

PEACH BREEZE PRESENTS

# STRIPED MENACE

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**BIG STINKER**

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ARTIST: MANAHALLOWHOUND

**+18 MATURE****ADULTS ONLY**

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Some work weeks go far worse than other and this week was going incredibly poorly for Chuck and his girlfriend Eleanor. The week started off with their garbage cans being ransacked and tossed open. Maybe it was raccoons or maybe it was bears. Whatever the culprit may have been the end result was always the same. Waking up the next morning to a festival of trash spread across their entire backyard. Living close to nearby woodlands was perhaps not the best location.

The incidents weren't isolated to once a week either. The week may have started off with the rummaging of garbage cans, but it didn't stop on Monday. It continued throughout the week and Eleanor was not happy, not one bit. She would shift from her average pale complex to a visible shade of red giving her the appearance of a tomato sitting on top of a pudgy physique. She more or less looked like an angry five-foot two scarecrow as her curves filled out her flannel shirt and jeans.



Chuck often treated the couch as though it was his own personal platform for indulgence. He would sit for hours taking in beer, ordering food, and racked up hours on his gaming console. It seems that his current jobless state really opened him to a mindset that could only be described as lackadaisical.

"I told you to lock up the cans, *Chuck*." Eleanor hissed at Chuck who was enjoying an eighteen-inch pizza while surfing the couch.

"I had said you need to lock up the cans so we can stop whatever wildlife is turning out garbage cans into a banquet." Eleanor continued to nag and Chuck was

mentally checking out. How can he possibly be concerned with garbage cans when he is busting heads in his game?

“You need to get off your butt and lock them up, so we don’t need another week of a mess.” Chuck turned back to notice Eleanor was her lovely shade of red. Chuck smiled gentle. He found Eleanor to be so cute when she was angry. Eleanor was not amused. The short stack of woman was really fed up with having to clean the yard. Chuck sat up fully and stroked his goatee and made eye contact with Eleanor who stood there slipping slowly from annoyed to aggravated. You could tell by the coloration of her cheeks. Normally pink meant she was more annoyed, but she was shifting into tomato red and that meant she was aggravated. Eleanor’s horn-rimmed glasses sat on her nose and the edges looked like they were starting to contort to fit her angry brow as she stared down at Chuck. From this perspective, and her personality, Chuck receded and felt like an utter mouse compared to her form.

“You’re right-” said Chuck as Eleanor’s gut interrupted his apology with a mild growl. Chuck stared at Eleanor’s belly then back up at her eyes. Eleanor hadn’t made eye contact she was busy looking over her remarkable breast size and at her belly. Her ruby face had gone from annoyance to aggravated to embarrassed.

“...I suppose you want me to grab us a bite?” asked Eleanor as she broke eye contact and looked away causing her glasses to slip down her nose. Chuck smiled sheepishly. Eleanor pushed the bridge of her glasses back up. Her hungry tummy betrayed her and gave away any intimidation she might have had.



Chuck sighed standing in the backyard. Eleanor might be out on a food run but he got stuck with garbage duty.

“This sucks.” Chuck groaned. It was remarkable to see the cans buckled over on the side, garbage scattered across the back lawn.

“When we bought this place, they never mentioned any wildlife.” Chuck, agitated and annoyed as Eleanor was with him, grabbed the garbage cans and placed them upright. The backyard was fairly large and walking around to grab every bit of refuse sprinkled across was an annoying and time-consuming chore. As Chuck continued his venture into the unintentional position of being a garbage man, he noticed that the cans were clean. Like...really clean. It was like they were powered washed or something. They practically sparkled on the inside. Any boxes that may have had food that filled those cans where completely void of crumbs of any kind. Any scraps from past meals missing entirely and containers were licked as clean as the cans they once sat in.

“What the hell kind of animal even does this?” Chuck wondered as he walked about grabbing up boxes, containers and wrappers to place back into the cans.



The sun was already heading down and when you lived by the woods things seemingly got darker quick. The sun ducked behind a wall of trees whose thick branches blotted out light rather quickly. Chuck's annoyance only grew further when Eleanor had called earlier to let him know that she was caught up in traffic.

This was compiled as he was still finding bits and pieces of garbage in the backyard hiding under hedges, and around corners. Chuck was going from angry to hungry and slipping a bit into hangry territory. Any thoughts of food he had were disrupted when he heard a deep growl in the dark between the trees. Chuck gave his phone a shake to turn on its flashlight feature and he tried to get a better look.

Living near the woods with an open backyard it could easily invite a visit from the local wildlife. Any number of creatures could come stumbling out of the brush and see garbage cans filled with such leftovers and see it as a feast. The culprit in this case however, was still to be determined. They could very well be dealing with raccoons or worse a bear. The growl came again and Chuck stepped out a few feet as he walked forward and shifted his cellphone to light the darker areas at the far end of his yard. One would think hearing an unknown sound from within the woods that an individual would simply go inside. Maybe even lock the doors and bunker down with a gun for protective or paranoid purposes. Chuck was not a person of sound mind. No. Chuck is an imbecile.

“I don’t see anything,” said Chuck taking a few more steps forward. They were shortly taken as Chuck’s face met with a plush feeling mass. Chuck stepped back a bit and then reached out his free hand and rubbed the soft mass a bit.

“The hell kind of shrub is this?” Chuck thought.

“Excuse-moi?” Chuck was a bit freaked out by the voice. He wasn’t mentally prepared to hear someone let alone a French accent in the middle of the woods. Chuck took a step back a bit more to get a better view. The clump began to move as two white mounds bounced in place. The two mounds pressed together and atop them it was accentuated with a large and fluffy tail. The figure this collective of girth

was attached to was shifting into an upright position. Chuck used his phone to illuminate the heap and followed from its fuzzy white masses upwards across a stripped back and was met with a greeting by a pair of crimson eyes looking over a shoulder back at him.

“Oh? And who are you?” responded the large figure as it turned about exposing its front to Chuck. A pair of big bountiful fleecy white breasts, accented with ebony nipples bounces into Chuck’s field of vision.

“It’s a bear!” shouted Chuck as he stumbled back, falling to the ground, and looking up as the light from his phone shined on the large creature.

“I am not a bear, Monsieur. I am a skunk,” replied the figure. Though Chuck’s mistake was easy to make. The skunk was not remotely skunk sized. Most skunks are roughly maybe the size of a house cat or a small dog. This skunk was rather large easily standing to human sized proportions. Plus, she was standing on her hind legs and upright. That hardly seems normal for a skunk. A bear maybe but not a skunk.

“I am here for my nightly meal.” The skunk looked about and noticed that some of the cans were entirely empty. “I zee you’ve not thrown out anything new?” the skunk seemed confused.



Traffic hadn’t moved an inch and Eleanor was thoroughly annoyed. She had taken to the fast food that sat in the companion side seat next to her. It seemed getting home was going to take quite some time and the food was already starting to get colder and colder with each passing minute. It seems ahead of her the traffic

issue was a tree somehow fell into the road. Back luck for Eleanor. She won't be getting home anytime soon.



The skunk leaned over sniffing over Chuck as her nose scratched about him. She then cautiously stepped over the terrified man and sauntered over to the garbage cans to further examine them. Her huge hips swayed side to side and the view was practically hypnotic. Each of perfectly gigantic buttocks shifted up and down as she strolled over. She picked up the cans and gave them a shake hoping for something to wiggle itself free. However, it was quite clear that there was nothing to eat.

"Ok. You're a skunk. I'll process that... but who are you?" Chuck asked as he stumbled up and stood behind the large weasel-like creature. Her huge rump bounced a bit more as she examined the cans to see nothing.

"Hmph. I am Mademoiselle Le Moufette. I am... how do you say... queen of the forest, ♦ *tu piges?*" Moufette responded rather sharply.

"tu piges?" Chuck said with confusion.

Moufette looked utterly displeased as she saw no food and simply placed the lid of the garbage can with a grumble.

"Also how are you a queen of the forest? Aren't there like other creatures to contend with?" asked Chuck as he leaned over to grab his phone. Regaining an upright position Chuck's face was greeted with Moufette's butt pointed at him. Moufette looked over her shoulder and with little hesitation her tail crept up more, her fur became frayed as she lifted a leg and blew a hot fart right in Chuck's face.

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♦ Tu piges is French for "get it".

Chuck's senses were pummeled with a putrid smell causing him to gag and choke. Moufette accentuated the assault with a quick butt bump for good measure, knocking Chuck to the ground.

"No food this evening? Zat won't do. Now I'm Horngry," replied Moufette.

"Horn-(cough)-gry?" responded Chuck between gasps of air and hacking.

"Oui. It means I am hungry and horny." A fanged smile crept onto the large skunk's face. Fear washed over Chuck as Moufette gripped her mounds of ass cheeks and spread them wide allowing for a musky rich scent to waft from her anal valley. "Now monsieur... please me."

In a panic Chuck tried to kick at the robust rump exposed towards him. His strike however less than ideal as his croc covered foot was plunged between the crevice of the garbage eating cretin and Moufette clenched and pulled Chuck in.

"*What the hell?!*" Chuck panicked as he was being gulped down slowly by contracting muscles. Moufette chortled at the sensation before she buckled onto all fours and pushing her butt into the air so that gravity may assist her. Chuck was being gulped down as Moufette shook her butt from side to side. Each shift was accompanied with a twitch of her rectal walls and a clench of her sphincter. Chuck was swallowed slowly. First to his waist, then his chest, and when it got to his shoulders a loud sputtering fart bellowed from Moufette.

"Oof~ Zat was the pizza. Meatlovers." Moufette teased as Chuck's nose was filled with the scent of her last garbage meal.

"Oh... oh god! What are you doing to me?" Chuck screamed.

“Come now. Zee forest lacks the... sexual needs of a woman of my size. I’ve had many squirrels, beavers and bunnies in my ♦le cul (maybe you will meet zem). But zey all disappear up zere. Maybe it’s my *unugg*... canal contractions. But zee truth is I *need zis so badly*. Maybe if I wasn’t so zexually frustrated I would not eat so much.” Moufette pondered the thought for a brief moment...

“Y-you can-” Chuck yelped before Moufette gave another clench and gulped Chuck’s head.

“Oui monsieur. I c-can.” Moufette purred as she fell onto her side.

“Zis feels so g-good...” Moufette growled in a low vibrating rumble. Her toes sprawled out and clenched as she tucked in her legs. Chuck’s lashing about was really accentuating the experience.

“Zee other woodland creatures could n-never... AH! Give me zis much enjoyment.” Moufette giggles as she gripped her breasts and gave her nipples a rub. Moufette rolled over onto her belly as her hands clawed into the ground she felt something beneath the base of her tail. Chuck was able to penetrate her rectal ring as he gasped and cried out with screams.

“No... no,” teased Moufette as her pucker hugged his face again and gave a final deep wet *schlorp*. Her rancid ring gulped him down once more and Moufette sighed as she rubbed her thick belly in delight.

“You may not have been zee food I wanted... *Oof*... but you are zee food I needed...” thought Moufette as she rubbed and kneaded her distended tummy as it made audible rumbles and growls.

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♦ Le cul is French for “ass.”



“What the fuck!?” came a voice that disrupted Moufette’s enjoyment as she looked up and saw Eleanor with food in hand.

Moufette couldn't help but smile as her tongue darted out, licking her muzzle in anticipation. Her sharp teeth shined just right as the moon gleamed over them. She gazed at Eleanor, giving her a once over with her eyes.

“Mon Dieu... dessert?” Moufette wondered. She had enjoyed her meal with Chuck and felt a bit full as is. There was a large lump in her lower large intestine.

However, the serene stillness of the backyard was shattered by a Moufette belly that began to chug and chortle. There was a large lump in her lower large intestine. Moufette winced and took a stance with her legs spread wide as she got into a squatting position. Her back arched as her fluffy black-and-white tail raised high into the air exposing her wet quivering butthole at the base.

Moufette locked eyes with Eleanor. At first Eleanor feared the large skunk would attack but instead she spoke.

"Pardonnez-moi, madame... something I ate is not agreeing with me." Moufette groaned and pushed forcing Chuck's face across the rim of her butthole as he gagged softly desperate for air. Moufette continued to push, gripping her knees and with one last effort managed to dislodging Chuck with an unceremonious wet squelch.

Chuck flopped onto the grass face-first, his naked body glistening under the porch light, drenched in a strange, viscous fluid.

For a moment, Eleanor could only stand there, her mind struggling to process the absolute insanity unfolding in front of her. Her husband, covered in anal slime and twitching slightly, lay sprawled out on the lawn like discarded laundry, foam bubbling from the corners of his mouth. The creature responsible, a massive, anthropomorphic skunk, panting heavily as though she just gave birth stood tall and eventually recouped her persona and stood proud. A few loose farts bubbled from her backside as she fanned the air and smiled as she rubbed her belly. With a casual stroll, Moufette sauntered over to Eleanor, her soft paws making barely a sound against the grass. She reached out with delicate fingers and gently plucked the to-go bag from Eleanor's trembling hand, her eyes meeting the humans with a sly, almost flirtatious smile.

"Merci, madam," Moufette purred, her voice a sultry blend of mischief and satisfaction. She gave a polite nod before turning on her heel, her bushy tail swaying with confidence as she padded back toward the dark treeline, clutching the bag of food as though she had just won a grand prize. Eleanor remained frozen, eyes wide and mouth agape, watching the skunk disappear into the woods as her husband lay wheezing softly on the ground.

*THE END*



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