

A lone rabbit sits at his desk banging his forehead lightly upon its wooden surface. He is awash in a most torturous boredom. It is the listless type where one doesn't want to do anything productive or indulge in video gaming or TV as a distraction. He has been softly banging his head for almost twenty minutes trying to summon the will to do something of substance. Kiba would normally break a lethargic mood like this by chatting with his roommates or joining them in their doings. Unfortunately that plan of action will be impossible on this night in particular. It is Valentine's Day and Kiba is one of the few people in his circles who isn't hitting the town with a loving partner tonight. Instead the rabbit hits his head on the desk, begging for anything to disrupt his overwhelming boredom.

"Of course they aaalll have hot dates tonight. Of couurse they're all busy." Kiba says. A note of melancholy steals into his voice. The rabbit has never considered himself a romantic type. He's had himself a few partners, but he likes to consider himself happily single when he isn't involved with someone. Like most disinterested males Kiba wants to remain stoic and sure-of-himself, but some lonely nights find him wishing for someone to hold. A sweet new person for the rabbit to meet and with whom he might fall in love. Or perhaps love wouldn't come from the pairing. The excitement of a relationship comes from the breaking down of walls and knowing another deeply. This is an excitement the rabbit hasn't known for a few months and one which he desperately craves in this present, lethargic mode.

"I wish I had somebody to love. Man that sounds pathetic." He says. The rabbit rests his head on the desk and lets out a prolonged sigh.

"Somebody love? Well that is a classic." A voice says. The rabbit jerks his head to the door, ears instinctively swiveling to attention. Standing centered within the doorway is a dog. A white-furred bull-terrier.

"Wahh! Who are you!?" Kiba shouts, jumping in alarm to stand on his chair. The dog is nonchalant, unfazed by the rabbit's shock. The dog walks steadily into the room. He wears only purple slacks. He walks confidently and when he is close enough Kiba notices with a shudder that his eyes are entirely black with no sclera.

"Sorry, sorry. Nasty habit." The dog says with a grin that betrays his insincerity. "I get over-eager. My name is Grant. Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you or anything. Honest, chill out." The dog raises his palms in a show of peace. The rabbit steadily calms to the point where he feels comfortable stepping down from his seat. He does so and sits down with a tight, nervous grip of the desk.

"What are you doing in here? What do you want?" Kiba asks, unable to take his eyes from those of the spooky terrier.

"I am a special, wish-granting dog, believe it or not, and tonight I'm here to be your cupid." The dog says, leaning casually against the wall. Kiba is even more scared after this explanation. The dog could be a crazy person who managed to sneak into his apartment. He certainly sounds like one. But the dog's appearance is subtly -wrong-. The pallor of his fur defies the light of the room and his eyes are so perfectly and impenetrably black. The rabbit has no trouble believing that the creature has some kind of power. He shifts anxiously in his seat.

"What do you mean?" Kiba says.

"It's pretty simple kiddo. You wished for someone to love right?" Grant says.

"How did you hear--"

"It's OK, you can admit it. We all need companionship sometimes right?" Grant says.

"Yeah I guess. But, wait are you serious?" Kiba says.

"As cancer. So what kind of lover are you looking for? Male, female, Dominant, submissive? Effusive or withdrawn? Do you like anal?" Grant says. The rabbit grows uncomfortable at the prying of his tastes. He stammers awkwardly as he attempts to formulate a response.

"We-well, I mean she'd be, I don't know. Someone who's loving, devoted and exciting. Someone I could spend the rest of my life with." Kiba finally says.

"What a loverboy. The rest of your life huh?" Grant says, licking his chops in an unsavory way.

"Uhm, yes?" Kiba says.

"I know juuust the lady. Yeah. Oh she would love a cute, little guy like yourself. " Grant says, looking upward in thought. Kiba is watching the dog in confusion when he is startled by a knock at the window. The sound is very shocking because Kiba lives in a second-floor apartment. It was distinctly a knock and not the banging of a tree branch.

"What the heck?!" Kiba says, sliding his chair to the window.

"Heck? Haha." Grant says. Kiba tugs the string of his window shades to reveal the large, grinning face of a female skunk. She does not appear to be flesh-and-blood and is instead made of a shiny, latex-like material. She appears to be pink all over with a lighter shade of it highlighting her belly and the underside of her tail. Looking down Kiba finds that she is around twelve feet tall, digitigrade, and very voluptuous. He catches sight of her swaying tail to find that its stripes connect and form a heart shape.

"Ahhhh! What?! Grant what--" Kiba shouts, pointing in exasperation at the skunk who is now pressing her nose to the glass and eyeing the rabbit with what can only be described as hunger.

"Tadaaa. This the skunk matron, and if my match-making skills are as sharp as ever, your heart's true love." Grant says, matter-of-factly.

"Are you crazy?" Kiba says, walking to Grant so that he doesn't have to speak up and possibly insult the skunk. "Grant she's like four times my size. And what is she? She looks like she's made out of, uh out offfff." As the rabbit speaks Grant places his hand on his shoulder and instantly the pair find themselves standing outside with the skunk matron looming over them, particularly Kiba who stands at about the height of her ankles. Kiba's voice dies in his throat when he notices the imposing and well-endowed skunk suddenly beside him.

"Grant he is perfect! What a cute bunny boy." The skunk says, her tone sultry and doting. Kiba is accustomed to being called cute and has come to resent it a bit. He ignores her comment and turns instead to Grant. The skunk then suddenly scoops Kiba into her surprisingly strong arms and cradles him against her breast.

"Ahhp!" Kiba cries. The skunk is in fact made of some kind of latex and is very soft and smooth. When he realizes that he is wedged perfectly in the skunk's cleavage his cheeks glow a bright red. "Uh sorry miss, but there's been a mistake. Right Grant?" Kiba adds, glaring at the dog.

"No mistake here, she's meant for you, and you her." Grant says, then to the skunk he adds "What do you think? Is he the one?" The skunk holds Kiba before her, hands beneath his shoulders. He can only flail against her grip. His squirming seems to excite the skunk.

"Yes, definitely. How would you like to be my baby hun?" The skunk says. Kiba shakes his head, while trying to turn and face Grant.

"Grant what is she talking about? Let me go!" Kiba says.

"Isn't it obvious? She wants to be a mother and you are just the right size to be her baby." Grant says.

"What?! This isn't what I wanted at all. You know what I meant!" Kiba says.

"Do I? Next time you should really make it clear what kind of love you are looking for. Platonic, Maternal, Romantic." Grant says, shrugging. The skunk gives Kiba a kiss, which consumes much of his small muzzle.

"Ready, baby?" The pink skunk asks.

"For -unng- what?! Put me down." Kiba says. The skunk then manipulates him as if he were a doll. She leans back on her tail and guides Kiba toward her crotch where the rabbit finds not proper genitals but a puckered port. "Ahhh! What is this?!"

"It's just like you said Kiba: someone loving, dedicated... and exciting. The matron is definitely someone you can spend the rest of your life with. In fact in a few seconds you'll have no choice in that regard." Grant says.

"Wait, stop!" Kiba shouts as the skunk begins to press him firmly into her hole. The hole is tight and Kiba must be stuffed inside, but the matron manages this well. The rabbit's head is soon within the skunk's chest, followed by the rest of his body. And with a slurp he is consumed.

Now as he entered the skunk's body some changes, unexpected even given the circumstances, occurred. The hole encased Kiba within a sort-of second skin of latex as it swallowed him. A clinging and tight bodysuit in the shape of a baby skunk with a poofy tail and all. Over Kiba's head is a skunk mask showing a childlike face. The rabbit peers out through the lenses in its eyes. Inside his mouth is a phallic tube which provides him with air. He cannot open his mouth due to the tightness of the suit, and the mouthpiece forbids him from forming any words whatsoever. The suit also formed an attachment to the skunk matron. An umbilicus which instantly attached itself to Kiba's erect penis. The hungry tube engorged the rabbit's cock snugly and began massaging and stroking the member forcing the rabbit to groan into his mouthpiece. Kiba now hangs in the fetal position, jostling slightly within the matron's womb. The inner cavity itself is very warm and is inflated to such a degree that its occupant can barely move a muscle. With the terrified rabbit's hands and feet secured within the thick paws of the suit he is nearly helpless.

He is helpless against the cock tube in particular which teases and tugs with startling proficiency.

"Hmmpph?! Mmmm." Kiba groans, twitching as much as he is able. The process of being consumed in the matron's womb was so swift that Kiba hardly had time to process what was happening.

Looking up he can see the skunk matron, his 'mother,' looking down at him proudly. She strokes her bulge gently. Grant soon joins her and leers at Kiba with a sadistic grin.

"You really are a fascinating creature." Grant says "Is he awake in there?"

"Mhm, for now. I imagine he'll go down for a nappy after the first couple times."

"I'm almost jealous. He looks so comfortable." Grant says.

"Mmmmmph! M-mm!" Kiba attempts to shout. The suit and the barrier of the womb are too thick for him to be heard. Though a vibration is felt by the matron.

"Oop, he's trying to talk." The skunk says, grinning at Grant conspiratorially.

"Awww, so cute. Well enjoy the rest of your life baby skunk. I'm sure your mommy will take very good care of you." Grant says, patting the matron's belly bump. Kiba squirms uselessly within. He can't even extend his arms, he's trapped in the fetal position with the tube suckling away. "Thanks for helping his dreams come true. Have fun." Grant says to the skunk as he creates a tall, eerie portal out of thin air. He gropes the skunk's rear as she passes.

"No, thank you." The skunk says before waddling through the portal. Kiba screams into the mouthpiece. Unable to effect the outside world whatsoever he is forced to watch as the world he knew vanishes in a blip. The portal is gone and he sits within his mommy in an unknown city.

The cock tube is urging the rabbit toward his climax. It excites him perfectly. Within the warm and cushy womb of the skunk Kiba begins to accept the pleasure, if only momentarily. Soon Kiba blows his load.

"Hmmmm! Mmph, mmph." The rabbit deposits a copious load and only when he is finished does the tube relent.

"Awww, very good! There's mommy's little skunky." The matron says, seeming to be suddenly invigorated by Kiba's orgasm. "I can tell you are going to keep me nice and fed. But hey this is your life now. I'll take good care of you. All you have to worry about is cumming over and over and over for mommy." The matron says, blowing a kiss at her tiny prisoner. Kiba's eyes tear up. He wishes he could at least protest, but in his present position he essentially is a baby. Unable to speak or move. As Kiba's hope of escape rabidly depletes the tube around his dick activates again.

"Hrrm?!" Kiba groans.

"Over and over, haha." The skunk coos. She waddles her way down the city sidewalk. The city where Kiba finds himself is certainly not one from his home dimension. The buildings and the inhabitants all look fantastical. Some of them border on indescribable, with the occasional passerby being an amorphous and loping thing. For a moment Kiba is happy for his admittedly comfortable seclusion. He is glad that these horrors can't see him.

"Hey you finally snagged one!" A creature shouts from behind the skunk. She whirls around, allowing Kiba a look at it. Before them is a betentacled monster, seemingly male, who is currently coiling his way toward the pair. He seems to lack eyes, his face is a mess of entangled vine-like tentacles.

"Olek! Yes I finally did. Grant did me a solid." She says, stroking her bump.

"Wow, lucky you. What is he? Or what -was- he?" Olek says, leaning closely over Kiba who cringes in disgust.

"He was a rabbit. Cute little guy. But now he's aaalll mine. Finally got my own permanent energy source." She says.

"Awww, good for you. Mind If I pat him?" Olek says extending a tentacle.

"Of course!" The matron says, crouching a bit. Olek caresses the skunk's hole before slipping it inside. Kiba is unable to worm away from the unfriendly tentacle which caresses and gropes him. Olek takes his time prodding the bunny's soft, inflated suit. Kiba moans and twitches, begging for the skunk to make the character leave him alone. "Look at that, I think he likes you." She says, turning her gaze down to Kiba with a malicious grin. She is no matron. If Kiba had to guess he would say she's no less evil than Grant. She is an otherworldly predator, and he has been her prey.

"Alright well I better get home. Tough work lugging this cutie around, and I'm sure he's getting tired too." The matron says.

"Have a good night, huh? Bye baby." Olek says, waving a tentacle at the skunk's bulge. Kiba will be happy if he never sees the creep again. In any case he is distracted again by the cock tube. Somehow he is erect again and his testicles feel reinvigorated. The suit has transformed him internally as well. The matron is keeping him horny and active in order to receive a constant flow of his ejaculate. 'No, no, no. How is this happening to me?' Kiba thinks. The immovable tube coaxes the rabbit further and further against his will. He tries to resist in the hopes that maybe the skunk will find him unsuitable and release him. This proves to be impossible however. Sobbing gently, like the infant he is forced to play, Kiba cums once again into the violating tube. His mommy strokes her belly with both hands.

"Yessss. It's alright to sleep you know. The tube will still do its job." The skunk says. Kiba tries to ignore the skunk's mocking. He is quickly tiring however. His vehement desire to not climax for the skunk has actually drained his energy faster than if he had allowed it to do its job. The squeaky pressure of the womb and its insulation are terribly comfortable. 'No, I can't go to sleep. I have to--to.' Kiba thinks. Soon however he does give in to sleep. Compressed safely in the matron's belly Kiba snores and coos. And soon, as the skunk suggested, the tube comes to life once again.