

# MAKING SCENTS OF LIFE

by  
Dekafox

## Chapter Three: Reflections

Dustin shuffled nervously across the carpet of the hotel room as he listened to the sound of water falling, both inside and outside. Not long ago he would have loved to be in this position - hanging around in the apartment of a beautiful girl, who just happened to be taking a shower. hell, he would have joined her in that shower! Well... probably, anyways. Either way, that had been his plan for the evening.

He'd been on his way to meet this sexy skunk, but one thing after another had kept delaying him, and he'd gotten there in time to find her soaked to the bone, her clothes a bit of a mess, about to leave and make her way home alone through the rain. What had happened in that half-hour he'd been late?

It bothered him... it bothered the HELL out of him. If he'd been there, would things have been different? Fists clenched for a moment, he wandered over to the window and gazed out across the city. The sun had set, and various lights here and there cast their wan light through the falling rain, various furs passing in and out of the pools of illumination as they made their way about their lives.

Forcing his hands to unclench, Dustin let out a sigh. He still didn't know why she'd invited him in. He'd been about to leave, but she'd placed a hand on his shoulder and told him to wait, to come on in while she cleaned herself up. Even now, he could still turn and go, while she was in the bathroom.

Still, something held him there. Heading over to the couch in the front half of the hotel room, he dropped onto it with a slight bounce. Maybe there'd be something on the TV to distract him from thoughts of that lovely lady under the falling water just a room away. And what was that perfume she had been wearing? It had smelled a bit like... spiced apple?

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While the wolf walked around restlessly outside, Michelle was caught up in her own thoughts as she scrubbed at the remaining bits of dried cum on her thighs. She could feel the hot water soaking into her and relaxing muscles that had been tense since that asshole feline had fucked and dumped her, back in the dance club. She noted with satisfaction that the scrub brush in her hand was doing its job well, breaking that asshole's leavings free from her dusky fur, and let her mind drift back into the thoughts that had been circling since she got into the shower.

Why had she asked Dustin to stay? It wasn't like she'd been raped- she'd wanted it as much as the spottycat had, and wouldn't have been half as pissed if he hadn't come and gone, so to speak. She'd never even learned the bastard's name! Still, it wasn't about him, or fear of being alone.

Pausing in the cleaning, the skunkette rose up, placing her hands on her back as she stretched. She could feel a slight ache from having been half bent-over for so long to get the mess cleaned up, but the needles of warm water were massaging that away nicely. She closed her eyes as she let the water work its magic, and returned to her pondering. She did actually know Dustin somewhat, if by proxy, and the fact he hadn't just turned away earlier spoke well of him. He was a good kid for sure from what she did know of him, and kinda cute, for a guy.

Kinda cute? She opened her eyes, not looking at anything in particular as she turned that thought over and over in her mind. Now that she wasn't so pissed off anymore, her mind was a lot clearer, and she thought back to when he'd been standing there under the awning at the club, looking so abashed. There'd been something endearing about the whole thing, a slight tugging at her heart.

As she pondered this, she found her mind involuntarily drifting back to the pictures they'd shared earlier this morning. His dark green eyes had held a hint of sincerity in those as well, framed by the dark, almost black, scruff of hair perched between his ears. In build, he didn't have much muscle definition, but he also didn't seem to be carrying much, if any, extra weight around. Most of his fur was a rich, chocolate brown, apart from a lighter tan that covered his front, leading down to that virile and oh-so-tempting wolverine member that he'd been displaying-

Squeezing her eyes shut, she shook her head quickly, trying to clear it of the arousing images. Must have something to do with being young again, she thought. She certainly hadn't had a sex drive like this in her usual body! Just one of the perks from going from a male raccoon in his 40s to a sexy young skunk in her 20s.

She found herself smirking at the thought. Oh, there were several perks to this whole thing, including the two large ones on her chest, so to speak. She'd seen her reflection enough the past few days to be able to see herself in her mind's eye. A heart-shaped face with a short musteline muzzle. Auburn hair framing dark grey eyes as they tumble down over her shoulders. A body that in general was curvy, but not overweight; from her large, white-furred breasts, to the slight plump of her belly, to her almost-as-wide hips and dusky-furred thighs. The large, fluffy tail, with the distinctive stripe pattern that her kind sports. Altogether an extremely nice package, and truth to tell, she almost would prefer to be out of it as in it, provided the personality inside had been right.

Unfortunately, the original owner's life had been cut short. Michelle could almost feel a slight sadness try to settle over her as she remembered the description from back in the Clinic, but like her earlier thoughts about Dustin, she pushed those out as well. She only had about a week and a half left, and by all the gods above and below, she was determined to enjoy it!

Besides, she mentally chided herself, she was doing her guest a disservice by staying in the shower so long. Hopefully he'd found something to keep himself occupied. Turning off the water, she padded across the tiled floor to the full-body dryer and kicked it on. As it thrummed to life, the hot, dry air blowing through her fur and whisking away each drop of water, she turned that thought around over and over in her mind. When she'd arranged their meeting this morning, she'd had one set of activities in mind, but now she wasn't sure what she wanted to do. To her dismay, she noticed a small part of her was actually hoping he'd gotten bored and left... but another, larger part was a

wee bit more hopeful than that about his presence. Hopeful of what, she did not know. Yet.

Mostly dry, the naked skunkette grabbed the bathrobe off the back of the bathroom door and wrapped it around herself, tying the sash firmly. Hopefully the dress would come out all right, she thought as she eyed the purple, sequined fabric hanging from the next hook over. Ideally she would have preferred to put on something a bit more casual, but she'd left all her clothes in the drawers out there. Well, nothing ventured and all that.

Slowly, she cracked the door a moment to make sure he wasn't standing outside- not that she expected him to be of course- and padded on out, swiping the brush off the counter as she passed. It didn't take long for her to catch the sounds of the TV in the other room, and she made her way there, the hotel carpet cushioning her bare feet as she started to brush out her long brown hair. "Find anything interesting on?"

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Dustin had been idly flipping channels for the past half-hour, before settling on some random movie channel showing some classics from around twenty years ago. He'd watched this one a few times before, but he could never remember the title, other than it involved weddings and royalty. He had gotten distracted enough that he hadn't heard the water stop or the bathroom door open, so when Michelle spoke from behind him he nearly jumped in surprise.

"Ah, er, yeah, some old movie was on," he said, a sheepish smile on his face as he turned his head to answer her. As he caught sight of the skunkette's current appearance however, he barely managed to keep his reaction from showing. Now that she was looking quite a bit less bedraggled, he was beginning to realize how much of a looker she was, not to mention how well she filled out that bathrobe! He could feel his blood trying to rush to his face, not to mention parts further south, and turned back around, hoping she didn't notice. "It looks like it's getting to one of the good parts.

Michelle perked her ears, pausing in mid-stroke of the brush as she recognized a familiar line. "Hey... I know that movie!" she said in surprised delight. "That's one of my favorites! It was great seeing it in the theater- er, so I heard at least," she finished lamely as she caught herself a second too late.

"Welp, might as well come over and watch it then," Dustin responded, keeping his eyes firmly placed on the TV, all the while cursing his inner turmoil over this. Dammit, why the hell did he have to be late tonight getting there? He'd love to jump her bones like they had originally planned, with a body like that, but after what he saw when he got there he'd feel like a louse to go through with it now.

"I think I will," she said with a smile, padding around as she worked a final few knots from her auburn locks. Lowering herself down, she sat next to the young wolf, placing the brush on the arm of the couch before resting her hands in her lap. "Watch this next part," she said, grinning as the movie brought back pleasant memories, "Ah, but I am not left-handed!" Not like I really noticed which hands they were using the first time I saw it."

"I never really paid attention either," he tentatively responded, turning his head ever so slightly- just enough to get a good look at her, while still looking like he was watching the two swordfighters dance around the ruins with their rapiers. With the way she was sitting, he found himself looking straight down the front of her bathrobe, and with the excellent view he could also tell she wasn't wearing a bra under it. Swallowing heavily and hoping she didn't hear, he turned his attention back to the movie and hoped the half-erection his pants were containing would go away before she noticed.

Though he found it hard to not pay attention to the(as far as he was concerned) example of femininity seated next to him, the young wolf found himself getting caught up in her enthusiasm. Through the swamp and monsters, to the giant in the burning cart, she got him wrapped up in it almost as much as she was! That is, until she leaned her head against his shoulder.

The soft weight brought him back to reality as the pirate on the screen freed the damsel finally, and he found himself swallowing again, as her new position was giving him quite an eyeful, without him even trying to look. He could see her eyes were still focused on the TV however, thankfully, so she couldn't see the effect she was having on him as she snuggled up against his side.

It wasn't much longer before the credits began to roll, and Michelle let out a soft, satisfied sigh. "I always did like that ending," she murmured softly, glancing up at her lupine friend. Perking an ear in surprise, she asked curiously, "something the matter?"

"Nah, it's nothing," Dustin said, trying to give her a confidant smile and keep his eyes from wandering down past her face. He mind raced as he tried to come up with a way to change the subject. "I do have to say though, that is a nice perfume you're wearing."

"Perfume?" she asked, a slight expression of puzzlement crossing her features.

He nodded slightly, looking away to keep from giving into the temptation. "Yeah, that scent you're wearing... it's kind of like... spiced apple?"

A slightly thoughtful look flitted across her face as she took a couple sniffs. Oh! Oh... she'd been so, ah, busy lately, she must have covered the couch with her scent. Housekeeping must not have stopped by while she was out- well, not much she could do about it now. "Thanks," she responded after a moment further, returning her gaze back to the TV. Nothing on, dangit," she thought, her gaze dropping momentarily- and stopping as she caught sight of Dustin's pants for the first time since she'd left the shower.

She found her eyes widening slightly at the bulge resting right between the young wolf's legs. The jeans had done a good job of keeping it contained, but her mind put two and two together as the last fact clicked into place. So THAT'S why he'd stiffened slightly when she'd leaned against him, and why he seemed so uncomfortable. She found herself unconsciously licking her lips with the tip of her tongue as her mind overlaid the morning's pictures over top of what she was seeing now. She

squeezed her thighs together as she felt herself starting to grow damp already, cursing inwardly, but this time at herself and not at the hotel staff.

Wondering why she was so quiet, Dustin turned his head back towards her, and felt his cheeks and muzzle heat as he finally saw where she was looking. "It's, uh, not what it seems," he managed to get out, uncertainty squeezing at his chest with a vice-like grip.

Michelle raised her gaze back up, her instincts warring with her mind as she heard her own emotions of the moment reflected in his voice. Ah, what the hell, she finally decided, giving the war with her body up as a lost cause. She did decide she was going to enjoy the rest of her time, come hell or high water, didn't she?

Lifting her muzzle, she looked the uncertain young wolf in the eyes as she murmured, "I fairly sure, I know what it is, and I don't mind it in the least." As the last words fell from her muzzle like honey, she brought her muzzle to his, and kissed him full on the lips. He tensed for a second, maybe two, before pressing back into it, his ears perking forward as the lovely skunk he'd been trying so hard for the past hour not to fantasize about gave him a kiss that left no doubt about her intentions. Even if it had left any, her hand had slid over to rub up and down along his thigh, her fingertips tantalizingly near to his hidden wolfhood.

As they separated from the kiss, their warm breath blowing across each other's muzzles, her hand finally reached it's goal, the skunkette's fingers gently tracing over the trapped length, feeling its shape under the cloth. "Mmm, I think I found something even more interesting than the movie," she murred softly, "but first..."

Leaving the sentence unfinished, she pulled away from the aroused wolf, rising up from the couch as she worked at the sash around her waist. Trying to hide the grin, she watched the brown-furred lupine's expression as she stood in front of the TV, and just let the cloth fall, baring her entire body to him.

Dustin was the one licking his lips now, and Michelle couldn't help but smile as she saw that look of pure WANT in his eyes. Slowly she took the few steps forward to bring her boob-to-face with him, and lowered herself down to her knees, spreading his legs a bit as she reached for and unfastened his pants.

"A-are you sure...?" he started to ask, but he quickly shut up as he saw that same want reflected in her own face.

"Don't ask questions you don't want the answer to," she murred as she opened the fly, the growing bulge pushing out as his boxers tried to contain it. Carefully, she took that cloth in hand as well, and lowered it down, revealing his swollen pink canine shaft. Sliding her hands back around, she started to pull on the waistband of both. Feeling the tugging, he lifted his head slightly, his eyes glued to her large, white-furred tits, a dark pink nipple poking through the fur on each as she slid his pants down his legs.

As he dropped back down, Michelle eyed that upstanding lupine shaft. As much as she wanted to just ride that thick canine prick, she had seen where he had been looking as she'd 'freed' him. Some hidden part of her was still quailing at the thought of taking that warm meat into her mouth, but fuck it, she was going to make sure he enjoyed himself too.

Leaning in, she grasped the base firmly and started giving it long, slow licks, trying to picture it as a popsicle. AS his hands sought her shoulders, she paused a moment to give the tip a kiss. "Mm, such a nice treat," she half-lied before giving the swollen shaft and head another few licks. The flavor wasn't altogether unpleasant, she had to admit, but it definitely wasn't up among her favorites.

After making sure that swollen wolfcock was nice and coated from her licking, she scooted up just a bit farther, nestling her soft, furry tits around his well-grown lupine shaft. "I see my boy likes something warm and fuzzy," she murred, giving him a wink as she started to rise and lower slightly, her hands squishing those large tits firmly around his throbbing prick.

"NNnggmmm..." her wolf responded wordlessly, his eyes closed and muzzle hanging open as he enjoyed the feeling of the slow, gentle titfuck this busty skunk was treating him to. Forcing his eyes open, he looked down at her, watching the head poke out between those mountainous curves and shivering as her tongue darted out to lap at the tip several times, picking up the first drops of his wolfy pre.

Michelle for her part had to fight back an initial urge to gag as she tasted the musky male liquid. Forcing herself to swallow, not wanting to hurt the young male's pride, she gave him a few more pumps with those full, ripe breasts before drawing away, panting softly as both her hands darted down to her crotch, squishing those wonderful tits together as she rubbed at her already pouting folds with a couple fingers.

The wolf let out a quiet sigh of relief as she pulled away, as she'd been doing quite the number on him between her mouth and chest. As her hands shot to her cunny, he found himself drooling slightly. at the sight. Resisting the urge to just bend her over and fuck her silly, he slid off the couch onto his knees, taking her wrists in his hands.

The needy skunkette opened her mouth to protest, but all that came out was a soft moan as Dustin's tongue found its mark. 'AH- ah- gods, don't stop," she murmured as he gave long, slow laps over her netherlips, tasting her feminine juices. Distantly, he noted that apparently this was the source of the apple-like smell earlier, but he set the thought aside for later as he brought a hand up to spread her dark pink petals, revealing more of her juicy depths to his eye and tongue.

Placing his muzzle directly against her gaping entrance, he thrust his soft warm tongue deep into her tunnel, drawing a surprised, but pleased, yelp from the horny skunkette. Dimly, he noticed there was something slightly off about the flavor, compared to that first lick- a slight salty undertaste? Mentally shrugging, he resumed the tonguing, alternating between the tonguefucking and firm laps across her heated folds.

It was all Michelle could do to keep her balance as the wolf worked over her needy skunkcunny with his mouth, her hands pressing firmly against his head as she felt each touch resonate throughout her entire self. She wasn't going to be able to last long- and then, as his tongue finally found her clit, she yowled in pleasure as her climax struck with the strength of a Mack truck.

Dustin pulled back as he heard her come, his muzzle coated with her juice as he supported her, keeping her from falling while lost in the white-hot pleasure rushing through her. But all too soon for her, it was over, leaving her panting.

Dustin started to rise, but the panting musteline stopped him, giving a small shake of the head as she lowered herself carefully to her knees. "Oh no.. you don't... I want you... to fuck me... wolf-style," she panted out, reaching down to run her hand along his glistening, throbbing prick.

"I.. might knot you..." he responded, running his hand along her forearm. "Is that..."

She leaned forward, cutting him off with another kiss. "Just shut up and fuck me," she whispered heatedly, reluctantly releasing his throbbing, lupine cock to turn around, hiking her rear as she leaned onto her forearms, tail hiked to give her wolf a nice view of her rump and dripping pussy, waiting to be filled, her huge breasts squished against the carpet.

Rising up behind her, he took the that swollen maleness firmly in hand, guiding the pointed tip up against her pouting entrance, feeling her heat on the sensitive cockhead before thrusting in with one smooth motion.

Michelle leaned her head back as she took that entire length into her heated body, feeling her walls stretch to accommodate this larger intruder. Fuck, he was big, she thought as she panted in pleasure at the slow starting thrusts of her lupine lover. His cock felt huge within her compared to how it had looked outside her, not to mention how it compared to the asshole earlier! Letting her muzzle hang open, she started to rock back against each firm thrust into her needy skunkcunt, shivering as his heated flesh pressed wonderfully against every bit of her slick passage.

It didn't take long for the slow teasing thrusts to become more forceful, more hungry, slamming that thick piece of stiff wolfmeat firmly into her wanting body as the wet slapping sounds of their fucking filled the room, echoing in their ears with their pants and moans of growing pleasure. As their passion and arousal grew higher and higher however, Michelle felt something even larger pressing against her gaping folds, already stretched so far around so much fat wolf cock. "F-uhhh... Fuckkkkahhhh..." she gasped as she felt the growing knob of flesh pressing against her widespread cuntlips, trying to squeeze in. "T-tieee meeeaaaahhhnnngng!"

Dustin, face flushed as he rutted away took her hips in both hands and began to slam that swollen lupine shaft into her grasping passage. He was so close to cumming... all he needed was to get that knot into her... Just... a.... but... more

Finally, his hips pressing against hers as hard as he could and tail lashing, he managed to force that thick canine knot between slickened cuntlips with an audible, wet pop and howled in triumph as he erupted inside his musteline lover.

"YesyESYESYES!" She cried as she felt that knot press into her, stretching her greedy cunny more than she thought possible and sealing within her that wonderful throbbing meat, that delightful thick cock, that pulsing shaft that she wanted more than anything else at this moment. As the first spray of hot wolf seed burst into her womb, she yowled wordless cries of pleasure, a white universe of ecstasy exploding behind her eyes as her quivering and squeezing passage worked firmly at that swollen knot and spraying canine cock, pulling every precious drop into her heated body. She could feel each gooey pulse shooting into her belly, filling her with more of that gentle warmth.

Eventually, their climaxes came to an end, and they slowly drifted back to reality. For several minutes, the two lovers rested there, gradually catching their breath as they enjoyed the feeling of filling and being filled, neither of them paying attention to the forgotten TV, a random infomercial for some product no one will buy being advertised like it was the next best thing since sex was invented. Still, neither broke the silence, until-

Pffftttt-!

At the sudden sound they both jerked slightly, then laughed in relief as they realized what it was - though for Dustin it was just as much in embarrassment. "Well, that's... not exactly the way I would have liked to end that," he got out between laughs but Michelle just shook her head, trying to smother the grin covering her muzzle.

"It's-pfff- alright. Natural-pffff- body reactions and all."

The wolf chuckled ruefully. "Well, at least it wasn't while we were... well..." He trailed off still not comfortable with outright saying it, despite their compromising positions.

"While you were pounding the hell out of me? I doubt even a herd of rampaging buffalo have deterred you then, let alone a fart!" She laughed again, giving an experimental tug with her hips. The distraction seemed to have done the trick, and the warm wolfmeat that had been filling her so nicely slid free of her well-used passage. Taking a few deep breaths, she calmed the quivering she still felt in her now-empty cunny and turned herself around to give the still-recovering wolf a hug. "Thank you. I'd say I needed that, but I think you needed it as much as I did."

"Mmmhmm," he responded, nuzzling into her shoulder as much as he could from the sitting positions they were in. "I'm just glad you're feeling better now."

"Me too," she responded, giving the worn-out wolf a lick on the cheek. "Me too."