

The fox pushed their nose up against the space between fence boards there close to the ground, the little break in between partially hidden behind a tuft of thick, unkempt grass. It looked as though there was *just* enough space for the feral to squeeze their body down to the ground and start wriggling forward, working their way back out of the neighbor's yard through which they had taken a shortcut. Normally this was a spot they avoided for a number of reasons, the great, vicious dog kept up near the porch not the least of these, but today they could tell that *something* there on the far side called out to them, and they simply could not resist.

As the vulpine worked through, forepaws grasping and hindpaws pushing and kicking, they had to slow and stop at one point to catch their breath, and to let the absurd tingling trickle back out of their lower body. Everything down there swelled and pulsed and sparked, day by day the depths of their heat increasing until the little nipples pinpointed down along their belly grew up and out, bulging into charcoal-black mounds that rose out from skin tinted pink with constant engorgement. The fox sighed, squirmed, and tugged again – then felt their mouth drop open and eyes roll up at the embarrassingly rich sensation of pressure down between their hind legs, as the squat height of the hole in the fence forced their upper body down against the ground and wedged their lower body in place there.

Normally this would be a space through which they could fit, quite easily and without issue. Here in the depths of their heat, though, sagging teats and then an engorged, swollen, *dense* spade constantly bouncing and jiggling between their hind legs, gently slapping against upper thighs and knees as they walked side to side, physically weighing them down so that they had to sit down, catch their breath, and then unstick themselves from the puddle of oozing arousal that inevitably gathered wherever they settled – this meant that they could not fit, no matter how much the fox tried to tug. This, in turn, meant that each extra yank and pull put a little bit more pressure on the mound of that sex, the soft, supple skin and flesh mashing between the ground and their lower body, nerves sliding together, firing off, shooting little lances of sharp, sparking pleasure through their legs, making them kick and lose their footing all over again, and-

Sharp, vulpine ears perked at the rhythmic sound of inhaled breaths, quick and fervent from behind the fence. They swallowed and turned their head, straining to catch a glimpse of the source through the spaces between the boards: soon heavy footsteps crunched through grass still wet first with morning dew and now second with dripping fox ooze, squeezed out like juice from a fresh peach as they continued to strain and tug.

Sure enough the fox soon saw the shape of the canine, the huge German shepherd who inhabited this lot, as they made their way closer. Even in the narrow gaps between boards the dog was clearly visible, as was the effect of the fox's heat on them: with each step, nose buried halfway amid tall blades of grass, between the dog's hind legs swung the thick, heavy weight of their plump sheath and hanging sack, the loose, supple skin stretching down to encompass the heft of the orbs as they walked. Foggy eyes focused downwards at the grass, following the trail of sharp scent left from the fox's advance, and then this gaze suddenly shot forward, latched onto the display held so perfectly in place there along the foot of the fence... and for a moment the shepherd just stood there, head up, legs spread, and *undercarriage* jiggling with the remnant of their movement.

It wasn't *just* the balls that were sizeable. The fox squirmed in anticipation, then more so as the shepherd's tongue flopped out and nose flared, and their hips started slowly, reflexively thrusting at the air with the hovering scent of vulpine heat emanating from within the plump lips of their spade, propped open due to their wedged body. They could imagine it now, supple black exterior lips parted

open to show the slick, wet inner walls of pink, glistening with constant dripping moisture stirred up from their damn heat, and... and then suddenly that same snuffling and sniffing from before redoubled itself, this time blasting out into and across their spread sex.

It tickled, and made them jump, and then felt so, so good at the same time. Soon afterwards the dog's nose followed, firm wetness sliding up along and then between those spread lips, digging deeper into sensitive flesh; the fox yipped and squirmed, forepaws grasping weakly at the grass. The nose pulled up, at once sending a rippling shock of nervousness, anticipation, and pleasure through the fox's body, soon followed by another hot breath – and then a broad, flat tongue curling in, slurping between those walls, and flicking up as well. Then again, and again, each time causing the fox to curl their toes and brace their stretched knees against the ground, body tensing up with the force of the sensation, warmth and heat magnifying, radiating throughout them until they could hardly tell whether they would rather pull free, or push up and back to invite that tongue and nose deeper.

The dog made the choice for them, though. After a few more of those deep, indulgent licks, after which the fox could *feel* one of the thick, sticky ropes of saliva mixed with arousal flop down and drape over the base of their tail, they jumped again at the sudden noise of a pair of broad paws impacting the side of the fence above their head. Shocked, they glanced back and saw there the upright shadow of the German shepherd, propped up against the fence – with the afternoon sunlight coming from behind at just the right angle to clearly outline their hanging sheath and sack, still jiggling in the air as they lowered themselves down.

Then, a moment later, a different kind of simmering warmth slid up against the fox's spread spade. Slick and wet poking out from sleek, supple skin, then pressing in, and deeper, and deeper with each subsequent thrust – soon with those huge, heavy balls swinging forward and bouncing against the rim of the fox's lips, adding an extra layer of pressure and pleasure as the shepherd, squatting there with their forepaws braced against the fence as they pounded down into the caught fox.

Each thrust pushed the vulpine a little further beneath the fence – but at this rate, they weren't sure whether they *wanted* to escape anymore.