

Knocking on your friend's door, you can't seem to shake a feeling of unease. Though you've come here to see him on multiple occasions, this time you are here because you were worried about his recent absences. He hadn't shown up to work for the days and his job had written him off as a no-call no-show. That wasn't like him at all. Even on his most hung-over days, he was still able to make it to work.

Of more concern was the fact that he didn't answer your texts or phone calls. His PlayStation Network account was still active, though it had been before he went missing like it was left on the entire time. So here you found yourself standing in front of his door, hoping to see if he was home. It was the only thing you could think of doing, knowing it wasn't likely but not knowing what else to do save for calling the police, which you weren't sure was warranted

After several minutes of knocking you hear no answer, which is no surprise. Cautiously you try the doorknob, realizing to your folly that it is indeed locked. However, you recall he kept a spare key outside. He showed you where it was once as you both stumbled drunkenly home to play games one night. To your delight, you feel it present where you expected it to be. Part of you is worried that you are trespassing, but you don't know what else to do. Your intentions are good, after all. And you can always claim your closeness as friends to the police should you find his home absent.

You try the key in the door, encouraged when it clicks in place. Yet fear soon grows in your chest. You find yourself worrying about what you might find when you enter. If he was home, was he even alive? Regardless, you know you need to try and enter to see what was there for you to see.

You enter the apartment, closing the door behind you before a pungent stench reaches your nose. Your eyes start to water and you realize the sickening smell is perforating the entire apartment. You worry for a moment, thinking a dead body might be present, perhaps that of your friend. Though you are disgusted by the odor for a few moments, you soon realize that the retched redolence doesn't remind you of decay. Instead, you are teleported back to your childhood, when your dog was sprayed by a skunk. Could this be a skunk's spray? How could a skunk have gotten in here?

"You home, man?" you call out, with trepidation.

"Yeah, man, I'm here. I can't believe it's you! I'm so glad you came!" he calls back, a strange guttural quality that startles you. Was your friend sick?

“You OK, man?” you ask, a bit confused by the situation. If he had been home this entire time, why had he not answered the phone or his texts? Being sick would not explain his lapse in communication with you or anyone else!

“Yeah man, I’m... Wow. I can’t even explain it. Mind if I show you? Close your eyes man. It will make it easier. I’ll be right out.”

You do as he says, though feeling very confused as you do. What was going on? What was the source of the skunk smell? You wonder now if your friend acquired a bad batch of weed or something. That had to be it, you reason. Yet still, you trust your friend. He won’t hurt you or anything, right?

Softly, you hear the sounds of footsteps and realize your friend is coming towards you. Somehow the skunky stench is getting closer as well but you don’t let yourself be concerned with that. You can hear him enter the room though you keep your eyes closed. You trust him, you think.

Suddenly, your body is hit with something warm and wet, and you open your eyes to see a massive black object in your field of view. You gag as you realize the fluid carries the same putrid stench of rot and musk as the stench wafting from the apartment. Despite yourself, you throw up from the overwhelming stink and stand there heaving, still feeling ill. Your mind is awash in the overpowering stench. What the fuck is going on?

“It’s OK man. Just give it a moment. It’s not gonna smell so bad in just a little bit.” he says, his voice carrying a more guttural quality than you’d ever heard from it before. But you aren’t worried about that right now. You can’t imagine how the putrid stench could get better. What the fuck is wrong with him, spraying you with... skunk musk?

Ignoring the stinging in your eyes from the horrid aroma, you look up, eyes wide in terror at the sight before you. Standing before you is a six-foot skunk. Walking like a man, legs and arms muscular and lean. You can see a massive fluffy tail arched over its back. He is entirely naked except for the thick black fur covering his entire body. Such a thing had to be a costume, you immediately reason. Yet, it doesn’t seem to be something that could be faked so easily...

The most disturbing part is the sizable animal erection he had protruding from his fuzzy black balls and sheath. It was red, the shade of lipstick, and made you shudder with the realization that whatever this thing is, it is aroused, and very male.

Another glance confirms the sinking suspension that you've been harboring ever since you opened your eyes. Yes, the face was more human than animal. His eyes were beady and black, yet something in them looked familiar, even underneath the animal visage. Could this be...?

"Yeah, it's me, man," your friend's voice comes out of the animal's muzzle, looking strange and bizarre as it moves. The voice is strange, guttural, but you know with certainty it belongs to your friend.

"H-how?" you stammer, trying your best to fight through the stench of his disgusting musk. People couldn't just turn into animal men, could they? Yet it was impossible to deny what you were looking at.

"You wouldn't believe how this happened. Well, except for the fact that here I am, looking like this," he chuckles slightly. "I was out for a walk in the woods. Saw Bigfoot. Or so I thought. It turned out to be a skunk man, just like this." he motioned to his skunk-like body.

"He tried to run, and I tried to film him with my phone. He raised his tail and sprayed me. I dropped my phone and ran. It stank so bad. Well, at first, anyway. It wasn't so bad when I started changing. It was... I can't even describe it," he finishes, a smile on his features.

"But yeah. After a few minutes, I changed... into this. I had to... fuck man, I had to spray. Had to let it out. And after that... fuck, I was horny. I had to touch myself... it was so damn hot. I've been here for days. Too scared to go out. So... so fucking horny. But since you came... we can go together. It will be better in a few minutes. Trust me. You'll see."

You try to absorb his words as the pungent stench from your body slowly starts to become more tolerable. At least you no longer feel the need to vomit. Yet, you can't believe his story. There's no way it's true. Even though here he is, plain as day. Still, there's no way it's a costume. It's too real looking. And there's no way he could fake that horrid stench.

You take a moment to consider one important thing he said. He'd been sprayed by a skunk man and then turned into one himself. Then what did that mean for you? What had he done to you by spraying you with skunk musk?

You realize that you suddenly felt warm, overheated in the stinky apartment. Your body is sweating profusely, though you were hardly aware of the smell of your BO over the

intense stink of skunk. Your chest starts to itch powerfully and you immediately think that it's due to the skunk musk soaking into your skin. You pull off your shirt to alleviate the itching, holding your breath as the skunk musk comes close to your nose. Despite your bare chest, the room still feels overheated and your chest is still prickling. In fact, the sensations are even worse now! You try and rub your skin but are shocked at what your fingers report. You feel a forest of soft hair that hadn't been there on your previously bare chest!

You throw your shirt away and start at the large patch of black furs that are steadily crawling down your chest and pooling over your stomach. You rub the warm hairs in disbelief, not able to comprehend the truth of what had been done to your friend, and what he had done to you. You touch your stomach again, realizing that the skin underneath is firm and thick, like a layer of muscle that hadn't been there before.

As you rub your stomach you realize that your nails are sharp and pointed. Your blackening nails are getting longer like the claws of an animal! You stare dumbfounded as your palms get darker and the skin thickens into the start of paw pads. Your fingers aren't getting shorter, which is only mild relief.

You look up to see your friend watching your changes with rapt attention. It's then that you notice the massive erection he is sporting out of his black-furred sheath! He is all animal in his maleness. The red pointed tip is leaking pre-cum as he rubs at it slightly, taking in your changes. The sight of it disgusts you. You've never been gay, never been into men. As far as you knew, your friend wasn't either! You are disgusted by the lewd display but the changes distract you from complaining,

You fall to your knees and moan as something pokes out of your spine, growing longer as it pierces the skin of your lower back. You can feel the fur spreading down past your groin now, your legs covered with the wave of black fur as your hips and calves bulk out with muscle. You close your eyes, trying to block out the changes, but the smell of skunk gets into your head and mind even further. You find you can't help but start to get used to the stink.

Your friend gets close, his dripping cock almost at level with your face as you shiver and moan from the drastic changes in your body. You try to look away but another smell in your nose is starting to overtake the stench of skunk. As ashamed as you are to admit it, you can smell the scent of your best friend's cock near your nose. The scent isn't as off-putting as you'd thought it would be. In fact, you find you rather like it.

You raise your head to take a sniff, realizing that your nose is black and stretching out against your quivering blackening lips. You try and shake your head, to remove the

offending scents. But your brain is fixated on the odor, and you have trouble blocking it out. Despite the terrible stench and the horrifying realization of the changes, you can't help but feel a little aroused. You put your hands over your crotch, hoping your friend doesn't notice.

“I was scared at first too, man. I didn't know what had happened to me. But when I started changing... when my nose started growing... when I fucking SPRAYED for the first time man... the scent... it was so good... I'm been so fucking BONED man...” your friend says as you look at his cock, indeed seeing how hard he is.

You have never felt any attraction to men before, but somehow you find yourself staring transfixed at his animalistic member. The sight of it leaking makes you drool a little. You shake your head from the intrusive thoughts. What are you thinking!

You moan as your tail gets longer, your spine extending out over your back. The tip starts to pool with the same luscious black fur that is covering your entire body. You can feel it extending up to the length of your back. You reach back with your paw hands, surprised by the strong tactile sensations they still grant you. You look behind you, almost able to see the massive tail as a white stripe starts forming from the tip. You love the feeling of it swaying behind you as the entire girth of it expands. To your surprise, you find it looks damn sexy too! You glance at your friend's own tail, hoping yours will be as long as his!

You feel your face start to stretch out, your blackening nose merging with your dark lips as your jaw cracks forward. You can feel your teeth sharpening in your gums, getting thinner and pointed. Yet your molars remain largely untouched. You recall skunks have an omnivorous diet but you aren't too sure. You squint in the dim light, distracted from your thoughts as you realize that you can see more clearly in the dark apartment. Although you realize the colors seem a little muted, washed out.

A tickling in your head makes you reach out with your dexterous paws to feel your ears. They are growing rounded and curving up between the white stripe of fur that is spreading down to the tip of your black nose. You can feel your beard getting thicker with the growth of more of that lovely black fur. It forms an attractive pair of mutton chops before filling out into a fur coat.

You see your cock getting aroused despite yourself as your attention is drawn to your crotch. You feel something swelling up from the base, a flap of skin on your previously cut foreskin. The skin envelops the tip of your semi-erect member, growing a layer of black fuzz as the whole thing fixes itself to your groin. You pant as the tip starts to slide out, reddish and

pointed and looking far too much like your friend's cock! You feel your balls swell with seed as they sprout the same light layer of black fuzz as the rest of you.

Your friend gives you a knowing smile, showing off his new sharper teeth. "It was like this for me too. I was so scared at first. But then the changes came, and with the smell, I just got so damn horny!" He pauses for a moment to rub at the semi-erection he was poking out of his own sheath. A bead of fluid leaks from the tip and pools around his sheath.

"I was so horny, I touched myself constantly when I wasn't eating or sleeping. Fuck, the stamina, man! You can't even imagine it! Well, I guess you will, soon. At first, I thought it was just the smells. But the more I touched myself, the more the image of the skunk man became stuck in my mind. I couldn't think about anything else dude! I swear I wasn't gay before this but... the thought of getting fucked by him, or maybe fucking him..." his voice trails off again as his cock stretches out to full mast.

"I couldn't imagine NOT fucking a guy after that. I'm so glad you came. You might not feel it yet, but it's coming. You'll feel the same way I do, and if you want, you can have me. If you need me. I'll be all yours." He bends down and lifts his tail, his tight pucker showing underneath. You know you need to look away, that you'd never dream of doing anything sexual with a man. But you can't stop staring.

You groan as the changes progress, your form almost matching your friend's. Your own ass puckers and moves further back, just under your tail with your fuzzy balls. 'Better for being mounted' a growing part of your mind seems to think. You shake your head, trying to remove the intrusive gay thoughts. But the scents in the room along with the sexy skunk man are threatening to overwhelm your senses. Despite yourself, you feel your own cock rubbing sensually against your sheath as a little more slides out. You're almost 8 inches long and still growing!

The spreading fur is getting thicker all the while, spreading down your legs into your pants. The itchiness is too much. You simply have to take them off. You tug down your pants, your muscled, hairy legs finally exposed as your jeans fall to the floor.

You can feel your feet becoming uncomfortable in your shoes and you need to take them off. You pull them off with your new paw hands. The claws rip away the laces as you see your black-furred feet stuck inside your off-white socks. You tug them away in time to see your toes curling, your big toe shrinking up your heel like a dewclaw. Your feet's soles grow the same thick skin like your hands and you can feel the dirty floor under your feet now. Your

ankles are stretching back along your leg, making your stance a little awkward, but soon enough you get your balance.

All the while you can feel something forming under your tail, below your asshole but just above your furry balls. It's a strange sensation, almost like something is leaking. Something inside you is swelling, a fluid-filled orifice that begins stretching insistently. It's almost rubbing against your prostate, making your cock jut out a few more inches. A scent reaches your nose, much like the stinky skunk musk in the air, only subtly different. Could it be...?

It's as though your friend can smell what's happening in your backside. "Just let it out man... that's what I had to... I thought it was so gross at first... My new glands filling with skunk musk... I thought it stank so bad. But the pressure got so bad, I just had to spray, had to let it out. And when I did man, fuck, the smell was amazing. I came so hard after that. It's gonna feel so good to spray man! Don't hold it back! I know you'll need to soon!"

You feel the tension in your glands getting worse and worse. You put your paw hand over your glands as if to stop the build-up in pressure. You can't spray like a skunk! You don't want this! Yet the more you try and hold it in, the worse the pressure builds. It's a strange sensation, different than having gas, different than having to piss. But you can't deny how much you need it.

You pull your paw away, covered with your leaking fluids, the rank stench wafting into your blackened nostrils. But instead of making you gag like before, the stretch is making you horny. You are overcome with the need to spray, to add more of your own pungent musk into the room, and mix it with your buddy's increasingly alluring stench.

"That's it, man, just let it go... just let it happen... It's gonna feel so good... and I can already smell it... Fuck you're making me so horny... Just let yourself be a skunk and spray like you know you need to..."

You can't hold back as the pressure in your glands builds to a crescendo. Your tail lifts reflectively and you release the muscles holding your glands as you fire several thick blasts of spray onto the wall, coating the surface in your own unique stink. You nearly fell over from the pleasure, gasping as your nose drinks in the stench of the musk you've just sprayed.

The stench of musk in your nose makes you more powerfully aroused than you've ever felt in your life. You cease to care if it's gay or not and put your paw hand on your cock.

The stimulation to your prostate makes your cock and balls beg for release. You start stroking, a pool of clear fluid forming over your paw as you give in to the lust from the stench.

You slowly became aware of a new smell taking hold underneath your own. It even sinks in over the stretch of your friend's musk. The scent wafting up is similar to your own. It's the scent of cum and male that causes your cock to rise even more. You look up to gaze into the lust-filled eyes of your friend. He strokes his own cock in eagerness. You can't help but stare into his muzzle, overcome with the need for contact with him. The fears of homosexuality and change are slowly fading, replaced by sexual desire and excitement.

Your friend looks down at you, seeing the changes to your mind have taken hold. He takes your new muzzle in his paw hand as he brings it up to his face and takes it in a deep kiss. You moan from the sensations. The taste of his lips is sublime. You love the warmth and closeness of his body as he pulls into you, your eager animalistic cocks frothing together as your tongues play over the insides of your muzzles.

After what seems like an eternity your friend breaks the kiss. He pulls gently away and gives you a knowing grin as you stare transfixed at his sexy muscled body. He gets on his front paws and raises his tail slowly, the stench of his glands wafting over to your nose. Like in a daze, you stare at his bright pink pucker, his ass spread wide to allow you to find your mark easily.

You guide your powerfully erect member towards the plump offering of your best friend's backside. You'd never done anything like this before and part of you is unsure of how to proceed. Yet as your leaking cock touches the rim of his tight pucker, you immediately feel the need to rub your cock all over the surface. You leak all over his pucker, savoring the twitching in your body and the tensing in your balls. After a few moments of lubing up your male mate, your need becomes too great and you plunge forward. Your friend's ass opens wide to take your length fully. You feel the tight walls clamping on your cock and the animalistic need to rut becomes all-consuming.

"Just let it happen, man," your friend says, grinning from pain and pleasure as he reaches back to stroke his own cock in tandem with your wild thrusts. You grunt in response as you let your mind go and become all-consumed by the mating. You've never had sex this good, this intense, and it's easy to let yourself go just as your friend suggested.

Though it feels like an eternity, the act only lasts a few minutes. The powerful stench in the apartment fuels your lust as both your orgasms draw near. You feel the tension in your balls growing greater and you realize you won't last much longer. But you don't want to.



Your stinky friend isn't going anywhere. If what he said was true, you would have all the time in the world to fully explore your new bodies like the animals you now were.

You aren't going to last much longer, but you won't want to. Your thrusts come faster and more uncontrolled as you crave the building sensations on your dick. The need to cum is all-consuming. You can feel your friend's ass clenched so tightly on your new skunk dick. His own end is nearing. Feeling more pleasure than you ever thought possible from the simple intrusion of your cock in his most private of places, you pick up the pace. You are reaching the point of no return as your massive black fuzzy balls slap in rhythm with your friend's own. You can't hold it in, the pressure is too much...

"Gonna cum!" you yell as your thrusts start coming uncontrolled and your vision whites out. The pressure in your balls overloads as your dick spasms inside your friend's rectal walls. At the same time, your friend's tight pucker clenches wonderfully on your own cock and brings you the needed force to make your own orgasm come. You spasm and shake, filling your friend's bowels with spray after spray of thick white seed. Your friend grunts in response as his clenched rectal walls respond to the pressure on his prostate and he shoots his own load into his thick paw hand and onto the floor.

You both lie there in post-orgasmic bliss, the rank stench of your bodies and lovemaking relaxing you in a way that you never thought possible. You had no idea being gay, being a skunk-man could be so powerfully arousing. You feel fulfilled in a way you'd never dreamed of. You have a powerful attractive body, a sexy mate, and the most potent defense you could ever dream of.

You spend a lot of time talking with your friend and making plans for the future. You, of course, could remain here away from the world. You could just rut with your friend and revel in your new musk. But eventually, you both have other ideas. Eventually, you make your way out into the world, looking to spread the gift of your new bodies and the joy of the musky stench you can now produce at will.