

Pepé's Perverted Roommate

Commissioned story written by HamsterTrove for RexTheSkunkOFFICIAL

Rex the skunk was lying down on the living room couch, wearing only a T-shirt and some boxer briefs. The majority of his slim body was covered with fluffy, black fur. Some dark grey fur was present around his chest and armpits, some white fur decorated his large tail and the front of his face, and some blood-red fur could be seen atop his head. Matching this red colour were the red irises of his eyes, his red finger and toe claws, and his red palms and soles.

The red-eyed 19-year-old was simply relaxing, watching some animated shows and generally enjoying a pleasant Saturday afternoon.

It had now been eight months since the lithe mammal moved into Pepé Le Pew's apartment. It was a reasonably spacious apartment with two bedrooms, a living room, a bathroom and a kitchen. Both Pepé and Rex were comfortable living there and enjoyed each other's company.

Rex had met Pepé in a café a couple of years ago. At the time Pepé had looked lonely and dejected, as he'd been having a bad week full of rejections and insults from both potential lovers and strangers alike. The squat skunk had been drowning his sorrows with wine and croissants by himself and looked like he needed cheering up. Rex had decided to walk over to him and do just that. Once the two of them got talking, the two skunks quickly became friends and their friendship only strengthened from there.

Rex had seen Pepé go through many short relationships with a variety of female animals and humans in the time that he knew him. Rex would always be there to comfort Pepé if he was feeling down after a breakup or a rejection.

As much as Rex liked Pepé, he did understand why many people were quick to dismiss or run away from his suave friend. It wasn't Pepé's looks or personality, the wide-hipped skunk was actually rather handsome and could be very romantic and charming when he wanted to be. No, it was more to do with the smells that followed the skunk wherever he went, and his general disregard for hygiene.

After meeting him, Rex quickly realised that Pepé absolutely reeked, in pretty much any way you could imagine. The natural body odour emanating from every inch of the French skunk's frame was overwhelmingly putrid. If Pepé lifted his arms even slightly, the air around him would be flooded with his pungent armpit musk, which typically stunk of bitter sweat and rancid garlic. If one of his large, black-furred feet were lifted off the ground, the sharp stench of aged cheese would be guaranteed to waft into the noses of any unfortunate passers-by.

As Pepé frequently walked around nude or without trousers, anybody even remotely close to the skunk's frontside would be graced by the tangy, salty stink of the skunk's thick cock and large, fuzzy balls. Anybody approaching Pepé from behind would have to deal with an even stronger stench.

The scent emanating from between Pepé's two plump, furry butt cheeks was truly foul. The fat-bottomed skunk's butt musk typically stunk like raw sewage and fermented sweat. It wasn't an uncommon sight to see flies hanging around the skunk's rump. It also wasn't uncommon to see the

curious, flying insects drop unconsciously to the ground when Pepé inevitably released a hot, rancid fart in their faces.

Fortunately for Pepé, Rex was very tolerant of how his curvaceous body naturally smelt. Rex was just as polite when dealing with the strong stench of Pepé's breath, or the rancid stink of his frequent burps and farts. Rex never pestered him about taking a shower or putting on deodorant, and did his best to stifle any involuntary coughs or gags when around Pepé. While Pepé simply viewed this impressive show of tolerance as Rex being a good friend who understood he was naturally rather smelly, there was a lot more to it than that.

While Rex had initially been grossed out by Pepé's lack of hygiene, Rex had quickly become utterly obsessed with his current roommate's natural musk. In high school, he'd always been secretly intrigued how the other animal students smelt in the locker rooms after a good amount of exercise, or simply how some animals smelt after not having the chance to bathe or shower for a while. Rex's desire for strong, musky smells had been truly awakened by Pepé.

Rex found the idea of sniffing up Pepé's various smelly scents extremely arousing. He would frequently fantasise about doing so while jerking off in his room. The thought of shoving his snout between Pepé's big, pudgy butt cheeks and taking deep, indulgent breaths filled the young skunk with lustful excitement. The thought of burying his dark grey nose into Pepé's scruffy, white armpit fur and inhaling nothing but pure, masculine musk was just as exhilarating.

Even the thought of pushing his nose against Pepé's musty-smelling belly button and having a thorough sniff was rather exciting to the perverse skunk. As Pepé was quite the comfort eater and drinker, he'd gradually developed a pudgy, jiggly potbelly and a noticeably deep navel since they'd met. Rex adored Pepé's curvy figure, and thought it just made him look more attractive and manly.

Rex realised how bizarre and potentially embarrassing his desires were, and often felt conflicted when he was actually around Pepé. The smells emanating from his musky roommate's body were undeniably revolting, and the fact Pepé had practically given up on bathing or holding in his gas was definitely gross...but at the same time he found those qualities incredibly endearing. Something about seeing, and smelling, Pepé being so shamelessly filthy and slobby around him turned Rex on like nothing else could.

While private fantasies of sniffing up Pepé's musk had been good enough for a while, after two months of living with Pepé, the kinky, young skunk couldn't help but indulge his perverse desires further. Whenever the opportunity arose, Rex would bury his nose in Pepé's dirty clothing and sniff away or find ways to get his nose up close to Pepé's muskier regions without the French skunk noticing. Rex, of course, didn't tell Pepé a word of this. He had no idea how he'd react if he found out about his peculiar kinks, or the lengths he was willing to go to indulge them.

While Rex continued to watch the television, Pepé sauntered into the living room. The smelly skunk's potent odour quickly spread throughout the room and wafted into Rex's nose. Rex's gaze quickly turned away from the television and focused on his roommate's body. While inhaling as much skunk musk as he could, Rex got a good look at Pepé's thick, black furred thighs, and the impressive bulge present in his tight, white briefs. Pepé had decided to wear nothing but his worn-out underwear today. Rex thought it was an excellent look.

He adored how Pepé's soft gut overhung his underwear and jiggled alluringly with each heavy step he took. Rex couldn't keep his eyes off the sexy slob of a skunk.

While Rex was intently looking at Pepé, his underwear-clad roommate hadn't even registered Rex was there. Pepé was currently distracted by the smartphone he had in his hands. It was likely he was looking at profiles on a dating app, from the way he was tapping and scrolling the screen. As Pepé drew closer to the couch, the distracted skunk's attention was grabbed by the show on television.

"Oh! 'ow delightful! It 'as been quite some time since I've seen art such as zis. I think I shall have a watch!" Pepé said to himself. Still not paying any mind to Rex, Pepé turned himself so his thick butt and large, striped tail were facing the couch.

Rex's eyes widened. A noticeable bulge appeared in his own underwear as his cock grew semi-erect. He didn't dare say a thing.

He loved that Pepé's underwear barely covered his two plump, musky butt cheeks. As there were several holes present in the sloppy skunk's underwear, his briefs looked like they could barely contain his package or his butt. He absolutely adored how strong Pepé's butt musk was at this distance. The smell only got stronger as Pepé backed up towards the couch, causing his large, jiggly rump to grow even larger in Rex's vision.

Rex's heart raced in his chest as he saw Pepé's huge butt lowering down towards his face. Rex's vision grew dark and he felt a heavy weight upon his head. A toasty warmth quickly engulfed his face.

For a few blissful seconds the young, kinky skunk could feel the thin, butt sweat-dampened fabric of Pepé's underwear, and the soft, unwashed fur and fat of Pepé's butt cheeks. Rex breathed in the pungent scent of his unkempt roommate's deep butt crack. Rex's body tingled with arousal as a stale, sweaty stink filled his nostrils.

Pepé's eyes widened and his body flinched as he felt a furry snout moving around beneath his thick, barely covered cheeks.

"Oh, sacré bleu! I'm sorry, Rex, I deed not see you zere!" Pepé apologised as he realised he'd just used Rex's face as a cushion. The smelly skunk swiftly stood up and checked to see if Rex was okay.

"Oh- ***cough cough*** n-no problem at all! H-here, I'll make ***cough*** some space for you on the couch!" Rex replied with a timid grin.

Rex sat up on the couch and quickly crossed his legs. He desperately hoped Pepé hadn't noticed the clear erection he'd been sporting in his boxer briefs.

"Ah, well thank you! What a charmingly courteous skunk you are~" Pepé said with a smile.

Pepé sat his fat butt down next to Rex. Rex was blushing profusely beneath his fur, and his heart was thumping with both fear and excitement inside his chest.

The two of them watched television together for a while. Rex mainly stayed silent throughout, but he'd politely respond to any questions Pepé asked, and laugh (albeit rather nervously) when Pepé made some jokes about the show or commercial currently onscreen.

Rex found it very hard to focus on what was happening on the television. His thoughts kept returning to how being sat on by Pepé had felt and the powerful smell that had been present between his roommate's plump butt cheeks.

A few seconds of facesitting had not been enough for Rex, he desperately craved more. His lust-addled mind didn't care if he ended up suffocating under Pepé's weighty cheeks, he needed to find a way to make Pepé sit on him for longer, ideally without any underwear on. He wanted to feel his nose press

right up against Pepé's pink, puckered hole and sniff up pure stink. Rex eventually started to think up ways of convincing Pepé to plant his butt on his face without raising suspicion.

PBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHP!

Rex's train of thought was abruptly interrupted as Pepé ripped a loud, low-pitched fart onto the couch. Pepé's butt cheeks vibrated as he released his gas, and it felt like the couch had vibrated too. The spot beneath Pepé's butt would reek of the skunk's gas and musk for days and be considerably warmer for several minutes.

"Aha, excusez moi~!" Pepé excused himself.

The rank stench of rotten eggs and mushrooms spread out across the room, and soon found itself wafting into Rex's nose. The sulphuric stench stung his nostrils and caused the younger skunk to cough and gag several times.

Pepé looked over at him with a grin, then said, "Haha, perhaps I 'ad better be going...I think I've watched enough television for now, and I wouldn't want you to struggle with any further fumes from my derriere! I shall see you later, mon ami."

Pepé playfully ruffled Rex's red hair, then stood up. Pepé started walking off towards his own room. With each step the voluptuous skunk took, his fat, round butt cheeks and pudgy belly jiggled appealingly. Rex made sure to get a good look at those big, wobbly cheeks once Pepé passed by him, and a sneaky sniff of them too.

FFBRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRRRAP!

As Pepé left the living room his anus opened up and let out a deep, rumbling fart through his briefs, filling the room with an eggy, meaty stench. Rex appreciated being granted more awful smells to sniff up.

After taking a deep breath of Pepé's lingering gas and musk, Rex was left coughing and spluttering once again. The rational side of Rex's brain scolded him for breathing in such a repulsive, noxious stench. For the kinkier side of his brain, it was absolutely worth it though, as signified by the long, stiff bulge present in the young skunk's boxer briefs.

Rex sensually rubbed a hand over his crotch's bulge while thinking about how he could get even more of Pepé's stink into his nostrils. If he followed Pepé into his room immediately, that would be quite suspicious, even if he did come up with an excuse. Rex decided he'd be patient and wait until Pepé was in the apartment's kitchen.

Rex watched a bit more television, while the pungent smells of Pepé's body and gas lingered unpleasantly in the room and in his nostrils. Once he decided he'd watched enough television and smelled enough of the lingering stink, he went to his room.

Rex busied himself for a few hours by looking at some art and playing some video games online. As he did this, he felt a profound sense of agitation. He really wanted to get his nose right up close to Pepé's rear once again, whether his face was beneath his roommate's butt or not. Though at the same time, he felt nervous about the risk that came with trying to achieve this, and embarrassed he was so

devoted to inhaling such revolting smells. These feelings weren't enough to put him off his perverse goal though. He was going to get up close to that sexy, slobby skunk's butt any way he could.

Eventually he heard Pepé coming out of his room to prepare himself dinner. Rex waited for a few minutes inside his room, listening to Pepé take out plates, cutlery and a variety of cooking equipment. Once Rex felt like he'd waited a reasonable amount of time, the young skunk opened his room's door and wandered over to the apartment's kitchen. As he walked towards the kitchen he saw Pepé was peeling some carrots.

Pepé noticed Rex coming towards the kitchen and greeted him. "Ah, bonjour Rex! Did you need something from ze kitchen?"

Rex shook his head and replied, "Nope, I uh...was just interested in seeing what you were making here!"

"Oh, I see! I deed not know you were so interested in ze culinary arts! I am making a cheese and ham omelette with some French fries and vegetables on ze side!" Pepé explained. While speaking he placed the peeled carrots he had onto a chopping board.

Rex made sure he was stood only a few inches away from Pepé's body. This allowed him to watch Pepé prepare his meal and get a good sniff of his stinky roommate's body when he wasn't paying attention.

"Oh cool! Sounds yummy!" Rex said. He waited for Pepé to start chopping up the carrots before quietly crouching down behind Pepé's thick, underwear-clad butt. As Pepé sliced up the orange vegetables Rex took a long, drawn out sniff of Pepé's butt. Rank, acrid butt musk filled Rex's nose, making the skunk's body tingle with perverse delight.

"Are you getting interested in cooking zome more complicated dishes?" Pepé asked, seemingly unaware of Rex sneakily sniffing his large, smelly rump.

"O-oh! Heh, well maybe after getting to see you cook some I'd be up for it!" Rex replied after backing up slightly from Pepé's plump, unwashed cheeks.

"Ah, zertainly! I'll make sure to work on some interesting meals tomorrow!" Pepé said.

Satisfied Pepé wasn't going to follow up with a further question, Rex moved himself closer to Pepé's ample buttocks once again. However, as he started to sniff up the foul stench surrounding his roommate's rump, he suddenly saw Pepé backing his butt up into his face.

"Whoops!" Pepé exclaimed as he felt his ample bottom bump into Rex. Surprised by the sudden movement, and rather overwhelmed by the size and smell of Pepé's butt cheeks, Rex fell onto the floor butt-first.

"Aha, sorry about zat! I was just going to get some peas from ze fridge. You must have been awfully close back zere for zat to happen, haha..." Pepé apologised, a subtle, playful grin present on his face.

"Heh...n-no problem! I'll make sure to give you a bit more space!" Rex replied nervously before getting to his feet. The skunk's heart was thumping hard and fast in his chest.

Rex allowed Pepé to get the peas from the fridge and pour them into a mug without getting in the way. Once Pepé was focused on cracking eggs and whisking them in a bowl, Rex seized the opportunity and moved his snout right up close to his roommate's deep, musky, underwear-covered butt crack.

Pepé's reply was cut off by a deep, wet belch loudly leaving his mouth. The skunk's hot, smelly burp breath washed over Rex's face while a considerable amount of wet spittle splashed against Rex's facial features. Rex's nostrils stung as they were filled with an intensely cheesy and meaty scent.

"Phew, pardon moi~" Pepé said, playfully wafting the air in front of his face.

Rex was left violently coughing and gagging once again. He felt simultaneously disgusted and overjoyed at the situation he was currently in.

Once Rex managed to catch his breath, time passed by quite quickly. The two of them talked some more and enjoyed the shows on the television while Pepé ate his meal. Several more foul-smelling belches and farts left the gassy skunk's system as this happened, which Rex enjoyed thoroughly despite his body's involuntary reactions.

Eventually Pepé finished eating and was ready to get up. Pepé stretched his arms upwards and let out a yawn, allowing the acrid scent of his unkempt armpits to waft outwards, before standing up. The French skunk wished Rex a good evening, then walked over to the kitchen to put his plate and cutlery on a kitchen counter.

After that, Pepé returned to his room with the intent of relaxing for a while before going to bed.

A small, dark stain could be seen around the bulge of Rex's crotch where some precum had soaked through. Getting to bask in the scents of Pepé's butt, armpits, body odour and gas had clearly been very exciting for him.

Rex stroked the bulge of his hard cock once again and anxiously rubbed the sides of his black-furred feet together. He still felt like he needed more of Pepé's stink. The rational side of his mind scolded and insulted him for being so desperate for something so disgusting, but Rex didn't care. He wanted to sniff up Pepé's gas and musk until he came, and as long as Pepé didn't know about it, he didn't care how he achieved his lustful goal.

Rex let out a shaky sigh through his nose. His mind was awash with perverse fantasies of smelling and worshiping every inch of Pepé's attractively chubby body, but he knew he'd have to wait again for a good opportunity if he didn't want Pepé to get suspicious.

After several minutes of hanging around on the couch feeling pent up and agitated, Rex eventually calmed himself down and returned to his own room.

Rex busied himself by drawing some digital art and playing some video games for several hours. Invasive thoughts of Pepé's body and scent would repeatedly distract him from these activities and make him feel agitated once more, but he managed to be patient and keep his hands off himself.

Once several hours had passed, Rex stood up from his room's chair and deeply sighed. He was steeling himself for a very risky and dirty venture. After some hesitation, Rex walked over to his room's door and opened it up. With his heart beating hard in his chest, Rex wandered over to the closed door of Pepé's room.

Rex carefully pressed a pointed ear against the door of Pepé's room. Rex narrowed his eyes thoughtfully and stood as still as he could, as he tried to listen for any evidence of Pepé being asleep in his room.

Snnnhrrrr...phwoooo~

Rex let out a sigh of relief as he managed to hear Pepé snore a few times in his sleep. It seemed very likely Pepé was currently in a deep slumber. Rex delicately turned the door's metallic knob, trying to be quiet as he could as he did so, and slowly opened the door to Pepé's room.

The room was dark, the only light sources being the pale, blue moonlight coming in through the room's window and the yellow-tinted light from the hallway. Though the details of the room were hard to make out, there was enough light to show the room was rather messy.

On Pepé's table was a closed laptop, some emptied cans, bottles and bowls and some poorly organised papers and books. The shelves were haphazardly filled with books, magazines and boxes. Upon the floor were discarded, unwashed clothes that Rex could immediately tell smelt dreadful. It was pretty obvious Pepé didn't bother to clean up or attempt to mask the awful smell in his room, unless he knew he'd be having a lover join him in his room.

Pepé was sprawled out on his double bed, his underwear-clad butt and striped tail presented to Rex, as he was lying on his pudgy belly. Pepé had either found the muggy heat of his room too warm, or he'd been rolling around in his sleep, as the covers were lower down on the bed than his body was.

The warm, stuffy air around Rex reeked of both Pepé's body odour and the collective smell of dozens of burps and farts the gassy, slobby skunk had released into the room over the past week. Rex's cock was at half-mast without even having to get close to Pepé's body.

The stink surrounding Rex wasn't quite enough for him though. He wanted to try getting his nose right up close to the sources of the smells around him. The red-haired skunk snuck further into the room and squinted as he tried to identify the articles of clothing upon the floor.

Rex eventually came across one of Pepé's T-shirts. He looked over to Pepé to check if he was still fast asleep. Pepé was still in the same position, softly snoring and mumbling. Rex nodded to himself, then crouched down to pick up the discarded shirt.

Rex pressed the unwashed shirt against his snout and navigated his nose around the smelly, sweat-dampened fabric. Eventually the bitter, sweaty scent of the shirt became far stronger and far swampier as Rex's nose stroked against a large, dark armpit sweat stain.

Rex closed his eyes and shoved his free hand down the front of his boxer briefs as he breathed in the strong, masculine scent of Pepé's armpits. The young skunk's cock quickly became erect. The excitement of the risky situation he was in and the pungent smell filling his nostrils was incredibly exhilarating and arousing to Rex.

Rex excitedly jerked himself off while huffing and inhaling the smell of Pepé's armpit musk. Several soft moans and involuntary coughs from Rex were muffled by the sweaty fabric of Pepé's T-shirt. After a couple of minutes of doing this, Rex started to wonder if they'd be other articles of clothing that would smell even stronger.

After one last indulgent sniff of the T-shirt's sweat stain, Rex placed the smelly shirt down onto the floor. He then started to search for more haphazardly dropped clothing. Rex walked closer to Pepé's bed. The smell of his roommate's body odour grew stronger and the sound of his snoring and mumbling grew louder.

Rex spotted several socks near Pepé's bed. He cautiously looked over to his snoozing roommate before crouching down to pick up one of Pepé's worn-out socks. He pressed the damp, smelly fabric of the sock right up against his nose and started pumping his hand up and down the length of his cock's shaft once again.

Rex's nostrils were flooded with the sharp smell of aged cheese and vinegar. Rex wasn't sure how long it had been since Pepé washed his feet, or his socks, but from the stench emanating from the sock in his hand, it seemed like he'd gone unwashed for weeks. Rex had a good sniff of Pepé's pungent sock and jerked himself off for three pleasurable minutes.

Rex eventually looked towards Pepé again. The French skunk was still lying on his belly, presenting his big, furry butt to him. Precum started to seep through the crotch of Rex's boxer briefs again.

Rex gently placed the sock in his grasp down onto the floor where he'd found it. He stood frozen in place for several seconds, unsure if he should dare approach Pepé.

I really want to sniff that beautiful butt...but I could so easily wake him up. Rrgh...you know the smell's going to be awful back there, do you really think you can hold back from coughing and gagging?

Rex felt torn on the matter. Fear and rationality were holding him back, but his lust was a very convincing force. Rex's body was shaking as he weighed up his options.

Mmrgh...but when am I going to get better opportunity than this? I...I know it's horribly filthy and risky...but I've got to go for it...

After some silent deliberation, Rex nodded to himself and decided he'd get closer to Pepé.

Rex quietly slinked his way towards Pepé's bed. Once he was close to his softly snoring roommate, Rex leaned in and moved his snout up close to Pepé's large, pudgy butt.

Rex took a long, deep sniff of Pepé's butt musk. The stench of hot garbage and butt sweat seeped through the thin, hole-riddled fabric of Pepé's briefs and assaulted Rex's nose. The red-haired skunk's fully erect cock twitched with kinky excitement.

Those feelings of excitement and delight turned to dread as he felt his throat tickle and his nostrils sting. His body really needed to cough. Desperate to muffle it as much as possible, Rex swiftly shoved his right arm in front of his mouth.

KHHF! KHHHFH!

Rex managed to muffle his coughs into his furry wrist. Keeping his arm up against his mouth, Rex looked upwards to see if Pepé had been awakened. Rex flinched as he saw Pepé stir and mumble in his sleep but was relieved to see he hadn't woken up his roommate. He exhaled a warm sigh against his wrist.

After a few seconds of hesitation, Rex moved his snout back towards Pepé's big, smelly rump. Quivering with excitement, Rex sniffed up the powerful scents of Pepé's sodden underwear and deep, musky butt crack. Rex returned to jerking himself off.

Out of caution, Rex started stroking his cock slowly, but his pace soon grew notably vigorous as he inhaled more of his handsome roommate's stink. Rex had to use his free hand to muffle a series of coughs, gags and splutters, but at this point he thought it was well worth the risk.

More and more of Pepé's butt musk entered into Rex's nose. Longer and longer Rex kept pumping his own hard cock. Once three minutes of this had passed, precum started to messily drip out from the tip of Rex's penis and seep through the fabric of his own underwear. Once a further minute passed, something pushed him over the edge.

PBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRRT!

A hot, rancid fart blasted out of the sleeping skunk's butt, causing Pepé's chubby butt cheeks to jiggle. The humid air of his fart washed over Rex's face and filled his nostrils with the stench of rotten eggs and ham. The dreadful smell lingered and mixed in with the already foul miasma present in the warm, stuffy room.

"M-mmmmn~! *cough cough* Hmmm~!" Rex closed his eyes, muffled his coughs and moaned as softly as he could as he orgasmed into his own boxer briefs. A large, dark stain was now present around the crotch of his underwear as he'd jizzed out a copious amount of hot, white cum. Some of his semen remained within his underwear, and on his cock, while the rest seeped through and dripped downwards.

"Haaaah... *cough cough* *gag* H-haa..." Rex breathed as deeply as he could while muffling his coughs and gags. While doing this, he appreciated the odd mix of afterglow and exhilaration he was currently feeling. Rex cupped his free hand over his cum-sodden crotch, backed up from Pepé and started to (rather awkwardly) sneak out his room. He'd got what he came in here for, he wasn't going to risk staying in Pepé's smelly room another moment.

Rex cleaned himself up in the bathroom, used the toilet and brushed his teeth. All throughout this he was still feeling incredible. If he'd managed to achieve his kinky goal today, perhaps he did have a chance of getting Pepé to sit on his face again without raising suspicion. He'd have to be clever about it...but he was certain he could work out a plan tomorrow.

Rex returned to his room, stripped his clothes off and got into bed. Once the exhilarated skunk managed to drift off into a slumber he slept very well.

Once Rex awoke the next morning and had gotten dressed in a T-shirt and pyjama bottoms, he found Pepé was in the kitchen making himself breakfast. The stinky skunk was dressed considerably more modestly than yesterday, as he was wearing a dressing gown.

Rex joined him in the kitchen. While Pepé got himself a croissant with butter and strawberry jam, a banana and some orange juice to drink, Rex got himself some cereal and toast to eat and some milk to drink.

"Ah, good morning, Rex! I trust you slept well?" Pepé said with a friendly smile.

"Good morning! Yup, I slept great actually!" Rex replied chipperly.

"Fantastique~" Pepé said as he poured himself a glass of orange juice.

Once they were both ready, the two of them ate their breakfasts while sitting on the living room couch together. After a bit of eating and small talk, Rex brought up the idea of the two of them doing something together.

"Hey, if you're available today, would you be up for playing some Skunk Smash Supreme today?" Rex asked. Skunk Smash Supreme was his and Pepé's favourite multiplayer fighting video game.

"Oh, certainly! I'm free today, and I'd be delighted to do zat!" Pepé replied cheerily.

"Awesome!" Rex said with a pleased smile. After a brief pause, he continued speaking, "You know, we've both gotten pretty good at that game...so how about we make things interesting?"

Pepé raised an eyebrow curiously. “Oh~? What did you have mind, mon ami?”

“Well...I was thinking we could have a bet! Whoever loses a match has to deal with a punishment from the winner!” Rex explained.

“Ha, well that certainly does add stakes to ze game! Did you have something in mind for ze punishment?” Pepé asked.

“Well...I was thinking the loser could be used as a cushion by the winner for as long as the winner wants!” Rex suggested.

“Aha...an intriguing idea! I suppose you must have been inspired by my leetle mistake ze other day, no?” Pepé said with a playful grin.

“Ha...y-yeah, maybe a little bit!” Rex said, his excited nervousness showing somewhat. “So...you’re fine with the idea?” he asked.

“Oh, absolutely! Zat sounds like fun to me! Let us finish our- **BWUORRRRRHP** - breakfasts and zen get to playing!” Pepé replied, a powerful, fruity-smelling belch escaping his lips as he spoke.

Rex smiled and wiped some saliva and orange juice droplets from his face. “Sounds good!” the red-eyed skunk agreed.

The two of them finished their breakfasts without much incident, other than a few more strong-smelling burps and farts coming from the ever-gassy Pepé. Once they’d put away their plates and cutlery away in the kitchen, Rex turned on the game console by the television and made sure the Skunk Smash Supreme cartridge was inserted inside the console.

Rex and Pepé both grasped game controllers in their hands, eager to start a 1 v 1 match. Pepé picked out a large, burly skunk character with shaggy hair, small shorts and metal bracers from the character selection menu, while Rex picked out a slim, business-suit wearing skunk.

“Oh? An interesting choice of character for such a high stakes game...” Pepé said with a smirk.

“Hey, what can I say? I’m a risk-taker! With the right strategies, he’s an excellent character!” Rex replied with a shrug and a smile.

After choosing some settings and starting a match, Pepé and Rex’s characters appeared in a seaside-town themed level. After a countdown from the game’s announcer and a very enthusiastic declaration of **‘FIGHT!’**, the two virtual skunks started to battle.

Pepé’s fighter, ‘Pitumax’, quickly got down to pummelling his opponent, ‘CEO Stu’, with his fists and feet. CEO Stu barely managed to dodge or parry any of his attacks, and only threw a few sharpened business cards in retaliation.

“Aw come on, you can do better zen zat!” Pepé teased Rex.

“I guess we’ll see...” Rex said with a grin.

After getting half of his health bar decimated in a minute, CEO Stu seemed to be showing some improvements. Sometimes he’d sneakily flip and duck under attacks and chip off some of Pitumax’s health with a briefcase-based counterattack, but sometimes he’d just completely mess things up and end up getting brutally stomped into the ground.

“Looks like you’re losing zat bet, Rex!” Pepé said excitedly.

“Oh noo...” Rex said, in a rather sarcastic tone.

The fight carried on into its fourth minute. CEO Stu appeared to be getting better at dodging and blocking as the fight went on but getting worse at actually landing any hits. Eventually CEO Stu’s career came to an end as he jumped up in preparation for an attack. Pitumax jumped, grabbed him out of the air, lobbed him to the floor, then plummeted down onto CEO Stu’s face butt-first.

A worryingly crunchy sound effect could be heard as Pitumax’s shorts-covered butt forcefully landed on CEO Stu’s pretty-boy face. CEO Stu’s body could be seen futilely squirming before Pitumax finished him off.

PRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRP!

A green, toxic-looking cloud of gas erupted from Pitumax’s shorts-covered rump. CEO Stu’s body twitched one last time before going limp.

‘KO!’ A graphic declaring CEO Stu’s defeat appeared on screen. The game’s announcer sounded more than happy to announce this happening.

“Ah, damn...you got me! Well played!” Rex said while theatrically gesturing frustration with a fist.

“Hmhm, zat’s right~ Time for your punishment zen, mon ami~” Pepé said with a naughty looking grin. The pudgy skunk stood up, then pointed a finger down at the couch to signify he wanted Rex to lie down.

“I guess so...” Rex said, trying to hide his perverse delight at the situation. The young skunk obligingly lied down on the couch. He looked over at Pepé, eagerly awaiting his punishment.

A naughty grin remained on Pepé’s furry face. The smelly skunk took off his dressing gown and simply placed it on the ground beside the couch, leaving Pepé’s soft, curvaceous body completely nude.

Rex’s eyes widened in both shock and delight. He happily took in the sight and smell of Pepé’s exposed genitals. So big, so manly, so musky...he wasn’t even going to pretend to object to this. He just hoped Pepé would give him a close-up look at this exposed butt next.

Pepé strode over to him and promptly granted his wish. Pepé turned around and loomed over Rex, letting the young skunk look up at his large, round butt cheeks and big, fluffy tail. From Rex’s perspective It looked like two black, furry moons floating in a shimmering night sky. The pungent stench of Pepé’s butt musk wafted down into his nose, causing a few involuntary coughs to leave Rex’s mouth.

Pepé playfully shook his butt at Rex, making his pudgy cheeks jiggle and audibly slap against each other.

“Hmhm...I know you’ve wanted this for a while, you naughty boy~” Pepé stated after showing off his jiggly cheeks.

Before Rex had time to react to that statement, or even properly process its meaning, Pepé had started lowering his big, musky butt down towards his surprised face.

A matter of seconds later, Rex felt a heavy, but notably soft, weight pressing down on his head. The world around him went completely dark, and all he could smell was the dreadful stink of Pepé's deep, unwashed butt crack. His face was completely engulfed by Pepé's huge, furry rump.

Without any fabric in the way, the smell of Pepé's ass was even stronger and fouler than before. The stench of former farts and congealed sweat clung unpleasantly to his butt's naturally smelly fur. The chubby skunk's rump reeked like a hot sewer full of sulphur and dead rats.

The texture of Pepé's butt sweat-dampened fur felt slick, soft and slimy. The humid heat beneath Pepé's fat, unwashed cheeks was sauna-like. Sweat and slime dripped down onto Rex's damp, blushing face. It was utterly disgusting being Pepé's personal cushion...and yet he'd happily volunteered to be in this position.

After dealing with the overwhelming smell, weight, heat and texture of Pepé's big, musky rump for only a few more seconds than the day before, Rex started immediately regretting allowing himself to be sat on by his sloppy roommate. Rex's mind was now screaming at itself for being so lustful.

Oh god...I think I'm actually going to suffocate here! Why did I think this was a good idea?! This was obviously going to be too much! This is...this is just revolting! Why couldn't I have just left it at sniffing his clothes?! Arrrgh!

Rex tried to express his distress by squirming and letting out muffled yells and coughs into Pepé's backside. Pepé seemed to not care about this though, as he started grinding his thick, furry butt cheeks against Rex's face.

"Mm, what's ze matter, loser~? Going back on your word? I thought you'd be a lot more eager to be under your roommate's fragrant derriere, considering all ze times I've seen you admiring it..." Pepé started to speak while swaying his wide hips back and forth.

"Not to mention all ze times I've found my unwashed underwear displaced, or ze leetle matter of you sneaking into my room last night...you know I'm a light sleeper and a good actor." Pepé continued.

Rex's heart was beating rapidly in his chest as he heard Pepé's revelation and felt his hefty butt cheeks pushing down on him. He felt a confusing mixture of emotions; fear, arousal, disgust, confusion, excitement...he really wasn't sure what to feel. He also wasn't sure what else to do but pitifully squirm beneath Pepé's weight.

"Come now, Rex...zere's no need to resist your rotund roomie's plump ass~ I am without a mate, and so are you...do not feel guilty about indulging your kinky desires, mon ami~" Pepé said. After a pause, he stopped grinding his butt cheeks and continued speaking, "Ah, zere we are, I'm nice and comfy and I hope you are too, my cute, leetle cushion...because I want to feel you sniffing and kissing my puckered 'ole~"

Rex's snout was now firmly buried in between Pepé's fat, sweaty cheeks, pushing against the chubby skunk's sweaty, musky anus. The rank stench inside Pepé's butt crack was truly unbearable. Rex was trying to avoid breathing in, let alone sniffing like he'd been doing before. He was sincerely worried he'd end up throwing up and passing out.

In attempt to show he wasn't up to the chubbier skunk's requests; Rex beat his fists against Pepé's pudgy love-handles and let out a muffled scream against Pepé's ass. "Ooh...well zat did feel rather nice, but zat wasn't exactly what I asked for. Try again, cushion, I know you want to worship and sniff zis beautiful, weighty skunk rump~" Pepé said before harshly bouncing his fat ass on Rex's face a few times.

“No need to look so shocked...eet’s no surprise you can’t keep your mind off my shapely figure and manly aroma~ Perhaps if you can admit you adore my odours, I can admit I’m interested in more than just ze females...” Pepé said, teasingly stroking a finger up the length of Rex’s erection.

Rex looked towards his own crotch wide-eyed. Several fantasies he’d been having about Pepé were coming true today, and he wasn’t sure how to feel about it. He thought those fantasies were just going to stay as fantasies. Now they were actually happening, Rex was feeling confused and overwhelmed.

After a few seconds of trying to process the situation, Rex looked towards Pepé’s face.

“Are you...are you suggesting we could be boyfriends?” Rex asked timidly.

“Mm, perhaps~ I could promote you to zat title if you show me how good of a submissive, stink-loving slut you are over ze next few weeks~ I’ve had plenty of time to see what you’re like as a friend; I want to see you showing off your dirty side now~” Pepé said with a cheeky grin.

“That’s...that’s a very intriguing offer, and I probably would have happily accepted that earlier today. But, uh...well...now you’ve sat on me and shown me how smelly you can really get, I’m not entirely sure I’d be able to handle that...” Rex said, conflicted over his kinky desires as ever.

“Ah, nonsense! You clearly have ze desire, we just need to toughen up your nose and lungs; and I’d be more zen happy to do just zat! Now...sit, boy~” Pepé replied, gesturing to Rex to sit up on the couch.

“A-alright...” Rex said shyly. Rex did as he was told and sat up, giving Pepé room to sit down next to him.

Pepé sat his smelly, voluptuous butt right next to Rex. He then lifted up his left arm, revealing his scruffy, sweat-dampened armpit fur. An acrid, garlic-like smell wafted out from his unkempt armpit. It soon spread out into the room and into Rex’s nose. Rex looked over with reluctant intrigue and muffled a few soft coughs into his right hand.

“Come on, sniff it~ I know you want to~” Pepé insisted.

Rex let out a little whimpering sound and looked down shamefully for a few seconds. However, once those few seconds had passed, Rex obeyed. He lifted his head back up and pushed his nose up against the damp, white fur of Pepé’s armpit.

Rex sniffed and inhaled the strong musk emanating from the French skunk’s armpit, trying his best to stifle his coughs and gags within his mouth.

“Mhmhm, zat’s it~ Get a good smell of zat strong, masculine aroma, boy~” Pepé said with a naughty grin.

Pepé grabbed the back of Rex’s head and pushed Rex’s face into his unkempt armpit fur. Rex was forced to smell every bit of the smelly, unwashed pit. The red-haired skunk let out muffled moans between coughs, while his cock twitched with arousal.

“Trés bon...now you’re beginning to understand your place~” Pepé teased his slimmer roommate. “Now...how about you show what a good, leetle stink-slut you are by licking the fur zere without any complaints~?” Pepé continued after a pause.

Rex did as he was told and would do so for the rest of the day. The submissive, young skunk would sniff, kiss, lick and generally worship any part of Pepé’s body he was ordered to. Pepé’s large, cheesy

feet, his deep, musty belly button and even his impressive, musky genitals were given plenty of attention.

Pepé would give him a break if he could tell Rex needed to catch his breath or drink some water, or if he felt like ordering Rex to get him some snacks and drinks. He would try to push Rex's limits and keep the younger skunk's breaks fairly brief though. He was trying to toughen Rex's nose and lungs up after all.

Over the following weeks, Rex eventually lost his inhibitions about appreciating Pepé's chubby body and intense scents, and simply embraced his kinky desires, just as Pepé had done. Whenever the two skunks were in their apartment together, Rex would accept his role as Pepé's servant and worshiper and do his best to please his chubby roommate. He'd sniff up any dreadful scent he was told to and follow any order given by Pepé, no matter how degrading or disgusting.

The two dirty, kinky skunks were content with this arrangement. Pepé no longer worried about having to deal with short, unfulfilling relationships and Rex would no longer fretted about being shamed for his dirty desires. Rex was happy with himself and his strange, but very satisfying, relationship with Pepé.

- THE END -