Her entire body froze at the sloppy squelching sound as she pulled her hand free, trying to leave as much lube as possible between her buttocks. The muted sound, even muffled by fabric, sounded deafening to her ears in the quiet forest.

After a moment’s silence Lucy inhaled slowly and forced herself to relax, if a little noise would spook it now, her plan was ruined anyway. She dropped the bottle of lube back into her satchel and finished trying to clean her slick hand against her backside, flicking her fingers in annoyance and regretting not bringing a towel with her. A gentle rustling caught her attention and she turned, pressing herself against the tree she’d taken refuge beside and peering tentatively around it. Several meters away a small fox roused itself from sleep, yawning widely into the empty forest and flicking its ears at the alien object stuck to its head.

Steeling herself, Lucy took a few sharp inhalations and threw herself out from behind the tree into a half-lunge forward; preparing herself to tear after a terrified fleeing fox or wrestling a lunging canine to the ground. The fox running wasn’t what concerned her; it was the fox escaping with her expensive smart phone that she’d so carefully attached to its head slept. Fortunately the fluffy red critter did neither, instead cocking its head to one side and gazing across at her curiously, dozy attention torn between her, the pink metallic glint between its eyes, and the mere act of sitting up and shaking off an oppressive sleepy fog. Lucy relaxed considerably at the sight of the inactive fox, absent-mindedly brushing flakes of bark off her sticky fingers on her pants and grinned. If such a sharp shock didn’t startle it, her plan should go off without a hitch.

The two regarded each other, the fox with a docile yawn, and Lucy with mounting anticipation. It had taken her the better part of a month to reach this moment. Finding a spot teeming with foxes and tracking down the best place to snag one, tinkering away in her bedroom with a now irreparably broken bike mount for her phone to fashion it into an adjustable head harness; all the while wishing she could just buy an action camera instead. The biggest delay had come in waiting for international shipping to deliver her ‘Hyper-Humane Pest Control’ pills. They were designed for ecologists and zookeepers, letting them effortlessly knock out animals for transport and rendering them particularly calm and docile for a short period even after waking. It prevented any complications or stress mid-transport, made integration into new environments smoother, and was increasingly adopted by the farming industry around the world in easily relocating predators. Even for someone who has no issues shooting a wolf on her property; hiding a pill in some meat and driving the wolf up the mountains to leave in a brand new hunting ground is often easier than cleaning up and disposing of a hundred kilo body.

Of course, Lucy’s motivations were far from humane.

Earlier in the year #runningbholechallenge had swept through social media. It involved people diving ass-first at their cameras and had been started by a few porn stars, carried by some celebrities and featured a few comedy adaptions before quickly fading into the next fad.

It had perked Lucy’s interest though, and she planned to resurrect it with her own attempt.

She smiled, the fox looked simply adorable, having pushed up to sit on its hindquarters, a large fluffy tail trailing behind and the reflective black screen of a phone nearly the size of its face firmly held in place, upside down between its ears, the camera positioned just between its eyes and pointed directly at Lucy. Well, until its head twitched left to stare at a butterfly flit by that was; slowly but surely the drugs were wearing off and eventually its twitchy, skittish nature would take hold again. Lucy would have to be quick.

A tingling, drawn out stomach grumble sounded like her body was agreeing with that too. In her excitement she’d forgotten to bring lunch, but it was a small thing to imagine the hungry rumbling originating a little lower than her stomach. Lucy hooked her fingers into the waistband of her yoga pants and tugged them downwards, the silky fabric gliding over the wide curve of her backside. A bright green thong peeled out of her crevices alongside the spandex, strands of clear slime trailing between the lube-soaked fabric and her crack. She wiggled her hips a little, eyes fixed on the fox ahead of her and the camera, trying to put on a good show for the start of her challenge. Straightening up, her crotch just barely visible beneath the hem of her top she lifted one leg up and abruptly stumbled sideway, hopping in place. The fox stared blankly at the strange woman hopping around in front of it as Lucy regained her balance and instead of sexily stepping out of the discarded pants, struggled to stretch and peel them off over her trainers; having forgotten to kick them off when she didn’t need to chase a wild animal down.

Now stood bottomless, facing down a doped up fox, Lucy let a naughty smile play across her lips. She reached back and slid her hand back out of sight between her cheeks, one greasy finger effortless vanishing into the darkened ring of soft, pliant muscle. Lewd squishing sounds filled the quiet as she fingered her hole and rocked her hips from side to side. Her upper forearm glistened as much as her backside, caked in copious lube, and from the fox’s perspective thick drips of fluid were visible between her legs, splattering onto the dead leaves as she rapidly worked her entire fist up her ass; gooey inner walls sucking greedily at her wrist with the reflexive clenches as she slid it in and out. Satisfied with the state of her bottom, Lucy slowly dragged her hand back out and clawed her fingers languidly around her pale cheeks, spreading herself into a particularly wide gape for no one at all; a dark void yawning hungrily at an empty forest of trees and shrubs behind her.

Biting a lower lip with anticipation, she held off for a moment more, half thoughts flitting through her mind; the last vestiges of concern and worry ceding to pure lusty excitement.

Lucy exploded forwards, throwing herself into a full sprint forwards *just* in case the fox reacted, and closed the half dozen meters gap in a few seconds. Still too slow to react the fox simply sat there and stared as the half nude woman took a running leap towards it, throwing herself as high into the air as her legs could manage. Her feet kicked forwards, knees lifted up as she grabbed her ass in both hands and *pulled* the muscled flesh hard*.* At the last second, the critter’s instincts finally instructed it to move, but far too late to avoid the missile of bottom hurtling towards its face. Lucy’s aim had been perfect, and the fox jerking its head a few inches left only planted its face into her buttock for a second before her weight and momentum forced its face to slide straight back in between her slimy cheeks. An unheard squelch as her anus yawned wide open once again the last thing the fox saw before phone and head plunged smoothly into the dank moist darkness of her rectum.

An aggressively screamed curse drowned out the drawn out squelch of stretching flesh. The momentum of Lucy’s lunge carried her fully down to the fox’s flank; burying its entire upper body…burying *most* of its body up her backside in one motion. She hissed sharply through clenched teeth, her entire lower body tightening up, anus and rectum clenching tightly around the fox and squeezing the breath from its lungs. Planting her feet on the ground she adjusted slightly, rocking her hips and lifting up an inch, giving her anus just a little relief to recover. It had gone *exactly* as she’d planned but, perhaps a little too well; the tapering shape of the fox’s head plunging inwards straight through into her bowels, straightening the natural kinks of her rectum. She paused, and shrugged to no one in particular, what had she expected after all? If she’d warmed up properly the whole thing might have vanished instead.

She gives a soft gasp as the fox tries to bark, the constricting walls of her large intestines wrapped around its entire head barely let the poor thing open its mouth, but she can feel the effort as its jaws strain to open, a strained chuffing noise bubbling deeper still into her innards and vibrating just under her ribs in a pleasing way. Her gasp gives way to an echoingly loud, wet belch, a strand of spittle flying from her lips as the massive intrusion compresses her otherwise empty stomach upwards. Holding her weight just off the ground she fervently grabs her top and yanks it up to look down at her belly, marvelling at the distinctly hard lump just below one breast, shifting as the fox tries to free itself from the oppressive weight pushing in on all sides of its head. The drugs seem to be rapidly wearing off, the fox’s motions growing sharper and stronger as the thin supply of air, darkness and instinctive fear of being trapped help its body burn through the fog in its brain.

Not that it helps much. More is already on the wrong side of Lucy’s ass than not, and everything not in contact with slick, fleshy inner walls is firmly pinned between the ground and the full weight of a young woman. Lucy arches her back, stretching herself out a little and groaning pleasantly at the tightness in her belly and the deep stretching sensation as firm, broad lumps press out against her navel before muscles and organs slowly compress the fox deeper into her core. She runs one hand over her stomach, feeling the solidness just beneath the surface even where there isn’t a distinctive bulge yet; a writhing mass of increasingly panicked fox shifting and distending her guts in an extremely pleasurable manner.

Reaching back she plants both hands on the ground and slowly, gingerly lifts her weight upwards. Her stretched pucker quivers powerfully as she fights to resist the urge to clench at the intensely ticklish sensation of fur dragging against her inner flesh. There wasn’t remotely enough lube to completely combat so much dry fluff, and while its head and shoulders are utterly caked, thickly slicked with body-warmth goo the fur quickly took up every bit of lube and moisture her guts had to offer and its hindquarters are still virtually dry as she lifts up off her makeshift dildo; the fur previously mushed into her rectum walls only mildly damper than that pinned against the ground. It doesn’t bother Lucy terribly, in fact the sensation is pleasant in a slightly uncomfortable, itchy way; or perhaps the sensation of being so thoroughly stretched and filled is pleasurable enough to overpower an itchy ass. Lucy relaxes again, sinking herself back down over the few inches of fox flesh she’d temporarily released before lifting up again, slowly, languidly riding the unfortunate canine like an enormously oversized dildo. Each time she sinks downwards, her hips give a little gyrating wiggle, instinct goading her to push a little harder, slide a little deeper; and each time she lifts up again the fur is ever so slightly more matted than before, her guts oozing slime copiously to combat the dry fluff irritating every inch of her rectum.

As time dragged on her limbs began to ache with the strain of holding herself up in such a contorted angle, while the fox had started to fight back with all its strength, light bumps and lumps shifting and squirming under the surface of her belly as it flexed and strained and tried to bark against the confines of her increasingly gooey bowels. Eventually it managed to snag an advantage when Lucy lifted up a little too high. She gasped sharply at an internal popping sensation as the fox’s entire head slipped downwards, back through whatever ring of muscle had previously been wrapped around it into a slightly less restrictive nook of her large intestine. Immediately it tried to writhe free again, hind-feet clawing into the dirt in an effort to push out from beneath its captor. Lucy pushed down hard, dumping all her weight back down and reclaiming it clear to the hips, forcing its head back up through the inner ring of muscle and pinning it hard under her weight. This time she doesn’t push upwards again, instead she stretches her legs out in front and straightens up, letting her toy’s body take the full weight of her body. Reaching down she grabs her buttocks in both hands and pulls, wriggling and gyrating her hips needily.

“Nnhg…get…*in there*.” She hisses through clenched teeth, cheeks red with arousal and exertion. She works her hips back and forth, grinding and flexing to thrust herself upwards, trying to bounce her weight downwards onto the now furiously struggling canine.

Despite her forceful efforts, success comes ever so slowly, and Lucy can feel every single millimetre of her conquest sinking out of sight, working herself into a sweat with the effort of claiming her prize. Everything seems to pause as she feels the widest point of the fox, its compressed hindquarters and feet pinned to the ground, inch just past the point of no return, the thick ring of her anus suddenly met for the first time with less toy than before to squeeze around and the effect is immediate. Lucy’s ass plops down firmly against the leaves and detritus on the ground with a meaty thump, sitting on her own hands, and peristaltic pulses yank the fox’s rump up and inwards, jamming its face deeper still into the dark depths. Abruptly the pressure is lessened enough for its feet to scrabble against the ground, and her twitching anus is left gaping and empty, fighting against the pull of her fingers. She’s too full for the fox to simply *vanish* up into her guts though and the breadth of its hips pause a few inches into her rectum, where muscular clenches no longer shove it deeper for now. Her pucker shrinks to wrap itself around the fox’s thighs and feet.

“Oh, oh god. You are *huge*” Lucy shudders, bringing one hand up to touch and press against her stomach again, feeling the fox struggling fervently,

“And all *mine*.” She adds contentedly, wiggling her ass into the ground and giving a light clench for emphasis. Leaning back on one arm she bends as much as she can to look between her own legs; seeing a pair of kicking feet and a long, thick tail of fluff still visible. Grinning, her fingers trailing down between her legs she imagines what the camera must be recording by now. The flashlight is set to automatic so it’s definitely on up there, but is there enough room to see deeper into her intestines? Is it revealing the next bend in her guts, giving the fox a little light and a tease at its next path? Or is the oppressive flesh of her bowels pressed in too close and heavily to record anything more than a screen full of slimy, dripping pink wall? Not that it mattered, the important bit was that first 5 second clip of her running and jumping.

While she languishes in the forest, legs sprawled out and masturbating, the fox’s own feet steadily begin to vanish, the constant kneading motions of her guts and hips and repetitive clenching as she works herself up to a panting frenzy slowly but surely work the fox deeper and deeper, its lithe body contorting around a sharp bend in her intestines, by now all but completely drenched in goo and sweat and bodily fluids; turning it into a streamlined sex toy.

Eventually, Lucy rolls onto one side and reaches back to investigate, feeling her overly sensitive, stretched anus gaping lewdly around a mass of tail-fluff only marginally matted down by sweat and other fluids. Even with the fox all but gone her fingers slip easily up inside, brushing the slick flesh of her rectum without even touching the rim.

Sighing happily, a sweaty, satisfied, victorious Lucy clambers to her feet, absently brushing chips of wood and leaves from where they’ve embedded in her bottom. She stretches languidly, feeling a few joints pop, and rests a hand on her stomach. With the fox lodged inside and now barely *able* to move, if it even had the energy to struggle anymore, she looks several months pregnant, a solid, heavy weight settled between her hips and pleasantly threatening to sag forwards, held inwards only by her tight abdominal muscles. Rocking her hips as she adjusts to the new weight, she can’t help but giggle as light burps squeeze their way up and out, bubbles of air displaced by something much more solid. She returns to her belongings and scoops up her thong, feeling the fox’s weight shift and that tail inch slightly deeper with every movement.

As she’s stepping into her underwear, it becomes apparent exactly how much tail is still out in the open, twisting to look back Lucy laughs as *her* tail flexes and waves of its own accord, the still very much conscious fox wiggling the only thing it can still move freely. She scoops up her pants and looks between them and the mass of fluff poking out between her buttocks. After a half-hearted attempt to stuff it inside that results in her fist slipping in more than the tail, she opts to stash her leggings in her satchel instead. Swinging it onto her back she gives her stomach a content pat and starts to walk. It’s a good half hour hike back to the main road, and if there’s still a tail dangling free, she can decide what to do then.

Five minutes into her hike, after leaping good-naturedly up a small rocky embankment, Lucy pauses mid-step. *Had she turned the camera on*? As she thinks back, positive she had, a new thought pushes to the forefront of her mind….was she *definitely* certain she’d turned the camera on, and not hit the *livestream button*?!