

Warning: This story focusses mainly on the theme of Eproctophilia and the fetish of Farts.

High on Life Chapter 1 - A First Time for Everything.

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"Phew~"

Honestly, why am I even sighing?

By all rights, things are pretty good right now. I have a decent job with good pay, following that I'm able to afford my current apartment, which is pretty alright, nice even. I don't really have that many responsibilities, in fact I barely have any. I'm not with anyone, I don't have any kids to take care of... now that I think about it, I wonder if that's part of the problem? If I had to put a reason to why I'm sighing so much recently, maybe it's because I'm just bored.

Sure I have a nice job, but as good as the salary is, it's got an air of professionalism to match. All of my co-workers are focused more on work than anything, the atmosphere is dull, hell, I'm not even sure I have a single friend in that place. Even the few anthromorphs that work with us, despite supposedly being more carefree and lax than humans are, are pretty much the same uptight kind as the rest of the workers. Leaving my apartment at the same time most days, spending the same amount of time at a job that's becoming more and more tedious, and then going back to my apartment at the end of the work day to watch TV before bed is getting really... dull.

Even a lot of the friends I had growing up have drifted apart because of all sorts of obligations, so I don't really have anyone familiar to spend this time with. Should I just look for a girlfriend already? I'm only in my early 20's, it's about time I start seeking out a serious relationship. Especially now with the way the world is, my options for a partner are practically limitless. But, ugh, sharing in this mundaneness that I'm already experiencing just seems like such a hassle.

"Haaaah~"

I wonder if that's why I'm here sitting down in this spot again? This is just one of the many public benches built into the sidewalk that I use as my regular commute to and from work. This particular bench tho is the one that I sit at the most, almost all the time. And it's because even now I still can't quite get my mind off that particular place situated right opposite where I was currently sitting. It looked just like any normal modern bar at a glance, however those in the know would understand that it's far from a normal place.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not really a fan of alcohol, rather it's the *special service* this place offers that has me intrigued. The name of the place displayed on the sign is "Shades of Black & White" and on the sign is also a silhouette of a famous animal that's black with white stripes running up it's long, poofy tail, a skunk. In an age where anthromorphs are common on Earth, one could probably guess what kind of service this place offers. One could probably also guess why I'm now sitting here staring at the place that I never had the courage to enter.

You see, I, like most people these days, have a peculiar kink, a fetish if you would. Shocking, I know. These days people are a lot more open about having fetishes similar to mine, to the point where you even have places like this now that cater to said fetishes and kinks right in the open. I'm confident things would have never developed this way if the Splice had never occurred.

Well anyway, it doesn't look like I can muster up the courage to go in today either. I've been sitting here for near a half hour after getting off work and all I've done is stare and debate in my head, I probably looked like a creep to some people passing by. Looking at the time, I decide to call it a day once again and pick up my bag. In my stuffy work clothes, I stand up, do a light stretch and start on my way home, if my lonely apartment can even be called that. Maybe one day I'll work up the courage to try going into that place, I say to myself for the umpteenth time as I walk.

"Hi, welcome. Is this your first time?"

The voice of the Skunk woman greets me as I nervously walk into the bar. It's the evening of the same day. After getting home and thinking about it for a bit

more, I managed to finally convince myself to actually come here. Even though I was now dressed more comfortably, I still struggle to settle down as I come face to face with the woman working the bar.

If you hadn't guessed by now, I have a fetish for women's farts. It's been a fetish of mine for a long time, and like a lot of others with this fetish of mine, I've always had a fantasy of being gassed by a skunk girl. Therefore, you'd have to understand my feelings with having finally met one of such creatures that had only existed in fantasy before the Splice.

The young woman behind the counter seemed about my age, medium build. Her proportions were actually pretty average, at least what I could see above the counter. What she did have that regular girls didn't naturally started with the deep black fur covering her body. Her arms leaning on the counter were covered in fuzz that was like fresh, glossy suede. The hands on said arms had thick fingers with small claws on the end, as well as bright pink nubs.

Her facial structure was exactly what one expected a skunk girl to look like. A slightly elongated maw with a bright pink skunk's nose, her entire face covered in the same glossy black fur with a single white stripe running down from her forehead to her nose. Said forehead was covered in straight cut bangs from her silvery white hair that was tied into a long ponytail behind her head. Unlike a regular skunk's ears, hers were larger and fluffier while her eyes were a beautiful aquamarine colour.

Rather than her modest cleavage covered in a patch of white fur that could be seen above her top, my focus was more on the aesthetic of the Skunk herself. Even though I worked with anthros at my job, it was still the first time coming across the type that was the object of many of many my twisted fantasy till now. I was so absorbed that I almost missed everything the Skunk said.

"Hey, do you have your ID?"

"Oh uh, sorry, here."

Waking up to her snapping her thick furry fingers, I hurriedly handed over my ID that I'd been clutching even before getting in here. Although I was already in my early twenties, I still appeared somewhat youthful, more so than my age would entail.

"Alright, and can you place your hand on this please?"

Here it was, I've seen this thing in a couple places before. It was a small device with a round crystal plate on top, I wiped my hand with sanitizer and placed it on the cold plate. What followed was a slight feeling of warmth and a light tingling sensation before some faint lights suddenly glowed on the plate that resembled the northern lights in low definition. The lights showing basically confirmed the presence of mana flowing through my body above a certain threshold, in other words, it proved that I was under the effects of PS or one of its many variants.

Truthfully, it'd been a few months now since I made the decision to become altered, though I never actually had a reason until now. Being altered was an unwritten requirement in places like these. As one would imagine, Skunk anthro gas is some potent stuff that shouldn't be messed with by regular humans. Yes you heard me right, this place, as well as other like it that definitely existed out there, allows people to indulge in their fantasy of skunk farts.

"So, can I get you anything to drink or would you like to go right ahead to the lounge?"

I was already nervous enough as is, the last thing I wanted to do now was drink myself into a stupor. The Skunk girl thus left from behind the counter and led me towards the lounge. Immediately I was distracted by her butt, while her build was average, her ass was far from. I could only shift my eyes away by looking at her tail. In full view it appeared even fluffier, the glossy black of her fur looked extra lustrous in the faint neon lighting of the bar. It was almost hypnotic the way it swayed slowly while sticking straight up as I walked behind her, normally this would serve as a warning sign to deter someone but it was having the opposite effect on someone like me.

"I'm Maria by the way."

The Skunkgirl introduced herself as she led me to the main area of the lounge. Inside the place with cool and soothing lighting were multiple small booths set up such that one wouldn't be able to see the inside easily. While the bar itself is

pretty open about their services, naturally even the most depraved would want to have privacy when partaking in such services.

"Is this your first time doing Gas?"

"Yeah, I heard about it online but I never really tried it before."

"Alright, then we'll have someone show you how to do it. First, you've gotta choose what strength level and *flavour* you want."

She then showed me a short catalogue of the different strength of uh... skunk farts they had available. There was even a little graphic of a cartoonish gas cloud, and each level up, the gas cloud became darker and deeper in colour. There was also descriptions of the kinds of scents there was, ranging from old shoes, cheesy, fishy and even straight up rotten eggs. Finally, there were also comments from supposed past customers?

[Wow, that was rough...]

[I seriously almost puked, it was great...]

[Don't, just, don't...]

"Most places offer samples so that new customers can see what they're getting into, but we like to keep it a surprise. Choose at your own risk~♪"

[First time smelling farts, bad idea to go straight to skunk gas...]

A lot of the comments seemed to be from people delving into their fart fetish for the first time. I'm pretty much the same actually, even though I've had this fetish for a long time, I've never actually had a girl fart in my face. I know that some people into farts aren't necessarily in it for the smell, so it's understandable that a couple of the comments are of people giving up partway. I on the other hand, am not above taking a little risk.

"I'd like to go with this level."

"Ooh, are you sure? I'd actually recommend the opposite for beginners."

It's understandable why she would react that way, after all, the level I'm pointing to is the very last one that even has a skull over the densest, darkest fart cloud. Obviously a beginner would want to start at the lowest level, however I'm the type that thinks the smellier the fart, the better. Maybe my risk-taker personality is also why I find my current job to be so boring?

"Well, I guess if you're confident. I gotta warn you though, you have to pay the full price even if you can't make it through the whole pot."

"Don't worry, money is one thing I have at least. Also, it'd like to go with this *flavour*."

It's not like I have many other things to spend money on anyway. But man, at some point my nervousness just went right out the window and now I'm more excited than anything. Per my order, maria then takes a medium sized "pot" from one of the shelves. It looks like a frosted glass container shaped like a Vodka bottle but with thicker glass. The outside is covered in faint cryptic scribbles and lines that make it look mysterious and ancient, it's also about the size of a 750ml rum bottle.

Confirming my order one last time, the Skunkgirl takes the pot and heads toward a room further in the back before disappearing. She's just gonna leave me alone like that? I question the security protocol of the place as I slowly begin to look around. For a bar that offers fetish services, it's a pretty nice place. The lighting's good, the furnishings look great. I imagine that the insides of the booths are also set up so that one could comfortably... huff skunk farts. Man, the concept just seems so weird the more I think about it.

RUSTLE~

"Holy fu-!!"

I almost had a heart attack when I wandered back to the bar area in front! Laying on a couch in the corner right beside the entrance was a large black creature! I hadn't looked in that direction when I walked in earlier, otherwise I

wouldn't have been scared out of my wits when I saw her tail suddenly move in the corner of my eye!

"It's not like I was trying to scare you."

The skunk woman that spoke to me had a more mature voice than Maria's, or at least I assume she's a skunk. The reason I say that is because I can't see any of the customary white stripes of a skunk anywhere on her body. Her glossy black fur made it look like something was missing from the space she occupied in the dimly lit corner. Her large, poofy tail was definitely that of a skunk's, but that wasn't the only part of her that was large.

Even with her lying down, curled up like a feral skunk, I could tell how large of a woman she was. She definitely stood at least a head or two taller than me. She wore all black clothing that would make her seem naked if not for the difference between fur and fabric, and through this clothes I could catch a glimpse of just how well-built her body was. Her long hair was completely raven black, even her nose was black. The only part distinguishable at a glance was her eyes coolly staring at me with her unique purple irises that were like stars in the night.

"I see you've met Erin."

"Shit!"

What the hell?! I turned around to see Maria had come back at some point while I was staring at the larger Skunk. She had snuck up right behind me and was now giggling from my reaction.

"Hehe, sorry, I couldn't resist. I've got your pot ready if you'd like to come with me."

This one was definitely the older sister type that liked to play pranks on younger guys like you saw in anime. I feel like we're the same age though.

Anyway, the pot that the Skunk showed me in her hand was completely different than how she'd carried it away. Most obvious of all was what was contained inside. It looked like it'd been filled to the brim with mossy green liquid. Was that all skunk gas? It looked even thicker than I imagined. At this moment it also hit me that I was about to inhale skunk gas for real, just like my perverted self had always fantasized about!

But that wasn't all that Maria brought back with her.

"This is Jasmine, he'll be showing you how to get set up in the booth."

"Hello, you can call me Jazz."

Seriously, every time I see a male anthro I have to wonder if we're really the same sex. The Skunk boy that showed himself was fairly short, about 150cm max. Similar to the larger Skunk women lying in the corner, his features were a bit different compared to a regular skunk. His head that was below my chin was draped in long black hair with white accents that went all the way down his back and over his shoulders. His long bangs were covering half his face, making one eye clearly visible that was a captivating emerald colour.

He wore a thin, long sleeved V-neck sweater that covered up the very faint curve of his chest and his smooth and tight stomach. While his chest was flat though, his hips were just as plump as Maria's and I bet his butt was the same. Though I wouldn't usually find myself thinking about another guy's ass, my mind couldn't help but go there as I gazed at the pretty Skunk boy in front of me.

As for his more unique features, his shapely legs extending from his shorts weren't all black like normal but instead his fur from his small feet and up his shapely calves was white like he was wearing high boots. There was also speckled white fur running further up his legs that thinned out and disappeared below his thighs. His big fluffy tail was all black with thin slashes of white going up the sides like decals on a sportscar.

I initially came here to sniff skunk girl farts but now this Skunk boy standing here shyly has got me rather intrigued.

"Please be patient with him, it's only his first week here."

"Oh, yeah uhm, thanks for the help."

"No problem!"

He seemed really happy to be the one to help out. Maria handed the pot over to Jasmine as somebody else walked into the bar.

"What the fu-!?"

The person almost shat himself when he suddenly noticed Erin in the corner, I guess he's also a newbie. Glad it wasn't just me.

"I'll take care of this, you two can use the booth in the back far right."

"Come on, let's go."

The Skunk boy seemed even more excited than I was, he even grabbed my hand with his soft paws as he began to gently lead me towards the booth. Now I was feeling even more nervous as Maria went to tend to the new customer.

The booth that me and Jazz eventually entered was brightly lit with paper screens surrounding it to block out the outside. There was a table in the centre of the circular space with a pair of round couch seats on either side. On the table itself was a device that I had only ever seen in videos. It looked very similar to a clear Shisha Pipe without any liquid in the base. The glass surface was also covered in special patterns like what was on the pot in the Skunk boy's hands.

"You can take a seat while I get this set up."

The seat that I sat on proved to be pretty comfortable, with this I was able to properly relax a bit. Honestly, I never expected to be here today, seated in this private space, about to do something so degenerate, and with a rather cute Skunk femboy next to me. As I took it all in, Jazz fiddled with the device on the table.

"Uhm, this thing is the Fume Regulator, though we just call it the Pipe, it's supposed to take the gas out of the pot and regulate it for inhalation. This goes here..."

The Skunk murmured the last part as he clumsily attached the pot to the top of the pipe. Now that I looked at it, none of the gas inside was leaking out even though the mouth of the pot was completely open. It struck me that both the pot and the pipe were the type of magical tools that have been becoming integrated into human society over the years. After fiddling with it for a bit, the mouth of the pot was fit snugly into the opening at the top of the pipe. At that moment, the patterns on each of the now conjoined pieces lit up faintly at the same time. The golden lines on the pipe and the silvery lines on the pot changed to both become a platinum colour, there was certainly a lot of fanfare.

"Phew, sorry, it's my first time actually doing it by myself."

After saying that, Jasmine plopped down on the couch seat right next to mine. The sight of his round butt making the cushion sink gave me the impression that he had an ass that was maybe even nicer than Maria's. It was a rather rude thought and a bit of a strange one considering we were both guys but I really couldn't help it. Especially when he had his tail raised in a way that I could get a proper look if I just peered down a bit.

"So a couple things. We use this Pipe because it makes that gas more manageable and safer to consume. Pure skunk farts can reach strengths way beyond what or bar offers and in some cases it can even be dangerous to inhale..."

As he sat next to me, the Skunk boy began to explain some things. Apparently, even the highest strength that I selected was only a watered down version of the true potential a Skunk anthro's gas can reach, and their spray is on a whole other level outside of that. The larger woman I met at the front, Erin, is actually the security of the place, not only can she actually fight but she has permission to use a certain level of gas and spray as a defence against wrong-doers. Just a whiff

of a skunk anthro's serious gas would be more than enough to instantly knock a regular person out.

Beyond the limit set by the establishment itself on the strength of gas that can be served to customers is also the function of the pipe itself. Not only can it control how the gas stored in the pot is fed, but it can also reduce the strength further based on the customer's preferences. However, perhaps its most important function is to filter out and eliminate the faint addictive properties in the skunk's gas. Yeah, this was something I'm hearing for the first time as well, apparently one can develop an addiction to skunk gas. One could end up in a state where they greatly craved it despite hating the smell.

"So that's why we use these special equipment so that people can indulge in their fantasies without worries."

"Uh, yeah..."

It sounded really embarrassing when he put it like that. Usually when one thought about "indulging in fantasies" it didn't include sniffing the farts from a skunk anthro's butt. I was made to feel especially conscious to be talking about this with one of those very same skunk anthros sitting right next to me, innocently explaining all the aspects of this otherwise depraved act.

"So, are you ready to try it? I'll show you how to operate it."

Jazz said as he got back up from the couch. *Eyes off his butt man, seriously.*

"There are two kinds of hoses you can choose from."

Saying so, he showed me the two hoses laying on the table. On the end of one hose was a triangular clear part that looked like it fit over the nose area, I'm guessing this is how you breath in the gas that comes out. The other hose had a tip that was almost exactly like the one used at a hookah lounge.

"That one... uhm, some people like to suck the gas into their mouths, so..."

Dammit, his embarrassed expression as he explain was only making me feel even more conscious of what I was about to do, especially since I'm one of those "some people" that he's referring to! Ugh, whatever. I try to calm myself again as I think about the sentiment around things like this being different these days. There's nothing wrong with having a fetish for farts, if there was then a place like this wouldn't even be open and operational. I used this line of thought to convince myself as I grab the hose was the nasal inhaler.

"The pipe has three levels you can choose from, level one will thin down the gas a lot while level three will give you the pure stuff from the pot, level two is in between. Just place your finger on one of the inputs and it'll detect your mana and function automatically."

That seemed to be the end of the explanation as Jazz went quiet. Alright, it seemed simple enough, all I needed to do was place my finger on one of the inputs. Just place my finger and I would get my very first taste of what real Skunk anthro farts are like. I've been looking forward to this moment for a long time, I firmly grasp the end of the hose as I prepare to bring it towards my face at last.

There's only one problem tho.

"Uhm..."

"Hmm?"

For some reason, Jazz was still here, and he was staring at me pretty hard.

"Are, are you supposed to monitor me or...?"

"Oh, sorry! I'll leave you to it."

In a startled manner, as though he didn't realize that he'd been staring, the Skunk femboy straightened up and proceeded towards the exit. My heart finally settled a bit as I prepared to do the deed at last, again. That feeling didn't last very long though.

"Uhm, actually..."

"Hmm?"

For some reason, Jazz stopped just as he was halfway out the booth and poked his head back in. Following that, the rest of his body came back in as he stepped closer to me nervously.

"The thing is. D-do you mind if I... watch?"

"... huh?"

Huuuhhh?!

This was my reaction both verbally and mentally as the Skunk boy just asked that out of nowhere! He wanted to stay and watch me huff the gas?!

"It's just that, this is my first week here, and this is my first time preparing gas for someone. So I kinda wanted to get your reaction."

Wait...

"Uhm, by 'prepare', you mean to say that the gas in this pot,"

As I said that slowly, the Femboy put both hands behind his back and covered his butt below his tail in an embarrassed manner.

"Uh, it's my first time filling a pot, so I don't know if it'd be too strong or too weak..."

Hold up hold up hold up! As I heard those words my mind became a mess. To think that I just sat that and received all that explanation from the very same Skunk that had filled the pot in the first place! Strangely enough, the fact that he was a guy like me didn't even bother me. In fact, if I'm being honest, I may have been completely enraptured by his cute appearance and may have been wondering what it would be like to sniff his skunk gas for a little while now. However, I didn't think the opportunity would come so soon, or that he would actually ask to watch me literally breathing his farts into my face!!

This is not exactly the kind of thing you share with someone else, especially not someone you just met and most definitely not the person whose farts it was! I'm already so embarrassed right now that I could die!

"Can I?"

"..."

Fuck!

As if his appearance wasn't enough, now he's even looking at me with big, green puppy eyes. It's as though he knows that I have a great weakness for cute things. For a few seconds I mentally struggled to decide which would be worse, the sheer embarrassment from sniffing someone's farts right in front of them, or having to turn down such an adorable skunk boy's earnest request.

"It, it's a little embarrassing... but I guess I don't mind."

"Really?! Thanks!"

In the end, the Femboy's cuteness won out. I lamented my easy-to-handle personality as Jazz just went ahead and sat down right next to me?! Did he really want to see me huff his butt fumes from so up close?

"Are you gonna start light, or are you gonna go straight to the strong setting?"

Apparently he did as the moment he sat down he was pretty much urging me to go ahead. The excitement he was showing now made it seem like everything from just now was just an act, but I guess it's partially my fault for falling for it so easily. This was how I consoled myself as I looked at my options. But of course, there was only one option for me. In the first place I had went with the strongest offer because I wanted to experience the best of skunk farts, so without hesitation, I placed my finger right on level three!

"Ooh~!"

Jazz sounded pleasantly surprized but I on the other hand was practically shaking! I'd done it now!

Immediately, as though some sort of seal was broken, I could see the murky, mossy green gas beginning to leak from the opening of the pot like thick swamp mist. Halfway down into the main chamber of the pipe, it seemed to halt slightly before passing through yet another invisible barrier and filling the bottom part of the chamber, where the end of the hose in my hand was attached.

"Pull, pull!"

You little, that really was an act, wasn't it?! I yelled in my mind as Jazz was now straight up shoving at my shoulder to hurry up. The Femboy was looking at his own fart fumes filling the chamber with near sparkling eye(s), he clearly couldn't wait for me to smell it. Well, at least his animated reaction had alleviated my nervousness of doing it right in front of him, I was still pretty embarrassed though. With a pounding heart, I affixed the nose covering to my face, and while looking at the fumes in the chamber, I slowly inhaled through my nose.

Fffffnnnnnn~

Time stretched as my nostrils flared and my chest inflated. I looked closely at the murky butt fumes leaking into the clear hose and streaming towards my

face, the closer it got, the more I heard my heart pounding in my ears. This was it, no turning back. I told myself to stay strong as regular time resumed as I pulled as much gas into my lungs as I could in one go!

Fffffffnnnnn~

The very first thing that came to my mind was how hot it was! Did the pot also keep it as warm as it was coming out of Jazz's butt?

“Gk-?!”

And about a couple milliseconds after realizing how hot it was did the smell hit me! My eyes went wide and I made a choking sound as my throat involuntarily closed up on its own, after almost a full breath of the fumes had made it into my lungs! I needed to spit this out!

“Khghk-gggggnnn~!”

"Hold it!"

As soon as I was about to exhale though, Jazz suddenly shoved his hands in my face! Faster than I could expel the toxic butt mist from my system, the Femboy knocked aside the end of the hose and his fingers on one hand pinched my nose while his other nubby digits clasped my mouth shut! It was almost like he was in a panic, however, with my nose and mouth blocked, the one in a true panic was me who had the toxic fumes trapped inside me!

“*Hrrmmghk!*”

A muffled gag almost pried Jazz's fingers off my lips however the Femboy held strong, which was saying something because the smell and taste I was experiencing at this time me want desperately to faint! It was so bad, way worse

that even I was ever prepared for! It was unlike any fart I'd ever smelt on accident or on purpose before in my life, it was at least ten times worse than the absolute worst fart that had ever brought hell upon my unsuspecting nostrils!

There was certainly the scent of rotten dairy, beans and mouldy sweat socks just like the catalogue had promised, what the catalogue didn't promise though was the taste that was like having all those things poured into my mouth at once and put to soak! My tongue was literally spasming inside of my mouth as the worst flavours I'd ever experienced attacked my tastebuds from all angles!

“Kehock, koff koff! Hrhk-kff!”

"Sorry, I got a little too excited!"

Finally Jazz let go of my mouth and nose, and I double over beside the table, coughing and retching away. There were literal tears in my eye, they dripped onto the cleaned carpet as my whole head jerked with each gag.

"Was it that stinky?"

“Hrh! Koff!”

Stinky? It was beyond foul! I couldn't even answer as I was gagging to harshly to make any other sound. My throat was especially spasming because of the taste in my mouth. A rancid, rotten, sour, heinously bitter taste spread all over my mouth, everywhere the gas touched felt tainted by the revolting fumes. I even had a hard time controlling my tongue as though the poor thing was trying to escape my mouth.

“Huerk!”

But then came the kicker, the stench that permeated my nose further as soon as Jazz let go! My sinuses were screaming from the horrible smell that I quite plainly WAS NOT prepared for! I don't know if I should have breathed in or out the moment he let go, neither option would have likely spared me from the viciously rancid fumes dragging across my sinuses!

For the next couple minutes, all I could do was gag and retch uncontrollably. In the meantime, Jazz was gently rubbing my back, which didn't really do anything but it felt nice at least. Man, I can't believe such a pretty creature could produce a stink so foul. And apparently this wasn't even one of his serious skunk farts?! Now I know why special permission was needed to use defensive gas and even spray against humans! I could bet that stuff was on the level of chemical weaponry!

“Koff! Uhk~ shit!”

Eventually, I managed to sit back up. My eyes were slightly red with tears and my stomach was still heaving from the smell that continued to torment me. Thankfully, both the smell and the terrible taste in my mouth had greatly subsided, though even now it was hardly bearable. Seriously, I would have most likely puked on the spot if not for me being altered. Catching my breath that still stunk of rotten butt perfume, I turned to the Skunk boy sitting next to me.

"Do you wanna take another pull?"

"..."

Something must be seriously wrong with me because I actually did want another pull! I mean, looking at my own reaction from just now, I wouldn't be surprised if I called it quits right here. However, rather than be turned off by the unexpected potency of the Skunk's farts, I was instead even more turned on than I was coming into all of this. Hell, I'm struggling to even be mad at Jazz for tricking me and pulling that stunt at the end, it even felt like I was more into him now!

I don't know if skunk farts are really so strong that just that single whiff irreparably messed up my head, however what I did know was that I wanted another hit!

“Koff-hk! Ugh~”

Instead of answering the Skunk boy verbally, I instead coughed like someone just smoking weed for the first time as I picked back up the end of the hose that I'd dropped on the table. The smell of what came out of my mouth was definitely a hundred times worse than that of weed smoke though.

Incredibly, none of the gas had leaked out the end of the hose after it was dropped from my face, it appeared that even the hose had magical functions that prevented the toxic fumes from escaping. I had forced myself to take a pretty quick and big hit just now, however it appeared like hardly any gas had been drained from the pot. The inside was still murky and opaque, clearly there was more gas compressed inside than what the size of the pot itself would suggest. Seriously, the amount of magic put to use just to satisfy a fart fetish is just ridiculous.

Glp~

The taste in my mouth was agitated as I swallowed while looking at the tube and the gas just waiting to be pulled into my system. I could feel Jazz's excited gaze locked onto me like he was trying to laser a hole in the side of my head. Bracing myself one last time, I closed my eyes and put the hose to my nose again.

FFFFFFFFNNNNNNNNNNNNFFFF~ “Ghk-urghk!”

I actually felt it streaming into my nostrils, not only the warmth but the presence of the innumerable stink particles present in the thick fart cloud. I thought I could pull even more of it by huffing as hard and as quickly as I could but the stench was so strong that I was already near choking halfway through a full breath! The warm gas completely filled my nasal passage and streamed down my throat, I felt it enter my lungs and actually warm up my chest right before my throat forcefully closed again!

“Grmgkh! Hrgh!”

I quickly pulled the hose away from my face and leaned over on the table. My fists were clenched so tightly that I almost crumpled the hose and my eyes refused to reopen as tears beaded in the corners. The stink was so bad, it was something I couldn't describe. I forced myself to hold the gas inside even as my whole body was screaming to let it out. So rotten, so foul! No wonder a single Skunk woman was left to act as security, I don't think anybody would be able to handle a Skunk anthro's defensive gas if just these were already so bad!

“Hrmk-koff! Kff-koff!”

Finally I couldn't take it as I began coughing into my elbow. My own breath that blew back into my face was downright foul, however it was nowhere as potent as what I'd breathed in. There was also none of that murky, mossy green colour, instead that air that puffed from my mouth as I gagged and coughed looked about as clean as actual air. In that short time that I was able to hold the gas, my body had already absorbed most of what made the noxious fumes so foul.

I could still taste it on my tongue in fact, despite most of it passing through my nose. It was a taste that was making my stomach violently churn, however like most altered, I was unable to throw up anything that my body didn't consider “harmful”. I had no idea what the criteria for “harmful” was because the gas I just inhaled seemed fairly toxic already! I could only endure the sense of nausea as the rank stench of Jazz's farts dominated my senses. It took even longer for me to recover this time just from how much of the gas I inhaled. When I finally opened my teary eye, the gas in the pot and pipe had at least noticeably thinned out a bit. If I were to guess, I'd say there's about half a dozen full hits still remaining in the pot.

Eager to go again, I reached my finger for the input to pump the chamber again.

"Are you sure you don't want to go for a lower setting? It seems like it's hitting you pretty hard."

“Hrk-koff! Ugh!”

I would be lying if I said I wasn't tempted to do just that. No joke, these farts were absolutely brutal. However, I just happen to be one of those fetishists that become more aroused the more difficulties I'm made to endure. At this very

moment, the sheer stink of the farts I was inhaling, the stink that was strong enough to make me tear up, was causing me a degree of pleasure I hadn't felt before. Even as my stomach lurched from the disgusting stench and taste, even as my nose throbbed from inhaling the hot, putrid fumes, my dick was throbbing like crazy below the table.

"Koff! Thanks for worrying but, kff, for me, the hlghk kff stinkier, the kff better."

I struggled to say these words as I fearlessly pressed my finger to the strongest input and watched the almost pure Skunk boy butt smog pour like thick smoke into the depleted chamber.

"So, you like them really stinky huh?"

My words seemed to have caught the skunk boy's interest as he inched closer to me while even pulling his shapely legs up on the couch. I felt his nearing warmth and grew a bit more nervous as I prepared to take another hit. Before I could though, I once more felt Jazz's thick, soft fingers on my face, this time he was gently grasping my chin.

"I wanna see you properly as you breath in the next one."

My head was turned to face him to where his fully visible eye was staring right into mine. Even though the structure of our faces were fundamentally different, I could tell what the skunk boy was feeling as he looked at me. He was clearly aroused, aroused at the sight of me breathing in his stinky skunk gas for my own pleasure. It's strange, we literally only just met yet I was feeling greatly attracted to this adorable and clearly somewhat perverted skunk, even though he's also a guy. Though I'm hardly one to talk as I was quite literally huffing said Skunk boy's farted fumes with him right next to me.

With our faces turned to each other, I places the hose to my nose again.

FFFFFFFFNNNNNNNNNN~ “Nghk~!”

The moment the slightest tendrils of gas began flowing into my nostrils, my eyes were already convulsing. My sinuses screamed at me not to do this but I refused to listen, I looked at Jazz's face right close to mine and took the longest drag yet.

FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF~

“Keep going~”

My throat almost closed again but I endured with pure determination, determination brough on by my member that throbbd harder the more I inhaled. The stench was purely overpowering no matter how many drags I took, my sinuses were unable to get used to the rotten scent of the Skunk’s farts. My hand claspng the hose shivered as I tried desperately to keep my eyes open, such that I could admire the profile of the Femboy's round rear where said putrid gas had sprung from.

FFFFFFFFNNNNNNNNNNFFFF~ “GRMGHK!”

More and more gas poured into my system the more I inhaled. Hot butt smog filled my lungs and my chest quickly inflated with pure skunk fumes. Not to mention my nose, it was all up inside my mouth, my tongue shivered as it was once more attacked by the horrid taste. Part of my shaky vision was locked onto Jasmine’s plump butt whole the other part was on his face, the Femboy's expression became more aroused the more of his gas I inhaled. Finally at the end when my insides could hold no more my eyes closed shut together with my throat, the last thing I saw was Jazz biting his lower lip before my overwhelmed senses started screaming.

“Unghk~! GRMGHK!”

This was definitely the greatest drag I'd ever taken, most of the gas in the chamber had been cleared out with just that single pull!

"Kghnk~!"

"C-can you taste it?"

More than taste it, my cheeks were literally full of the putrid stuff! Even with my teary eyes closed, I could feel Jazz leaning even closer to me. My face must be heavily scrunched as I endured the gas soaking into my system, whether it be the first, second or now even the third time, I simply couldn't begin to get used to this rancid smell, this awful taste. I was having a hard time not choking up what I was holding inside me as my gassed up throat constantly convulsed with each gag.

"Gaahh-hkk! Koff! Urghkff-koff!"

I somehow held the fumes inside me even longer, my member throbbing like crazy as the smell tortured me without mercy. Only after more than thirty seconds had passed did I finally let out my breath that stunk even worse now. I coughed like usual, and like usual, Jazz was gently rubbing my back. Unlike usual though, I clearly noticed the change in the Femboy's lower body.

"K-kff, hghk, d-koff, d-dick..."

I struggled to get just this word out as I shakily pointed towards the Skunk boy's crotch.

"Ah."

Jazz hurriedly covered his crotch with his hand, however it wasn't like I hadn't already seen the raging erection he had going on! Of course, female anthros had them too, but it was moments like this that reminded me that the Skunk was a

boy despite his appearance, a boy that was magnificently horny from watching me inhale his nasty farts.

And on top of that, he was huge! At least by human standards. Just the print of his thick rod that was trying to burst through his shorts gave me the impression that he was at least twice as big as I was when fully erect! Just the one hand he used to try and cover his boner failed miserably to conceal the profile of his throbbing pole. It wasn't like I hadn't noticed his bulge before, but seeing that thing woken up like that gave me the inexplicable urge to clench my own butt!

"Koff, kff!"

"Sorry. Uh, you probably already noticed but, I kinda get off watching someone smell my gas. Well, you're actually the first one to do it and you even let me watch so, yeah..."

The Femboy explained while rubbing his plump thighs together, but all this did was emphasize the scale and shape of his erect cock that was beginning to leave a slight wet spot on his shorts near the bulbous tip. Despite whatever preferences I thought I had, I couldn't help but just look at the print of his engorged member through his shorts. It was actually human shaped, despite its freakish size, I still can't believe such a small and cute creature could be packing such a monster between his legs.

Even more unbelievable was the weird thoughts that were beginning to develop in my mind as my eyes remained glued to his crotch. These were thoughts that wouldn't have appeared in my mind before now, but then again, I didn't really expect to find myself here, sniffing the Skunk boy's farts right in front of him either.

"Uh, I can move away if it makes you uncomfortable, or I could just lea-"

"No, actually, kff, I want you to stay."

The words left my mouth even before I had time to properly think about it, though it wasn't like I regretted what I said.

"Really? You want me to stay and watch you sniff my farts."

The Femboy showed a surprised expression for a moment before his face gradually relaxed into an aroused smirk.

"Should I stay and watch you huff up those stinky farts that came from my butt?"

His attitude became more alluring and domineering as he brought himself even closer to me despite being ready to pull away just now. I found myself not only mesmerized but incredibly horny for this Skunk boy as his words filled my ears.

"Should I stay and watch you breath in my stinky, stinky butt fumes? My nasty booty bombs, my putrid skunk poots?"

His poofy black tail went up as he said that as though to emphasize his plump butt. Meanwhile his face was almost right in front of mine to where I could see each strand of his thick and long eyelashes, his fully revealed emerald pupil staring into my eyes with the other one barely visible below his bangs. Boy I was really getting into the deep end now. This point we'd reached was already beyond the regular integration between and employee and customer. I was clearly getting much more than I bargained for when I finally decided to come to this place by chance.

As I sat there mesmerized, Jazz took the end of the hose that I had placed on the table. Without any attempt to restored any form of the personal boundaries that had broken down between us, the Femboy stayed where he was and put the end back over my nose. Following which, he placed his own finger on the input of the pipe and the strongest gas once more began to leak into the chamber to replace what had been filtered by my lungs just now. The murky gas, still fresh as the moment it puffed from the Skunk boy's behind, slowly filled the chamber.

Rather than stop when the chamber appeared filled like I had done, the Femboy simply kept his finger on the input and allowed the gas to continued flowing from the pot. I watched with slightly wide eyes as the colour in the pot kept getting thinner and thinner while the colour in the chamber conversely grew

“URMGHK!!”

HOLY FUCK THAT STIINNKKSS!!!

Like the previous drags before this stunk horribly but this really, really stinks! I could actually feel the thick, concentrated skunk fumes moving through my airways, brushing against the walls of my throat, streaming into my windpipe and pouring into my lungs. My nostrils felt like they were on fire and the stench was like something rotten and rancid had died in that fire. My throat squeezed close on its own and I became choked. I retch violently, determined to actually spit it out this time!

"Hold it~!"

“UNGHK!” GRMK!”

Before I could though, the Femboy once again pinched my air holes shut whilst simultaneously tackling me down onto the couch cushions! Even though his body was so much smaller than mine, at least in terms of height, I was easily taken down by his inherent strength as an anthro. At that moment I felt the softness of Jazz's body, the fuzziness of his fur that was like silk and his warmth. Outside of the warmth of his body though was the hotness of his rigid cock rubbing against my lower body through his stretched shorts as he straddled me!

"Just hold it in a little longer~♪"

“KRMGHK!”

It was like he'd gone mad with lust, the Skunk boy had my lower body pinned below his rear while his eye(s) looking at my disgusted expression was like he wanted to devour me. Even in a situation like this, rather than be angered by his aggressiveness, I would instead be more aroused, especially with my already rigid member trapped below his surprisingly heavy and immaculately springy skunk butt! Not only that but there was a warm wet spit forming on my jersey where the head of his thick, hard cock was rubbing against me. I would honestly

be able to greatly enjoy myself right now if not for the beyond toxic fumes chaotically rampaging inside me.

“GRMGHK! KHMK!”

No amount of pleasure I was feeling at this moment could completely offset the sheer, unbridled levels of stink that was torturing my senses of smell and taste. I'd say that I somehow managed to draw almost half of the fumes left in this chamber, however just this half put me in a state where my body pinned under the Femboy was convulsing slightly as I endured with everything I had! I'm pretty sure I would have actually passed out from the stink alone by now if not for me being altered!

Even with my lips sealed by the Skunk boy's nubby fingers, my muffled gagging was loud enough that those outside our private booth could definitely hear it. It was a pure, rotten stench unlike any I'd ever smelt before. I could feel the putrid skunk vapour stubbornly swirling around in my throat every time it seized up. My tongue felt tingly as though it were coated in a film of the concentrated filth contained in the noxious smog. My nose naturally got the absolute worst of it, my nose bridge felt hot. I wasn't sure if it was from the heat contained in Jazz's preserved gas or the sheer toxicity of the gaseous brew, whatever it was, that combined with the truly ungodly smell of ten times concentrated rotten milk, beans and old mouldy socks was making my eyes tear up nonstop.

"Just a liiitttle bit more~♥"

“URMK!”

As if that wasn't enough, each convulsion of my body would cause the Femboy's ass to bounce and wobble against my crotch. The perverted arousal I gained from enduring the absolute worst farts I'd experienced in life was only compounded by the sexual contact. The wet spot formed by Jazz's warm and slimy precum on my shirt just grew larger as it continued to leak from the stiff head of his engorged prick. I was pretty sure that I was forming a wet spot on his plump butt cheek myself as my painfully erect member remained snuggled in the warm embrace of his ass clad in the soft shorts.

The mixture of heaven and hell that I gained from the pleasure and the stink lasted for a few more seconds that felt like minutes as Jazz kept my mouth and nostrils shut. Only when I felt like the scent was just slightly starting to wane after a lot of the gas was absorbed by my body did he finally let go of my face holes.

“GROO-GKFF! KOFF! HRGHK-KFF!”

I entered a harsh gasping and coughing fit immediately as my airways were set free, not because of the lack of air but rather the effects of the stinky air-adjacent that had been trapped inside me for so long. The stink was next level, unreal even. Only now could I understand why even self-proclaimed fart fetishists would want the option to dial it down to a certain degree, such levels of stink truly wasn't for the faint of heart! Even the process of trying to clear out what was plaguing my airways was a task and a half, no matter how much fresher air I breathed, the level of stink decreased so slowly that it was barely noticeable. Skunk farts were truly on a different level compared to anything else.

"Aww, was that too stinky for you~?"

“HRGHK! GHURK-KOFF! KEHO-KOFF!”

This cheeky bastard, even now he was straddling me with his erect cock stretching his shorts and pointing at my chin. The expression on his face may be a bit more difficult to read with his dark bangs covering half his face, but from what I could see there wasn't even the slightest shred of remorse. All that existed was arousal and mischief, a smile spread across his face that revealed his pearly white teeth and his sharp canines. Even as I choked and hacked on the result of his mischief, my cock could never be harder as it was squished below his ass cheeks.

“Koff-koff! Hrngh~!”

“Ah~♥”

That last drag sapped a whole lot out of me, using what little energy I had left, I suddenly thrust my hips upward. It was a seriously uncharacteristic action on my part, normally I would never act in such a way in public, and I wasn't normally into guys either. However this action of mine perfectly encapsulated exactly what I wanted to do to this mischievous Skunk boy that had the gall to treat me as his entertainment.

“Nghf~”

I feel like my actions were self-defeating though. That one little thrust caused Jazz's whole ass to squish deeply against my crotch and made my balls tense harshly! Following that, my hips came back down on the seat and the Femboy's butt wobbled further and grinded against me. If it was only that, then no problem, however while my erection was still throbbing like crazy, the Skunk boy raised his butt up and slammed back down in me in an act of revenge!

PLOP!

“Ng!”

"Nooopppee~ none of that today. You haven't even finished my gas yet.”

The Skunk boy leaned in closer and had his long hair brush against me as I groaned with a painfully throbbing erection. Following that, he raised back up while keeping his butt planted on my crotch as he reached for the hose again. The amount of gas remaining in the chamber was enough that I could probably inhale it all with one last, large drag, however it seems the Femboy had different intentions.

The hose he reached for wasn't the one with the nose attachment at the end, but rather the one with the mouth attachment that I still had yet to use! My very first thought was that he was finally going to make me take it into my mouth, and while I was right on that aspect, the method was different than I anticipated. I was almost flabbergasted as I watched Jazz bring the end of the hose towards his own face!

FFFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRFFFFFFFFFFFFF~

"Hey, what are you-?"

"Mmmghkk~!"

The Skunk boy put the end of the hose to his lips and began to draw, and almost immediately his face warped in disgust and he let out a whimper of distress! It became immediately clear to me that even skunk anthros weren't fond of their own stink, I could hardly imagine what taste Jazz was experiencing as he struggled to pull the remainder of the gas into his mouth. Though I suspect that I won't need to imagine it pretty soon. In one long drag, the Femboy pulled the remainder of the smog out of the chamber, there were even beads of tears at the corner of his eye(s) as he endured the potency of the gas.

"Grmgghk!"

Finally, there was nothing left in the pot or the pipe, the skunk gas inside was completely drained out to the point that not even a speck of discoloured vapour was left behind inside the frosted glass. Instead, it was Jazz's lungs and cheeks that were inflated with the putrid smog as he himself struggled to hold it. The sight of him with his fluffy ears pressed down and a disgusted look on his face somehow turned me on further, my member throbbed harshly below the supple flesh of his plump butt. Finally the Skunk placed the emptied hose back on the table and slightly opened his teary eyes.

Without saying a word, obviously because he couldn't, he began to lean down towards me. More of his warm, soft body came into contact with mine, starting with our bellies that pressed together with his big, hard, throbbing cock pressed in between. My heart pounded as I knew what he wanted to do, slowly my arms went up over him and wrapped around his small back. By this point I felt most of his weight as our chests were about to touch, his long black and white hair draped against my face and his bangs lifted so that I could properly see both his eyes, one emerald green and the other that had been hidden all this time, a dazzling gold.

I mentally prepared myself as he purse his lips and his face moved in on mine. Finally, my lips came into contact with his plush black lips. This was the

moment where I had my first real kiss, outside of any childish games I might have played in the past. And it was a kiss with a Skunk boy I literally just met, for the purpose of him passing his own rancid fart fumes into me, mouth to mouth.

Chuupp~ **KFFFFRRRRR~**

“GRMGHK?!”

Jazz's lips parted as his small, hot tongue slipped into my mouth, and with it came a thick stream of hot, putrid skunk gas! I cringed hard and gagged as I felt the thick vapour pour into my mouth. As our tongues entwined, the Femboy's cheeks deflated while the rancid fumes washed over my tongue and began flowing down my throat! I instinctively hugged Jazz's back tightly as I retched and gagged into his mouth, at the same time my lower body bucked as my stomach heaved.

My erection pulsated at the same time as my throat spasmed and through our pants, my member jerked against the Skunk boy's warm, plump balls. Likewise, Jasmine's pulsating cock squirmed in the sandwich between my belly and his warm precum continuously leaked out and stained both my skirt and his thin sweater. I could feel his large poofy tail brushing against my shivering legs as he emptied his lungs, filling me with his gas.

I practically drank the putrid, rotten fumes from his mouth that remained locked to mine the entire time, like toxic smoke, the dark mossy green vapour streamed down into my belly as we kissed. It was the closest thing I could imagine to a kiss of death!

KKFFFFFFRRRRR~

“GHK! GRM!”

For near half a minute I remained pinned under the Femboy, hugging him tightly. In that way we shared what was hands down the strangest form of intimacy my mind could fathom. Even after I had all of his rancid gas inside of

me, Jazz kept his lips locked to mine for a full minute more. His small tongue explored everywhere inside my mouth while the heinous taste of his gas continued to torment us both. I felt myself getting closer and closer to the edge as we made out, his farts provided the most torturous stimulation while my dick was about ready to burst through both our pants and get up inside the mischievous skunk. Unfortunately, or maybe thankfully, our make out session ended before I could ruin my pants and be forced to return home in shame.

"Ughk, that stinks!"

“URHK, KFF, HUK~!”

The first thing the Skunk boy did when our lips separated was to complain about the rancidity of his own butt fumes. I wish he would have more consideration for me who was a quarter step away from throwing up with the stuff swirling around inside me! I was sincerely praying at this point that I'd be able to get the taste out of my mouth sooner or later! As I was allowed to retch violently on the putrid skunk gas, Jazz sat back up while still straddling my lower end.

"You better come back here often, okay?"

The Skunk boy said in a seductive manner as he traced his fingers on my chest while looking down on me. Honestly, at this point I would be insane not to come back, not after all of that.

"And make sure you always ask for me, okay?"

“Koff koff, kff!”

"Okaaayyyy~?"

“Ngh~!”

In my inability to answer because of all the retching, the Skunk boy began grinding his ass into my lap.

"Uhk, o-okay."

"Good boy~♥"

Honestly, I still have no idea how the hell things managed to turn out this way. One thing for certain though was that me coming here on this day was one of the best decisions I ever made in life.

"I'm really, really sorry!"

This was how things eventually turned out. After somewhat getting the precum stains cleaned up in the bathroom, I was now at the front entrance again. I had initially arrived fairly late in the day, still, I had no idea so much time had passed that it was now closing time by the time we were done. This was a good thing though as it meant there wasn't anyone else around to see this scene. The one currently bowing his head in apology in a panic-y way was Jazz, and standing next to him was Maria who looked like she was about to pop a vein.

"Sorry for the trouble, customer. I'll have you know that we don't offer *those kinds of services* here."

"Hey, I don't do that! It only happened because he said he like my gas and my switch got flipped, so it kinda just ended up that way..."

Smack~

"Oohk!"

The problem naturally arose from Jazz getting pretty hot and heavy with me inside the private booth. The Skunk boy was naturally meant to simply show me how to get set up with the equipment, yet it somehow ended up with the two of us caught in an awkward stance where we were just shy of doing right then and

there. Honestly, I myself didn't know what might have happened if Maria hadn't come looking for the Skunk boy somewhere near the end.

"Haaah, Jazz, you're an adult so I'm not gonna put a leash on you. But I obviously can't have you doing it with the customers."

"I swear I'm not a slut. It only happened this time, I wouldn't do that with anybody else."

Not gonna lie, it does feel pretty good to hear such a line like what teenage boys dream of hearing from their favourite heroine.

"Please don't worry about it, I'm just as at fault so please don't blame him."

"See? Hey, you're gonna come back often right?"

The Skunk boy hopped right up to me while Marie looked like she was getting a headache behind him.

"I'll definitely come as often as I can."

"Promise. Do you mind if we trade contacts?"

"Jazz..."

"Not as a customer, as a friend, a friend. Right? Uhm..."

I told the Skunk boy my name as I entered my contact into his phone while putting his in mine. I guess we could be considered "friends" at the very least after all that took place in the booth a short while ago.

"Anyway, it's time for use to close now. Thanks for being understanding, we hope to see you again in the future."

"Mhm mhm~♪"

The Femboy on the side made sure to nod to emphasize Maria's last sentiment.

"And you, head up to your room."

"Later!"

Well, at least he knew not to push it, the Skunk boy conceded and headed to the back without making a fuss. So he actually lives here huh? Come to think of it, I did see a couple more of the other Skunk anthro employees wander around briefly before heading in the same direction. Do all of them live here together? I wondered this as I made my way out of the building while Erin, the large Skunk woman, gradually closed up shop.

I could confidently say that today has been one of the most, if not the most out-there experience I've ever had in my life. I was actually really looking forward to visiting this place again soon.

Vvvvvvvvtt~

Just as I was walking home thinking about a certain Skunk boy, I got a text on my phone.

[I better see you tmrw >-<]

Well, maybe tomorrow isn't too soon to visit again. As I walk home on my usual route, I thought to myself that today was definitely far from boring.

To be continued...