 8-hour day, and you're about to do twice that on the first job today.

"Deal", you accept, as you put out your free hand. Aleena grabs it and you both shake, having agreed to the terms laid out before you.

"I'll be timing you from the second I hear your first scoop", the former Mobian queen dictates. "I'll be watching you. DON'T think you can slip anything past me."

She closes the door on you, and you turn to face the Herculean chore before you.

You check your phone real quick to see what time it is. 9:07 AM. You need this to read at least 11:07 by the time you're done.

You slide your phone back in your pocket, and begin the task.

You grunt.

You grumble.

You mutter.

You curse.

But with every single movement, you clear more and more of the pathway.

The snow weighed heavily with each toss. Your back ached. The lactic acid built up in your arms made it seem like they were going to fall off any minute. The bitter winds nip at your exposed nose. It feels like your eyes are starting to freeze.

But you soldier on, unabated. You were going to prove that bitch wrong, no matter the cost. You excavate an extra-wide path to accommodate Sonic's fat ass easily.

You even scoop out most of the driveway to add as much to your time as possible. You can't get underneath Aleena's SUV, however, and you know she wasn't about to move it for you when money was on the line.

Finally, you've shoveled all that you could, and begin making your way back to the front door to report your completion. You pull out your phone once more to check your time.

11:0...4.

...No.

No, no, NO!!!

You hear the front door of the Hedgehog abode swing open and quickly shove your phone back in your pocket to glance at the source of the sound.

Aleena stands triumphantly in the doorway, peering down her nose at you. Her smug aura is overwhelming.

"One hour, fifty-seven minutes", she proclaims proudly. "Oh, you were so very, very close, but unfortunately, not close enough", she mockingly patronizes your efforts.

You approach the door, defeated. Aleena takes the shovel from your hands. "Now, let's get you inside, you deserve a rest after all that HARD work FROM THE KINDNESS OF YOUR OWN HEART", the malicious matron declares, oozing superiority.

You hang your head in shame. As you're about to enter the abode, however, one last idea miraculously pops into your head.

"HANG ON", you shout as you slam your hands on the door frame at the realization. Aleena's condescendence is replaced with concern. "W-what?", she queries.

You look up with a confident smirk.

"...I still have to throw down salt", you report.

The look of realization from Aleena was priceless.

"I...I'll just have you do it later!", she desperately cries.

"Oh, sure, you COULD have it done later, it's YOUR house, after all", you admit, through a veneer of condescension, having successfully turned the tables. "BUT, there were a number of ice pockets lining the whole sidewalk underneath the snow"

"Now that they're exposed, any kid could just run right along, slip, and bust their skull open", you finish explaining. "This place insured, by the way?", you ask in a high-pitched tone of voice, rubbing your chin in an exaggerated manner.

Aleena's face has turned from shock to white-hot fury. Her right eye twitches in anger before she reaches inside for a half-filled bag of Kwik-Melt Ice Melting Salt and a beat-up disposable plastic cup.

"THIS LITTLE CONVERSATION DOESN'T ADD TO YOUR TIME", Aleena hisses as you take your supplies.

"Oh, of course not, ma'am", you reply calmly.

"AND WIPE THAT STUPID FUCKING GRIN OFF YOUR FACE!", she snarls while pointing at you.

"Right away, ma'am", you reply once more as you nod, adopting your best poker face.

Aleena then slams the front door on you. Your smirk returns immediately once she's out of view.

You proceed to sling the icemelt about as you hum a nonsensical ditty to yourself. The salt crunches satisfyingly beneath your boots as you trudge onward.

After making your way to the edge of the property line, you hear a furious "SHIT!!!" sound out from the home.

A mischievous chuckle escapes from you as you continue your duty.

Having completed your mission, you triumphantly march back to the entryway of the Hedgehog home.

Aleena opens the door as you approach, glowering. You've clearly won the bet.

"Final time, Ms. Hedgehog?", you ask as you hand her the cup and bag of salt. You see her grind her teeth internally.

"...two hours, three minutes, fourteen seconds", she scathingly hisses through her gritted teeth.

You gently tap your boots just outside of the doorway to knock the excess snow that accumulated on them from your exhausting task.

"WOULD YOU GET THE FUCK IN HERE?!", Aleena shouts in frustration at your display. "YOU'RE LETTING ALL THE HOT AIR OUT"

You finally enter the Hedgehog's house for the first time today. Aleena slams the door when you're clear as you begin shedding your winter wear in victory.

Aleena pulls out a familiar notepad and a pen from one of her pockets as she mutters to herself.

"There. Twenty dollars.", she grumbles. You swear she called you a 'prick' under her breath, but you're still riding the high of sweet victory, so

you let it slide.

"Much appreciated, Ms. Hedgehog", you respond while catching your breath. You didn't notice it at the time, but you really worked up a sweat out there. After removing your coat, your shirt's pits are soaked.

"Don't get too comfortable", the Hedgehog mother warns, "We're just getting started today."

You stretch yourself out, trying to undo all the stress that hard labor did to you. You take notice of how quiet the house is.

"The kids not home this morning?", you ask, hoping the subject change might afford you a few extra minutes of rest.

"No, Charles actually came by and took them to go sledding", the lavender Mobian explains. That would explain the footprints you saw when you first came here.

"Wait, Chuck actually got up before noon?", you query, puzzled by the normally drunken uncle's change in behavior.

"Chuck's actually boycotting Bud Light right now", Aleena tells you. The shocking reveal causes you to shoot a confused look at Aleena.

"Apparently, they made some sort of tranny their mascot, and Mark forced him to quit drinking it until the beer company apologizes for their fuck-up", the plum-colored queen explicates.

"Frankly, I couldn't give a shit, but if it means Chuck's off the booze for a bit, that's less beatings for me and the kids", Aleena announces her feelings on the matter.

"Well, good for him, I guess", you reply, before stretching your arms way up high. Your stomach is slightly exposed from this.

"...Alright, I've decided your next task", Aleena says, heralding the end of your break. "You're going to be knocking out some cobwebs in my bedroom"

"Oh, alright", you respond, pleasantly surprised from the easy mission given to you. Aleena proceeds to lead you upstairs to her bedroom, clear at the end of the upstairs hallway.

This is actually the first time you've been in here, so you decide to soak in your surroundings.

To be perfectly honest, there's not much to tell here. Aleena's bedroom is actually surprisingly small. Or, more accurately, the free space in her room is small because of the huge bed that sits firmly in the center.

Along the left wall, there seems to be a closet and a door leading somewhere, most likely the master bathroom.

To the right of the bed sits a somewhat elegant nightstand. Along the right wall is a window with extremely dark curtains drawn.

As a matter of fact, the room itself is unsettlingly dark. The only light source currently are two candles being lit by Aleena as she places them on the nightstand.

"Uhh, is there a reason you don't have any lights on in here?", you question, rightfully puzzled.

"The lightswitch is kind of fucky in here", she responds, making a teetering motion with her hands. "I need to get an electrician in here one of these days to figure out the problem."

Well, at least that's one mess that's out of your jurisdiction.

"Alright, can we at least open up the curtains so I can see--", you begin to ask as you travel towards the window.

"NO!", shouts the royal pain in the ass. "Err...the next-door neighbor is a peeping tom", she then rapidly clarifies. "I really don't like him looking in here for anything, even if nothing sexy is going on"

"Oh. Okay then", you acquiesce, concerned about her safe-keeping while that pervert goes unchecked.

Dusting in complete darkness isn't going to be easy, but considering the circumstances, you don't have a choice.

"Alright, I've got to go find where I put that duster", Aleena declares. "Feel free to take five, this might be a minute"

Normally, such hospitality from her would warrant concern, as it completely flies in the face of her previous behavior as a slave driver up to this point.

However, you're still pretty god damned sore from that shoveling earlier, so you sit down on her bed, taking her up on the offer.

Your butt sinks deeply into the mattress, which shockingly doesn't reek of farts like every other cushion in this house. Meanwhile, Aleena walks off towards the master bathroom to begin her search.

You're unsure why her duster would be in there, but it's not the weirdest place for something like that to turn up in this house.

You once found the remote for the living room TV in an empty ice cream tub in the damn freezer for some reason.

A few minutes pass, with no sign of any update from Aleena. You twiddle your thumbs for a bit, before deciding to lay back on the incredibly soft queen-sized bed.

It feels like you could fall asleep immediately just from your head hitting the mattress. You know Aleena's gonna chew you out for being lazy, but between the softness of the bed and the scent of the candles nearby, your eyes start to feel heavy.

Before you know it, they've fully closed. Your breathing becomes deeper and slower. You're about to fall asleep. At this point, you don't care if Aleena jolts you awake.

...

You feel something pressing down on the bed on both sides of your head.

"Well, Anon, I can't find that damn duster anywhere", Aleena proclaims. Your eyes slowly open to the news.

"I guess you'll just have to use your tongue"

The incredibly odd order causes you to utter a thoughtless "Whuh?", as your eyes regain focus. Once they do, you're greeted with an extremely unexpected sight.

Aleena is standing directly over your face. Wearing nothing but a grin of superiority. As you begin to turn beet red out of embarrassment, you instinctively start to sit up.

"M-Muh-MISS HEDGEHO--Mmph?!", you attempt to scream in shock. However, your cries are quickly muffled as Aleena drops to her knees and shoves her crotch directly into your face.

The weight of her body presses down hard on you, pinning you to the bed. You attempt to force her off you, but your weak, tired body can't muster the strength to budge her at all.

Her thick, unkempt pubic hair brushes against your face with your every movement. The carpet certainly does match the drapes. It smells a bit like piss.

As you wriggle, attempting to break free, her vagina leaves a wet, strange-smelling, somewhat sticky trail behind on you. It gets in the corners of your mouth.

You finally peel your eyes open to give a pitiful look at your captor, praying she'll show mercy and get off of you, but judging from her obscenely smug look, that's not happening any time soon.

"Don't act like you haven't wanted this all along, Anon", Aleena says to you in an unusually sultry voice. "I've seen the way you size me up every time we meet."

"Honestly, I've wanted to do this for a while, too", admits the amethyst autocrat, "but every weekend, Charles and the kids hang around, and I never got the opportunity until now"

"This is really all your fault, you know", she goes on, slowly swaying her hips side-to-side. "Earlier this morning, when you were negotiating for a better price on shoveling the sidewalk, you had this defiant look in your eyes."

"And after you won, that obnoxiously smug look on your face...", continues Aleena, pressing her weight down slightly harder. "I knew I had to break you. To put you back in your place."

Jesus, she really IS an evil tyrant.

...Why are you so turned on right now?

Your cock is so hard, it's almost painful, but because of the way Aleena's sitting on you, your arms can't reach your waist.

"C'mon, Anon!", orders Aleena, grinding her genitals up and down your face with every word, "Get, to, licking!"

Even if she orders you to, it still feels wrong, somehow. This is your best friend's mother. And her pussy smells kinda foul. She really could have cleaned up down here. Your hesitance starts to annoy Aleena.

"You need motivation?", she asks. "Fine."

Aleena gently traces her finger along your exposed head.

"If you can get me off in the next five minutes using your tongue...", she begins to offer, bending herself downwards to get a closer look at your eyes.

"I'll knock off FIFTY. DOLLARS. From your debt."

Ho. Ly. SHIT.

This offer, coming from the woman who, just a few weeks ago, made you shovel Sonic's LITERAL shit out of the upstairs toilet to unclog it, and only paid you ten dollars for the ordeal?

Your eyes drift away from Aleena's and down to the pubic mound in front of you. Determination wells up within you.

Screw morality. Screw dignity. Screw everything else.

YOU WERE GETTING THAT FUCKING MONEY.

You stick your tapered tongue out and press it against Aleena's pussy, breaking past her vaginal walls. The initial taste almost causes you to retch, but you suppress your gag reflex.

Aleena shudders in surprise and pleasure. "OoOoh, there you go", she moans sensually.

Fluids drip from her genitals onto your tongue as you lap away. The taste is kind of repugnant, but there's a distinct aftertaste that's almost sickeningly addictive. Maybe this is due to Aleena's chain-smoking.

The smell of her crotch has a similar effect, slightly stinking of piss, yet, for some reason, you can't get enough of it.

To be perfectly frank, you had absolutely NO fucking clue what you were doing down here. You've never seen a vagina that wasn't on your computer screen, much less actually touched one.

You don't know the first thing about pleasuring a woman. Right now, you're just running your tongue up and down her slit, but it doesn't feel like you're getting as much of a reaction as you had hoped.

There's a few moans, and her breathing was getting heavier, but you're not gonna make her cum within five minutes at this rate.

That's when you asked yourself: who WOULD know how to best pleasure a woman? The answer, obviously, was your idol: The Ugly Bastard.

Almost as if you began to channel him, your eyes roll into the back of your head as you make a bizzare, slack-jawed grin, and jut more tongue out than you thought would be possible.

Then, using your arms to grip Aleena's thighs, you pull your face as deep into her crotch as you can possibly go. Your nose pushes deep into her scratchy pubic hair, as your tongue plunges deeper into her pussy.

You rapidly lash your tongue against the walls of Aleena's vagina, tracing every single fold you can reach, as you rub your face against the rest of her pubic area.

"FffFFFFFFUuuUuuUCK!!!", Aleena screams almost painfully, shivers coursing up and down her spine. She clearly was unprepared for your sensuous onslaught.

The hedgehog mother hunches over and grips your head, as if she were hanging on for dear life. Her hips gyrate much more quickly than before, as if she's ready to be finished as soon as possible.

Her breathing has increased pace as well, she's practically panting at this point. In between her gasps, she says something strange.

"Oh God, I missed you so much"

The odd statement snaps you out of your erotic trance, causing you simply grunt inquisitively at her.

"Don't stop. Please don't stop", the matriarch desperately moans with every breath. You realize your movements have stopped and attempt to resume to the same pace you were at.

However, your body is nearly drained of energy. It seems that trance-like state basically exhausted you. Your tongue's movements are sluggish, and you can barely breathe.

Still, it seems Aleena's been made sensitive enough that these movements are getting more of a reaction out of her. Her grinding against your face has reached a fever pitch as well.

After a few moments, between your feeble licking and her intense rubbing, Aleena clutches the back of your head and pushes your face as close to her pelvis as possible, squeezing your head between her thighs.

Taking a sharp, deep breath, her pussy quivers before clamping your tongue in place. She throws her head back, causing your view of her face to mostly disappear behind her breasts.

Shivering, she lets out an earsplitting shriek.

"NghF...FUGH, NGAAAAAAaAAAAaAAAAaAAAAaAAAAH!!!"

As she cries out, her genitals unleash a torrent of love juice all over your face, effectively waterboarding you. You genuinely believe you're going to drown in this woman's crotch.

Your arms flop lifelessly away from Aleena's thighs back onto the bed, her liquid excitement soaking the sheets around your head.

Gasping for air, Aleena relaxes her grip around your head and releases you from your pubic prison, allowing you to breathe fresh air once more. Not before coughing pitifully, of course.

Aleena rolls off your face and flops near the head of the bed, panting heavily. You simply lay where you are, doing the same, your tongue limply hanging from your mouth from overexertion.

After a few moments of catching her breath, Aleena sits up and reaches into her nightstand's drawer and pulls out a half-empty pack of Marlboro Reds and a surprisingly ornate Zippo lighter.

The violet matron lights up a cigarette and takes a huge drag off of it. We're talking half her cigarette is gone with this pull. Holding her breath for a few seconds, she unleashes a mighty cloud of smoke with a deep exhalation.

"Ohhhh, GOD, Anon", Aleena sighs in relief, before looking at you. "You have NO clue how fucking BADLY I needed that"

You feebly reach down towards the lower half of your body to try and feel your legs, and instead feel a strange, sticky spot on your pants.

Glancing down, you realize you managed to cum without actually having your dick touched. Not exactly the most dignified thing to happen to you, especially for your first sexual experience.

Dazed, you try to sit up. "Did...did you come within five minutes?", you ask, groggy from exhaustion.

Aleena's eyes swap from relaxed to concerned. "Wait, shit, when did the clock start again?"

Realizing neither of you were keeping track of the time, you flop back on the moist bed again in frustration, groaning.

"Alright, how about this", Aleena offers as she puts her cigarette out, "If you want your fifty dollars so bad, let's cuddle for a while until I'm satisfied"

You perk up at the proposition. Aleena shuffles deeper into the center of the bed and holds her arms out, beckoning you to join her.

You weakly roll over and crawl up towards the purple lady, eventually meeting her embrace. She cradles your head against her bosom. You failed to mention this before, but Aleena has a surprisingly supple rack for a woman her age.

Before you let yourself fully enjoy the comfort of snuggling with the former queen of Mobius, a small concern nags at you.

"What about the other chores around the house today?", you query, fighting off the advances of Mr. Sandman.

"Anon, I've already given you seventy bucks for two jobs today", Aleena replies, as she reaches for the covers with a free hand. "We'll call this a half-day."

She then throws the comforter over the two of you before fully committing to clinging to you once again. The fingers on her right hand gently brush through your hair and her left hand rubs slowly up and down your back.

You nuzzle up even closer to her, brushing your hands along her unkempt mane. You feel as if you could fall asleep at any moment.

"Oh, and Anon?", Aleena asks once more for your attention. "Any time we're alone like this, I want you to call me 'mommy'. Okay?"

An odd order. Normally, you'd contest it, attempting to negotiate to get more money out of the deal. But, unlike your face, you are simply and properly wiped. Too wiped to put up any sort of resistance.

"...okay mommy", you mumble, as your lids become too heavy to remain open. You feel her lips gently press down on the top of your head.

The last things you hear are Aleena's heartbeat and the howl of the winter winds outside Aleena's bedroom window before drifting off to sleep.

**END**

