

“Spencer.. this isn't funny. Please say something! Tell him to stop, okay? Or- or..”

The voice is achingly familiar, but not one I'm used to hearing with this much fear in it. It would *have* to be familiar, the voice is a sliver of my own spun off into something else. Not a scruffy chinned human, brown hair and glasses and casual through and through – Atticus was staring at me with the two-pointed muzzle and little horns of a Boss Monster. Just a fluffy round heap of mocha colored fur staring in growing dread past his spectacles as he backed into a corner and something else approached.

Stunk-Hazard's presence gives me a chill to look at and wrap my head around. The great lumbering taur's vile aroma is a clinging, potent thing that even in this strange space feels.. sticky.. just to be near to. I pull back from it, the acrid and burning reek of it, while I watch the massive taur with those vibrant streaks of green next to the black and white skunk markings approaches Atticus. Already we can both hear a violent rumbling inside of the intruder.

“He's not gonna. I mean, he *asked me* to come here. You get that, little butterball? He *invited me* inside and knows what I'm gonna do. This only ends one way~”

I feel *some* bit of empathy as Atticus cowers, reaching the limit of his ability to run. As fat and furry as he is I know how quickly he overheats. Stunk-Hazard is wasting no time closing in, the air around their swollen puckered backside fuming and a little haze of green tinted vapor seeming to form a biohazard sigil just behind his raised tail.

“W-what..?! No, that.. you can't be.. Spencer, come on! W-what did I do?! Tell me a-and call him off, please?! Just don't-”

It only takes a brief lunge and Stunk-Hazard has Atticus knocked over, turning to put one rear paw on the Monster's belly as he looms over his victim and grins.

“Yeaah I don't think that's gonna work, my guy. Spence there *begged me* to come and do this. It was kind of a show really. I mean come on, just look at the guy!”

I don't make any effort to hide what the skunk gestures to. I can feel the blush burning in my cheeks and the twitching erection between my legs, even though I haven't touched it yet. I find myself wondering if I'll even need to as the horrified look on Atticus' face dawns. A scrambling effort to get out from under the skunk taur follows, but Atticus can't fight all that weight and his own. I know he can't. He knows it too – sweating and panicking but wholly lost.

“Time to go, Monster boy. Take a deep breath now~”

As Atticus lets out a shriek I hear the rumbling inside of Stunk-Hazard grow louder. The taur drops lower, his belly resting atop of Atticus' and that plump ring flexing abruptly. The Monster reaches up to try and do something, cover it maybe, or push the taur's cheeks together. It doesn't work, and wasn't quiet fast enough anyway. I can't help starting to leak a bit as the pleas are all drowned out in a horrific *VwurrurRRPHHHH- FWURRPHHBB- GWRRBBLR-FRRPHB-*

After the first second I lose sight of Atticus, the noxious fumes actually come out *green* and it obscures everything around the skunk taur and my 'sona in a fit of manic laughter and sputtering, retching coughs as the horrible emanation continues for a couple of achingly long seconds. Then Stunk-Hazard just.. pulls back. The reason for it doesn't take long to sort out, the damage is already done. I look over Atticus as he looks over himself, the Boss Monster's fur color is wrong.. like it's been stained black and white with a hint of shocking green as a border between the two.

“Wh.. no! No stop this, stop- come on..! STOP! Spence, please!”

I curl my arms around my chest, breathing harder by the moment as I watch the color change spread through Atticus' fur like an oil spill. It isn't just the color though, not for long anyway. It starts with a part of the Monster that was already pretty damn big growing larger still. Atticus tries standing up now that he isn't pinned only to be met with his ass thickening so rapidly that by the time he's rolled over onto his front it's too heavy and awkward to stand from under the weight of it.

The sight sets off a delirious chuckle from me while I watch. Atticus' butt quivers and shakes, his belly rumbles in answer, and I watch as the thickest part of the Monster's ass starts to show what look like the edges of toes growing from it. There's a few odd popping sounds and some whimpering as Atticus' back starts to change shape, stretching away from him, carrying his tail further out as the thing begins to rapidly grow into something longer and much more fluffy.

“He can't, you know. I mean, by all means, keep begging. I love the sound of it almost as much as hearing your gut rumble like *mine*. Damage is done, my guy! Wave goodbye~”

Atticus tries to get to his feet again, but more and more as he struggles the problem becomes that they aren't *his feet* anymore. As I cover my mouth with one hand and touch the end of my steadily leaking cock with the other Atticus looks increasingly frantic.. but only from the waist up. Lower down, where the encroaching skunk coloration and growing back legs were more complete, everything seemed downright relaxed. He'd shuffled a bit and was settling into a 'loaf' position while his spine stretched into the new angle it rested at, culminating in a thicker-by-the-moment tail that

kept bouncing and shuffling to shake its new fur into place. Then, of course, there was the growling skunk taur's ass..

“This isn't.. me. I can, I can fight this off.. I have to- Spencer PLEASE HELP! S-stop staring a-and.. and stroking your-”

The rumbling came from not just one belly, but two. Atticus winced as the swell of white and green flooded over his fat gut and the whole thing started to sound like a thunderstorm in the distance. In a rising wave of freaked-out distress the Monster starts to actually push on his own belly and moobs and I wonder if he's trying to physically push the change back – but it doesn't work of course, it doesn't even slow anything down. Within a few seconds not even the struggling continues, Atticus' arms aren't really *his* anymore after that and they stop struggling.. and start fondling himself. It makes sure that the last expression I see on Atticus' face is a mix of wildly blushing fear mixed with an unwanted rush of pleasure. Two big hands cupping his moobs and squeezing, maybe a little feedback as I clutch my cock and a ragged burst of pleasure almost sets me off on the spot, and Atticus' whimpering visage melts away into a fresh grinning skunk's muzzle throwing it's head back in a languid stretch with a bit of menacing laughter at the end.

One that promptly turns to look right at me.. as does the original.

“There, much better don't you think? How are you feeling, Stunk-Hazard?”

I look for any lingering sign of Atticus in the second taur, but as he stands up and shakes himself loose I can't see any beyond the new one maybe being a bit thicker in general than the first. Both of them look *excited* to see each other, I can smell the need building up between them as they bump chests with each other and start sniffing behind one another.

“Just *capital* Stunk-Hazard. A bit bloated though, and.. *needy*. Maybe we ought to do something about that.”

With both skunks now turning to look at me again I feel my own rush, *mostly* excitement.. but a little fear too. The original Stunk rushes first, faster than the new one, and before I can react I'm being slammed into by a wall of musky fur. The taur walks right over me, cock bobbing and dangling under him and brushing right past my face as he steps on my shoulders with his hind legs.

“Well, I think I know just the thing! I mean, look at this guy here. How could we not take advantage? Just *look at him* down there. I can *smell* the.. the-”

I feel two more *heavy* hind paws on me, this time pinning my hips.

“The wild perversion? Being so *cripplingly* aroused by the idea of submitting to us that he'd let a part of himself get warped and irreversibly corrupted like this? I mean.. Atticus isn't even in here anymore, not even a little bit.. The only thing left of him is the size of my ass! Which, I'll admit, makes this part even more fun~”

Weight crashes down on my body as I watch the new Stunk-Hazard flatten his plump frame across my whole lower body. I try to struggle, but with all that weight there nothing comes of it. I can even *feel* the rumbling inside the taur as it moves through, and- *Bwurrphhb- FWRRPHHRT- VWURUMPHHHRRT-*

“Hah! Not bad for a first one. But watch this, it's so much better if you can get.. intimate.”

I reel back from the wash of hellish, stinging fumes coming from the skunk taur's throbbing pucker only find, as I lean back and try to ward off the worst of that vile wind with my outstretched arms, that I'm staring at the first skunk's ass.. and that he's reared up while I was distracted. I don't quite manage to say anything before that pink, dimpled ring descends and smothers my face in its sweaty, warm folds.

Darkness follows that, and a rancid stench that creeps into everything at first as I shut my eyes and find it still stings them. Then comes the pressure, the sputtering of that asshole around my face as the next barrage of farts forces itself straight into my lungs and leaves me coughing and gagging.. and then worse yet as the horrific funk works its way into my mouth as well. Outside I hear nothing but a cacophony of farts and laughter while Stunk-Hazard twists his ring about a bit and grinds against my face, and while the other Stunk-Hazard laughs all the harder for it..

“Hah! Alright, yes.. that's *even better*. It's what he deserves, too – after what he did to.. Well, not *me* but you get the idea. I think we should make sure *everyone* knows what kind of a freak he is. I mean, this thing for example~!”

I *try* to buck against the heavier Stunk as the taur slides his ass over top of me, pinning my still furious erection down under the damp swell of his miasma-spewing ass. That thick pucker on it clenches once and that's all it takes. A flash of pleasure, a *flood* of it in my veins even as my lungs are scoured with horrid fumes and my body is bathed in more still while the second Stunk lets his own wash of farts billow out onto me. There's too damn much weight on me for any of my struggles to go anywhere, I'm not even sure if I'm actually trying to get free or if it just feels better to resist, knowing that it's going to fail-

“Once we're done with you, Spence, you'll *never* get the stench of what you did today off your cock, or out of your head for that matter. Enjoy~”

I feel both of them clench up, and I do the same. One more violent uproar of flatulence, one more body-wracking orgasm, and I know they're right. *None* of this is ever going to fade~