

# MAKING SCENTS OF LIFE

by  
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## Chapter Four: Intentions

"Nnnnggggmmmm..."

Michelle slowly blinked her eyes open, Something felt different, but she couldn't quite put her finger on what. Not budging from her sprawl on the bed immediately, she could feel a faint aching somewhere in her body. Lifting a hand, the drowsy skunk slowly sought out the source of the feeling, only to let out a soft gasp as she reached her folds. Feeling the matted fur around her nethers and the slight ache surrounding them, the previous night came crashing back.

After their romp at the TV, they'd managed to make it to the bed, and surprisingly Dustin had enough stamina for another go. Still, they'd been worn enough it became a tangle of arms and legs albeit a pleasurable one as he'd filled her up a second time. She must have fallen asleep after that...

Feeling around carefully again, she noted a distinct lack of male wolf, and a turn of her head confirmed it. The bed was empty except for one well-fucked female skunk.

Lifting her hand, she rubbed at her temples and sighed. It's not that she had expected different-hell, she'd done the same when she was his age. At least he hadn't been an asshole about it like that feline jerk yesterday. And what was that smell...?

Before she could place it, a familiar brown-furred canine head poked around the corner. "Ah, you're awake! I didn't want to wake you, but this hotel has the BEST continental breakfast."

"Buhwha?" Michelle replied intelligently. Not even bothering to respond, Dustin ducked back, then came into full view, wearing just his jeans from last night and carrying a tray of some kind. As she spotted the eggs and milk on it, her stomach rumbled at her, reminding her that she never had supper last night.

"Figured you might be hungry after last night," the brown-furred athletic wolf said with a grin as he watched her devour the meal he had brought. "And I wanted to show my appreciation."

Michelle paused between mouthfuls of food to give him a saucy wink. "Oh, you showed your 'appreciation' very well, and at least twice I can recall."

Dustin felt his face heat slightly as he shook his head, grinning. "And I wouldn't mind showing that,

ah, 'appreciation' some more, but I've got class in a couple hours. Maybe we can get together later... I'd certainly like to get to know you better." As the skunkette opened her mouth to respond, he added "And I don't mean in the biblical sense." He grinned as she broke out into giggles, waiting until she had it under control before continuing.

"I wrote my number down on the pad over on the desk. Gimme a call after 3 when you're free, and we can get together or something."

Michelle nodded a bit as she dug back into the breakfast he had bought, and he turned to go, tossing her a wave over his shoulder. "Later!"

She returned the wave before polishing off the rest of the meal. Setting it aside, she laced her hands behind her head and laid back down on the rumpled sheets, staring at the ceiling. She felt full now, but something still didn't feel quite right, like she was missing something blindingly obvious. Maybe a walk would do herself some good...

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Michelle couldn't help but smile as the gentle late-spring breeze blew through her fur and hair. When she'd seen how nice the weather had gotten after last night's rainstorm, she'd opted for a simple T-shirt (With the caption 'My eyes are up here ^') and some plain grey shorts that hugged her hips comfortably. The air felt nice, the sun was shining, and as she lounged on the park bench, she'd found herself thinking it was one of those days where it's impossible to feel down.

She hadn't meant to stop by University Park when she'd left, but the jogging path that passed by her hotel happened to lead through the middle of it. Not that she'd really done any jogging of course- she'd neglected to pick up a sports bra as of yet, and when she tried she quickly found out why someone with her bustline should be wearing one when doing things of an athletic nature.

Still, it had made a great path for strolling along, not to mention the great view it had led to. The bench she had decided to take a rest on overlooked a small lake, the sunlight glittering on the surface of the water. She'd actually fished there once or twice in the past, but it had been years since she'd found the time to pay it a visit. Idly, she found herself wondering what time it was.

"EEP!" she cried in surprise as cool lake water suddenly splashed her, bringing her back to reality.

"Hi!" piped up a higher-pitched feminine voice. "Oh, sorry! Didn't mean to splash you!"

Wiping the water from her eyes, Michelle found herself looking at a young, tan-furred otter girl. While a bit shorter, she seemed to be about the same age as Michelle appeared to be, clad in a dark green full-body swimsuit that clung to the otter's curves to reveal a swimmer's slim physique. Streaks of a vivid green that just had to be dye ran through her fur, matching a similar streak in her medium-length blonde hair. Emerald-green eyes twinkled with mischief, giving the suggestion that she had indeed intended to splash the now-wet skunk, despite her denial, as did the half-smile the

swimmer was trying to hold back as she climbed out of the lake.

"It's alright," Michelle responded ruefully, flicking a few drops of water from her fingers, her T-shirt plastered to her chest. "It'll dry."

"That's good," the otter said, letting the grin show as she walked over and dropped onto the plastic bench next to the dripping skunkette. "Can't always see who's up here when you're swimming around down there, and it was empty when I went in."

Michelle picked at her shirt a bit, trying to get it to not stick quite so tight to her wet fur, though her pink bra still showed plainly through the semi-transparent fabric. "Yeah... Looked like a nice view, so I thought I'd stay and enjoy it a bit."

"It's a very nice view right now," the otter girl said, her grin growing a bit wider as she gave the distracted skunk a good looking-over, her eyes lingering on the musteline's curvy chest and thighs. "Don't think I've ever seen you here before though... new to the area?"

"Kind of, but not really." Michelle leaned back with a sigh and a shrug, giving it up for a lost cause. "I'm staying at the Madison for a bit, and didn't have anyplace better to be for the day."

"Ah, that's too bad. Not having anywhere to be, I mean," she added as Michelle tilted her head at the otter curiously. "If I didn't have some sort of schedule, I'd NEVER get anything done! I'm Esperenza, by the way, Espie for short."

"Michelle," the skunk responded, finding herself smiling despite herself at the peppy, green-striped otter. There was something about the other girl's grin that was just infectious, and combined with the excellent weather she just couldn't find it in herself to be annoyed. "I'm actually on a bit of a vacation, so I've been out and about trying some new things."

Pulling her knees up, Espie perched on the bench seat, lacing her fingers and resting her muzzle on them as she propped elbows on knees. "Oh? Do tell! I LOVE trying new things!"

"Well, er... you know, things!" Michelle felt her ears and cheeks trying to heat as she searched for something to say without giving herself away. It wasn't like she could just say 'I'm really a guy and I'm using this body to see what sex is like for girls,' after all! Wait, the dance club! "Well, I did find out that I still suck at dancing, at least modern dancing."

As the word modern fell from her lips, she cringed inwardly, but Espie didn't seem to catch the slip. "Ah, I totally feel you there. I've always been a sucker for the classics," the otter girl replied, turning her piercing gaze from the skunkette to the few clouds making their way across the sky. "Give me that good ol' fashioned rock and roll any day."

Michelle perked in surprise at her response. "Lenny Blitzen? The Windows?"

"Don't forget Bush and Fyre Hygher!" Espie laughed and smoothly turned her squatting position into a languid stretch, and Michelle found herself noticing how the other girl's swimsuit highlighted her curves in a very appealing way. "Lords above, you wouldn't believe how many people around here have never even heard of them! It's like anything old is automatically 'uncool' and only for old people!"

"I know, right?" Michelle replied with a slightly strained chuckle, the comment about old people striking home as it reminded her of her true age. "And then give it another ten years and suddenly it's all 'retro' and the 'in' thing."

"Ain't it the truth," Espie responded with a grin as she finished her stretch, sliding off the bench and onto her feet. "Welp, I think I'm gonna do another few laps. Maybe I can catch you again some time?"

"Sure!" Michelle replied without thinking. As her brain caught up with her mouth she added, a bit more uncertainly, "Same time tomorrow?"

"You got it!" The green-striped otter flashed her a grin and a wave, before turning and diving into the clear liquid with nary a ripple. As Michelle lost sight of her, golden hair disappearing beneath the smooth mirror-like surface, she found herself nursing a suspicion that the splash was intentional, from how smoothly the otter girl took to the water. Still, no harm done as her shirt and shorts were about dry... thought it did make her wonder.

A tolling of three bells however brought her out of her short reverie. Three P.M, which meant Dustin should be out of class soon, if he wasn't already. Given that she was already at University park, she might as well take him up on his invitation, she decided after a brief moment of thought. Not like she had anywhere else to be... oh shit! Her phone!

Sliding her prepaid mobile phone from her back pocket, she let out a small sigh of relief. Thankfully, it'd been protected from the shapely otter's prank. Swiping to the contacts screen, she tapped the only number she had in there, and which she'd carefully entered before leaving her room.

"Hey! .... Yeah, I'm actually in the neighborhood at the moment, so I thought I'd call. .... Over by the lake, how far is that- .... Ah! I'll meet you there!"

Tapping the hangup, Michelle slipped it back into a pocket and started down the trail, tail swaying as she whistled an old tune she happened to like. She never noticed the otter head poking back up from the water, or the wistful expression on the girl's face as that poofy skunk tail disappeared around the bend.

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Michelle couldn't believe how crowded the university's Union Building, as they called it, was. She realized she should have expected it though. Situated in the middle of the campus, and containing not only food vendors, but a game room, the campus's post office, a bookstore, and a large meeting area, it was only natural that there'd be a lot of activity. Still and all, it did not make it easy to find a specific brown-furred wolf among all the shapes, sizes and colors.

As a forty-something raccoon, she'd been fairly insulated from modern fashion, but the assault of colors spanning multitudes of types drove home just how much. Apparently fur-dying was now the 'in' thing, and what in her day had been done by way of brush and clothes was now being done with- well, whatever they used to get those amazing patterns! Maybe she could ask Espie tomorrow...

Tucking that idea away for later, she made her way through the milling crowds of students towards the food stands. Truth to tell, she wasn't that hungry, but she might have a better chance of spotting Dustin there. In fact, she found out as she finally broke through to the ordered lines of customers waiting for a snack, he'd had the same idea!

Waving, she trotted over to join him at the end of a line for a desserts booth. "Hey, when you said to meet you here, you could at least have told me where to look for you!" she felt like she was practically shouting to be heard over the din, but to anyone else, she was no louder than any of the nearby students happily chatting away.

The relief she felt was matched by the smile that bloomed on the dark-haired wolf. "Hey, Michelle! I'd like you to meet one of my friends. Matt, this is Michelle. Michelle, Matt."

"I've heard a lot about you!" the white-furred bear said, offering his hand. "Good to meet you."

"And you," she responded, clasping it in greeting as she looked him over. He had to have been on one of the sports teams- the guy was built like a linebacker! He was sporting a pair of cut-off jeans, and a sleeveless shirt that showed off the red-dyed stars on his shoulders, not to mention the twin snakes that coiled down his arm in that same red. "Though I don't quite know how you could have 'heard a lot about me' already." She eyed Dustin sidelong, who was folding his ears back slightly in shame, tail drooping just enough to show that he realized he'd been caught out.

"Well, ah, I did mention a bit about the MUCK," he responded lamely, while his ursine friend tried not to snicker.

"Well," Matt said, having gotten his mirth under control, "To be fair, he did talk quite a lot about you. Nothing embarrassing or anything like that, but I'd say he's quite taken with you."

"DAAaaaave," Ears flashed forward as Dustin gave his friend a look that could have melted steel. The polar bear just shrugged, giving them both his best look of innocence.

"Ummhmmm..." Michelle cupped her elbow in one hand and idly tapped her nosepad with the fingers of the other as she chewed on that thought.

Dustin quickly turned and flashed the musing skunk his own version of the 'innocent' look. "Don't mind Matt, he fancies himself a psychologist, and loves trying to ship people together."

"Mmmhmm," she responded noncommittally, tucking that thought away for later as the wolf's comment sunk in. "Oh? Psychology? Not sports?"

Matt rolled his eyes at her question. "Yeah, I got here on a sports scholarship, but I don't intend to tear my body apart for five years and not be able to see straight afterwards because of all the concussions. It may not pay as well, but fuck sports."

Before either of the two could respond, they'd made it to the front of the line, and they were forced to put their conversation on hold so they could give the squirrel behind the counter their orders. After a few moments of fumbling with wallets and dispensers, Matt came away with an ice cream cone, Dustin a slushie, and Michelle a raspberry popsicle.

The conversation after that was fairly mundane as they made their way outside, nibbling or slurping on their various frozen treats. As she licked along the icy rose-colored cylinder however, she got the feeling that Dustin wasn't exactly paying full attention to the conversation. She apparently wasn't the only one either, as she caught Matt giving her a wink before excusing himself to finish some last-minute project work, leaving the two alone.

Mentally shrugging, she took the first couple inches of the popsicle into her mouth, closing her eyes for a moment to savor the flavor. It'd been a while since she could properly enjoy one of these, since the intense cold tended to aggravate a filling she'd gotten years ago, back in her proper body. It'd left that tooth sensitive and meant she had to be careful whenever having anything extremely cold or hot.

She opened her eyes as it popped back out, licking her lips, then started at the way the wolf was standing- like he was trying to hold something. "Need to use the restroom?" she asked casually before giving the popsicle a few long licks up and down its length, lapping up some of the melted slush as the afternoon sun worked its magic.

"Um.. er.." the ill-at-ease lupine took a long suck at his slurpee, his eyes glued to the raspberry treat as Michelle slid it in and out of her mouth, sucking on it and eyeing him curiously. "Maybe... butnotinthewayyouthink," he finally splurged out, before taking another long drag on his slurpee.

Her brow furrowed slightly as she pulled out the half-melted popsicle, giving the base a quick lap to keep the syrupy liquid from getting on her fur. "Well, what's wrong then? I've got plenty of time if you need to use the pot a while."

It's not that either," he half-mumbled, taking another long drag on the straw, before finishing. "The way you're eating that popsicle is, well..."

He paused, shifting his hips, and Michelle finally made the connection. In fact, she almost felt like facepalming at not having noticed the way he was watching her suck on it sooner. She'd been in his shoes more than once back when she was a teenager, but now she was seeing it from the other side, so to speak. She wasn't exactly in the mood right now, but she felt it was still kinda her fault if he was getting all... 'tense' because she couldn't resist an old favorite.

Licking the base again to keep the syrup from reaching the base of the popsicle, she casually sidled a bit closer, and whispered, "I might be able to help with that, but do you know someplace private around here?"

Dustin's tail perked up at that, ears splaying a little at the thought of what the whisper implied. While Michelle returned to finishing her snack, he mentally sorted through the possibilities of where to go, his thoughts whirling as he reached down and surreptitiously adjusted the front of his jeans yet again. "If we head back towards the park, there's a small glade a ways from the path. No one ever really goes there, so that should be, er safe."

"Then lead the way," she said with a wink. As he turned away, she looked at the remaining third of the popsicle sadly. So much for her first-time-in-years treat... well, there's always time for another later. Quickly, she trotted after him to catch up with his long strides, tossing the remains of her snack into a trash can as she passed by.

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The glade in question turned out to be a five minute walk from the path, through branches and brambles that kept catching clothing and fur with equal aplomb. Once Michelle pushed through the last bush however, she found that the glade was more of a clearing. A large fallen log laying next to a uneven stump told the story of how it got there. And, she thought, it'd work nicely for what she had in mind.

Dustin was already standing by the log, and raised his arms as if he was performing some sort of benediction as he saw the busty skunk step through. "So, welcome to my private retreat. Found this ages ago but never really had a use for it."

Michelle tailswished up to him, reaching down to gently cup the bulge in his pants that he'd been trying to get comfortable since her little accidental oral display. "Until now, hmm?"

Bringing his arms down around her, the aroused wolf wrapped her in a soft hug, giving her nose a lick. "You could say that."

She returned the lick before sliding down, out of his embrace as she lowered herself to her knees. "I really did a number on you, didn't I?" the skunkette murmured as she undid his belt and

unfastened his pants, noting the size of that bulge. As it pushed outward, she slipped her hand into the waistband of his undies, trailing her fingers along his warm flesh as she worked the cloth down, tucking it under his tan-furred balls.

As Michelle stared at that crimson shaft, she found several thoughts running through her mind. One part of her was tempted to just push him over, strip off her shorts and panties, and ride that tool like a kid on a quarter ride outside the supermarket. She felt a slight twinge at the thought, but she was still feeling a bit sore from the previous day, and to her surprise she honestly wasn't feeling that horny.

Her second option was to just stroke him off, but that just felt a bit unfair. If that was all it was all she was going to do, then she might as well have left him to his own devices!

There was anal, but at the thought of that she felt a slight shiver of disgust. Despite all she had heard about it being good for either gender, she had never quite managed to get over her own revulsion of the thought of putting a cock where she crapped.

Which left the final option, and the one she realized she'd just been trying to find an excuse to avoid. She hadn't cared for the taste last night when she'd worked him up, and she hadn't even tasted cum! Still, she knew what he'd been imagining when she'd been licking on that raspberry ice earlier, so she may as well follow through, she thought reluctantly.

All these thoughts shot through her head like rapid-fire, such that Dustin barely noticed the pause before she leaned in to plant a soft kiss on the pointed tip. "I see you've got a nice treat for me as well," she murred up to him, more for his benefit than anything as she wrapped a hand around the base of that thick prick.

"And it's all yours," the horny wolf responded, leaning back against the fallen trunk to brace himself, looking down at the well-endowed skunkette as she began long, slow laps along the underside of his heated flesh. "Mmmm, that's nice..."

Michelle, for her part, tried to recall the raspberry flavor she'd been enjoying not long ago as she gave that stiff rod a few more tender licks. Pursing her lips, she kept that thought in mind, that she was just having another popsicle, as she took the head into her warm, wet mouth, teasing just under the head with the tip of her tongue. That got a reaction all right, and her ears swiveled as she heard a soft mrrrm of pleasure from above.

Taking firm hold of the base, she lowered her muzzle, careful not to let her teeth scrape flesh as she took more and more of his length into her mouth, letting her tongue run along the underside, but she could tell she wasn't going to be able to fit it all. If she'd been a canine, she might could have pulled it off, but as it was she could feel the head poking near the back of her throat already.

Drawing back, the curvy skunk withdrew until only the swollen head remained, then bobbed her head a few times, suckling softly at those few inches of throbbing wolfmeat. Quickly, she pulled off

with a wet pop to lash along that swollen length with her warm, soft tongue, listening to the engorged wolf's sounds of pleasure at the treatment he was receiving. Licking the tip, she tasted the first dribbles of his pre, and trying to keep the expression of distaste from her face, took that firm wolfcock back into her mouth once more.

Suckling firmly on that crimson wolfcock, she slid her free hand to gently cup his furry ballsac, tenderly massaging it with her thumb as she moved her pursed muzzle up and down along the throbbing, heated length of hot wolfmeat. She barely heard Dustin's soft moans and comments of "Ooh, that's the spot..." as she felt his warm pre trickling down her throat. Not in a position to spit it out, she forced herself to swallow, which drew a soft yelp from her partner above.

She could already feel his growing knot under her hand, and she paused in the ball-rubbing to massage that instead. "Haa.. ahhh... don't stop..." he murred as she felt that growing knob surge in size under her fingers. Not much more, she thought in relief, and went to work on that swollen shaft with a will, lashing her tongue along the underside as she suckled firmly at that jutting wolfcock. Just a bit more...

her eyes snapped open as she felt the first spray of his hot creamy seed shoot into her mouth, her ears catching pop of claws driving into wood and the stifled howl of pleasure as the cumming wolf above her tried to keep his voice down. The first jet filled her mouth by itself, and she quickly pulled off, spitting out the salty goo as his pulsing shaft shot stream after stream across her cheek, muzzle, and down onto her cloth-covered breasts. Leaving his knot, she stroked her hand quickly along his length, squeezing down on it like a tube of toothpaste to force out every last drop of his thick cream as he quivered above her.

Finally, she felt the last dribbles of his lupine goo dribble over her hand and she let go, feeling a bit dirty from the streams of cum sinking into her black fur. Still, she preferred that over having to taste it. Once was enough!

"Uhhnn..." Dustin panted as he came back down from his natural high, resting fully against the dead wood. 'That was... wonderful, love..."

At the last word, Michelle froze. The word itself was harmless enough, but unlike the spottycat, who'd been using it like another fur might use 'girl' or 'sweet,' the satisfied wolf's tone had been completely different, and taken with Matt's comment earlier she was starting to get the feeling that he was seeing it as more than casual sex between friends. Not that he wasn't cute and all for a guy, but in a bit over a week she wouldn't even be around anymore in this form. Inwardly she cringed, but she had to set him straight, before things got any worse.

"Um, Dustin?" She started tentatively, carefully rising off the ground and trying to ignore the feel of the goo in her fur as she stepped to the side to lean on the fallen log next to him. "There's... something you should know, before you start thinking about relationships..."

Pulling his hand free of the wood, the smitten lupine put it behind his head, giving Michelle a rueful grin. "I guess the snake's out of the bag, huh? I've just never met a girl like you before, and even if

you're heading back to where you came from, I'm sure-"

She cut him off with a (clean!) finger to his lips. "It's.. not quite what you're thinking, although you're half-right. I will be going back to where I came from before long, but.. well..." now that she was having to actually say it, she was finding it hard to actually admit it. She'd grown surprisingly comfortable in this body. "Um, I'm a... 'glover."

"Huh?" One of Dustin's ears splayed to the side in confusion as he tilted his head, trying to parse the sentence. As Michelle looked away reluctantly, the skunk unable to look him in the eye, he finally made the connection. "Wait... you're one of THOSE?"

She nodded softly, noting with a slight bit of sadness the surprise and shock in his voice. "Yeah, even this isn't the real me. And trust me, you wouldn't be interested in the real me."

Even if she wasn't watching, she could hear the brown-furred wolf sag against the wood, pulling free some bark, and idly she reached up to wipe at one of the streaks of white on her cheek. "Just my luck," he muttered to the sky. "I find the perfect woman, and she may not even really be a woman."

"I didn't mean to lead you on," Michelle half-whispered, opening and closing her fingers now and watching the strings of cum stretch between them. "I was just looking for some fun with a friend..."

"Nah, it's my fault," Dustin replied as her voice trailed off, a slight trembling underlying it that mirrored the sadness the skunkette felt squeezing at her chest. "I've never had many girlfriends, and you were the first that... well..." he trailed off as he worked at tucking his spent wolfhood back into his pants.

"I was your first!?" Michelle's head snapped around in surprise to look at the glum lupine. he gave a slight nod, and she found the edge of her mouth twitching, just slightly. "Well, if it's any consolation, you definitely don't have anything to worry about in that department."

"Thanks... I think," he muttered, shoving a hand into one of his pockets to pull out a handkerchief. Tossing it to her, he was the one to look away now, unable to meet her gaze. "Here, you might want to clean up a a bit."

The corner of the skunkette's mouth twitched a bit higher, her ears perking now in subdued amusement at the ridiculousness of it all. Gingerly, she started wiping at the spots she could feel the warm liquid trying to dry. "Trust me, you've got years ahead of you." 'Unlike me,' she left unsaid as she recalled what her real life was like. "Plenty of time to find the right girl for you."

"I suppose," he muttered, shoving his hands deep into his pockets as he let out a long sigh. Finally, shaking himself a moment as if to throw off the depression like water, he gave her a slightly forced smile. "Well, at least not many can say they fucked a made-up character in the real world, right?"

"That's the ticket," she said, giving him a small smile and a gentle punch in the shoulder. "You go on ahead, it's going to take me a bit longer to clean up enough to go back out there."

He turned to go, but paused at the treeline. As she went back to work at trying to wipe his seed from her face and shirt, he called back over his shoulder, "See you on the MUCK?"

"Sure thing," she replied as she swiped the cloth across one of the streaks on her shirt. Still, she had a almost certain feeling as he disappeared into the forest that she would never again see him outside the confines of a computer screen. It was just as well, she mused silently. He was a good kid, and deserved better than to be loved and dumped when she returned to her former self.

His heart would heal, just as hers had when she'd been dumped, though usually for not quite this unique a reason. And unlike her real self, she was sure he'd find someone right for him. Someday.