



Cramped Quarters

Written by Victor Waite
Word Count: 1573 Time: 175 min



For about ten minutes every hour, the hallway filled with furs coming and going from their classes. Every lecture in the building seemed to start and end at the same times, and for that period in between chaos reigned. Students and professors alike pushed passed one another in a blind effort to get where they were going, and the result was almost complete gridlock. I usually tried to avoid this, but sometimes it just wasn't possible. The corridors were perfectly quiet otherwise, making them the perfect place to sit down and catch up on school work. If you could suffer through the brief crowds, you could work right up to your next class without worrying about being late. That's exactly what I was doing when the classrooms let out in unison for the umpteenth time, and like usual I tried my best keep my head down and stay focused.

The hall filled to capacity in short order, choking the flow of students to a lazy walk. Clusters of friends congealed along the walls as well, further slowing the current of furs. I didn't pay too much attention since it was business as usual, but I couldn't help but notice a pair of ankles that had stopped right in front of me. I looked up to see if they belonged to anyone I knew, and I quickly realized they didn't. I lacked the pleasure of knowing a vixen with thighs that thick or an ass that luscious, and in that moment I decided I wanted that to change. It would be utterly tasteless for me to try to introduce myself from my seat behind her however, and with my back literally against a wall I wasn't able to move much. So, I made the best of the situation and tried to memorize every detail of the chubby fox's generous backside while I waited for her to move.

I honestly couldn't tell you how long I sat there, but enough time had passed for the hallway to empty. I only noticed when one of her friends commented on it, which kindled a heat in my cheeks. Had I really been so enamored by her assets? I answered my own question with a tent in my pants, but that was fortunately hidden by the textbook in my lap. Still, I couldn't shake the feeling that the plump trio knew what was going through my mind. Their conversation was too quiet to pick up on, but I swear that vixen was swaying her hips just to tease me. Her tail had a certain playfulness to its movement, flicking just close enough to fill my nose with her perfume. I couldn't tell exactly what it was, but it was uncommonly pleasant and strangely relaxing. My posture slackened under the olfactory influence, and I'm sure that made my ogling painfully obvious.

Maybe it was just a simple matter of timing, or maybe I had tipped my hand, but for whatever reason that's when she struck. That wonderfully fluffy tail coiled around my head with surprising dexterity, covering the entirety of my muzzle. Every breath I took filtered through her aromatic fur, overwhelming me with her perfume and natural scent. I was putty in her grip as she leaned back into the wall. Her soft cheeks squished around my face as the back of my head met cool paint, the twin masses almost completely engulfing everything above my shoulders. I distantly heard one of her companions mention my apparent cooperation, which brought a

snicker from them. There was another exchange before her pressure relented, but she gave me no time to recover. In retrospect, I wouldn't have wanted to anyway.

The vixen's tail flagged as she pulled down the back of her yoga pants, revealing her complete lack of undergarments. The flash likely would have stunned me regardless of its source, so you can imagine how much her bottom-heavy figure enhanced the effect. She rolled her hips in lazy circles as she backed towards me again, exposing her tight tailhole and dampened sex. The scent of her arousal mixed with everything else as she ground her bare ass against my head, guiding my muzzle between her parted cheeks. The trio of chubby students laughed to themselves when I let out a dazed purr, which only encouraged the heavy vixen. Her gyrations intensified as she pushed me against the wall again, almost crushing me in the process. She didn't seem to care about my discomfort however, and my efforts to push her off only spurred her on.

Eventually something gave, and it wasn't the wall like I expected. One particularly well aimed cycle of her hips lined her pucker to the tip of my muzzle, and a practiced thrust sent my snout through the clenched gate. The shock of slipping into her rear held me in place far more effectively than her weight, giving her the opportunity to continue. The rest of my head popped into her depths with surprisingly little effort, plunging me into the world of her body. Her presence dominated my senses, from her thankfully inoffensive aroma to the muffled burbles of her stomach above. The tug of her walls drew me deeper yet, and soon I felt her entire mass resting on my shoulders. She paused for a moment there, either savoring what she had taken or psyching herself up to swallow the rest of me, but it made me think that she was about to stop.

Her hips rocked from side to side once she had gathered herself, and my hopes of escape were dashed when one of my shoulders slipped into her tunnel. My other shoulder was no problem after that, and with the most troublesome part of me tucked away I stood no chance of resisting her. My arms were forced to my sides as her tight ring slid down my torso, driving home the point that I wasn't going anywhere. Her descent briefly slowed as I approached the first bend in her anatomy, but it didn't seem to be too much of a problem for her. The fat vixen shivered in pleasure as her passage straightened around me, revealing her skill and pride as a predator. The gentle swell of my middle did nothing to deter her, and if anything it heightened her pleasure. I was deep enough in her belly to faintly hear her quickened heart beat and quiet huffs of bliss, which made me think all she wanted was a toy.

I was more than happy to oblige her if it meant she would let me go, but I was in no position to negotiate. Hoping that I was right about her intent, I started wiggling around as much as she would let me. Her entire body clenched around me when I nudged a certain spot, so I focused all of my attention on it. The result was immediate, and her walls trembled with barely restrained pleasure. It was evident that she was having trouble containing herself, and it sounded like her friends got a kick out of it. Her temperature rose as she raced towards her climax, rapidly turning her passage into a sauna and making me partially regret my decision. Her self-control

began to fray as well, and my progress into her ground to a halt while her muscles erratically clamped down on me. The pressure built until I thought she was going to outright crush me, but thankfully her lusts intervened.

Every fiber in her body relaxed in unison with the start her release, then rippled and convulsed in orgasmic unison. I'm sure the vixen had to hold her muzzle shut to keep from crying out and drawing attention, and I doubt her friends were of any help in the matter. I wasn't too concerned with what was happening outside however, as her muscular passage held my full attention. The concerted effort of her blissful contractions devoured me much faster than she could have otherwise, and within seconds she had claimed all but my legs. When her climax began to taper off, her twitching ring was firmly wrapped around my ankles. My feet kept her blissful aftershocks from swallowing the rest of me, but I'm sure that's only because she wanted me as a plug.

The chubby fox stood up and adjust herself once I was safely tucked away, softly jostling me around her insides. Her panting was clearly audible through her body, along with her gradually relaxing heartbeat. Despite what had just happened, I felt a small bud of pride bloom in my chest, nourished by the pleasure I was able to bring her. Plus, her ass wasn't a bad place to be, all things considered. She thankfully kept herself clean, and her walls constantly massaged me with greedy ripples. Warmth covered my exposed feet as she pulled her pants back up, truly sealing me away in her depths. She shivered as my toes teased her sex, and she quickly put an end to my tickling with a strong clench. It was enough to force the air from my lungs, and she didn't let up until she was sure I had learned my lesson. Convinced by her argument, I silently promised to be a good toy and possible meal.

"And that's how it's done," the vixen murmured to her friends. "Make them want it just as much as you do. Now who would like to practice first?"