Something Doesn't Smell Right

by barefootxo

Summary

When a particularly looney skunk makes planetfall on Tatooine, hilarity ensues. Though some of Tatooine’s other guests may disagree... Minor slash elements.

I don't own Star Wars or Looney Tunes. They belong to George Lucas and Warner Brothers respectively.

Jar-Jar did not notice at first, when a falling can of paint came plummeting down from some scaffold. In fact, it was only when it impacted his head that he noticed. What he did not see, and could not see, was that the paint, white paint, had poured down his back in a stripe.

What Jar-Jar also did not know, and would likely never expected, was that Pepé Le Pew was in the area. The skunk was not well known on this side of the galaxy, since he was more commonly seen on Togoria, chasing white-striped Togorians.

But here he was, and he was in love. Because Pepé was attracted to all manner of beings with white stripes, and Jar-Jar’s voice was ridiculously high-pitched enough to pass for a female in the Casanova skunk’s book.

Pepé watched in silent glee, the way Jar-Jar moved. “Ah, mon chérie, I just watch you and already I love you. Zee way you stumble so elegantly through the sands. It was meant to be…” And so the skunk began hopping perkily after the striped Gungan.

The crowd gave Pepé a wide berth. Tatooine was a planet where body odour was a fact of life, and usually very well tolerated by the populace. But there were limits to that. After all… There is
nothing that smells quite so bad as a hot and sweaty skunk…

Jar-Jar’s first sign that something was wrong was the smell. Something very… pungent, was in the area. He turned and saw the skunk following. “Can meesa help, yousa?”

Pepé smiled, seductively he hoped, at the Gungan… “Ah, mon cherie. Je t’adore…” Then he leapt upon Jar-Jar, covering his face with playful kisses. “Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm… Mon cherie. Où avez-vous été toute ma vie?” (My love. Where have you been all my life?)

Jar-Jar was not impressed by Pepé’s display of affection. In fact, it rather freaked him out. “Oh noooooo…” He flung the skunk away and ran heedlessly back into the crowd after his companions. “Help!!! Help meesa!!! Save meesa!!!”

Pepé, who had landed lightly on his feet, was not so easily deterred. “Now, now, mon cherie. No woman has ever resisted my charms before…” And he hopped lightly after Jar-Jar, completely unconcerned by what he viewed as a minor setback.

Jar-Jar made it back to his companions in a flash. “You must help meesa, Padmé… Itsa comin’ after meesa. It wants to make meesa its wifey-poo. Please, save meesa…”

Padmé shook her head exasperatedly as she exchanged skeptical glances with Qui-Gon. “Come on now, Jar-Jar. If you’d be more careful, you wouldn’t get yourself into such scrapes.”

Jar-Jar was past listening. “Hide meesa,” he cried as he hid behind Padmé, pressing his back to hers and ducking down to hide.

Pepé was not fooled. He saw the one he desired and leapt right over Padmé’s head, catching Jar-Jar in a flying tackle and covering his face with kisses. “Je t’adore, mon cherie.”

Jar-Jar managed to throw off Pepé while his companions struggled to keep from laughing.

Pepé landed lightly again and was about to jump Jar-Jar again, when he saw Padmé… She too had a white stripe. Pepé could not have known that the stripe had been placed there when Jar-Jar had pressed back-to-back against Padmé. The skunk was torn.

Then he thought about it. She is much prettier then ze one I have been chasing… Perhaps she will not be as reluctant.

Pepé turned a seductive smile on Padmé and the supposed handmaiden felt a shiver up her spine. Uh oh… Something doesn’t smell right…

~~

Hope there are some Pepé Le Pew fans out there... :p

Jasper

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!