

Briscoe shivered a bit as he worked his way through the dairy section, feeling a twinge in his nerves as he did so. It wasn't that the skunk had anyone doing anything to him, he'd just come to the grocery store for supplies while his friend was visiting, and.. Briscoe's phone went off and he reached down to look at the screen, then went kind of blank. The skunk couldn't remember what he'd just been thinking, but- well, did it matter? It itched a little in his brain. His ass, too. That was a bit itchy. Nobody was around to watch either, so-

“How did I get here again..? I.. don't remember driving. I was just-”

Reaching behind himself, the skunk tugged at his shorts and scratched idly at his ass – at that itch. Which left him catching a whiff of what was underneath. It wasn't *his own* funk, it was a unique one. Acrid, heady, humid, kind of *stale* too. Familiar. The first whiff crawled into Briscoe's head and made the skunk go still where he stood, it left his shorts tighter by the second, and.. hotter. His nerves tightened up, that stink in his head felt like it was crawling under his skin. Massaging him, caressing him, from the inside out.. Right up until he felt a blissful release flood his nerves and a hot, sticky eruption paired with it.

It took a few seconds before the rush passed, and by the time Briscoe's head was clear he realized just what had happened. The damp patch in the front of his shorts was, mercifully, not *that* visibly soaked with cum after that but it left his crotch tacky and sticky. And it left him flooded with heat, breathing hard, hands white knuckled tight on the basket full of snacks he was carrying. The skunk started to rush for the checkout lanes, trying not to think about being slathered in his own cum. Not something he could really do, not with how it felt, with how he smelled.. Briscoe was funky and could not remember the last time he showered. The skunk ran himself through the self checkout and loaded his food into bags, then paused as he felt his phone buzzing in his pocket..

Briscoe reached down to look at it, then froze up.. and felt.. empty? Pleasantly empty, relaxed, but a bit stuck. Like his mind was a record skipping over a couple of seconds of silence. Itchy though, he was itchy too. Briscoe blinked a little and reached back to scratch at himself despite there being *throng*s of people around.. and despite how much the boxers he was in *reeked*. All it took was breaking that seal his waistband formed and that musky rush hit him like a wall.

One that set that fire in his nerves off all over again. The skunk was *so close* to the doors, but he couldn't get his feet to move. All he could do was feel the pulsing, throbbing bliss hit his nerves again and take his breath away. Barely able to think, barely recovered from last time, Briscoe went

*rock hard* again and couldn't move his body until he'd stood there and cum all over again. So soon after the last one it almost hurt, but that was just a bit of spice to the bliss. The skunk let out a half strangled gasp, trying to shake his legs into moving, but that didn't work until he had a good *obvious* wet patch on his pants this time. And by then? He broke out into a run, heading for his car as fast as he possibly could. The skunk had to leave behind the sounds of everyone gagging, muttering, and talking – about *him*. They had to be. But then he ended up in the front seat and his phone buzzed.. and he didn't much remember the ride home.

He got there though. Briscoe blinked, confused, and tried to work his way backward from where he was standing, but.. he just felt a vague itching? And that sticky patch between his legs. Reaching down to touch himself, Briscoe was still standing there like that when the door opened. Jasper just leaned on the frame, the jackal's presence added a bit of a new flavor to the empty patches in Briscoe's head – sharp and acrid and musty. Stale, clinging, *intense*. It left Briscoe's anxiety melting away as he stepped closer to Jasper, only for the jackal to reach out a hand and put it to the skunk's chest.

“Ey, bout time you got back. Anything go wrong out there, my pungent little friend?”

With tension melting out of his frame, Briscoe just hung on that space and tried to think about anything other than how the jackal smelled, with no success whatsoever.

“N-no..? Nothing uh.. nothing.. wrong. I feel.. good?”

Jasper's face twisted itself into a grin, the jackal looked down into the bags on Briscoe's arms and then pulled him into the apartment.

“Well you should, why wouldn't you? It isn't like you came your pants in front of people, that would be *embarrassing*. So, I think, since you've done so well today I'll *reward you*. I'm going to enjoy myself a bit with the beef jerky and beer you picked up and you? Come on-”

Briscoe's whole frame shivered as Jasper grasped him by the chin and pulled him along after. The Jackal went straight for the couch, turning the flat screen on, and dropping his pants. There weren't any boxers on under it.. Briscoe managed to dimly remember *why* right as he was being guided down to stuff his face up against the jackal's exposed cock. *He* was wearing them, the unwashed cum-stained wreck of a pair of boxers were currently stuck to his thighs and that.. well, Briscoe was getting hard faster than Jasper was even when he buried his snout into the Jackal's miasma-laced crotch. The funky unwashed shaft slid into his mouth and left that stench glued to

every inch of the inside of Briscoe's sinuses. He couldn't smell anything else, couldn't taste anything else, and it'd be in there for *hours*.

But then that was the point. There were little things in the back of Briscoe's mind, little suggestions, things where Jasper's voice rang in his mind instead of his own. Things that hammered away at his empty thoughts as soon as he smelled the right thing, and you *never* forget a smell. The skunk certainly wasn't going to forget the jackal's one, that dense reek hit his mind and emptied *everything* else out except the need to curl his lips around that sweaty, filthy cock and deep throat it. Jasper let out a quiet gasp and Briscoe knew he was doing it right, he knew that the edged throbbing between his legs was earned – even if he hadn't yet finished. Not this time anyway..

“Ahh.. Oh yes, right there.. Now just let me *enjoy myself* in the meantime and.. hoo~”

Briscoe wrapped his lips tight and suckled, then stuffed himself in deep and nuzzled his nose right up into Jasper's nuts – into the vaguely slimy patches between his thighs. The stuff that smelled a bit musty on top of the other odors. It never even occurred to him to pull back from that, though Jasper still reached around to grab at Briscoe's head and start getting into the thick of it himself. It still made it better – having the jackal stuff his snout into all that stench-saturated flesh harder and taking the control away from him. Not that he really *had* any, but the forceful touch was *nice*.

“Yeeaah.. g-good little skunk. Good little *stink-slut*. You don't get to cum yet though, you hear me? You *smell me*, stink-slut? Whine if you get it~”

Whining happened alright. Briscoe could hardly not.. The skunk latched on harder to that dick in his maw and sucked the filth off of it, slobbering onto every inch and gently cradling Jasper's nuts in the process.

“Yeesss.. T-tell me, do you want to be able to think straight again? Or-”

Another whine rumbled up out of Briscoe. There were a couple of things he wanted very badly right now, but being free to think straight again wasn't part of the list. The skunk was far more interested in guzzling down every last ounce of heady, thick spunk he could get out of Jasper's cock. The jackal was grunting and bucking into Briscoe's face, hands clenching on the back of the skunk's head, stroking gently behind Briscoe's ears and leaving the skunk's eyes drifting shut as he kept slurping greedily for everything he could get.

But he was only going to get what Jasper was going to give him.

“F-ffuuuuck.. okay, you've earned.. a bit of a.. h-heh. Okay, look at me. Look me in the eye.”

Briscoe looked up at Jasper, eyes wide but vacant, lip quivering quietly.

“You just lie down on the floor there if you want, you get me? You lie down and you relax and I’ll do the rest, and as soon as I do? You can cum as much as you want – but if you do this? You’re going to have to let go with every one of those cum shots, stink-slut.”

“L-let go..?”

Jasper leaned in and rubbed at Briscoe's ears again, the skunk shivered and nuzzled his snout up against the jackal's arms to inhale..

“You're riding on some triggers right now, little stink-slut. You could go home though, and things would wear off.. eventually. Maybe a few days.. or weeks. But-”

The skunk let the jackal ease him down to the floor, lying on his back, a pillow tucked under his head. Jasper stood over top of him, a little trickle of cock drool dangling down, and a rumbling in his gut. One fueled, no doubt, by an awful lot of beer and jerky.

“Or I can take a seat and you can cum your goddamn brains out, stink-slut. You can fill that pretty little head of yours with the reek rolling off my ass and my taint and blow everything that *used* to be in it out of your cock and this can just be *your life*. Except when I let you pretend to be a person again so you can run errands.. Sound good? Just *lie there* if you want this~”

Briscoe saw that sweaty, matted ass coming down toward him and he didn't move. Didn't even feel any part of himself *try* to move. No, the skunk just let a dim little smile climb onto his lips as he felt that ass wedge his snout right into the deepest parts of it. Felt the humid, putrid rush of the first wafts of the jackal's storm of gas hitting him square in the nostrils. It seared them through, and Briscoe's whole frame tensed up as he came into Jasper's old underwear yet again, leaving the things equal parts stick and crusty and just a bit more stained than they'd started.

..And he felt some part of him crumble a bit as he did. The pleasure hit like a wave on shore, blanketing everything that Briscoe was, and much like a wave it broke things and washed them away in the process. He let out a quiet, shaking breath and then sucked in all the rank air he could again, hands coming up to paw gently at Jasper's belly as if he could squeeze more out of the jackal. It wasn't like he needed to touch himself to cum after all, Briscoe was in the process of that still. Bucking against the air, legs curling, hips thrusting – emptying himself in more ways than one.

Jasper got himself settled, belly snarling at him, still stuffing himself from the snack run. The jackal let his weight rest entirely on the skunk under him, bit by bit.

“..Good damn choice, stink-slut. Enjoy yourself down there. I'll let you back up when everything's run its course. Until then.. *enjoy.*”

The next thrust from Briscoe's crotch sent a shot of cum straight through the fabric of Jasper's old boxers and damn near into the ceiling.