Perfectly Stuffed



It is late evening, almost midnight. A writer is busy in her office, and her little pet is out of his cage.

Exactly where he shouldn't be. In his owner's office. Heavy keystrokes from a huge keyboard sounded above the shrunken fox as he dashed across the floor, attempting to evade her gaze.

The bright orange vulpine knew full well that he shouldn't have crept out of his cage. His owner, the *huge* black and orange cross fox who was creating prose above him with her fingertips - had told him not to do such a thing at least a hundred times. And for good reason! He was *very* small - roughly the size of your average credit card - and if he got out of his cage while she was unawares, then she could've accidentally stepped on him. Or a household pest could've attacked him! Or he could've gotten himself into somewhere very, very silly indeed. Yes, it was best that he stayed in his cage.

Raruke knew this very well. How many times had she told him? How many times had she *beaten* that into him? But … it had also been two days since his mistress had come to see him. Which meant that it had been two days since he had been fed. The poor fox was so very hungry. Maybe she had forgotten about him? Maybe she needed a reminder that he existed? Stupid thoughts - she was just busy, too busy for someone as insignificant as he - but the starvation was beginning to make him a little delirious.

So, here he was. In her office. By her chair. Beside her feet. Ready to try and get her attention. Fortunately, however, he didn't need to try hard. His owner - a buxom vixen by the name of Kyobi - was a very perceptive vulpine. By the time that he had gotten close to her big and beautiful black paws, she had noticed the pitter-patter of him arriving.

A loud *creak* emitted from the enormous cross vixen's chair as she straightened herself up in it. "Raruke. What are you doing down there?" came her beautifully booming voice … one that was loud, firm, and disappointed in tone. "How many times have I told you not to bust out of your cage, you little brat?"

The little red fox released a quiet yip as he quite literally felt Kyobi's enormous yellow eyes *drop* down onto his little form. He went dead still. The urge to run was intense, but … the micro vulpine knew that it was pointless, so he easily restrained it despite his fear. The huge woman above him was his owner, after all - he was her possession - and after letting her down once already this evening by being caught out of his cage, he wouldn't disappoint her again by fleeing from her.

Kyobi was grateful that Raruke decided not to run - chasing after your possessions was oh-so irritating, after all - but it didn't dampen her disappointment in her pet one bit. "I didn't tell for you to *yip*, idiot - I asked you a fucking question." A brief pause. The sound of a huge tongue audibly lapping against lips above in thought. "Actually, I asked you *two* questions, so … let me make this simpler on your dumb little micro brain by just asking you the most important one again. Which was *what* are you doing down there?"

Raruke squeaked. The little fox began to bounce on his heels on the spot, resisting that urge to run more than ever. "Um - well - ah," he mumbled quietly, his bushy tail wagging all anxiously behind him as his little red hands worked together in front of his white fluffy stomach.

The giant cross fox curled a hand around her big fluffy ear. *"**Speak up!**"* she yelled. "Remember, dumbass, I can barely *see* you, much less *hear* you!"

Raruke's paws shot up from his stomach and covered his ears instead. Face cringed and body tensed. "Yes!" he yelled up at her, his voice loud up and clear. "Sorry!"

Kyobi briefly glanced over at her monitor, squinting ever so slightly. Then, she looked back to the cowering little fox just by the side of her seat. Her orange brows raised in expectation as she looked at him. He hadn't answered her question yet, after all.

The orange fox lowered his hands from his ears with a gasp. He knew what that impatient look from his Goddess meant. Time to stop dawdling and start answering. Though … it was a little awkward for the tiny male. The honest answer - that he was hungry and bored and horny - would've earnt the vixen's ire. However, if he were *dishonest*, then she'd be able to tell, so …

… stuck between a rock and a hard place, he decided to go for the truth. "I … I haven't seen you all day," the fox whimpered, his little chin bobbing as he looked up at his big beautiful mistress. "And I didn't see you at all the day before, so -"

"You know that I've been busy with my project," Kyobi sighed, once again peeking over at her computer screen. "That it's due in just a couple of days."

Raruke squeaked. "I know, but -"

"And that if I don't finish it in time, then we won't have a roof over our heads by the end of the month."

"B-but -"

"Which won't be a problem for *you,* since you're small enough to live inside of a cigarette packet or something," Kyobi went on, easily ignoring the little fox's yips. "But it would be a rather large problem for me, wouldn't it?"

Raruke closed his mouth and nodded his head.

"So you understand why I haven't taken the time to play with you today."

Raruke nodded his head again, albeit weaker this time. He *did* want to be played with, after all. "Well," he said, hoping that he could come to some kind of compromise. Bored he could be, but … his little tummy really was starting to hurt. "Could you … could you at least feed me, maybe?" he asked hopefully while wringing his little hands together. "That would only take a couple of minutes, right?"

Kyobi's eyes narrowed threateningly as Raruke made his request.

The fox jolted backward and held his paws up in submission. That look? Those fiercely contracted eyelids? Her scrunched up nose? Her lips curled ever so slightly like she was seconds away from a snarl? *That* was a bad sign. "Nevermind!" he squeaked while backpedaling. "I'll just go back to my cage and be quiet like a good fox!"

Bright yellow eyes continued to stare.

"Promise!" Raruke assured shakily while picking up his pace on moving out of the kitsune's range. "Not a squeak! Not a word of complaint! Not until you're done with your project!"

Big nose wrinkled. Eyelids squinted together *just* a little bit more.

Raruke full on turned around. Hopefully he could leave the room quickly enough! Hopefully his mistress would see that he was a good fox and let him go back to his cage …

"Stop."

… or not. Little Raruke stopped in his tracks. His tiny tail quietly produced a *thwhap* as it hit the ground behind him all limp.

"I'll feed you."

The little fox looked over his shoulder. Cautiously, his eyes lifted to her big pretty muzzle. He knew better than to trust her, at least immediately.

"Unless … you don't want to be fed?"

But it didn't take long for that trust to form, because the little vulpine was very loyal indeed. Hesitation left the fox immediately. Yes, he wanted to be fed. He spun around on his heel to face her properly again - so quickly that he almost lost his balance - and looked back up at his mistress eagerly. "No!" he yelled, displaying his enthusiasm. "I want to be fed!"

Kyobi smiled.

Raruke swallowed as an immense black forepaw slowly began to descend toward him. He had been grabbed by his mistress many times - she was her owner, and he was her pet, and being handled was all part of that process - but seeing those fingers descending toward him, all five of them thicker and longer than he … well, even if he'd been grabbed a hundred times, a thousand times, or even a million … he doubted that he would ever completely get used to just how *powerless* he felt when he saw that great palm coming toward him.

And he knew that he would *definitely* never get used to the feeling of her fingers wrapping around him. Kyobi wasn't especially gentle with how she grabbed him. She never wrapped those huge digits around him hard enough to break or sprain his bones, but she certainly wasn't gentle, either … and tonight was no exception. A tight pressure formed around his body as she grabbed at him proper. Enough to *squeeze* most of the air out of his lungs.

Then, into the air. Here, the little fox was grateful for Kyobi's painfully tight grasp. No matter how far she lifted him from the floor - or how quickly - he never felt in danger of slipping between her fingers to his doom. It would be a safe and tight ride up toward her desk, where, hopefully, she would feed him some snacks that she had been munching on while she had been working. Maybe some peanuts. Maybe some corn chips. Maybe even some grapes!

Or maybe Kyobi had something else in mind, because … little Raruke came to a sudden and unexpected stop just before Kyobi's waist. There, just underneath her desk, he stared at a pleated black skirt that fell to the middle of her plump thighs. Just short enough to make the cute white underwear beneath *quite* visible to his little eyes. "Wait," he said, squirming in the face of the cross fox's pantie-covered crotch. "You said that you were gonna feed me, you said -"

Fingers tightened around the shrunken fox's ribs, cutting him off with a splutter. "I am going to feed you," Kyobi insisted sweetly while pulling white panties aside with her free hand. "They don't call it *eating pussy* for no reason, you know."

Raruke stared as Kyobi's panties peeled away from her enormous sex. Eyes widened as clearly excited - and very *huge* folds - were displayed to him. The pretty slit - all surrounded by ever-so-slightly slick black fur - was, as always, utterly *perfect* to the little fox's eyes. Pink lips were ever so slightly parted, revealing a hint of her hole and juicy insides. Heat wafted over his little body, strong and sexual. Potently bitter musk stung delightfully at his nostrils. Besides himself, his mouth began to salivate, and his little cock began to stiffen between his legs.

Perhaps if he were a little more coherent, then he might've fought Kyobi on what she had just said about *eating* pussy. That - regardless of the term that she had just used - that her blatant and visible secretions had scarce calorific value to him. And that even if they *did*, he wouldn't stand a chance at actually dining upon them. Indeed, due to his size, he was more likely to *drown* in there than consume anything at all.

But all that Raruke could manage to do in his lustful state of confusion was to stare at that hot and drooling hole like a tiny little idiot. It was *beautiful* - it was *gorgeous* - it was his mistress' most hidden and sacred place. How could he possibly throw up a single complaint in front of it? How could he do anything but be a dumb little idiot with a dumb little boner?

"No more complaints, then?" Kyobi cooed.

Raruke barely heard his mistress' question. His senses were occupied and overwhelmed by something else.

"Good. Here we go, then."

Kyobi's hand began to guide Raruke forward. Before he knew it, his muzzle was making contact with her folds. The vixen's horny hole eagerly twitched as the fox made first contact, squirting a wet bath of hot juices over his face.

Fittingly - just like a bucket of water had been thrown over him - the fox was quickly broken out of his reverie. One meager and barely aroused splash had almost been enough to almost drown him. Inside would be much worse. He couldn't go in there. "Wait!"

But it was too late.

Kyobi carelessly thrusted the little fox into her folds head first. Her plunge was done with such aplomb that she buried the vulpine inside of her to the hips with one single motion.

Hot wet squishy walls of velveteen immediately squeezed around the fox's head and torso in a seismic grasp. Thick and musky juices - his *meal* - began to saturate his fine orange coat. His mouth was clenched tight for now, preventing anything from flooding into his mouth … but that sticky sap was already biting around his nostrils, threatening to invade his airways at any moment.

"You know, fox," Kyobi said while keeping her grasp firm upon the male's hips, "despite all that complaining that you were about to do, you really ought to be happy."

Kyobi's words came to Raruke muffled through a thick layer of dense and wet pink, almost inaudible due to the loud *squelch* of her wet walls undulating around him. If he weren't so familiar with his Goddess' voice, he wouldn't have been able to understand a word.

Dexterous fingers pushed Raruke's hips within properly. The cross fox released a happy sigh as her pet's crotch sank *all* the way inside of her. "This way, you get to eat … *and* you don't get to be bored, either!"

Raruke moaned through tightly clenched teeth as his meager length joined his head and torso inside of the vice-like grip of the fox's wet pussy. Despite his stress - despite his fear - despite *everything*, the little fox was very hard. How

couldn't he be? He was half-inside of what he considered to be the finest cunt in the world, even if he was far too small and weak to handle it's intense grip.

Kyobi's digits - freed from the task of holding hips thanks to her greedy insides - began to stroke across the inside of Raruke's little thighs. "And, even better …"

The little fox's jaw tightened even harder. Both the tickle of macro digits and the deliciously lewd *throb* between his legs were making him want to squirm ***so*** very much, but he knew that he had to retain his energy if he was going to survive.

"Inside me, you can give me the inspiration that I need to *finally* finish this project!"

Desperate for breath, Raruke finally opened his mouth. Instinct drew him to attempt to draw in a lungful of sweet and precious air, but … so deep inside of pink now, all he found was juice. Juice that tasted like musk. Juice that made his head *spin* more than it already was.

That musky odor, that amorous taste, all combined with what his mistress had just said - about him being an *inspiration* in here - made the little fox not quite as terrified of his new environment. Yes, scared he was - it was hard *not* to be, considering the oven-like temperature and the overwhelming pressure - but if he could be useful to his mistress in here, if he could *serve* her in here, if he could give her the energy to do her work, then …

Nervously, Raruke's little legs and feet - all that was free of her tunnel - curled up in the air outside to passively brush against his mistress' fingertips. Since he couldn't speak to her - or anyone, considering that his mouth and throat were now full of sticky cream - all he could do was communicate through touch. And that touch - even though it was small and gentle - screamed *yes. Do this to me. Let me be your inspiration.* ***Even if it destroys me.***

"I knew you'd come round to the idea in the end," Kyobi cooed. "Now, mmm … *get to work*."

A single and gentle tap of Kyobi's fingers was all it took to bury the fox inside of her completely.

The breathless little fox, now completely submerged, began to get to work as instructed. Hands reached out, digging into slippery pink so that digits could wrap around flesh as best as possible. His maw - no longer afraid to open - parted proper to allow his tongue to emerge. A greedy mouthful of juices filled his mouth immediately. Though his stomach was full already, he swallowed … knowing that there would be plenty more to come.

Kyobi restrained the urge to moan. She didn't want the fox to think that he had *too* much of an effect on her, after all. So, after taking a few seconds to settle into the feeling of having something small and squirmy inside of her, she got back to work. Hands fell down to her keyboard. Eyes focused on her monitor. Mouth quirked ever so slightly at the corners.

Deep pink wrinkled around little Raruke with a wet and loud *squish* as a hard internal clench tugged him deeper inside of his mistress effortlessly. A loud and gargled moan came from his mouth as his cock briefly pushed into one of the many fleshy furrows around him. That gargle of pleasure grew deeper as ropes of hot cum began to spill from his cock, painting less than a square inch of her insides white before being tugged along deeper within.

Kyobi's fingers began to slam on the keyboard, utterly empowered. She hadn't noticed that her pet had cum - how could she, his load didn't even compare to a single drop of her cream. No, she was too busy focusing on what was important. The irritating section that she'd been stuck on was beginning to write itself - solve itself - and *all* because of that little tingle of pleasure somewhere deep within her loins. "*There we go*," she gasped, almost sounding relieved. "Yes. *Yes*. This is fucking perfect!"

If the words weren't exclaimed, then Raruke wouldn't have stood a chance of hearing them. Fortunately, though, his mistress was yelling her words of 'praise' loud and clear … and the sense of relief in her voice was palpable. Still in the throes of orgasm and thrumming with both satisfaction and oxygen deprivation, the little fox began to slurp and grope harder upon the beating walls all around him.

"I can't believe it was this simple," Kyobi giggled to herself, no longer bothering to restrain her blatant lust. "Man, I really ought to do this with you more often …"

Simple, the little fox heard within, all wet and hot. He was glad that it was simple for her, even if it was oh-so complicated and life-threatening for him.

"If I knew that *your* dumb little ass could've fixed this block so damn easily, then I would've gotten you out of your cage hours ago!"

The word *easily* made it loud and clear to the little fox's cream smothered ears.

"Man. I really ought to do this more often …"

More often. In his state of intoxicated hysteria - quite literally on the verge of passing out due to a lack of oxygen and an excess of girl cream - the fox thought that didn't sound so bad at all …

"… if you *survive* this, anyway. That's not guaranteed with how deep in there you are now."

… as long as he *survived*, yes. He was alive and intact now, but who knew how bad things would become when he finally passed out? When his body was finally dragged *all* the way to the bottom of her sticky depths uncontrollably. Into her tightest tightness. He wondered how long he'd last. A few minutes? A few seconds? Long enough to make her cum, at least?

"Hope I don't have to get myself another pet," Kyobi grunted while leaning forward to survey her work. Her arousal had caused her to put a wrong word in the wrong place here or there - which required a few satisfying *taps* at the keyboard - but it was otherwise looking perfect. "That would be annoying."

Annoying. He wouldn't want to annoy her. So rather than focus on the words that were becoming more difficult to hear, he decided to use the last of his energy on something more productive.

"Guess a little pet death is worth it to finally get this damn thing finished, though," she sighed. A final glance at the paragraph that she'd just wrote to complete her work. "And, hey. Tell you what …"

Throat slurped down a mouthful of accumulated fluid. As the sticky substance sank down into his painfully gorged guts, he began to tiredly lap across the surface of the lightly throbbing wall in front of him, smoothing his little tongue into all of it's crevices to seek out more of her plentiful juices.

"… I'll dedicate this one to you, fox. That way, if the worst case happens, then … you won't be *completely* forgotten."

A button hit to scroll to the top of the document. Fingers hastily typed out a single line. A brief dedication. **With thanks to my loyal pet, Raruke**.

Kyobi leaned back in her chair, satisfied. Or … at least, *almost* satisfied. There was still one thing that hadn't *quite* been taken care of yet. "You want out, fox?" she said to the barely moving fox buried within her, looking up at the ceiling. "Then you're gonna have to make me cum. I've just done a lot of hard work, after all."

Make me cum. An order that Raruke would give his dying breath to fulfill.

"What was it that I said before, mm? Ah, yes. *Get to work*."

Every muscle ached. Senses had long since begun to get hazy. The little fox didn't have much energy left at all.

But he'd use every ounce of whatever remained to give his mistress what she wanted. To prove that he was worthy of her. To make up for the fact that she'd distracted her from her work by sneaking out of his cage. Thoughts of food and boredom were no longer in the fox's mind. No. Now, even if it would kill him, he knew that he was in the right place. That her needs - that her orgasm - was worth more than his life. And that this punishment - if he could even call it that - was far better than he deserved.

Hungrily, little Raruke got to work.