

I WAS A TEENAGE WEFESKUNK

Written by KZ3

The soothing sound of the late afternoon's rain mixed with the eerie silence riddled with the choir of pencils scratching and papers turning would have made any college hopeful high school student cringe with nerves when it came to taking the ACTs but out of the handful of students who tried to inconspicuously fidget in their seats for a comfortable position to think critically in, none did so more than Carter McGregor who clenched his teeth while holding back a sigh of distress. It wasn't warranted from the importance of the test, for he'd already gone out of his way to study tremendously for it due to the pressure from his very strict parents, it stemmed from an acute sensation of nausea that was beginning to overtake any sense of clarity that his mind had. He inhaled, trying to get whatever breath of fresh air he could but, every time, it was met with the same whiff of what caused his dilemma in the first place; that damn skunk.

Even now Carter could recall every agonizing second he had to endure after being sprayed by the small monochrome creature while on his way to school. He didn't mean to nearly step on it, he was too busy with his headphones on while focusing on 'the big day', as his dad called it, to notice it come scurrying out or hear its warnings. It wasn't until his eyes widened after he discovered its presence that he knew it was too late and he had to spend much of the morning desperately trying to rid himself of the stench but no matter how much he scrubbed, no matter what material he used, he could still catch hints of its foul odor. It wasn't until he was chewed out for missing school time by his dad that he gave up and reluctantly went.

'What the hell kind of skunk just runs up to people?' He thought to himself frustrated, if he hadn't had been ordered to walk down the forest path to get here early like his parents wanted none of this would be happening. He groaned as he recalled the day's events; the lecture he received from the teacher for his tardiness *after* the lecture he received from his father, the constant fear of the stench still following him no matter how much soap, deodorant, and cologne he used, and the fear of being ridiculed if his classmates knew about his dilemma. On one hand none of his peers seemed to notice anything unusual about him, which led him to believe that he'd been rid of the putrid scent, but with every inhalation he could swear it was still present and it caused his stomach to churn as he sat uncomfortably in his seat. He closed his eyes, trying to recollect himself so that he could focus on the salient questions of the difficult exam, and his mind began to backtrack to the incident and it was then he came to a stark realization; that wasn't a skunk he'd ever seen before.

He was too busy trying to scramble for dear life to notice at the time but he remembered the creature had enough scars on it to suggest that it was in more than enough fights, but after its behavior it wouldn't take a rocket scientist to know that those scars were man-made, that animal had been tested on. He fidgeted in his seat again as another wave of nausea hit him and his stomach gurgled with the threat of throwing out whatever was in it. He tried to take his mind off of it by thinking about the bright side of things, at least he'd have something to write about in a future story or blog, being the investigative journalist that he was, and it could open the door wide-open for shedding light on an animal testing facility nearby. Though these thoughts kept him content as he opened his eyes to look back over the exam, the nausea he felt wasn't subsiding and not even the sound of the rain hitting against the pane of the glass was helping him relax. He looked around the room at all his fellow students focusing on the test as

if nothing out of the ordinary was happening, and it was then that he began to feel as though his mind were just playing a very cruel trick on him to mock him for his maladroitness in the forest for being sprayed. He tried to think of every reasonable explanation as to what was happening, but no matter what conclusion he arrived to one fact always remained the same, he smelled like skunk.

“Hell...” He didn’t have time for this, the exam was half way over and he wasn’t going to finish at this rate, and if he didn’t finish with flying colors then he wouldn’t get a scholarship into Whitmoore Academy, the prestigious liberal arts college he’d been dreaming about since Freshman year, much to the reluctance of his parents. He raised his hand so that he could get resituated in the hall but the middle-aged teacher who already looked annoyed by his presence was taking his sweet time to notice him.

He put his hand down, irritated and still disgusted by his own stink but both emotions were met by the sudden and strange sensation of warmth slowly building in his groin. He stared off wide-eyed for a moment as the initial shock of still ran through him. Where did that come from? It wasn’t as if being ignored turned him on - otherwise 8th grade would have been a porno - and though he considered himself to be bisexual, he wasn’t thinking of anyone in particular to provoke a random erection right in the middle class. He moved his legs closer together, just as a precaution, and tried to think of other things to get it to go back to sleep. The last thing he needed right now was another discomfort.

Through the scribbling sounds of the pencils that seemed to get louder with each minute that passed he let out a low groan and cringed as the pungent smell of the skunk’s musk increased or at least, bothered him more frequently, for as he looked around none of the other students seemed to take more notice than usual, which would be none at all. He shut his eyes tight again when he realized his vision was beginning to blur and clenched his teeth in another fit of frustration. He remembered reading that a direct spray from a skunk could end up causing temporary blindness, but he couldn’t remember if that meant at anytime or not. His heart nearly skipped a beat at the thought of him losing his vision now but not before another nudge for attention from his groin made his eyes shoot open. He looked down at the now noticeable bulge that emerged in the center of his pants and then looked around, hoping it hadn’t attracted unwanted attention. ‘Get it together...’ He thought.

In his worrying and search to avoid lingering eyes he noticed his classmates at the far end of the room were becoming increasingly difficult to see, as if he needed glasses. He immediately thought it was just the pressures of the test getting to him at first but the more he looked, the less he was able to see. He wiped his eyes thinking that they were just tired but as he looked once more, he realized that, literally, right in front of his eyes, he was becoming nearsighted. ‘Nonono not now, dear god, not now!’ Now was not the time for his vision to go kaputz on him and he almost panicked, hoping that it had something to do with his erection that became a more of a pleasurable annoyance with every second that passed. It wasn’t until he looked back at his half-way completed blue test booklet that he stopped everything he was doing and gawked in utter shock.

He watched in complete disbelief as the nails on his right hand seemed to be taking on minds of their own, each pushing forward and emanating small cracking noises that were only audible if one were close enough. They became filled with hardening keratin and each sent a tingling sensation the rippled through his hand, which caused it to twitch involuntarily a few times, sending his pencil crashing to the side of the desk. ‘This isn’t happening.’ He thought to himself, doing everything in his psyche to stay calm. ‘I’m hallucen-’ his thought was cut short as he could feel the same phenomenon began to happen in his left foot, though he couldn’t see it; he felt each nail begin to push against his shoe and his toes curl

with the same rippling pleasure. He let out the faintest hint of a groan as his dick pressed firmly against the fabric of his underwear in response.

Warily, he brought his transforming hand beneath his desk to hide it as it slowly edged its way out of its bond. Everything in his mind began to scream that something very wrong and that he needed to get out of there but he hesitated, the nearest exit was all the way in the back of the class and he was already having trouble seeing it, not to mention all the students behind him would witness what was happening. It was in this moment of hesitation that he noticed the smell in the entire room was becoming more and more apparent, everything from the scent of his own skunk riddled scent to the scent of his classmates and classroom; the wood from the desks, the perfumes from the girls, the smell of the old room, it was manifesting all at once, which made his entire face feel like it had an enormous amount of pressure behind it.

He covered his nose with his one 'good' hand with the other on his cock where he could literally feel it growing underneath him as its head pressed up against the cold zipper of his jeans. Every scent he could catch, every sensation that ran through his hands and feet, and every sound through the room was beginning to turn him on as his balls felt like they were buzzing. He leaned back in his seat, and let out an audible panicked sigh, bringing his legs even closer together as he looked around embarrassed. Thankfully everyone's heads were buried in their test booklets, otherwise he'd have an even bigger dilemma. With his nose still plugged, he looked at his other hand and observed his slowly growing claws in complete disbelief as he raised one finger after the other, watching the elongating nubs follow suit.

Still, no one paid him any mind since he'd been relatively quiet the entire time and many were too busy focusing on the test to care. 'What the fuck is happening to me!?' He screamed in his mind and panicked for he knew immediately it had something to do with that skunk because during the morning, its stench only increased over the course of the class period and the feeling of his finger tips and toes swelling indicated that whatever was happening was far from over. It infected him with something, did something to him, and upon turning his transforming hand around his heart could only race and he began to gape in horror as the sole of his hand changed before his very eyes. Slowly his fingers tips rose upwards, the same way a pie did when it was in the oven, and he could feel a velvet like texture ever so lightly run down their tips, slowly turning them into paw pads. It was all happening so fast, he barely had any time to think before he cringed, feeling the same sensation run through his toes, causing his shoes that already had a deathly grip to become even tighter. He felt like his feet were going to explode as his newly formed ivory claws slowly protruded their rubber material. He wanted to shout for help, this was an emergency, he was changing species for god's sake, but the sheer pleasure that erupted from his groin was the only thing that kept him in his seat.

It muddled his mind, made him second guess all of his thoughts and decisions; he wanted to get help and at the same time he wanted to just give in to whatever was happening because deep down, though he fought fiercely, he was beginning to enjoy it. The mere thought of enjoying whatever was happening scared him, he wasn't driven by sexual desires, especially not one like this, and he was human, not a skunk. He had to get out of here and hide his changes from his classmates, no one could know what was happening to him, but how he was supposed to do that became more and more difficult with every moment that passed.

The only solace he found was in the rain drops that pelted the classroom windows as a symphony of tiny yet sudden cracks and pops could be heard, and though the sound of the rain was light, it was enough to drown the bone crunching sounds out from the rest of his classmates. He could feel the hairs on his arms raise and tingle with the same arousing sensation that washed over his feet, which now

pressed fought vigorously against his shoes. He gritted his teeth in his battle for self-control for only a moment before the familiar feeling of sensual gratification hit a new area, and his eyes shot open, both of them now a very dark brown, almost black. He took his hand off his throbbing erection and nose and clenched his desk as a wave of pleasure shot throughout his entire body. He brought his legs together tightly for it took everything he had not let out a loud moan as he felt nothing but blissful electricity coming from his rectum. The muscle severely rippled with pleasure, it was as if he were getting the best involuntary rim job as his anus began to transform, slowly creating the legendary glands that were unique to the North American skunk.

‘Oh..god.’ He breathed heavily, as his cock pressed very hard against his zipper. He didn’t know how much more he could take before he’d start attracting attention, one voice told him to fight it and run for help, the other told him to stay and give in but at this point, making a run for the exit was next to impossible due the business being done to the rear, he was trapped. The stench around him increased ten fold and with his hand no longer holding the pressure behind his nose back, he groaned as his face begin to push out. ‘I don’t want this!’ ‘Let it happen.’ It was as if two radio stations were playing at once inside his head with the only agreement being nothing ever felt so pleasing in his life. “Hngh..” He groaned, which got him a quick awkward stare from the student next to him, but he quickly turned away with his nose covered, in fact, most of the students began to have their noses covered, but none could figure out where it was coming from. His skull sounded like someone was crunching crackers right in front of his eyes as his entire face lurched out with the sensation of utter euphoria flooding him. He watched as his nose split his vision into two sides, with his nose right in the middle, forming a perfect skunk muzzle.

“Mr. Lunning what is that smell?” One student the back complained and Carter’s heart began to race. His nostrils flared and tingled involuntarily as his nose turned upwards with a loud **Crrrnch**. He gasped, never before had his sense of smell become as strong as it was now, and he could smell his own musk becoming stronger and stronger with every second his anal glands formed. The euphoric sensation the still writhed throughout his entire body made his cock throb for attention and with a sudden jolt it popped off the top of his zipper, spilling out onto his desk chair and growing outwards. He gasped again and quickly brought his legs in as close as possible, extremely embarrassed as pre immediately ran down his chair and onto his leg and shoe. ‘Why is this happening to me!?’ He groaned with sharpening clenched teeth. This was something out of a nightmare, only a nightmare didn’t feel this good. He could feel himself edging closer to an unstoppable climax and all the anxieties hit his mind at once. What would someone do if they saw him? It was only a matter of time before someone would look in his direction or the test would be finished. Would his parents still accept him even as a skunk? He was about to have an orgasm in the middle of class!

‘I..I can’t.’ At that moment his feet bursted out from his blue rubber shoes, with the only thing that came in contact with the ground being his soft pink paw pads as they glided along the cool tiled floor, still growing with the claws lightly scratching their surface. He heard the sound of popping coming from behind him and he strained to keep himself from just moaning out. The first tufts of a tail could be seen crawling their way from underneath his jacket and his clothes strained against him. All throughout his body was nothing but pure pleasure as fur began to sprout up his legs and on his chest. His hair began to turn snow white at the top and his muscles twitched and shook as if they were being massaged while growing outwards. The culmination of the events caused him to quiver for a moment while his transforming cock throbbed. He jerked his hips forward for a moment before using everything he had in him to stop himself but ti wasn’t until he felt a trickling warmth come across his thighs and knees, before

it drizzled down his calf and shoe that it dawned on him that the big one was coming, he could feel it, and once it started there'd be nothing he could do to stop it. Once he could smell the scent of his own come and felt the unstoppable urge rising back within him, he immediately panicked. He had to get out of here, now!

‘RUN!’ He yelled in his mind, with one last push, he forced himself to try and make a break for



it to the door, but with him not being used to his new large footpaws and still transforming body, he immediately almost fell, catching himself on two of the desks, and with his heart racing as his worst fears were now being realized, many of his classmates now took notice of him and the transformation sped up.

“Hnngh!” He grunted out loud as the faces that watched him were both of awe and pure shock, with many getting up from their seats not knowing what to do as their brains couldn’t process exactly what they were seeing. A sea of jet black fur rushed up his entire body, tearing his white-T shirt apart to reveal snow white chest fur, and his tail grew outwards rapidly, cracking and crunching, nearly doubling in size every few seconds with every moment being nothing but utter bliss, which caused his pants, torn and battered from the growth of fur and muscle to drop down to his ankles, revealing his meaty erection, that dripped pre, to the entire class as well as his large black furred covered ball sac beneath. Many of his friends stared wide-eyed, backing away out of fear, and he was utterly humiliated that he was naked in front of the entire class but before anyone could react his big cock flexed sharply upwards and he cried in a sexual stupor in what seemed like an orgasm. The crackling sound ran through the room and was audible to those near as it slowly grew at its base, swelling outwards and forming a small knot as his pre formed a very small puddle on the tile floor.

Everything was happening so fast that once his knees buckled as the transformation of his anal glands were finished he could feel the intensity of the impending climax drawing near as well as a lack of control of the scent shooter he now possessed. He tried to move away, off to a corner so he wouldn’t be next to anyone when he erupted, but he found himself unable to move, his muscles tightened and he found himself quivering from the amount pleasure that was beginning to rush throughout his body.

“Hunngh!” He grunted as his cock bobbed up against his stomach for a moment before flexing hard, with one last gesture he raised his handpaw up and yelled, “Help...Me-” Before he could even finish he accidentally let forth a massive shot of the spray that was so famous to skunks and he stared in utter surprise as the smell of himself, one he’d become accustomed to all morning, became amplified ten fold immediately throughout the room which caused him to groan loudly through clenched teeth as he shot a load of his new skunk seed into the air to watch it come crashing down to the tiled floor. He gripped onto the desk for dear life, feeling his claws sink into the wood material as he launched another wavy rope of semen onto the desks, watching it ooze down to the floor as his the classrooms student gagged, wheezed, coughed, and even vomited as everyone fled to the exit as his extremely powerful scent permeated the entire room, and perhaps the entire school as he could hear the sounds of other classroom students gagging and coughing as well through his dramatically heightened sense of hearing. He didn’t mean to shoot, if that’s what it’s called, but he had no control over how it worked, everything was alien to him.

Wave after wave of his new found seed erupted outwards, raining down onto chairs, tests, and making puddles onto the floor, further filling the room with his scent. As the vestiges of his humanity were expunged across the tops of the desks, he finally came down from his high and into a sort of after glow. Falling to his fur knees and letting his claws fall from the desks, he realized that the entire room had been cleared and his tail furred for a moment, almost mockingly as he looked around. The smell that once nauseated him to no end was evident everywhere, only this time his nose had gotten used to it. He shut his eyes as his mind raced; this is what he was now, he couldn’t stop it, couldn’t fight it, the skunk from the woods that had sprayed him infected him, changed him somehow. He couldn’t help but think that just a few minutes ago he was human taking a test to get into the college he always wanted, and now here he was, a monster that had an orgasm in front of his entire class. Ridden with guilt and fear, he tried to get up but immediately slid down to all fours, accidentally letting his toe claws scrape against the tile floor, causing big markings while his pink pads were the only thing keeping him from falling flat on his muzzle.

The only clothing he wore was his blue and white jacket, while the rest of him wore the warning colors of black and white fur. After failing to get up again, he realized that for now, he was stuck on all fours and he resembled that of a very large skunk. Though his mind was swirling with all kinds of questions that he didn't have any answers to he once again tried to look on the bright side of things; at least the test was over?