

Dawn had just broken, blood-red rays of sunlight pouring between the thick tree trunks of the jungle. Raymond did not move a single inch, despite the fact that his legs ached terribly. He had been sitting in his crouched position for hours, waiting. He feared that if he moved even a single muscle, all of his planning would be for naught. Even his lungs seemed lifeless, his breaths pouring out of him as silently as one could ever hope to breathe. While most people would think this was an overzealous for a hunting of any sort of quarry, he knew better. If anything, he felt that despite his planning and hard work, he was *underprepared*. But there was only so much he could feasibly do, and he was now as satisfied as he could ever hope to be.

Raymond (As he would often describe himself at least) was the best of the best, the greatest of all the big game hunters. He had hunted every animal on the face of the planet. He chased the greatest and most dangerous of all the quarries, from the African Sunwa Spider to the elusive Inuta Bugbear. And he always came back from his latest hunting trip with new stories to delight with.

Sure, it was dangerous stuff. He had more than a few scrapes and patches of fur that wouldn't be growing back, that marred his otherwise handsome body, but he would never do a thing to hide his blemishes. Just like the heads up on his wall, he saw them as trophies. He was always eager to show off the scar he got while in Uganda, or that seemingly unthaw-able patch of frost on his right eyebrow from when he went after *Uyki Diablo*. And even if a scar ran from his chin to his forehead after this, this expedition would end like all the others. A brand new story to delight friends and acquaintances with, and a trophy to show off to his fellow hunters.

He was confident, he was brilliant, and he was ready, in his crouched position in the tree. Proper jungle attire on his body (Which was nothing of course, clothes would make you hot and attracted attention), his lucky Winchester in his right paw, and not an inch of movement from his tip to tail. He was ready to catch this, this whatever it was. He was *going* to catch this thing. Sure, the locals (and by locals, that means the people living on the nearest island, as no one dared to live on the same patch of land that this beast inhabited, apparently) told wild tales about how no one came back alive, and no one could ever face the horrible fury of such a beast, but he was sure he'd dealt with worse. And if not, it would be a wonderful new challenge for him, one he was sure he'd overcome. The only problem was, he actually had no idea what he was actually looking for.

All the locals had said was "You'll know when you see." Raymond hadn't the slightest idea what that meant. Did it have pincers, several hundred eyes or legs? Was it incredibly poisonous looking, did it have a horrible shriek that had the ability to drive a man insane? He had no idea what to make of those cryptic words, and all he had seen so far were some deer running below him. Also a squirrel, and a lizard that found him a good resting spot for a few hours, before taking off.

"*What and where is that bloody thing?*" he thought to himself. Hours from now he would decide never to tempt fate like that ever again, if not give up hunting too.

There was an shaking that seemed to suddenly flow through not just the ground, but the air as well. Powerful vibrations ran through him as the tree shook beneath his feet. With each second the shaking became more terrible, until it felt like the entire world was crashing all around him, and, try as he might, he could no longer stay still.

He was quite rattled by all of this, but it was nothing compared to when the beast actually came within his vision. He was lucky. The tree he wasn't inhabiting, but was instead next to, cracked and was pushed to the ground right before his eyes, as a sudden and massive wall of what seemed like coarse, black fur entered his vision. If he had opted for the more comfortably looking tree to his right like he thought about doing, he'd be dead right now.

Now, Raymond was a seasoned hunter, and a sensible man. He knew how to keep his cool, and he was never one to get into childish or pointless tiffs with anyone, or worry needlessly, or anything of that sort. Some would say his only emotions were pride, determination, and thrill of the hunt. However, it was all he could do to keep his bowels from cutting loose, as the silver feline screamed at the top of his lungs. Nothing comprehensible, just screaming.

Unfortunately, like he had surmised in the past (though he wasn't thinking of such a creature as *this* when he this thought entered his mind), the creature's sense of hearing was quite acute, and no more than two seconds had his scream pierced the morning air did he see the wall of thick fur seem to shift, and a massive eye stare directly at his body. In his defense, weak as he felt he did not faint, and even tried to jump from the tree (to certain doom mind you, but it was something). But for something so huge, it was wicked quick, and in less than a second he (sans gun, *of course*) was in it's massive paw.

It *looked* like it was supposed to be a skunk, like one of his past lovers Synthia. What a beautiful creature she was. However, Synthia was not male, and on top of that, not over a hundred feet tall. No, what stood before him, though he had no idea how it came to be, was a huge and horrifying beast of a skunk, like something out of some cheesy Hollywood movie. It held him at head level (he had never been afraid of heights, before now that is) and seemed to examine him with an almost scientific air. Though dirty fur, feral gleam in it's eyes, and unintelligible grunts it was making assured him that this creature was far from civilized. Which made him wonder a great many number of questions on top of the thousands already being prepared to be ask of, well, *God* apparently, since no one else could take credit for such a large thing really. At least, all these questions would be asked, or pondered, if the only one who could be pondering them wasn't a frozen stiff cat who looked something like a heart attack patient that was immortalized in wax.

The creature stared at him for a good five minutes, an eternity to the broken feline, before it (very gently for a creature of such size) put Raymond in its paw, and poked him in the belly, probably to elicit a reaction. And it got its wish, for soon the cat was screaming his head off, looking around for somewhere to run, something to do. But despite clawing, scratching, screaming, and generally running around like a nincompoop in the massive paw pad, he could do nothing. Apparently the titanic sized skunk didn't appreciate the noise though, because he gave the feline's head the slightest of taps, which knocked him down and was almost tantamount to a concussion.

As his vision swam, and he began to get his mind back, Raymond was at a loss for what to do. For really, what could he do? Even if he had all of his equipment he clearly couldn't take down a creature of this size. And since he can't fight, the natural reaction would be flight. However, he obviously couldn't do that either, because what would he do, jump to his death in the jungle canopy? He was screwed, no matter how he assessed the situation. So since he was inevitably going to die anyway, the cat tried to gather all of his wits about him, before standing up as proud and tall as a naked, frightened feline could, and staring back into the eyes of the gargantuan beast.

The too tall skunk seemed to be puzzled by this behavior, and continued to ponder him for a good long while. When the cat almost became convinced that the skunk had thought himself into a comatose state (dead even, if not for the great gushes of air over his body whenever he breathed out), all of a sudden, that second paw was up again, and it as carefully as possible played across his fur.

If it wasn't one of the scariest experiences of his life Raymond would have actually thought it felt very nice. Heck, he hadn't felt *this* nice in ages. Oh dear, with such constant rubbings across his fur, it seemed as if the poor feline forgot his situation entirely for a moment, and was almost beginning to make a fool out of himself, mentally and physically (even though he had little control over the latter).

The massive skunk sniffed the air and Raymond could swear he almost smiled. He had no idea what for at the time, but apparently this skunk was smarter than he thought (as he would recount later). It seemed to smell a very faint and familiar scent coming from the cat, and apparently that was an invitation for him.

Before the cat could react, the paw clasped around him gently, and he felt like he was falling through the air even as he was plastered to the skunk's fingers. When he fell back into the paw pad, and his hand reopened, there it was. The skunk's massive groin. He had a limp member that was probably three times the size of he when erect at least, and he could probably rest comfortably in either side of his sac! The cat, despite himself, was very confused, and more than a little worried. As he should have been, because the paw very suddenly pressed him against the underside of his massive nuts.

Now whether because the scent reminded him of his own animal needs, or because he found Raymond's fur delightful (not a surprising thought considering all the rubs a second ago, and Raymond *did* pride himself on his very fine fur), Raymond would never know, but soon the unfortunate cat found himself gasping for air. He was being rubbed up and down, back and forth, across the massive monster's large, musky skunk sac. It was a very new feeling to him and it definitely wasn't the kind he'd feel ever again.

Back and forth, back and forth, the poor cat was starting to get dizzy and disoriented from the powerful musk, lack of oxygen, and try as he fight it, his own growing arousal. This whole experience, while on a different scale, reminded him of his old boarding school days. Qnd even if that didn't involve horrifyingly large skunks, it once did involve *a* skunk, and that was fun enough. So, as weird as it seemed, the cat just tried to remember that (maybe it was because of the overall lack of oxygen to his brain), and the experience became far more bearable. Almost fun, trying to help the skunk by pressing as hard as he could and rubbing against the titanic sac. Yes, he must have been lacking oxygen, and any little he was getting was obviously going straight to his dick.

However long this had gone on Raymond did not know, but finally the sweat stained and thoroughly disheveled cat found his way back into the open air, staring at the now pulsating skunk dick before him. A large deluge of water suddenly covered him, and he soon realized it was the skunk's drool (and a little bit of something else). The cat was just lucky enough as to not get drowned by it all. The arguably inebriated feline had gotten off into his sac a little bit ago, which was part of the reason why he was so out of it, but that was not good enough for the colossus that held him. So he suddenly grabbed his own member, the cat's head (again, very luckily lest he would literally drown in the musk) hanging out the top of his curved paw, facing away from the dick.

The sound and feeling of its throbs coursed through him, and every so often there was a large moan ringing out from what seemed miles above him. He was moving up and down again, though this time he could do nothing to aid the creature. He could only be used as the comfortable patch of fur that he was obviously meant to be, being rubbed faster, and rougher against the big veiny thing with each passing moment

For as harshly as he rubbed, it seemed the titan took special care not to press so hard he killed the miserable feline. Though this meant very little, for he still felt as if he was on the constant verge of being choked by the fingers and scent. Had he gotten off again in his paw, as ridiculous as the thought was? He couldn't be sure, his mind was barely functioning as it was, without having to count the many accidental and actually enjoyed orgasms he was having (one of the former, two of the latter).

It seemed to be taking the huge skunk ages. Raymond was starting to think he had perhaps been sent to Hell (Or some weird and ironic version of heaven, being mostly straight), and despite that it wasn't a bad as punishment as punishments go, he'd just be rubbed against the very hot (literally

and metaphorically at this point) dick of this unreasonably large skunk for all eternity. However, the organ he was pressed against began to spasm, the huge beast began to spasm, and with a terrifying roar that was heard throughout the whole island, the skunk finally orgasmed, cum that could have made a lake spilling out into the jungle before them. It was with this very jarring experience that the cat could not keep it together anymore, and he blacked out, thinking that this was truly the end.

He woke up in a daze, who knows how long later. He was naked, laying near a stream, and was hit so strongly by the smell of sex that he almost lost consciousness again. He came very close as least, since all blood in his body seemed to immediately divert to his crotch again. He couldn't seem to remember what exactly transpired, but as he looked to his left, he saw what looked like the hair of a beast not made for this earth, twice as long as his body. And he realized that'd be a good enough trophy for him.