

MAKING SCENTS OF LIFE

by
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Chapter Five: Passion

It was a great day, once again. The sun shone down on the park with nary a cloud in the sky, and the water of the lake glittered like jewels. To the female skunk who was sitting on the park bench with head in hands however, it all felt drab and plain.

Even her clothes were drab and plain, compared to what she'd been wearing most of the past week. A baggy plain T-shirt and worn jeans were what she was sporting today, a far cry from the T-shirts or dresses she'd previously sported that had emphasized her impressive bustline or wide hips. The colors themselves were muted as well, the tan and faded blue blending into her black fur and white-furred front. Altogether, taken with the listless fluffy tail draped over the back of the bench, it was plain that she was feeling lower than a submersible in the Maritanas Trench.

Hidden below the water, Espie watched the depressed skunk with a concerned look on her normally cheerful face. The tan-furred and green-striped otter had barely met the girl- what was her name? Ah, Michelle, that was it- a couple days ago in a situation much like this. They'd only chatted a bit about music before she had to run, but the slim swimmer had found herself attracted to the sexy musteline. Of course, she also knew most girls she was attracted to tended not to be into other girls, but it usually didn't stop her from making friends with them anyways!

When Michelle hadn't shown back up a couple days ago, she'd figured that the skunkette had just forgotten about her. Now however, seeing her like this, Espie was beginning to think otherwise. Something had happened, and like her mother, she -hated- to see anyone depressed around her. Especially if she could do something about it!

Michelle stared at her toes as she wriggled them in her sandals. The gentle breeze brought her the scent of flowers, and she took a soft sniff in appreciation. Unsurprisingly however, it didn't help her feel any better.

Her suspicions had proved right on what would happen after she revealed what she actually was to her wolf friend. She'd tried calling Dustin a couple times, and a tentative text message, but it was like trying to talk to a brick wall. She'd even logged on to the MUCK a few times, but each time she saw no sign of him.

Even though she knew that after the way he had taken her image to heart, it wasn't going to end well no matter what, she still felt a lead weight in the pit of her stomach. Dammit, all she'd wanted was a break from her daily, boring life and some fun, consequence-free sex from the other side of

the glass! Since she'd last seen him though, she hadn't felt any 'urges' at all, which wasn't surprising given her mood. In fact, she'd spent all day yesterday curled up on the couch trying to find something to take her mind from the barrage of 'What-ifs' and 'might-have-beens.'

Lost in her thoughts, she paid no attention to the sound of water breaking or the sound of wet paws on concrete moving around behind her. She had just enough time to realize something was happening as she felt wet hands on her back, before she went tumbling with a loud SPLOOOSH into the cool lakewater!

Coming up spluttering, Michelle wiped the water from her eyes, rising back to her feet as ripples lapped at her waist. "What was that for?" she all but growled at the familiar green-swimsuited otter casually leaning against the back of the bench, idly examining her claws as she visibly fought not to grin.

Giving it up for a losing battle, Espie let the smile take over her short muzzle and twitched her vestigial whiskers at the soaked(and peeved) skunk. "You looked like you needed to cool off, so I thought I'd help."

"Thanks- a- lot," Michelle started to spit out, but by the last word the fight had gone out of her. As she picked at the wet T-shirt plastered to her chest, she continued a bit more reservedly, "Alright, how bad did I look?"

Making her way back down to the water's edge, Espie slipped into the lake with an ease that many swimmers would have envied. "Like a kid who'd just had to put her favorite pet to sleep. So what happened? If you care to talk about it, I'm all ears."

Giving it up as a lost cause, the half-submerged skunk just stripped the shirt off, tossing it onto the ground to dry while Espie surreptitiously eyed the curves of those well-grown breasts, still covered by her grey bra. Leaning back and lifting her tail, Michelle let the water buoy her onto her back. "Let's just say I was fooling around with a guy who was taking it more seriously than I did, and I'm kicking myself for not stopping it before it started."

"Ah, guy troubles." The green-striped otter nodded knowingly as she treaded water next to the floating skunk. "Your friend will get over it, and maybe he'll learn to think with the larger head instead of the smaller, next time," she added with a giggle as she started to smoothly stroke the water, swimming in a circle around her well-endowed female friend. "No one can control another's feelings for them, after all."

"True enough," Michelle sighed as she relaxed, the sun warm on her wet, dusky fur. "He really was a friend though."

"And he will be again. Or, if not, maybe he wasn't as good a friend as you thought." Coming back around, the slim otter took up a position alongside of her musteline friend, treading water with arms and legs. "So, was that the only reason you came out here?"

"No, I... just needed to get out and about before I went crazy," the skunk girl admitted. "This was the first place that came to mind where I wouldn't have to worry about guys hitting on me."

That got a giggle from the playful otter. "Oh, so that's how it is, eh? You know, quite a few girls would love to have that sort of attention!"

Turning her head slightly, Michelle eyed the green-suited swimmer. "Like you, eh? Well, right now you're more than welcome to the attention."

"Me? Pff- yeah right!" Grinning, Espie dove back down, popping up on the other side and splashing water on the half-clothed skunkette. "My tastes run just a tad bit different," she finished, a soft murr underlining her words.

Before Michelle could ask what that meant, Espie had turned back and dove back down again, her legs kicking water at the floating skunk. Spluttering at the new attack, she turned and dove after the tan-furred swimmer, arms and legs working furiously compared to the smooth motions of one who had lived near water all her life. She was strong enough however, and quick enough that she managed to tag the otter girl's ankle, and they both came up, treading water and laughing at the joy of just being alive.

"Thanks, I needed that," Michelle said as she felt a smile tugging at her muzzle, the first one in a couple days.

"Well, what are friends for?" Espie responded, giving her another playful splash with a hand. "So anyway, I don't think we ever did finish that conversation about actual good music and how no one appreciates it anymore..."

And so things continued over the next several days. Intrigued by the young otter, Michelle found herself visiting and swimming with her day after day, as their conversations ranged from music, to TV, to fashion. Thoughts of sex seldom crossed her mind for those days, and rather than seeking out a bed partner, she simply lived.

Time was running out however, and as she grew closer to the appointed time, she found herself troubled. She was enjoying her time with Espie- hell, despite everything that had happened, she had enjoyed her time as Michelle! And yet, it was all coming to a close.

"Wow, you look amazing," was all Espie could find herself saying as she met Michelle at the door to her hotel room. Sequined cloth of a deep wine color hugged every soft curve of the female skunk's

body, glittering in the light from the hallway. Unlike the purple number she'd worn the last time, this one was strapless, as she'd finally found one she felt comfortable with. Adding to the display, it had a diamond-shaped window over her midriff, and the sides of the skirt went all the way up to her waist. thankfully she'd found a pair of matching panties, so the straps didn't stick out, but overall, the effect was striking.

"You're not so bad yourself," Michelle replied with a warm smile, appraising the slightly smaller otter's mode of dress. Not having quite the curves of her slightly larger friend, she had gone for slinky, which had complimented her frame very well. Espie's gown was dark green and sleeveless, continuing down into a skirt so short that she was half afraid the otter would flash anyone if she bent over. She'd also done her hair up in a bun, with aquamarine studs glinting in her ears that complimented her eyes nicely. "Let's roll."

Their first stop was a seafood grill that Espie was familiar with. The two shared some salmon and crab while catching up on the otter's events of the day. Once the food had been demolished, they didn't linger long, but made their way across the university campus to the main plaza.

This was the main reason they'd gotten together tonight; a local student band was putting on a concert of various rock band covers they'd done. The two females, cheered, laughed, and sang with the crowd as guitars wailed and song after song blasted out of the 16' speakers surrounding the stage.

Finally, the last song was done, and the audience began to break up, heading off in various directions to either find home, or more fun, depending on the people involved. In Michelle and Espie's case, neither of them felt quite ready to call it a night yet, so they decided to take the scenic route back to her hotel.

"This way!" Espie tugged at her skunk friend's arm with both hands, urging her off the path and towards the lake, but on a little-used side-path that had obviously not seen foot traffic in months.

"Why this way?" Michelle asked, angling her tail to avoid catching her fur on the poking branches guarding the path as the energetic otter led her down towards the glittering water. "We can see it just as easily from further on..."

"'Cause I want to go swimming, silly, and I'm betting you didn't wear a swimsuit under that wonderful dress of yours, right?"

"Skinny-dipping?" Michelle felt her cheeks and ears heat a beat at the thought of stripping down in public. "But what if we're caught?"

"Dingdingding! The lady has it!" Espie replied with a laugh. "No one ever goes this way, and we'll be far enough away from the main observation point no one will see us from there! C'mon, it'll be fun!"

As the tan-furred otter slipped through the brush ahead of her, Michelle let a soft exasperated sigh escape, grinning all the while. Once that girl had her mind on something, she never gave up until she won.

As she finally made her way through the last of the foliage, the sight that met her eyes made her gasp softly. Espie had already shucked her dress, and the moon silhouetted her form perfectly. As the light glittered off the lake behind her, the wan light highlighted her perky breasts sitting high on her chest, not to mention the flat tummy that her love of water helped her maintain. The aquamarine earrings she still wore glittered like sapphires against the dark forest and night sky, while wide green eyes caught and reflected what light reached them. As the slim otter stretched a moment, shaking her short, furred tail, Michelle felt her heart catch in her throat.

And then, like that, the moment was past. The skunkette's brow furrowed, momentarily perplexed by her own reaction to that sight, but with a mental shrug she set that aside and padded down through the soft grass to meet her friend. "Trying to get a head start, eh?" she tossed out as she fumbled for the zipper on her dress, unfastening it as she reached the bottom of the hill.

"Maaaaaybe!" Espie replied with a giggle, before turning and diving into the placid lake. As she started a short breaststroke across the glittering surface, Michelle finally got the thing unhooked and let the wine-colored fabric drop to pool at her feet. She reached for the clip on her bra, then paused, momentarily uncertain.

"Ah, fuck it," she whispered to herself, and divested herself of her remaining undergarments, placing them in a pile with the dress. Carefully, she padded down to the water's edge, shivering slightly, but not from cold. She was scared of being caught, sure, but she was also finding it mildly arousing to flaunt her body like this out in public.

Grinning, Espie cupped her hand and sent a splash of water at the nude skunk, the water wetting down her black and white fur. "Come on in, the water's fine!"

Carefully, she waded into the lake, a soft gasp slipping out of her muzzle as she felt the cool water against her folds. Closing her eyes, she walked in the rest of the way, letting the water enfold her, her nipples stiffening from the slight chill. Taking in a deep breath, she let it out... just in time to be splashed in the face by a certain naked otter.

"Psp!t!t!- Damn it, Espie!" Michelle spat the water back out and shook her fist in mock anger as her tormentor jetted away with a few swift kicks.

"Catch me if you can!" she said with a grin, before diving down underwater. Shaking her head, unable to hide the grin, the bare-furred skunk touched off with her feet and dove after that tan-furred tail, taking advantage of her longer arms and legs to make stronger strokes in that pool of crystal. The stars twinkled down from above as they chased each other around the hidden end of the lake.

Eventually, the two friends finally dragged themselves out of the water to lay down together, side-by-side on the grass as they recovered their breath. Michelle found herself shivering a little again, though this time just from the chilly sensation of the breeze blowing through her wet fur. If Espie felt it at all however, she didn't show a single sign of it.

"What a sight," Michelle murmured as she stared up at the clear sky above. Even with the light pollution from the nearby city, there was still more stars in that rich darkness than she could count.

"What a sight indeed," Espie replied, though her eyes were directed somewhere much closer to ground. Leaning over, she planted a soft kiss on the starry-eyed skunk's cheek.

Surprised, Michelle brought a hand up to that spot, turning her head to find Espie leaning on her side, gazing at the bare-furred skunk with a gentle smile on her lips. "What was that for?" she whispered, feeling her heart starting to beat faster again.

"Because I like you, silly," the tan furred otter responded, leaning over further to bring her nose-to-nose with her friend. "I'm sure you've heard this from some of your guy friends, but I've never met anyone quite like you."

Michelle's mouth worked, as if trying to form words, but for once she was at a loss as she looked into those deep emerald pools showing her nothing but sincerity and warmth. Ever so gently, Espie leaned in the last inch, placing her lips against the wordless skunk's in a gentle kiss, eyes half closing as she slid her softly furred body up against Michelle's feminine curves, an idle hand teasing ever so gently at her tummy.

After what felt like something between far too soon and forever, the couple released the kiss, returning to that gentle nose-touch instead. "W-wow," Michelle murmured wonderingly, lifting a hand to stroke along the golden hair framing that gentle face. "So, how long..."

"Since I first saw you," she murred as she gently stroked along the white fur of that musteline stomach. "I was already attracted to you then, but actually getting to talk to you; to be with you..." The smitten otter let her words trail off as she tilted her head, giving the lovely skunk another soft kiss before finishing. "That's when I really began to care."

Tucking a curl of blonde hair behind one rounded, tan-furred ear, Michelle searched the girl's eyes for any sign of teasing, but for the first time since she'd met Espie, there was none. That scared the crap out of her, because she was starting to realize she didn't want to let the otter girl go either.

"I.. like you too," the almost-trembling skunk finished lamely, "but... I'm going to be going back tomorrow, to where I came from. I..." she took a deep breath, then let it out, her heart feeling like a lead weight now as she recalled what tomorrow would bring. "I might not ever see you again after tonight."

"Well, let's make it a night to remember," she murmured, lifting her hand from Michelle's tummy to wipe away the start of a tear from her skunk's eye. "Let's live for tonight, and let tomorrow bring what it may." Michelle just nodded softly, not trusting herself to speak again as her breath caught in her throat.

Nuzzling under her chin, Espie began with a series of short kisses down her skunk's neck, leading towards one softly-furred breast as her free hand slid down to brush ever so teasingly along the silky fur of her lover's thighs. They felt like lightning to Michelle as they slid down over her inner thighs and towards her hidden treasure, her entire body heating up under the loving touch of her otter.

She found herself murring softly in encouragement as she stroked along the soft tan fur of an ottery back, a soft gasp escaping her lips as her stiff nipple was caught by a gentle and loving mouth, the girl's tongue teasing against the dark pink nub in that warm, welcoming mouth. Espie's fingers were not idle either, as they sought out that hidden parting between her skunk's legs, tracing the outer lips with a feather light touch and sending a pleasant tingling warmth radiating throughout the curvy skunkette's body.

Drawing off that perky nipple, Espie began to tongue it gently, her warm breath blowing across the wet flesh and through her lover's drying breastfur as her fingers drew ever closer to their glorious prize. Softly, she rubbed along those hidden folds, feeling a wetness not born of the lake as she ever so gently eased a finger into that slickening entrance.

"Haa... haaaa...." Michelle found herself breathing heavier as that heavenly touch found its mark; slim feminine digits teasing at her so wonderfully as that gentle tongue toyed with that sensitive teat. Arching her back slightly, she pushed into the tonguing a bit, her hand stroking along her beautiful otter's back as she felt her need growing deep within.

It wasn't just the skunk's either. Espie had already begun to unconsciously grind against the black-furred leg she was resting against as she took that stiff, warm nipple back into her muzzle, rubbing her own pouting nethers against her skunkette's lower thigh and slicking the silky fur with her own clear honey. Curling her fingers, she slid them deeper into that boiling passage, feeling the slick walls grasp at those intruding digits as they started a slow, steady thrusting into that needy cunny.

The chill from the lake was long forgotten as Michelle felt those wonderful fingers pressing deep into her heated body, her hand seeking her otter's firm rear and squeezing it as she panted and gasped at each wonderful stroke within her. She could feel her arousal growing higher and faster than ever before as her lover suckled at her full, ripe breast, her otter's drooling cunny feeling like fire against her leg with every firm grind. She was... She was gonna...

A pair of owls took flight from the forest edge as a soft yelping moan tore its way from Espie's throat, her mouth releasing the wonderful teat she'd been suckling at to cry out her pleasure as she pressed her quivering cunny firmly against her love's leg, coating it in more of her feminine juice as she came first. As she tensed, her cries were joined by that of her musteline mate, warm murmoans joining her sounds of pleasure in sweet harmony as she coated those buried fingers in sweet skunkjuice.

It seemed like it would last forever, but far too soon their twin climax faded away, leaving a pleasant glow suffusing their entire beings. As they panted, Michelle nuzzled into her otter's soft blonde hair, whispering to her gently. "Why don't you scoot on up here, you're not quite done yet, my Espie."

Thrilling as her skunk laid claim, Espie shifted over on top of the busty skunkette, leaving a trail of otter slickness across her lower tummy as she gave the wonderful girl a gentle kiss. Once their muzzles parted, she rose up on her knees and crawl-walked up a bit, bringing her glistening folds up to meet a certain, small musteline muzzle.

Michelle took a moment to gaze up at her otter in silhouette, those aquamarine earrings glittering like two more blue stars as they caught and reflected the light of the moon, now high in the sky. Lowering her mouth, she gave those slick folds a long, slow lick, finding herself pleasantly surprised at the taste of needful otter. Rather than the salty applesauce, Espie's juices were more like sweet wine- okay, maybe not quite like wine, but at this moment, it may as well have been.

Leaning back, Espie grasped both her ankles as she thrummed at the delightful touches of that gentle tongue. She could feel the warm, soft flesh as it teased along her sensitive lower lips, then dipped inside just enough to make her gasp and quiver at the attention from the one she wanted the most.

Michelle pressed her tongue in further between those soft pink folds, her breath whistling out her nose as she sought more of that sweet slickness. After several deep licks along those grasping inner walls however, she withdrew slightly, contenting herself with teasing presses and firm, extended laps along that drooling ottercunny.

Espie found her mouth hanging open as she panted and moaned wordless sounds of pleasure at the wonderful treatment to her greatest of treasures, still sensitive from her first, needful climax. She could barely think straight anymore, her mind clouded by the sensations from the one drinking so deeply of her pleased body. As she felt that seeking tongue work her heated flesh over, she felt like she was going to explode in ecstasy.

Prolonging it for but a moment longer, Michelle withdrew her tongue to run it over her otter's slippery netherlips as her hands sought her final goal. Cupping those tan-furred asscheeks, she slid a couple fingers over to rub firmly right at the base of that ottery tail trying to push her that final tiny bit to the orgasm she deserved.

Squeezing her eyes tight, Espie mewled at the intensity of the pleasure tearing through her quivering body. Squeezing tightly around nothing, her convulsing cunny squirted several streams of clear femcum out onto her skunkette's face and muzzle as her hands clenched at her own ankles, the feelings blasting through her almost too intense for her to handle.

Finally, that too came to an end. Carefully, Michelle guided the exhausted otter back down to snuggle alongside her, those slim curves melding against her more bold ones as they relaxed

together in the soft grass.

"That was... everything I'd hoped..." Espie whispered as she gave her lover a soft kiss. "I wouldn't have traded... these moments... for anything."

"Nor I," Michelle murmured back, returning the kiss and nuzzling between rounded ears. "Whatever happens tomorrow, I'll never forget our night together."

Reaching up, Espie cupped her lover's cheeks in her hands, gazing into those dark grey eyes as she pressed nosepad to nosepad once more. "Promise me you'll at least write. I don't know if..."

Michelle shushed her with a kiss, wrapping black-furred arms around her tightly. "I will," she promised solemnly once they came up for air. "Some way, some how, I'll reach you again, even if..." she paused to swallow, her heart feeling like it wanted to jump out her throat, "even if we never actually see each other again."

Espie opened her mouth to reply, but a crunching of broken twigs up the hill shocked them back to reality. Freezing in place, the two lovers tried to hold as still as they could, practically holding their breath as they heard further footsteps among the trees at the top of the hill.

"Anyone there?" a voice called, as the two stared up the hill, silently praying that whomever it was would turn around and walk away. The beating of their hearts sounded to them like a herd of elephants as the crunching grew louder.

After what felt like hours, the footsteps faded away as the searcher turned and headed back towards the path. Letting their breath go in a whoosh of relief, they simply hugged for a few moments more, enjoying the closeness one last time.

Finally, reluctantly, they separated and sought out their abandoned clothes. As they assisted each other with getting dressed, Michelle noted with some amusement that two of the green-dyed stripes curled in spirals on each perky breast of her otter. Before long, their rumpled clothes were settled back into place, and two furs with a newfound appreciation for each other made their way back up to the modern world, leaving the silent night sky to look down upon the ground where they had gained so much, and perhaps lost it as well.