

It wasn't really a particularly odd occurrence, but if you took into consideration that the brown-haired orange male fox appeared to be going to the fair alone at the ripe age of 21, it would seem odd; normally people only went on groups. After all, more people meant more fun! Yet here Zephyrlot stood, waiting in line for a funnel cake, clearly the odd one out – Both groups in front of and behind him were gaggles of women chattering away about their husbands, boyfriends, or the people they wished were either of the first two. Patiently he waited, wearing only a white t-shirt and cargo pants, or at least so it seemed at first glance. He checked his phone occasionally, looked around, and responded to a text on his mobile phone before putting it back in his pocket. The line wasn't budging at all, due mainly to a larger bull in front attempting to haggle his way to a cheaper hot dog.

After sending off a few texts and covertly browsing the latest in pornography, he was finally at the front. He ordered the advertised special, available for one day only: A heart-shaped funnel cake with gushy pink grapefruit jam. It was Valentine's Day after all, so it only seemed to fit. He paid for it and happily walked away, picking off bits here and there to pop into his mouth and savor, as he perused the various rides. When half of the heart had been consumed, the next piece he tore off was considerably smaller and did not go into his mouth – Rather, he pulled open the back of his pants and dropped it down into his non-traditional undergarment as though it was no big deal; to him, it really wasn't.

Inside Zephyrlot's thick diaper, which he happily wore to the fair, a hungry, tiny bear named Andrew, Andy for short, was more than thankful for the first of many delectable treats that fell down into his paws amidst the muted yet consistent sound of crinkling plastic. His dark furred back rustled against the absorbent material of the thick white diaper and his lighter-furred belly brushed against Zephyrlot's ass crack as he greedily munched the morsel down, stubby tail thumping back and forth. A tiny “Thank you, that was delicious!” emanated out of the absorbent garment once he had eaten it all.

Zephyrlot's voice rumbled down, slightly terse with thinly concealed condescension. “And what else do you say?”

Eyes widening, Andy quickly corrected himself with a little hesitation. “Thank you SIR!” before quickly adding on, “Love you sir Foxy” to placate any displeasure that Zephyrlot may be harboring.

The fox's voice grew more amicable. “That's my little teddy bear! You just earned yourself a sample of everything I get.”

The arrangement had been made a week prior. Andy, Zephyrlot's roommate and lover, had forgotten his wallet on their most recent date. The restaurant was expensive as well, and Zephyrlot paid out of pocket to treat him while chiding him on his forgetfulness. After refusing any repayment, the devious fox got a twinkle in his eye and brought up a different form of repayment. He suggested the option of shrinking Andy and enacting punishment by having him spend a night in the back of the Fox's diaper to “squirm around in,” as he put it. After that, he would consider them fully even with no repayment necessary. Andy, being short on money anyways, agreed without hesitation.

And like that, they wandered around the fair. Occasionally Zephyrlot would go on ride or two between snacks, forcing the poor bear's muzzle right up against his tailhole, even further still when it was a high-G ride such as the Comet, Himalaya, or Zipper. He sampled anything extraordinary he could find, from bison hotdogs to truffle-sprinkled fries. Andy got a taste of each and every one of the snacks and made sure to address the dominant fox as Sir each time. The little bear was even having a somewhat good time despite his lack of vision and unfortunate proximity to the fox's ass, whose musk and sweat he was beginning to notice but not necessarily dislike.

All of this food sampling hinted at the origin of Zephyrlot's bulging gut. The fox was chubby and he knew it, flaunted it even. While not horribly obese, he had what could be called bear weight. His slurped around his leathery lips and brown muzzle, eyeing the next of delicacies, brown-socked paws taking his wallet out.

The bear in the crinkly diaper underneath Zephyrlot's pants felt a spreading warmth at his feet as the fox wet himself in line for his next snack, wrinkling his nose at the salty smell of urine and

praying the wetness didn't find its way up to him. His whining was quickly silenced with a cross word from Zephyrlot, who pushed on the back of his pants to shove the poor ursine up so his muzzle was actually pushing inside the pucker in front of him.

“Quiet down there or I'm spending five minutes at the water fountain just to spite you.” Andy winced at this, quickly backpedaling.

“Yes sir Fox, sorry! It's actually kind of nice down here, honest.”

“That's better.”

The day did not last forever, and Zephyrlot felt a fullness beneath his tail. He had worn his diaper for a reason which Andy was not privy to. Andy got a little suspicious when the diapered ass lowered but did not sit – his dominant fox was clearly not on a ride, and the lack of footsteps combined with the tightening of the diaper behind him was deeply troubling. He had been told that there would be a surprise at the fair before Zephyrlot left, but he hadn't thought much of it. His mind began racing when a striped plastic tube of a straw was lowered down to him. But that could only mean...

“Brace yourself, little guy. Nature's calling on line 2.” And with that, his tail flagged up. Andy screamed fruitlessly, begging for him to stop. “Please, ANYTHING!”

“Nope, you're down there and I've gotta go, so tough.”

His cries were summarily ignored. The first few inches of repulsive fecal matter hit him hardest, pressing against his naked body without remorse or mercy as the fox's shit spread out over him and under him squishing into every crevice it could find, the more flexible diaper giving way where he did not. He quickly grabbed hold of the straw for dear life, hugging it to his chest. Before long he was enveloped in foul brown muck, and Zephyrlot wasn't even done! He grunted further, pushing more scat out as the bear-shaped outline on the seat of his diaper was soon replaced with a noticeable bulge. The fox had decided to squat behind the port-a-potties outside of standard view while he unleashed his bowel movement onto Andy.

The bear begged, pleaded for what he was sure was his life. “Oh god, please Zeph, stop, it's

awful down here! Let me out, You proved your point, come on!”

“Sorry little buddy, but I've got a lot more proving to do. Just sit back down there and be thankful I had the foresight to get that spare straw. I'm not done with you yet,” Zephyrlot retorted, going back to grunting as he continued shitting into his diaper.

“You said it would just be a visit to the fair, I know I deserved something but this is too much, please, just take me out of thiffffMMMGGG!!”

By then the sun was going down and if you listened carefully, you could hear unintelligible, small cries of protest from that general vicinity for a short time before they became more and more muffled, fading away. Finally, the fox grunted, stood up, and began to go about the rest of the day as if nothing odd had happened.

Andy gasped for each breath, almost fully immobilized by the brown muck. The feeling of it surrounding him and getting into his fur was awful, a sticky foul gunk matting his fur up and making movement difficult. The smell was worse, threatening to make him retch from the scent of the fox's mess alone. The taste was worse yet still; every time he found a pocket of air for a quick breath, some of the foul shit would find a way into his mouth, making him retch even further. Cursing the fox whose soiled diaper he took current residence in, he finally moved down to the end of the straw and cleared the muck out of it, opening up to the sweet air of the outside, tainted with the smell of feces as it was. Finally, with his breathing stabilized, he rested his aching muscles as much as he could while still occasionally clearing the muck away from his source of fresh air.

He wasn't able to relax for long; his fox was far too cruel for that. Zeph felt the lack of serious squirming in his diaper, stopping and diving into an alley between tents to provide his ultimatum. His voice rumbled deep throughout his body, and Andy heard him clearly. “You're not coming out of there until you eat every last morsel. I know that stomach of yours is still full-sized. I made this “dinner” JUST for you and if you don't finish it I'll be just devastated! If you take too long and I need to make another bathroom trip before you're done, guess what, that's more food on your plate.

Andy got a pit in his stomach. Eat? THIS?!?! He knew his fox dominant was cruel indeed, but this was a new level. Voicing a shaky “Yes, Sir,” he braced himself, knowing what was to come. Slowly, he gathered a mouthful of filthy slop and immediately spat it out. He couldn't! But, he had to. He had to consume his dominant's feces in order to escape the prison it made or else he wouldn't see the light of day until Zephyrlot got tired of torturing him or decided he needed a change. With boosted resolve, he tried it again. UGH!!! He spat it out with more prejudice than last time. He whimpered “I can't, Zephyrlot Sir! I just can't! Please let me out, I'll do dishes for a YEAR!”

“Nope. I'm sticking to the commitment, no matter what you say. Now get chowing.” Zephyrlot's tone was stern; he was losing patience.

“Anything at all! I just want out of here, please, I'm yours to command!” Andy squeaked, hoping for a sliver of mercy.

“Then scoop a mouthful of shit with those teeth of yours, swallow it, then rinse and repeat until it's gone. Until that happens, you're not coming out, EVER. Now GET TO WORK!”

Andy grumbled to himself, too scared to incur further vulpine wrath. He knew he was in it for the long haul now, much to his displeasure. With a disgusted frown on his face, he tried another mouthful. It was the foulest stuff he had ever tasted, but he wasn't gagging against his will yet. He started to close his mouth. Almost there. He closed it. There were a few gags and he had to spit it out, but he was making progress. Alright, one last try... Good, he had closed his mouth around it. It was sitting inert in his muzzle offending every single one of his senses. Inside his moist, drooling mouth lay the true organic filth that was evolutionarily designed to be the one of the most repulsive things known to man.

And he swallowed it. He gagged, but forced it down nonetheless. It slithered down his esophagus slowly, sticking as it went. He was actively fighting his gag reflex now, mentally forcing his body to accept it with a willpower previously unknown to him. He felt nauseous and wanted to puke, but managed to suppress it long enough until the large mouthful hit his stomach with a plop. It felt so

insignificant! To his muzzle it was a mouthful, but his stomach was still full-sized and it felt like nothing more than a tiny nibble. He then realized just the amount of torture he would have to go through to get out of this, and had to blink back tears. He had to do it again. And again. And again. Mouthful after mouthful. It never got less repulsive. The entire process was accompanied by Zeph's footsteps and abrupt sitting, occasionally jarring Andy and causing him to retch and spit up, disrupting his filthy "dinner." The fox even wet himself a second time, adding more discomfort to the already suffering bear. He breathed carefully through the straw, clearing the airway at every opportunity he could between the torturous, awful, retching swallows.

Zephyrlot loved this carnival. He was still getting the occasional snack. His hunger was sated now at least; everything past that was the casual grazing that had contributed to the fox getting as chubby as he was. He plopped a bit of whichever foodstuff he had just purchased into his maw every once in a while, but he had stopped dropping anything down the back of his pants. His diaper, now fully loaded, was bulging out beneath his tail very nicely when he wasn't sitting down and was stretching his britches enough that the white plastic waistband poked out above his trousers when he bent over. Since it was so windy and his diaper was nearly airtight save for a single straw, absolutely no one noticed any distinct smell or anything out of the ordinary. Certainly, no one suspected a shit-eating tiny bear in the back of his diaper, trying his hardest not to spit up between mouthful of vulpine excrement.

Finally, Andy noticed, the noise outside had begun to die down, signaling that the carnival was closing down for the night. The clock had struck twelve and the poor bear had spent over three hours meticulously swallowing mouthful after mouthful of horrid waste, although to him it had felt like days. His mouth was tired, his throat was tired, and he was finally almost done eating. He had to trudge on; he even managed to clean himself a little bit, and no longer had to wipe it from his eyes. He suddenly felt Zephyrlot squat again and a pit in his stomach formed.

"Please no, you can hold it in, be a big fox, please!" Andy begged with desperation. He was so

close to making the deadline!

“Nope. When ya gotta go, ya gotta go, and I gotta go right now. Sucks to be you, bud,”

Zephyrlot retorted, taking a sadistic pleasure in Andy's suffering.

Andy nearly burst out into tears when he felt Zephyrlot push even more feces out into the seat of his diaper. There wasn't nearly as much as last time, but his whimpering fell on deaf ears as the fox stepped into his car, buckled the seatbelt, and began to drive with the radio on, tuning out the bear's cries of dissatisfaction. The log was as long as his arm and many times thicker, but it could have filled the diaper to the brim and made no difference to him. He was so close, SO CLOSE! Defeated, he steeled himself for another mouthful, terrified of the fox's overactive bowels producing any more “food” for him to eat.

Andy heard Zeph yawn and start singing along to whatever was playing on the radio to keep awake. He heard his jaws tense as well as he tried to quicken his eating pace, that being the only other sound available. Not even the ambiance of the road was audible to him; he was trapped in his foul prison. He knew the fox was ignoring him to tease him even more, and it was working. Zeph got out of his car and unlocked the house as Andy felt the all-too-familiar turns of their front walkway, listening as his diaper prison gently rustled between the fox's legs as they entered the kitchen. He could barely make out the low humming of the fridge as Zeph got himself something from it, and he also faintly heard the swallows as he ate or drank it. The brown bear felt a pang of jealousy – Here he was, almost finished eating not one, but two loads of brown goop straight from this fox's ass, and Zephyrlot was flaunting it by having a nice night-time snack! Eventually he felt Zeph sit down, presumably at his computer desk, and all went quiet. He was almost done swallowing at any rate, and was quickly approaching the end of his ordeal.

After a few minutes Andy was down to a single remaining mouthful. He was constantly fighting the urge to throw up; the key to his salvation was just in reach. He scooped up the last of the fox's excrement with his paws and swallowed it, feeling almost a sense of pride! He even allowed himself a

cheer, as bits of his fur had even been cleaned and were visible. Finally, he called up to Zephyrlot.

“Hey! I'm done! I ate it all, every fucking bite! Let me out now, please! ... Zeph?” Andy inquired into the silence.

He got nothing in return and worry set in. Perhaps Zeph was listening to something through his headphones and didn't hear him. He would surely check on him soon, or maybe if Andy kept calling he would get through to his fox. He sat back where he had started at the beginning of this entire ordeal, gently nestled between the fox's ass cheeks with his dark-furred back to the similarly brown-stained diaper and his lighter-furred belly to the the recently cleaned yet still matted fox ass in front of him.

Zephyrlot began to snore lightly. He hadn't sat at his computer, he had laid down! Andy yelled in protest, angry now that this awful, mean, cruel fox had dared to fall asleep right as he finished the “dinner” the very fox had assigned him. His voice was too muffled from within the diaper fastened around Zephyrlot's hips to wake the fox up, a barely audible squeak compared to his snoring. “Fine,” he thought, and settled down, trying his best to find a comfortable position to fall asleep himself. He was confident that his fox, the fox he had let shove him down here, would let him out in the morning once he had shown him that he had eaten everything within the diaper. To add insult to injury, he had found that the diaper was too tight for him to exit by sheer strength alone; his size had him trapped for the night. Avoiding the nauseous feeling in his stomach, his gag reflex, and the urge to vomit, he slowly began to doze off until he was awoken by a sudden shift in weight and opened his eyes wide when the silence was interrupted by the comparatively loud crinkling of the fox's diaper.

Tears rolled down Andy's cheeks as, in his sleep, Zephyrlot's fast metabolism earned its name. His tailhole began to expand as once again a massive brown mass started to slowly crackle out, pressing gently against Andy's muzzle as it hung open in disbelief. His mouth filled to capacity with the fox's excrement before spilling out and over the poor bear, guaranteeing a sizable midnight snack.

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