

“You promised me a birthday cake.” Riku’s protest was mostly a tease, but there was also some disappointment at a lack of culinary sweets. That was not to say the platinum haired fox-human demi didn’t enjoy the “present” Ruby had splayed out beneath him.

The present consisted of herself, half naked, the well-dressed fox boy taken into her bed and settled onto her stomach. A matching set of panties and a bra the color of the pink furred vixen’s namesake were all that covered Ruby besides her magenta mane and fluffy tail. Contrasting the usual rail-thin body of the average fox woman, she maintained a voluptuous figure, her curves padded out by her waistline and thighs.

It was not a bad present, Riku thought again. *But I would have liked some cake.*

A rumbling gurgle issuing up from beneath his polished black shoes indicated Ruby’s own hunger. Above him, her tongue flicked mischievously at the corner of her mouth. “I said there’d be *something sweet* in my bedroom on your birthday.”

A giggle, then a sigh pushed Ruby’s heavy breasts up and down, her soft belly lifting Riku as well. He found himself staring at her chest but did not stop. Underneath his gentlemanly attire, his gray jacket, white shirt, red tie and steam-pressed pants was very much the wild fox he’d been when adopted. Besides, Ruby certainly didn’t mind his ogling, and the giant vixen was doing everything she could to put her goods on display for him.

Also, she intended for him to do more than stare—and her to do more than display. “I think It’s hot here.” She fanned herself with her fingers dramatically. “Are you hot? ‘Cause I am.”

“How can you be hot when you’re in your underwear?” Riku scoffed.

She didn’t bother to answer, but instead slid her hands around behind her torso. Leaning forward, she teasingly unclasped, then slid her bra off, her watermelon breasts jiggling free of their nylon restraint. “Ah, that’s better.” She rubbed the ends of her bosom, moaning. “Riku, help me get the girls comfortable, will you?”

He flushed the same color as his tie, blue eyes wide, the red stripe widening under his nose. “Oh—okay.” He started forward—only to be met by her hand.

“You don’t want to risk wrinkling up those nice clothes, do you?” Ruby batted her lashes, scarlet eyes in a pout. “And they’re dry clean only, right? Hate to see them shrink when they get wet.”

*When they get wet.* Riku shot a quick glance behind him between Ruby’s bonny thighs. Her other hand was there, behind him, sliding teasingly along the waistband of her panties, tugging them up, not enough that he could see the glorious mound within, but enough to remind him of what Ruby liked to call his “spelunking adventures.”

Mouth dry, he undid his tie, wiggling out of the jacket, pants and shirt. He kicked off his shoes next, pulling his socks with an urgency that popped more than a single thread. The clothes were laid unfolded and disheveled in Ruby’s palm. She dumped them in a pile on her dresser and, as if Riku needed any more encouragement added, “Now hurry up, before I get out of the mood.”

The experience of moving up her chest was akin to passing through a field of short, fluffy grass grown over a bed of warm marshmallows. Riku’s feet sank into the plush belly of the fox—then his hands when

a giggle and a tremor spilled him down on all fours. Shooting an annoyed glance at the billboard width face above, he nevertheless soon made it to the promised land.

Another tremorous giggle rocked him as Ruby saw her playmate hesitate about which breast to explore. “Flip a coin?” Riku sniffed in response but made his choice. One hand over the other, he clamored up onto her left breast, the plump hill rolled invitingly towards him with the vixen’s shift in position.

Ruby watched him clamor about on the squishy ovoid, for a minute or two, then in a sultry voice said, “you’re gonna get my nip, right? If you want access down *there*,” she patted her panty-clad crotch then added, “you gotta hit the switch up here.” Her other finger nudged him towards the pale areolar flesh peeking through her fur.

“Well, when you put it so bluntly...” Riku snorted, but he crawled downward along the rounded slope of her breast. While doing so, he failed to notice the subtle shift in Ruby’s motions, how she cupped her breast under her hands and lifted it—and by extension him, up to her yawning mouth.

His first indication that something was wrong was a blast of hot humid air followed by a loud, feminine sigh. Snapping around with a gasp, he had just enough time to see her open muzzle falling toward him, tongue hanging out, then he and his perch were sucked into Ruby’s mouth. With an *mmmm* sound, Ruby pulled her treat free, sliding the breast out and leaving Riku trapped inside her.

“Hey, what gives?” He complained as her jaws closed around him. Taking care not to pinch or bite with her interlocking fangs, she sealed the struggling demi behind her smiling lips. A low *hmmm* ran through her—and by extension Riku, the thrumming sensation vibrating his bones.

“Ruby? What are you doing?” The little fox had an idea, and it was something they’d done before, but the *timing* of it irritated him, especially as he began to suspect she’d lured him into her mouth under false pretenses. “What about the...” His eyes, glowing in the dark and thus illuminating her teeth, tongue, palate and throat perfectly, widened to orbs. “Oh.”

“Yep,” Ruby sloshed him about her mouth while speaking, light cracking in and vanishing alternately. “I said there’d be something sweet in my bedroom if you came to see me today.” She pushed him into her cheek, squeezing and compacting him with her tongue, suckling his vanilla flavoring with a sigh. “And you’re the sweetest thing I know, Riku.”

Falling into the groove of the predator’s long tongue, he squirmed and fussed, but she had him now and there was little he could do but spread his delightful taste, much to Ruby’s enjoyment. Her tongue rose, sliding him gently along the ridged surface of her mouth. Over the curling back edge lay the quivering pit of her gullet.

Rivers of saliva trickled past him, stimulating the pit, the chute flexing wide open in anticipation. Riku gulped—then Ruby gulped, the sound a wet, rattling squelch that ran through the organic cavern she had trapped him in. His surroundings tilted and he slipped over the back of her tongue, still fussing about the lack of cake.

The fox’s pulsating gullet caught him, ratcheting him down with unusual slowness. Riku slithered down her throat, rings of musculature relaying him with an unexpected gentleness, as if apologizing for the deceptive circumstances that had brought him here.

A short while later, he slipped through an iris-like ring of muscle and entered her stomach. Down he slid along a gentle slope, azure eyesight illuminating the ribbed walls of his surroundings. The distant thudding of her heart and the whooshing bellows of her lungs greeted Riku like old friends beside the groans of her churning stomach.

The walls rocked and swayed slightly—then a sharp jolt turned him end over end. Picking himself up, he knew from experience it was Ruby settling down for a nap, her treat tucked away in her belly for the time being. She had rolled over for an even greater sense of ownership and security, the morsel in her stomach smushed up on the mattress.

“Happy Birthday, Riku,” came her muffled voice. The heartbeat and respiration sounds soon became steady and rhythmic.

*Better make myself comfortable*, he thought, *she won't be letting me out anytime soon*. He leaned back against the wall, feeling the motions of her body, and the subtle shift of her stomach rising and falling with her breaths.

*It wasn't a bad present*, he thought privately, though he wouldn't let Ruby know of course. Truth be told he did enjoy being snuggled up inside the vixen's soft, rounded belly, maybe even more so than when she kept him upon it. Growing droopy from his cozy surroundings, he curled up for a nap of his own, a final thought passing through Riku before nodding off.

*I'm still demanding a proper cake after this.*