

Chapter 1 – The coffin.

It's been one hell of a year, trapped in my new home with the most infamous skunks of them all, but it wasn't all bad, I did get my revenge after all. Man, let me tell you about it, it all started because the student dorms were being renovated, so because of that a lot of us students had to temporarily leave our private dorms to live elsewhere.

The only downside is that there were only a few dorms remaining and some privately owned apartments in the local area. The new dorms were almost bought out in an instant, though there was one place I found online that seemed alright, the rent was low and there were no additional fees, and it was only a five-minute walk away from campus. The depositum I had to pay was quite hefty though, but manageable. The current person living there also goes to the same university! Though I would soon find out that I just made my worst mistake yet... I had signed up to live with a skunkgirl, for a whole year. Not just any skunkgirl; Misty.

Usually in public, Misty behaves quite normally. I've seen her at the local café near campus quite a few times during lunchtime. Well, who hasn't, she and her clique of intimidating figures, laughing and being so loud that the entire burrow would know that they're there, it was pretty hard to ignore.

I'm not entirely sure who she's with, I recognize some of them. There's Abigail, a rough, strong looking wolfgirl with sharp ears and even sharper abs, torn clothing, and piercings. Then there is Azel, a tall, very handsome bull of a man, towering over all of them, very wide horns. How did they ever tame him? I guess he also has a soft spot, I wish I knew about it... There is one more notable character, one I learnt to despise later on... Lilly. A pretty woman dressed in long, thin white garments, decorated with sewn floral patterns, and complimented with her dark makeup. She goes to all the same classes as me, as we're in the same field of study. The rest of Misty's gang seems to be some other stripe tailed individuals I haven't met before.

Though obnoxious, Misty seemed somewhat normal, however. I've heard the rumors, and I can put two and two together. One time, I remember a person in my class got themselves in a small conflict with Misty and her clique. They were just yelling at each other, Misty making

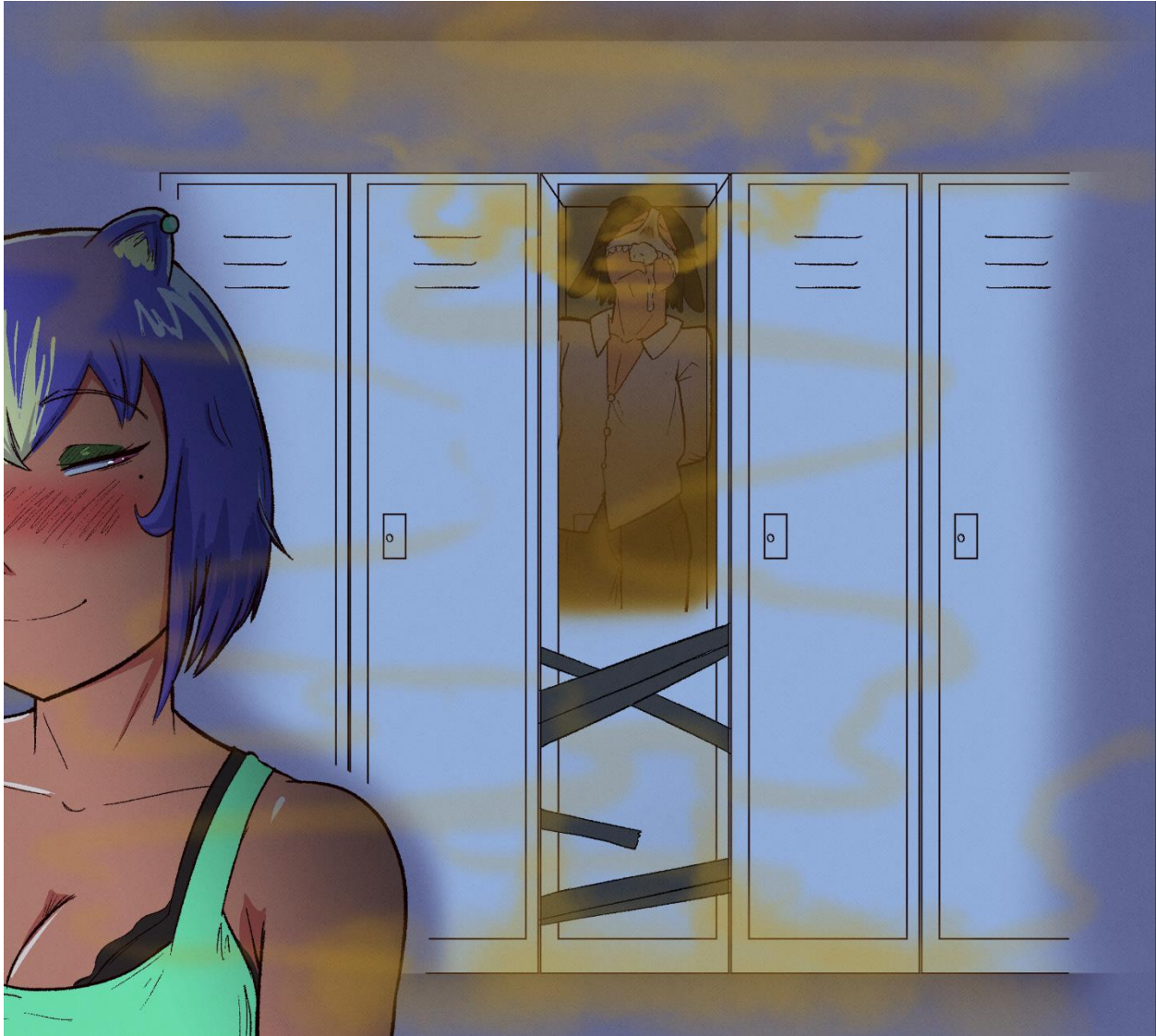
some vague threats, mentioning something called “the coffin treatment”. The next day, the same student was found trapped in a locker. It was said that the smell emanating from the locker was so pungent, they had to transport the locker elsewhere while he was still trapped inside. They were far away from school before they dared to pry it open.

Two men with gasmasks was trying to save the poor guy. The locker was sealed shut with duct tape, only a light, yellow-brown haze seeping from it. Flies gathered around it, zipping around the fetid locker. The tape was already a little crumpled, almost like the smell had corroded it a little. They cut open the tape and the padlock and pried up the locker door.

The flies zipping around had their life snuffed out in mere seconds. A hot, dense, yellow fog hazed out of the box. The two men gagged, their noses attacked with a vicious smell of eggy sulfur, with a dominating tinge of earthy, rotten garbage. It smelled like an unattended barnyard and soiled underwear. The stench was so gruesome, their pathetic little masks weren't enough. Even their goggles fogged up. It is also said Misty's fetid haze was so warm and damp that it sometimes would condense on various surfaces. Guess that explains her name.

In the locker, another innocent looking bunny boy. I'm not sure why, but Misty and her people seem to only go after those flamboyant, stuck-up bunny boys. I'm not sure what's going on between them.

The unfortunate man inside the locker though, ugh I cringe even thinking about it, I can't stand farts! Not only was he gagged with a sweaty sock, but he had panties wrapped around his face, skid mark over his nose. Poor man, after passing out from the smell, he probably woke up, only to be hit with the hellish scent once more, time and time again. It must have been his longest night yet. Trapped inside that dark locker, together with the damp, wet skunk odor, for ten whole hours.



A week after the incident he dared come back to school. He still stunk so badly that I had to leave class. It was either that, or my breakfast leaving my stomach. It really smelled like he had been up someone's ass. Which gives me the chills, I don't even want to think about being near a skunk's butt. Especially Misty's...

And here I am, right about to open the front door to her home, well our home now.