

Chapter 5 – Mask on.

A few days have passed since the gas vial incident. Luckily, she hasn't asked me for any favors for quite some time after that day, nor did she subjected me to any of her excruciating farts in other ways. I didn't believe for a second it was mercy. I could see her belly, more bloated than usual. She's saving up for something big.

Today she asked me to load her friend's car with the crate stored under the sink. The same crate filled with... maybe half a year worth of filled scent bottles? As I lifted it up, I quickly imagined what would have happened if all of them was to break at the same time, but I quickly snapped out of it, as I don't think people are meant to comprehend such manmade horrors.

In my mind I still see Misty's relieved face. the evil, sharp look she gave me as she was filling her scent vial. I still shivered, thinking about how long that fart lasted, and the fact that the vial's glassy outside radiated with great heat. It felt disgusting to touch, considering the source of the heat.

As I loaded the car, I curiously asked one of Misty's friends what it was for. Her name was Abigale, and she looked just as scary as Misty herself, though no striped tail at least. But she was nicer than Lilly at least, though that's not hard to achieve.

A few hours later I received a message from Misty to meet her at campus in an hour, and bring the bag lying on the couch with me. At this hour? What is she planning... I dared not stall and made my way over there.

As I arrived at the top floor, I realized why there were no classes up there, or why it's not in use in general. It's all quite run down, paint peeling from the walls, pieces of exposed, rotting wood. Though at the end of the hallway I can see a dim light, it must be them.

Walking into the abandoned classroom, I'm met with an enthusiastic Misty: "Hi! Finally, you're here! Thank you so much, I'm sure our little guest here today will really appreciate your contributions, Mia!"

I look around and spot a couple of people in the room, Abigail, Lily and a couple of other girls I've never seen before. Lily is tinkering with some sort of contraption in front of the blanket-covered object in the middle of the room: "Alright, it's almost ready".

Misty pulls off the blanket, then a gag out of someone's mouth. I gasp as I'm met with a fairly innocent looking bunny man sitting there, he's looking around frantically, obviously stressed, his ears perked: "H-hey what's the meaning of this!" Misty hisses back "Oh, I'm quite sure you know why you're here pretty boy!" She wraps her fingers around the waistband of her panties and slowly peels them off, a trail of sweat sticking to her crotch still attached to the panties. I'm sure I heard it squelch as she pulled them down further, revealing a putrid stain. Then worst of all, it released a warm scent of sweaty skunk. I gagged before pulling myself together, everyone in the room backing up a little.

I'm filled with secondhand embarrassment as I see her stand there, bare bottoms and swirling her panties around with one finger. It doesn't seem to faze her though, as she just stands there, glaring down at the bunny. The boy starts to complain: "Ugh, it reeks! Disgusting degenerate, when was the last time you showered?" Misty retaliates: "Oh you think I stink? Heh..." She walks towards the bunny menacingly, holding the panties in front of him, slowly drifting them closer to the poor bunny's face. "Akk! I-im gonna vomit, get that thing away from me!" His voice gradually became more infuriated as he gags from the awful smell.

Misty, with a mischievous tone: "Guess how many times I've farted in them throughout the week, and I might go easy on you~" The bunny disgustedly utters: "Oh fuck off!". Almost on queue, Misty pinches the man's nose "Well since you complained about the smell so much, let me help you out a little~ You're wrong btw!" The long-eared man took one quick forced breath with his mouth before quickly closing it, as I'm sure he could taste the steam emanating from the skunk girl's worn panties. Steam so rancid its surprising the fabric hadn't rotted away yet.

After holding his breath to escape the damp panties. Misty replied to his action. "Oh come on, open your mouth, not that you could hold your breath forever anyways." His breath

finally started to slip. His eyes filled with uncertainty as he exhaled, not entirely sure how far Misty will go. “Good boy!” The skunk slung her panties over her shoulders, freeing one of her hands before patting his head with an innocent look on her face. “You know what good boys get? Hm?” The man nods for her frantically. Wow, I can’t believe Misty had already broken him just from threats alone... Misty picks up his chin as he breathes through his mouth, pulling him so close he could feel her plump lips and warm breath caress his ear with her sweet voice. “Good boys get treats~”

The boy closes his eyes for a short moment, his heart racing from Misty’s enchanting voice. As he pants gently, the skunkgirl quickly reminded him of his predicament, releasing her grip on his nose, before shoving her damp, streaked panties right in his mouth, making sure to press the rottenest part down onto his tongue.

His eyes widened in horror. Another person stepped in to tape his mouth shut. The bunny struggles in his chair, trying to shout, only for the sound to be muffled by the fart-soaked gag.

Misty gleams with pride as she speaks. “Oh c’mon! if you think that’s bad, well, then you might not make it through the night... Sorry about the gag, but we can’t have you make all that noise.” He writhes his head; you can tell he is as terrified as he’s confused. “Oh, what noise, you mean? All the noise you’re gonna’ make when we get this beauty strapped to your face!”

She walks over to me. “Thank you, sweetie, for bringing me this!” Misty turns around, slapping my side with her tail as she swirls. “Here! Wonna see what other thing Mia brought, boy! Just for you! Wow, she’s the best, isn’t she?” Misty giggles as she smiles at the bunny, pulling out the tube from the bag. Misty holds the mask as Lilly quickly attaches it to a strange contraption in the middle of the room.

Lilly pants from excitement. She pulls some gas-vials from a crate, plotting them in a tank-like contraption before flicking a switch on it. “A-alright, it’s ready to go.” She sits there next to the machine, rubbing her thighs together and looking at the chair-bound man with a malicious gaze as the tank slowly fills up with the ominous contents of the scent-vials.

Something clicked in me. So that's what the drawings were for, it was a schematic for this abomination. I shook still as Misty started speaking. "Space has gotten a little more precious at home, as these scent-vials are starting to take up quite a lot of room. Thankfully, my dear Lilly made something to help me dispose of them in a... not so safe way, but a hell of a lot more fun one!" She walked towards the long-eared man and pushed the gasmask on his face, and bringing the strap over his head, making sure it was on, airtight. "There we go!" She patted his head as his eyes peered down on the mask in horror. "I'll switch the vale off soon~!" Lilly proclaimed with a horny grin as the tank sucked up the rank odor from the vials. The tank inflated with a dense, opaque cloud of yellowy-green rot. Misty leaned against the guy, pressing the gasmask on his face, hard. "Ready to experience hell, little guy?" She took a seat on his lap, piercing her gaze at his desperate eyes, so she could look at them just as the smell hit him.

"Alright, here we go." Lilly removed the seal; the stink quickly made its way into the bunny's mask. As soon as the searing hot stench hit his face, his eyes widened even more in a suffocating panic. He tried thrashing and kicking, but nothing could even budge the skunk.

A shiver ran down my spine as I looked at them. His desperate effort being subdued by Misty's brutal strength, and even more punishing smell. Pumping his nose with a huge bomb of concentrated gas, made of five scent-bottles.

The stream of gas, too ferocious to be contained in a mere tank, started leaking some from the man's end of the mask, giving everyone a hint of his experience.



The cool, crisp nighttime air was suddenly assaulted by a warm and humid haze of eggy, rotten air. I gagged before my mind raced at the thought of how it must be for him. I started cold sweating as my brain tried to comprehend the sulfuric hell he was going through.

Misty pressed her rear against his lap. “Good boy, deep sniffles! We really need to soak your lungs with pure, skunky goodness, don’t we? I want my scent engraved on your very soul.”

Misty leans her forehead against the side of his head, lips right in front of his ears. “Heh, some of it is leaking from the mask, phew that’s potent! I never knew I could stink so badly. Now... tell me, boy, how does it smell? Like a field of roses, huh? Tell me what I want to hear, and this can be all over.”

The boy closes his eyes and grinds his face away, as if he was trying to turn his nose up at her suggestion. “Wrong answer! Hey Lilly, do another reload will ya!” Lilly eagerly throws the used bottles out and replaces them with five new ones. “Oh, and make sure to turn the pump on for this one without closing the valve, I want it forced into his nose even harder.” She giggles before hugging the long-eared man, swaying her hips on his lap, teasingly trying

to stimulate his member. “I bet you’d be over the moon if it wasn’t for the smell, hm? Well, guess I’ll just have to teach you to like it.”

He blushed as hard as he was disgusted, not wanting to give in. “You’ve only been giving short sniffles, enough air to keep you conscious, but not enough to fully embrace my scent. Give me six deeeeeeep whiffs, then tell me how good they smell!”



He looked completely defeated. Wanting it to end as soon as possible, he braces his will before leaning back, taking a deep whiff. But before he can finish, he stops just short of giving the skunk a satisfactory sniff, interrupted by a violent gag. It looked like he threw up, however with the panties in his mouth blocking the way, he had to force it back down.

His eyes watered as the deadly haze seeped out of the mask. “Giving up already, are we? Oh, well that’s fine. We’ll it’s getting late, I guess we can all just leave you here for a while until you finish.” Imagining festering in that putrid steam overnight made me gag, I had to look away for a moment.

The skunk postured as she was getting up from his lap. He started yelling through the gag. You could tell he was trying to get her attention. “Oh, what is it? Changed your mind, hm?”

He took in one quick, deep breath, soaking his sense of smell with warm, dense skunk gas. He heaved and shook, if it wasn't for Misty sitting on him, he would have knocked over the chair over. She was surprisingly heavy for her size, I mean she is tall, but I'd assume someone as toned as her would be on the lighter side. Now that I think of it, she towered over him, dominating him in both physicality and, well-

The chair tilted and landed back in place; it must have been from his fifth deep breath. Misty pet his head and sniffed the air "Whew! I can smell more of it leaked. That one stinks as bad as my pre-poop farts. It must be like having your face pressed into a pile of shit, only worse I guess, hihi. One more to go now, boy~" She teased him by stroking the tip of her tail on his cheek. Though I could tell Misty was getting frustrated with his success. It seems like she was planning to give him an impossible task, just to make his suffering ever so sweeter for her. However, she found a way to turn the tables, as she usually does.

She pulled the gasmask off his face and pinched his nose. As the gasmask flew in the air, it leaked some of the remains of the gas tank. It instantly filled the room with a rank odor that was so bad, some of the paint on the walls eroded. The rest of the girls came prepared I see, as most of them except Lily had already put on gasmasks.

"Alright, you still owe me one good sniff! Though I thought I'd make the last one a little more special~" she affirmed as she rocked his head, holding his nose, using her other hands to release him from the chair, hands still tied though. Misty knocked the chair backwards. He fell on his back, the skunk stood over his face before squatting down, asshole to nose. She rubbed her dirty, sweaty rosebud on his snout, lubricating it before sitting further down, inserting his nose inside of her. He struggled like never before; someone went behind the skunk to hold his legs down. "I've been bloated for quite a while now. Thought I'd have you help me out with it... Oh stop groaning! On three, I want you breathing in! No second chances! 1... 2..." I prayed that she wouldn't do it. I did *not* want to be in the same room as her as she released her constipated gas. "3".

A wet barrage of putrid gas slapped against his face. It exploded in the room. I dry heaved violently at the raw power of that smell and backed out of the room into the hall, watching

the skunk dominate the boy from a distance. I tried covering my nose, but it only dampened the smell so much, I could still taste it. I fell kneeling on the ground, nose running and my eyes watering, as my body desperately rejected the scent. I didn't dare ditch them, however. The stream of gas finally stopped, and the dense haze faded. I could still see them in the same position as before.



“Good boy, you took that one almost as badly as I thought you would! I just cant get enough of you guys’ mind-broken look~” She pressed harder down on his face, enveloping her whole ass on his head, almost covering it all. After smothering him for a few seconds, she lifts her rear from his face, tendrils of sweat sticking to his face and her ass. She looks down at him. “Now the only thing left is to thank me and tell me how much you love sniffing my farts!” Lily grabbed a recorder before pulling the gag out of his mouth.

“T-thank you for l-letting me s-s-smell your farts, l- I love them so much, I can’t get enou-” before he could finish, he rolled to his side and threw up, Abigale gave him some water before backing out from the lethal gas bomb, throned over the bunny. I could tell he hated saying that almost as much as sniffing that fart. Misty picked up his chin and faced him towards her and replied with an evil undertone. “Oh really? Well prove that you mean it

then! *How about you give my asshole a big juicy kiss*". I could tell he lost his patients long ago, but with no other option, he closed his eyes and puckered his lips. As his lips met with the skunk's vile rear, she sat back down and wiggled her hips. Left to right, making him really savor the taste. "Mmph that feels good! Maybe I'll just sit here for a while, have you take another fart maybe." She grins at him. "It has been a while since I made someone eat one..." His eyes lit up, as if his life was flashing before him. "I'm joking! Hah, I really had you there for a moment." She got up and looked proudly at the mess she made of him.

I left with the others. Misty slapped my back "What's wrong, looks like you've lost your appetite? Well, I'm starving, let's get back and get something to eat. Hey Lilly, I'll leave the tank with you, alright!"

On the drive home I finally built up the courage to ask. "H-hey. What had that guy even done?" Misty looked over at me, "You sure you want to pry when I'm in the driver's seat?" She leaned her rear towards me and winked. "Haha, the look on your face. Scared you, didn't I? Of course, you'd want to know what someone would have had to do, to endure such a punishment." I listened in anticipation. "Its quite simple actually. Nothing, hihi. If I only punished those who had wronged me or something, they wouldn't be so scared of me, now would they?"

I gulped down on my thoughts; how could she do that to him? Who's next, if this is all for fun, then what about me? A new resolve burned within me; I need to take her down somehow. I cant let a weapon like her roam about and do nothing about it. B-but how? I cant let her know my honest thought, I'll play along for now, and head to the leader of that frat-club with only bunny men. Yeah, they are obnoxious but punishing an innocent man. How could she.