

Slobby Skunk Weekend

Having survived the troubles of the work week and nearly avoiding the death trap known Friday afternoon traffic, Grisha was more than ready to spend the weekend being lazy in her apartment. Her first step towards this overdue break was stripping down to her undergarments and sitting down on the couch in the living room. Leaning back with a bag of chips resting on her chubby belly of dark brown pudge, she turned on the TV with the intention to binge multiple seasons of trashy shows. Nestling up against the cushions messed up her usually neat curls of black hair, but assured she was in complete comfort. Spreading herself out, she showed no shame letting her legs spread out to flaunt the bulge in her panties. This was all part of her usual routine of giving herself the love and care she very much needed after a long week. However, her girlfriend didn't seem to understand her specific method of winding down.

"Do you really have to do that?" Kiri asked, strolling into the room with her arms burdened with a shopping bag and her slim, tanned figure adorned by a fashionable, bright yellow dress.

"Don't be such a stick in the mud," Grisha replied, stuffing a handful of chips in her mouth. "It's not like we don't have the same setup with our bodies."

Kiri gave a flip of her chin-length, black hair. "That doesn't mean that you should be so eager to spend your weekend practically naked on the couch. You have to make the most of your free time. Like for instance, getting your chores done."

Grisha showed off a wide grin. "Nothing that can't wait for my usual Sunday evening rush of panic induced adrenaline. That's when I'm most productive anyway."

“As entertaining as that is to see in action, I would prefer to spend that night perhaps going out to a fancy restaurant. My job has been paying quite handsomely lately so I figured it’s time to splurge a little.”

“Did you pick up our hormone refills from the pharmacy for the month?” Grisha asked.

“Of course I did,” Kiri replied as she dug through her bag. “And I had plenty leftover to grab a little something to spice up our upcoming date night.”

Finding what she was looking for, Kiri placed a bottle with black and white markings on the table. Motivated to get off the couch, Grisha brushed the crumbs off of her belly and shuffled over to the product. Though she was unsure what the name “Moufette” meant, she did recognize the manufacturer.

“Biotech?” Grisha asked as she looked at the label. “The company that makes those gene splicing cocktails?”

“Yes, but they make so much more than just that,” Kiri replied, picking up the bottle. “For instance, bottles of perfume like this that are designed to bring out the natural attraction aspect of a person’s odor. Allow me to give you a demonstration.”

Holding the bottle out, Kiri posed like a super model as she pointed it towards her face. Giving the slightest press to the button on top was supposed to let out a light puff to give her a chance to sample the fragrance. An overly sensitive trigger instead gassed her with a cloud of green mist that enshrouded her body. Stumbling out of the fog, she clasped at her throat as she tried to cough it out. Though she was standing a few feet away, Grisha got a whiff of the supposedly luxurious odor.

“Ugh, that smells like some kind of dead animal,” Grisha commented as she pinched her nose.

“I know *COUGH* alright,” Kiri replied, stumbling her way towards a window to let the lingering fumes spill out. “The idiots at the Biotech Bar must have given me the wrong bottle.”

“Well, it certainly does give you an authentic, natural musk,” Grisha remarked with a smirk on her face.

Waiting until the last few puffs of the perfume drifted out the window, Kiri slammed it shut and turned her head to glare at her girlfriend. “Yeah, yeah, I get it. Laugh it up. Buyer beware and all that crap. Once I grab a shower to get rid of this awful stench, I’ll stomp right back to that store to demand a-“

Kiri was silenced not by Grisha’s giggling, but by an ominous groan from her stomach. Looking at her mid-section she was confused to see a lump of flesh sticking out and stretching part of her dress. Prodding the added chub further riled up the rumbling noise from within her. Feeling where the pressure was building, she clenched her fingers and chewed on her lip to try and hold it in. As her strength waned and the gas became stronger, there was nothing she could do to prevent a squeaky fart from leaving her butt and ruffling the hem of her skirt. Seeing Kiri go red with embarrassment from the tiny outburst, Grisha couldn’t help falling into a fit of laughter.

“Stop that right now!” Kiri demanded as she stomped towards Grisha. “You are so immature. Just because I have a little gas doesn’t give you the right to-UUUUURRRPPP!”

Kiri clamped her mouth shut, unable to recall the last time she had so freely let out a burp. This information was not lost on Grisha who pushed herself through the lingering smell of the belch to loom over her girlfriend.

“All that talk about wanting me to mind my manners,” Grisha began, reveling in the look of resentment on Kiri’s face, “and all it takes to make your elegant persona fall apart is a little gas.”

“Shut BWOOOOORRRP up!” Kiri belched. “Look, something is wrong. That perfume must have done something to my...”

Kiri trailed off as she noticed something out the corner of her eye. Upon seeing it herself, Grisha joined her girlfriend in stunned silence as she glanced at the streak of white going through her black hair. Too busy staring at the off color follicles, Kiri couldn’t prevent a much more powerful fart from blasting out of rear. The burst of gas further sullied the room with a rancid odor and brought the pair’s attention to the long, bushy tail of black and white fur sticking out from beneath her dress.

“I’ll... go put some clothes on and bring you to the hospital,” Grisha said, breaking into a sprint to get dressed.

“Please BWOOOOORRPP hurry,” Kiri replied, wincing as another fart waved about her newly grown tail.

Being the first one in the apartment gave Grisha a moment to herself to ponder what their next step was. Having been turned away from the hospital the day before, she had been forced to endure the side effects of Kiri’s worsening condition until the following morning when they could get an appointment with a clerk from the Biotech Bar. Even after all that waiting, the results weren’t what they were hoping for. While there was a cure for Kiri’s condition, it would

take some time for the right ingredients to be shipped in. Until then, all they could do was wait until her body full acclimated to the skunk DNA merging with her genetic make up.

Shuffling into the apartment, the glare in Kiri's eyes had some of the venom taken out of them thanks to the small, triangle shaped, pink nose in the center of her face. Further humiliation came in the form of the thick bristles of black belly hair that peeked out from beneath her shirt thanks to the added layer of chub sticking around her mid-section. Similar patches had begun to sprout along her chest, partially covering up the cleavage of her swollen breasts. Closing the door behind her with a slam had the unintended side effect of shaking around her tail and further riling up her digestion. Wincing as a putrid fart burst out of her chubby rear and bristled the fur lining her arms and legs, Kiri stomped her way over to the couch and sat down.

"Kiri," Grisha said, cautiously approaching her girlfriend, "are you feeling alright?"

"What do you UUUURRP think?" Kiri belched, her anger making her momentarily forget her manners. "I'm stuck spending my weekend as a gassy, fat, skunk BWOOOOORRRP girl." Folding her arms together, she punctuated her fury with an abrupt PHHHRRRTTT squeaking out of her rear.

Pushing herself through the lingering fart cloud, Grisha sat down next to Kiri. "I know this may look bad, but it's not permanent. Heck, maybe this could be a good thing."

The pair of pointed, furred ears atop Kiri's head twitched as she looked towards her girlfriend. "How?"

"This could be your chance to really relax," Grisha explained. "Despite all the free time you get on the weekends, you always seem to want to go full throttle with either outings or doing chores."

“Yeah, because unlike BWOOOOORRRP you, I can’t just laze around on the couch all day,” Kiri replied.

“It wouldn’t hurt to give it a shot,” Grisha said, trying to ignore the gassy belch to run her fingers through the patches of fur along Kiri’s back.

Momentarily letting an animalistic purr leave her lips from the act, Kiri begrudgingly nodded. “Alright, not like I have much of a choice. How should I start?”

“First off,” Grisha said scooting back and spreading herself out on the couch, “you need to let yourself completely relax.”

Winching at the shameful display, Kiri took a deep breath and copied Grisha’s position. By the time her knees pressed up against Grisha’s and she nestled their bellies against one another, she began to feel a semblance of what her partner was talking about. Though she momentarily grasped at the cusp of relaxation, it faltered upon a squeaky farting escaping from her buttocks.

“Sorry,” Kiri said, watching Grisha’s nose scrunch up.

“It’s okay,” she replied, waving the scent away. “That just means your body is finally getting a chance to ease up. You’ve been wound up for so long, it’s no wonder that certain things would be pushed out. Now the next step is to get rid of those pesky clothes.”

Wriggling around on the couch, Grisha managed to remove her t-shirt and pants. Flinging the clothes off to a random corner of the room, she freely let her fingers glide across her belly as she look at Kiri with expectant eyes. Begrudgingly gasping the edge of the shirt she had worked so hard to squeeze into, Kiri slowly raised it up to reveal the pudge around her mid-section. Grisha quickened her girlfriend’s progress by yanking off the rest of the top to allow Kiri’s breasts to sway about within the confines of her restraining, C-cup bra. Trying to ignore the playful look on her girlfriend’s face, Kiri stood up and shimmied her hips to get her pants off.

Careful not to let the extra heft around her rear pop apart her panties, she removed her pants to give her tail extra space to freely wave around.

“Well,” Kiri began, sitting back on the couch and closing her legs to try and partially cover up the bulge in her underwear, “what now?”

“Now,” Grisha said, reaching out to spread her girlfriend’s legs apart, “we just relax and enjoy ourselves. I’ve got this killer show I’ve been dying to watch with you.”

Turning on the TV, Grisha settled down next to Kiri for an old-fashioned binge watch marathon. Over the course of plowing through a season of a series, Kiri gradually allowed herself to relax. Each passing episode seem to take a little more of the edge off of her. At first she spoke up to apologize for each burp or fart that escaped her body, but these excuses became rarer as her stench sunk into her clumps of hair. Enduring the onslaught of gas, Grisha continued to brush her fingers through her girlfriend’s fur to keep her calm. This moment of pure serenity came to a momentary halt as the pair heard a growl emanate from Kiri’s stomach.

“I know that sound,” Grisha said, helping herself up off the couch. “Looks like you’ve got a case of the munchies. I’ll go grab us some snacks. Any requests?”

“Maybe some UUUURRRP carrots?” Kiri asked.

Grisha shook her head as she let out a sigh of disappointment. “Come on, that’s not going to cut it for a pair of couch potatoes like us. Tell me what you really want.”

Kiri thought for a moment. “Okay then, I’ll have a bag of chips. And a BWOOOORRRP couple of cans of beer if you have some to spare.”

“I have plenty,” Grisha said, waving towards Kiri before making her way to the kitchen.

Left by herself for a moment, Kiri let her paw-like fingers brush through the clumps of fur along her body. Letting out another burst of flatulence, she let the aroma drift into her nose.

Finding a strange sense of satisfaction with her stench, she allowed a small grin to spread on her face. Waving about her tail to spread her musk around her, she let herself sink deeper into the couch cushions in preparation for her long night of doing nothing.

Sunday morning was typically a time for Kiri to run around the house, taking care of the chores Grisha had neglected and preparing for work the following day. However, her current predicament made sure that her schedule was well shaken up by the various changes made to her body and mind. In exchange for a lack of structure, she was given a sense of ease and relaxation that she hadn't felt in years. It was this very laid back attitude that kept her firmly on the couch for a non-stop binge watching marathon.

Though Kiri's chubby body was left completely bare as she spread out along the couch cushions, that wasn't to say that she wasn't entirely covered up. Thick, bristly black hair had gone on to adorn every inch of her plump figure, including her pudgy belly rolls and the pair of meaty, sagging breasts that rested upon her gut. Running her paws through her mane of black hair, she itched at her pointed ears before sliding her hand along the streak of white fur that reached from the pink nose perched at the peak of her snout all the way down to the tip of her tail. The bushy appendage flickered as her body began to shake from building gas. Rather than try to fight it, she purposefully leaned over to the side to allow a reverberating BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP to come blasting out of her thick ass cheeks. Settling herself back down onto the couch, she took a deep whiff of her fumes as she lazily let her hand reach below her gut to scratch at the fur that lined her prominent cock and balls.

Peeking her head into the living room gave Grisha a mouthful of one of Kiri's gas clouds. Wincing at the odor, she forced herself to look back and face the creature that she had had a hand in creating. Though her intention was to push Kiri towards trying to embrace a more lethargic lifestyle, it was obvious that the skunk woman had gone too far. Taking a deep breath of what little fresh air remained in the apartment, she stomped her way into the room to stand between Kiri and the screen.

"Hey babe, could you please UUUURRRP move?" Kiri asked. "They're almost at the finale."

"Kiri, we need to talk," Grisha said, trying to push through the aroma that surrounded her girlfriend's figure. "I think we should consider cutting back on certain things."

"Like what?" Kiri asked before shoveling a handful of chips past her maw and chasing it down by chugging a can of beer.

"As happy as I am seeing you so calm and relaxed, I think you've taken my advice too far. I've barely seen you get up off of this couch over the past day other than to grab more snacks or use the bathroom."

Kiri raised an eyebrow. "And your BWOOOOOORRRP point is?" she belched, crushing the empty can and tossing it across the room.

Pushing herself through the burp, Grisha stepped forward to grab Kiri's hand. "We need to get you moving. Or at the very least give you something to eat that doesn't worsen your digestion. Now come on, let's see if a walk around the block in the fresh air will help you out. I think I have a few shirts that you can squeeze into."

Though Grisha tried to tug Kiri off the couch, it felt like she was trying to pull a ton of bricks. Looking back at her girlfriend, what she saw was a look of annoyance that was usually

reserved for when they got into a fight about her not picking up her dishes after meals. Lingering on the irony of the situation is what left Grisha completely defenseless as the skunk woman pulled her down to shove her face into the hairy belly.

“What’s the matter?” Kiri asked, pressing Grisha’s head further into her gut. “You don’t UUUUUUUURRP like my body of flatulence-riddled, flabby fur?”

Grisha’s attempts to apologize and plead for mercy were muffled by Kiri’s belly rolls and a loud fart rippling out of the skunk woman’s rear.

“You’re the one who wanted me to relax so badly,” Kiri continued. “Maybe YOU are the one who needs a lifestyle change. Here, allow me to give you a closer look at what true BWOOOOORRP relaxation is.”

As Kiri pulled Grisha’s head up, the woman gasped for fresh air only to inhale the skunk’s lingering fumes. Moving around with surprising dexterity for a woman her size, Kiri proceeded to shift their positions to lay Grisha upper torso down on the couch with her legs limply laying on the floor. Pinned to the cushion by Kiri’s arms, all Grisha could do was stare up at the ceiling. This limited view was replaced by an up close look of Kiri’s hindquarters as the skunk woman hovered her ass cheeks over Grisha’s face.

“Kiri wait, we can talk this out. Don’t-“

With a heavy slam, Kiri brought the full force of her body down on Grisha. Wobbling her butt cheeks back and forth, the skunk woman succeeded in enveloping her partner’s head between the furry mounds. Left in complete darkness, Grisha’s repeated attempts to escape only succeeded in sinking her further into the depths and jostling around Kiri’s genitals.

A rumbling noise got Grisha to stop her squirming. It was a sound she had become very familiar with over the course of the weekend. Hearing the groaning grow louder, she let out a

series of muffled cries to try and get Kiri to move. Unfortunately, her efforts only succeeded in stretching a grin across Kiri's face as the skunk woman waited until her gas hit its apex to unleash it.

A billowing fart came bursting out of Kiri's anus to the tune of a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAPP PP echoing in Grisha's ears. The force of the expulsion sent ripples through the two woman's bodies and made Kiri's fur stand on end. Below the shaking mass of black hair, Grisha was forced to swallow up mouthfuls of the rancid gas. It was at this point that her body was given the choice to either suffocate from the fumes or give in to something that had begun to stir inside of her ever since she had first taken a whiff of the tainted perfume.

"So how does it BWOOOORRRP feel beneath my fat ass?" Kiri asked as she let out another fart. "I know it's pretty rank, but this is the smell of the new and improved me. Don't worry, I'm sure after you've learned your lesson we can UUUURRP scavenge up some tomato juice to get rid of the-EEP!"

The sudden cry that left Kiri's lips was brought about by my strange sensation coming from her undercarriage. Though she couldn't see what her girlfriend was doing, they had been together long enough to know of each other's habits. Clenching her fingers, she allowed a moan to parse her lips to encourage Grisha to continue eating out her asshole.

Kiri rewarded her partner's bold movements by allowing more gas to billow out of her backside. Inhaling the rotten stench, Grisha continued to drag her tongue along the rim of the skunk woman's anus to force out every last puff of gas. Digging her nails into the couch as her girlfriend continued to eat her out, Kiri watched as both her and Grisha's cock grew to full rigidity. Letting go of the couch, her fingers reached out to grasp her shaft. While one hand continued to stroke herself, the other pulled down her girlfriend's pants to reciprocate the motion

with her own dick. Pumping along in rhythm with her girlfriend's licks, Kiri was able to bring them both to a simultaneous orgasm.

Watching their seed spill across the carpet she had once been so keen on keeping clean, Kiri took a deep breath of the lingering smell of her fumes and ecstasy. Standing up to swivel her hips around, she couldn't help but grin at the look of pure euphoria on her girlfriend's face. Sitting back down on the couch, she ran her fingers through Grisha's hair to get her to stir again.

"Finally coming around to the new BWOOOOOORRRP me?" Kiri asked.

Grisha weakly nodded her head.

"Then let's not UUUURRRP stop here," Kiri said, leaning forward to press her belly up against Grisha's. "How about we do the usual position? I know you're far from being done."

Grisha went along with Kiri's plan, picking herself up to place her body along the length of the couch cushions. Straddling Grisha's chest, the skunk woman leaned forward to place her head near her girlfriend's undercarriage. A short spurt of gas from Kiri's ass was enough to make Grisha's cock go rigid again, allowing the skunk woman to put her muzzle to good use as she swallowed it up.

While Kiri bobbed her head up and down, tongue sliding along the length of Grisha's shaft, she could feel her partner wriggling around beneath her. Pushing through another cloud of flatulence, Grisha returned the favor by wrapping her lips around Kiri's member. Back and forth the couple sucked on each other's cocks, using their preferred techniques to provide as much pleasure as they were taking. While Grisha was typically the one to come out on top in these situations, the combination of Kiri's added size and plethora of gassy eruptions proved too much for her.

Hearing a muffled moan from her groin, Kiri kept her lips wrapped around Grisha's dick as her partner climaxed. The resulting wad of cum that filled her mouth was one of the more delectable treats she had tasted over the course of the weekend. Though she tried to suck up every drop, it wasn't long before she too released a load of semen down Grisha's throat. Though their breath was heavy with the stench of semen clinging to their tongues, the pair still wasn't done.

"You got BWOOOOORRRP stamina for one more go?" Kiri asked.

"Y-yeah," Grisha said, taking a deep breath as Kiri sat back up to give her a moment's reprieve. "We can go more direct if you want. Stand up for a second and I'll get into position. Don't know how I'll deal with your tail though."

Turning herself around, Kiri loomed over Grisha's face with a mischievous grin. "I have another idea. Let's see how you like being on the receiving end for once. Does that sound good?"

"Ohhhh yes," Grisha said, a look of pure bliss on her face as Kiri picked her shivering body off the couch.

Removing the rest of Grisha's clothes, Kiri tossed them into the pile of empty food containers she had slowly built over the course of the weekend. Taking her place back in the indent her ass had made in the couch, Kiri guided Grisha to stand in front of her. Given a chance to look over their bodies, it was astounding how closely their chubby forms resembled one another. Aside from the fur, fumes, and animalistic features, the only thing keeping them apart was that Kiri was slightly bigger. This size difference combined with her more wild behavior was more than enough to let her take on a dominant role for the first time to fully show off what her body could do.

Grabbing Grisha's hips, Kiri brought her down onto her lap. Though it took a bit of effort to get everything in place, the skunk woman eventually managed to slide her cock into her partner's waiting anus. Shuffling around to make sure her full length was inside, she paused for a moment. Seeing the look of desire plastered on Grisha's face, Kiri got ready to push her body to the limit.

Kiri began to jostle her girlfriend up and down, all in an effort to make her ride her cock with the same ferocity Grisha had showed her when she was on the receiving end. Alongside the sound of their flesh slapping together with each repetition, the force of Grisha slamming against the skunk woman's stuffed belly kept them in a constant fog of rippling farts. The bombardments of BRRAAAAAPPPs and PHHHHHRRRRRTTTs blasting out of Kiri's end partially obscured the sound of the women's moaning. However, this was just the beginning.

Grabbing a tight hold of Grisha's hips, Kiri suddenly stood up. Bending her girlfriend over, the skunk woman put all of her mass into her movements as she roughly shoved her cock around her asshole. The jerky movements further tainted the apartment with Kiri's stench and brought the pair of them to a level of ecstasy greater than they had ever felt before. This scene of pure debauchery came to a final end as Kiri gave one last shove to send the pair into a simultaneous orgasm.

With strings of cum scattering across the floor and filling Grisha's anus, the pair of women stumbled their way back onto the couch. Embracing each other, they pulled in close to vent their lingering lust with a deep kiss. Their lips parted as Kiri let out a cacophonous belch that momentarily puffed up Grisha's cheeks. Rather than be disgusted with the act, the skunk woman's girlfriend showed no hesitation in leaning back in to swallow up the heavy stench.

Eagerly accepting another kiss, Kiri's fur bristled from the mere thought of continuing to indulge in each other's twisted desires.

"Is that true?" Kiri's boss asked over the phone.

"I'm afraid so," she replied, holding the phone with one paw while the other carelessly scratched at her junk.

"Are you going to sue Biotech for damages? They have plenty of money to throw around."

"Nah, why bother with the headache?" Kiri asked, pausing a moment to hold the phone away while discreetly let out a squeaky fart from her rear. "Company like that probably as an entire squadron of lawyers. I'll just stay at home for now until they deliver the antidote. I have a lot of vacation time saved up and I'd rather not gas out our clients."

"It'll be difficult without you, but we'll be sure to manage. For now, you can focus on just--"

A loud BWOOOOOORRRRP echoing out of Kiri's mouth, silencing her boss. "Oops, excuse me. Guess I'll have to UUUURRP try to relearn manners while I'm at it."

"Um, right. Just call us back when you're ready to return to work. Talk to you later."

Hanging up the phone, Kiri put it on silent and left it in her purse. Making her way through the apartment, she cast a glance towards the living room to gaze upon the pile of snacks waiting for the week long binge watching session she had in mind. Leaving behind her throne for

the moment, she made her way over to the bedroom. Waiting for her there was Grisha, clad in a pair of undies that were besmirched in stains from the morning's escapades.

"Did you talk to your boss?" Grisha asked, patting the bed to bring Kiri back over.

"Yeah and it was exhausting."

Lifting up her tail, Kiri let out a prolonged PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that lasted nearly a full minute. Sucking in the fumes of her rancid flatulence, she made her way over to the bed to press her furry body against Grisha's. "Had to hold that one in for a while," she said as she proceeded to grope her girlfriend. "Figured I might as well stink you up good before you shower off for your next work shift."

"Aww, you're so sweet," Grisha replied, sinking her head between Kiri's breasts to inhale the stench. "How long until you have to go back?"

"Not for a long UUUURRP time," Kiri replied, the burp flicking the switch to get them in the mood to revel in the skunk woman's corrupted libido. "I don't intend to go back to my old body anytime soon. I'm having way too much BWOOOOOORRRP fun." Placing her butt cheeks up against Grisha's face, Kiri cleared her throat. "Here's to the new, skunky me and getting to live my best life." With her declaration made, she bombarded Grisha with another fart to prove her desire to completely give in to her more laid back lifestyle.