Flanked Sandwich Surprise

Written by Septia.

Kaj flipped to the next chapter of the book, skimming the titles and initial paragraphs. The centaur scratched their chin, taking their eyes off of the tome to let out a sigh. Kaj placed down the book, glancing over its title: 'Lower Continental Fauna'.

“Haa, here I thought there was enough to learn about upper continental fauna, already have my hands full.” He mumbled to himself, and shuffled back on the smaller couch. A low grumble burbled up in their equine half -Chhrplglt- and percolated through their frame. A moment of tension hung as the growls grew quiet. Before they bounty was unleashed. -Ppfbbhrprpth- It snuck out as a thick spat of fumes sending a quiver through his rear from the unleashed flatulence. Kaj shuddered, and felt the this reaction reciprocated from their rear… where Indut was stationed. The fox-boy sat nestled up between Kaj's impressive horse flanks, ever so gently tugged on by the dainty contractions of Kaj's cheeks following the exchange in of internal and external atmosphere.

“Phaa. Ouughpaa.” Indut coughed, in a manner which made Kaj smirk. The cough was a mere gesture of politeness or habit, as Indut seemed to have no preclusion to leave the clutches of Kaj's mammoth mounds, and the centaur felt the fox sniff in hints breaths of his biological ventilation.

Kaj mumbled under his breath as they picked up the book. “Such a sly gut slut you grew up to be~.”

-Ppfwwrppth- -Bbrrrft- Then and again there was a flutter of Kaj's rear, the buttocks bolstered a plume of meaty miasma, seeping through the the desolate dorm's air. The communal room's atmosphere gradually imbued with the tang of lemon-zest cured hide and campfire roasted jerky -Ppfffjjrt-. Kaj had yet to acknowledge the gas, merely letting Indut do his thing, and he was doing it quite well… The fox's lips rested on Kaj's pucker, a tug of suction leaving a mark of saliva and a tongue that trailed up the rugouse seams of flesh dressing the broad ring of flesh -Shllllrp-. A serenade of soft smacks – muffled by how far Indut had to maneuver his head to get at the brim – vibrating through the air. It was such a nice gesture of his friend their friend to help Kaj relax after a long day. Indut might be somewhat small – when compared to an equine's measurements – but his technique made up for it.

Secret, PLUG are many places.

Kaj shuffled in the couch, letting his humanoid half rest at one end and his equine flank plaster up to Indut at the other. Sure, Kaj fit comfortably with even a couple of their larger friends on their more sizable couch, though he'd deliberately squared up in the one with less apace, just for the satisfaction of feeling Indut cramped up at their rear. Judging by the heat they feel in their hide from this study mate, and the way his ears flicked adorably from above the peak of Kaj's mountainous hind, he was more than fine with this particular arrangement.

-Bbglrlpgbghsh- Another spur of gastrointestinal manufacturing stirred in Kaj's depths. They closed their eyes, and took In the sensations, there, sandwiched between Indut's tongue care and the brewing belly bought, laid a bowel bloated and budging with the bulk of a bountiful brunch. Kaj sensed the satisfaction in his all through their hind, the gentle mold and knead of a real straining, satisfying constipation taking form, with the occasional indigestible scraps providing some needed tough texture through the soft sludge. It, too, soothed the centaur.

Though this next dispatch of derrière fumes proved too much for him to hide -Bbppppbbrrwpwpth-. His pucker parting wide around the gale of smog painting their helper's face, the thrust shoving Indut's head out of Kaj's cheeks for a moment only for him to bump back in the cleavage of the equine buns with a dainty bap -Bbwtthp-.

“Pardon,” Kaj excused themselves, ears momentarily slackened with embarrassment, “Suppose I did end up pigging out while on my job yesterday, which… seem to have come back to bite me.” Kaj scoffed and breathed out a chuckle whilst they bumped their flank further into Indut's face, letting him nuzzle his way back in. “Or, perhaps come back to smooch you~.” Kaj whispered and as they clenched their cheeks together, bringing Indut closer firmly into the folds of his bountiful behind. Another bout made its way through -Bbfpprhrhhthw- ruffled through the air with the hum of organic static. Using the air in the marinade musk from his active gutters. Kaj shuffled their frame along with the brewing smog, thrusting out his out hteir rear into Indut's face as the next gale broke through… -PPPfwwwrr-KChhplotch-. Though this time something solid broke past the barrier of Kaj's canyon, and it ws moving.

Indut found the soft pucker clutching onto his face rapidly replaced with as a face battered out of the hind, smacking him with a smooch -Smmch-. He pulled back in flustered surprise.

“Wh-aha ? K-Kaj, t-there's… There is a…”

Kaj quivered and peered back. “Oh, worry not, I did certainly feel that one.”

Barely poking out of Kaj's pucker, lodged in the rear with the brim budging over his face like a picture in an all too tight frame, laid the face of a panting, soaked and sweaty sheep girl. Her eyes partially lidded and in a potent pant her tongue trailed past her lips, shaking as the bowels quivered around her -Bbgllpughs- “Mmmpgnsnff oooh yeah… it feels, s-so good~.”

Kaj rubbed the back of their head. “You must excuse me, this is, one of the volunteers I deigned to snack on yesterday,” Kaj said to Indut, before addressing the bowl fodder. “And here I had expected you molten by now?” He hoisted his hind up, then dunked it back in Indut's lap, the puckecheeks slamming with oscillations traversing all through the chubby flanks, all the way down to the pucker clamping and brushing into the sheep's face -Bbbddmpth-.

She gave out a wistful moan. “Mmfns. OOo I am melting alright~. Phaa… It has been, s-so nice… every moment, hours of massage, the rhythm of your body kneading in on me, each caress and suction burying me in cloying, soft tug of flesh orf fmmmf, fresh fudge~.” The sheep's voice was a dreamy waggellen – an intonation that was a shoe in for one whose senses had been dulled by, particular euphoric stimulation.

“Are you not a sweet passenger?~ Glad you are enjoying your trip,” Kaj said, their tail swishing back to sweep across the sheep's face, caressing her chin. Before his cheeks slowly came together. “But you really should excuse yourself, you are far too late to the appointed intimate, fmmm, appointment you have with my bowels…~” he mused out as his pucker crept over her face like a polished slug, squealing to match her croans as the her features were engulfed by the brim, subsumed by the pucker as the cheeks pinched shut over Kaj's pucker. A thud of meaty drumming clapped through his cheeks -Shhvttwwmmmwbp- as the sheep sunk back into his bowels's bowels. What the centaur had thought were mere bones or indigestible in their colon, gained a far more satisfying connotation knowing there was a whole lustful meal couped up in there, giving Kaj some incentive to really bare down with his rear musculature to tease the rowdy occupant -Chhglltpgh-

“Mmn phaa… That's dandy~,” Kaj hummed, patting their portly hams with a the same care they'd show the animals within their personal care. “But the next time we meat, it better be with you as padding on this rear end of mine~.” They said, then turned their gaze to Indut, holding it there for a spell. “Well?” Kaj asked. “Where were we before this rambunctious interruption?” Kaj asked.

The fox swallowed, and hid his flustered face back in through the curtains of ass, slotted up to the pucker which had just held a face, from the opposite direction.

Kaj cooed in satisfied amusement, and shuffled back cozy with their book. There was still a lot to learn about Lower continental fauna… -Pbbfpppprrrhhhth- They would surely have plenty of time~.