

The Wind Before the Rain

Sean stirred the crock pot and gave his latest creation a taste. After a moment's thought, he added more ground ancho chile pepper and stirred it in. The beans were almost perfect, with lots of onion, garlic, bacon, and just a bit of a spicy kick. His latest addition should finish them up nicely.

He looked up at the clock. It was almost time. He fidgeted with the spoon, hoping his dinner would be well received... and that it would have the intended effect. The doorbell rang, and he hustled to the door to greet his date.

Leona stood on the front step, smiling broadly. She was short and moderately plump, but Sean found her extra pounds attractive. Some of his friends accused him of being a chubby chaser, but that wasn't really accurate. He did like full-figured women, but he liked the slender ones too. Beauty, for Sean, came in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. And while Leona was plump, it was a buxom plumpness. Her ample bustline and broad, round rump had been the second thing about her to catch his eye.

The first thing, of course, was the gorgeous, fluffy, black-and-white tail that flowed from the small of Leona's back. She had perky little round ears that peeked up through her hair, as well, covered in soft black fur. No one could miss the fact that Leona had been infected by the Trans-Species Virus somewhere along the line, and she liked to dye a white swath in her long, black hair to emphasize her change. Her nostrils flared and her smile widened still further. "Is that barbecue I smell?" she asked, inhaling deeply.

"It is," Sean confirmed. "I hope that's okay." He stepped back and gestured her inside.

"Absolutely," Leona assured him. "I love barbecue." She sashayed past him, looking around. "This is a nice place," she observed, her voice warm with approval.

"Thanks," Sean told her. "It's a small house, but it's all mine."

"And very tidy for a bachelor pad," Leona teased.

"Well..." Sean said, blushing. "I did take a little extra effort to make it presentable for your first visit," he admitted.

Leona laughed, her voice warm. "First, huh? You're assuming there will be others?"

"I'm hoping so, at least," Sean told her. They had been on a handful of dates, and things had gone very well so far. The two of them shared a lot of interests, and they definitely had chemistry. Leona was a fiercely enthusiastic kisser, and the innuendo that peppered their conversations left no doubt that they were both attracted to each other. Sean hoped fervently that tonight wouldn't turn out to be a disaster.

Leona handed Sean a bag with two bottles of wine. "I figured if you're going to feed me, I could at least bring a little something to drink," she told him.

Sean raised his eyebrows at her. "A bottle apiece?" he asked. "Are you trying to get me drunk to take advantage of me?"

Leona laughed again. "Maybe," she teased. She shrugged, making her cleavage lift distractingly.

"I can live with that," Sean admitted with a grin of his own. He busied himself with opening one of the bottles. "Grab a couple glasses from the hutch," he suggested. "I'll go get our appetizer."

"Fancy," Leona teased. She poured the wine while Sean retrieved a plate from the refrigerator.

"Voila!" Sean announced with a flourish. "I hope you like deviled eggs."

Leona's gray eyes widened. "I do," she said. "But..."

Sean looked disappointed. "But they don't like you?" he finished for her.

Leona bobbed her head from side to side. "Not exactly that," she admitted. She cleared her throat. "It's just that they can make me a little... unladylike," she admitted sheepishly. She glanced away, but then gave Sean an embarrassed smile.

"Don't worry about that," Sean assured her. He fought to hide his excitement. "I'm actually quite good at not hearing things."

Leona barked a short laugh. "Okay," she said, taking one of the offered eggs hesitantly. "But it's not just your hearing I'm worried about." She blushed, but bit into it. "Mmm!" she said, her eyes widening in surprise. "These are really good!"

"Thanks," Sean told her, taking one for himself. He took the glass of wine she offered and led her to the sofa. "There are plenty, so don't be bashful."

Leona opened her mouth, but then closed it again. "Okay," she said skeptically. "If you say so."

"I do," Sean assured her. He reached for the remote. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour or so. I thought we might start a movie in the meantime."

"That sounds good," Leona agreed. She snuggled up beside him on the couch and popped the rest of the egg into her mouth. The two of them started watching a risqué comedy that had been in theaters a few months before, trading knowing glances during some of the racier moments. Sean felt Leona squirm against him, her lush curves pressed close, and his heart beat faster. Just as he turned to kiss her, the kitchen timer went off.

"Hold that thought," he said as he paused the movie and got up.

"Oh my god!" Leona said in horror, looking at the decimated plate of appetizers. "How many of those did I eat?"

Sean shrugged. "No idea," he lied. "I wasn't paying attention." He had actually noticed each of the six deviled eggs Leona had absent-mindedly eaten while her attention was on the movie. "I know I had plenty," he assured her.

Leona brought their wine over to the dining table while Sean brought out dinner. He set down the main-course platter and swept back into the kitchen. "I love ribs!" he heard Leona call after him. "Did you make these yourself?"

"Yep," Sean confirmed as he emerged from the kitchen with the crock pot. "I made everything from scratch."

"Look at you," Leona teased, "going all-out for a girl."

"For a beautiful girl, yes," Sean said, setting down his burden and removing the lid.

"Flatterer," Leona accused with a smile. Her eyes fell to the crock pot. "Baked beans?" she asked, her smile fading and her eyes narrowing. "And deviled eggs?" She raised her eyes to stare stonily at Sean. "Is this some kind of backhanded insult about me being a skunk?" she asked.

"What? No!" Sean blurted. "Why would I do that?"

"So you had no idea that people with skunk genes from TSV tend to be a lot gassier than normal?" Leona probed, scowling.

"I'd heard rumors, sure," Sean admitted. "But—"

"But *what?*" Leona snapped.

Sean sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping. "Look," he said, "why don't you sit down? I have some things I should explain to you. When I'm done, I won't blame you if you never want to see me again. But I hope you'll stay."

Leona eyed him skeptically. "All right," she said, plunking herself down on a chair. "Talk."

Sean sat across the corner of the table with her and took a big gulp of wine for courage. "I would never, ever want to insult you for being a skunk," he insisted. He glanced down, then forced himself to look back up and meet her steely gray eyes. "In fact," he admitted, "that was the first thing about you that caught my eye."

Leona's scowl faded to a puzzled frown. "You mean you're attracted to me *because* I'm a skunk?" she asked.

"Not just because of that," Sean hurried to assure her. "You're beautiful, and you're funny, and I really enjoy your company." He swallowed slowly. "But yes, the fact that you're a skunk turns me on."

"Why?" Leona demanded bluntly.

Sean blushed deeply. "I've always loved the smell of skunk," he admitted. "Ever since I was little. And when I went through puberty, I discovered that the smell really turns me on."

Leona's eyes went wide. "You mean a skunk sprayed you, and you got a hard-on?"

Sean shook his head vehemently. "No, I've never been sprayed," he told her. "But the smell of skunk on the breeze has always given me a woody."

Leona peered intently at him. "So you want me to what? To spray you?" she asked incredulously.

Sean's blush got so dark his ears felt feverish. "I was hoping that someday you might be willing to, yeah," he admitted in a small voice.

"So what's with the eggs and the beans?" Leona pressed him. "Please tell me you know that skunk spray isn't just a nasty fart," she sneered.

"No, no, I know that," Sean insisted. "I just thought that..." His voice trailed off.

"You've come this far," Leona prodded him. "Out with it."

Sean took a deep breath. "I thought that getting sprayed out of the blue might be too much to handle. So I thought maybe I could work up to it."

"Let me get this straight," Leona said slowly, her eyes searching his. "You want to get skunked. But you don't know if you can handle it, so you want to see if you can handle my farts first?"

Sean nodded. "Yeah," he admitted. "That's right."

Leona shook her head, very slowly. "I..." she said. She looked away. "I don't know how I should feel about that." She turned back toward Sean, her eyes damp and gleaming. "So you would have fallen for any skunk woman?" she asked, very softly.

Sean took her hands. "No," he assured her. "Absolutely not. I am attracted to you, not your butt." He blushed again. "Well, I am attracted to your butt," he admitted, making Leona bark out a little laugh, "but because it's a beautiful butt. Just like you have a beautiful face, and a beautiful everything." He smiled at her. "And you're not just beautiful. I love spending time with you, whether we're out dancing or just sitting and watching a movie. I want to get to know you better. The fact that you're a skunk is a bonus for me, but it's just a bonus. Or it could be, if you're willing."

"I..." Leona said again, struggling to find words. She sighed. "Let me think about it. Feed me a fabulous dinner and watch the rest of the movie with me. I don't know what to think right now, but I suppose this is better than having a boyfriend who's afraid of me being a skunk." She shook her head again, looking amazed. "I just never expected to meet someone who was turned on by that particular fact."

"Boyfriend, huh?" Sean teased. "Am I your boyfriend, then?" He waggled his eyebrows at her.

"Jerk!" Leona accused him, but she laughed. "The jury is still out."

"Then permit me to call the first witness," Sean said, taking the tongs and placing several ribs on her plate.

"These do smell good," Leona admitted, leaning over her plate.

Sean held up a ladle. "Beans?" he asked her.

Leona rolled her eyes. "Oh my god!" she laughed. "You are unbelievable!"

"Hey, if you agree to this, I want you to be properly fueled up," Sean told her.

"Masochist," Leona accused. But she held out her plate. "I do love baked beans," she said, "but this could turn out really badly for you."

Sean heaped a generous scoop onto her plate. "More?" he prompted, holding up the spoon.

"Unbelievable," Leona muttered. "That's enough for now," she said. "I haven't even tasted them yet, after all."

Sean spooned a smaller portion up for himself and grabbed some ribs. "Homemade sauce," he offered, passing the gravy boat.

"Nice," Leona commented, pouring it over her ribs. She took a bite of beans, chewed once, and stopped, her eyes wide.

"What is it?" Sean asked. "Are they too spicy? Too salty? Not salty enough?"

Leona resumed chewing and swallowed. "These are amazing!" she gushed. "These just might be the best beans I've ever eaten."

Sean blew out a sigh of relief. "There's plenty," he prompted her.

"So I see," Leona replied, eyeing the crock pot. "Just how much do you think I can eat?" she griped.

Sean laughed. "I like leftovers," he told her.

"Uh huh," Leona answered, not quite agreeing.

The two of them dug into their meal with gusto. Leona didn't say much, and Sean decided it was best to leave her with her thoughts, especially since she seemed to relax more and more as dinner progressed. Leona even had seconds on the beans, and then surprised him with a third helping.

"Hey, you're the one who said you wanted me to be well-fueled," she reminded him.

"That I did," Sean agreed, his heart beating faster. "More wine?" he offered as they got to the bottom of the first bottle.

"Oh, hell yes!" Leona declared. "I can't think of any path this evening will take that won't be improved by more wine."

Sean poured the wine, and they finished their meal. Sean watched her, his eyes roaming over her body. She really was gorgeous. Her legs were thick and shapely, her ass was full and her hips were broad. She had some extra padding on her belly, but that was overshadowed by her impressive chest. Leona caught him looking at her cleavage, and she winked at him.

Sean blushed, but laughed. He let his eyes linger on her round, lovely face, then met her gray eyes squarely. "Shall we get back to the movie?" he suggested.

"Let's," Leona agreed.

They settled back onto the couch, and Sean was encouraged when Leona snuggled up against him once more. The heat of her body against his made it hard to concentrate on the movie. When the camera focused on the butt of one actress, Leona looked up at him. "What if she were a skunk?" she asked. "Would you have the hots for her, too?"

"I have the hots for her anyway," Sean admitted. "She's one of my Hollywood crushes." He turned to look more fully at Leona. "But skunk or no skunk, I'd rather be with you," he insisted.

Leona looked searchingly into his eyes, then smiled, apparently satisfied by what she saw there. "You'd better say things like that if you're going to date a skunk," she griped, settling back against his shoulder again. "Otherwise, things could turn out very badly for you."

Sean grinned. "Darn," he said with poorly feigned sincerity. "I'd hate to have that happen."

Leona poked him in the ribs. "Jerk!" she accused, but she was smiling.

After a few more minutes, Sean risked running his hand down Leona's side, caressing her. She wriggled against him, and they both relaxed further into each other's embrace. But mid-wiggle, a loud gurgle came from Leona's belly. She froze and looked up at Sean. He smiled at her. "Sounds like trouble brewing," he observed.

Leona gave a little snort. "You have no idea," she told him. She flashed him a quick smile. "But you will," she whispered in his ear.

Sean grinned from ear to ear. "Do you want to stop the movie?" he asked hopefully.

Leona shook her head, her long hair slipping along her shoulders. "If we're going to do this, we're going to do it right," she told him, brushing one hand through her hair and fingering the gleaming white stripe. "I need to percolate a little longer. We'll finish the movie."

"Yes, ma'am," Sean enthused.

"Besides," Leona added, "you deserve to wait a while longer for springing this on me out of the blue."

"Sorry about that," Sean murmured. "I just didn't know how to bring it up."

Leona ran a hand across his crotch, making his cock start to get hard. "You'd better know how to bring it up," she teased. "And keep it up."

"Yes, ma'am!" Sean repeated. He fidgeted, shifting his hips.

A few scenes later, Leona's insides rumbled again. Sean squirmed in arousal and held her more tightly against him. "Careful," she warned. "You squeeze too hard, I just might go off."

Sean grinned. "I can live with that," he murmured in her ear.

Leona turned her face up toward him, her lips almost brushing his. "Is that what you want?" she asked softly, her breath warm against his lips. "Do you want me to let one go here, on the couch, with all our clothes on?"

"Um," Sean squeaked. Sweat broke out along his hairline. "Not when you put it like that, no," he admitted.

"So what do you want?" Leona purred. Her eyes sparkled mischievously as she watched Sean's obvious discomfort. "Tell me."

"I want," Sean began, then licked his lips. He cleared his throat and tried again. "I want us to take all our clothes off." He opened his mouth, then blushed furiously, unable to continue.

"Go on," Leona prompted him. "And then what?"

Sean swallowed hard. "I want you to cuff me spread-eagled to the bed and sit on my face," he said hoarsely, his voice barely more than a whisper.

Leona's eyes went wide. "Oh, my!" she said. "Do you really think that's a good idea?"

Sean shook his head. "No," he admitted. "I think it's a really bad idea." He flashed her a brief grin. "But I want you to do it anyway."

"Nasty man," Leona chuckled. "And then?" she prompted again.

"I want you to fart until you run out of gas," Sean muttered, barely audible.

"Ew," Leona grimaced. "I don't know if you can handle that."

Sean shrugged. "I don't know if I can, either," he admitted. "But I want to try." He blushed and looked away, unable to keep looking in her eyes.

Leona gently turned his face back toward hers. "From the way you're acting, I'm guessing that you're not finished. What else?" she demanded softly.

"Then I... I want you to spray me," Sean confessed.

"With my ass right in your face?!" Leona blurted, goggling at him.

Sean nodded. "Yeah, I really do."

"You are absolutely nuts, you know that?" Leona told him. "Well, we can't do that in your bedroom. You'd ruin everything in it. Your house would be downright uninhabitable."

"I know," Sean agreed. "I mean, I've read about it. So I set up a bed in the loft above my garage. It's a detached garage, and I can park outside for a while."

Leona laughed. "You've really planned this out, haven't you?" she teased. Sean just nodded. "There's only one problem," she told him. "If I do that, I don't think you're going to be in any shape to fuck me." She touched the tip of her nose against his, feather-light. "And you are going to owe me a *lot* of orgasms for indulging your nasty little kink."

"As many as you want," Sean assured her. "Whenever you want."

Leona caressed his crotch again. "I'll hold you to that," she assured him, giving him a little squeeze when she said 'hold'. "Now come on. The movie's over."

Sean jerked his head aside to stare at the credits rolling on the screen. He lurched to his feet. "Okay," he blurted, his mind struggling to keep up with events. He could hardly believe his good fortune.

"You're lucky I really like you," Leona told him as he led her to the door. "I wouldn't do this for just anyone."

Sean stopped and turned around. He took Leona into his arms and looked down into her eyes. "Thank you," he told her sincerely. "I'm really glad you're willing to indulge me with this."

"Don't thank me yet," Leona warned him. "You might not be so glad after you smell what's coming."

Sean grinned and turned away, leading her toward the garage. He opened the side door and stepped aside. "After you," he said, gesturing politely.

Leona looked up the narrow stairs and then raised an eyebrow at Sean. "You just want to watch my ass as I go up the stairs," she accused.

“Who wouldn’t?” Sean admitted.

Leona rolled her eyes but smiled and started to climb the stairs. She moved slowly, exaggerating the swing of her broad hips, and raised her tail to reveal her denim-clad buns. Sean’s heart raced as he watched her magnificent rear sway. “You know,” Leona said, “most people would be more than a little nervous to be behind a skunk when she raises her tail.”

“If I don’t seem nervous, I’m a better actor than I thought,” Sean quipped, his voice tight. Leona was right. The view from behind her was bringing to mind all the dire things he had ever read about skunks. No one in their right mind actually went looking for skunk trouble. But here he was, and he wasn’t about to turn back now.

Leona entered the low-ceilinged bedroom, her head barely clearing the angled rafters. Sean had to duck as he followed her. She looked around appraisingly. The floor was bare plywood and there were no actual walls at the sides – just the slope of the roof that met the floor at the edges of the garage. But it was clean and tidy, and an old double bed dominated one end of the low room.

Leona started to unbutton her blouse. Sean stared in rapt fascination as her satiny bra came into view, and she chuckled. “Don’t tell me I’m the only one who’s going to get naked,” she teased.

Sean blushed and started hastily unbuttoning his own shirt. “Right,” he muttered. “Sorry, just enjoying the view.”

“You’d better,” Leona purred. She tossed her shirt onto the bed and unfastened her bra. Her hefty breasts spilled free, her large, dark nipples growing stiff quickly.

“Wow!” Sean murmured, tossing his own shirt aside and kicking his shoes off. “You’re gorgeous!”

Leona preened, arching her back. The motion made her chest look even more impressive, though Sean wasn’t quite sure how that was possible. She ran her hands down her breasts and over her rounded belly, seeking out the buttons of her jeans. She giggled as she watched Sean’s wide-eyed stare. She unfastened her pants and started to pull them down, but stopped. “I suppose you want to see this from the other side,” she suggested.

“I really do,” Sean said softly. He licked his lips.

Leona winked at him and turned around slowly, her tail held high. “It’s not too late to change your mind,” she teased. She bent over slowly, pulling her pants down bit by bit. Her broad, pale rump gradually came into view, now covered only by black satin panties. She shimmied her hips as she pushed her jeans down her thick thighs and past her muscular calves. “You’re still safe for a little longer.” She stepped out of the puddle of denim, her buns undulating.

“I wouldn’t miss this for the world,” Sean told her hoarsely, staring intently at her ample rear.

Leona came back up so that her back was parallel to the floor, her substantial breasts dangling in front of her. She gripped her panties at her hips and slowly peeled them down. Sean stared intently as the cleft of her buns was slowly revealed. When her plump bottom was fully exposed, Leona wiggled it from side to side. Her buns were a little too hefty to reveal her pussy and asshole, but the view was definitely inspiring. Sean felt himself growing hard.

Leona dropped her panties to the floor and stood, smiling back at Sean over her shoulder. She kicked her panties back toward him and nodded at her discarded clothing. "Why don't you toss our clothes down the stairs?" she suggested. "If you decide you really do want me to spray you, we'd best get them as far from us as possible."

"Right," Sean agreed, shaking his head to break his near-hypnotic trance. He hastily finished undressing, scooped up all their clothes, stuffed them in a spare pillowcase, and tossed them down the stairs. When he turned back toward Leona, his cock bobbed in the air in front of him.

"Ooh!" Leona squealed, spinning on the balls of her feet and stepping toward him. "Gimme!" She reached down and wrapped her fingers around Sean's shaft.

Sean grinned giddily. "It's all yours," he assured her.

"And I intend to use it hard," Leona said, her voice a low growl. "But I believe you said something about being cuffed to the bed?" she reminded him.

Sean nodded. "The cuffs are already in place," he said, pulling away from her reluctantly. He laid down on the bed. "All you have to do is fasten me into them." He spread his limbs toward the corners of the bed.

The cuffs were Velcro straps, attached to longer nylon straps that ran under the mattress. Leona sauntered around the bed, fastening each limb into place and testing to be sure the straps were secure. "So you want to be held captive while I do this, do you?" she mused. Sean watched her lush curves as she moved around the bed, saying nothing. "I guess that means you expect to suffer." She flashed him a wicked smile. "Seems to me that's a sign you have a notion of what you're getting into," she observed. "That's good."

Leona climbed up onto the bed and loomed over Sean on all fours, leering down at him with her breasts brushing lightly against his chest. Her tail waved in the air behind her. "Of course, it also looks like you want to be dominated." She swung her shoulders from side to side, brushing her nipples across his skin. "Is that right?"

Sean nodded shakily. "Yes," he grunted. "I really do."

Leona shook her head gently. "I really don't have much practice with that sort of thing," she admitted. "But I'll do what I can." She pushed herself upright on her knees, stretching her arms overhead. Her fingertips brushed the rafters. Sean drank in the sight of her curves, his arms brought up short as he instinctively tried to reach for her, yearning to caress her broad hips and padded thighs. "Do you want to fuck me?" Leona purred. Sean nodded vigorously. "You'd better," she warned. "I'm going to give you what you want, and I'm going to expect you to return the favor."

"Understood," Sean said meekly.

Leona turned, swinging first one leg and then the other across Sean's torso so that she was facing away from him. She brushed her hair back behind her shoulders and looked back at him. Her long, straight hair gleamed in the dim light like a still pool at night, the white streak standing out like moonlight on the water. Her lush, thick tail waved high, its white highlights gleaming like the stripe in her hair. But Sean

barely paid her beautiful hair and fur any attention. His eyes were fixed on her plump backside. "Do you think my ass is fat?" she asked.

"What? No! Your ass is gorgeous!" Sean insisted.

"It can't be both?" Leona teased, wiggling her hips. Her buns undulated.

"I..." Sean stammered. "I guess it can."

"Hey!" Leona snapped. "You didn't have to agree so quickly! Don't you know it's rude to tell a woman she has a fat ass?" Sean opened his mouth as if to protest, but she stilled him with a pointed finger. "I guess I'm going to have to punish you," she informed him.

"Oh!" Sean murmured. "Oh, right." He grinned.

Leona winked at him. She shuffled backward slowly, her hefty buns swaying as they loomed closer to his face. She reached behind herself with both hands and spread her cheeks wide, revealing her pussy and puckered asshole. "Take a good look," she told Sean. "This is the last thing you're going to see before I get nasty."

Sean complied happily. "I can live with that," he told her softly. He stared at the wrinkled ring of her asshole, memorizing the sight. Having a skunk's asshole so close to his face made him clench his hands involuntarily. He carefully shifted so that he could wrap his fingers around the straps and grip them hard, his heart pounding. He was amazed and thrilled that Leona was willing to indulge him, but instinct still urged him to flee. He braced himself for what he was about to endure.

"We'll see about that," Leona said. She sat on Sean's face, settling her weight so that he had only the barest breathing space between his nose and her asshole. "You certainly used a lot of horseradish in those eggs," she observed. Her fleshy buns pressed against his cheekbones.

"Mm-hmm," Sean agreed, his mouth covered by her pussy.

"And a lot of onions and garlic in the beans," Leona continued. "They were spicy, too. Do you have any idea what that kind of thing does to a skunk girl?" she asked. Her insides rumbled ominously.

"Mm-hmm," Sean repeated, his voice a little higher and tenser. He strained against the straps, but they were secure.

Leona's asshole clenched and relaxed again. "I can't hold it in much longer," she warned, "but I'll give you a chance to change your mind. All you have to do is tell me."

Sean said nothing. His heart raced.

Leona chuckled. "That's what I thought," she said. "It's your funeral." She grunted softly and pushed. Her asshole flexed outward, brushing against Sean's nostrils. A deep, long, rumbling fart blew across his face and up his nose, rank and warm.

The stink was unbelievable. Sean had never encountered such a vile fart in his entire life. It was thick and sulfurous, and so pungent it made his eyes water. "Mmph!" he protested. But despite how horrible it smelled, he forced himself to sniff hard, filling his nose and lungs with it. His breath caught in his

throat several times, but he doggedly forced himself to keep inhaling the rank, earthy aroma. It made him a little nauseated, but he realized it was making him hard, too.

"Oh, that's nasty!" Leona gasped. "I can barely stand the smell myself, and you're actually sniffing my asshole? You really are a kinky one." She wriggled in her seat, mashing her ass against his face. Sean's air was cut off, leaving him with his lungs full of her foul gas. After a few moments, she let up just enough pressure to let him breathe through his nose. She bit her lower lip and grunted again. Sean felt her asshole press against the tip of his nose. An instant later, a jet of warm air hissed from her ass and up his nostrils.

The stink grew even more intense. Leona's SBD went on for several long heartbeats, and if anything, the smell was even more concentrated. Sean sniffed it up doggedly, fighting his gag reflex. He felt like his nose hairs must be curling from the intensity of the stench, ripe and eggy and foul.

"Do you like that?" Leona teased. "My doctor told me why my farts are so bad now. He said farts stink because of hydrogen sulfide, and my skunky scent glands make my body even better at extracting the sulfur from the foods I eat." She wiggled her butt, dragging Sean's face from side to side. "And you, you clever boy, fed me all sorts of things to make me particularly fragrant." She bounced in her seat a few times, mashing Sean's head into the pillow. "So do you understand yet why this was such a bad idea?"

"Mmph," Sean mumbled.

Leona giggled and got up onto her knees. "What was that?" she asked.

"Yes," Sean gasped, his nose wrinkling. He gasped for breath. "I certainly do."

"So do you want me to stop?" Leona asked. Her tail waved in the air behind her, and her ass loomed over Sean's face.

"No," Sean breathed softly. "I really don't."

Leona goggled at Sean. "You really are a glutton for punishment," she told him.

"So punish me," Sean urged her quietly.

Leona shook her head, but the corners of her mouth twitched upward as she fought a smile. She plunked her chunky ass down onto Sean's face again. "If you insist," she said. She gyrated her hips, her back writhing. Her insides growled. "Let's see how much I can work loose in one go," she said. She wriggled on Sean's face at length, forcing him to steal sniffs of air when he could, his nose buried in the cleft between her buns. All the while, her body gurgled and bubbled.

When Leona's gyrations dragged her asshole across Sean's lips, he had a sudden inspiration. He darted his tongue out and gave that nasty pucker a lick on its way by. Leona froze in place. "Oh!" she gasped softly. "That's very daring of you... and very foolish." She tilted her hips and planted her back door directly on his mouth. "Just how daring are you feeling?" she asked.

Sean snaked his tongue up her ass, licking as deeply as he could. Leona let out a little moan. "Oh, that feels wonderful," she crooned. She let him lick for a few moments, then added, "You really should take that out, though. I'm holding back an absolute monster, and I really don't think you want me to let it go in your mouth."

Sean made no answer. He just kept licking, thrusting his tongue repeatedly up her rear entry.

“Okay,” Leona said breathily. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” She started to push, making it easier for Sean to bury his tongue deep in her ass. Then a long, brassy gust of gas gushed over his tongue and into his mouth. It tasted acrid and rotten, making Sean gag, but he forced himself to inhale, sucking the foul odor deep into his lungs. Leona’s fart kept going, blowing her rump raspberry down his throat. The pressure started to taper off, but she grunted and bore down harder, renewing the vile-smelling wind that blew down Sean’s throat and filled his lungs with its thick, putrid scent. Sean gagged repeatedly, but he sucked in her gas as best he could, gasping and choking. His eyes leaked tears down his temples and into his hair. But despite everything, his dick poked straight up in the air, straining for attention.

Leona clamped a hand over her mouth and nose. “Oh, gawd!” came her muffled voice. “That stinks worse than anything I’ve let loose before.” She coughed. “Well, except for my spray, of course.” She got up onto her knees, her legs a little shaky. Sean gasped for air, grimacing from the horrible taste and smell that filled his airways. He sucked in fresh air greedily, although ‘fresh’ was a relative term. The scent of the skunk woman’s farts made the air feel thick around him.

Leona’s asshole puckered outward, and Sean watched helplessly as she loosed another short, fragrant blast right in his face. She strained, and her asshole flexed again. Nothing came out, and she waggled her hips. Sean inhaled to ask her to stop, but his breath caught in his throat as he sucked in more of her reeking gas. Leona leaned back and grunted, and she let loose an intermittent stream of short pops and toots that puffed warm, smelly air onto his upturned face. Then she gasped and leaned forward onto all fours, breathing heavily. “I think I’m out,” she announced.

“Good,” Sean panted hoarsely. “I have never smelled such awful farts in my entire life!”

“I warned you,” Leona reminded him, looking back at him over her shoulder. She gave him a wink and a smile. “At least now you know why you don’t want me to skunk you,” she stated. “After all, that would be much, much worse.”

“I...” Sean said. He shuddered at the thought of something smelling even worse than the horrid gas he had just endured. “I have to know,” he told her. “Just how bad it is, I mean.”

Leona raised an eyebrow at him. “You’re kidding!” she said. “Don’t you think you’ve suffered enough already?”

“Why don’t you ask mini-me?” Sean suggested.

Leona looked down and gasped. “Holy shit!” she exclaimed. “You have a hard-on after all that? Unbelievable!”

“You keep using that word,” Sean said, waggling his eyebrows at her. “I do not think it means what you think it means.”

“Dork,” Leona retorted with a roll of her eyes. “Look,” she said, adopting as reasonable a tone as she could, “I really don’t think you understand what you’re asking me to do. The stink will be far worse than what I just did to you, and it’s not just the stink.” She shook her head, her mouth forming a thin, flat line. “Skunk spray will burn your nose and throat, it’ll make your eyes feel like they’re on fire – hell, it’ll

probably even blind you for a while because knowing you, you won't be able to resist staring right at my ass!"

"Of course I won't," Sean agreed. "You have a magnificent ass." He smiled at her.

Leona rolled her eyes again. "Then consider this," she persisted. "Right now, you're nice and hard, and you can grab that magnificent ass and fuck me from behind." Her eyes smoldered. "Hell, you can fuck me *in* my magnificent ass. In fact, I really hope you do." She wiggled her big, round rear enticingly at Sean's face. "But if I spray you, there's no way you'll have the energy to do that, even if by some miracle you do manage to stay hard." She bit her lip, then confessed, "I came here intending to get laid tonight. I really don't want to have to take care of myself."

"Wow," Sean murmured, his eyes wide. "You do make a compelling case, I must admit. Can I make you a counter-proposal?"

Leona's eyes narrowed. "I'm listening," she said slowly.

"If you spray me, I grant that I may not be able to do anything about your gorgeous nakedness right away," Sean admitted. "But!" He licked his lips. "I will eventually recover. And when I do, I'll do anything you want for as long as you want." He grinned. "For an entire week."

Leona laughed. "It doesn't sound to me like you'll be making any great sacrifice," she teased. "Still, having you at my beck and call for a week does sound intriguing." She eyed Sean skeptically. "Are you really sure you want me to do this?"

Sean nodded. "I'm sure. I've wanted this ever since TSV first hit the news."

"All right," Leona finally conceded. "I must really like you, to do something this crazy."

"Lucky me," Sean told her.

"You won't feel so lucky when I'm done with you," Leona promised.

"Make it bad," Sean urged. "I want to feel what it's like to be on the wrong end of a skunk woman's wrath."

Leona nodded slowly. She thought for a moment and then got back up onto her knees and looked over her shoulder at Sean, her face serious. "Then let's make sure you have a proper appreciation of your predicament, Mister," she told him, her voice low and menacing. "There is a naked skunk girl kneeling on your bed in front of you. She has her back to you. She's already raised her tail..." She waved said tail gently for emphasis. "...and that tail just went from 'I'm warning you' to 'I'm about to let loose'." The graceful arc of her tail straightened and its beautiful fur fanned out. "You see, you've already upset her enough this evening that she almost stormed out before dinner."

"I'm sorry," Sean said sincerely.

"Oh, you will be," Leona assured him. "Because to make matters worse, you told said skunk she has a *fat* ass." She gave Sean a predatory grin. "That's never a smart move, with any woman. But you weren't content to leave things at that, oh no," she continued, her voice holding a tremor of scorn or disbelief. "You had to go and get yourself *tied up* behind said upset skunk woman." She reached back and spread

her buns again, revealing her back door. "You can't run. You can't hide. And you certainly can't talk her out of demonstrating just what happens when someone is as rude as you've been."

Sean stared at the wrinkled ring of her asshole and swallowed hard. Sweat broke out all along his hairline. He licked his lips, but said nothing.

"Do you understand what's going to happen to you?" Leona growled.

Sean nodded jerkily. "Yes," he answered, his voice tight.

Leona leaned back, her hips going back and her shoulders going forward for balance. Her ass hovered less than a handspan from Sean's face. Her asshole clenched, and then relaxed again. "Do you really?" she purred.

"Yes," Sean repeated, his voice barely audible.

"Take a good look at my ass," Leona urged him. "Remember just how awful my farts smelled." She waited, letting Sean consider his situation. "Now think about how much worse it will be to actually get *skunked*," she growled.

Sean's dick twitched at the word 'skunked'. He tugged at the straps holding his wrists, but didn't look away from her ominous tailpipe.

"Have you ever seen a skunk's artillery?" Leona asked softly. Her asshole puckered slightly.

"No," Sean whispered. "I never have."

"Of course you haven't," Leona retorted. "If you had, you would have done everything in your power to avoid seeing that sight again." She chuckled softly. "Because, as I'm sure you realize by now, you'll only see my stench guns when I'm about to fire." Her asshole puckered outward further. After a moment, two little red nubs slid into view.

Sean pulled harder at the straps on his wrists and tried to move his legs, but of course, he was trapped. His gaze never wavered from his impending doom. The dark red of Leona's sprayers, the pucker of her asshole, her round, looming ass... the entire scene was burning itself into Sean's memory. Leona just waited, poised to fire her dire weaponry. Sean stared intently, his breathing rapid and his heart pounding.

Finally, Leona's asshole flexed just a tiny bit more. There was the faintest wet sound as fountains of gleaming, golden droplets erupted from the skunk's scent glands. Thick, oily wetness splattered onto Sean's face, drenching his skin. Sean was shocked at how much of it there was, and how quickly it soaked his face. The briefest instant later, the smell hit him, and the wetness was immediately forgotten. Leona's farts were like roses in comparison. The acrid, sulfurous reek burned his nostrils and clawed at his throat. He gagged, his throat closing against the invading stench. His eyes felt like they had been rubbed hard with freshly cut onions, and the world went black. Tears streamed down his cheeks and he blinked furiously, but the pain in his eyes was eclipsed by the burning ache in his lungs. He had never smelled anything so potent or so foul, but even so, it turned him on. He clenched his teeth and forced himself to sniff.

Sean's chest heaved with a wracking cough in immediate reaction to his ill-advised inhalation. He hacked and gagged, and each cough felt like it was pounding the skunk's stink deeper into the walls of his lungs. His sinuses stung, making the tears flow even harder. Sean fought to bring his breathing under control. It took longer than he expected, but he managed it. Then he sniffed again, long and slow.

Another coughing fit threatened to seize his body, but Sean fought it down, sniffing raggedly. The horrifying, putrid reek poured into his nose and filled his airways. He blinked hard, squeezing tears away as light began to fill his eyes again. The world was a fleshy blur, but he gradually brought it into focus. Leona's ass still hovered over his soggy face, but she was twisted to the side so that she could look down at him, her brow furrowed with worry. Both hands covered her mouth and nose. "Are you all right?" she asked, her voice muffled. "I've never had to spray anyone before. That looked awful."

"It was," Sean rasped, and the effort of speaking set him to coughing again. He fought it down quickly, then repeated, "It was." He grinned weakly. "Do it again."

"What?!" Leona shrieked incredulously. "Are you crazy?"

"Maybe," Sean admitted, his voice a husky wheeze. "But I'm horny, too."

Leona whipped her head around to stare at his cock, her hair flying outward with the motion. Her hands went out to her sides to keep her balance. She gaped at Sean's erection. "That's unreal!" she gasped. Her nose wrinkled as she smelled her own stink with her face uncovered. "Ugh!" She complained. "That's disgusting! How in the hell can you be hard after that?"

Sean shrugged, but the motion was muted by his restraints. "I have no idea," he admitted.

"But there's no way you could really want me to do that again," Leona insisted. "Could you?"

Sean gave her a lopsided grin. "Did you hear what I did after you sprayed me the first time?"

Leona looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Let me give you a hint," Sean said. He gave a big sniff, his nose wrinkling at the stench that still clung to his face. He tried to smile confidently, but it ended up being a grimace. At least he managed not to gag visibly.

"Oh, my gawd!" Leona exclaimed. She held a hand up to her mouth and giggled. "You are an absolute masochist!" she accused, but her eyes crinkled with laughter.

"So what do you say?" Sean asked hoarsely. "When are you going to show me how bad it is to get skunked?" His voice trembled, and he hoped Leona didn't notice. It really had been horrible, but he was dying to know if it was as bad the second time around. And even as awful as it was, he was more turned on that he ever remembered being before.

"Fine!" Leona growled around a smile. "You want to act like a tough guy? Show me how tough you are." She leaned back again, sticking her ass right in Sean's face. There was half as much room between them as there had been before. "Take a big sniff as I spray you this time," she demanded.

"What?!" Sean croaked, his bloodshot eyes wide.

“Not so tough now, are you?” Leona teased. She wiggled her butt from side to side, then centered her back door above his nose again.

Sean stared at that baleful pucker, his heart in his throat. “Fine,” he finally rasped. “Do your worst.”

Leona raised an eyebrow. “Really?” she taunted. “My worst?”

Sean gave a jerky nod. “Your absolute worst,” he insisted, his heart pounding. He almost licked his lips, but then remembered that they were coated with skunk spray, just like the rest of his face.

“Two weeks,” Leona demanded.

“What?” Sean blurted, confused.

“Promise to be my sex toy for two weeks,” Leona clarified.

“Oh!” Sean said, his face clearing. “Oh, hell yes!”

“Then take a big sniff, tough guy,” Leona purred, “and I’ll unleash hell.”

Sean swallowed nervously. After Leona’s first shot, he was more than a little worried. He had never smelled anything so foul, and the stink still filled his nostrils. But he exhaled completely, then began a long, slow sniff right behind the skunk woman’s asshole.

Leona’s weaponry darted into view this time and spat a sudden torrent of oily musk that was centered perfectly on Sean’s nose. Sean snorted a little of the thick, gooey stuff up before it blocked his nostrils momentarily. The inside of his nose burned furiously, and Sean sneezed, scattering a fine mist of musk. He inhaled in reflex, and then immediately started a painful, wracking cough. The only consolation was that he had been so close and the skunk’s barrage so tightly focused that her second shot didn’t blind him. Tears still flowed freely, but he could see her sudden movement through them.

Leona whooped, getting back up onto her knees more fully again. “You got skunk spray all over my ass!” she complained.

Sean couldn’t answer, but he did smile through his coughing fit. It was her own fault that he had sneezed, making him sniff her asshole like that. He fought for air, taking huge, ragged gulps of the skunk’s stink. His smile turned immediately to a twisted grimace. The smell was even more intense than it had been the first time around. He would not have believed that could be possible.

“You’ll pay for that, bucko!” Leona growled, smiling ferociously. She shoved her ass back at Sean’s face and unleashed a burst of fine mist at point-blank range. Sean gasped in shock, inhaling a horrifying amount of the noxious stuff, which of course set him to coughing even worse. The smell filled every nook and cranny of his airways and made his head throb. His eyes burned and stung, his tears flowing. His chest heaved and spasmed, expelling the foul scent one jerky cough at a time. Finally, his lungs burning and empty, he inhaled, gasping desperately for air.

But Leona wasn’t finished. The skunk woman fired again, blasting him in the face with another plume of oily mist that added another clinging layer to his face and hung in the air around his head. Sean tried to stop inhaling, to hold his breath against this latest assault, but it was no use. His body was too desperate for oxygen. He sucked in a horrifying amount of Leona’s rank, acrid perfume. The noxious stuff seared his lungs and made him retch. He gagged and choked, struggling for air. The vile aroma seemed to fill

him up completely. His ribs ached and he let out a hacking, ragged breath, his throat threatening to clench against the intense reek on the way out as well. His head spinning, he gulped in another desperate breath.

Leona sprayed yet again, her stench guns spurting like an industrial-strength fog machine. Misty wetness showered onto Sean's face. Sean yanked on the straps holding his wrists with all his might as he was forced to inhale still more skunk spray. The bedposts creaked, but his bonds held. He couldn't escape. His airways burned ferociously, filled with an appalling concentration of Leona's acrid stink. He was dimly aware that his dick was still rock-hard, but he had no attention to spare for that otherwise remarkable fact. His entire being was focused on the vile musk that saturated his face and filled his lungs with the most intense, most revolting stench he had ever encountered.

Sean let out another ragged, choking breath. Despite his urgent need for air, he forced himself to pause, waiting for the next horrifying barrage from Leona's fleshy, looming ass. He tried to focus through his tears, trying to see if she was getting ready to let go again, but his eyes burned too fiercely. His tears flowed faster than he could blink them away. Nothing happened for a long moment, but still Sean held his breath. He couldn't bear the thought of sucking in any more of that pungent mist. But eventually, he had to breathe. He inhaled cautiously, his chest shuddering. The stench of skunk was thick in the air, but he was spared another spraying.

Leona leaned forward, and Sean heard her voice as if from a distance. "Are you okay?" she asked, her voice thick with worry. "You asked me to do my worst, but I think I might have gotten a little too carried away." She stroked his stomach gently. "Ok, maybe a lot carried away." She cleared her throat and paused before she continued. "I've never been with someone who likes being dominated, and I got caught up in punishing you." She wagged her broad ass slowly from side to side. "I guess I never really considered that it might be fun to let loose and use my new artillery to its fullest." She chuckled. "I know you really wanted me to get nasty, but I'm pretty sure you got more than you bargained for." She started unfastening the cuffs around Sean's wrists.

Sean blinked slowly, gradually bringing Leona's beautiful face into focus. She was biting her lower lip, and looked torn between worry and excitement. He smiled weakly. He whispered, too softly for even himself to hear.

Leona brushed her hair over one shoulder and leaned in close, her ear next to Sean's mouth. Her face twisted into a grimace, but she didn't back away from the stench that coated him thoroughly. "What was that?" she asked.

"I'm horny," Sean whispered in her ear.

Leona sat up abruptly and stared at him, her eyes wide. Then she let out a whoop of laughter. "You had better be," she said with a hungry-looking grin. "You owe me bigtime for that, and I'm not a patient girl."

"Then hop on," Sean suggested weakly, with a nod toward his still-stiff cock.

"Before we clean you up?!" Leona gasped. "Are you serious?"

Sean nodded. "But I think you'll have to do all the work... for now."

Leona grimaced, her nose wrinkling, but her eyes twinkled. "It stinks like hell in here," she complained. "Or, more precisely, *you* stink like hell," she accused. She shook her head and laughed. "But I suppose if I went to all that trouble to indulge your masochistic fantasy, I might as well let you enjoy the full effect." She bit her lower lip and smirked. "Besides," she admitted, "I really don't want to wait to feel you inside me. I've never met anyone who was so turned on by me being a skunk, and I'm starting to realize I like the appreciation even if I don't much care for the air quality."

"Good," Sean rasped, "because I really want to fuck you."

Leona shuffled slowly forward on her knees, her buns undulating. Sean watched her appreciatively, his bloodshot eyes drinking in the sight, carefully committing both curves and motion to memory. Leona stopped when she reached his hips, straddling him. She grinned back over her shoulder, clearly enjoying the attention. She raised her arms and piled her hair on top of her head, giving Sean a peek of her breast. "Do you like reverse cowgirl?" she purred.

Sean grinned. "I do," he admitted. "It lets me watch your ass while we fuck."

Leona gave him a sly smile. "Well, reverse skunkgirl is a lot like reverse cowgirl, but it's a lot more dangerous." She wiggled her plump bottom and winked. "So you'd better make me happy. Understand?" She lowered her arms, letting her striped hair tumble down over her shoulders, and planted her hands on her broad hips. Her tail waved lazily behind her, its tip curled over in a broad arc.

Sean leered at her. "Understood," he told her.

"I'm sure you do," Leona purred. She wrapped the fingers of one hand around his shaft and guided him toward her pussy. Then she lowered herself down until her nether lips lightly brushed his tip. Sean groaned as she stopped and swiveled her hips slowly back and forth, teasing him. Leona licked her lips. "You're awfully excited," she observed, her voice husky. "I hope you don't cum too soon."

Sean opened his mouth to answer, but Leona lowered herself down onto him. Both of them moaned as her tight wetness gradually engulfed his length. Once she was completely impaled on him, Leona paused, pressing down firmly. She smirked at Sean over her shoulder. "One last thing," she gasped. "I'm pretty excited myself." She licked her lips. "I just might lose control and spray when I cum." She grabbed her big, round buns with both hands and spread them wide.

Sean stared at her asshole. He knew firsthand now just how awful it was to get skunked – and the thought turned him on even more than it had before. The possibility of Leona letting loose while she fucked him was going to make him even more likely to cum 'too soon'. He opened his mouth to say so, but Leona started rising and falling, riding his cock slowly. Sean groaned, wishing he could put his hands on her magnificent ass while she fucked him. But bound as securely as he was, all he could do was watch.

Leona's buns rippled in her grip as she rode him, mashing into a gorgeous bubble every time she impaled herself. Her tail bobbed and waved in the air behind her, and her asshole clenched and flexed. Sean swallowed anxiously and twisted the straps at his wrists until the bedframe creaked, his eyes fixed on the skunk girl's business end. He was aware of her smooth, thick thighs; of her ample breasts jiggling and peeking around her sides; of her fiery eyes and hungry smile. But all of that was peripheral to the

feel of her pussy and the threat of her broad booty. The stink of skunk filled his nostrils, concentrating his attention on her backside.

Leona started rising and falling faster, gradually gaining speed. Her moans grew louder and sharper. Sean could feel his orgasm looming far too close. He bit his lip, trying to stave it off. He grimaced at the foul taste of skunk spray that clung to his lips, but the unpleasant flavor did nothing to blunt his arousal. "Oh god," Leona gasped. "I'm close!" Her asshole clenched hard, then started to flex outward. Her tail shot bolt upright and its fur fanned out. "Here it comes!" she hissed.

Sean grunted and shot his load, spurting deep into Leona's tunnel. Leona shrieked in delight and sat down hard, her meaty buns clenching together tightly. Her fingers gripped her rear so hard her fingertips turned white. She threw her head back, her eyes closed and her lips parted. Then her body slowly unclenched, her back and thighs trembling. She grinned drunkenly back at her partner and captive. "That was hot!" she gasped.

"I thought you were going to lose control for sure," Sean panted in answer.

Leona chuckled. "Skunks don't lose control and spray," she informed him. "I just told you that to see if I could get us to cum at the same time." She grinned hugely. "It worked."

"Oh," Sean said, a little disappointed. "So there wasn't any chance you were going to skunk me?"

Leona giggled and wrinkled her nose. "You are insatiable," she accused. "There wasn't any chance I was going to spray you *accidentally*," she told him. Then she grinned again. "But I have to admit, I was tempted to give you another shot on purpose... right in the face." She blushed. "I never would have expected to get turned on at the thought of spraying someone, but knowing you want to suffer through it puts an entirely new light on the whole situation." She brushed her hair away from her sweaty forehead. "So don't be surprised if I let loose next time we're fucking," she added with a wink.

Sean grinned back. "So we will be fucking again?" he asked hopefully.

Leona slapped his thigh playfully. "You owe me two full weeks of orgasms," she reminded him. "And I intend to collect, no matter how badly you stink."

"Good," Sean panted. His heavy breathing filled his lungs with the aroma of skunk spray, which was already turning him on again. "I, uh..." he ventured. He cleared his throat. "I want to thank you for indulging me like this."

Leona shrugged, making her breasts rise and fall distractingly. "I can't say I ever expected anyone to be turned on by getting skunked," she told him, "and it will definitely take some getting used to. But it was more fun than it sounded when you bumbled your way through the suggestion." She shook her head and smiled. "Besides, I'd much rather have a boyfriend who's turned on by my changes than one who just puts up with them."

"There's that word again," Sean observed with a smile. "Boyfriend."

Leona smiled back. "Provisional boyfriend, let's say," she corrected him. "You have a two-week probationary period to demonstrate how often you can make me cum."

Sean eyed her lush figure appreciatively, and his nostrils flared as he inhaled deeply, drinking in the scent of skunk. "That's a challenge I'm really going to enjoy," he assured her.

"You'd better," Leona warned. She spread her cheeks again. "After all, you made an entire crock pot of beans, and I don't intend to let any of them go to waste." She winked at him and grinned.

"That would be a shame," Sean murmured in agreement. He had a feeling he was going to be spending quite a lot of time behind Leona over the next two weeks. He smiled. That suited him just fine.