

MAKING SCENTS OF LIFE

by
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Chapter Six: Farewells

BREEBREEEBREEEBREEBR-

Michelle slapped the alarm clock, nearly knocking it off the table as she turned it off. With a sigh, she slid out from under the warm covers and padded over to the bathroom, pausing a moment to look at herself in the mirror.

The young skunk girl looking back at her was no supermodel, but definitely fell into the sexy side of the spectrum. Auburn hair cascaded from rounded, black-furred ears, to frame a gentle, heart-shaped face, the dark grey eyes therein showing uncertainty. Soft, white fur started on the underside of her muzzle, continuing down the front of her neck before expanding over a well-formed pair of 38D breasts, the fluffy fur currently hiding the dark pink nipples underneath. Further down, it gave way to the slight curve of her stomach, just enough to keep her from looking too thin. From there, it curved back out into what some would call 'child-bearing' hips, the black fur of her sides and back taking back over on her firm thighs, just soft enough to tempt at squeezing them and seeking what lay between. Capping things off was her large, fluffy tail, striped with white in the manner of her kind.

A lot of folks may have thought her blessed. She however, knew that this so-called blessing was only temporary. Two weeks ago she had merely been an ordinary raccoon in his forties, looking to escape from his life for a while. Now, she thought with a lump in her throat, it was time to bid goodbye and return to the life she had left.

After a quick shower and brushing, she found herself standing on the sidewalk, all her clothes she had bought tucked away in the rollbag on her shoulder. Her purchases had been funded by the Clinic, and back to them it would go. Besides, it's not like she would have any use for the dresses once she was her old self again.

Idly, she glanced at the time on the prepaid mobile phone that had also been provided for her. 9:13am. Her appointment wasn't until three, and she really didn't feel like going early. Besides, it wasn't like they'd be ready anyways until then, she thought, trying to seek an excuse to drag it out as long as possible.

Bag on her shoulder, she started off along the nearby path with no destination in mind. Closing her eyes, she opened her senses, concentrating on enjoying what she could of the cool late-spring breeze and the birdsong among the leaves above.

Before long, she found herself near the edge of the lake. She paused at the edge of the trees, looking out at the sunlight glittering off the lake, and thought back to the night before. The feel of the grass underneath, and Espie, that wonderful otter girl, above. She'd wished she'd known how Espie felt about her sooner, but now it was much too late for anything. A part of her wanted to go out there, looking for that distinctively-dyed tan and green-striped fur, and maybe play with her among the water one last time, but she'd already said her good-byes last night. If only she could be as light-hearted and carefree as her otter lover had been about it.

Continuing on, she found herself passing through the university plaza, right in front of the Union building. As she passed through the crowds, she found herself looking, in vain, for a certain black-haired and brown-furred wolf. Maybe it was just as well, she mused as the various students passed by her. "Good-bye, Dustin," she whispered under her breath, "Be well."

Shaking off the melancholy, she continued onward. There was a club near the Clinic's current location, and she could use a drink, she thought with a small bit of humor. After all, she wasn't going to have to worry about a hangover tomorrow from it!

The club was fairly empty when she got there a short while later, which wasn't too surprising given it was still morning. Characteristically, the bartender didn't ask her why she was there so early, but left her to her thoughts as she started on an Amaretto sour.

She was on her third drink by the time she felt comfortable enough to say anything to the badger behind the bar. "Have you ever wanted to just.. run away, and not look back? To become someone else and just start over?" she asked as she peered through the orange liquid, idly stirring it with a straw.

"Once or twice," the striped bartender responded, rubbing at a spot on a glass. "But that would mean giving up the good with the bad. That's not a deal most would want to make, unless they had something really bad waiting for them on the other side."

Taking a long sip of the sour, she thought back on what she would be going back to. Her real self had a stable job, and her friends that she had known for years. Her parents had retired and moved out into the country somewhere a while back. She really should give them a call.

Her original life had a lot going for it, honestly, apart from the older, more worn body, and the lack of any real relationships in her life. And what did she have going for her now? She had a healthy body, good looks, the clothes in her bag, and a certain ottery lover.

Her stomach felt like a lead pit as the cool liquid rolled down her throat. She'd promised to keep in touch, but she was scared of how Espie might react on finding out that not only was she a guy, but she was also twice the otter's age. Still, she wasn't going to give up on the girl if she could help it...

"Well, as I live and brrrreathe!" Michelle felt her fur stand on end as that voice cut through her awareness with all the subtlety of a battle-axe. She'd hoped never to hear him again, but it appeared she wasn't going to be quite that lucky.

Turning her stool, she gave the approaching jaguar a fake smile. Like that first night out, he was shirtless again, but this time wearing a bomber jacket and torn-up jeans. "Long time, no see."

"Let me get you a drrrrink! Bartender, two of whatever she's having!"

The badger tilted his head at her but she gave him a tentative thumbs up. She was actually getting the glimmerings of an idea. It might not make her feel better, but it certainly wouldn't hurt!

After mixing up two more sours, the bartender made his way to the other end, ostensibly polishing a glass, but Michelle was fairly sure he was still keeping a close eye on the two of them. As they sipped on their drinks, they chatted about inconsequential things such as the weather, all the while the spottycat sidled closer to her.

Before she realized it, he had an arm around her chest, his fingertips just barely brushing the side of one cloth-covered breast. "Now luv, I happen ta know this nice lil' place ya might like ta see. It's not far from herrre, and verrrry prrrivate, if ya know what ah mean."

Fighting the urge to slap him, Michelle forced a smile she didn't feel onto her muzzle. "Of course," she whispered, "I'd love to check it out with you." She gave the feline a wink, almost feeling dirty for what she was planning. Almost.

Placing money underneath the glasses, they slipped out the side door into the alley and around the corner. Here, there was no one to see them, as long as no one leaned out their apartment windows.

This time, she was the one to press him against the wall, lips working as lips as she planted her muzzle firmly against his. Quickly and wordlessly, hands worked at belts, baring themselves to each other. Before the horny jaguar could do anything however, Michelle pulled away demurely. "Last time was fun," she murred to him as she moved up against the wall, lifting her tail to show him her firm rear, "but I want you to give it to me from behind."

Grinning, the jaguar smoothly slid around behind that large, fluffy tail, taking his length in hand and pressing it against her rump, grinding his feline shaft along the crack of her ass. "Now yerrrr talkin'!"

As she felt the barbs running through the fur of her rump, she squeezed her eyes tight sucked in her breath, and squeezed- squeezed in a way she'd never squeezed before, and felt an odd sensation as warm liquid squirted from someplace she'd never felt it before.

"AAGGHHHHhhhhcck" the jaguar fell back, alternating between clutching at his crotch and at his

face. "What the fuck did you DO, you little BITCH?"

Turning around, Michelle matter-of-factly pulled up her pants, fastening them as she spoke in ice cold tones. "If I were you, I would shut the hell up, before you get charged on account of public indecency and attempted rape." As the jaguar tried to stifle his moans of pain, she walked over and gave him a swift kick in the shin. "Maybe you'll think about this the next time you try to use a girl as your personal cum dumpster." Wrinkling her nose at the stench, Michelle looked down at the writhing male feline with satisfaction and disgust. "Also, never piss off a skunk."

And so, three o' clock came, and Michelle found herself back in that same elevator she had ridden two weeks ago. Her nurse this time was a svelte Siberian tigress, but she had a feeling it was the same person as the antelope who had helped her before.

Once she was in the exam room, they went over the usual battery of questions. Had there been any altercations with the law? Had she gotten sick at all? Any injuries? Anything unusual that she had noticed about her body?

Once they were satisfied, the tigress helped her strip down, and she laid herself down on the hospital bed. As she felt the injection of the knockout drug, she found herself feeling a bit wistful for everything she'd experienced. She'd had good times and bad times, but such is life. She'd said her goodbyes, and it was time to let it all go and return to her real life.

Eyes blinked open, gradually, and Michael felt a strange sense of deja vu. Waking up, staring at the same hospital ceiling might explain it but something felt off. Lifting a hand to rub at tired eyes, Michael blinked, jerking slightly as he noticed that the hand had black fur!

Quickly, Michael- no, Michelle- sat up, feeling all over her body and confirming that, yes indeed, she was still very much a female skunk! Panicked and scared, she looked around the room as her mind whirled. Had something gone wrong? Was there a copy of her in her real body, even now leaving the complex?

She stabbed the call button once, twice, three times before the attendant rushed into the room. "Oh, thank goodness you're awake," the tigress breathed a hand over her heart as she caught her breath. "Hold on one moment and I'll get the doctor."

"What? What is it?" Michelle asked, feeling herself still on the edge of panic. The tigress was already disappearing out the door though, and she forced herself to calm as she waited. They'd obviously known something was up, if they'd been expecting her to wake up like this. Something had gone wrong, but what?

A few minutes later her black-and-white-striped nurse re-entered the room, followed by the bull she had met once before, when she had been transferred the first time. "I apologize for the delay," his voice rumbled, "but we didn't know how long you'd be out for. It seems there's been a... complication, let us say."

"A complication? What sort of complication?" Michelle asked, heart beating rapidly in her chest. She'd just gotten used to the idea of going back!

Giving her a solemn look, the bull placed a heavy hand on each shoulder, meeting her eye-to-eye. Inwardly, she quailed. Just what was going on?

"Congratulations," the bull said to the shocked skunk, "you're going to be a mother."

EPILOGUE

A soft thrum filled the night as a dark blue aircar lifted off the clearing in front of a stone cottage. As it jetted off across a lake, glimmering with moonlight, an elderly couple snuggled up against the biting fall breeze, the swinging chair creaking back and forth.

"Can you believe, grandchildren already?" mused the larger of the two. As the chair swung into the light, it revealed a feminine skunk, her fur streaked with silver, and her greying hair tied up in a ponytail. If she once had a figure, it was long gone to age, the hints of curves that might still be there hidden by a perfectly ordinary dress.

"So how do you think their dad is going to explain that a skunk came from a family of raccoons?" replied the smaller one, the moonlight glistening on silver-streaked tan fur as an otter-like muzzle reached up to nibble on an ear.

"The same way he's going to explain why they have three grandmothers: very carefully," the skunk said with a grin.

The otter bapped her gently on the nose, then snuggled in nice and close. "Love you."

"Love you too."