

The Sandbox Glitch.

Part 2.

(Story Commission).

Dingy had no idea how many hours had passed since he found himself stuffy inside his crush inventory. The chubby boy grew used to enduring the constant back, and forward motion of a pair of thick thighs as the titanic fox male walked through the most diverse sceneries during his in-game season. The mountain-sized pair of orbs smothering the poor canine with each step and the natural smell of young fox musk that naturally dominated the area around Flynn's groin was magnified tenfold due to the massive size difference. Eventually, Dingy would wake up to a booming voice, but a different voice. "That is not Flynn's voice." The entrapped doggy acknowledged.

Indeed, that soft, elegant, yet thunderous and booming voice belonged to Flynn's friend. A siamese cat named Isaac. **"I KNOW WE HAVE BEEN FARMING AND ALL, BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE THE TIME TO REST AND REGAIN OUR STATUTES. I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU, FLYNNY, YOU GOT A MINOR TEN-HIT DEBUFF, AND MY MANA IS NEARLY DOWN TO ZERO."** Luckily, the sweat-soaked fabric of the thong covering the fox's bulge allowed Dingy to hear and understand their booming voices perfectly well. The constant back-and-forth motion, along with the tremors, finally ceased. The titans have indeed been walking during this whole time. The boys were probably having fun.

"YEAH, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, AND I THINK I GOT SOMETHING TO EAT IN MY INVENTORY. HOLD ON, LET ME CHECK." The young, girly fox issued. That last sentence sounded like music to the tiny ears of the equally tiny Dingy. The chubby dog saw that as an opportunity to finally get himself known and out of that man's cave. In no time, Dingy found himself standing in a completely different universe. This was the first time, after hours, the poor boy was allowed to breathe some fresh air after, but it didn't take him long to notice something was off within his new surroundings. The whole world was red, the ground was red, and even the small hills in the far distance were red. Only some small pathways on the ground were a different color; for that matter, it was white. Dingy would be left to stare, trying to get any hint of what he was actually staring at. Although suddenly, a strong, powerful earthquake forced the still nano-sized canine off his feet and onto his butt. **"I KNEW IT; THOSE STEAKS WE GOT FROM THE COWTOWN QUEST DIDN'T HAVE DECAY YET. NOW WE JUST NEED SOME SPICEY AND A BIT OF FIRE."** Spoke the absoluty gargantuan fox.

"FLYNN!!!" Shouted Dingy. The sense of despair and total helpless beginning to fall upon the puny dog again. After spending hours inside the bulge of his secret lover,

Dingy had simply forgotten about how tiny he became and how titanic Flynny now was. Subsequently, upon noticing his insignificant voice would never get so far as to the giant Fox boy's ears, the puny canine tried to use his only option to contact his companion. Dingy opened up a chat box with his fox friend, but upon typing his first message and hitting the send button, the chubby boy was frustrated by an error message informing him that credentials to message users. "Shit! Shit! This stupid game still considers me to be an item! I'm PLAYER for god sack!" Dingy outraged.

Unfortunately, the small dog wouldn't have much time to deal with the said glitch as he was startled by the sound of a heavy, loud explosion all around him. Looking desperately at his surroundings, Dingy noticed his partner was simply seasoning the raw steak he was currently standing on top of. The gargantuan black fox was casually rubbing his fingertips together right above and causing a rain of salt, spices, and pepper to fall off the sky; each grain of salt hitting the red meat below was larger than a house from the minuscule dog's perspective. Realizing that any attempt to communicate with the looming figures would be useless, Dingy tried to save himself by his own means. The nano-sized chubby boy began to run as fast as his fat, small legs could take him. Dingy seemed a little bit lost initially, but he immediately aimed at the edge of the steak. The young dog had no plan, ignoring that right below him, there would be the makeshift campfire put together by the fox and cat, the boy's only concern was to get that hell out there before becoming part of the meal. And, despite being extra careful to avoid getting buried beneath a single grain of salt, Dingy's escape plan would be frustrated as soon as he reached the border.

SPLAT! "Ouch! What that fuck?!" The young canine interjected. An invisible barrier prevented the small guy from actually jumping out of the border of that raw meat. Shortly after came the message from the game's system. Dingy wasn't allowed to leave this area because he was currently considered a spice. The game understood he was part of the meal his crush was cooking and about to eat! Once again, despair befalls the puny canine. Dingy stared upwards once again. Even if Flynn stood immediately in front of him, the young fox's face was so far he could barely understand the facial features of his lover. But, it was about the time the ground beneath the doggy shook violently. Dingy realized it was due to nothing more than another equally titanic figure stepping closer to Flynny, a tall, taller than the young fox and slim siamese-cat.

Dingy was sure to see the cat before; he was one of the vulpine's online friends, always playing raids with them every now and then. Talking about the raid, that was precisely the first word that came out of the titan, young cat's mouth. **"FLYNN! LOOK AT THIS! THERE IS AN LIMITED TICKET FOR A BOSS RAID JUST AROUND THE VILLAGE! HURRY UP! THE TICKET WILLE EXPIRES IN MINUTES!"** The magician Siamese Cat spoke early, right before being interpolated by the black fox. **"BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE MEAL?!"** Flynn said and, for a moment, looked down

to the piece of steak yet to be cooked by the campfire, directly to the spot where his best friend Dingly currently stood.

The insignificant-sized canine jumped and waved one more time, yet it just turned out to be completely useless one more time. **"LET ME HANDLE THAT. I HAVE SOME COOKING BONUS AS A MAGICIAN."** The towering feline spoke before stepping aside to that stand right in front of dingy and the meal. Since Isaac was wearing a special skin for the occasion, the half-naked magician allowed most of his body to be exposed without losing any armor points. The magician would then Hoover his hands over the campfire, and the small canine felt a shiver running down his spine. For a moment, Dingy thought he was about to become a dark, burned crump on the steak, but instead, he was allowed a first-row seat to witness Isaac's magic taking place. A green aura expanded through the red landscape of pure meat, and in an instant, the steak went from raw to grilled and everything standing on it, Dingy the only exception. **"99% COOKED? HOW SO? IF THE STEAK STATUTES SAY IT'S 100% EXCELLENT?"** The siamese magician was puzzled. **"WHO CARES? THE GAME HAS BEEN ACTING WEIRD THE WHOLE DAY ANYWAY."** Flynny immediately said and, without a second thought, grabbed the wood stick, removing the cooked beef from the campfire support and bringing it to his waiting mouth.

Dingy felt more terrified than ever. Nothing could compete with the sheer sight of mountain-sized lips approaching your location at high speed. Even before, when he was left to face and endure the gigantic phallus of his mate, the puny dog had never felt so intimidated as now. The closer the lips got, the more details the young, chubby man could see. The slightly oily surface of Flynn's skin, the small imperfections on his lips, now magnified to the size of mountains. The heat emanating from the giant fox skin and even the soft yet strong turbulence generated by the broad muzzle casually breathing a dozen meters above. **"FLYNN!!! I'M RIGHT OVER HERE!!! PLEASE DON'T EAT ME!!!"** Dingy useless cries went heard like before. In no time, the nano-sized doggy couldn't even see the face of his secret lover anymore; the large muzzle became all that he could see. The sight could be beautiful if it weren't for the frightful realization that the girly-looking young vulpine was about to eat him alive! It took Flynn a couple of seconds, but from Dingy's perspective, it felt like an eternity until finally, the massive lips parted open to reveal the vastness, cavernous interior of a young fox's mouth.

The naturally dark location was illuminated by the external light, which allowed Dingy to witness white, sharp, mountain-like teeth. Thick, transparent columns made entirely of pure droll connect the surface of the vast, pink tongue to the fox's palate countless meters above. **"Dear lord! I could get lost in here!"** The tiny dog exclaimed, and not so long after that, he was startled by the passage of the upside-down mountain hover head. Dingy could see the precise moment the part of steak he was currently standing upon was introduced in the confines of the fox's mouth, passing through the open lips. The air around Dingly immediately changed; the atmosphere became carried with dense

humidity, the fumes of whatever Flynny had previously eaten digesting away in the confines of his stomach. Looking around, the shrank canine could see the gums and the space between them, realizing that even the small food leftovers stuck between the teeth and the gums were larger than he now was tall! Dingy was about to be eaten, and he wouldn't even count as one percent of the total calorific value of that meal. Eventually, the time for admiring would end and said end came in the form of an audible rumble. Flynn's powerful jaws began to move, and the chubby boy immediately turned around to have one last look at the outside world before witnessing a massive row of sharp, white teeth and fangs cutting through the landscape with ease. The lips followed right behind, colliding against the fresh surface of the steak with a loud *boom!* The world became dark.

Dingy was terrified; there was no need to be a genius to know what would come next. The titanic fox god would begin to chew down his food, destroying whatever contents inside his mouth, Dingy included. Despite being very well aware of the sheer danger, the young male was paralyzed for a second until a fast, involuntary reaction from the subconscious part of his brain forced the small fairy boy to conjure a light orb. Now a light orb might sound like nothing, but in the total darkness confines of a gigantic mouth, the little thing shined like a powerful star, bright enough to allow Dingy to have a good look at his surroundings, a detail which would prove to be essential for his survival in the moments that would follow. Flynn began to chew the meat; the fox was in a hurry, given that the raid ticket his feline friend got was limited by time. The young archer paid little to no mind to good matters; his main object was to chew and swallow the contents in his mouth as fast as his throat and jaws could. Unfortunately, the black fox didn't know, but by deciding to do so, he was imposing the most terrifying, hellish survival challenge upon his small best friend. Dingy would be tested to the extreme. Simple flicks and twitches from that vast tongue were able to send his insignificant form flying around the wet mouth, heavy droll falling on his form, making it hard and nearly impossible to move, and yet the small canine primary concerns were to avoid falling in the space between tongue and gums as he knew the risk of being crushed later on by a resting tongue were high. And yet, Dingy knew he needed to avoid the massive teeth, especially the molars, which could easily turn him into dust.

By the time Flynn was done eating, Dingy had found himself stuck as if he were nothing more than a mere crumb leftover between the space between the base of two white molars. The sheer size of the tooth and broad base gave the impression that the puny dog was stuck in the valley of a massive canyon, but in reality, it was just his lover's teeth. Audibility, world-shaking *gulp*, and everything except Dingy were swallowed down by the fox. **“ALRIGHT! I’M GOOD! LET’S GO!”** Spoke huge fox, with a voice that could easily vaporize someone as small as Dingy now, given that he was now stuck within the confines of the young vulpine's mouth. The chubby dog was terrified. Every time that vast, muscular tongue moved, he was forced to endure a strong air current that threat to dislodge Dingy from his relatively safe position, and at the same time, the young man was perfectly aware that he needed to come up with a plan to

get out of this gigantic fox mouth before he ends up drawing in thick saliva or accidentally swallowed having Flynn not even knowing what he did. "Alright, Dingy, and stay calm and use your brain." Dingy talked himself down. The muffled and distant footsteps of Flynn's boot far away on the ground couldn't do much other than to remember the dog that time was running out. The giant fox's mouth was closed and sealed; Flynn wasn't speaking to his friend, so there wasn't a reason to keep the maw open, but that also meant that Dingy was left in complete darkness. At least the puny canine had his light orb with him. The chubby boy's primary concern was to properly locate himself within the confines of the vulpine's mouth.

Walking along the white canyons, taking all the care in the world to avoid slipping in viscous, warm saliva, Dingy did what he could to approach the edge of the gum. Eventually, the small dog reached his destination, taking the time to look and understand his surroundings. "God dammit! It's virtually impossible to locate where exactly I am. I can't tell what direction is out or in..." the little fairy boy exclaimed. Dingy's light orb was doing its job just fine, but it couldn't compete with the sheer vastness of Flynn's mouth, given the sheer scale. Right ahead, the dog could see taste buds, taste buds as tall as trees from his insignificant perspective. Dingy was left with the sensation that even if he rubbed his diminutive form against those pink things, their own wouldn't be able to register his taste or presence. And even if he wanted to do that, the space between gum and tongue was tremendous, a massive cliff that would require the tiny fairy the ability to fly to come across it. Without access to Flynn's tongue, any attempt to escape his mammoth mouth would be frustrated even before the start. To fall down the space between gum and tongue was out of the question since Dingy had no idea how to climb out of there once he reached the front tip of the mouth. "Maybe if I walk around the base of his teeth..." The nano boy was abruptly interrupted by the ultrasonic jet engine-like voice coming from the depths of the fox's esophagus. "**OK, SO WHAT'S THE DEAL?**" Flynn casually asked the siamese cat, having no idea that by simply doing that, he caught the puny passenger within the confines of his mouth off guard.

Dingy was brutally hit and effortlessly carried along by the gigantic tongue. The pink organ paid the dog no attention; it was simply moving to pronounce the syllables the even larger fox intended. In less than a second, the diminutive canine went from gum base to palate, hitting hard and face against the warm, hard surface of the vulpine's palate, getting both legs broken upon impact, and Flynn wasn't even trying. The fox was merely speaking. "**I'LL STUN THEM, AND YOU USE YOUR ARCH TO HIT KILL THEM.**" Spoke the equally giant feline. That meant bad news for dingy as they had both arrived at the raid location, and a confrontation was about to begin. That meant Dingy was running out of time as Flynn could do anything from being forced to shout at Isaac to heavy breathing. Any of that would prove lethal to any nano-sized micro left to their luck within the confines of their mouth. Luckily, Dingy wouldn't survive to witness any of that.

Just as the chubby dog felt his broken body unstuck free from the mouth's palate, free falling to hit the tongue far below, the pink landscape began to move again. **"GOT IT! LET'S GO!"** That was all that it took for Dingy's body to be ultra-destroyed. The vast, massive tongue hit hard against his fragile form multiple times, further grinding his body into a red goop. The said goop would soon mix with viscous, warm saliva and drool building up in the confines of the vulpine mouth until finally swallowed down along a cold, red river made out of HP recovery portion. Dingy was, one more time, sent to the fox's inventory.

After spending another couple of long hours within the confines of lover bulge, facing the constant sway of Flynn's massive manhood, suddenly, the motion ceased. The insignificant-sized dog didn't know, but the gigantic vulpine had returned to the safety of his sandbox slot. The slim arch was all alone; his companion, the siamese cat, had long left the game and left Flynn's to his own dudes. The archer was a mess; playing throughout multiple maps, quests, and boss rides non-stop left the young man's inventory on an all-time low in terms of resources, a detail that could be confirmed by the insignificant fairy now left almost alone within the musky confines of the fox's bulge. Saved by the new stockpile of countless lut collected during the day. **"MAN, MY INVENTORY IS A MESS, AND ALL MY STATUS BARS ARE DAWN LOW..."** The titan made Flynn cry to himself. The giant was clearly lost when it came to what to do immediately. Every diligent player knows that after a long gaming session it comes the pain of putting the inventory in order, separating the wheat from the chaff, and given how high-level Flynny already was, most of the items stuffed in his inventory were trash and useless, but that one thing could be a super rare item, and so it would demand time and attention. The latter was the thing the fox was totally out of. In the end, it was the stomach to take the final word. A loud grumble, enough to cause minor tremors in the confines of Dingy's musky world down around the boy's groin, signaled that the black fox was hungry.

"ALRIGHT, FOOD TIME, I GUESS." The slim archer playfully remarked, opening his inventory to manage HUD and immediately filtering items by consumables. **"YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING ME, AN ENTIRE GAME SEASON AND ALL OF THE CONSUMABLES ARE LOW-LEVEL PORTIONS AND SIMPLE RAW INGREDIENTS? DAMN! ISAAC WAS RIGHT ABOUT PAYING FOR A PREMIUM ACCOUNT"**. The young fox protested before stopping for a moment. The image of that cat's skin-tight, costume premium suit slipped into his mind and caused his flaccid shaft to twitch shyly in the equally tight confines of his thong, bringing the warm, musky tip even closer to his poor, tiny passenger. Luckily, Flynn quickly pushed those thoughts into the back of his mind, bringing his attention back to the inventory HUD where his eyes would lay upon a strange new recipe highlight for him. "Fairy sandwich? What that fuck?" Without thinking twice, the black fox selected said recipe. The HUD signaled that all necessary ingredients were ready in the inventory, so the fox began the assembling. Immediately Dingy would notice the world around him

shrinking; it took the dog a couple of seconds to realize he was actually increasing in size! The chubby boy returned to the average fairy size, but before being able to celebrate, the yet small fairy found himself teleported out back in the open and landing face first into a soft, very comfortable surface. If Dingy didn't know better, he could swear he was laying on... "A slice of bread?". Exclaimed the now not-so-tiny fairy, turning himself around to better understand his new surroundings, only to be greeted by a large, green leaf butter lettuce falling right on top of his pinky-toe-sized form. From that moment forward, Dingy was left to feel the weight on top of him gradually increasing as more and more ingredients were added. Eventually, a low thump would inform the small man that the last slice of bread was placed, locking him and all the ingredients in position. **"UH! THAT DOES LOOK GOOD! LET'S SEE IF DOES TASTES GOOD TOO~"** The giant fox amused himself, grabbing the thirty centimeters long sandwich off the counter with both hands, bringing it up to his waiting mouth.

Meanwhile, inside the cold confines of that messy of lettuce, spicy, mustard, ham, mayonnaise, and pickles, Dingy felt a powerful jolt as the sandwich he happened to be part of was casually lifted into the air a dozen of meters. "FLYNN! NO!!! WAIT!!!" But, unfortunately, the small cries from the fairy-made dog were completely muffled by the loud, ripping noise of a set of powerful teeth tearing apart the bread and the ingredients until Dingy was left to stare in shock at a large row of white frontal teeth chomping down the sandwich right in front of him. The fox's teeth were no longer as massive as mountains, but each one of the said teeth could still crush his head easily! "oh lord..." That was a shy mumble that left Dingy's lips upon coming across the much larger lips of his lover, slowly closing and sealing mere centimeters ahead of him. Wasting no time, the colossal fox began to chew down the first bite of the sandwich. The loud sound of food being crushed and further pulverized in the confines of Flynn's maw was loud enough to make an attempt to cry for help ultra useless.

After a moment or two of chewing, Dingy would witness a bulge going down his lover's throat, followed by an audible ***gulp!*** The soft lips of the girly-looking male fox would move apart slowly to allow the tip of his pink tongue to lick across, all before the booming voice of the young said. **"HUM!!! TASTY!"** Flynn had absolutely no idea about the show he was providing to his mate, all the while, Dingy was watching his crush from a whole new perspective. Never before had the dog imagined that such a cute, delicate and adorable boy could turn into a machine of massive destruction. Even when casually speaking, just like what Flynn did just now, the chubby fairy dogy was left to endure up front the warm breath escaping the fox's lips and carrying with it the fumes from within the confines of the young man's stomach and whatever was digesting in there already. A place that Dingy definitely didn't want to revisit. Unfortunately, the decision was made for him.

The fairy-made boy would witness the black fox lips opening up again, this time from a much closer perspective than ever before. The mouth's interior might not have been as terrifying as it was when he was ultra-tiny, but it didn't change the fact Flynn was a natural predator species, and by that, the young fox possessed some sharp rows of teeth waiting to cut down whatever food he happens to introduce into his maw. Watching the light slowly fading away again, Dingy tried to do his best to turn his small body around inside the sandwich and crawl his way into the back of the thing. Still, he found it hard to push aside the larger ingredients, considering that he was probably one of the smallest ingredients within that large sandwich. The dog was fighting a lost battle, and the fact that Flynn's huge fingers were doing a fine job holding everything in place, there was no point in even trying. But yet, Dingy did try, only to witness the same front row of teeth chomping down the sandwich; however, this time, watching it from the back. The poor boy was once again inside that fox's maw. The same dangerous chewing process began again, though this time around, the chubby fairy was big enough to actually have some control over his destinate, being able to avoid the dangerous teeth, but in the end, Dingy's fate remained the same.

The poor dog would feel his whole world turning upside as soon as the huge tongue tilted upwards, sending that mass of chewed food along the fairy down into the fox's large esophagus. "FLYNN!..." Dingy cried for help one more time, only to have the air pressed out of his lungs brutality by the tight squeeze of the throat muscles, being sent downwards towards his final destination within the furnace-like stomach of a fox. Falling from the roof to land on a soft island of food, the dog found himself surrounded by stomach acid, contracting muscles wall, producing loud rumbling noises, anxious to digest the incoming food. "omg! Flynn! I'm in his stomach!" The sheer realization of finding himself within the stomach of a larger person, even if he had already been there before, although he wasn't aware or conscious during his first stay.

The stomach was dark, impossible to see anything at all, the heat was strong, and the rumbling was loud. The smell was terrible, a pungent smell of pure acid invading the poor dog's nostrils, slowly burning and dissolving his lungs. Suddenly and without warning, an audible boom, followed by a tremor, disturbed the delicate balance of the floating island of food Dingy happened to be standing upon, the last chewed piece of the sandwich falling off the ring springer-like muscle on the roof of the furnace, colliding with the previous ball of food and sending the poor fairy right into the pool of acid. Nearly immediately, the small canine felt a strong tingling sensation through his body, a painful one, his fur beginning to fall off his skin. "Oh shit! I'm being digested!" the dog desperately exclaimed to himself. "FLYNN, FOR THE LOVE OF THE GODS, TAKE ME OUT HERE!" The tiny fairy shouted at the thick stomach walls, hoping that somebody would come to rescue him.

"WOAH! THAT ONE ACTUALLY TASTES REALLY GOOD!" Spoke Flynn out of joy. And even more than the taste, the second surprise came from his character's

status bar fully recovered. That strange fairy sandwich, whatever that is, could easily be considered the best consumable in-game. However, once glancing over his inventory, the black fox immediately noticed that the same sandwich couldn't be repeated as the main ingredient; the fairy was missing. **"WELL, MAYBE IT WAS AN UNIQUE ONE, WHICH MAKES SENSE GIVEN HOW MUCH OF STAMINA, HEALTH POINTS XP THAT ONE GAVE ME. IT COULD EASILY BRAKE THE GAME,"** Spoke the young archer, nonetheless about the fact the game was already broken. Meanwhile, in the dark furnace confines of his stomach, a small fairy-like Dingy was still struggling to be noticed and get rescued, the poor boy did all he could to win closer to the muscle walls, patting and even punching against them but the best reaction that he managed to get out of that was a loud burp out of the equally large fox boy. "OOPS! MY BAD!" Flynn casually spoke, covering his mouth. And by the time the young fox was finishing that sentence, Dingy was feeling most of his body beginning to fall apart and dissolve in the confines of his crush tummy. The dog's muscles were burning, and soon enough, he found himself unable to move his body; most limbs had already disintegrated into a meaty soup of stomach acids. **"LET ME SEE, WHAT ELSE IS IN IT FOR ME..."** The girly fox casually continued to scroll down through his inventory HUD, allowing his belly to do its job.

Eventually, Flynn came across a second fairy recipe, and by the time he did dos, Dingy would already have awake up again, in the musky confines of the boy's bulge! Stuck in this loop process of being a threat as an item by the game system, slowly turning it into a horrible nightmare for the poor boy. "FLYNN! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! SAVE ME! SOMEBODY HELP M...!" And then again, just like before, the small fairy was teleported out of the bulge of his secret lover. This time his nano-sized hadn't been altered; in fact, it was, but the chubby fairy could tell he wasn't nearly as big as he was before, and he was definitely not on top of a slice of bread like before.

"FAIRY MOCHA COFFE, SERVET COLD. ALRIGHT, LET'S GIVE IT A TRY," Flynn's booming voice shook the tiny fairy world. And ended up serving as a guiding base to point the right direction. The whole landscape was white and quite cold from Dingy perspective. At least, this strange surface offers little to no resistance against the small canine efforts to make his way to the surface. It was only when Dingy broke through the surface that he could see some light and breathe some air. The atmosphere surrounding the tiny young boy smelled strong of strawberries; it only took the small fairy a couple of seconds to realize that he was standing on the whipped cream! The whipped cream was acting as a topping for a cold drink! "Shit! Not again! Please, no!"

Dingy spoke, looking around, trying desperately to spot the face of his good friend, until a strong gust of warm wind hitting him from behind gave a good clue. Although, as soon as the poor boy turned around, he realized it might already be too late. The only thing Dingy was able to see was two broad, house-sized nostrils attached to an even

larger black muzzle. A fox muzzle! "FLYNN!!" **rumble!!!** Immediately upon finishing, that cried out the massive lips, which Dingy was already getting very well familiar with, collided against the edge of the cup, followed by one of the most terrifying sounds the small dog had yet to witness, and the body of an innocent young fox could produce. Flynn sucked the cold coffee out of its container and down into the confines of his mouth.

Dingy witnessed the ocean-sized cup filled with cold coffee begin to level down. Lucky, this time around, the dog, like a fairy, found himself stuck to the upper lips of his mate among a good amount of white whipped cream. But the dog was perfectly aware he had only a small chance. He needed to move away from Flynn's lips as he knew the most common thing to do with whipped cream leftovers around their lips was to lick them clean. And in about no time, that was precisely what happened. A loud rumble indicated that the pink tip of an enormous tongue was already on its way to wipe clean that young male's soft, girly lips. "NO, FLYNN! NO! DON'T DO IT! PLEASE, I BEG YOU!" But, sadly, Dingy's cries were no louder than the friction caused by the soft movement of a tongue moving against the equally soft surface of the lips.

In no time, Dingy found himself brought into the dark confines of a mouth, the third time around today. Once again, the poor canine was small enough to see fine details within that girly fox's mouth. Still, even before Dingy could come together with a plan, the lips parted themselves wide open again, and the same cold cup loaded with coffee from before came into view; Flynn was simply about to take another sip out of his drink. "HELL NO!!!!" The puny dog yelled while running away from the opening, completely useless and nonsense. The strong flow of cold, dark liquid reached his fragile form in no time, carrying him along massive-sized islands of whipped cream down the throat of that slim boy again. Dingy was soon to be left in the confines of his good friend again, that is, if he could even call Flynn, a friend after everything they had been through. Gosh, the chubby male wasn't even sure he would ever get to talk to black fox again.

Taking the time to properly rest and digest his meal, the short, fit-looking, black vulpine took a seat. Aimless scrolling down through his inventory, eventually stumbling upon the pets section and curiously scrolling down to check the brand new acquisitions, until suddenly, one specific pet got Flynn's attention. "DINGY!!!" The archer exclaimed out of sheer fear! He realized now that during this whole time, the poor boy was lost around his inventory, mixed together with all the other items for an entire day! "Good lord! Stupid game! Dingy is not a pet. He is a player... shit! How do I fix it?!" Trying his best to avoid falling into despair, the soft boy decided to do the obvious, commanding his HUD to summon his "pet," but only to receive an error message warning him that consumable could only be summed once. "Consumables? What that fuck?" The fox was startled for a moment; pets weren't consumables and could be summed as many times as the user desired. However, it was only then the young archer put two and two together, eyes widening with the realization. Flynn would slowly tilt his head down to face his

belly. "Dingy?... Are you there..." **burpppp!** Accidentally letting a loud burp escape, patting his belly before saying... "I guess... I'll have to wait..."

The end.