

# **Realization**

A Story by Tobias Braun

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Characters Mrs Sharon Skunk, Clarence Skunk, Cindy Lapine, © Chris Yost

Character Reverend Nathaniel Brown © Tobias Braun

Character Zig Zag © Max BlackRabbit

Restaurant "Salvatore's" and Mia © James Bruner

Based on Sabrina Online the Story by Chris Yost ([www.chrisfoxx.com](http://www.chrisfoxx.com) go read it)

Monday morning

Sharon was sitting on her loveseat; before her on the table were a telephone and a piece of paper with a phone number. Her mind began to wander back to Saturday when she was doing her normal housework.

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She had been taking Clarence's clean laundry to his room and whistling a little tune she heard on the radio as she stepped in the room and frowned.

Clarence's backpack lay on his bed covered with a shirt and pants.

On the floor was a pile of dirty clothes and some sheets of paper with names written on them, OK one name, Cindy. In the last few weeks Clarence spent every free minute with her. At the moment he was at her house. Sharon hoped that things would work out between Clarence and Cindy. She liked Cindy.

With a sigh she put the fresh clothes in his drawer and began gathering the dirty clothes from the floor putting them in the hamper she brought with her. Then she picked up the papers and set them on his desk. With a professional eye, she looked over his desk. "What's this?" she thought with curiosity.

Under one of Clarence's books was a folded piece of paper. She had enough experience to know that this piece of paper was his paycheck from the "department store" where he worked.

Yeah, department store, Clarence was good in many things but lying was not one of his talents.

She took the check and unfolded it. Her curiosity was roused to a level where she couldn't resist a glimpse at his check.

"Whoa," she thought as she saw the amount, "that's a lot more than I expected.

Who pays him so mu..."

She stopped when she saw the stamp and signature on the check.

"Double Z Studios ... OH MY GOD! He is working for a PORN STUDIO! I can't believe it!

No wonder he's lying to me. What have I done wrong?" She sat heavily in the chair next to the desk. She folded the check and put it back where she found it.

She got up and took the hamper with her.

"What has him driven to work for a slut like Zig Zag? Why?" She thought there must be more to it than she was seeing.

Her decision was simple. Clarence might lie to her more if she confronted him.

She needed help and she knew where she could get it.

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Sunday morning in a church after the Mass.

The church members were leaving the room. Some of them chatted happily about the Mass and some other things. A big old brown bear was gathering the bibles lying on the chairs and the pews in the main room.

He looked up to see a female skunk sitting in one of the pews deep in her own thoughts.

He moved next to her, "Penny for your thoughts, Sharon."

"Hu..., Oh Reverend Brown. I was thinking about something."

"Yes that is obvious. So care to share the thoughts with me or do you need some more time with Him?"

"Oh, I came here to speak with you about ... about my son's work." Sharon's mouth was dry when she spoke the last words.

"Oh, OK. I think that you would prefer more private surroundings; am I'm right?"

"Yes, please."

"Let's go to my study and talk." with a smile he held a paw out to her and helped her get up.

After a short walk to his study, he closed the door behind her and waved her to a chair before his desk. She sat, arranged her tail and waited for him to sit down as well.

"So Sharon what's got you so upset? Last time I saw you so was when your ex boss made a move to date you shortly after the burial of your husband."

"The new job of my son, Nathaniel. He is working for Double Z Studios!"

"... Interesting..."

"I don't know what to think of it. This slut of a ..."

"SHARON SKUNK! Don't you dare use such a word in the Church do you understand me!"

With his loud outburst, Sharon cringed in the chair.

"Yes Reverend." she whispered.

"Good." he said in a normal voice. "Have you spoken with him?"

"Not yet. I discovered it yesterday when I saw his paycheck."

"So you don't know more than that he is working for Zig Zag, right?"

With a nod of her head, she answered his question.

"And you are too embarrassed to speak to your son?" Another nod.

"OK first I would like to tell you something, something that is to never leave this room."

She nodded again not understanding what to make of it.

Nathaniel looked in her eyes, "I know Zig personally."

Sharon held her breath, "you know this sl ... person?"

"Yes, remember when the studio opened? Some church members sent me to give her a list of people who didn't want her here. Therefore, I gave it her personally and talked to her. One of the first things I noticed in the studio was that she acts like a mother. When someone came to ask her something, she offered help. She cares about her employees. That I did not expect.

She is smart, perceptive and witty. We talked a bit and I gave the signatures to her. She read it carefully than began to laugh and told me that some of these people had a shopping account for her toy catalog. She even showed me the accounts of the people.

Then she gave me a tour through the studio. Then she asked me if she could donate money. I said sure.

Do you know that half of the money for our orphanage is from her and the program for abused kits is from her, as well as 90% of the money to start it; all anonymous or under a fake name."

"No, I didn't know that." Sharon now felt a little guilty.

"Second I will give you some advice."

"Please, Nathaniel."

"Talk. Talk with Zig Zag and with Clarence. A talk with both will solve problems for you. Third; listen when someone is talking to you. A talk without listening is not good."

"I guess your right. Thank you Reverend." With that, she stood up and after a brief hug with her godfather, she turned to the door.

"Wait Sharon, I think you will need this." With these words, he gave her a piece of paper with a number written on it. "It's her number."

"Thanks I think."

With a smile on his muzzle, he led her to the front door.

#####

That was yesterday.

Sharon was staring at the number. She wanted an explanation why her son was working for a porn studio very badly." Here goes nothing." she thought and punched the number into the phone.

After the second ring, it picked up.

"Double Z Studios Mia speaking. How can I help you?" asked a lovely female voice.

Sharon blushed. She couldn't help it.

"Ah..., I like to speak to your employer Miss Zag, please."

*Uh Oh, thought Mia, trouble incoming.*

"Of course. Whom shall I say is calling?" Mia had changed her voice to a professional tone.

"Miss Sharon Skunk."

*Skunk? Skunk like in Clarence **Skunk?** OMG!*

"One moment please."

Mia put Sharon on hold and punched the com into Zig Zag's office.

Zig Zag was sitting in her office reading a new script when the intercom buzzed.

She pushed the button. "What's up Mia?"

"A Miss Sharon Skunk on hold. I think it's Clarence's mother."

"UH OH, smells like trouble."

"That's what I'm thinking."

"OK, put her thru. I'll deal with her and not a word to Clarence, you understand!"

"Yes Boss no prob." and the line went dead.

Some seconds later, the phone rang.

With a sigh, she picked the receiver up.

"Hello Miss Skunk. How can I help you?" Zig Zag kept a professional tone in her voice.

"Hello Miss Zag. I'd like to have a few words with you ab..."

"About your son Clarence." finished Zig Zag.

"Yes!" the edge in Sharon's voice was clear to hear.

"I expected you to call me sooner or later. I'm busy at the moment and I think it's better if we met muzzle to muzzle. Do you like Italian food?"

"Yes." That was something Sharon didn't expect.

"I know a good restaurant where we can have a little bit of privacy. It's called Salvatore's. Do you know where it is?"

"Ah... No I don't."

After a short description where to find the restaurant Zig Zag looked into her time planer.

"If you like we can meet at one p.m.; is that OK with you?"

"That's OK with me Miss Zag."

"That's Zig Zag or Zig, no Miss."

"I look forward to meeting you MISS Zag. Good bye."

With that, the line went dead.

Zig Zag put the receiver back on the cradle with a frown. The last sentence was an insult to her. A smile crept onto her muzzle as an idea formed itself into her head. She dialed the number for Salvatore's to get a table. After that was done, she buzzed Mia.

"Mia can you do me a favor and take one of the films and some toys we keep for customers and put them in a bag; the most embarrassing ones for a mother if you get my drift."

A giggling answered over the com, "As you wish Boss; anything else?"

"Not at the moment thanks."

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One o'clock: Salvatore's

Sharon opened the door to let herself in and studied the foyer with his decorations to get a feeling for the restaurant. After a few seconds of looking around, she decided that this place was a good neutral place to meet Clarence's Boss.

*Speaking of the devil here she comes* thought Sharon as she looked through the glass door of the restaurant.

Outside Zig Zag walked in graceful steps to the front door with her purse over her shoulder and a brown plastic bag in her paw.

After she stepped through the glass door, she looked around and spotted a female skunk.

With three swift steps, she stood before Sharon and held her paw towards the skunk.

"Hello Miss Skunk, I'm Zig Zag. It's nice to meet you in person."

Sharon grasped Zig's paw firmly and shook. "I hope that it's not a mistake to meet you here Miss Zag."

"Firstly I don't think so and second," and here narrowed her eyes, "never ever call me Miss anything again. Zig is acceptable for me."

Sharon gulped, "OK Zig... the situation is a little bit odd for me,"

"That's no problem for me; let's get our table and talk shall we?" laughed Zig.

Some minutes later they were sitting in a little private room with a nicely decorated table and two menus to select their meals.

After they sat down a raccoon waiter was standing behind them with a fresh carafe of water. He poured both of them a glass and asked them if they wanted something else to drink. They placed their orders and he left.

After they had eaten in silence, Zig looked Sharon in the eyes, "So Sharon, what is on your mind?"

"I ...*sigh*... I don't think that my son should work in your studio. I find it embarrassing that he works as a porn actor. How did he get that job in the first place? Au..., I my brain explodes when I think about it."

Zig Zag's smile grew wide, "Ah you poor thing. I have some aspirin in my purse, do you want some."

"No thanks!" the motherly mood of Zig Zag was really annoying Sharon.

"OK then and to answer your questions I think that Clarence fits right into our little hell house of a family and he is no porn actor. A guy who faints when a strange woman touches him is not good at it at all. The first week we used smelling salts to get him up and he fainted way to much. He's our gofer, you know a guy who makes coffee, fetches things for the actors, builds and tears down the sets and helps with the technical things like light or camera work. He's really good at it after he lost a bit of his shyness. Last week I saw him with one of our actresses and she taught him how he can open a bra with only one hand on one of our cloth dummies, a picture for the gods I swear. He was so red you could light a cigarette on him." Zig was enjoying herself. "To answer your question how he got the job. I was on my way to my business with the checks and money for my employees and got mugged. After a short chase, the mugger ran into a side street and I thought that I had lost him. When I came around the corner, Clarence was rubbing his shoulder next to his car and the mugger was limping away without my purse and money. He picked up my purse and asked politely if it was mine. The rest is history. I gave him a shoulder rub in my studio, paid for some flowers for his girlfriend and offered him a summer job as a gofer in the studio; he said yes."

"That is unbelievable, but his father was exactly the same ... I miss him." A single tear ran down her cheek. "But what about Cindy when she hears where he works she will have a fit."

"I don't think so Sharon. When she was at the studio to talk to me I showed her what Clarence does and all was OK."

"Cindy was at the studio???"

"Oh yes. First, I thought she wanted a job from me and asked her to disrobe so that I could get a good look at her. She can blush nearly as good as Clarence. But after the first misunderstanding we got along OK."

"Oh wow. Zig please don't take this wrong but I will leave now. I have a lot to think about."

"No problem from me and I will tell Clarence nothing about this. Oh and before I forget I have a little present for you." With that she lifted the brown plastic bag and put it on Sharon's side of the table.

Sharon looked in the bag and blushed, really hard.

Zig Zag was now standing beside her and was putting all the things in the bag in front of Sharon.

Zig put out a toy for each body opening you can imagine, a pair of pink fuzzy cuffs, a leather blindfold and a red rubber gag ball on the table. At last, she put a videotape before Sharon with the title \*When your man is not at home, best instructions for a single flight for women\*.

In that moment the raccoon waiter walked into the room. As he saw Sharon's eyes on the table and the toys he walked quickly out of the room.

Sharon can't help but to blush some more.

"Ah now I know where Clarence learned to blush." Zig was in a teasing mood. "Keep them, I insist."

As fast as she could Sharon put all the things back into the bag.

"And here I thought that I had begun to like you Zig Zag."

"Then my work here is done Sharon. The bill is on me by the way."

Shortly after both were standing outside of Salvatore's. With a last pawshake both got into their cars and were off.

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Back at home, Sharon put her presents in her bedroom to keep them out of Clarence's way. (Yeah and shame on you who thought otherwise)

That done, she walked to her favorite rocking chair with a cup of hot chocolate to think about all she learned today.

When the soft creaking of the chair made her relax, the first thought she had was that she would tell Clarence nothing about her discovery. When he asks her, then it is time to tell but not before.

A soft click of the front door and Clarence walked in.

"Hi Mom, all OK with you?" he walked towards her.

"Yes ... Yes, all is OK with me I have a lot on my mind at the moment but nothing serious."

She gave him a smile. "You know that I love you don't you?"

"Yes, Mother and I love you too." he gave her a kiss on the forehead. "I'm going to bed Mother. Good night."

"Good night Clarence."

Sharon watched her son as he walked towards his room.

*I think I need time to accept that he has grown so much.*

She got up; put her empty mug into the kitchen sink and went to her bedroom to go to sleep.

*Yes, time is all that I need and a good night's sleep she hoped.*

The End