It’s only the second day of the new school year, and already it’s unlike anything I’ve ever experienced. I met the man of my dreams I never knew existed, and not only that… I became just like him, someone I’ve always wanted to be. Toweringly huge, strong as hell, wearing awesome clothes and smelling terrible to boot. I don’t think anyone would remember the old Sam Brown anyway. Might as well make a new start this way, one I get to share with Jake from now on. We had a lot of classes scheduled together today, which made me feel happy. At the same time, it’d probably distract me from class a lot. Eh, who needs math anyway when all of that stuff isn’t even relevant once you get a job?

Once our first class (which was ‘literature and poetry’) began though, me and Jake were called to the principle’s office. Probably due to Jake’s… handling of the bully we saw just this morning. If you’ve somehow forgotten, with a young deer named Mike being bullied by two annoying warthogs, Jake let out a huge belch that caused one of them to throw up and pass out. Not only that, the monstrous burp he let out could practically be heard all over campus. Naturally it makes perfect sense that everyone grew concerned over the sudden noise.

We both slowly walked and talked to the principle’s office. We knew we’d probably be scolded for what we did, but in the end, we did save Mike from those two pricks. Weren’t we doing the right thing here?

We stood before the principle’s door, as it was closed. The door had a glass window we could see through, and we noticed that Principle Horton, an extremely organized clean freak of a bear was sorting some sort of paper documents on his desk. Jake knocked on the door, to which Principle Horton replied “Come in.”

Once we got inside, we noticed both the two bullies, as well as Mike already having sat down, and the two bullies immediately frowned when we locked eyes. Naturally, we gave them an angry stare back, and given the enormous size of me and Jake, the two quickly grew intimidated. We both took a nearby seat, and now the five of us were sitting next to each other, with the principal eyeing us all back and forth.

“I think you boys know why I called you here.” The principle ordered.

“Principle Horton… If I may…” Mike replied fast. “You shouldn’t be scolding these two guys. They saved me from these two, you shouldn’t punish them.” He vouched for us. Nice kid, he was.

“I know. We saw the security camera footage. I’ve already issued two weeks worth of detention on them. Now for you… Mr. Brown and Mr. Thunder, correct? I would still like you to realize that we got several noise complaints from your… eructation earlier this morning.”

“Well, we’re sorry if we caused a disturbance, Mr. Horton.” I replied, a bit ashamed to be chastised like this. It must’ve looked silly how despite being both muscular and dressed in greaser clothes, I was apologizing like I just wanted to be a nice little boy, like I used to act. After all, I’m not used to being this ‘alpha male’ type Jake seems to be.

“Yeah, we didn’t mean to upset any others.” Jake added.

“Since you did have good intentions by stopping these two, I will let you off the hook this time. However, I do request that if you wish to stand up for someone else, you should try a less… grotesque method. Personally I myself think that you did make a good decision to step in and stand up for young Mr. Feller here. For that we are grateful.” The principle spared us, he also revealed that ‘Feller’ is Mike’s last name.

“He belched in my face and made me throw up! You’re kidding me!” One of the warthogs protested.

“And if he didn’t you’d have taken someone else’s lunch. Speak out of turn again and your detention will be lengthened by another week.” Principle Horton said. He was a strict one!

This was the first time I was ever called to the principle’s office. Since I always used to be a brick in the wall type of kid, I never really drew any sort of attention, so it was neither negative nor positive. Now though… Technically I did nothing. I just stood there as Jake let out his powerful roar of a belch. Just thinking about it somehow made me feel a bit envious.

With that out of our way, the school day continued as usual. No one really cared about \*why\* we were sent to the principle’s office. Aside from a small few animals at school, few knew it was Jake who caused the disturbance, though that would soon change. During lunch break, me and Jake were sitting together under a tree in the schoolyard, with both of us wearing our shades in the sun. We were simply chatting about different topics, when suddenly a bunch of other guys repping the school’s varsity jackets approached the two of us from a distance. Me and Jake both eyed each other, a bit curious as to what they’d want from us.

Normally, I’d feel scared and intimidated, since these jocks would probably be there solely to kick my ass and bully me etc. Now though, I was taller and more muscular than ever, and I also had a handsome and strong boyfriend to protect me. It stilled what would otherwise be a feeling of fear. One of the jocks, a Komodo dragon just like me, who was seemingly the front man of the bunch, smiled at us. He put out his hand. I guess he wanted to shake hands? He had a pretty cocky aura around him, like he’d think he’s way cooler than he actually is. Still, he seemed friendly enough. He looked kinda muscular, but not as much as Jake or me for that matter.

“Sup, you two? You new here, eh?” He asked. After he spoke, the other three jocks behind the guy began softly discussing stuff among themselves, which was hard to understand over the front man already talking to us.

We shook hands (Jake first, then me and him) and after a pretty fierce handshake from him, he introduced himself and his team.

“The name’s Kai. You can just call me ‘K Drake’.”

“Nice to meet you. My name’s Sam.” “Yo, I’m Jake.” We introduced ourselves in turn.

“You guys look like you’re strong. Can I ask you something?” Kai asked.

“Sure.” Both of us answered simultaneously. I had no idea what it was, but Jake seemed to have some idea of his request. He and K Drake seemed to exchange a long gaze before the other Komodo dragon resumed his question.

“Wanna take part in the tryouts for our little sport? We’re looking for new heads in the team. I’m sure you two would make for some killer players.” K Drake proposed.

“What do you think, Sam?” Jake looked at me. I was a bit surprised to hear it. Given Jake was wearing a varsity jacket himself (though with other colors) and was surely bulky enough to be a valuable asset to them, I figured he’d agree fast, yet he still surprises me from time to time.

“Might as well give it a go, eh? We can always change our minds later.” I shrugged in return.

“Sick, bros.” K Drake gave us both a fist bump. “The tryouts are later today after school at gym court B.”

“Nice, we’ll be there then. I look forward to it.” I replied, politely nodding my head. From his expression, the jock must’ve felt weird how despite my look and size, I still acted all polite and nice, not what you’d expect if you saw what I looked like.

“Why not join us for a while. I can have you meet the rest of the team. You’re gonna like ‘em.” K Drake proposed. With the lunch break having only just begun, we agreed. Might as well take an opportunity to get to know new people. Since I was still getting used to my new self, I might as well form new bonds while I’m at it, besides only Jake.

Kai led us to a big round picnic table where up to ten could sit, invited us all to sit down. He remained the only one standing, and started some kinda speech.

“So… Sam, Jake… Meet my crew.” He pointed at the other three jocks at the table, and introduced them one by one.

First was Cole, a bull. Then there was Thiago, a big skunk who looked pretty damn buff for well… being a skunk. He also wore a pretty cool snapback hat. Last but not least, he introduced us to Nathan, a big and somewhat stout elephant with a stern look. One thing that immediately caught my eye, or my snout rather… is that they all kinda smelled bad. Just the way I liked it. Still, I committed myself to Jake, and that wouldn’t change so easily.

“So… what sports do you guys play?” I asked.

“You’ll find out at the tryouts. We’re expecting two others to come. It’s either you two or the other pair who’ll join the gang.” K Drake explained.

“Oh so there’s competition?” I kept asking.

“Yeah but you’ll make it, no sweat. The other pair’s way smaller and less buff than you are. We need some more muscle in our crew here.”

“You look like you’ve already got that covered.” I replied, looking at Thiago in particular.

“You got a problem with me?” He sternly replied to me, raising his tail.

“No, not at all! I meant that as a compliment!” I quickly tried to correct myself. Luckily he laughed loudly. “Just messin’ with you, bro.” The skunk gave me a pat on the shoulder. While I felt a little annoyed about that, I didn’t pay it any further attention.

During the rest of the lunch break, I constantly tried to find out more about the sport they were talking about, but it the more I asked, the more secretive they seemed to get. Whatever it was, they just wouldn’t spill the beans.

After the break was over, we parted ways, and me and Jake headed to our next class, which was math. As usual, math was boring and full of irrelevant nonsense for me. I understood algebra well enough that I didn’t need to listen to the teacher’s instructions, and all the while I was entranced by Jake’s body odor. The others in class certainly didn’t like it as much though, most of them sitting as far away from him as possible.

A few classes later, and the end of the school day finally came around. Time to head to the gym court!

When we arrived and headed inside, Kai and the others were already waiting for us. Aside from the two others, presumably our supposed competitors, the jocks we spoke to earlier today all wore their varsity jackets unbuttoned, and revealed their bare chests.

“Y’all made it, sick!” K Drake announced. I eyed the other two animals we hadn’t seen yet, two possums who seemed kinda shy. They were significantly shorter and thinner than Jake and I.

“Now… the time’s come for me to tell you what we’re gonna do today. Let me introduce you to a particular sport that’s been taking the whole world by storm: Stinkball. You’re gonna duke it out, two against two, and whoever wins, gets to join us. That clear?”

“What are the rules?” One of the possums asked.

“Simple. Everyone gets ahold of a ball, which they gotta keep as long as possible. Your goal is to attack the other team and steal the ball from all of them, then take it to your side. Once a team has no players with a ball left, they lose.”

“Sounds quite simple.” I thought to myself.

“But here’s the catch! It’s not called ‘Stinkball’ for no reason! You can only take someone’s ball if you attack them with any form of bad smell. It can be anything from bad breath, farting, burping, exposing a sweaty armpit up close and squishing your opponent in it… Whatever floats your boat I guess.”

“Now that sounds like fun.” Jake cracked the knuckles in his hands, the two possums got nervous.

“It’ll be a best of five. First duo to win three rounds is the winner of the game. Is everything clear?” K Drake explained.

“Are there no further rules than that?”

“Nope, it’s just that simple. You can practically do anything so long as you’re not actually killing your opponent. Wouldn’t want anyone ending up in the hospital now.” Kai reassured. That thought made the two feel more at ease.

Then, it was time for that practice match to begin, but before we started, we were all still wearing normal clothes. Not exactly fit for playing sports.

“Before you start, everyone take your shirts and jackets off. This game’s only played by exposing your upper body.”

It seemed like that was the only other rule. We all put our clothes aside, and all four of us got ahold of a small white ball we’d have to keep holding.

I strangely had not yet seen Jake without a shirt on. Seeing his bare and scaly chest the way I did almost made me forget we were playing a game. It was like I was being hypnotized. But then again, I too had enough physical bulk to boast a similar level of muscularity, and looking down at my own chest made me smile again. I really did become just like Jake. Now to prove it for real.

The game started with Cole blowing a whistle, which made both Jake and I immediately dash towards our two opponents. With two big, hulking reptiles heading right their way, the possums immediately grew intimidated again, and closed their eyes. I noticed Jake pouncing on of them (both of them still holding the ball) and…

**“UUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!”** While being on all fours above his victim, Jake belched in his face, which made the poor possum drop the ball immediately. It wasn’t as bad as with the bully this morning, but I could still feel its sheer power from where I stood, which was at least several feet away.

I then picked up the other opponent, and held him close to my butt, and fiercely tried my best to let out a fart I held in all day. The gas was potent enough to make my opponent also drop his ball. I picked it up and brought it back to our half of the court. We won the first round, easy!

In the second round, we kinda repeated the same strategy, with both of us running at our opponents. They were definitely scared, and even started running away from us.

“Come on you two, forgot how to be a man?” Thiago taunted the two possums. It did little though, as Jake already got a hold of his opponent, and held the possum close to his armpit.

You ever did one of those armpit farts where you put your hand in your armpit to make a sound that’s just like flatulence? Jake practically replaced the ‘your hand’ with the possum’s head. Jake grinned, and squished him roughly five times in his armpit before dropping him on the floor again, taking his ball. I weirdly enjoyed the sound that squishing made. I guess people call that ASMR these days…

To put the cherry on top of the disgusting pie, he bent over and let out a small fart in his face before slowly walking back with a prideful strut. The craziest thing, is that Jake’s sweat was apparently so pungent, that it literally colored the guy’s entire fur a darker shade. The lucky guy’s entire upper body was practically soaked in Jake’s horrible sweat.

“Nice one, Jake!” K Drake commented.

I stood right before my opponent again, and he crawled backwards. I’m pretty sure he begged me not to do anything gross to him, but… I wanted to win this game. I wanted to impress Jake, Kai, Thiago and the others. I was NOT gonna let this opportunity pass me by. Thus, it was time for me to let out my own little trick I just thought of.

This morning and for lunch, I had some sandwiches practically full of garlic, durians and really old cheese. In other words, my breath smelled absolutely horrendous. Thus… I picked my opponent up, looked him in the eye. With my accumulated stench from both some really odorous foods as well as my long bath in Jake’s weird pool, I felt confident that my next move would be a strong one.

“Sorry, I ain’t gonna hold back here.” I tried not to make my next move sound like personalized torture, but I’m sure he felt it was just that anyway.

I took a deep breath, my chest sticking out… “Haaaaaaaaaahh” I let out a long breath and surely enough the stink of it was almost enough to make my opponent pass out. I took the ball and voilà, the second round was won just as easy.

The two possums quickly stood up and shook their heads.

“Run for your lives!” One of them shouted, and left the court. The other soon followed, stumbling around after my uhh… horrible halitosis attack. I still gotta think of a better name for it…

“Well… two rounds won and your opponent forfeited the match. Congrats you two, you won.” K Drake clapped his hands and nodded in approval. “Welcome to our team.”

I felt happy. For once in my life, something I’d never done before… I left an impression. I had done something people remember. For the entire 18 years I’ve lived thus far… It’s a first for me. All kinds of emotions started welling up within me. I didn’t know what to think or say!

“Say… Sam, your last attack… That was awesome! It might’ve been strong enough to make Nathan here pass out.” K Drake complimented.

“Thanks!” I quickly responded, not really knowing what else to say.

“Been a nice warm-up game for me.” Jake exchanged another fist bump with K Drake and the others.

“You played this before?” I asked him.

“Yup. I was the best of the best in my old hometown. I actually played a 1-on-1 game against K Drake’s dad once. He was the only one who ever beat me. He, along with my own parents, really motivated me to become the smelly bastard I am now.”

“You were his best opponent.” K Drake returned. “So… Sam… we gotta be honest with you. We uh… kinda set you up for this.” Thiago scratched the back of his head. That sentence made me confused.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Jake here’s an old pal of mine. We spoke on the phone yesterday, and wanted to… test Jake’s new boyfriend. See if he could really keep up with him”

“I guess I passed, then?”

“In flying colors, my dude. You were absolutely incredible! I’ve never seen someone play this game for the first time and still be so brutal! If we’re gonna work together and form a strong 5-man team… We can become the best Stinkball team in the whole world!” K Drake uttered.

“So Sam… What did you think of my attack?” Jake smirked at me. I’m sure he was referring to the armpit squishing thing.

“That looked so gross yet so cool at the same time. Even if I wear your awesome clothes… I get just as unbelievably buff and disgustingly hot as you are… I don’t think I could ever be as cool as you.” I spoke. I kinda gave away the fact I’d been aspiring to be just like Jake since the second I met him, but here I uttered it like it was nothing.

“Oh so that’s your reason to be with him, eh? Well… I suggest… One last test before you can join the crew.” Thiago stepped forward.

“I thought I already passed.” I tilted my head.

“It’s just one thing. If you’re gonna play Stinkball, you’re gonna get hit by stink attacks from time to time as well. Let me test your defensive skill.” Thiago flexed his body a bit as he walked towards me and stared straight into my eyes.

I was not gonna let this skunk tell me I suddenly don’t deserve to be with the others, so I accepted his challenge.

“In this case I’ll tell it to you straight. I’m gonna let out a huge fart blast towards you. If you can still hold the ball, you’re in. If you drop the ball, you’re out. Got it?”

I took a deep breath. I already withstood Jake’s several trials when I first met him, so how hard could this be?

“Bring it on.” I confidently said with a serious tone. We both took our places, I grabbed a ball and held in tight in my left hand. Thiago stood on the other side, with crossed arms and a raised tail.

“Again, sorry for raining on your parade like this, but I gotta see if you’re the real deal.” Thiago spoke.

It wasn’t like I felt his idea was unnecessary, but I still felt a bit frustrated that he kinda took away what I thought was a hard-won moment of glory.

There I stood, bare-chested and still wearing Jake’s jeans, bracing myself for Thiago’s attack.

“Ready? Here I come!” The skunk shouted, as he started to run at me, before taking a big leap. His massive body dropped right on top of me, causing me to fall backwards. I still kept the ball in my hands, but his landing was only the beginning.

“Brace yourself, Sam… This what a real ass blast smells like.” Thiago confidently spoke.

After letting out a grunt, a huge blast of flatus escaped his rump, and holy hell did it smell terrible, to a point that no words could properly describe it. I’m one who can withstand almost any smell, but that was definitely some of the fiercest stink I’ve ever had to endure. I wasn’t giving up though! Instead, I took it in, and sure enough… enjoyed it.

The skunk must’ve kept on pushing out gas for at least fifteen seconds. After that… He stopped.

“Was that all?” I asked nonchalantly.

“Nice work, bro.” Thiago, still sitting on top of my chest gave me a thumb’s up, accompanied by me seeing his muscular back. The stench of his ginormous fart still lingered on me, but I took pride in that.

“Now you’re an official member of the Anthris College Stinkball team.” K Drake gave me another fist bump.