

MAKING SCENTS OF LIFE

by
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"Ever wondered what it would be like to be someone else?

Ever wanted to take a walk on the WILD side?

Come on down to one of our Clinics, and we'll guarantee you'll leave a changed person - in more ways than one!"

Chapter One: Transitions

The middle-aged raccoon seemed uneasy as he stepped through the door, but that was common enough to customers of The Clinic. After a worried glance to confirm he was the only one in the room, he strode up to the petite vixen at the reception desk.

"How may I help you today?" she asked, flashing him a reassuring, if pointy-toothed, smile.

"I'd heard you, er, have some specials on... uh.. gloves today," he responded, dredging up the proper phrase from his memory.

While the smile remained on her pointed muzzle, her eyes narrowed slightly. "We have quite a few models available for customers to try, but none of them are down here. Take the elevator to the third floor, and enter the fourth room on the left."

A few minutes later, the slightly overweight fur found himself standing in front of an unmarked office door. Unlike several he passed, this one didn't have glass windows to see inside, but only solid walls.

Brow furrowed in concentration, he thought back to the thread he had stumbled on while browsing the darknet several days ago. Besides the phrase, they had mentioned you had to knock- "Aha, that was it!" He murmured to himself as he finally remembered. Raising a hand, he knocked twice, then thrice, then twice.

A moment later, the door opened to reveal a young antelope in her twenty-somethings, wearing a frock and holding her tablet in hand. "Step right in, Mr- uh-"

"Michael," the older raccoon replied, eyeing the lady appreciatively for a moment before remembering where he was and why he was here. "Let's leave it at Michael."

"Michael it is," she said with a smile twice as bright as what the vixen downstairs had shown. "Just

step inside and we can go over what you're looking for."

As the door closed behind him, he found himself in a well-lit reception room, much like you'd see in any ordinary medical office. One difference however was readily apparent: all the staff he could see were good-looking by anyone's standards, which only made sense if you considered the business The Clinic runs.

"Now, before we start," the antelope gal asked in a honeyed voice, stylus and tablet at the ready, "do you have any sort of criminal record? Currently experiencing any legal or financial troubles?"

As Michael shook his head no to each, he found himself slightly surprised at the breadth of their questioning. Still, he supposed, one could never be too careful about the sorts who might be looking into this sort of procedure. Escaping those things were just a few of the reasons body-gloving was highly restricted.

"Everything seems in order," his attendant finished with a smile, "If you'll follow me, I'll take you to the 'showroom.'"

As the raccoon followed, his eyes absentmindedly following that perky little antelope tail, he thought back on what had brought him here. It had started innocently enough: he'd hopped into an online chat to do some RP. He'd picked female because, well, why not?

It had been fun at the start, getting into character and chatting with all the others. And then one of them had whispered him about a seldom-used chat room, and he'd had his first cyber-experience.

He'd read enough porn that he had been able to fake his way through, but he found himself seeking it out more and more often, until eventually, he started wondering how it would feel in real life. It was then, almost like a sign from heaven, that he stumbled onto the idea of "body-gloving."

The basic idea is that, using a highly restricted medical procedure, a person's mind can be transferred into a brain-dead, but otherwise healthy, receptive body. Some were rumored to come from assisted suicides, while others claimed some poor folks were basically selling their bodies to provide for families. Still other rumors said that prison convicts were used, donated by the government after their "execution." Still it was all just rumor, and he pushed those last niggling doubts out of his head as he followed his guide into the "showroom," as she had called it.

He wasn't sure what he had expected, but the room was fairly normal, like the rest of the complex so far. A few monitors decorated the far wall, a keyboard underneath, while a holographic tank rested in the middle of the room. All of the displays were showing the usual patterns which at one point in the past had been called screensavers, but they all vanished as the antelope nurse tapped a few keys on the keyboard.

"Now," she said, turning around as she tapped a couple combinations on the tablet, "What sort of

body would you like to use? We have a large variety to suit any customer's needs."

"W-well," he responded, a slight blush rising under his fur as they got down to the nitty-gritty of it, "I'm looking for a female body. Something firm of thigh and large of breast, but not too large - I don't want to accidentally slap myself in the face when doing any- ah, rigorous activity. No other preferences beyond that as of yet."

As he had spoken, his attendant had tapped further commands in on her tablet, and the holographic tank whirled to life. "We have several of those available, but not many," she remarked as she pursed her muzzle in concentration. "That is actually a somewhat popular request, though usually not from a male-" Realizing what she had just said, she cut herself off and gave him an apologetic smile. "Though of course there's nothing wrong with that!"

Michael waved off the potential insult with a slight smile, the first one he'd worn since stepping into the building. "I can believe that. So, what options are available then?"

A couple more taps on the tablet caused the holotank to shimmer, and images began to take shape within. "These are the only ones not reserved or in use at the moment," she responded distractedly as she pulled up the files on each. "Do any of them take your fancy?"

Michael raised a finger to tap his nosepad as the shapes took form. It was a nervous tick he'd had since he was a cub, and while he was a bit more relaxed after the faux pas of the antelope girl, he was still feeling slightly uneasy about the whole thing.

The first one that rotated past him was a dark-furred vixen. Though fur hid the scars, the way her breasts stuck out almost like balloons told him she had gotten implants at some point. The Clinic had done a good job of cleanup, but it was also plain she'd never taken great care of her fur, and her tail was a bit worse-for-wear. Pass.

The second that swung by was actually fairly skinny. Like her distant ancestors, the female cheetah was obviously built for running, rather than the voluptuous proportions the raccoon was looking for. If he had been just looking for a romp for himself, the perky chest and those slim thighs were a bit enticing, but- nah, it just didn't feel right.

The third prospect displayed in the tank could have been a twin for the lovely antelope showing him all this! When he looked over at her, she guessed what he was about to ask and shrugged with a small smile. "We just received this one recently. I'm just giving it a, ah, test run, to make sure there's nothing wrong with it that we may have missed."

Shaking his head while the corners of his mouth tried to tug upwards, he returned his gaze to the holograph. Unfortunately, he'd missed the next one after the antelope due to his distraction, and all he caught was a pointed ear as it slid out of view. but it was just as well for the next one made him slap the pause button as fast as he could.

The skunk girl now displayed in the tank seemed to be in her late twenties. A curl of auburn hair curled over dark grey eyes set in a heart-shaped face, bearing more than a passing resemblance to a character he had played more than once, to his own pleasure. Pure white fur covered her muzzle, continuing down the front of her neck before spreading to cover a very ample bosom. Unlike the vixen earlier however, her breasts hung on her chest naturally, indicating that she'd come by those fairly large tits by way of nature rather than knife. Gradually, his eyes continued their downward trend, and he was satisfied to note that there was a bit of plush to her midsection. Not enough to make her look fat in any way, but just enough to keep her from looking overly thin. That fluffy bellyfur then angled down to her hidden folds, secreted away between soft, squeezable thighs and fairly wide hips. Pausing in his appraisal, he glanced at the sidebar for her measurements: 38D-28-36. A bit top-heavy, but not in a bad way.

"Well?" a soft voice breathed from behind his shoulder. Michael straightened with a snap, and spun around, to find himself face-to-chest with his antelope guide. He'd been so engrossed in the skunkette's appraisal he hadn't paid attention to her leaving the console. Seemingly deliberately, she looked over his head at the black-and-white-furred femme in the display. "Ooh, an excellent choice, if I do say so myself. Her family died in an accident, poor thing, and she felt it was better to join them than to try and move on." The young nurse shook her head. "Such a tragedy, but good to know that her sacrifice won't be in vain now."

The raccoon (and apparently prospective skunk) felt a slight shiver down his spine as she confirmed one of the rumors he had heard so casually, as if it didn't mean a thing in the world. A small part of him was screaming to turn her down, to run, and never look back. Still, he had come here for a reason. He had known all this and still stepped foot into this office of sin. Swallowing heavily, he tried to square his shoulders and look her in the eye.

"Yes, she will do nicely."

"Oh, excellent!" A slight girlish giggle escaped the doe's mouth that seemed so out of place, considering the macabre discussion moments before. She clapped her hands together in amusement, the tablet tucked safely under one armpit. "If you'll follow me to the waiting room, we need to prepare the equipment and your new identity." She tapped a few keys, shutting down the holotank, then walked to the door to hold it for her customer. "There'll be a terminal in there as well for your payment. All payment is up-front, in case of any terminal accidents before your return."

The raccoon nodded once, slowly. It only made sense, after all. He had read some stories of thrill-seekers body-gloving so that they could try extremely dangerous stunts without risk to themselves, only to find death is still real, no matter the body. Still, the moment had come and gone, and he was committed. Now all that was left was the paperwork.

First one, eye, then the other. Michael blinked a couple more times as his eyes adjusted to the light. His head felt like it was full of cotton, as did his mouth. Licking dried-out lips to get some moisture back in his mouth, he could swear something didn't feel right. If only he could put his finger on it...

Lifting his arms up in a stretch, he let out a soft grunt, then paused in surprise, as the grunt that had reached his ears was not the one he had been hearing for the past 43 years. It was higher-pitched, almost cute in a way. While trying to process that, he noticed the fur on his arms was black, rather than the usual greyish-brown, and on top of that there was the strangest sensation between them, as if he was squishing his chest with his upper arms.

As he lay there in shock, trying to make sense of the changes, the last few hours began to filter through his- no, her now- memory. The transfer had been a success!

Slowly, she sat up, and she found herself focusing on the feel of how her breasts shifted as she sat up, swaying and changing their shape as she went from a laying to a sitting position. Curiously, she brought her hands up to those large mounds, hefting them and feeling their weight, noting how her chest seemed to lighten a bit as she lifted them, the feel of her flesh squishing through her fingers and her fingers pressing into her own soft titflesh. So this was what it was like to have breasts!

Curious now, the newly-reborn skunkette, ran her fingers through her chestfur, seeking out the perky little nubs of her nipples, and experimentally gave them a tweak. She felt a slight shiver, but pouted slightly as she let them be. In her, er, research for her RP sessions, she had found that there was a range of sensitivity in most people's nipples, and apparently her choice had been one of those on the lower end of that. Still, she supposed, it's likely that would change in later... "circumstances."

After shaking her head slightly to clear the cobweb, she turned to let her legs hang off the edge, then gingerly slid off the hospital-style bed, letting her feet hit the cool floor. "Whooooaaaa-" she cried out in surprise as her knees tried to give way, but she caught herself on the bed to keep from collapsing completely.

At the sound of her voice, the door cracked open and the antelope nurse from before poked her horned head in. "Ah, you're awake earlier than expected! Wait right here, and the advisor will be with you shortly!" After flashing the skunkette a smile, she closed the door again with a soft click as Michael stared after her in incredulity.

"Suuure, don't help me," she muttered to herself, ears swiveling slightly at the soprano lilt of her new voice. Flitting her large tail, she waited a few moments more, then took an experimental step or two, holding on to the bed but trying to get a feel for her balance in this new body. It felt like all her weight was in different places now than in her old body(which it was), but after a few minutes of movement back and forth, it was starting to feel more natural. Swishing her large fluffy tail again, she found herself stifling a giggle as she recalled the old joke about how skunk tails were meant to serve as a counterweight for being busty- in her case, that might as well be true!

Carefully, oh-so-carefully, she released the bed from her grasp. There! She was standing on her own two feet now, and feeling stronger by the minute! Slowly and deliberately, she tried taking a few steps, feeling how her body moved now without support. It was going to be careful going at first, but she could do this. She could do this!

Carefully, Michael made her way over to a full-length mirror on the wall opposite the exam room's door and regarded her new self in the reflection. The striking image looking back at him was fairly close to what he had seen in that image, but there were small differences, all reasonably explained by the fact the holotank image had been taken when this body had been admitted in the first place. The dark auburn hair now fell past her shoulders rather than brushing the back of her neck. Her fur overall was a bit mussed, as if she had been sleeping for a long time(which of course, this body had been). She definitely was going to need to take a shower.

At the thought of a shower, her body evidently remembered some of its other functions as well, and her hands shot to her crotch as her knees came together. By all the gods, did she have to use the bathroom!

Thankfully, she found herself able to hold it back in reaction, and quickly stumbled her way to the door. Trying the knob, she found to her relief it was unlocked, and poked her head out for a quick glance. There was a nurse down the hallway but- aha! A little ways to the left were the restrooms!

Quickly, Michael dashed across the hallway, pushing through the door and making a beeline to the toilet stalls, her brain only half-acknowledging the urinals to her right. A moment later, door closed and her butt firmly planted on the toilet seat, she let it all go and let out a grateful sigh of relief as all the pent up pressure inside was released.

As she let the last of it trickle out, she heard the door open and close, and a baritone humming voice reached her small, curved ears. Blinking, she finally recalled the urinals and felt her face growing warm under her fur as she realized she'd entered the men's restrooms without thinking. Looking down at her naked body, she shook her head. She couldn't leave like this; she'd just have to wait for the unknown male to do his business, then leave.

Cocking her ears, the skunkette heard him unzip, then the unmistakable sound of a stream of liquid splashing against porcelain. AS she waited, she found herself recalling stories she had read, and even scenarios she had played out just like this. The busty naked woman, slipping into the men's room to collar her prey. Pushing him against the wall, while stripping off his pants and fondling his shaft as it grew in her hand. As her mind drifted back, she found herself rubbing her thighs together, a pleasant warming sensations growing down between her legs. Almost absentmindedly, she slid a hand down, past her stomach, and brushed a fingertip ever so slightly over her folds.

"MMmmmmmm..." she bit her lip to keep the soft gasp from escaping her muzzle as she felt a warm tingle rise from that light touch along her folds. With a slow, sure motion, she started to rub along her warm fleshy netherlips, feeling her musteline pussy starting to pout a little, the fur on her fingertips growing damp at the continuing stimulation. Gods, that felt good!

She only half-heard the trickle outside finish, and the door opening and closing behind the instigator of the fantasy now trickling through her mind. Resting a hand on the edge of the pot, she explored her new genitals with gentle, probing touches, her mind full of images of herself being taken against the bathroom wall, or braced on the sink while being plowed from behind- gods, she needed to get off!

With trembling fingers, she parted her swelling cuntlips, breath whistling through her nose as she felt the cool hospital air against her heating flesh. Releasing her death grip on the porcelain seat, she gently pressed two fingers against that slickening entrance, and pushed in.

Her eyes opened wide as she felt her passage spreading around the furred digits, surrounding them in welcome as she panted, the new sensations washing across her mind. And carefully, ever so slowly, she began to pump them within herself.

"MMmmmmrrrrrr...." the needy skunkette panted and murred softly as she felt the sensation of those honey-soaked fingers sliding within her slickened tunnel. The feeling was good, but there was still something missing. If her mind had been able to form coherent thoughts, she might have compared it to desiring a prime rib but only getting hamburger. Filling, but not satisfying.

Leaving the pumping fingers to do their work, she lifted her unoccupied hand to her plump chest, gripping a breast firmly as she slouched on the toilet, wet sltch sounds slowly becoming louder as she slicked those soaked digits within her hungry cunny.

Feeling the hunger for -something- growing, the horny skunk girl tried adjusting the angle, and gave out a surprised yelp, white-furred tifflesh squeezing through her suddenly tight grip as a short, sharp tingle ran through her heated body. Lifting her head a little, she peered down, and noticed the little pink nub poking out from her spread folds.

Carefully, she brushed her thumb against it, and went rigid, panting heavily through her nose as she felt the wave of please from that nudge roll through her body like waves on a beach. A feral grin grew on her short muzzle, and shoving three fingers deep into that tight little skunkcunny, she took the other and started to quickly rub at her sensitive clit.

"Haa- AaaAAaahhh! FU-uck yes! Haaaa!" the busty skunk moaned out her pleasure, all thoughts of being caught forgotten as she fucked herself with slim, furred digits. Her large, fur-covered breasts rose and fell with each deep breath she took as she lost herself in the waves of rapture growing higher and higher, crashing against the cliff of her consciousness with each touch to that stiff pink pleasure-nub.

Closer... closer.... there! Michael felt herself on the precipice, and with a sharp intake of breath, she took that little button between finger and thumb and rolled it between them- and over she dove! Eyes closed and mouth hanging open, she squeaked wordless sounds of delight as her orgasm soaked ever fiber of her being with sensations she had only imagined. By all the gods, THIS was what she had been missing?!

Her climax seemed to last forever, but at the same time it was over way too soon. Slowly, gradually, she returned to the world around her, her surroundings fading back into her awareness like a waking dream. Distantly, she noted the fluid soaking her fingers and dripping down into the toilet below, a scent slightly like spiced apple flooding her nose. Distant, ephemeral thoughts flickered through her

mind as she slid her fluid-soaked fingers from her quivering folds, lapping a little at them and tasting herself as she rode the fading warmth filling her body, slowly drifting back to cognizance.

"Now I really need a shower," she muttered with a snerk that gave way to girlish giggles. Really, she'd just had the best orgasm she'd ever experienced yet, and her first thought was about a shower? The incongruousness of it all kept her laughing until her sides hurt.

The sound of the door opening however snapped her back to reality, as she remembered that she'd just fingered herself to climax in the middle of the men's restroom! She froze, holding her breath as she listened for the visitor.

"A-hem" coughed a male voice. "I'm guessing Michael is in here, correct?"

ShitshitshitSHITSHIT! "Um, yes?" she squeaked out, her face red hot as her scent continued to fill her nostrils. There was no way she was going to be able to hide this...

"Don't worry," the tenor voice rumbled from outside the stall. "Using the wrong restroom is a common mistake for first-time 'glovers, and you'd be surprised how many like to check out their, ah, equipment first thing." She heard an audible sniff, then a deep chuckle. "Or maybe not. There's a door in the back that leads to a shower stall. I'll have the staff close off the bathrooms for 'cleaning' and when you're done, you can meet me back in the exam room you were in to get your new papers and clothes."

As the door opened and closed, Michael almost collapsed on the toilet seat. By all the divines, she had never felt so mortified in all her life; not even when her parents had walked in on her having bondage sex with her girlfriend at 16.

Grabbing several sheets of toilet paper, she wiped up the mess she had made on the toilet seat, her face feeling hotter than a New York sidewalk in summer. Throwing the soaked TP in the toilet, she flushed it all away, then rose on shaky legs, her thighfur still matted with her juices, to make her way to that shower.

A short while later found Michael padding into the exam room with a white towel wrapped around her, barely keeping her 'assets' contained. Flirting her tail, she took a seat across from the- doctor? Consultant? No, wait- advisor was the term the antelope girl had used.

The advisor in this case was a rather buff bull, but unlike the 'nurse' from before he was actually wearing real clothes- in this case a pair of slacks and a button-down shirt. She found herself glancing down towards his crotch before catching herself and dragging her mind back from the path it had seemed about to head down. There'd be plenty of time for that sort of thing later.

"Feeling better?" he asked, and her ears half-folded as she recognized the voice from the bathroom earlier. He must have come looking for her when he found the room empty before, but at least he'd left her to her privacy rather than embarrass her further.

"I suppose so," the skunkette demurred, shifting in her seat a little out of nervousness. "I have to say, I never appreciated air dryers as much before as I do now!"

The bull responded with a deep, throaty chuckle. "I can perfectly understand that, miss..." he trailed off a moment as he looked at the sheaf of papers in his hands, then handed them over. "To keep things simple, your new name is Michelle Hendrickson. You'd been living out of the country and only recently returned. Sadly, the hospital you were born at caught fire while you were abroad and almost all of your medical records were lost."

Michael- no, Michelle started to open her mouth, but the bull raised a finger. "No, we had nothing to do with that, but you'd be surprised how easy it is to, er, lose records these days. It comes in very handy in my line of work." Mollified, the former raccoon and current skunkette closed her muzzle and leaned back as her 'advisor' continued.

"As you went with one of the short-term packages, we've arranged for a room at a moderately-classed hotel. The Gran El at 56th and Monroe?" He waited for her to nod in recognition before continuing. "We've set up a small bank account to provide funds for any minor expenses, such as food and clothing. The information on how to access it is in there. There's a basic set of clothes in the bag behind the bed, and once we finish, I'll leave you to getting dressed. Did you have any questions so far?"

Michelle shook her head slightly, and the bull rose to his feet. "In that case I shall bid you good luck, and we shall see you again in two weeks."

Rising as well, she gave him a firm handshake, the skunkette finding herself surprised by how large his hand was compared to hers. "Thank you for this opportunity," she said, giving the bull a warm smile.

"That's what we're paid for," he responded with a slight grin, then turned to go. He paused in the doorway however, as if remembering something, and glanced back over his shoulder at the busty fem kneeling on the bed, reaching behind it for the bag of clothes.

"One thing to be careful of," he added as she heaved the canvas bag up and onto the hospital bed, "is that we don't know at what point in your cycle you're at. You're the first to 'glove that body, and the way the bodies are stored distorts the feminine cycle."

"Mhmm," the skunkette responded, digging around in the bag, and the bull let out a soft sigh. Well, she'd signed the papers, and the warning was there as well. It wasn't up to him to tell gloves how to live their temporary lives, and he had an appointment waiting with an old cougar who was looking for something in a slim white ermine.

Closing the door, he left Michelle to figure out getting dressed, the first step of this new, temporary, life.