

Lilly... One of the friends of the sadistic skunkgirl, Misty. She manipulated the skunk to put me through a daily program of putrid punishments from her. Though I guess Misty might have just been looking for an excuse to mess with me. I had been living with Misty for less than a week, and she had already given me a taste of her malice. Ugh, I still shiver thinking about how it was like to smell a skunk's gas from point blank range.

I thought it couldn't get any worse after my "light" gassing, but oh was I wrong. I wasn't able to get rid of the smell by the time I had to go to work. My manager received so many complaints from customers that she concluded I should remain, "Indefinitely absent from their establishment" until I had solved my skunk problem. What a nice way to tell me I'm basically fired! I was so pissed, but that anger turned into fear, as I only had enough rent money for three more months saved up. Misty actually helped me out with that problem. Well... "helped". Now I know better than to make a deal with a demon, but I'll tell you about that some other time.

Oh, and on the day, I got fired, just as salt on the wound, I knew Misty was waiting for me at home. Worst of all, it was the day she introduced me to her, ugh, scent bottles.

Chapter 4 – Scent bottles.

I was walking home, having just been effectively fired, thinking to myself how to break the news to my landlord, Malina, that I wouldn't be able to pay my rent soon.

I have been taking some interesting classes on making potions that could potentially mitigate the smell of one's flatulence, but there is no way I could trick Misty to get rid of her most powerful weapon.

Moreover, I was bracing myself for today's skunky mischief. Images kept forming in my head as to how these bottles she wanted me to use on her work. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise? Maybe she finally started to respect me and will use these bottles to spare me from her stench? Though these thoughts were quickly corrupted by all the foul ways I imagined her using the scent bottles against me.

I stood against the front door of our house. My eyes widened and my throat tightened. I could feel a drop of sweat run down my back. The weather was a little hot and humid today, but that wasn't the cause for my concern. Misty had messaged me, telling me that it was urgent and that I had to come quickly, unless I wanted a bigger mess to deal with. Not wanting to stall it any longer, I quickly turned the knob on the door, despite my gut telling me to run the other way.

I walked in and took my shoes off before I heard a light groan from Misty's bedroom. "Finally, you're here. Had you been a minute later I would have dropped a stink bomb for the entire neighborhood to enjoy!" I started to sweat even more as I stiffened, strutting quickly to her bedroom. I had never been in there, not that I wanted to know what was in her room. Her bedroom is probably filled with weird toys she uses on whomever she pleases.

Her door creaked lightly as I gently shoved it aside, bracing my nose for the worst. I took a step in, and my nose was instantly assaulted by... a sweet, alluring scent of lavender? Her room mirrored mine; it was fairly tidy, except for a small pile of sweaty clothing spread across her bed- one of the panties there had definitely seen better days. The cold, floral scent in her room gently extinguished any foul odor from her clothing.

Misty was standing, urging me to sit down on her chair. I sat down as she stood, leaning her back against the edge of her desk. Misty started speaking in a gentle but stern voice. "Alright, here's the deal. You see these canisters on the desk? They're made to keep me from being an uncontrollable, living biohazard. As you may know, skunks spray; however, I'm a little different. Yeah, I have all the 'equipment' for spraying, but it's just too messy and it's not really my style. However, my body still produces it, so what isn't used gets secreted into my system, where it mixes with my gas. This is why my farts are so hot, humid, and why my gas takes so long to dissipate."

I could hear her stomach churn slowly but surely as she spoke. She picked up a bottle. "The insides of these vials have a small cotton-like ball in them that will absorb an abnormal amount of stinky gas. It will inflate a little, then you seal the vial. The cotton-like ball will then dissipate and release the gas it contains into the vial. This just leaves a highly pressurized vial of pure, delicious Misty scent~"

Her explanation didn't make it any better. Every second I just got more and more fearful of what I had to do, but at the same time I felt at ease. Maybe she would contain all her gas from now on? The fact that I didn't know freaked me out. Then my heart started to race, as I saw the skunkgirl lay her torso on the desk, right in front of me. Her tail swayed gracefully before the tip brushed my nose, gracing me with a whiff of the sweet conditioner she uses for her silky tail. She used one of her legs to pull the chair I was on closer to her butt. Then with the sweetest and most seductive voice I've ever heard, "Don't be scared now." My heart skipped a beat, then she pulled down her pants and I started to blush profusely. "M-Misty! W-what is this?". She then replied teasingly "Don't get your hopes up sweetie. Here, take this." I quickly snapped out of her spell and blushed out of embarrassment before I quickly grabbed the scent vial.



I was now staring at her tan, fit butt, completely enveloping her panties in between. While I was only a good 20-30 centimeters from her butt, she used one hand to spread them apart. A puff of reeking hot swamp ass assaulted my nose; the area on her panties barely covering her rosebud was completely soaked. The cold, gentle, floral scent in the bedroom was quickly dominated by a warm, putrid smell of unwashed underwear and sweaty, sulfurous skunk butt.

Misty purred, "Wow, that's quite the mess back there." I gagged, both from the smell and the unsightly abused panties. "Now put your fingers on my butthole." I... what? Did she just say that? "E-ew Misty, no, that's gross!" I instantly regretted my words as I could feel her tail tighten against the back of my head, before she quickly shoved my face in her crack for a second, forcing me to take a full breath of her swamp ass. Luckily for me I shifted quickly before my nose could hit her "bullseye", but I could feel some of her sweat on my lip.

I dry heaved once before catching myself. But I rallied my resolve; I knew I had no other option- better to get it over with quickly. Holding the vial in my left hand, I used my right hand and placed two of my fingers against her butthole. I could feel her soaked panties warm my fingers.

"Good girl." I blushed, then I felt her patronizing gaze pierce me. She loved this. "Alright, now massage my butthole, you really need to coax it out of me properly. Oh, by the way, you have five minutes to work the gas out of me. I'm busy you know, so if you fail to stimulate any gas out of me within the time limit, I'll just release all my pent-up gas on your fucking face." Her dominating voice shook me, I knew she meant it. I looked away as I started to make circles around her rosebud with my fingers, making sure to vary the pressure I used.

Pfft

"Oops! Sorry, that was just a tiny one." She smiled with malice in her eyes, a wide smirk forming on her face as the smell from the puff of hot air hit me. I closed my eyes and gagged, releasing the pressure I held on her buttho- "HEY! Don't you dare stop, you know what will happen if you do, sweetie." She teased me as she wafted the scent to

my face with her tail, forcing her eggy, rotten stench onto me as I resumed massaging her butt.

“Hmmm, poor you, only two more minutes and you haven’t been able to tease any of my gas out. If only you had something wider and softer you could properly rub my asshole with, you’d be fine... Oh wait, you do. Care to get your nose a little... *dirty?*”

I whimpered at her suggestion as I sunk into the chair for a moment. “Making me run late, are we? Well, it’s your nose that’ll be ruined, not mine. Oh, and the house might smell like a fertilized field for a couple of months!” My heart sank before I let go of my fears. I stuffed my face right into her disgusting, unwashed ass. I knew for a fact she didn’t properly clean her butt on purpose, just to give me hell. I rubbed her butthole with my nose as furiously as I could, each one of my sniffles filled with the dense haze of rotten skunk ass. I could still smell the fart from earlier stained in her panties, its strength intensified by how close I was.



“Wow, you’re really going at it, good girl.” She pulled me in harder with her tail. “You’ve got less than a minute left! If you keep at it, you might just make it.” I wiggled and swirled my nose on her rear, feeling her fart-soaked panties and rancid sweat coat my face. “You’re pressing so hard against my butt! Do you like it or something? Do you enjoy rubbing your little nose on my pretty asshole?” She wiggled her butt, making my head sway with it. Not only did it smell like pure hell, but the heat also made me weak as her rank odor filled my small lungs. “Hey, Mia. I have to fart.” Finally! I brought the vial forward and tried to release my head from its rotten prison. I didn’t budge a millimeter. I was only pressed harder against her asshole.

“Sorry, but you’re past the time limit.” My heart rate skyrocketed. Muffled between her butt I tried to speak. “N-no it can’t be. P-please spare me, I’m sorry for everything! Lilly set me-” I stopped myself from speaking, she would think I’m lying and just get angry, and the last thing I wanted to smell was an angry skunk's constipated gas. “What did you say cutie? I couldn’t hear your over my rumbling stomach.”

Her stomach groaned loudly. “Gosh! These farts are gonna make you hurl your guts out! I can’t wait to make you sniff every single part of it!” I could feel my chin soak into something; she was truly getting off on this. I felt her buttock bloom against my nose, getting ready to melt my brain with a building-clearing fart. My nostrils sunk deep into her crack; I could practically smell her insides. “3... 2...” I panicked, grabbing her butt with both my arms, trying to pry myself out. “1! Bombs away~”

I recoiled into the chair as she lifted her tail. Misty turned around and started laughing hysterically. “Oh my god you look so terrified ahahaha! Like a little lamb before slaughter. I can’t believe you fell for it! Did my fart from yesterday break your brain or something?” She grabbed a scent vial, pressing it against her panties. I could see her face take on an expression of great relief as she filled the vial with my worst nightmares. “Massaging my buttock to help coax my farts out? Did you really believe that?” She kept laughing as I sank into her chair, I was too relieved to feel embarrassed.

After farting for a good minute, she closed off the vial, sealing it shut. “Oops, forgot to take my panties off. Well, they're no good anymore...” She stared at me with an evil grin in her eyes, taking off her panties and pressing them on my face. I quickened back up

again but it was too late, she wrapped her panties around my face, making sure the fart-soaked part that was pressed right against her asshole met my nostrils. The small taste of the stench she just contained in the scent vial paralyzed me for a second, I was too weak to pull it off from the mental torture I had endured.

Misty just laughed as I sat there, body twitching as I sniffed on her underwear, the fabric thinned from the extra foul gas it was just greeted with. "Alright, just tidy up all these scented vials and you're free to take your new mask off. Just bring them under the sink in the kitchen; I'll grab some too." I walked behind her in a daze. As we entered the kitchen, after she cleared some space, she walked off as I put the vials in their container. "Alright, you're free to go!" she said as she walked back into her room.

I peeled the panties off my face- the sweat from it sticking to my skin in small tendrils- as I pulled it off, holding it with my index and middle finger a great distance from me. I noticed an open notebook on the kitchen counter, I took a closer look noticing that it smelled like Lilly's perfume, vanilla. Under the text was an illustration. It looked like the scent vials hooked up to some sort of contraption. But before I got a good look at it, I heard someone knock on the door and Misty walking in the hallway. I quickly made myself look busy before walking into my own room.

I really needed a rest after losing my job and that near death experience. I faceplanted into my pillow, desensitized to the fresh gassing it had undergone.

