

In Fox Detention

Written by Septia.

“Ppsst, dude, hey Philip.”

Philip's ears twitched at the silken tones, turning his head just in time to be met with the wad of rolled-up paper meant to grab his attention. -Sthhwwp- The crumpled ball lodged itself on his left horn.

“Still got those answer sheets you snagged?” the otter girl wondered, reclining back on her seat to retie her striped bandanna.

His eyes darted to his fanny-pack, from which he fished out a handful of folded notes.

“That's my cowboy, teachers can't bear to search their little pet even when he's caught,” she hummed and seized the bundle from his cloves. And high-fived the cheeselog bug next to her

“B-but Penny,” Philip mumbled, his tail flipping back and forth, “I was caught, and we're still in d-d... detention.”

“Pah,” was Penny's response.

Philip felt Zoel pluck the paper wad from his budding horn.

“Slack a bit, calfy,” the pike soothed him with a pat to the back, “Mr. Summer's detention's free time at school,”

Philip's ears slumped down his cheeks. “But... b-but it has already been ten minutes.”

“Exactly,” Penny inferred.

“Yeah, you complaining?”

“Wished my first detention was this butter smooth,” Tung remarked, which lead the calf to shut his mouth.

Time crawled, ten minutes turned to fifteen, then twenty. Chatter amongst the students roused over time, insinuated by the vacant air hanging over them in the room; the air lacking the familiar clatter of steps or even the buzz and swipes of the PLUG janitorial staff.

-Dnmmff- Thirty minutes in, the silence was broken; steps rang out from the corridor,

“Bout time Summer showed up,” Penny noted as the door opened, only for the otter to clasp her nostrils shut at the surge of dismal vapours pouring in through the door, reeking of vinegar pickled fish and oil.

“Afternoon, dearies, you'll pardon my late arrival, won't you?” The voice danced through the smog in feminine tones, the woman stepping through over the threshold shone with a tangerine and coconut cream-hued coat.

Philip did not recall Mr. Summer's being female, or a taur.

-Twwwmpg- The fox's rear jammed into the doorway with a clench of fur and fat, the woman sighing as she gritted her teeth, shuffling forwards while wedging her rear through the gap.

“Be with you in a moment,” she huffed out and trudged her rump through the steel hatch.

-Gnnrrrrkr- a creaking and whistling of metal rustled as the frame curved and bent around the taur's buttock's, leaving an imprint the width of her hinds, after a few attempts she managed to close the door, despite the flanking gaps.

“That is why the fat ass was late,” Penny muttered, “even her food wasn't nothing to do with her.”

Philip didn't let his gaze leave the towering fox, for when she had entered, he noticed her first stomach jostled, and a contorted dome momentarily warping the white shirt under the prussian blue blazer, it rustled for a moment, and had a distinct look to it. Yet when his eyes trailed down to her taur gut, she was already behind the desk.

"Young lady, I heard that, but since I'm late, I'll ignore your remark, I haven't even told you the rules yet," she informed. "My name is Bli-." -Phhbrbrth- a puff of trolling smog filtered out below her tail, leaving the orange hairs waving in the mouldy nut breeze. "Blith, phoo, first day substitute teacher, I've been filling in all day, dealing with a lot of tummy troubles," she chuckled and cupped her tummy as she wrote on the blackboard."

"She's a real stinker," Tung mumbled to Penny.

"Ap ap, this is detention, and in detention, we have some rules," Blith instructed, clasping her paws together," Speak only when addressed, cellphones are not to be seen or heard, raise your arm to be addressed... and, cheating will result in an automatic debacle of and a ban. Are we all clear, my little cupcakes?"

Penny rolled her eyes and propped her up her chin against the bench, the others responding with similar nonchalant gestures as the substitute handed out papers with assignment.

Yet, Philip sat up straight, attentive, eyes on the teacher, good behaviour the key. Though his eyes trailed to the uncovered lower half as she passed him, -Ghhrbslgh- a gurgle roused from the swinging taur-gut, oblong protrusions ending in heart shaped tips formed over the stomach, brushing from the inside, trailing down and sinking back into the chalk bulb of chub and flesh.

"Any disagreements shall hind-forth be directed to the rear department," she explained as she headed back to the desk, the gate-breaking rump juggling along with her merry walk, "and my ass isn't a good listener," -Ppgbbgrth- another plume of fog swept over the desks, adding a hint of greasy pollution to the air, "but she's been very talkative today."

~ 1 ~

The eerie silence from before matured as fermenting wine with the only additions to the silence being scraping of pens and the -BGHhrslgh- Churns from and bouts from the substitute teacher.

"Phaaa," penny huffed out, "this is stupid," she said and stood up, marching towards the door.

"Ap ap ap, what do you think you are doing?" Blith called out, intercepting the door at the exit.

"Leaving, you forgot to put that up on your lil' law list, it stinks like the bad end of a sardine can in here, and the gaps your fat-ass made in the door doesn't exactly help matters," she turned back to the others and scoffed with a thumb jotting towards the fox. "Get a load of this bitch, assignments are bogus and she's practically poisoning us in here, I am leaving, come on, we don't have to-aahappoo, h-he."

Philip froze. Blith had snatched a hold of Penny's neck, lifting her up by the elastic hide dangling her in eye height with the taur herself.

"My, aren't you just a bonbon of rebellion, dusted in angst," Blith teased, with a tug squeezing the otter against her chest.

"Mmpfh, shut your face and set me down, you're only making me angry, Tung, come over here and he-helmmffo..." -Psplltch- Penny was interrupted by a glob of saliva splattering over her head, dripping down her hair like a cracked egg.

-Shhrrlrllllfp- Blith's rugose mouth brush caressed over the puddle of spittle, wriggling over the umber fur and hauling Penny up to drape her tongue over the girl's cheek, mouth muscle bending along the neck and frosting the girl's coat in a sheet of waxy saliva.

"Oh, angry ones are what makes detention," -Shrrllp, the lapped over the otter's face, quenching the mettle of the teens if it was not but a flimsy layer of sugar on a lollipop. "They stir up the tunnels something fierce, making for a lovely batches of fart fuel," -Bprrrbfrrrtg- she snickered as she fanned the fumes with her tail, "Already had a few, but can always fit another." -Shhrrflpt- She moaned as she painted the otter in broad tongue-strokes of drool, soaking the fur flat under the

threads of her tongue, gluing together strands of drool into webbed lattice of drool over Penny's frame, the otter's teeth clattering and body shaking.

"G-guys... P-Philip."

"Mmmfs, oh come now," Blith said and raised the otter high, moistening her lips and yawning her gape wide between each smack, "are you all wrapper and no candy after all? Only one way to find out. Her jaws parted side, cradling Penny with both hands before she could pose a struggle and aiming her legs towards the abyss of drool and glistening molars. The teeth combed through the fur in the gaps of Penny's sandals, lips moulding close over her ankles in the first solid -Ghhrllp- swallow.

"Wwah hey what do you bitch, think yuffag, s-she's crazy." Penny hollered and flailed, whilst the tongue worked over her legs, curling up her rear while the fox funnelled her down the bog, chin stretching to accommodate the teen's thighs, swelling the cheeks of the moaning substitute taur. -Mmpmpfgh- -GrShhrlllffth- Slurps were muted by the smacking and popping of the fox's night black lips.

Philip reached out for the girl who's smitten him with her charm, watching as she descended both in poise and throat. Blith's gullet stretched, hugged by the white shirt and cradled by the blazer, the bloat of the otter girl swelled as a couch pillow's sheet gorging on raw potatoes.

"S-stop," he begged, as bulges sculpted and compacted on the throat, Blith's tongue stirring up and slapping drool across Penny's back, drenching her blouse soggy.

With the otter thrashing and hitting her, the fox plucked a button free from her shirt. -BBWmmms- at once the bulge descended past the clothed border, a slam from Penny towards Blith's cheeks left her paws thrust into the throat, gasping as the maw enveloped her.

"P-philip, Zoel, get o-mmpffht-."

The girl's face laid framed by the jagged maw, resting on Blith's tongue before the muzzle snapped shut -Chmmmtc-. Blith cradled the lump in the neck, slurping and swaying her frame back and forth.

"Mmf, msma, ooomf," she cooed and hummed, tilting her head back and -Gllrlsbkl- chugging the mustelid as one fat bundle of meat, imprints and dents forming along the gullet as the girl sank past the breasts, gradually filling the stomach, stretches and thrashing morphing the flesh around her, engorging the white belly as a marshmallow exposed to heat.

-Bhhuraaallhp- A cloud of verdant smog rippled past Blith's lips, the fox hawking, and closing her maw, sloshing something between her cheeks.

"Plhhtahc" she spat out the black striped bandanna, unfurled in and dotted it along the edges of her mouth.

"Mmmf, that is a good chunk of chyme clay, nestled up firmly," she cooed and brushed her palms along the warping silhouette tracing over her gullet, smushing and kneading her hands into the droves of bundled otter. The squirms and squeals roused at the added pressure.

"The rest of you fudge fodder better return to mmpff, aah, your assignments, 'less you'd prefer the substitute teacher's special assignment for bratty balls of booty bonbon," she said with a slap to her gut with both hands, sensing a rousing -Shhrllgsth- through her gut, the ripples of which each other child could feel jolting through their spine, "which I have no qualms with sending the lot of you to, in case you'd think I'd give you a free pass," as the words free pass she twirled and let her hands roam back to her rear, grinding the cheeks together and giving the class a view of her quivering pucker smothered by her bountiful hams, along with a shiver beneath, throbbing to live at her satisfied grin.

-Ghbrbrbsllgh- growls in a mixture of Penny's struggles and the gut's gurgles waddled the air stiff as cotton stuffing. Philip's gaze affixed on the distended abdomen clogging up the substitute teacher, while she tended to the coursing bundles of belly bloats morphing along the stomach.

"Mmmfs, phaa, my ass is gonna enjoy its time with you, silt stain," Blith cooed, cupping bulges as they formed and squeezing them back to dampen the cries from within., "A bit more like that fart fuel," she huffed, grinding her rear against the teacher's desk, -Knngrrrg- The desk squeaked against the floor as she humped it back with her enticed hump.

-Bhghrlslgpsh- Her juggling lower tummy boiled with putrefied remains, snaking through her meat coils. -PBHHrrffwpth- Blith's convulsing rear fissure disgorged a ruffled tapestry of noxious yellow, the bubbling exhaust crossing through the brim with a slick patter of clapping meat. The towers of smog dispersed in the room, dressing it in the faintest citrine tint, wafting the scent of raw scallops and marshlands minced with salty tears and bureaucracy.

"Mmmfra, you'll be a darling and mmmff," Blith mentored her thrashing bulge as she pumped it down with both palms, "and go prod the rest of the staff that they are doing a mmf, sweet job fermenting into butt nectar?" -Bhghrlslsp-

"Mmfwrmmf-." Was heard from within the belly, before the palms mangled it down with a resounding -Shhrpgllgsh-

"Mmmfwa," Blith cooed as her pressure displaced the rebellious teen, chugging her deeper along the oncoming journey, tummy smoothing out 'til the substitute was fondling droves of pure fat, the otter warping her lower abdomen down to her feral abyss.

"Mmfaa, snug and succulent," She remarked and sauntered from the desk, passing between the gap of Zoel and Philip's desks.

"Don't let me bother, sweet lil' sewage stuffing," she mentioned while her stomach pried apart the teen's benches, wedged apart by the churning mountain of a stomach, "I am taking care of business" -Pphhffweerrth- she graced them with a plume of piss-hued vapours as she passed, rolling spirals of dense fog clawing out her brim, fanned into mists by the swipes of her tail to pollute their air in the earth-rich butt-bullion. The gust whipped though Philip's coat, fluttering his shirt and encasing his back in the guttural winds.

Philip clutched a palm over his muzzle, staring down at the paper on the desk to avoid the contamination, molten fur and dour onions clogging his nostrils, a corruption of the scents he noticed when the cleaning lady has passed by.

"Philly," Zoel kept her face down to the paper, scribbling nonsense to look busy. "This is madballs, we gotta get out of here."

-Bhuruaaallalepr- A bass-toned belch bellowed through the stiff air, -Spplfltrrch- a projectile comprised of tattered cloth dunked in drool arched from behind, slamming onto Zoel's desk, drenching them in a sprinkle of spittle while the bolus clump buried her notes and arms in gut-sogged felt.

"Oooh, Mmmf, scuse me, looks like you messed up your assignment," Blith appointed from behind. The fox rummaged through Penny's desk, picking out little chains and neckerchiefs, along with old packets of gum and tossing it all down her gob, whilst her rear rubbed up against Tung in the right side of the seat, the hefty taur bottom tilting the cheeselog bug crooked from tits weight, yet Tung merely huttered in fright.

"You know, mmgpgh, oomph, hold that thought, I have to let some more fumes loose," Blith held up a finger, her cheeks inflating with dunes of gas rolling up her gullet. -Brrheaaauurrlp- the gaseous forecast soared in a torrent through the air, splattering globules of saliva over the pike as Blith leaned close, -Ppfrtrth- Along with a bundle of rear exhaust fort Tung as Blith sauntered away from them.

"Aaah, you'll have to dig out your assignment, or I'll be digging your doughy butt bun body out of my ass with a shovel." Blith clasped a hold of Zoel's shoulders, leaning in to rest their chin against theirs, and nibble inches away from their face. -Shhrllfpt- Strokes of her tongue painted the stiffened fishgirl.

"You'd make a real, greasy chowder stretching out my tail-hole, fishy fudge fodder." Blith shoved herself free, leaving Zoel covering. She took her place in the front, toying with her gullet, giving them a visage of the future in the rustle of chunks and bones clogging up her middle, the bone-silhouetted droves surfacing as they scraped the insides of the gut. -Bbrwwefr- a puff of flatulence swam free into the air, to which the taur bore a smirk.

"You are all ending up as better students by the end of the day, or," she brought a palm down on her lower tummy, cupping her breasts with the other, "I'll be refining what little wroth your buffé bits's store to plump up my assets, mmf, and I think I prefer the latter." The fox said with her teeth flashing in her smile. "Mmmf, I think Penny has something to say on the matter," Blith chuckled and wiggled her tush towards the student's, a bubbling -Prbbpwpwpfhrth- rupturing through her brim, sending her tail waving as a flag on a pole and dousing the air in smokestacks of raw pungency filtering the odour of burning leather and armpit jerky into the air. "Phew, Mmmff aaww, yeah that was a hot and ready one, can't tell if it was your lil' friend or my entrées, she hasn't been churning for that longmmff-" -Fpprbrbfffweet- -Ffrit- -Brrrth- a rapid succession of fume bouts smacked out of her tush, the clouds of layering on with the previous smog, giving the room a look and smell of a premium aged gutter cheese. "Mmf, whoa, you'll all be greasy fox clumps by my end either way, so what does it matt-."

-Bbrnnng- -Bbrnng- A ringing of a phone cut through the intensity; ringtone vibrations intensified by the echo of a hollow desk.

Blith's eyes narrowed, then her eyelashes fluttered in a sweet guise.

"Who didn't listen to the rules?" she asked and folded her arms underneath her cleavage, drumming her fingers to her elbow as the tone kept ringing.

Philip swallowed his fright, his bones shaking in his flesh-.

"You can say it, come now, or do you want to give me an excuse to cram the lot of you chub deposits down my throat? I wonder if I can fit all you cupcakes down at once," she inferred and slathered her lips in saliva. "That sounds tempting, I'll give you a countdown, or I won't be able to control myself... four..." Zoel closed their eyes, looking down.

"Three..."

"That's mine," Tung claimed, shaking in their scales as they took the march towards the teacher's desk, holding up their phone, still vibrating in his grasp. Philip's shudders stopped, the calf tucking his tail between his legs, fist tightened as he saw the fox pluck the phone from him.

"Shame, I was looking forward to have you naughty bites in my neck," she lamented, to which Tung turned back with a sigh in their chest. "I'll have to make do with just you," he didn't get far before Blith clasped his shirt, hoisting him into the air, arm scrambling him above her drooling hatch. "You'll be a pleasant student and struggle enough for three? Mmf, all those scales are gonna feel so smooth when they are caked in dung and pouring out my ass," she mused and squeezed along Tung's sides.

"H-hey h-hey s-stop this at onmpch," the crustacean's body was curled up, rolled into her defensive state, with the fox's arms brushing and smushing him down to stay in position, a ball of throbbing, squealing scaled Tung, shirt ripped and torn through by their struggles, before Blith ferried the orb into her maw. -Spllrth- Her lips furled, warping over the dome of armour-clad meat, bulldozing the tessellated pattern of scales and soaking it in her drool.

"Mmffa mmfs, kids shouldn't be smoking, mmsd, but smoking up tasty dumplings like you on the other hand," She mumbled out through her clogged lips, lifting a leg and slamming it onto Philip's bench, gyrating her taur bottom while she chugged down his classmate -Bbrllfwpprrrth- bellowing a deluge of reeking steam into Philip's face, the calf shielding himself by his arms, yet the tendrils of feculent swamp-gas trickled through his defences and webbed his nostrils in the malodour. -Ppfbbrbrweehht- another burst of vapours knocked into him, flinging his arms to the side by the thrust of the concentrated smog. In the moment leaving Philip's vision freed to witness the jumbo beach ball bulge bloating out Blith's gullet, her cheeks filled, and jaws throbbled shut to close over the ball of Cheeselog soufflet. -Gllrlslbkl- The lump crammed downwards, walloped by the compression of the throat muscles, peristalsis locking the screaming boy in its domain. The

bloat inflated further down the woman's neck, separating her breasts under the swelling of a third jug, sinking from the surface of skin and fur into the engorged depths of the initial abdomen. -Ghhsrlpsh- The grind of meat squeaked out from her torso, her muffintops clasp the tummy bulge down, keeping the expansion in check as the soggy fox den silted and blossomed in bulk flowing down her throat, the orb of Tung unfurling to a mangled, frantically jerking and tossing occupant.

“Frrwmem, wmemeft.”

The voice rang out in desperation and pain, Philip's muscles steeling as he and Zoel exchanged looks, witnessing the fox claim another, and patting down her frame with encouraging moans.

“Mwaa, a bit dry, mmf, think you that is gonna brew into some nasty, dry heaves of flatulence, your scales will be wiping my bowels cleaned, mmmf, mammfa, all this fume fodder is gonna have me stuffing the whole school in my greasy farts,” She hummed to herself, kneading down her fists into her stomach and jiggling with a giggle of joy, sprawling back over the teacher's desk and groping to play with pockets of gurgling fumes -Pfbrbsgsl- -Brhwhrr- trapped in her gastric chambers, so quickly discarding the student as being anything but an object for her pleasure, and forgetting the audience gagging and quivering at her every breath of morbid gluttony.

~ 3 ~

As the classroom grew empty, the volume followed suit. -Grhsbbglls- Instead of faint twitches and nervous inhales, there were gurgles cutting through the silence, bloats stretching, malforming over the fox taur's stomach and accompanied by the velvet moans of the intimidating authority.

-Bhrarallpgh- “Mmaaaw, aaha, Mmf, heavy meal, tons of full of some delicious oohmmf...,” -Bhrhaalpuurp- the substitute teacher passed trembling gusts of gullet gales, strutting towards the only two occupied benches, “Mmf, gas gruel, all those chitin plates will be rustling as loose change, Mmm.”

Philip watched her pass their benches, the feeling of witnessing a ship pass but a hand length's away. -Thhwwmp- his bench scrambled under the hit of Blith's palm, slamming down on both desks.

“Is this an enriching experience for you as well? Do you need any oofh, another one down the cellar,” -she informed and stretched upwards as a -Bhrhrppflrth- bubble through her cheeks, though aimed away, it still contributed to the fumes fogging up detention, “any assistance, mmm?” She posed to the two, then turned to Zoel, resting her elbows on the desk buried in chyme drenched apparel, leaving Philip alone with her rear thrusting his bench away, leaving him intimate with the bare rust-dressed cheeks looming over his face.

“How is work coming along?”

Zoel gulped, dinning her hands back in the pile, “I-I am still, t-trying to dig it out.”

“Is detention boring you enough to make excuses?” Blith posed with a grin playing on her lips.

“I-I, just, n-no of course I am g-getting back to it now-”

“Really?” Blith said, leaning in, her shadow eclipsed Zoel's body, and her rear rumbled right by Philip's head.

“It looks to me as,” -Ghrbbslgth-, “ooogfm, that is a big one... I have to brass off this fart soo... mfff. Good...” She panted, letting her tongue hang out, whilst the growls travelled to her rear and pried her cheeks open with her convulsing pucker. -Brrrrphhfflllgshrlghs.- A cascade of damp vapours opened the floodgates for a deluge on congealed gastro-gunk, translucent colon phlegm fanning out in volleys of goo hail, pelting the calf in droves of teeming butt lube, -Spplflhth- and an array of sizzling cloth straps, burned into ribbons; once-white shards of calcium, tinted now in shades of umber, and a flurry of muddy clods of curled colon custard. -Sglprlsthbht-

Philip's vain attempt at blocking the mulch flung across him only drenched his arms in the pre-manure, and soaked his assignments under a humid pile of refuse. Seeing this, his ears stood on end.

“Mmph, a hot, thick one to clear the furnace~ mmd, oh, what is this?” Blith gave a glance over her shoulder and huffed. “Seems that neither of you can handle your assignments,” she said, drumming her fingers to Zoel's shoulder, “however, I could think of an alternative. I mmf, am in a good mood, after that one, and my rump needs some tender care.” Blith waltzed to the front, rear aimed to the kids, raising her tail to lift her damp skirts from it as an inviting curtain.

Philip exchanged dread with Zoel through a glance. Letting the ultimatum sink in, before standing in unison.

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-Chhrllsp- -Chhrllsf- Philip's tongue withdrew each time he subjected it to the flume-ride of dripping fluids and coagulated mud dollops, yet he and Zoel forced themselves back again, each covering one cheek, fists clutched to the rusty fur, feeling the jiggling of the cheeks through their arms and tongues while they brushed erratic strokes of saliva over the buttocks, scooping up dunes of the mire of fungoid plaster caked over Blith's cheeks. Zoel and Philip took turns diving deeper, holding the cheeks wider and wrenching at the sight of the other's tongue raking in filth and leaving trails of dampened fur in its wake, to the satisfaction of their captor. “Mmmff, a pair of janitors for my rump, mmm, think I would have use for that aftermmf aoo,” -Pffrhrth-, “once I am done with the school mulching for today, so mms, baking up a storm of fudge that is gonna clog my pit tight,” she narrated to herself, jostling her rear back into their faces, smashing her bottom's pudge moulded flat to their faces, wiping off streaks of mulch, reducing the students to effective toilet paper.

-Brrfpffwt- Their work interspaced with plumes of nitric fumes, further contaminating the air 'til everything had taken on a tint of lemon moss, purified produce, and cave-aged meat oozing from the polluted atmosphere, leaving the kids gagging and holding back an acid reflux to not tempt Blith's wrath.

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“Gnnrgmf...,” Zoel grumbled, huffing before plunging back in and treating the hams with her soggy carpet. -Shhglrl- But here she came upon a dollop of brown, shooting a poignant flavour right through her throat. “Phrha, gphsha,” she sputtered.

“Zoel, so enthusiastic, my pit yearns for to be swept clean, won't you do the honors?” at the last word, Blith bumped her rear back into Zoel's face, lodging their arm sandwiched between the buns, Philip stepping away from the cheeks out of fright.

“There is a real annoying, Rebellious slab of booty taffy just in there,” Blith sneered.

Zoel's fingers already tickled the pucker, she watched as the pliable circle of flesh sculpted over her finger, but clamped in tight before the wrist. The pike had to put pressure, dictate effort to persevere through the grueling -Shhrgrsll- dinge of flapping, filth-drenched meat grinding over her arm.

“Haa, so satisfying, just letting a good meal stew away past it being ready...” Blith reflected, clenching her brim around Zoel's wrist, compressing the mounds of meat to smear and buffer the smooth fish scales, a glare sent Philip dashing back to the rear, in his haste clashing with Zoel.

-Pbbwft- The pike crammed up against the rear, face slotted into the divide of butt fat, throbbing against their head, as the pucker warped and ensnared their elbow.

“A stew's quality ages with time, kept raw, brewing, steaming...” -Ppffrrwhh- Gas fumed in green pillars over Zoel, the clamp in the tight flesh allowing the rear to chug back another stretch of her arm.

“Amfmgn, heck I am st-u o-ohmmp.” Zoel bit their lip so hard her teeth made imprints in her skin. -Shhrgrgslt-. A suction of the rear tugged her flat to the brim, whole torso fitting into the crack, restricting movement to a faint glance over to Philip, whose arms shook between Blith's rear and reaching for them.

“And in any good stew, you wait patiently, until you add the fish.”

-Shhrllgpth- A slurp of porridge funnelled through an arm-thick straw warbled from the taur's hind, suckling on Zoel's torso, cramming in her head through the cheeks, shrift shoulder lodged past the abyss, the rest of her flailing as a rag doll tugged between two siblings, though in this case, one side was far older, and stronger. -Shhrrlsplt- -Cttwmwp- The cheeks wedged apart and clapped onto the scaled girl, pinning her flaring fins to her frame as it reeled her in past the precipice of the posterior.

-Pppgmr gmwmpth- -Pfbrbrfwht- Zoel's pleads drowned in an avalanche of fog, her struggles whipping up the clouds of dairy-drenched fog into stinking spirals sprawling through the premise. -Ghrskpg- Blith's taur guts bent, bulges blossoming from Zoel's thrashing, an oblong lump emerging and sinking repeatedly, mirroring the jabs of her free arm.

-Ghsb- The pucker greeted her head, girth inflating to gorge on her head, creeping over the sleek, lithe physique with a graze and grind of polished metal -Chylhsch.-

The little cow boy, fraught stiff, shook his head while his friend plunged into the bottom with rhythmic guzzles and thuds of pudge, Blith's moans cutting through the horrific juggle of her devouring rear – as a butterfly soaring across a battlefield.

“OOOmpfh, msmw, good and sleek to mmf get in deep, and scrape off any remnants of mulch along mm, my hot ass,” Blith cooed and brushed her tail over the compiled frame jutting out of her rear, only a mess of limbs wiggling and squirming for freedom, covered up by her fluffy hind appendage cuddling and guiding it into the grasp of her abdomen.

-Gbhrhrslg- Her lower gut wobbled at the pantomime of distress morphing along its engorged surface; bloats of Zoel's fists and face wrapped by Blith's rubbery stomach lining crafting distinct protrusions, morphing to reveal individual fingers trailing and grasping, her mouth miming for help, muted under the processing meat and chub buffer separating them from the classroom.

-Shhrgrslp- The rim contracted, the rotund orifice bulldozing over Zoel's hips, enveloping her thighs in a pressured clutch of meat, Blith grasping the teacher's desk and humping it with a delighted fervour rushing through her being, moans signifying childlike glee serenading her greasy bottom munching down the girl who had powered through the act of washing it down with tongue and mettle, egressing from view into the vitriol depth of Blith's intestinal bog.

“Mmmg, big, for your age, held back, were you, mmpf, I am tempted to hold you back myself,” Blith teased, her cheeks mangling into Zoel's sides, -Fflslrthh- easing the pressure to let a stretch of her decant from the pit, only to suction her in with improved vigour, -Ghhrbsllfth- “Mmf, don't grow lethargic on me, its oh smmfps,” -Fphhrrfth,- “So much more fun with a dildo that struggles, mm, though at this point, there is snot but a batch of butt bulk back there, isn't that trurrrrmmpgh,” Blith crooned and clenched her cheeks, compacting her pudgy mounds over the student's feet, submerging them into the clutch of her body, once the buns eased open, Philip glanced the white casks wrapped over the toes sunk into the flower of rugose meat, the brim bulging over them, twitching at the struggles still enacted by the child, before they reeled inwards, convexing and flattening once more, clad with naught but webs of crude dung tethers still clogging her brim.

“Phhaa, hoaa,” Blith cooed, bloats traversing into her mountainous middle, yet soon joining the mounds of contorting rubble, skeletal contours and ribbed ridges sailing across the ocean of stomach flab.

“Mmppo, Mm, ooh, oh that is my guts, masticating you, a good snack for you, isn't it my, big, pretty tum?” Blith cooed and asked her stomach, massaging it by pinching her knees into the

side of the bobbing belly bulk. -Bhhglrps.- “Mm your naughtiness won't stop, you have been more to say, perhaps you can at least mmm, make it big enough to stand as an example to your peers?” she chanted while rousing, kneading, cradling her low hanging midsection, the sagging colon churning and drowning the cries and flails in raw chyme and filth. -Bhrrssbrl- A bubble of a pressure cooker stuffed with intestines ruptured through her congested frame, the fox moans peaking while her shake and jiggles sent her stomach slapping into her stiffening shaft, Philip watching the teacher's mast raised, thick and pulsating with expanding veins whilst the cauldron tossed and churned their contents in a wok of dirt and grime.

-PPBBfrrrppwwrt- The rustled culminated in a thunderous horn bellow, a trombone of terror barfing a maelstrom of piquant, festering mist streams. Caustic odours flung free with knitted filaments of dung and putty-thick gut lube, flying as birds away from a distant storm.

-PPGbrhhshts- On the winds of rear malevolence the dung chute disgorged a pair of once-white socks, pantyhose, skirt, and tattered t-shirt, flooding full with the gusts tearing into their fabric and flowing through their holes with the breeze of rich manure and sunburnt crab odour.

Philip clutched over his muzzle, in protection from the sticky tangs in the air that hooked jagged talons into his nostrils, and at the sight of Zoel's clothes, fluttering, soaked, plastering across desks and the floor -Klgllftwp-. His eyes trailed from the collection of clothing -laid bare in a mock crime scene to his side- and the propped-up flanks, belonging to an amused and pleased monster, posing as a teacher.

“Mmmfa, short journey for some, but mmrf, a crucial part in making sludge in that soft silt consistency,” Blith cooed to herself, occupied by her own enjoyment, until her gaze descended upon Philip – the lone student.

“Oh, look at that, you've made it through detention, whole and with your assignment completed,” she mused, her tail brushing over her rim and cheeks, still stained in his and Zoel's saliva. “I must congratulate you, a model student, you've been a very good boy,” Blith assured him, stepping up and brushing the back of her hand over his cheeks.

Philip lowered his guard, shaken, stiff as a popsicle, yet her words were ever sweet. The brief enjoyment was robbed, when her fingers latched onto him, cupping his chin.

“Good boys, are best saved for last.”

Septia