

Fitting In, (All the Way in!)

(A furry fantasy by Anima. Contains explicit sex, vore, and UB)

"Anima? Krys? I'm home!" The apartment door swung open to admit a black plushie vixen. Looking from side to side curiously, Windsor called again. "Is anyone home?" Windsor's face broke out in a huge grin, as a tiny little anthro-fox came running up to him across the carpet. "There you are Steve!" Shi bent her head, nuzzling the microfox, and knocking him over in the process.

"Oops. Sorry cutie... Where is everybody?"

Steve squeaked out something, waving his arms while he struggled to gain his feet once again. Finally, he just took off again, waving his arm in a signal to follow.

Windsor shrugged his little shoulders, and trotted after her pet with a tail-flounce. Panting and exhausted, Steve collapsed against the door frame of the kitchen and squeaked something weakly.

"Oh, they're with Mom and Dad? Alright... I'll just wait out here and eavesdrop." Giggling quietly to himself, the cuddly little fox flopped down against the kitchen door and pressed a soft pointed ear to its surface. Several voices could be heard within...

"He actually said that?!"

Windsor frowned. Anima sounded upset!

"Yep. It was probably the nicest way he could have put it, too." Krys' tone was one of disgust.

"Well...what can we do? It isn't as if we have a union to complain to. As far as the world's concerned, we're just freaks! But freaks with no legal protection."

"Don't say that, Tad! Please don't..."

"Sorry love. That's just how it feels..."

"At any rate, Windsor's job is in peril. I won't have him lose it! Shi loves working with those kids."

Windsor couldn't believe her ears! Her job? In peril?! But...everyone there seemed to adore her! Not just the kids at the Children's Services compound, but the social workers too. Who could have complained? The little fox looked down at the floor, catching sight of Steve again. Still panting a little from his run, the microfox abruptly stood on his head. Delighted at this new trick, and momentarily losing her line of thought, Windsor grinned.

"That's wonderful, Steve! We'll have to show Anima and Krys when they come out." Oh. Back to that thing about work. Who could've complained? Wait, the conversation inside was resuming...

"Who was that Mr. X that complained, anyways? All the director would say was that he was an influential entity that his department couldn't afford to ignore."

"Read me that quote again, Krys."

"Alright, and listen up this time, cat! Ahem. 'The creature you call Windsor cannot be employed by this facility. Her innocuous appearance is indeed misleading, but let me assure you, beneath that fluffy exterior is a voracious, ravening beast! She ATTACKED me, assaulted me verbally with a number of obscene insults, before, before..... Ahem. She must be dismissed immediately, and delivered into the hands of the police. Or animal control. I don't care, but get her out of HERE!'"

Windsor made a soft 'oh' of comprehension. Shi knew who had complained. A slimy looking man had barged into the outdoor play area that past Thursday, demanding to see his child. Shi'd led him obediently enough to the tot, who promptly began screaming bloody murder the instant he clapped eyes on his 'father.' Smooth-talking the whole time, the man had tried to make off with the howling child...

Windsor grinned wickedly. He hadn't gotten far. The tiny, cuddly fox had grown to a big plush beast of ten feet in length, gently relieved the awful adult from his screaming burden, then punted the guy over the fence. Shi had followed, indeed insulting the creep, then proceeded to urinate on him. Steve was chuckling squeakily at the pleased look on his mistress' face as shi recounted that satisfying moment. Of course the children had been thrilled! It was all a grand adventure to them, and the rescued boy clung close to Windsor for the rest of that day and the next...

So, he'd been important, hmm? Well, shi'd take him to court rather than lose hir job...

"But surely the staff can't believe that report? They know Windsor's gentle, loving and kind..." That was Reya's voice.

"Gentle, loving, and kind to the *children*, Reya sweetie, but not to creeps. There're several witnesses to similar incidents among the staff. It seems Windsor defends hir charges well! Some of the offenders actually disappeared for long periods after meeting our little plush vixen."

A round of chuckles rumbled in the kitchen, Anima's a rumble sort of amused purrrr. A soft whimper suddenly drifted down the hall from Reya and Tad's room, alerting everyone who bothered to listen that little Tim, Reya's newborn, was awake. Before anyone stepped out, Windsor decided to make an entrance. Nosing the sliding door open, shi flounced into the warm kitchen.

"Hi everyone! I'm home from work. Timmy's up. You just have to see Steve's new trick!"

Uncomfortable glances turned to tolerant smiles when it became evident Windsor was unaware of their conversation. Steve was duly brought in, placed on the kitchen table, and watched by four pairs of vulpine eyes and one pair of golden kitty ones. Steve flipped over and stood on his head, tail held away from his body to help him balance. Heady with all the attention, the tiny fox did his best, and remained upright for a full thirty seconds before toppling over and rolling into a napkin full of cookie-crumbs. Squeaking happily at this fortuitous landing spot, he began cramming crumbs into his little muzzle.

"Adorable, isn't he... See! Sometimes living in the backwash of an Inter-Dimensional corridor is advantageous!" Windsor crowed, scooping fox and crumbs into an upturned paw. The others grumbled good-naturedly. Lots of creatures came through that ID corridor, and so far, only Anima and Steve had

been positive additions to the household. All the rest...well...best not to dwell on those too closely. Especially considering where some of them had gone. Windsor eyed Anima's flanks, and guessed that another unwelcome guest had popped in during the day. At least it saved on the grocery bill!

"Anyways, we have something to talk to you about, bright eyes." Anima rose with Reya when she went to check on Timmy. The great cat stretched, and padded over to butt his mate gently.

"You mean what you were all just talking about? I heard most of it. No worries! I'll talk to the director tomorrow." Slack-jawed, the others all stared at the vixen.

At last, with a lopsided grin, Tad broke the silence. "Figures. So what's for supper?"

Chapter 2

True to his word, Windsor made straight for the director's office the next day. Nosing at the door, then scratching irritably, he waited for someone to let him in. Finally, the door swung inward, revealing the stooped, balding figure of the compound's director. Of course, it took him a moment to notice the patiently waiting vixen at his feet.

"Who...? Oh! Windsor! Thank you for coming, I needed to see you." He stepped politely aside, and gestured for his vulpine employee to enter. Windsor did so, holding his luxurious tail proudly aloft.

"Well, I think we have the same topic in mind for discussion, Mr. Tillit. Please, sit down, this may take awhile!" Tillit did so, looking sheepish. "This is about that awful man who complained the other day about me?" Shi asked.

Tillit nodded slowly. "Yes Windsor, that's it exactly. You see, that man is part of the Social Services Board...and he could very well be the deciding vote in that desperately-needed fund increase for our department. Thus, we're trying to accommodate him in any way we can. Did you...really...treat him the way he described?" Tillit looked like he was trying hard to trust his employee over an outside source.

Windsor nodded cheerfully, his soft ears flopping a bit. Tillit's face fell. "Yep! I did everything he mentioned, and a whole lot he didn't. I noticed he didn't mention his attempted kidnapping of his foster-son...or my part in safely returning that child to our protection." Tillit sat up straight, his face going red.

"Are there witnesses to this?" He blurted.

"Oh, yes. A dozen children, and perhaps another attendant. I wasn't paying attention to who was there really...but I'm sure plenty of people saw it!" Windsor murrred smugly to himself, and gave one of his forepaws a few distracted licks. Tillit leaned back in his chair again, blowing his breath out between his lips. Windsor managed to conceal a giggle. Tillit really was an old softie, who had probably never fired an employee in his life. Shi was totally unconcerned.

"Hmmp. Well. I suppose we need to confront this man again, regardless of the effect on our funds. We can't ignore an attempted crime just to benefit ourselves! But Windsor...I'm afraid I'll need to put you on indefinite leave until this is resolved. Too many other people have seen that complaint, and feelings against you are on the rise."

Windsor made a face. "So I'm stuck at home until this is cleared up? What'll I do in the meantime..." Windsor trailed off, remembering that Anima had no work at the moment, and grinned hungrily. "Never mind. It won't be a problem. But get me back in as soon as you can! The kids and I will miss each other!"

Tillit nodded quickly, rather alarmed at that grin of a few seconds ago. "Of course! Of course! Now, say goodbye to your kids for now, and go on home. We'll call you when the police need your testimony. Maybe you should think about enlisting the aid of a lawyer as well."

Windsor nodded, his mood slightly dampened in the face of such extreme measures. Oh well... "Alright sir. Thanks for listening to my side of this! See ya when I see ya!" Windsor leapt across the desk onto Tillit's chest, and treated his boss to a brief, murrrry snuggle before bounding out the door.

Smiling somewhat stupidly, Mr. Gordan Tillit mopped his brow with a hankie. "I don't think I'm ever going to get used to that fox!"

"But Windsor! What about Little Bear? You were going to tell us about their picnic today..." Tommy scowled, squatting down to talk to his friend face-to-muzzle. Windsor bumped him with his cool nose, startling Tommy into a giggle.

"Oh, Cindy can read you that. Just make sure she doesn't start on the next book! I'm gonna read you all that one."

"But when, Windy?" Julie whined, kneeling and wrapping her thin little arms around Windsor's furry neck."

Windsor murrred soothingly, swishing his tail around to brush-tickle the pale little girl's calves. "As soon as I can. You'll all throw me a welcome-back party when I return, right?"

A chorus of excited affirmatives made Windsor's smile broaden. "Great! We can all look forward to that then. Later!" Windsor gently untangled his little body from the clinging children, leaped over the fence, and trotted towards the bus-stop. It wasn't a long walk, and soon the vixen was lounging patiently on a bench by the bus-stop sign. When it pulled up in a cloud of exhaust, Windsor hopped down and trotted with two other people up the steps and inside the bus.

Smiling fondly, the driver reached down to scratch Windsor's ears as she padded past. "Hi there missy! Going home early today, aren'tcha?"

Windsor nodded, jumping up into the seat right behind the driver. A surprised toddler found him on his lap, and chuckling happily, stroked the soft 'doggy' while she told the driver what was going on. By the time they'd reached his stop, he was thoroughly disgusted by the whole incident.

"You should've eaten him!" He scolded Windsor, only half-joking. The little plushie shrugged, artfully flicking his tail out of reach of the toddler. He liked to tug on it...

"Eat that slimy, weaselly dirtbag!? No THANK you! If he comes back though, and if I have some ketchup on hand, I'll think about it." The friends exchanged winks, and Windsor escaped the child's lap to exit the bus. From there, she trotted a block or so to the apartment building.

Tenants talking out front smiled at her as she entered.

"Hi Windsor!"

"Afternoon, foxie!"

Windsor grinned at them both, and thanked them for opening the door. Down the hall, up a flight of stairs, and down another hall, Windsor found the apartment. The door was casually ajar; Anima had no need to fear his neighbors.

"Hey kitty! I'm home!" Windsor bounced inside, and gasped!

Anima, his beautiful, gentle mate, was lying on the living room carpet, eyes glazed and jaws agape. Wet choking sounds came from the wet pit of the panther's jaws. Windsor leapt into action! Diving head first into Anima's jaws, she peered down his throat. There was something down there... Struggling to fit his body inside his mate's throat, Windsor wriggled down within reach of the object. Seizing the thing with his claws, Windsor quickly backed out, fur matted and slimy with drool. Anima coughed a few more times, depositing Windsor on the carpet beneath his head. Moaning weakly, he rolled onto his back and took some deep, badly-needed breaths.

Meanwhile, Windsor was eyeing the thing in his paws. Partially coated with whipped cream and M&Ms, the round object defied identification... Wiping some of the stuff off, the vixen gaped! It was a soccer ball... Just the right size to clog a giant panther's throat. Windsor shoved the sticky thing away, and ran to his mate!

"Anima! Are you alright now? How's your throat?" Anima gurgled a second more, then formed words.

"I, I'm okay now. Thanks love... With my air cut off, in a panic, I couldn't concentrate enough to shape-change out of danger. My throat's fine, thanks..."

Windsor cuddled up close under the big feline's chin. "But what happened?! Why is that ball covered with whipped cream?"

Anima laughed once, a harsh sound. "Someone had a cake delivered to me. It looked so good...and I thought I heard Kry's coming home... You know how she's been ragging on me lately to eat fewer sweets, so I gobbled it in one bite. When I swallowed, that ball stopped me up tight!"

Windsor sighed. This wasn't the first time one of their family had been threatened, but this was the first attempt that had come this close to doing damage!

"They got at you through your stomach, you greedy cat!" Windsor giggled weakly, nibbling Anima's chin fur.

He sighed, nodding, then turned his head to stare at the offending object. "Maybe Tad and Reya can take it in to the department and try to lift fingerprints...or DNA traces. I don't want enemies like these running around!"

Windsor nodded emphatically.

Anima tilted his head. "But...why are you home? Not that I'm complaining! I'd have been in deep, um, trouble if you hadn't shown up when you did..."

"I'll tell you later. For now, I'll just say that I'm on leave for awhile, so we can play!" Windsor upped his size until shi matched his lover's twenty-foot body, and lovingly embraced him with all four paws. Purrrrrrrrs and Murrrrrrrrs blending seamlessly, the couple just cuddling for a half hour or so. Kry's loved it when they did that, always going on about how romantic it was. Windsor grinned as shi replayed the latest such scene in his head. Just as Kry's finished spouting sentiment, Windsor had gripped his mate tightly and rutted him. Ooooh, the look on that vixen's face!

Anima apparently had something similar in mind today, as his firm black shaft was growing quickly between his silky belly and Windsor's plush one. Chuckling with delight, Windsor hitched his body up on the panther's until the slick lips of his cunnie touched upon Anima's cock tip. Sex with his mates was always so delicious...

"Mmm, I'm gonna love having you to myself for awhile, foxie..." Anima purrrrrumbled sensually, thrusting solidly to bury himself deep inside his mate. Windsor MMMMmmurrrrrrred!

"Me too, you big black stud!" Shi giggled, wrapping his tail around the cat's hindlegs, using the tip to tantalizingly tickle his sac. When shi began clenching his inner muscles around the hot, throbbing intrusion in his loins, Anima gasped for breath like a beached fish.

"L-lover, yesss! Harder!" Windsor complied, clamping his soft tunnel tight around Anima's penis. "OHHHH, pull me deeper into you, YEAH!" Anima groaned out the words between thrusts, eyes squeezed tightly shut. Windsor murrrrrrred, eyes slitted with pleasure, and did just that.

A deft tug with his muscles snugged Anima's belly and sac so tightly against his, that movement became impossible. Instead of thrusting, Windsor just let his muscles massage Anima to orgasm. It came soon enough, given that the panther had had no release since the night before, (almost nine hours ago! Horrors!) He tensed and growled loudly as his seed jetted through his member, and splashed up inside Windsor. By then, the herm's cock was firm too, rubbing through the silky fur of Anima's belly and leaving a glistening slime trail of pre-silk...

As soon as every drop of spooge had been squeezed from his mate's member, Windsor scooted back down Anima's body, and probed his tailhole with his shining pink penis.

"Lemme in love, I've gotta give this cum back to ya!" With a quiet moan of desire, he twitched his tail out of the way, and relaxed his sphincter. Spreading him wide open, Windsor shoved his well-lubed member home, a good foot of thick cock up the cat's rear. Shuddering in reaction, the panther dug at the carpet with his claws as he recognized that lovely sensation of abrupt *filling*. Shi thrust once, twice,

three times, rubbing hir belly against Anima's, before shi felt the need to release.

'Already?' Shi thought, amazed at the lack of control on hir part! But there it was... Shuddering with the ecstatic explosion, Windsor's cock bucked and spurted a gallon or so of hot cum into hir lover's bowels. Anima mewled softly in surprise as the warm ooze slid into his body. Windsor never let go so soon! But he could feel hir spoooge spraying against the soft tissues of his insides. Sloshing gently, he squeezed his legs around Windsor, and sighed with pure satiation.

"What'll we do when Krys gets home, love? Will we be recharged by then?" He murmured purrrily. Windsor made a sleepy, noncommittal sound, and drifted off to sleep, hir still-erect member plugging Anima's warm ass.

"Hope so... ZZzzzzzzzz...SnxxXXRxxxx..." Anima shook his head, grinning ruefully. Shi must've had a real wringer of a day, no matter how short. Shi never fell asleep right after making love. Really, Windsor didn't sleep much at all! Anima pondered silently, his tail flicking gently to and fro on the rug. He'd make an appointment with the doctor...

Chapter Three

Windsor awoke with a pinkly gaping yawn, nestled in hir lover's 'arms.' The great cat's forelegs were curled together, gently clasping the still giant-sized vixen to his warm self.

"Murrerrr, wake up lovey. We can't sleep this nice vacation day away!" Anima responded slowly to Windsor's coaxing, coming awake by stages. First, the denial.

"I don't wanna wake up... Lemme sleep..." Second, bargaining.

"Come on love, just give me another few minutes--" Thirdly, he got angry.

"It's a vacation day! Sleeping is strictly encouraged!" Well, as angry as the gentle cat got anyway; it was more like whining. Fourth, finally, acceptance.

"Sigh, alright...make me some coffee though? That nice highland grog stuff?" Windsor was happy to oblige, now that shi was sure the panther was on his way to achieving consciousness once more.

Trotting into the kitchen and shrinking as shi went, shi reached a size close to human. Windsor pushed hir forepaws off the ground, and balanced on hir hindlegs. Moving about in this fashion, the vixen quickly gathered the necessary materials and concocted two containers of coffee. One, for himself, was a mere mug, while Anima's was a sturdy clay bowl. Lured into the room by the tantalizing scent of the coffee, the panther prowled his way sleepily towards the table. Tad, Reya, and Krys weren't far behind. Windsor had foreseen this, and prepared a mug for each of the foxes. Settling down at their spots at (or under) the table, the little group sat in drowsy, cozy silence, broken only by quiet sipping.

Windsor took a moment to admire hir parents, the two anthro-foxes: Tad and Reya. They looked tired...perhaps Tim hadn't slept well. Clad in matching bathrobes, the two foxes made a lovely pair, despite their sleepy-head expressions. Crimson fur interrupted by white along their bellies, and black 'socks' and 'boots' lent them an exotic appearance. Unfortunately, their navy blue police uniforms didn't match well at all with their pelts... Tad had mentioned the department might be switching to black uniforms though, which could be an improvement.

Windsor was shocked from hir thoughts by Krys' voice.

"What were you two doing last night, Windsor? I've never seen you asleep when I get home! And you only woke up long enough to tell us about that soccer ball. You couldn't even make it to the bed?" Krys grinned, hir tone gently teasing. The stunning vixen had elected to come to breakfast wearing only some oversized boxers, and Windsor licked hir chops appreciatively at the view. What a fox!

"Umm, dunno Krys. Kitty and I had a tumble yes, but I suppose I just collapsed afterwards. Was that it, love?" Windsor peeked under the table, where Anima was wound around the stem supporting the dining surface. This was a lovely arrangement, as the furs seated around the table had a wonderfully warm feline to place their feet on or against.

"Mmhmm. I'm a little worried about that, in fact. I want to schedule a doctor's appointment," replied the sleepy cat.

Krys blinked. "You think? Maybe it's only the recent unpleasantness. I know if something like that had happened to me, I'd lose my rhythm. Shouldn't we wait?" Anima shook his head firmly.

"Not going to take the chance." Windsor giggled at the implied protective love, and slid out of hir chair to hug the panther's neck.

"Love you too, sweetie. We'll go today, all three of us."

In the clinic's waiting room, the three furry creatures found themselves quite alone. Apparently, their presence had had a miraculous recuperative effect on the humans! The other waiting patients began to feel better the moment the trio had padded inside, and each left as quickly as they could without rumpling their dignity. The secretary glared at the sheepish trio.

"You can go in now." She gritted. Anima nodded meekly, rose, and pushed open the door leading back into the clinic. Krys and Windsor followed right behind the great cat, as he turned in to examination room #3. Windsor cheerfully leapt up onto the rusty paper-covered table, while Krys took a chair. After a moment's consideration, Anima flopped down against the far wall, taking up most of the tiny room's floor space.

A nurse arrived promptly, and undaunted by her patients, smiled brightly. "Hi! What seems to be the trouble with," She hastily checked her chart. "Windsor?"

Krys cleared her throat, returned the nurse's smile, and explained the symptoms. "Well Miss, shi's been sleeping more often lately, and for longer periods. That's *really* unusual for hir."

"Plus, I get a stomachache sometimes after I wake up. Not a nice one either! A retchy sort of ache." Windsor piped up, curling his tail around his legs and addressing the nurse. She nodded, frowning thoughtfully.

"I can't make the diagnosis, but it sounds to me like the little foxy's, um, 'in the family way.'" All three stared at the nurse uncomprehendingly. "That is, pregnant." Looks of astonishment replaced puzzled ones.

"Pregnant?! Well... I always supposed if it *could* happen it would've happened months ago..." Windsor grinned slyly at his panther mate. Anima seemed to blush, but it was impossible to be certain.

"I'll call the doctor in, and he can do some tests. Um, can you provide a urine sample?" Windsor giggled and nodded, his ears flopping cutely.

"Sure, when I'm in the mood, and if you're into that kind of thing..." Windsor broke off as Krya directed a sharp glare at him. "Um, that is, where's the john?"

"PREGNANT?!" Tad and Reya stared at their cub, then at the other two furs, at each other, then back to the cub. Windsor sighed, shaking his head with long suffering patience.

"That's the third time you've said that, all in caps! Stop that! I'm not dying..." Windsor snorted, and curled up on the couch.

"But, but, a cub! Or even a litter?! You're not even three years old... Well... I guess that doesn't apply here." Reya tickled her husband abruptly, laughing with just a hint of hysterics. "We're gonna be grandparents! At twenty years of age! Well, for you anyway. I really don't know how old I am. But grandparents!" Tad was laughing, tears rolling down his cheeks as the vixen mercilessly attacked his most ticklish spots. Timmy, on his back near his parent's feet, gurgled happily up at them.

Anima on the other paw looked on the foxish couple with apparent disdain...or was that horror? He mumbled something about tickling, and left for the bedroom. Krya looked after him, concerned.

"Um, Windsor? Can I see you a minute? In the kitchen?" The two vixens left the other fox couple to their play-fight, retreating into yellow linoleum sanctuary.

"What's wrong with the kitty lover?" Shi whimpered, staring at the closed kitchen door. Krya scratched Windsor's ear, noting Steve's presence in his headfur. Silly microfox...

"I, I think he suspects someone besides him sired your cub." Krya said in a rush, watching Windsor's soft, plush face for the merest reaction. Windsor frowned.

"That's silly. I only mate with you and the kitty, no matter how much I tease and flirt! He should know better than that!" Krya watched, fascinated, as Windsor's huge fluffy tail frizzed. The thing nearly blocked her view of the opposite wall, it'd expanded so much! Shaking her head to dismiss that tangent, she stroked Windsor's cheek.

"Just tell him that, sweetheart. He'll feel much better hearing that from your lips."

Windsor cocked his head. "Did you ever...sleep with someone else Krys? Did Anima?"

Krys took a deep breath. "Um...only before you were born I think. Reya made love with Anima, and Tad and I had a roll in the hay at the same time. And before you all arrived, I had some human boyfriends..." She sighed gently. Windsor, curious, pounced into Krys' lap and mutely demanded more details. Krys' voice became a little distant, as her thoughts traveled back to a dusty, neglected department in her memory. Out rolled the rusty file cabinet drawer, and out came the three photographs. Was there something significant about that number of lovers? Three? Krys pushed that aside and examined her mental snapshots.

Mark: Tall, awkward, shy. He had a mop of blond hair that was always falling into his eyes... She'd thought it was sexy, and by telling him so, had gained more of an adoring puppy than a boyfriend. He'd been so sweet... But they'd had a fight over school... The extent of their relationship now was the occasional Christmas card.

Franc: An average height, C student with artistic leanings. Franc was African, from the CAR, and had come from his native country to study at the best American school he could. They'd hit it off the first time they talked. Close friends turned into casual lovers. Then Franc had been required to return home, when his parent's company met financial ruin. The letters had stopped years ago.

Sylvester: The very picture of a hunk. Though slightly blurry now, Krys' picture still depicted him as a Greek god in a leather jacket and jeans. No one had ever been so romantic with her, or so controlling... Each had made a little place for themselves in Krys' warm heart, and when they departed, they'd ripped out their respective pieces, leaving the vixen less than she had been...

"Sorry Windsor, what did you say?" Krys stirred herself.

"I asked you if didn't want to talk about it." Shi murred, soothingly rubbing his muzzle against Krys' belly. Steve squeaked softly, hugging some vixen tummy-fur. Smiling at the display, Krys ruffled the hermy fox's fur.

"I don't mind. Let me tell you about humans..."

Chapter Four

Anima was sulking. Curled up on the bed with his back to the door, he scowled at the world.

"Yeah, like shi would just get preggers *now*, after years of constant sex! Sorry, don't buy it. Bet shi found himself a nice male fox who--" Krys' paw swung out of nowhere, connecting resoundingly with the panther's sensitive muzzle. Anima YOWLED and sprang to his paws! His mate stood there, fists on hips, glaring.

"Windsor heard that as shi was coming in to talk, you miserable cat! I suggest you go apologize like your life depended on it!" Anima scowled fiercely and started to form a retort. Krys beat him to it.

"And no, shi has not been cheating. Who KNOWS what goes on in that plush little vixen's body? Maybe shi's reached the age when shi can go into heat. Maybe your own over-inflated balls are screwy! Could be hir diet for pete's sake! Ever think of that? Huh? Just get out." Krys turned away from the now-contrite panther, quivering with suppressed emotion. A gentle headbutt touched upon her right hip.

"I'm sorry love, I know I'm being awful. Just try and forget the whole thing, while I go talk to Windsor." Krys nodded silently, sniffing, and patted the cat on the head as he turned to go.

It took Anima nearly fifteen minutes to locate his small mate. He found her in a clothes hamper, whimpering softly and talking to Steve. Anima plucked the microfox out of the basket with his lips, and set him down on the carpet.

"Leave us alone a bit Steve, would you?" Nodding and quite terrified, the tiny vulpine took off for the kitchen.

"What do you want? Came to tell me to my muzzle what a nasty slut I am?" Windsor growled, refusing to look up at Anima.

"No Windsor, I came to apologize. I wasn't thinking..."

"That's for sure!"

"And I hope you'll forgive me, no matter how little I deserve it..."

"....."

"Windsor?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay?"

"Umm... Yes. Sorry kitty. I forgive you. I hate being mad... But don't EVER accuse me of something like that again! I don't share my body with anyone but you and Krys." The little vixen pounced out of the basket and onto Anima's head, settling between his pointed ears. Rolling his eyes up towards his lover, Anima smiled weakly.

"Thanks sweetie. Let's go talk with Krys."

"Talk? I'm gonna screw her silly. You'll help. won't you?" Anima chuckled.

"Okay..."

A howl of shock and/or pain brought Tad and Reya running to Anima's room! The scene inside was...unreal. A huge Windsor, a little bigger than Anima even, had Krys pinned to the wall with his rear. Beneath him was Anima, obviously being humped enthusiastically by the big black vixen. Krys, covered with vaginal slime, was howling as Windsor's thrusting slowly drove her body into the herm's pussy.

"Is that such a good idea, with him being pregnant and all?" Reya asked Tad, watching the scene with interest.

"Ummmm.....what? Did you say something love?" Tad was fixated, eyes wide and glazed, pants distended in front... Sighing good-naturedly, Reya grabbed Tad's tail and tugged him off to their own bedroom.

Krys spluttered and gulped air as Windsor thrust his mammoth member into Anima's tailhole, stretching the cat's insides impressively and momentarily bringing his soggy rear off his face. Then those haunches rolled back, and sloppy labia pinned her arms to her sides... Windsor wriggled his hips, angled his rear a little differently, and his cunt overlapped the other vixen's head! Feeling the round firmness of Windsor's clit between her ears, Krys rubbed up against it in an attempt to distract the vixen. She couldn't afford to be absorbed into the herm, not with work and all!

Hot sticky flesh all around her, Krys whimpered and tried to win free... This time when Windsor impaled Anima, his pussy did not release her... She was firmly stuck! A sudden contraction of muscle jerked Krys off her feet and deeper inside, past the netherlips and into the canal waiting behind it. The intense musk made Krys dizzy, and despite her fear and discomfort, the scent made her own nethers start drooling... The sound muffled through the plush vixen's body, Windsor screamed and gushed gallons of sperm up his mate's silky ass, his whole body shaking in the throes of his orgasm! Responding to the male orgasm, Windsor's vagina spasmed once, twice...then exploded into an orgasm of its own! Squishy flesh crushing her all around, Krys cried out in mingled passion and fear. His clitoris rubbed the silken inner surface of Windsor's cunt just as the rest of her body did, stimulating her deliciously...

But... What would happen to her if she went any further in? Then she remembered something. Windsor's womb already had an occupant. Oh NO! Krys fought like a fury to escape the quivering tunnel of heated sex! But despite her frenzied efforts, she only sank deeper and deeper. The temperature rose, bubbles of musky air grew further between, and the contracting ripples grew more powerful with every inch she slid. Silken, slick, soft and smooth, nothing could be more comfortable than lounging in Windsor's cunt... But for that little matter of breathing and moving... But, forget all that, Krys couldn't do this! Kicking her legs in the air as Windsor's cunt 'swallowed' her last bits down, Krys screamed as loud as she could! No good. Windsor's plush body was just too muffling! Tears mingled with vaginal lube as Krys stopped struggling and let herself be absorbed. No stopping it now...

Windsor rolled onto his side beside Anima after they'd finished, Krys hardly a bulge in his heaving flanks. Anima, his tailhole dilated and seeping liquid silk, seized his mate around the neck and began washing him.

"Hey! I can, *giggle* wash myself kitten! I'm a big foxie!" Anima backed off in mock-fear as Windsor threatened him with a soft, fluffy paw.

"Hmm...well, if I can't wash you, would a bellyrub be okay?" The panther grinned, raising his invisible

furbrows inquiringly.

Windsor oooohed! "Well, you never outgrow those. Rub away, my pantherly stud!" Sliding over to get his paws at Windsor's rounded tummy, Anima considered a moment.

"After what we did, wouldn't I be your big pantherly bitc.... Uh oh. Windsor...you took Krys into your womb."

Windsor nodded, puzzled. "So?"

"Who does she have for company in there?" Anima whispered, horrified. Windsor laughed, and squeezed his hindlegs around the big cat. This pressure inadvertently squeezed a few cups of sperm out of Anima's rear, splattering Windsor's belly.

"No worries. I know my body. Unless she starts in on me with her claws and teeth, Krys can't do a thing to harm me or the litter." A great gust of relief from Anima made Windsor frown.

"You didn't really think I'd endanger our offspring...did you?" Anima's look of horror returned! He'd have to think fast to avoid the vixen's wrath...

"Ummm, well, I know you're far too level-headed to make a mistake like that *normally* but we both know you can get carried away in the throes of passion so--"

Windsor sighed, smiling and shaking her head. "Come here you lug. I'll think of something you can do to redeem yourself after that..."

Krys squirmed in the birth canal, her head pressed tightly against Windsor's cervix. The fleshy valve was gradually giving way, much to Krys' dismay! Slowly, ears folded tight to her skull by the narrow aperture, the fox's head entered the womb. Warm soothing fluid engulfed her immediately, cutting off Krys' already-meager air supply. Using every modicum of self-control she possessed, Krys remained calm. Maybe if she tried very hard not to disturb the womb's contents, she could reduce the damage done. So, going fully limp, Krys suffered herself to be drawn up totally inside the warm flooded chamber of Windsor's womb.

Feeling dizzy from lack of air, Krys tried to enjoy the sensation of the cervix stretching over her proud breasts, sliding down her torso, over her shapely hips, and down her legs... Like being swallowed...which Anima and Windsor had both done with her... A brief orgasm flared in her belly as that tight cervical ring caressed her clittie. Once she'd recovered, Krys was fully installed within Windsor's innermost chamber. There were things around her, but she tried not to touch, as her body settled into a curve of the fleshy quarters. Abruptly, something bit her! Right in the bellybutton! Krys yelped, bubbles escaping her clamped jaws... But feeling for it, Krys realized the thing had attached itself to her body. Was it a snake? In here?! No...an umbilical cord! Ewwww! It pulsed gently with Windsor's heart, feeding the smaller vixen oxygen and nutrients. Still slightly disgusted, Krys resolved to be grateful for the thing. She should've known Windsor wouldn't let her perish!

A sound suddenly intruded on her quiet existence. Conversation... It was Anima, lying with Windsor. The fluid around her must transmit sound better than tissue. Krys hear Windsor's assurance that Krys wasn't hurting anything, and sobbed with relief! Whatever new life was floating around her in this tight chamber, Krys couldn't hurt it accidentally. That burden off her mind, Krys' exhausted body was freed to drift into sleep.

"Leave her in there? Why?" Reya murmured, looking up at Windsor's face. She was sitting on the floor, back to the plushie's plush belly.

"I like feeling her inside me. The bigger my belly, the better, eh love?" Shi grinned up at Anima, who chuckled purrrily. Shi was right of course; having a stuffed abdomen was a wonderful thing. "Besides, she'll get to know her kids sooner than any of us will! I'm applying for maternity leave to extend this little vacation the boss gave me. He'll understand." Anima nodded from his supine position next to Windsor, spooning softly with hir.

"He already gave you the green light, sweet. I called a few minutes ago. That thing with the kidnapper-wannabe is over too, by the way. The testimony of the compound's people alone was enough to start an investigation. That guy's in up to his chin, now, so we can rest easy." Windsor nodded, smiling dreamily.

"Excellent..."

Anima slid a paw over next to Reya, and gently thumped Windsor's tummy. "Can we talk to Krys, lover?"

Windsor shrugged. "Try it."

Anima did so, pressing an ear against Windsor's soft flank. He withdrew almost instantly, smiling with affection. "She's snoring. I can hear that, and the bubbles she's making."

Windsor snorted with laughter, shaking her head a little. "We're always teasing her about her snoring. Now we can tell her that even buried in my belly, we can all *still* hear her!" Anima nodded, grinning, while the fox couple fell to giggling.

"This's been a wearing day...purrhaps we should follow Krys' example?" Anima's suggestion was met with murrriing approval and an exchange of goodnights.

Chapter Five

Krys awoke to utter comfort. She bobbed in a warm ocean of love and peace, where no pain or fear could ever intrude. Lovingly, she touched each of the four...five?...forms she shared the womb with. In the utter darkness of the chamber it was difficult to tell their shapes...but Krys was fairly certain they were vulpine-persuaded. Abruptly, the feeling of peace was banished as Krys' world was turned literally on its ear! Sloshing with the fluid, the startled vixen realized what had happened. Windsor had gotten to her paws.

'Hmmm. This will take some getting used to. I wonder how many months I have left...' Krys thought to herself, a developing cub brushing her neck. 'Will I have two birthdays when this is over? Will the cubs call me Step-mom or sis?' So many things to think about. So many things to resolve in her own mind... 'I'll be lucky if nine months or whatever is long enough!'

The weeks passed, Windsor's belly hung lower and lower towards the ground, and Anima became more and more fretful. Windsor protested that she felt wonderful, and that her feline mate was being the stereotypical expectant father! Despite her protests however, he waited on her hand and paw, which somewhat diminished the pregnant vixen's complaints.

"Come over here lover, and feel the cubs... I think Krys is playing with 'em." Anima lifted his head groggily up from his paws. Windsor was on her back, giggling ticklishly and watching her stomach wriggle. Yawning gently, he scooted against her side and embraced the jiggling vixen-tum. Warm, sloshing, firm and indeed jouncing, it was a pleasure in itself to cuddle up with a gravid Windsor! Tad and Reya had also discovered this, and often came in to sleep against Windsor's life-swollen body.

"How many do you think, love?" He murmured, stroking a russet-furred curve. Windsor hummed?

"Not sure. Krys tried to tell me once I think by tracing a number on my insides...but I couldn't tell what it was." Anima mmmmed, thoughtful, and rested his head against the belly. Little gurglings, and what sounded suspiciously like a chuckle filtered through to his ears. What would it be like to be a father? It shouldn't be as difficult a thing with *two* mates to help take care of the young... But Windsor's brood? That was a different thing. Would they all be born voracious, horny bundles of plush fur like their mom? Anima groaned to himself! This could rapidly get out of hand!

Chapter Six

It was Krys who perhaps first noticed. Jerked awake by a sudden rippling motion in the muscles around her, the vixen floated upright, crowding into the cubs around her. If there'd been a light, Krys would have laughed at the scene. She and the cubs, bobbing in the fluid like balloons, their strings the

umbilical cords. But such thoughts were far from Krys' mind as the muscular action around her grew. Were these contractions? Was Windsor...due? Krys pressed a hand to her chest, feeling the butterfly-beat of her heart. What was she in for now?

Windsor decided seconds later than Krys did that she was ready. Calmly, shi got to her paws, and set out to find Anima. He was asleep on the living room floor, the TV remote inches from his nose. On the screen, Regis was asking some stupid sap if that was 'His final answer?'

Rolling hir eyes at hir mate, Windsor nosed his shoulder. "Hon, wake up. It's time. Call Tad and Reya, and that doctor friend of ours. Hurry!"

Anima responded sluggishly at first to Windsor's exhortations, he picked up the pace only when the import of the words, 'It's time' broke through. Then he was off like a flash! In fifteen minutes Tad and Reya were helping make the big plush-critter comfortable, while they waited for the doctor. A splash of fluid gushed out from beneath Windsor's tail, soaking the towels placed there for the purpose.

"Hir water just broke, Anima! What should I do?!" Tad cried, staring at the soggy mess of towels.

"Just watch for cubs, I guess...and Krys!" The panther answered, sitting by his mate's head and offering encouragement. Windsor grunted and strained, feeling hir inner passages spread open inexorably.

"I, I think, ooooooh, that the first one, nnnnGGHHH, just dropped into the birth canal!" Windsor gurgled, eyes rather glazed. Alarmed, Anima patted hir cheek.

"Love? You still with us?" Windsor summoned up the strength to smile weakly at the feline, before another contraction distorted hir face. There came a knock on the door, and Tad ran to answer it. A crash sounded from the living room, a sound that no one paid the least bit of attention to. Windsor was the bigger crisis right now! That changed as a new figure stepped into the room.

"All of you get against the wall, now. If you haven't complied within twenty seconds, I'll shoot one of you."

Anima looked up with a scowl. "Tad, what are you... You're not Tad." Anima stared at the anthro-fox in the doorway.

Dressed in jeans and a plaid lumberjack shirt, the guy hardly seemed threatening... But expertly balanced on one of his forearms was a sawed off shotgun. The panther bunched his muscles for a leap...

"Don't even think about it cat. You're not faster than a bullet. Anything happens to me, I'm blowing off the pregnant bitch's head." The fox's voice was a harsh snarl, nothing like any of the vul-people any of the group knew.

Reya spoke up in a quavering voice as she backed towards the wall. "W-what did you do to Tad?"

Not taking his gaze from Anima, the todd answered. "I caved in his skull. He was still breathing when I left, but from the amount of blood on the floor, that won't last."

Reya screamed, hiding her face in her arms and began to sob. Anima's eyes blazed with rage, unwilling to take the chance their captor was bluffing. Concentrating, the panther began to change shape,

maintaining an illusion over his real body to fool the fox. Something alerted him to the change however, as the gun-toting todd narrowed his eyes at the cat.

"Told you not to try anything, cat." The gun went off, roaring like a small cannon! The huge black body of the panther crumpled to the carpet, half of his head bloodlessly missing. Beneath the flesh, there was nothing inside the shapeshifter but shifting darkness... Reya screamed, along with Windsor as a truly agonizing contraction gripped hir. In the state shi was in, Windsor couldn't figure out just what was going on... Rolling over, shi braced hir four feet against the wall and strained! This had to END!

Reya longed to go to Anima, and cradle his lifeless body... He'd been such a good friend, and lover before that. How could she leave him now? But to save her own life...and maybe Windsor's...she had to.

Satisfied that both vixens had obeyed his directive and gotten against the wall, the murderous fox swung his gun in a covering arc.

"You don't know me, do you? Shouldn't surprise me I guess. I'm one of those poor shmucks that got gobbled down by that giant black vixen awhile back. Now I'm a freak like you. And before I put myself to death, I'm gonna get some back..." The strange todd aimed his gun at Windsor's heaving, ripping flank. Reya snarled softly, surprising even herself. He was going to murder Windsor's litter, still in the womb! Unable to watch this happen, Reya rolled across the floor, landing on her feet, and launched her slim body the last few feet towards the evil fox.

Grinning, having expected this, Reya's enemy fixed the gun on her and fired.

A flash of orange, then one of white burst from the gun's yawning muzzle...but nothing struck the leaping vixen but a shock wave. Completing her leap, she slammed into her opponent and raked her claws across his face. Howling and dropping the gun to clutch his eyes, the fox sealed his fate. Reya seized the gun and turned it on the todd...

"Don't Reya. There's a better way to dispose of him." Reya yelped! Anima stood behind her, whole again! All except for an ear...which was slowly taking shape even as she watched!

"It's pretty hard to kill a shapeshifter and make it stay dead, sweetie." The panther smiled. Tossing the gun out into the hall beyond the fox, she flung herself against the cat.

"Anima! He's killed Tad...he almost killed Windsor's litter... Oh! Windsor!" Reya detached herself and hurried over to the herm-fox, just in time to receive a slimy bundle of black fox-cub. Setting hir lovingly in a nearby towel, Reya nearly missed the second! Four more followed in quick succession until at last, Krys began to ease out of Windsor's warm canal. Seeing the group healthy and out of danger, Anima sprinted into the living room.

Tad was indeed laid out on the carpet, blood matting the back of his skull. A deft examination left Anima reassured, however. Not much blood had been lost...and the skull seemed sound... Just then, the doctor arrived, flanked by two paramedics.

"What's this? I thought we were seeing a birthing vixen!" The doctor looked confused, the two medics looked disappointed. Purrhaps they'd misinterpreted the term 'vixen.'

"Shi's fine doctor, but we were attacked by a terrorist. Tad's been hit with the butt of a gun, please help him!" With that, he left the professionals to their work and ran back to check on the ladies again.

All six cubs were out, as was Krys. Solid black, and slightly plush for foxes, the cubs were as purrrrrfect as could be... Anima couldn't tell eye-color; the cubs wouldn't open their eyes for awhile yet. Thick bushy tails and the dual sexes of a herm were present in all of Windsor's young.

Krys was sitting upright, looking sticky and cranky, until Reya plopped a cub into her lap. Anima grinned; he wouldn't have enjoyed leaving Windsor's womb for the cold cruel world either!

The new mother nursed four of the cubs, while Reya and Krys coddled the other two. Curled into a ball against the wall was the awful todd, streaks of blood on his shielded face.

"What should we do with him, love?" Krys murmured, looking up from the bundle of joy in her lap.

"Well, I was thinking of letting Windsor eat him, but shi's too exhausted to do anything... So, guess I'll have to--" The cub on Krys' lap perked up at the word 'eat' and squirmed off across the floor, blindly seeking food. Guided by the scent of spilled blood, the cub found the moaning todd, and took his booted feet into his little mouth. Working his way up and swallowing voraciously, the tiny plush-fox began engulfing the enemy. No one made a move to stop him. Anima wasn't even looking at the cub, but at Krys' vacated lap...

"Ummm. lover? Have you taken stock of your equipment lately?" The cat nodded towards Krys' crossed legs. Krys, puzzled, looked down.

"ACK!"

Reya spooked, and whipped her head around. "What's...? Oh my... Oh MY!" Reya turned her head away quickly and talked to the damp fox-kit in her lap. Krys stroked the shining pink length of a penis, firmly rooted to her crotch where his clit used to be...Shi had no visible balls, but was now definitely in the herm category.

"Wow, lots of surprises today!" Anima laughed, at both the look Krys shot at him, and the whole silly situation. "At least no one was hurt. But... How did that fox miss you Reya? He fired at point blank range..." Reya shrugged, frowning.

"No clue. Take a look at the gun; maybe it misfired." Anima did, padding over to the discarded weapon. A bit of fluffy fur protruded from the bore, sticky with red. Whose was that? Anima looked back towards the gun's original landing position, and noted a fine spray of red across the carpet. What...?

"Steve...?" Anima grimaced, and started picking up the pieces, literally. Once he had a suitable pile, the mangled remains began to glow. Soon, they had reconstituted into the microfox.

It was just something Steve did; no one knew how. The tiny fox had survived countless consumptions, accidental crushings by gigantic paws, and even some more exotic forms of death like being microwaved. This was far from the worst Steve had recovered from!

"You saved Reya, Steve, and all of us. Thank you." Anima murmured, looking down at the microfox

intently. Steve dug his foot into the carpet, staring at it raptly. Was he blushing? Hard to tell... Anima leaned down and nosed the tiny fox.

"And I think I've figured out the rest of it too, after seeing those cubs. You're the father, aren't you?" Steve yelped squeakily, and glanced wildly about for somewhere to hide! Anima pinned him gently to the carpet with a paw. Up the hall, he could hear Tad groaning as consciousness returned... One less worry on his mind.

"No Steve, don't worry. I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm actually impressed! Little fox like you, knocking up a big hermy vixen like my Windsor...without hir even waking up while you did..." Now it was definite. Steve was blushing. "So, come on little guy, and meet your new family!"

THE END