

Following the Smelly Trend

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Anonymous

“To answer ze question, mademoiselle, I'm, ‘ow you say, quite satisfied with moi change! I say ze results speak for zemselves!”

The guy beside the cartoon skunk took his paw, holding it tightly. “Y-yeah! I love it too! Our relationship has never been so close and cuddly! We’ve been spending more time together than ever before, going out to movies, restaurants, and even bowling! It's like Valentine's Day every day now!”

The scene cut away to a female reporter standing outside a fancy-looking restaurant. The windows were too dark to see through, but every so often, people and the occasional cartoon skunk would enter or exit through the front door. She didn't seem to notice it.

“And there you have it!” the reporter cheerfully spoke, “This smelly, lovey-dovey trend has broken into the mainstream in ways never seen before within the transformation scene! Women are getting their black-and-white coating and French accents almost every day now! Some are trying it out for a little bit before turning back, some switch back and forth, and some even opt for a more long-lasting, permanent stay as a Looney Tune.”

The reporter smiled. “I may try it out soon and see for myself what the big deal is about being a suave, fluffy cartoon. If I do, you'll see a very special report from our studio soo-”

“Mizz Dale!” A familiar, suave French-accented voice called pleasantly, “Iz zere a Mademoiselle Emily Dale in here?”

Emily nearly dropped her phone at the call. She paused the video and looked up. Across the room, she saw him. Pepe Le Pew in a blue doctor's top stood in a doorway that led out of the lobby and further back into the building. He smiled, looking around for her.

“That's me!” Emily called to him eagerly, waving her hand like an excited child who knew the answer to a question at school.

The skunk's eyes locked onto her, his smile warming. “It'z your turn, mademoiselle!” he called to her, eagerly waving back to her.

And like that, Emily remembered where she was. She was so engrossed in that news video that she had almost forgotten. This was the Black & White Clinic, a recent pop-up in her

town. She sat in the lobby, two other couples there and chatting pleasantly amongst themselves. Some of the staff were walking around, almost all of them human men.

However, there was an exception. There was a Pepe Lew Pepe carrying a folder, walking towards one of the couples in a nurse's outfit. He was different from the other Pepe that called for her, his fluffy fur puffed up in the chest area and with red lipstick on.

“Okay, I guess this is it.” Emily took a deep breath and looked to her boyfriend, Erick, who sat beside her. He had been quiet since they arrived, looking over at the video she was watching before. “I’ll be-”

“You know...” Erick gave her a half-hearted smile. He looked nervous despite trying to also be composed and brave. “You don’t have to do this for me. I love you no matter what, babe.”

She returned a small smile. “Thanks, but...” She took a deep breath and released it, fidgeting ever so slightly. “This has to be done.”

Her smile cracked, though the sympathetic look in her eyes remained. “I know you’ve been checking out the other Pepes when we’re out.” He tried to quickly say something, but she held up her hand. “I’m not judging. They are very cute.”

She patted him on the shoulder. “This is for the best.” Her smile grew more confident again, but still with a sense of unease in it. “Plus, it’s only temporary and if it doesn’t work out, I’ll just come back and get everything fixed!”

Hopefully, that was as easy as she heard it would be. This entire situation was just crazy from start to finish. She didn’t understand it, let alone give it much thought, until it just blew up and was everywhere one day.

The most popular trend right now: Women becoming Pepe Le Pews for their partners. The hows and the whys were a mystery, the exact origin unknown. Yet, it was everywhere. Ladies became the adorable, handsome, stalky skunk himself, and all of their partners just loved every second of it.

Emily had been seeing plenty of Pepes popping in her town lately. They came in all shapes and sizes from the standard cartoon one to buff to lanky to big-bottomed to femboy, and so on. It was an amusing sight, fun gossip to have with all of her friends and family.

However, it was different for her boyfriend. Erik was watching them closely, checking them out and taking in their shapes.

Emily didn't mind that at first. However, the longer it went on, a smidgen of jealousy had crept into her heart. He just kept looking long and hard at them, especially when it came to a certain kind of Pepe from what she could tell.

That was when that idea struck her. If she couldn't beat them, why not join them? It was crazy probably, but why not? Give the cartoon skunk lifestyle a try.

Plus, the couple had been dating for over five years now. Why not spice things up in their lives? It could turn out to be a lot of fun, especially becoming that special kind of Pepe Erick liked the most. She hadn't told him that part yet, so, hopefully, he'll like the surprise!

"I'll be back soon, sweetie, just a lot fuzzier." Emily smiled, kissing him on the cheek. He kissed her back.

With that, she turned and headed over to the Pepe that called for her. This one in his blue outfit was a classic, cartoony-looking one, reaching her hips in height. "Bienvenue, madame!" he declared with a bright, shining smile, "Iz moi ready for her date with destiny?"

Emily nodded quietly. "Zen I shall take you back! Please follow moi!" He motioned to her as he turned and headed back through the door, the young woman following closely behind.

They walked for a bit through a surprisingly large back area full of winding hallways and seemingly endless doors. Emily followed along, listening as Pepe talked the entire time. "So, moi have reviewed your file and, 'ow you say, everyzing should be ready for you! You are ready for zis, right mademoiselle?"

"I-I am." Emily was eager but still very nervous. This was going to be a life-changing change, even if it was only temporary. Her body couldn't help but shiver anxiously or heart race. A whole new experience, one so exciting and scary at the same time.

Eventually, they stopped at one of the many doors along the way. Pepe opened it to a very large, wide, and mostly empty room. Mostly empty because there were only a few minor things actually there. There were tarps and newspapers laid over the floor, so much so that she couldn't tell if there was carpet or hardwood flooring.

The big things though were the two large paint cans in the center of the room, one with a white lid and one black. They each had a label that read *Odeur De Peinture*. with Blanc and Noir on the white and black cans respectively. Beside them laid a few brushes of various shapes and sizes.

It seemed like the room was to be painted, but Emily knew what the deal was. It was all part of the treatment she was getting.

“Now, please stand here in the middle of the room!” Pepe informed her, holding his hand out in that direction, “The team who'll be working on you will be here shortly. Okay, mon chérie?”

“Ummm, oui?” Emily meekly said. The cartoon skunk just laughed, shaking his head as he left her in the room, closing the door behind him.

Left alone, she did as she was told, walked to the center of the room and waited. She took a long, deep breath and released it. She glanced at the paint cans beside her, realizing that the lids were already popped on them. She could see it, the goopy, thick as oil paint within them.

The sight made her heart beat just a little faster. A soft gulp left her throat, her foot nervously tapping the ground. *Hope they're here soon or I'm gonna have an pan-*

As if hearing her plea, the door opened. Two new Pepes stepped into the room, one cartoon-sized and in a pink doctor's garb while the other was Emily's height but had a much bigger, round bottom. Entering after them was a normal-looking guy, dressed like a normal-looking doctor. That was somewhat relieving in a way.

“Hello!” the human said, approaching Emily and holding out his hand. “My name is Patrick Bridges, and I'll be overseeing the treatment! My friends here will be handling the actual duties given the more complex, toony antics at work.”

“My name is Pepe Le Pew, madame!” the cartoony Pepe said, holding out his paw.

“I am Pepe as well, mademoiselle!” the other taller Pepe added, also holding out his paw. Emily shook all three of their hands, finding the Pepes' paws to be quite ticklish on the skin.

Patrick looked at the tablet he had brought in, swiping up a few times on it. “Mhm, yep. Reviewing the file with the team, this shouldn't be a problem. You'll be skunked up in no time.” He looked at her. “Though, I must ask, are you ready for this? I don't want us to proceed if you're having any last second doubts.”

Emily nodded, hesitating only a second before answering, “I'm ready for this. I want this treatment. I want this Pepe look. Do what you have to.”

I am ready for this. I am ready to be a Pepe. She reconfirmed it in her mind, trying to hush any lingering doubt there may be. She quietly gulped, trying to steady her nerves.

“So...” Emily looked down at herself. “Do I need to take my clothes off or anything?”

Patrick chuckled, casually waving his hand dismissively. “It's perfectly fine. The paint goes over the body and renders any clothing underneath null and nonexistent. Once the paint toon remover is applied, it all comes back like nothing ever happened.

“Although... please remove any belongings from your pockets before we begin. You don't want to make your wallet or phone nonexistent after all, right?”

“I left everything with my boyfriend.”

“Great! Then we can begin!” Patrick declared, nodding to the Pepes to hop to it.

“Okay then.” Emily gently gulped, giving them a half-hearted smile. “Please paint me like one of your French skunks.” Everyone laughed, especially the Pepes.

With that, the cartoons took a brush each. “Now, Mizz Emily, please stand still,” The most cartoonish Pepe spoke, looking her over from top to bottom, stroking his chin. “We shall begin ze painting process! We wish to make sure ze madame reach your, ‘ow you say, optimal Le Pew form. Moving around may interfere with our work. Just get into le position.”

“Oh, sure!” Emily thought briefly on what may work. She opened her legs more so her feet were further apart, holding her arms and hands out a little too. “Like this?”

“Perfect, mon chérie!” the big bottom one answered, “Now, let uz begin!” The two Pepes dunked their brushes into the large black paint cans, pulling them in and out a few times. Thick, globby paint stuck to their brushes, somehow nothing dripping off.

They brought the brushes down and began to paint over her shoes. They started at the toe caps of them and worked their way around the sides. They painted over the laces and holes her feet went through, even painting over her socks in the thick glop. Soon, her feet were completely covered, looking more like she had just dunked them into the can itself.

The sight was confusing and bizarre to say the least. She wasn't sure how this was supposed to exactly work.

The answer became clear soon enough. Her eyes widened in surprise, seeing the black paint on her feet begin to bubble and quiver. Even though the Pepes couldn't reach them, the paint slipped and sunk underneath her soles, fully encasing her footwear in entirely.

The bubbling grew more and more, her shoes and feet soon looking like they were stuck inside of thick, featureless, round, water balloon-shaped blobs. At the peak of it, the paint shrunk back, taking on a new shape. Feet formed again, this time a little longer and with three pudgy toes each. The paint dried fast, forming fur now.

Emily's heart began quickly. *Whoa...* She had cartoony feet like the others now. Real, genuine cartoon feet with no shoes or socks covering them at all. She could even feel the newspaper below them too!

"Amazing..." She lifted a foot and wiggled her toes. It was easy to do, like she always had three digits per foot to begin with.

"Ahem, please remain still," Patrick reminded her. Emily blushed and quickly placed her foot back on the ground.

"Oh, I get it, mon chérie!" the tall Pepe remarked with a smile. "To become beautiful, charming, an' handsome, why wouldn't moi want to check one's self out?" Emily awkwardly smiled, agreeing with him.

"Now, le hands!" Both Pepes motioned, and Emily held out her hands. They took their brushes and painted over them, soaking every inch in the thick black paint.

Once they were done, the paint bubbled and swelled, merging together until she had basketball-sized paint balls for hands. Then, they deflated shortly after, shrinking down and taking thinner shape. They became featureless black paws, each down to four digits with no trace of her old fingernails. The paint dried and fur took its place.

She wiggled each finger as well, finding them so flexible and loose. She couldn't even feel having a fifth digit anymore.

Incredible! She turned her hands over and back again. She had to admit, her new hands were quite charming and adorable. So goofy, toony, and fuzzy all at once!

The skunks cleared their throats, and Emily realized what she was doing. "S-sorry!" She held her paws still, but they didn't actually continue with the arms. They went back down to her footsies and began painting upwards.

From their ankles, they quickly spread their goopy paint up her slender legs. They applied the black goop onto her hips and then over her butt, the area soon featureless and empty.

The duo quickly placed the brushes back down and got two fresh ones, dunking them into the white can. They brought them to her crotch, painting over it and up to her tummy, her entire lower half coated in the artful goop.

Emily quivered, biting down on her bottom lip. Heat was growing from where her lower regions were, only increasing as she felt the paint soak through her clothing. Then, she could feel it against her loins and even deeper. The feeling of it was pleurably pleasant.

She took a deep breath and released it, the paint beginning to bubble. Her thighs and legs swelled, knee joints visibly vanishing. Her hips widened to better fit her thighs, her shape looking far toonier now.

She breathed quickly, looking down as the paint turned to fur. Her eyes locked onto her crotch. It was so smooth, so empty, not a trace of anything needing to be covered or censored. A thought occurred to her, and she reached around. Her rear was missing, her back end null.

She was basically a safe for work cartoon.

And part of her couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. Her shape and look was growing ever more delightful, but it couldn't be something loved and enjoyed all over.

Emily flinched as she felt the wet smacks of brushes against her sides and back, the Pepes continuing their paint job. They were back on black, getting most of her torso. She tensed just a little, feeling her body widen to where it was more similarly shaped to theirs.

"Now, I shall work on le front!" The human-sized Pepe looked Emily seriously in the face. "Zis shall be a wee bit tingly!" He got his brush with the white paint on it and slapped it down above where her white crotch fur was.

Slowly, he dragged the brush up over her stomach, along the sides where the black paint stopped, and over her mounds. He carefully covered every spot until no trace of skin or clothing was visible. He even went a tad further, cloaking everything up to her neck in white paint.

And as he did it, Emily couldn't help but moan. The blissful sensation washed over her, causing her to quiver and breathe even heavier. *Oh... oh wow... so... so... wow.*

She breathed in and out, her chest rising and falling with each gasp of air. Then, it fell back and back. Where her breasts were, her chest flattened away until the spot was empty.

Emily's eyes fell to the spot, her hand reaching over and pressing against her chest as it finished drying. It felt the area closely, stroking through her soft new fur. Yep, truly barren.

It was then that she flinched. “Oh! S-sorry! Forgot I shouldn't move.” She looked at them and back at her chest. “Just... just had to confirm...”

No more breasts... Emily gulped gently, a quiver in her lips now. *No breasts. Just fur. Just soft... fluffy... fur.* That sounded quite nice.

“Oh no no, it is bien, mon chérie!” chimed the smaller Pepe, waving his free paw in a casual, do-not-worry manner. She smiled, nodding... and then frowning. That smaller Pepe seemed closer now, and the one at her height was taller.

She had just shrunk a few inches in almost a few seconds. She now sat somewhere between the two in height, just above five feet/a meter and a half. She wasn't sure how her body could be compressed down like that but perhaps it was best not to think too hard on it.

“Arms, s'il te plait!” Emily happily stretched out her arms for the two, putting the thoughts about her height away. The duo painted over her arms swiftly and soon, the limbs were looking more noodly, bendy in their new, fuzzy toon look.

She happily bent and stretched them, finding them almost rubbery. She would've kept playing around before the cartoon accurate Pepe tapped her on the hip. He held his white brush. “Could you bend down?”

Emily nodded and got a little more on his level. The skunk smiled and placed the brush on the right side of her face, right below her earlobe. He slid the white paint across her mug from that side to the other, cloaking her mouth. She could no longer move it or even feel it.

The other Pepe came in from behind while she was distracted, slathering her ears in black paint. The gunk completely encased them, the shape of the paint looking almost like small, pudgy balls extending from her head.

Emily couldn't speak nor hear a word. It was a bit concerning to say the least. She could see the Pepes talking, even Patrick saying something to them. There were nods exchanged between them, but she had no clue what it meant. She just hoped this would be fixed fast.

The taller Pepe waved his paw in her face, bringing her attention to him. He smiled, holding up a smaller brush with a dab of black on it. He brought it in and pressed it to her nose. At the same time, while she was distracted with that, the other Pepe brought his white brush in and dabbed the black globs over her ears.

BOOP! That silly, cartoonish noise came in loud and clear from her sniffer.

The black balls with white spots that were her ears slid up the sides of her head, leaving a trail of black paint behind. They shifted to the top of her head, stretching and reshaping themselves. They soon formed cartoon skunk ears.

“Can you hear moi?” the taller Pepe asked. Emily tried to respond but the white gunk remained firm in place.

For a little bit at least. The white paint bubbled and began to stretch... and stretch. It pulled to the sides, extending past her head. In the front, her face pushed forward, that black dot swelling and taking the shape of a cartoon animal snoot.

It was clear what it was on her face. It was much like the other Pepes’ own mugs.

POP! A hole opened up and stretched, forming the shape of a mouth and completing her new muzzle. “Oui!” A cartoonish, male, French-accented voice came from her new mug. “I can hearz you, fellow Pepes!”

That new tone, that dialect ... it excited them to no end. *I zound jus’ like Monsieur Le Pew! Oh ho ho, zis is good, no? I am zounding like, ‘ow you say, a charmer!*

I’m going to be a Pepe, I am... Emily looked over themselves and then over their shoulder behind them. A sudden, unpleasant feeling rolled over them, making them frown. Something was terribly wrong.

They looked at the other skunks, sighing glumly. “Aren’t I mizzing ze most important part of being a Pepe?” They waved their paws over the empty space behind them. “Where iz my très partfait tail?”

The skunks smiled. “Oh, do not worry, Emily!” the tall Pepe exclaimed, “Zat shall be corrected right now!”

The duo snatched the largest paint brushes off the ground and each stood before a paint can. They dunked them almost all the way in, pulling out thick globs of paint. They looked at their work and then at Emily. A mischievous, playful smile came to their faces.

The tall Pepe whipped behind Emily and slapped that black paint brush against where their rear once was with a loud **GLOBCK!** A huge glob of black goop was left behind along with a tingling feeling of excitement. That felt good.

GLOBCK! The smaller Pepe did the same thing with his white brush but slapping it on top of the black glob. She quivered at that, eagerly looking over her shoulder again.

The aftermath was massive. They had what looked like a fat, deflated bee end that had a white glob in place of where a stinger should've been. They wiggled their rear gently, the blob shaking and bouncing. Fun, but it didn't compare to-

FWOOMP! There it was. The black paint exploded, expanding rapidly and taking shape into a thick, puffy, wide skunk tail that curved at its tip. The white spot split into two white streaks that ran from the tail's base to its very end.

Emily grinned, wiggling their rear again. The paint dried into fluffy fur, bouncing happily with their shakes. It looked nice, the sight of it filling them with a certain pride and joy that they never felt before! They loved it!

“Now, mon chérie... or should I say, mon *chéri*?” cooed the cartoony Pepe. The word sounded similar outloud, but Emily knew what he meant and loved it the same. “Zhall we increase your size?”

“Oui, monsieur!” Emily chimed happily, “I am missing ze curves I desire!” The two Pepes nodded and each grabbed another brush, dunking them in the black paint can. They came in and splattered the brushes against his hips and brushed fast, even moving over his rear with this new layer of coating.

Once they stepped back, the paint bubbled and dried. Slowly, his hips widened and grew ever rounder in a very curvy, feminine way. He felt his rear swelled into a big, bubbly, distinctive tush. Reaching round, his hands squeezed a rather big bubble butt. No more monobutt for him!

Emily grinned, sliding his paws over his new shape. He couldn't help it. He just loved this so much. He was going to become such a cute, handsome, curvy Pepe! It was everything he wanted... and so would Erick.

“Heheh, monsieur!” the taller Pepe cooed, “Pleaze hold still. We are almost done! Zis time for le final touches!” Emily nodded before stopping and realizing that was more moving around. He was so electric. Perfection was so close now.

The Pepes brought their brushes up to his face, Emily closing his eyes. He felt the bristles slid across the unchanged parts of his mug, going over his eyes, cheeks, and hair. He felt the latter disappear beneath the glop, a short, white tuft of it with black undercoating appearing on the top of his noggin. His head felt numb briefly as its shape turned more cartoonish and animal-like until nothing human-esque remained.

Once it all dried, Emily weakly opened his eyes. He couldn't see it, but he now had cartoonish black dots for irises. There was no human now, only another cartoon.

The new skunk let out a happy moan, quivering from top to bottom. He felt so alive, pleasure and want burning strongly throughout him. He loved himself, this new look and him more than ever before.

“So, Miss Dale!” Patrick spoke, the first time in a while after having been silently observing and taking notes on his tablet, “How do we feel?”

Emily flinched. Miss Dale? Yes, Emily Dale was his name, wasn't it? However, it didn't really fit him anymore, did it? It just wasn't right and the longer he thought about it, the more he disliked it. He was a charming, delightful, alluring skunk after all, and that required having the right, fitting name.

“No, no monsieur!” “Emily” said, wagging his finger at him, “Ze name is Pepe Le Pew, not zis Madame Dale like you might zink! Pepe fits far more for moi zan “Emily”, don't you agree?” The other Pepes nodded and clapped.

“Okay, *Pepe*!” Patrick cheerfully said, “I can tell that you definitely feel well. Now, it's time to get you properly dressed to meet the world. We have the outfit you selected in advance so you can change into it now.”

The new Pepe grinned, flashing a pearly white smile. That was going to be good! He couldn't wait until Erick got a load of him. His sweet boyfriend was going to be over the moon!

Emily is okay. She's with professionals. Nothing bad is going to happen. Erick had told himself this over and over again in his mind.

The young man still waited in the lobby, his eyes on his hands in his lap. It had been a while now since she had left. His worry had only grown, along with his unfounded guilt since.

I was pushing her. She doesn't like this, I know it. Erick sighed. *I'm a stupid idiot. I shouldn't have been looking... but I... I couldn't help it.* He felt lower. *That's no good excuse.*

He truly couldn't help it. He loved Pepe Le Pew so, so much. There was something so attractive, just plain *alluring* about that skunk's confidence, attitude, and look. It all came together in ways he couldn't explain but that he knew he loved. He especially loved that skunk when he had a certain style and look about him.

She's probably upset. I'll apologize when-

“Mr. Moore?” Erick looked up. There was a normal, human doctor standing in the doorway that Emily went through earlier. The man saw Erick looking his way and smiled, motioning to him to approach.

Erick did so, hurrying over. The man continued, shaking Erick's hand, “Hello, I'm Patrick Bridges. I was the lead overseeing Emily's procedure today.”

“Is she okay?” Erick gulped, his heart racing faster than it had before.

“Well, why don't you look and tell me?” Patrick smiled warmly, looking over his shoulder. “You can come out now!”

The doctor stepped to the side as a new Pepe entered the room. This skunk was several inches shorter than Erick, wearing a sleek yellow dress with a wide gown. Despite the width of that gown, it was still very clear this skunk had some serious hips to him.

The skunk looked at Erick and grinned the most attractive, smug grin he had ever seen. The human couldn't help but quiver, biting his bottom lip. He never felt so attracted to this cartoon before, getting horny from just looking at him. He even felt his crotch bulge at the sight.

The femboy of a Pepe slipped up beside him, just slightly below his chest. If this was who he thought it was, this was a far cry from how they used to be eye to eye with each other.

“Good evening, monsieur!” that Pepe cooed as he wrapped his arms around Erick's sides, “How are you liking moi's new look, mon chéri? Iz it not beau, élégant, très bien?” Erick nodded slowly, quivering more.

“Your love has been reborn, made for ze cuddles, kissez, et whatever elze your heart desires!” Pepe reached a paw up, stroking Erick's chest.

He couldn't help himself. He lifted the Pepe in his arms and gave him a big, affectionate kiss. The skunk felt like putty in his arms, weakly holding onto him as he eagerly kissed back. It felt as if fireworks were exploding around him. He never wanted it to end.

Still, they would eventually break apart, Erick still holding the skunk in his arms. Pepe giggled. “Oh ho, such a kiss! Monsieur Erick has been holding back before, oui? I hope you can smooch moi like zat from now on.”

“I promise I will!” he eagerly answered, “I love you so much, Pepe!”

“Ahem!” The two looked to their side, remembering that Patrick was still there. Erick set Pepe back down as the doctor spoke up, “Well, I’m glad you two are enjoying this, but there are some final notes. The treatment is set to hold you in this form permanently for the next two weeks. You cannot change back at that time.

“After the time limit has passed, the paint will have weakened enough to be removed by our special, in-house paint remover. If at the time, or anytime after, you wish to return to normal, just come back and we can remove this skunk coating.”

“Oh, zat won’t be necessary any time soon!” Pepe dismissively waved his paw. He looked at Erick. “Unless, of course, mon amour wants me to switch back at zat time!”

“I... I think that’s more up to you. Th-though, I wouldn’t mind if you stay like this for a... a very long time, Pepe.” Erick nervously gulped.

Pepe just smiled. “Well, I zhall be ztaying like zis for a very long time zen!”

Erick quivered again, excitement growing. That sounded very promising. Eagerness got the better of him then. “S-so, you want to head home now? We can check you out in... in full!” Desire grew stronger. “Check out every inch of your fuzzy, soft body and everything!”

Pepe’s smile turned to a smooth, lustful grin. “Zat sounds wonderful!”

“Well!” Patrick interrupted, chuckling, “I won’t get in the way of your lovebirds any longer. This is why we settle the bill first after all. Everyone just wants to rush home after they change. If there are any problems or if you need help, just call or email us!”

The couple were hardly listening. Erick had swooped Pepe back into his arms and was hurrying out the door already. The skunk held to him carefully, looking lovingly into his eyes as he was carried out.

Erick needed to get his girlfriend... boyfriend... cartoon skunk femboy lover back home as soon as he could. They needed to have fun and really see what they could do. This would be the best day ever in so many different ways!

They should’ve jumped onto this trend sooner.

THE END