

MAKING SCENTS OF LIFE

by
Dekafox

"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 whirred 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.

Chapter Two: Discovery

"Lights," came the soft soprano voice, and obediently the ceiling lights in the hotel room began to glow gently, illuminating the single occupant within.

Already sitting on the edge of the bed, Michelle reached for the large brush she had kept on the bed side table and started running it through the mess that sleep had left of her fur and tail. It took several minutes just to finish that fluffy, luxurious tail all skunks sport, but once satisfied, she rose and strode over to the mirror as started on the rest of her body.

Not long ago, the sexy female skunk looking back out of the mirror would have been an object of desire, rather than a simple reflection. Only a few days past she would have been a he, a mildly successful raccoon businessfur with an unimpressive body and slightly impressive pocketbook. Not long ago, a skunkette with a body like this would have been one of his online characters, cybering with horny males while he imagined himself in their shoes. Or, she thought in a bout of honesty, had she been actually been attracted to those males?

It had started with stumbling across the location of one of the rumored Relinquishment Clinics, where you could take on a another body for a time, if you had the money for it. After playing females for so long, he had began to wonder what it would actually be like to have sex as a female. And so, after putting in for a vacation and setting his affairs in order, he sought them out.

As soon as he had seen this body, he knew it was the one. A hair tailer than the body she had been born into originally, she carried what weight she had well, with most of it in the chest and thighs, and enough of a belly to soften her curves. Bringing the brush up to her auburn, shoulder-length locks, she once again admired how the soft white fur covered her throat, before expanding to cover the swell of her large, fluffy breasts, each large enough to overflow most peoples' hands with soft titflesh. Rather than the washboard of a typical model, her belly had a slight curve to it, as if asking to be petted, as it flowed down to her hidden nethers between softly-furred thighs.

She could feel herself already growing slightly damp, and with a will she squashed the thoughts that tried to come to the fore. She'd spent the past couple days at the hotel exploring every inch of her own new body, bringing herself off again and again. By now, it was starting to get old. Her fingers weren't enough - she needed something more, and she had a fair idea what.

Even still, she found herself a bit uncertain as she had pondered that thought. Was her aching need to be filled because of her new body, or was that craving for cock due to an interest she never realized she had before? Briefly, she pictured her old self, playing with a faceless male of some sort, and felt her horniness drain away somewhat, returning to that slight hunger in the back of her mind that she'd been feeling since the transfer.

"Well, that answers that," she whispered softly to herself with a smile. It seemed her tastes weren't too unchanged. Briefly, she recalled catching herself eyeing the package of the bull who'd finished

her orientation, and she pursed her lips in thought. Maybe there was something to it, after all... but then again she still thought that the antelope assistant had been kind of hot...

"Hell, I'm all girl for now, I'll worry about it when that's over," she declared to the empty room, then took to the brushing with a vengeance.

A half-hour later, belly full of breakfast, she slid into the chair behind the complimentary hotel-provided PC, wearing only a pair of light pink panties. "Now, what's on the itinerary for today," the scantily-clad skunkette murmured as she brought up the list of nearby events. She found herself pouting as she noted the lack of anything interesting for another several hours.

"Mmmm," she murmured as she reached back in a stretch, feeling her back pop before she brought her arms back down. Well, there was no help for it. With a shrug, she logged back into the MUCK she'd been playing on recently and looked through her characters.

"Well, whaddya know," she mused as one particular one jumped out at her. A female skunk, not too much unlike her current body. A little slimmer of build, but not too far off either. Selecting the toon, she completed the login and idly tapped her nose as her appeared in the Park.

<AliciaStrype> Hey, guys!

*<Athenia> *waves**

<DuncanKnot> Yo

<Xarox> Ur here early! I thought u workd this time of day.

<AliciaStrype> Taking a vacation. :)

<DuncanKnot> A sexy vacation? ;)

Michelle almost giggled at that. If only they knew!

<AliciaStrype> You could say that. ;D

<Talon> Oh ho ho, getting an early start, eh Duncan?

<DuncanKnot> XP

<Xarox> Just remember, Park is PG only. Don't need MouseWiz getting on our case again.

<Athenia> It wasn't my fault I messed up that whisper! =c.c=

<AliciaStrype> Suuuuure it wasn't.. You just wanted to show off ;P

whisper from DuncanKnot: Party poopers. :(

<Athenia> Maybe? =c.c=

whisper from DuncanKnot: Feel like a little fun-time though? ;)

<AliciaStrype> Silly kitty XP

<Athenia> =^.^=

<Xarox> So anyone seen Incredulous yet?

<Talon> Not yet, plan to.

whisper to DuncanKnot: Knot right now. ;) I've got some plans for tonight

<Athenia> Make sure you stay until after the credits!

<Talon> Is there a movie that doesn't have after-credit scenes these days?

*whisper from DuncanKnot: Aww, dangit. :(*gives sad puppy dog eyes**

*<Athenia> *thinks for a minute* uh, dunno =x.x=*

<Xarox> She's right though, this one's worth it. I so want to say more, but spoilers!

whisper to DuncanKnot: Sorry. :(Was planning on hitting up the Kennel Fantastic tonight - awesome dance club I've been meaning to check out

*<Athenia> *baps the dragon on the nose* You better not tell!*

whisper from DuncanKnot: OooH!

whisper to DuncanKnot: ?

*<Xarox> *tries to look innocent* 0:)*

whisper from DuncanKnot: You're in South Zaiberg too?

Michelle blinked in surprise, not paying attention to the chat scrolling by. She'd chatted with the wolf several times before (and he was pretty good at writing hot poses, she had to admit) but she hadn't given any thought to any of her MUCK 'playmates' being anywhere near her. She thought furiously, ignoring the idle chatter scrolling by.

whisper from DuncanKnot: ?

As her client dinged at her, she thought a second more, then a bit unsure, typed her response.

whisper to DuncanKnot: Maybe... ;) Got any pix?

Heart beating faster, she sat back, but the wolf's response was fairly quick in coming.

whisper from DuncanKnot: furbook.com/DuncanKnot637/sekrit/

Swallowing nervously, she double-clicked the link, and let out a soft gasp of surprise as the images loaded. He'd sent her straight to a collection of pictures depicting a young male wolf, his pink canine cock at full extension as he posed for the camera. She found herself licking her lips as she scrolled through them, feeling herself starting to grow damp at the fit lupine's display.

whisper from DuncanKnot: Like what u see? ;)

Forcing her hands to steady, Michelle swallowed again and managed to type out a reply.

whisper to DuncanKnot: Mmmm, you bet I do. ;9 I think my schedule just opened up <3

whisper from DuncanKnot: :D See u at 7??

whisper to DuncanKnot: Sure, we can crash at my place. ;3 Oh, and hold on a moment.

whisper from DuncanKnot: ??

Licking her lips, the horny skunkette forced her breathing to slow back down. "Easy, girl," she murmured as she rose and went over to the purse she'd picked up on the way to the hotel. Digging through it, she found the Clinic-provided phone, and smiled in satisfaction - this one had a decent camera!

Walking over to the mirror, she angled it to get most of her in the shot, then hit the snapshot button, capturing an image of herself, her buxom body bare naked but for the pink panties that had already developed a wet spot. For a second she pondered changing them and taking another one, but what the hell, she concluded with a devilish grin.

Sliding back into the PC, she connected the camera to the PC and logged into the Moogole profile she'd set up a while back. It didn't have her real name attached, so it should do nicely. A few clicks and - done!

whisper to DuncanKnot: A preview of coming events ;) moogole.com/Hlhi&HBnuhl&ulhl7/me.jpg

It took him a few moments to respond, and she found herself sitting on the edge of her seat, her large tail swishing anxiously as she waited.

whisper from DuncanKnot: Yum :9 Gonna be hard waiting until 7!

whisper to DuncanKnot: "Hard" waiting, eh? <3

She clapped her hands over her muzzle, giggling furiously for a few moments as she felt the tension drain away. Not all the tension of course, but her nervousness at least was gone.

whisper from DuncanKnot: XP See u then!

DuncanKnot has gone offline.

whisper from Athenia: You two were pretty quiet. =o.O=

whisper to Athenia: Don't worry, we didn't do anything... yet. :3

whisper from Athenia: I see. =-.^=

Michelle found herself stifling a giggle again.

whisper to Athenia: I'll fill you in on all the dirty little details later. ;) Let me get caught up.

Ignoring the slight pleasant tingling in her nethers, Michelle scrolled back up, getting caught up on everything she'd missed. She had plenty of time until tonight; might as well chat a bit before going dress-shopping. Not that she'd be wearing it for long...

Michelle let out a small sigh as she glanced up at the clock, boredly stirring the amber liquid in her glass with a finger. 7:15, and no sign of the wolfie.

The skunkette thought she'd found quite the number from that dress shop at 43rd and Maple, too. Red hadn't matched, and black had blended too well into her fur, but they'd had this slinky purple number that she was wearing now. Not daring (quite!) to go strapless without more practice, she'd chosen a sleeveless, silky design. Shining with sequins placed here and there to catch the light, had no neckline to speak of; the opening dipped straight down, giving a nice view of her white-furred cleavage, before closing off above her midriff. From there, it turned into a satiny skirt that clung to her hips and thighs, but slit up the side to allow movement. The gown was backless as well, dipping down to curl under the base of her tail, but said tail also blocked most of the view as well. A lacy bra(and panties) completed the ensemble, despite the temptation to "go commando." Going about town, she'd learned that having a chest like hers came with a price: you don't want those things bouncing around when you're trying to do something BESIDES have sex.

She'd actually arrived a little early, and figured she'd wait inside the club, have a drink to take the edge off her nerves. Now she was on her third, already feeling a slight buzz, but still no sign of her prospective bed partner. For a few moments, she pondered making her way out onto the dance floor, where furs of all shapes and sizes were wriggling, writhing, rubbing and shaking to the deafening beats pounding out of the oversized speakers hanging along the walls. Lifting her cup, she eyed the dancers through the amber veil and her lips parted in another quiet sigh as she dismissed the idea. She'd never learned to dance the way those kids out there were, and while she might have the body to match one of them, her soul was still a forty-something old fogey who would feel more at home at a M.I.S.E. or Iron Blimp concert.

Throwing her head back, she downed the glass in a single gulp, eyes watering as she felt the alcohol burn its way down her throat. Almost(but not quite) slamming it down, she crossed her arms and laid her head on the table, watching the scene in resignation, until the scraping of a nearby chair alerted her to company.

"So what's a hot lil' skunk like you doin' lazin' arrround over herrrrre?" rumbled a soft baritone voice to her left.

"Mmmm?" she responded wordlessly, tilting her head to get a look at the speaker. While it was hard to tell with him seated, she guessed the lean, spotted feline was probably a head again taller than her - then again, she hadn't exactly picked this body for height. This far from the strobes, there was enough steady light for her to easily make out the scruff of dyed-purple hair, the light blue eyes complimenting his golden-hued fur, covered in a pattern of spots that she would have hesitated to try and follow, even while fully sober. Noticing her appraisal, he flashed her a fanged grin as he leaned forward onto the back of the reversed chair, his tautly-muscled legs spread to straddle the seat. He obviously had nothing to hide, as he was sporting just an open leather jacket that bared his cream-colored front, and tight leather pants that hugged his body like a second skin. A bright green glowstick swung from his neck, adding a slightly unearthly tinge to the bare fur of his chest.

"Ah just happened to notice ya downin' that drink like somethin' was botherin' ya, an', well..." The feline paused to gesture to the otherwise empty table. "An' I jes hate t' see a gal feelin' lonely."

Raising her head, Michelle leaned back against the chair, returning the smile somewhat. "It's appreciated. Had a wolf friend I was supposed to meet here, but seems he's changed his mind."

"He must be a rrrreal dick t' bail on ya," the spottycat said, rising from his seat and padding behind her. Her head turned to follow his movement, looking up at him as he stood over her. She tensed involuntarily a moment as he laid his hands on her shoulders, but then he started to rub them gently, his fingers pressing firmly into the fabric and the fur and muscle underneath. "If I had a sexy lil' number like you waitin' forr me, nothin'd keep me away."

"Do tell," the busty skunkette murred, her eyes half-closing as the slim feline worked his fingers into her shoulders, the massage easing a slight aching she hadn't even noticed from all the 'playtime' back at the hotel. She hadn't thought she was that stiff, but the as his fingers shifted and moved, the sensations combined with the buzz she'd been nursing to make Michelle feel like she was going to melt into a puddle of black and white fur. "Mmmm, that's... nice...."

Lowering his head, her new companion whispered warmly into her perked ear, "Ah know a few things too that might feel even nicerrr..." As he trailed off, his rough tongue flicked out to lick the rounded tip, making it flick involuntarily in her auburn hair.

At the lick, Michelle found her face heating up a bit, a soft warmth starting to rise from somewhere deep within her, and almost on impulse she tilted her muzzle back to give the underside of her new friend's short muzzle a little lick of her own. "Do tell," she responded again, but this time her words were underlined by a soft, almost sultry murr as she gazed up at the lean feline.

Seeming to continue his massage to anyone not close enough, the sly feline slid one hand a bit further down her front, teasingly sliding it over the curve of one large breast before cupping the soft flesh gently through the sequined, purple fabric. As he gave the enclosed orb a gentle rub, his breath blew warm over her ear again, "Let's find someplace a bit morrrre prrrivate, wherrre we won't be disturrrred."

Placing a hand over the one resting on her chest, she turned her head to nuzzle up at his muzzle a

little. "Lead on, and I'll follow," the skunkette softly responded, her thoughts chasing his down to places most pleasant.

After another lick to her ear, the feline straightened, and almost casually strolled over towards the restrooms, his long tail swishing slowly behind him. After a quick glance around, Michelle rose as well, her hips and tail swaying as she made her way that direction as well, but in a bit more roundabout fashion.

Sticking his head in, the spottycat took a look around the inside of the men's room, a grin beginning to grow on his muzzle as he confirmed that it was empty, for once. Letting it swing closed, he waited until Michelle had 'wandered' close enough, and gave her a thumbs-up.

The two of them took another furtive glance around to make sure no one was looking that direction, then practically dove into the room, the door locking from the inside with a soft click.

The door had barely been locked before the male feline had pushed Michelle against the wall, her large fluffy tail cushioning her back as their muzzles met in a hungry kiss. One hand slid into her dress, fondling her large breast as he freed it from the confines of the purple cloth. Breathing heavily through her nose, the horny skunkette lapped at the feline's rough, sandpapery tongue as it pushed its way into her short muzzle, her hands running down his back to grope at the the spottycat's firm rear.

Panting, they both separated for a moment, but only to start undressing each other. As Michelle's hands slid around her feline partner's waist, seeking for and unfastening the catch of his pants, he was already sliding the dress off her shoulders, revealing her full, ripe bustline, her nipples stiff and poking through her soft fur as they made little peaks in the lace of her bra.

It took but a moment for the leather pants to fall in a black pool at the jaguar's feet, his feline shaft bulging against his briefs. Stepping close once more, he worked at her skirt's fastening as she freed that growing pink catflesh from the straining fabric, running her fingers along the heated flesh. A moment later her skirt fluttered to the floor as well, revealing her already wet panties, that spiced apple smell of hers filling the restroom.

Not even bothering to remove the panties yet, the male spottycat shoved his hips up against hers, giving that soaked cloth a few grinds with his nice, firm shaft as her hands left it to squeeze the cheeks of his feline ass, her breathing already heavy from the urgency and teasing.

Giving her another firm grind with his rock-hard dick, the jaguar leaned down to whisper in her ear, "Is my hot little skunk rrrready for a nice thick cock?"

"Oh gods yes," she panted, grinding back against him, her entire body feeling like it was on fire. At this moment, nothing mattered to her except that thick throbbing piece of manmeat pressing so firmly against her covered cunny. "I want you to take that thing... and fuck me... with every inch...."

Grinning in a way that she would have called anything but friendly, were she not blinded by lust, the jaguar took a step back just long enough to yank down her panties, then immediately stepped forward again, keeping her up against the wall as he ground his swollen shaft against her swollen netherlips, letting her feel the thickness riding between them, his small barbs dragging against the slick flesh. "Tell me you want me," he whispered heatedly, his hands seeking and cupping her firm rump, his talented fingers pressing into the yielding flesh. "Tell me how bad you want me..."

Michelle let out a soft rowl as she rocked back against the teasing hip, her cunny already drooling with honey, coating the underside of that thick feline cock as her body yelled at her to take it into her heated depths. "F-f-fuck me," she panted, "I want your cock s-so bad... I c-can't take it... I neeeded it..."

Smirking, the feline slid back far enough, abandoning his grasp long enough to take that stiff shaft in hand, and guide the tip against her lips, letting her feel it just start to part them. Not wanting to wait in her current state, she tried to push her hips forward, her slick skunkcunny greedily swallowing the swollen head as she mewled softly at the wonderful feel of his thick meat entering her. As if that were the signal, the feline slammed his hips forward, shoving every remaining inch deep into her grasping passage, her hands gripping his rear as she mrowled softly in pleasure.

"Such a nice, tight cunt," the deeply-embedded feline whispered into Michelle's twitching ear with a soft growl. "You'rrre just made for fuckin', arrren't ya?" Not bothering to start slow, he pulled his hips back and thrust forward, shifting his hands to hold her hips in place as he worked that meaty feline shaft within the skunkette's heated body.

"F-fu-ahh!ahhnn!" The horny skunkette found words fleeing her as she gloried in that large male shaft stretching her slick, hot passage, the small barbs dragging against her inner walls and almost flashing stars behind her eyes at the sensation. At this moment, her world consisted of the feline surrounding and filling her, his hot flesh pressing against her both inside and out as he took her body firmly and forcefully against the wall. Her muzzle hung open as he drove that thick meat into her again and again, and she felt her body shake as she reached her first climax, her tight skunkcunny squeezing and massaging at that thrusting feline cock, urging it to deliver its warm, gooey payload as she moaned and cried wordless sounds of pleasure.

"F-fuck, you'rrre good," the feline moaned into her ear as he rutted away at the horny, busty skunk, his balls slapping against her as he took her deep again and again. 'H-herrre it comes...!"

He slammed deep, pressing his body tight against hers as he let out a sharp rowl of pleasure, his thick spunk jetting out the tip as her hungry skunkcunny squeezed and milked that thick shaft, filling her musteline womb full of the hot feline cream, setting off a second orgasm that crashed throughout her body.

For Michelle, the sensation was nothing like she had ever imagined. As a guy, when she had come it was like letting go, like a release of pressure that had built up. For her now, it was like she was being fulfilled; it felt like that feeling when you've just ate the best steak dinner ever. it felt like her

entire soul was surrounded by a gentle ocean, the waves of pleasure lapping gently against her very essence.

And she was still floating on air when the jaguar, his load spent, pulled out and wiped the last dribbles off on her thigh. "Huhwha?" she murmured, pouting a little as she felt that warm feline shaft that had been filling her so nicely leave her twitching depths, a bit of his gooey feline seed dribbling out as he withdrew.

"Gotta rrrun," the spottycat said, giving the dazed skunkette's nosepad a soft peck as he pulled up his briefs. She distractedly tried to lick at his chin, but he was already drawing away and slipping back into his tight leather jeans. "Been a blast, luv, maybe I'll catch you some otherrrr time."

"W-wha? Wait-!" she managed to get out, stumbling after him with her panties still hanging around her knees as he unlocked the door. "I never even-"

He shushed her, placing a finger on the skunkette's lips for a moment. "Trrrrust me luv, it's betterrr this way," he said, flashing her a cocky grin that never reached his eyes. Quickly, he slipped out, opening the door just enough to get out without providing anyone outside a view of the half-dressed female skunk, her dress hanging around her waist, panties down around her knees, and a bit of pearly seed still dribbling from her well-used cunny.

"But- you- I- uh-" Slowly, she re-locked the door, feeling slightly numb as her head began to clear from the pleasurable rush of but a moment ago. "Well, shit," she murmured, her tail drooping as she sliding down along the door to lean against it. The tiled floor felt cool against her rump despite that still unbelievably gentle warmth deep within her. "Shit, shit, shit,"

Her voice held no rancor however, as the logical part of her mind reminded her that this was what she had been planning to begin with - she'd wanted to truly experience sex as a female. Her entire plan for the evening had been to come here and get screwed. She just hadn't expected to get screwed in more ways than one.

Pulling her legs up against her chest, she leaned her forehead against her knees and let out a sigh as she felt a last bit of the nameless feline's spent seed trickle onto her fur and the floor. It's strange, she thought. She'd gotten what she'd came for, yet despite feeling so full, she felt even emptier after the way he'd just up and left. It shouldn't bother her- hell, she could guess exactly what he'd been thinking, now- yet it did anyways.

A loud knocking on the door shook her out of her melancholy. "Hurry up in there! My buddy here needs-" The words were cut off by a splortch and the sound of liquid splashing against the ground. "Never mind," the speaker added as the splattering sounds ended. Eyes wide, she listened carefully to the swearing from whomever it was out there, followed by footsteps from the folks walking away.

"Enough feeling sorry for myself," she muttered under her breath, "I gotta get out of here before I

get caught." Rising on wobbly knees, she staggered over to the sinks and grabbed a paper towel from the dispenser. Quickly, she wet the end, then wiped at the mess of her crotch, her breath whistling through her teeth as the rough paper rubbed against her very sensitive folds. There, that'd have to do until she could get a shower.

As quickly as she could, Michelle got her clothes back on and into some semblance of neatness. From a distance it probably looked fine, but anyone who looked close enough would see the rumples; the way it wasn't fitting quite right. Still, it'd suffice for getting 'home.'

Unlocking the restroom door, she took a careful peek out to make sure the coast was clear, then slipped back out into the flashing light and dark of the dance club. She gave the dancers and tables one last lingering look, but her nameless companion was apparently long gone, having gotten what he'd wanted. Biting her lip, she made her way through the throngs to the door, almost bowling over a brown-furred wolf in her haste to leave.

As she stepped outside, it was just beginning to rain; the large drops of cold water falling from the sky as if it was crying for her. "Well, that's just fucking perfect," she muttered darkly as the growing downpour soaked her dress and slicked down her hair and fur, leaving her normally fluffy tail a ratlike mess.

"You okay, miss?"

Shoulders and tail drooping, she half-turned to the speaker, and found it was the wolf she'd almost knocked over, standing just under the awning still. "I suppose so, I- wait..." her eyes narrowed slightly as she pushed a lock of her dripping brown hair out of her eyes. "Do I-"

"-know you?" The wolf joined her in finishing the sentence, as his brow furrowed and ears perked. "I could swear I saw you before recently too..."

Michelle was actually the first to make the connection. "Do you happen to know an Alicia?" she asked hesitantly, not sure whether to step back under the awning or to run away and not look back.

"Yes, but- wait, that's you?" His ears fell flat and his tail went limp as realization set in. "I'm so so sorry I'm late... I didn't mean to be but things happened- I got stuck in traffic- I, uh- I'm sorry," he plaintively finished, clearly flustered as whatever thoughts he had in mind went flying like a smartphone being thrown out the window on an interstate.

Michelle shook her head slightly, giving him a small, sad smile. "No, it's alright. This doesn't have to do with you being late, just things happen, like you said."

The wolf fumbled with his umbrella, almost dropping it before it finally popped open, and Michelle found herself having to suppress a small laugh, starting to feel just a bit better. Once he had it up, he padded over to her and lifted it over them both, blocking out the rain for the moment.

"Can I at least walk you back home?" he asked with uncertain eyes. "I don't know what happened, but I wouldn't feel right about leaving you like this."

"Umm...hmmm," the soaked skunkette pondered, tapping her nosepad in thought as water dripped off it. "I... suppose it can't hurt." Sidling around next to him, she pointed down the road. "I'm actually staying at a hotel about 5 blocks that way."

It took a moment for her brown-furred lupine friend to follow her gaze, as when she'd stepped close he'd noticed how her soaked dress was now clinging to every curve of her feminine body, and he could feel the faint stirrings of arousal within his jeans. But this was not the time for such thoughts and he mentally shook them off to peer through the falling rain. "Let's get going then, so we can get you someplace a bit drier."

Michelle snorted softly at that, and together they started down the sidewalk. "You know, I don't think I ever got your name."

The wolf perked up a bit further, giving the shapely skunk a sideways glance. "Dustin. Dustin Tregonsee."

"You can call me Michelle."

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?

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?"

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 confident 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 wolfscock 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... Fuckkkkahhhhh...." she gasped as she felt the growing knob of flesh pressing against her widespread cuntlips, trying to squeeze in. "T-tieeee meeeaaaahhhnnnnngng!"

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."

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...

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.

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 it's 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 splurted 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.

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.

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 Marianas 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 murroans 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 nose pad to nose pad 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.

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 déjà 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."