

It was something straight out of my most sensual dreams. Mrs. Oakwood's hot, wet mouth opened up below me like a gaping canyon, and in the short time I had before the inevitable plunge, I took in as many details as I could. Her long, floppy tongue spilled out to form a welcome mat guarded by her sharp teeth, still a little dirty and stained from her omelet breakfast just a few hours before, and the dark, deep cave that was the opening to her throat all tempted and beckoned me as she held my by my tail. Saliva dripped from her mouth and tongue and hung in long, vine-like strands from tooth to tooth, and I felt my cock swell even further. As crazy as it sounded... she couldn't eat me soon enough.

But I knew she wouldn't. Both Mrs. Oakwood and I knew far too well I was worth much more than a quick drop and gulp. She'd seen how I had admired her from my little cubicle at work, how I had even gone so far as volunteer for meetings I knew nothing about just to sit in the same room as her. Was Mrs. Oakwood bothered by it? Oh, of course not. She was absolutely flattered.

And so I took it all in, just like she wanted. Her drooping, gorgeous, breasts, her floppy retriever ears, and those deep amber eyes. One minute passed, then another. Her entire face was poised in anticipation at her sweet little 12 PM snack, and after a final lick of her lips, she let go of my tail with a quick little flick.

In a split-second I was sent into a free-fall. My slow, quiet passion was replaced with a sharp little squeak and shortness of breath, and I flew straight down and landed on her tongue with a wet plop. Just as quickly as I fell, her mouth shut closed and she rolled me around on her tongue to savor the taste. I heard her "Mmmmh" and "Aaaaah," and the sounds of her pleasure and satisfaction surrounded me in echoing, endless rumbles.

But I was mere food after all, and Mrs. Oakwood was a very, very hungry mother. She had work to do, emails to send, and an entire litter of pups to nurse, and she gently flicked me into a row of teeth with her tongue. I hardly had time to realize what was going on until-

CRUNCH

With a toss of her tongue, Mrs. Oakwood sent her well-chewed snack to the back of her throat and swallowed with a quick gulp. She checked her watch, and then walked back to her computer with a familiar sway in her hips and a twitch of her tail. Hopefully her pups wouldn't mind a little taste of fox...