Preparing yourself, you take a deep breath of air that is rich with the taste of the giant fox’s pleasantly bitter odor. Then, shivering in excitement - perhaps because of that musky lungful - you start to shimmy around to the back of Lucas’ boxers.

Your journey doesn’t take very long. A couple of minutes of shimmying around a band of underwear elastic and… well, you’re at the fox’s literal and very fluffy chasm of an asscrack. Or, at least, you’re clinging to the fabric *covering* said chasm. The male’s scent is just as pungent back here, but… also a little different. A little less masculine and a little more ass.

You lick your lips. They taste like… salt. For a brief moment you wonder if it’s the taste of your own sweat or the giants. It’s hot back here - a couple of degrees warmer than it was around his package - and you’re starting to feel… well. A little smothered and overheated to say the least.

\*

You won’t let something as simple as warmth put you off your mission, though. After taking a moment to catch your breath, you pull open the fox’s waistband and wriggle down toward the crack of his ass… for some reason. To get his attention, perhaps? Because you’re a pervert who wants to get as close to his cheeks as possible? I suppose that’s up to you.

Regardless - with the fox alone, in the corridor, still and by himself - your squirm of a journey between the fox’s cheeks is completely unimpeded. After a brief moment where you flail your arms and legs across soft fur that’s all too tickly, you manage you snuggle yourself right between the fox’s asscheeks.

As two walls of furry buttflesh surround you at either side, the warmth and scent naturally increases. The temperature isn’t too far off against being wrapped in blankets and snuggled against a space heater. The scent is… well, exactly like being pressed up against someone’s ass crack. The big fox who’s crack your nestled into clearly isn’t unhygienic - it doesn’t smell dirty back here - but he has been walking around all day, working up a sweat in tight jeans on what was a fairly warm day, and… well, you’re right where the majority of that sweat has pooled and saturated into fur.

\*

For that reason, your environment also feels strangely steamy. The fur and flesh of the giant that surrounds you is ever so slightly damp and wet and… well, it very quickly turns you very damp and wet. Soon you’re very comparable to a sweat rag. A very small one that’s been wedged *right* between the fox’s ass to absorb a scant amount of his sweat, heat, and scent.

You have bigger problems than being a sweatrag, though. Like your rapidly diminishing consciousness. Being damp with fox sweat is uncomfortable, but… the lack of anything but fetid ass air and the abundance of natural body heat down here is quickly sending you to sleep. Your eyes are closing, your mind is dimming, your body is going limp…

… and soon enough, surrounded by oh-so-much warm and ‘comfortable’ fluff and flesh, you’ve fallen asleep. Wedged into a giant fox’s asscrack just an inch or two above an asshole that could swallow you whole without much issue, well… you’ve picked one of the worst places to nap in the world.

\*

You sleep. Time passes. As you nap, your tremendously sweaty little body wriggles fitfully. On instinct, your body tries to move away from the heat, away the fleshy crack you’re buried within…

… and, somehow, you manage it. As the fox moves around the college idly, you manage to pull yourself out of his asscrack in your sleep and *flop* out onto the edge of one of his buttcheeks. Thanks to the tight boxer and jean fabric covering said butt, your sleepy little body manages to cling on there.

It isn’t much cooler on his cheek, but… it’s a great deal less sweaty and moist. Your body, done with moving, comes to a rest in a slightly better spot than before. There, clinging to his buttcheek you sleep…

\*

… at least, until you’re eventually awoken by the butt-muffled sound of what is blatantly a giant’s voice. b:color:#79B4FF:"Cold out tonight,” you hear the giant who’s ass you’re clinging onto say. b:color:#79B4FF:"Kind of regret not bringing a sweater or something.”

You hear a disinterested voice - female, also large - mumble something in reply. She’s also quite distant, though… so you don’t hear exactly what she says, and nor are you really thinking about what she’s saying. Instead, you’re all sleepy and confused and thinking about how hot, uncomfortable, and exhausted you are.

Yes, despite the fact that you took a nap, you feel even more exhausted than before. So tired, even, that you don’t even have the energy to open your eyes. You can barely even think! Heck, you don’t even know where you are because your brain is so boiled that you can’t remember getting way too close to a fox’s ass. Somewhere furry, somewhere warm, somewhere that’s shaking around and bouncing against you gently… yes, you know that you’re somewhere where you shouldn’t be. Somewhere dangerous.

\*

The male whose pants you’re inside of doesn’t bother to reply to… whatever the other person says. Instead, out in the parking lot, he opens his car door. To you, this sounds like a vague metal click.

Then he sits down in the driver’s seat. To you - directly underneath one of the fox’s buttcheeks - this feels like a mountain collapsing on top of you. A mountain of fit muscular red fox.

Suddenly - as enough pressure is applied to you to make bones whine and nerves scream - you are very, very awake.

\*

Your eyes jolt open and you let out a cry that’s muffled both by butt smooshing your face and flattening your ribs. Your hands and feet - spread-eagle at either side of your squished little pancake of a body - attempt to shove *up* in what is a very desperate and very pointless endeavor at reducing the weight of the entire giant male that is being piled right on top of you.

When that fails - immediately - you start to wriggle. You start to try and prise your way out from underneath the giant’s cheek. There’s not a ton of space to do so, but… given that he’s sat on a plush car seat and his butt is soft to begin with, there is enough wiggle room that you can gain some traction by doing this. It’s slow work - and you’re positive that you’re not going to be in the same shape by the time you’re done - but escaping from underneath the dreadful weight of a whole giant man is possible.

At least, if you don’t run out of air, break something, or… simply get crushed by a casual and careless movement from a big fox who has no idea where you are right now.

\*

Speaking of that… the fox, now sat in the driver’s seat, has noticed something slightly uncomfortable. A vague and strange sort of… itching sensation across his left ass cheek. Not really enough for him to consciously think about, but enough of a sensation that his body desires to take care of it on instinct.

The male wriggles his ass down into the seat. In the process, the itching sensation - or, you - is completely and utterly obliterated. As in… you’re ground into a pulpy mess. A vague splatter across a few strands of fur and about a half-inch of flesh. Something that could be wiped away with a casual stroke of a sponge.

That’s it. It’s over. That’s really all it took to bring your bizarre little journey to an end. An instinctual motion, a wriggle of the hips, a movement that the fox didn’t think about at all. Something that took less effort than a sneeze.

\*

The male - a fox called Lucas, something that you didn’t bother to learn before crawling into his pants - smiles at his sister, Aimee, as she enters the car with a sigh and closes the door behind her. "Ready to go?” he asks as he taps his fingers on his cars wheel, unaware now and unaware forever that you even existed.

Aimee releases a grunt in reply and turns her head to look out of the passenger side window.

Lucas sighs and starts the car. He has the feeling that it’s going to be a long drive home.

\*