

Frantic, soft whines. Mossy was stuck on the edge of orgasm, holding back sounds so as not to wake anyone up. Helpless hands rubbed at the newly smooth spot between their legs, but to no avail, as their erogenous zones had just transformed into a skunk.

The skunk was aware, sitting up on the bed following its sudden manifestation, looking around and sniffing before turning its attention back to the horny human. Mossy could feel it at the edge of their mind; when it came close and nuzzled deeply into a hand, they gasped and shuddered. Touching the skunk meant pleasure? The skunk was still part of them, in some way? So many questions, but Mossy was too distracted and really needed some release first.

“We'll take care of you,” whispered the skunk, as it moved closer; fluffy muzzle pressed to Mossy's lips in a lewd, tonguey kiss. The feeling was sublime: oddly familiar, thoroughly self-indulgent, quite hypnotic. The pair kissed until Mossy needed a breath, and then kissed some more. Fur started to spread along their face, nose and mouth growing out, eyes hazy and ears swept up and back. Drooly, happy Mossy, so close to climax, gently turning into a skunk.

*This was so weird, wasn't it?*

In the little bubble of clarity, Mossy gently prised the skunk's muzzle away from theirs, meeting its eyes again.

“Wh- wait- who are you, what's going on-”

The skunk's warmth tingled up Mossy's hands and arms, as black and white fur began to spread. Strange uncertain feelings of new paws, snouts, tails, and then quiet haze; Mossy slumped back to the bed as a new pair of skunks appeared from where their arms had been, leaving smaller skunky paws in their place.

“It's so nice, isn't it?” whispered the skunk, up close to one of Mossy's ears. “Just relax and enjoy...”

Gentle earlicks melted Mossy's concentration and resistance once again, as the newest skunks went down to explore their feet. Eager muzzles enjoyed nibbling and snuffling toes, squeaking as Mossy playfully trapped them underneath, rolling back and forth. Fur and warmth took over their legs as well, with the familiar feeling of sensory overload just before, poof: now there were five skunks. Six if Mossy was included, with their ever growing set of skunk features: head, forepaws, and now a pair of little hindlegs as well.

Four new paws for four new skunks to nibble, to tease and explore, making Mossy squirm and whine in delight. It was so hard to focus on anything, and it seemed like each new skunk raised the intensity of the sensations they felt. The remaining skunk, the kissy one who had appeared first, wandered up Mossy's chest and made out, sharing warm eager breaths. Skunk muzzles fitting together so well. Mossy panted and whined, and found themselves very much enjoying the ride.

"We're nearly done," said the soft-spoken skunk. "So wound up, but we'll get to finish soon. Finish together."

The skunk walked in a small circle, brushing its tail against Mossy's nose, before squirming in closer. It sat on their face, with just the slightest rub of its stiff prod against Mossy's fur. That little nudge was all it took, as the desperate creature leaned in, wrapped their skunk muzzle around the other's bits, and licked: excitedly, needily. It had a surreal logic to it: this skunk was made from Mossy's sensitive spots, so why wouldn't they orgasm together? There was no disputing how it felt. They could finish, and relax, and then figure out what was going on and what to do next.

Other skunks crept in closer; they nibbled at Mossy's ears, licking and filling them with wet sounds. Noses pushed and explored around the tail they didn't realise they had, just a fluffy nub at first but quickly growing. Every skunk was just as needy as each other. Tongues dove in deep under their tail. Something else pressed into each of their ears. Ears? Did Mossy have one skunk dick in their muzzle and one in each ear, now? Did they mind, did they care? Stomach gurgling, tail growing, senses overwhelmed, so helpless and so close and all they needed to do was—

The first skunk went first, squeaking and spending its load in Mossy's muzzle, hump after satisfied hump, which they began to lick and swallow up. A few moments of bliss, before one ear filled up, then the next, and those skunks were deep; Mossy could practically feel the warm streams forcing into their thoughts. Glassy, happy eyes. Shrinking, changing body. Two more skunks, shuddering with their shared orgasm fresh in mind.

And one dramatically changed skunk, whose tail kept fluffing out to the right size. Skunk, surrounded by its other selves, mind freshly filled with skunk seed that coated feelings, memories and thoughts in a cosy, familiar haze—

"We're good skunks."

They were good skunks. A whole bunch of sweet, tired little fluffballs. Each looked very much like the others, thought and felt like the others, and panted and

licked each other clean together. Just skunks. Just happy cutie skunks. Nothing but skunks.

What were some skunks to do now?

Be cuddly, and cosy, and have a little nap, of course...

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