

# Experiments in Love & Stink

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [Royal Poodle of FurAffinity](#)

“I’m thinking... pizza tonight!”

“Pizza? But we’re taking a walk right now to burn off calories.”

“Yeah, and then we can have pizza and gain them all back. It all evens out!”

“I don’t think a walk through the park equates to a full pizza.”

“It can if you believe! Besides, with how work’s gone, I think we deserve a pizza!”

“...touche! But let’s not talk about work right now. I really don’t think about it.”

“You got it~.” Royal and Mogg smiled at each, enjoying their pleasant stroll. It was a lovely day, and the nice couple was enjoying their time in the park. It felt so rare recently for the weather to be nice enough to let them do something like this.

Holding each other’s hand, the two guys continued their winding and changing conversation. “So, what are we watching tonight? I’m thinking... Chip & Dale: Rescue Rangers!”

“Ehhhhh, maybe something not Disney tonight?”

“But still with cartoons?”

“You know it! Let’s...” Then they stopped.

Something caught their eye around the next corner they took. There was an odd sight nestled among the few trees there. A simple, small, white tent with black paw prints all over it laid off to the side. Beside it, two signs were hammered into the ground on wooden stakes.

Such a strange sight indeed. They were pretty sure there wasn’t a tent there when they passed by earlier. Were they not paying attention?

Either way, the two took a step over to the two signs near the tent entrance. On one sign, it read: “Couples Wanted for Love Test. Monetary Compensation Provided.” The words were written so neatly and refined like every stroke was thought out carefully.

The other sign was different. It read: "Need Couple. Money ~~Not~~ Guaranteed." The words looked like they were splattered on in a rush. Even the sign was off, bending over rather than straight like its counterpart.

"...well, that's suspicious and foreboding," Mogg remarked first, his tone flat and unenthused. "Let's get out of here and leave the serial killer tent alone."

"..." Royal looked at the signs and then at the tent. "Let's... let's take a look!"

Curiosity got the better of him. A mysterious tent that had appeared out of nowhere... or maybe it was already there and they never noticed it when passing by earlier. Either way, he had to take a look. Plus, money was always nice and could help with some upcoming bills if this was all on the up-and-up.

Royal cautiously approached the tent, Mogg shaking his head and staying put. The man came up to the entrance flaps and pushed through.

Stepping inside, things were immediately off. The entire place was much bigger on the outside. It was like two whole stories bigger and half a football field in length. There was lab equipment, beakers, experiments, computers, and the works that looked like they came out of the sixties or seventies lying around.

Then his eyes fell on the sights in the center of the room. Two desks were there. One was incredibly neat and tidy, almost like it had never been touched. The other was covered in files, paperwork, and office supplies.

And at that desk was a toon. A black lab rat toon wearing a wrinkled, worn lab coat was snoozing away with his feet up on the desk. He slumped back in his office chair, snoring loudly. Royal inched closer and squinted. The nametag on the rat's coat read, "Dimm".

*Never seen a toon up so close before.* Toons were not an uncommon thing in the world, yet always strange to see. Royal liked them, but also found them a bit unpredictable. *Hmm, probably let him rest. I should ju-*

"Hey!" The tent flap opened and Mogg stepped in, calling to Royal. "What do you see in... whoa! This place is huge!"

The lab rat's eyes shot open, followed by him comically falling right out of his chair. He rolled briefly into a ball before bouncing back up and onto his feet.

The black rat's head jerked all over in a blur before falling on Royal. His eyes creaked as they narrowed. "HEY!" He poked Royal in the stomach. "Whatcha think you're doin'?! Don't ya go tryin' to wake a sleepin'?"

Mogg rushed to Royal and poked the rat right back on the nose. "Hey! You watch it!"

Dimm grumpily looked at his booper, rubbing his snoot. His expression softened as he looked back at Royal and then back at Mogg and then back and forth. "Wait a minute!" He lit up with a bright smile. "Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!"

He pulled out a megaphone and bellowed into it, "HEY WATT! We gots a couple here! Get your nerdy butt on over here!"

"Hmmm?" From behind a computer terminal, a white, fuzzy head poked out. It was another toon, another lab rat. This one had bright white fur, his fur looking much more groomed and his coat in better shape.

The rat looked at his co-worker and then at the couple. He smiled warmly and approached, pulling out a clipboard and #2 Pencil from his coat pockets. "Ah, yes yes!" he declared, soon upon Royal and Mogg and looking them over, "You are the couple my less motivated partner indicated, correct?"

"Ah... yes?" Mogg replied, looking at his boyfriend. Royal could only shrug. He had no idea what was going on exactly. "What's going on?"

"Just sum nerd project Watt wants to do," Dimm remarked, letting out a big yawn. He rolled his shoulders and pulled out a coffee mug and donut from behind him.

"What my unkempt colleague said is correct to a degree," Watt spoke, his voice much more official sounding. He patted his friend on his head, the black rat snorting at him. "We are in the midst of very important research that is imperative for toons and humans alike!"

"And... that requires couples?" Royal spoke with the most incredulous look.

"Indeed!" Watt exclaimed, writing something down. "It is quite nice to have a couple as yourselves show up now! We have not run our tests on this particular setup before, so the results shall be most intriguing!"

He turned to his counterpart. "Mr. Dimm, the fragrance if you would please!"

“Yeah, yeah.” Dimm downed his coffee and tossed the mug away. “Right on it.” He swallowed the rest of his donut and hurried over to the side of the room.

However, at this point, Mogg wasn’t interested. “Wait! We didn’t agree to anything here. We’re not interested in any experiments or tests!”

“Awww shucks, thanks for volunteerin’!” Dimm spoke with a little smirk, hurrying back over to them. He carried what appeared to be a large water jug with a spray bottle top. Written in sharpie across it was “Love Enhancement.”

**SQUUUUIRT!** The dark rat happily squeezed the trigger and sprayed pinkish blue liquid from its nozzle. It splattered Mogg across the face, the man quickly coughing up a storm.

Royal couldn’t blame him. That liquid reeked! It was so strong, potent, and... oddly smelled like a day-old smoothie. “H-hey! Don’t do that to him!”

Mog coughed and rubbed his face, desperately trying to wipe it off. “Yeah! I just said don’t do thaaaa... thaaaaaaa... aaaaaa... AAAAAACHOOOOOOOOO!”

That sneeze blasted out like a cannon. His entire head wobbled, but not as much as his nose did. It rapidly shook, almost like a blur. **WOOMP!** It ballooned, nostrils, tip, and all rapidly rounding and coming together into a huge, blue-ish black ball on his mug.

Royal blinked. Mogg swayed, rubbing his head. “Uuuuuugh... what the hell was...” Mogg’s eyes narrowed down. “Hey... what is tha... thaaaaa... AAAAAACHOOOO!”

**FWOOOOMP!** His mouth shot forward, nose coming along with it. His lips turned black and gummy as white fur bloomed across his mouth and cheeks. However, the fur was so compact and tight, it was light, flat white. His mouth pulled further and further out, jaws shifting until he was packing a full-on, cartoony muzzle.

Mogg blinked before turning his gaze down towards his sniffer, which was much more in his line of sight now. “**Oui?!**” He reached forward and poked his mug. “**Tiz is... how do ya say, a big snoot upon my handsome mug?!**”

Royal smacked his cheek a few times, blinking even more. His boyfriend... he had a toony muzzle! He blinked again. Yep, still there.

And that smooth, suave voice... Royal blushed, watching Mogg feel and rub his snoot. **“Tiz sniffer is quite delightful and big!”** Mogg commented, poking at his foot long, **“Tiz perfect *length* for one such as moi... wait, why iz my voice so *dreamy* and *handsome*?”**

“Are you... you...” Royal was at a loss for words for Mogg. He turned to Watt, who was furiously scribbling away at his clipboard. “What did you do?!”

“Ah! Yes, an explanation is required!” Watt nodded and stopped his writing. “You see, our research is most important! We are testing to see whether or not love is carried through and can influence toonification! Love is very important and it can be such a terrible thing if lost. As such, we seek new developments in toonifying love and potential love reignition in couples globally!”

“Actually,” Dimm spoke, zipping up to his pal’s side and now petting him on the head, “Watt here’s a big softie for love stories. He wants to see if he can play a part in one~.”

“That is simply false.” Watt shushed Dimm away like a cat as his cheeks reddened. “This is simply about scientific research, the quest for knowledge, and nothing more, I assure you!”

**“Whatever tiz iz,”** Mogg interjected, stepping up to the rats, **“I’z would *prefer* to return to my old, how you say, *charmlezz* looks! Tiz is getting ridicu-”**

**BO-OING!** His dark brown hair suddenly wobbled and shook itself. All of its color drained out to a pure snow-white tone. Locks thickened and tightened together, looking more like one big blob of cartoony hair until it swelled out all at once. It went up and stretched outwards into a cute pompadour, its tip curling ever so slightly.

**“My lockz! Say are gorgeous!”** Mogg exclaimed, but shaking his head and bonking it.

Watt stepped up to him. “Hmm, hair is at the proper volume. Now, I have an important question for you, Mr. ...Test Subject: Do you love the fellow with you?”

Mogg did a double-take. **“Tsk, of course, I’z love him. Why would I not?”**

**Scrrrrrr.** His shoes began to expand. Dimm leaned in, shoving the love bottle into his coat pocket, and said, “You say dat buuuuut, are you sure?”

**Srrrrrrrrrrrr.** Mogg scoffed, as his shoes neared bursting. **“I’z love le fool. He iz an utter charmer and sweet lover (Royal blushed). What makes youze think I’z wouldn’t?”**

**RHHHHP!** Seams and leather finally gave way. The toe cap split from the sole, followed by the welt and sides of the shoes. Three large, fuzzy, black toes sprung forth from the sneakers as they broke apart. Pieces fell all around, leaving pudgy, long paws.

“Okay okay!” Watt went to town on his clipboard. “Yes, yes! So, becoming a toon has not affected or changed your thoughts towards your boyfriend. Good, good! This is good to note!” He scribbled something down so fast that steam and smoke started leaving the board, everyone taking a step back from the white rat.

“So!” Watt stopped his dangerous scribbling, “Now for the next part. Tell me more about this fellow. What do you love about him so?”

Mogg looked annoyed by the question as if he didn’t want to deal with any more of this nonsense. Yet, his maw blurted, “**Wells, he iz, how you say, sweet as le tastiest of chocolates, kind and supportive like a proper lover should be~. He iz...**”

Mogg listed things off, counting them all with his fingers. Each tap of a finger brought something though. Pink pads popped out the bottom of each. Fingernails vanished as black fur sprouted over each digit. The tips of each finger were longer and pudgier.

Then came the digit loss on each hand, leaving him with four cute animal fingers. Then the black fuzz slid to his hands, a big, pudgy circle pad popping out in the center of his palms. At last, black fur moved from his wrists and up his arms, disappearing beneath his shirt.

Not that Mogg noticed or even seemed to care. His expression was softening the entire time he listed random things off. Eventually, his expression was bright and glowing as he blurted out, “**And all le artwork he draws~! It iz super engaging and lovely to look at~.**”

He chuckled, slowly dropping in height. His waist and hips narrowed, his jeans dropping and hitting the ground. “**Well, say aren’t as love-LEE as his true love, moi~.**”

**Plop.** His underwear hit the ground and Royal flinched, too stunned to move until then. However, there was no need to move to cloak his sweetheart. Mogg’s crotch and rear were completely empty, null and void of any feature. They were quite lathered in black fur and positively cartoonish in appearance.

This situation was getting out of hand. Royal couldn’t believe what was happening. His boyfriend, a good two feet shorter now, was... was... toonifying. The whole sight of it all was unbelievable, yet all he could muster out was, “Ummm, Mogg? You okay?”

“YES! Yes!” Watt blurted out, throwing everyone off as he wrote. Everyone looked at him. Feeling their gaze on him, he glanced up and cleared his throat. “Ahem. Yes, this is quite good data that I am receiving here. Quite splendid!”

“Ah-huh,” Dimm snorted. He bumped Watt aside and stepped up to Mogg, poking him in the nose. “Enough about dat schmaltzy personality talk, bub! Let’s talk ‘bout da real stuff. How ‘bout dem looks of his? Are they any good?”

Mogg huffed, “**Wellz, for your information, moi...**” He turned and looked at Royal. He looked at Royal. He stared at Royal. He... smiled at Royal. He grinned at Royal. Hearts floated off his head as he gazed lovingly upon the ever-increasingly anxious Royal.

“**Ehheheh, yeeeeeeeah~**,” Mogg sighed, rubbing his big cheeks. “**Tiz man, tiz artiste... he iz so handsome with that zharp hair, silly face, and smart glasses~**.”

The whole while Mogg praised him, that inky black fur began to creep into view. It slowly spread across his torso, connecting with the fuzz around his hips and crotch. It spread down his legs, reaching his feet. It climbed his neck before stopping. However, the black upon his chest and belly suddenly brightened to a snow-white, oval-shaped coating.

“**Oh, Royal~**.” More hearts floated off Mogg’s head, his body cartoonishly lifting up. Not the only thing that lifted off either. A pink, somewhat thick fume floated off of him now, similar smelling to that spray from before. The fumes wafted off, occasionally turning heart-shaped too.

“**OOOOOOOOH~**.” Mogg furiously rubbed his cheeks. His cheeks puffed up and stretched outwards, much like a certain cartoon skunk’s did. “**He may be lanky, but he iz a dreamboat that I cannot help but love~**.”

“**Yeeees... love and smooch...**” The area where his bum was bulged slightly. “**Smooch and huggle~**.” The area bulged and bloated more. “**And smooch and huggle and cuddle and LOOOOOOOOVE~!**”

**FWOMP!** The area burst as a huge tail, double his size and width. Super fluffy and soft, the tail swung around and slapped Dimm, knocking him away before settling back behind Mogg. A white stripe ran from the tail’s base to the tip, completing his perfect skunk tail.

“Uuuuuuuugh, who caught the number on dat tail?” Dimm mumbled, stars and birds circling his noggin.

“**EUREKA!**” Watt declared, smiling brightly. “This... this was quite revealing and fascinating. So many discoveries today! My research has made fantastic strides!”

Royal's jaw might as well have been on the floor with how it hung. The whole sight before him, his ever-increasing furry boyfriend, and the two goofy toons at the heart of it all. "I... I just... what?! How does this... what does... HOW?!"

"Ah, yes, yes!" Watt nodded, looking back at him. "Science can be complex and difficult to fully grasp in all of its full nuances and outcomes. Why, explaining how all of this helps my research would require a long and strenuous monologue that I am quite certain you would not fully comprehend."

"Don't sweat not knowin' stuff," Dimm added, getting to his feet, "Even I's don't get all dis nerd talk."

"That's not remotely the point at all!" Royal boiled over, hands claspng and quivering. "Enough of this science nonsense! Please turn Mogg back to normal!"

"**Heheh~**," Mogg chuckled, rubbing his cheeks blissfully, "**He sayz moi's name so perfectly~.**"

"But science, my good man!" Watt exclaimed, grasping Royal's shoulders and shaking him, "This is all-important for science! You do not realize the full scale of this work!" He stroked his chin. "Hm... in fact, the next stage is also extremely important and will be quite illuminating for you!"

"I must know how toonification and love fully affect each part of a couple!" He turned back to his partner again. "Mr. Dimm, please stop your slacking and prepare the camera!"

"Ooof, can't a guy just relax a little on the job, like after being bonked in da face by a floofer of a tail?" Dimm huffed, swatting one of the last birds and stars circling his head.

"You may relax after our experiment! Now please, the camera, if you would!" Dimm sighed, reaching behind his back and pulling out quite the large TV camera.

Struggling, he turned and faced Royal. "Alright, Mr. Perfect Man, you stay right dere and don't move a muscle. It's a pain ta move with dis thing."

"What are you two going on about now? Just turn Mogg back... back to..." Royal sniffed the air. Something smelled bad.



And it was coming from below. He looked down and flinched. There was Mogg, having shrunk down to belly height and no longer human-looking at all. He was a toon skunk through and through with only his oversized t-shirt remaining.

Mogg looked up into his eyes sweetly and... with an air of desire. He smiled and cooed, **“Oh, dear lover, dear Royal, I cannot *bare* to be far from you any longer. These few feet we stood apart... oh how unbearable it iz! I must be close! I must feel you against me!”**

Royal took a step back. Mogg took a step forward, matching it. **“I must touch and *cuddle* you as le sweet lover you *are*!”**

He took another step back, Mogg also matching it. He tried to take another step and **BOING!** Mogg launched himself up and hopped up into Royal’s arms. His tail wrapped around his body like a python, holding the nervous man in place.

**“Oh loverboy, where does one think he iz going, hmmm?”** Mogg cooed, tickling his boyfriend’s chin, **“Do you not want your kissez?”**

“M-M-Mogg! Th-this isn’t-”

**“Shush, lover~.”** Mogg reached up and pinched Royal’s lips. **“Of course you do. Of course, you want moi’z kissez~!”**

**SMOOOOOCH!** And like that, Mogg went to town. His big, goofy, stinky mug smothered Royal in kisses all over his face.

Royal was overwhelmed. The wet, sloppy smooches over all of his mug. It was too much, his mind growing hazy and blurry. None of this was helped by the fumes coming off the skunk either, pouring in through his nose and holes.

After a while, a thought popped into his mind. *Should... should I stop him? Maybe... maybe just let... let him keep going?*

The thought warmed him to his core. So did the fur. After a bit, with each peck on the face, a bit of fuzz was left behind. Black splotches around most of his face were left, with some white spots around his mug.

“Love smooches equals fur, of course!” Watt declared, jotting that down, “This is brilliant! Mr. Dimm, close up please!”

“Yeah-yeah...” Dimm shuffled a little closer, wobbling a bit in place before finding his balance again. “Come on, Mr. Perfect Man, give me some excitement, some action!”

Those words managed to cut through Royal’s mind. He mumbled, “A-action?”

“Yeah! Da camera needs action!” Dimm poked him in the cheek, “Sniff, man! Gimme a big ol’ love sniff of your skunk toy!”

“O-okay...” He said without a fight. Mogg stopped his kissing and nuzzled him, pushing his pompadour and fuzzy face against him. Plenty to sniff there. Royal snorted, sucking in lots of skunk fumes.

**BOING!** Royal’s nose shook and ballooned out. It turned dark blue as its shape became bulbous, sucking the nostrils into it. It jutted forward, just narrowly seen within the corners of his eyes. The new sniffer booped against Mogg’s briefly.

“Whoooooooa...” Royal moaned, his eyes suddenly spinning. Spinning. Spinning. Spinning so much that he had spirals for eyes. “You... you smell goooooood!”

**“Of course I do~!”** Mogg chuckled, hugging him tighter, **“Who does not enjoy le smell of loooove and passion~?”**

Royal shivered and nodded. Mogg was so sweet and smelly. Ooooooh, he wanted to hug and cuddle the adorable fuzzy. And as Mogg hugged and cuddled, Royal found himself shrinking down closer to his size. Excess body fat vanished. A full foot in height? Gone. Still a bit taller, but better!

Mogg hopped off his boyfriend and back onto the ground. He looked him over. Royal did not budge. He merely stood there, soaking in that intense scent.

The skunk grinned. **“Oh ho? No longer will you try to give le love of your life le chase, eh? Well, well I, as you say, am disappointed. Le chase; she iz so fun. But, you staying right beside moi iz just fine as well~.”**

“Yeah...” Royal replied, not fully there. Chase? Skunk? Everything was so hard to think about or focus on.

He couldn’t even really think about that peculiar **pop** either. The soft sound came from behind, right above his behind. His pants were already slowly starting to slip down the less human his figure and shape became, exposing some of his lower back. There, a small nub appeared, already coated in black fuzz with a tiny white streak behind.

Eventually, he could think of only one thing. *Run... why... why should I run?*

Yeah, why run? Why let Mogg chase him? He loved Mogg. He loved skunks. He loved toons. He loooooooved toon skunks. Mogg was the best of everything. The perfect skunk for a skunk like him.

A spiral faded from one of his eyes. *Uuuuugh... wait... what... what am I thinking... saying? This... this isn't right... This experiment is screwing with-*

**Streeetch.** Mogg chuckled and stretched his arms up, pulling on Royal's ears. "**Heheh, I love your cute earz as much as le rest of you. So cute and handsome like moi's!**"

Royal's ears stretched and stretched, black fuzz appearing from where Mogg pulled. The fur spread across them ever so slowly until **SMACK!** Mogg let go, and they snapped right back towards his head. However, they now shot up to the top of his skull, distinctly animal-like and much like his boyfriend's.

Royal twitched. The spirals both stopped, and he began to smile. He looked up and chuckled, "Of course! My ears are part of my perfect self~." He wiggled them playfully.

"Mhm, mhm!" Watt hummed to himself, still furiously writing down what it was he was writing. Dimm, on the other hand, snickered. "Let's add some action here! Take it off!"

"Take what off?" Royal asked, the vague outline of a question mark appearing above his head. "What are you talk-"

**PLOP!** His pants finally fell to the ground, even dragging down his underwear. His legs were fully exposed for the noodley, black fuzzy legs they were. Same with his area below the belt, which was awfully featureless now. It was just as null, flat, and fuzzy as Mogg's.

"Oh!" Royal's head tilted as he looked at his bottom half. That didn't look right at all. "...right! Heh, why was I wearing pants? I don't need pants~."

He hopped right out of the pile of clothing, leaving his shoes and socks behind. And with them gone, it was obvious to see something else new with him. His feet were longer, also covered in black fur with three big, pudgy toes at the end.

Nothing wrong with that either, just the unusual amount of clothing he was apparently wearing. With a mighty kick, he sent his clothes away.

Or tried though. Just as they were sailing overhead, Mogg leaped up and snatched them out of the sky. He stuck his paws into the pants' pockets and pulled out a familiar cellphone and wallet. **“Now now, don't be zo hasty, my handsome smeller. You don't want to lose such important stuff. There are many pictures of moi in these after all.”**

Royal nodded, watching Mogg stuff the items into his floofy tail. “Right you are, Mr. Mogg~. How silly of me~.”

The developing skunk sighed. His boyfriend... that strong smelly, odor-filled, fluffy-tailed toon~... The more he gazed upon him, the more Royal just fell in love. “Ooooh, you are sooo responsible and thinking about stuff like that~.”

Royal's brown hair shivered and rapidly shrunk. It thinned down greatly on the sides and even in the back. Only the top part was left sitting between his ears. That hair grew thicker and puffier, its tip arcing up and down over his forehead. Bringing it together, a streak of white ran through it, leaving most of his brown hair alone.

“Yes, yes!” Watt declared again in his bombastic voice, “Love truly conquers and cuts through toonification. This is fascinating and is producing such wonderful results! My research is almost complete!”

“Yeah, yeah. Love beats whatever,” Dimm huffed, nudging the skunks with the camera, “This is BOR-RING! Gimme more action! Gimme more excitement! Gimme tail!”

*Tail...* Royal shivered, his face cracking a smile. He didn't know fully why, but deep down, he knew it had to be done.

He turned towards the camera, smirking now. “You want “tail”? Well, howse this for tail?!”

He spun around and shoved his null butt out at the camera. **FWOMP!** His small tail erupted out into a huge, long, fluffer of a tail.

The body-length skunk tail smacked the camera and Dimm in one burst, knocking him to the ground again. The rat held onto the camera for dear life, capturing every inch of what was happening. He yelled as he tried to get off his back, “YES! Perfect! The camera loves it!!”

“**Ooooooh, tail~,**” Mogg gasped. He lunged and glomped onto his boyfriend's tail, burying his face and mug into it. **“Big, fluffy, zoft tail. Tis is perfect for moi's perfect lover~.”**

“Ooooooh, Mr. Mogg~.” Royal swooned, hearts floating off his head.

“**Oh, moi's dearest, handsome Royal~.**” Mogg hopped off and spun around to face Royal. The two gazed lovingly into each other's eyes, Royal shrinking some more to better match Mogg's height. The two leaned in and **SMOOOOOOOOOOOCH!** Lips embraced, many, many hearts floating off their heads.

Several wet, happy kisses followed soon, the rats looking on with awe/disgust. *Ooooooh, Mr. Mogg is soooooooo smelly good~.* Royal thought, all worries and concerns having long since melted away, *he's soooooooo smelly and sweet. I wanna be with him forever~.*

Eventually though, sweet smackers had to stop. The two finished their smooching and pulled away... pulled away... pulled away. Pull, pull, pull. No matter how much they tried, their mouths were stuck to each other, stretching further and further from their noggins.

**SNAP!** Once a good five feet apart, their lips finally broke free and snapped back into place, sort of. Mogg's toony muzzle still stuck out long and proud on his mug. Royal's face, however, was now much longer. Fuzz covering every inch of it and him, his mouth and cheeks had stretched and pulled out into a full, toony muzzle, much like Mogg's. Even his big sniffer sat at the very end of it, just above his maw.

With that, it was over. The experiment was completed. There were no humans left. Only two rats and two, brand-new, lovey-dovey skunk toons.

“YES! Watt declared, jumping into the air... and freezing. In the background, the opening theme to Perfect Strangers started playing.

“nough of dat, get ta the results!” Dimm huffed, back on his feet and yanking on Watt's foot to pull him down.

Record scratch and the music stopped, Watt shaking his head. “Oh... yeah! Yes, yes indeed!” He cleared his throat and straightened his lab coat. “These results are excellent. You two, fine skunks, have been the key to my research and proving my theory.”

“Say... whose fundin' dis stuff anyways?” Dimm asked, “We ain't payin' outta pocket again for your silly, random experiment stuff again, are we?”

Watt ignored him once more and turned to the skunks. He took a step forward, paused, and pulled out a clothespin. He stuck it on his snoot and, again, approached them. “Yes, yes! You two have been terrific subjects, just wonderful, helpful, smelly subjects!”

Royal felt a swell of pride within him. Yeah... he was wonderful and smelly, wasn't he? This rat was such a smooth talker~.

**“Awww, shucks!”** Mogg chuckled, rubbing his cheeks again, **“Well, I am always good at helping things, along with moi’s handsome Royal~.”**

“Awwwww, such a sweet talker you are, Mr. Mogg~!” The two skunks exchanged googly-eyed looks at each other, booping noses and rubbing them.

“Now, the signs outside did promise something special. Monetary compensation for your delightful help today!” Watt snapped his fingers. “Mr. Dimm, if you would, please provide the funds to this nice couple.”

Dimm nodded and took a deep breath, holding it in. He reached behind his back and pulled out two small money bags with the dollar sign on them. He dropped them into the skunks’ paws and took several steps back.

Watt smiled. “Thank you again for your work! Have a most blessed day!”

“And leave da tarp open when ya go!” Dimm huffed, waving a paw in front of his face. “Gotta air out da joint before anyone else shows!” The two skunks chuckled and nodded, turning and leaving with a skip in their step.

Back outside, the world felt more normal, casual, and quiet, just as they left it. It was such a far cry from the oddity behind them. It was almost... boring in a way now.

Royal didn't really care or think of it much. He pulled his bag up and looked inside. **Ca-CHING!** “Wowzers! Look at all dis cash! Da bills and da coins! Say goodbye to rent and bills for the next few months!”

**“Come now, handsome Royal~!”** Mogg shook his head, **“Talking about money az if we had problems. Those were never a problem as long as we looove each other!”**

“Quite right, but still!” Royal shook his bag and stuffed it into his tail. Such convenience! For some odd reason, he forgot he could do that.

As Mogg did the same, a thought popped into Royal's toony head. A memory from before. Before he and Mogg stepped into the tent, they were talking... dinner. Dinner was... was... oh, pizza!

*Pizza?* Royal huffed. Not good enough at the moment! He was in the mood to spoil! “Saaaaay, Mr. Mogg. What do you say to a romantic walk over to the foodie part of town? I know of a couple of places that haven’t kicked our smelly butts out yet~.”

“**Oh Royal!**” Mogg glomped onto the side of him and smooched him several more times. “**Zuch a très bien idea~. You truly are zuch a sweet creature!**”

“Heheh, you know it~.” Royal returned a few of those kisses and took his hand.

The two skunks exchanged smiles and began their walk once again. This time, they had dinner on their mind and a destination other than home. It was time to share their love with the town.

In fact, they got a small early start. A young couple turned onto their path and stopped, seeing the two approaching toons. The skunks gave them a polite wave and passed on by. However, not before leaving their fumes behind.

The couple sniffed the air, the gas shooting straight up their nostrils. They froze and fell back, collapsing onto the soft ground. The skunks looked back and chuckled. Such a cute couple, though severely lacking in experience when it came to the scent of love~.

*THE END*

References:

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[https://twitter.com/royal\\_poodle/status/1139721873204244480/photo/1](https://twitter.com/royal_poodle/status/1139721873204244480/photo/1)

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