

The skunk's phone was going off again. It kept doing that over and over of late, which had started to cause just a little anxiety around the apartment. Said phone wasn't in his hands though, the skunk had surrendered it along with *most* other things to the jackal he lived with.

Lived with was probably a generous term for it.

“Your friend – again – wondering why you haven't called him back or answered his messages. Didn't I tell you to -deal- with this, Stink-Slut? Hey! Look up at me.”

Stink-Slut raised his gaze upward. The jackal was sprawled out on the couch, naked, idly scratching at his belly with one hand and holding the phone with the other. Jasper had gotten a bit thicker of late with Stink-Slut doing all the errands for him, handling all the bothersome aspects of day to day life for his Master while he went out and acted like he was still Briscoe. Like he hadn't surrendered all of that so he could enjoy himself at his Master's feet. That phone though, that was..

It felt uncomfortable to look at, to hear buzzing like this, and it was bothering Jasper too which was even worse. Stink-Slut squirmed and curled in on himself when Jasper stuffed the phone up against the skunk's chest.

“You're going to message him back, got me? You tell him.. you've got a new job and you're the happiest you've ever been and then- Well, let's start with that.”

A shaky exhale was all Stink-Slut could manage for that.. and he had to manage it. Had to take the phone and suffer through being pushed away from Jasper's miasmatic aura. The skunk had to take the phone in his greasy, stink-ridden hands and start tapping out an answer while he pretended to be Briscoe, and not a helplessly stench-addicted musk-bitch. The message wasn't eloquent, but then neither had been Briscoe really.. but, unsurprisingly, it prompted a response instead of the desired silence.

Then another response.. and another, and- Stink-Slut whined.

“What is it. What's he saying, Stink-Slut?”

Huffing, the skunk tried to get some of Jasper's unwashed odors to waft his way and clear his head. Apparently his Master realized he needed the help since he moved his foot right over onto Jasper's snout, letting him suck in a musty breath full of it. It left the skunk rock hard.. but he hadn't earned that just yet.

“T-that he wants to see me.. h-have.. me come out, or.. or him visit-”

Jasper rolled his eyes at first.. but then something else took root in his expression.

“..Tell me, Stink-Slut. How much do you *need* to get at my body? What are you, if you can't bathe in that reek rolling off me?”

The skunk slid down to his knees and whimpered, curling his arms around his chest, breathing harder and staring at Jasper's crotch while drool ran down his chin.

“N-nothing, Master! I.. I need-”

Holding a hand up, Jasper pointed at the phone again.

“..You set up a visit. Get your bud out here. Now, understand me first here *Slut*. I'm having you bring your buddy out so I can put him under, dismantle his old personality, and get myself a second pet skunk slave. You got me? Maybe one with a nice nest egg and a bit more love handles.”

Stink-Slut was already typing. The thing in him that he kept around to help him remember, help him fake being Briscoe when he had to, was reeling about this being wrong. That he couldn't go through with it. It wasn't stopping him though, it wasn't even slowing him down.

“H-he'll be so good at it, Master. N-now can-”

Jasper took hold of the skunk by the hair, yanking him over toward his crotch where he'd sprawled it out on the couch and holding him just shy of being able to stuff his face into its musky confines.

“You betray your friend for me and I'll give you a *real* treat, Stink-Slut. Type the message Slut. Do it – let me see you do it – that.. okay yeah, good. Set a date, and-”

The jerk of the hair surprised Stink-Slut. He hadn't actually hit send yet, but he had the whole message ready. Jasper, it seemed, was a bit impatient. He wrenched Slut's face right up to his stiffening cock and buried the skunk's snout onto it, holding Stink-Slut's face in his hands while the skunk braced and left his jaw just slack enough to fit around the jackal's thick, slime-caked cock.

It wasn't often Jasper took charge like this, but the Slut *loved* it. Having himself forced over the jackal's dick and held in place while the thick, swelling shaft got longer and forced his jaws apart. While it pressed down his throat, filling his sinuses with the deep cock funk rolling off Jasper and coating the back of his mouth in pre.

Whatever it was Jasper had meant to say apparently had to wait. Slut kept himself busy, kept his mouth just tight enough to be a good fuck for his master while he tried to let his snout get buried in the unwashed mass of Jasper's crotch on every thrust. It wasn't long on each push but it was enough – it gave him little bursts of satisfaction and happiness. But-

“N-nnngh! A-and y-you can.. get your fill off me. You can even *cum*, Slut~”

All of Stink-Slut's body went tight.. except his face. He kept that slack and even for his Master while the jackal finished off. Roughly stuffing him and in and out until he was letting blast thick, pungent ropes of cum straight into Slut's throat. The skunk slurped and tongued at it, making sure he got *everything* out of his Master, letting the jackal keep humping his face through a few aftershocks until he'd worn himself out thoroughly enough.

When Jasper sank back into the couch, then Stink-Slut looked up. Not quite so much as to make eye contact, but just enough to ask the question.

“T-then.. can Stink-Slut-”

Jasper raised an eyebrow and pointed at the phone. The skunk had almost forgotten that part, but now – seeing the 'is typing' from his friend still blinking..

“You know the deal, Stink-Slut. You help me turn your bestie since high school into a slaving, wanton musk whore – dismantle who they've been all their life in favor of spending the rest of their days obsessed with bathing in my reeking hide's runoff, and you can-”

Stink-Slut had hit send. The skunk was shaking, his cock twitching and jerking in painful arousal. The part of him that was still attached to being Brisco was damningly silent at the moment, or maybe it had just given up entirely, but the skunk was beyond caring. He just needed the sight of his Master nodding while he licked up the last bits of cum off his chin.

Once he had that? Stink Slut let out a whimpering cry of relief and lurched toward the jackal. He went for the pits first, cramming his face as hard into one as he could, until his snout was wholly lost in all that damp, acrid fur. Until he had to breathe through his mouth, tongue scraping against Jasper's side, while his nose collected sweat and grime from that hairy, rank pit.

Another ping or two from the phone happened, but it went silent after that.

“God *damn* you're a hopeless, horny little thing aren't you..? Heck, I'm kind of proud of that. I remember when you just thought you had tension problems~”

Stink-Slut didn't remember. The skunk hadn't had tension problems that he recalled, except that he *needed* to get off.. He needed to be drenched in his Master's scents for that. With his head wedged tight into his Master's pits the skunk's body clenched up and he could feel himself paining the side of the couch in bursts of spunk already. One after another, sticky and musky.

“Mmnnfy.. yhms.. Msfter~”

Sliding his face over Jasper's body, Stink-Slut stuffed his face between his Master's legs as deep as he could. He worked himself in, nosing underneath Jasper's dick, pushing back. The jackal caught the hint and rolled over where he sat, leaving the skunk with easy access to Jasper's ass. With nothing else in the way Stink-Slut buried his nose between those cheeks so he could run his tongue across the soft pucker within.

It didn't take much of that to get the Slut right back to the edge again. The skunk let out a ragged moan, tonguing up sweat and spicy reek off his Master. He took hold of both sides of Jasper's ass and pressed himself in tighter. If he could've crawled inside he would have. As it was he had to just try to rub as much into his senses as he could..

After a few more seconds of that Stink-Slut was cumming all over again, wildly muttering 'thank you Master' under his breath right into Jasper's asshole. At least, up until the moment Jasper bucked him off and sent the skunk tumbling into a puddle of his own juices.

“Fuck! Alright, fine. You've got -me- worked up now. Lay over the coffee table and bend over.. and grab your phone.”

Stink-Slut wasted no time with it, he flung himself over the coffee table and knocked half its contents off in the process while clutching at his phone. Jasper on the other hand wasted no time getting himself balls deep into his slut's cute little skunky asshole. The jackal slapped at Stink-Slut's backside letting out a cascade of bubbly laughter.

“Tell you what Stink-Slut. Let's have ourselves a day of this..”

It was almost gentle at first, that thrusting. Master buried in him.. and starting to swell wide. The knot formed quickly now that Jasper was letting it, wedging Slut open and leaving him with his hips feeling like they'd been popped loose while the mass of cock in his ass shoved on his prostate mercilessly. He'd be stuck like this for *hours* now~

“N-hngh.. y-you bring me more of your friends..? H-heh..”

Already Slut could feel the warp spread of Jasper starting to pump fresh seed into him, rubbing his sweat and crotch funk all over Slut's backside.

“And I'll let you finish.. two more times. For each one. Now be a good little Stink-Slut and find me another member for this little harem you got me started on~”

Slut would've said 'yes master' if he could've managed, but with that knot buried so deep in his ass and the smell and taste of his Master's asshole still on his lips all the skunk could do was type,

shakily, and spray his own cum between his belly and the tabletop over and over again. That, and get busy looking for more people to join him in this particular, pungent form of paradise.