Foxglove X Mike

by Foxglove87B

Summary

Fanfic of a fanfic, furry smut, and Foxglove's gender is no longer a mystery.
May Weaver forgive me.

Notes

Originally posted on my pastebin for the roommates thread on /trash/, I will keep the paste version updated too for those preferring that site.

- Inspired by Roommates: Memoirs of the Hairless Ape by Pokemaniacal, TGWeaver
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

This fic begins after Chapter 10 of Roommates, but without April moving in 87-B.

You are out of shape, there's no denying it. As you watch yourself in the bathroom mirror, your legs still aching after yesterday's challenge against Chica, you realize how far you've fallen. Sure, you never were some kind of athlete, but that's not an excuse. It never was this bad, it should never be this bad, and you fear it getting worse. If you don't start hitting the gym seriously, it *will* get worse.

The metallic sound of Foxglove approaching through the ventilation system is a welcome distraction, at least this time. You cover yourself with a towel and wonder what kind of mischief the fox might have planned: considering your unfortunate visit to their room not so long ago, payback is to be expected. You are still surprised by Foxglove talking to you without getting out of the vent, though. "Mike? Could you, well, come to my room for a moment? Maybe after lunch? I... I would like to talk."

That's not a happy voice: did your intrusion shake the poor fox so much? Yes, it wasn't your fault, but that does not make you feel any better. "Sure, after lunch is fine." you reply, then think about a passable apology for later: seems like the ice cream wasn't nearly enough.

At the door, you consider chickening out: you still think Foxglove is kinda creepy, and the whole mess isn't even your fault for crying out loud! But the problem isn't going to magically disappear if you try to avoid it, and which better occasion than now to fix things between you two, once and for all? You knock.

"Come in, for real this time." A joke, maybe things aren't so bad after all. You enter the room, and see the fox sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing a pink pajama and gesturing for you to join to their side. "Please, take a seat." You comply, quickly rehash the script you've prepared, and begin: "Foxglove, I'm sor..."

"Oh Mike, I am the one that should apologize. I could have told you, I could have asked the others to tell you, I could have even put on one of those wacky 'Do not disturb' signs on my door, I should have done *something* to prevent such an incident. I was so selfish, you and Chica must have been terrified, you all were worried about me and it's all my fault."

That's one way to derail your plan, and now it looks like the fox is about to cry.

"And you know what the worst part is? Foxglove sobs. You aren't sure you want to hear it. "I freaked out because I thought you saw me naked. I had clothes on, I had nothing to worry about, and I still managed to make a scene. How dumb is that? And after all the times I have shown you far less tact and consideration! I messed up..."

Now they're crying. You act on impulse and move to put a hand on their shoulder: halfway through you realize this might get your face bitten off, but you don't stop. Your fears disappear when Foxglove appreciates the gesture, and decides to turn it into a hug, resting their head against your shoulder, sobbing out a few thanks, make up mixed with tears running down the fur. That's... hot, there's no denying it.

The situation has awakened something in you, and you silently try to prevent that something from rising at full mast. Why, boner, why? You still hope to see a human face again, you don't want to even consider taking one of those weird animal people as a partner. Even if you gave up, here there are so many fine chicks (heh) to choose from, you shouldn't fall for the androgynous personal
On the other hand, the heart wants what the heart wants, and you've been alone for years: this might be the best chance you'll ever get.

While the eternal battle between Temptation and Virtue rages on in your mind and in your loins, Foxglove calms down, quickly wipes away most of the mess, and at last ends the hug.

"Don't sweat it" you try to comfort the fox "everyone has some down days, everybody needs someone to talk to from time to time, and I'm happy to be here for you."

"Still, it's not right to inconvenience you so much when you don't even know why I am like this."

"There's no need if you don't feel like telling, Chica said something about body image..."

The laughter is bitter and unexpected. "Body image issues? Ha, I wish it was only that. You can cure those. You can't grow back a pair." It takes you a moment to realize it's not a figure of speech: you can't help but grimace and close your legs a bit. Foxglove's gender is no longer a secret at least, you note; that mystery solved, you start to mumble some words of comfort, but the fox has other plans: "Enough talking about those unpleasant topics, dear: how about I finally make up to you?"

He scoots closer, his predatory grin only inches away from your face. Yep, looks like you'll be touched inappropriately yet again. Great. Just what you needed.

Well, it might be just what you need. Despite your complaints you liked the massage, the shaving was incredible, even the photo set was fun in its own way. Yes, Foxglove is kinda weird and a bit creepy (not to mention the wrong species and gender), but no one is perfect, and at least he recognizes his flaws and seems to care for you. You are starving for affection, it has been years without anyone to hug, to kiss, to love: by now loneliness hurts too much, and no amount of sarcasm and witty replies is going to fill the hole in your heart. This *is* just what you need. You close your eyes and lean into the kiss.

It's weird at first, the fur tickles you lips, your mouths clash awkwardly, and putting a hand behind the fox's head is proving to be unreasonably difficult with all those distractions.

Your patience is soon rewarded: after a bit of head tilting your lips lock together in a proper kiss, and with your hand finally in position you begin to pet, gently scratching behind Foxglove's ears: he melts into your arms, purring and wagging his tail.

One of his hands travels down you back, tickles your side for a while, then gropes the bulge in your pants. Foxglove breaks the kiss, rubs his nose against yours, and gets on his knees in front of you: following the hint, you stand up from the bed, lower your pants, and pull down your underwear.

The insecurity left by the condom aisle melts away as the fox grabs your manhood, desire in his eyes, and gives it a lick. Then another, and yet another, at last he takes it in his mouth and starts sucking. The pleasure is incredible, your legs feel like jelly, and you struggle not to fall immediately: with a considerable amount of effort you manage to sit back on the bed, Foxglove stopping his work and giving you an amused look. "Falling for me, dear?" he jokes while you are still catching your breath. "It's not fair, you're too good." you groan after a moment. "Glad to hear that. Let me know if it's too much." he offers, and the fun resumes.

While this isn't your first time, you had more than enough years to forget how it felt, and rediscovering it all is quite the experience. Conversely, your lover seems to be rather talented: he takes all of your dick in with seemingly no effort (having a muzzle helps, you imagine), his tongue touches the right spots, one hand cups and gently massages your balls, the other idly explores your thigh. Impressed by those coordinated efforts, you decide to try and do something more than staying still and breathing heavily: you place a hand on top of his head and start petting again, slowly. He loves it, judging by how he moans, wags his tail, and doubles his efforts. The faster pace makes it clear you're not going to last much longer: "Foxglove, I-I'm close." you warn. He looks up at you, showing no desire to slow down or pull away.

You come, an embarrassingly girly moan leaving your mouth, and you resist the urge to force the
fox down even further, choosing to pet him some more instead. You're still panting when he stands up, licking his lips, tail wagging, a smile on his face. There's no words, a hug is all you both need. Still hugging you two lay back on the bed: Foxglove grabs a spare cover and drapes it over your bodies, soon after that you drift to sleep.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I used google translate for Freddy, so you'll find a note and the original line at the bottom. Also fuck the word "book" in particular.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You are in an unfamiliar room, white and pink all around, some kind of perfume in the air, and a voice calling you. "Wake up, Mike, we should get ready for dinner." It takes a moment to remember that you were napping in Foxglove's room, and it takes far more than a moment to get out of bed; finally you stand, determined to hit the gym as soon as possible.

"Dinner already? That was quite the nap then."
"It's not so late, there's still a hour or so of time, but we also have a few things to do before that."
"Such as?" you ask, confused.
"Well, to begin we both need a shower, and you might want to change your clothes since you slept in those."
"Dunno, they don't look so bad."
"Trust me Mike, they do. Wrinkles everywhere. But I digress: another thing, we should decide what to tell the others about this afternoon. If you don't mind, I'd rather not give them the whole story, you know what I mean?"
"I think I get it. If they ask, something like 'we apologized, made up, then worked on another photo set' might be believable."
"That's perfect, dear. I'll still have to share a few words with Chica in private, I feel like she deserves to know about my condition since she accommodated me for so long. Don't worry, I won't try to seduce her, she's not my type." he jokes, winking exaggeratedly.
"Ha, I bet you could pull it off too. Anyways, you'll join dinner from the vents as usual?"
"Sure thing, it's so much more entertaining that way! Ah, before I forget..." he searches in a drawer, and hands you a book "Here! You might find this interesting."

It appears to be about sex ed for canids, and it's titled 'It's KNOT a laughing matter'. You blush and decide to change topic "Uh, thanks. So, who gets to shower first?"
"Go ahead, I'll try to approach Chica for now. See you later then." and he jumps into a vent. You aren't even surprised, in part because you got used to such a quirk, in part because you are busy worrying about the book and what the others might think if they saw it.

Thankfully luck is on your side this time, Chica and Bonnie seem to be in their rooms at the moment, and Freddy is in the kitchen working his magic, so reaching your room without being seen is easy. You hide the gift, take a shower, and soon it's time for dinner.

The food is good, the conversation is bland, and you try not to feel too weird about you and Foxglove sharing the same plate: sure, you did it all the time before, but now it's just not the same. You finish eating, help washing the dishes, and then think back to your idea of hitting the gym. It's too late by now, unfortunately, so you retreat to your room, displeased with your lack of planning.

You don't feel tired enough to sleep yet, Freddy is not here, this is the perfect time to take a peek at Foxglove's book: that knowledge might prove itself useful, or at least you hope so.

It might have been a one night stand, after all the fox did mention "making up" as the reason for it. Or maybe it's that you're desperate for company, and you will see love where there's nothing but a quick fuck with the local pervert...
Paranoia will get you nowhere, at least reading will distract you for a while: if worse comes to worse it might even be decent wank material. It ends up being a lot better than what you expected; the topic is intriguing, the exposition crystal clear, and there is a generous amount of images to complement the text: as you learn about sheaths, knots, and mating ties, your curiosity on the matter is thoroughly satisfied.

There's even a sexual compatibility table by species! You scan it for the canid-primate match, and you're happy to see it marked as "mostly compatible". You notice a web address on the page, apparently there is some additional online material on the subject: you idly wonder if Foxglove will let you borrow his PC or of he will prefer a "hands on" demonstration.

You are so immersed in the reading (and in your fantasies) that it takes a moment too long to notice the door opening: no time to put together a plan or even react impulsively, so you are left doing your best deer-in-headlights impression as Freddy enters the room. Luckily, he does not appear to be shocked by the book you're holding (you briefly wonder if he can even read) or even that interested in whatever you might be doing, he just lies in his bed and says "Vous vous êtes amusé avec le renard, n'est-ce pas?"[1]

For all you know that could be a way to say goodnight, right? Freddy does not care to wait for an answer, and he soon start snoring. It's bedtime for sure.

The next day

During breakfast, you ask if anyone wants to exercise with you today. Chica and Bonnie have to run errands (or maybe they don't want to humiliate you again), but at least Foxglove seems interested: "Wonderful idea Mike, I usually do my routine in the morning so feel free to come to my room and join."

Dressed up and determined to get some workout done, you knock, and follow the invitation to come in. You are welcomed by the sight of a dozen of barbell weights on the bed, a treadmill on the floor, and there's even a pull up bar on the wall. The fox is wearing a white tracksuit, and greets you warmly. "Hi dear, ready to lift?"

"Yes, but... Where does the treadmill even come from?"

"From the side of the wardrobe, it's a foldable model of course." Of course, how could you not think of that: it's perfectly normal to hide a gym's worth of equipment in one's room after all.

You try to conceal your surprise, start warming up, and move on: "Just so you know, I'm not exactly a pro"

"Oh don't worry about that, I can kind of follow some beginner plans and that's it." The fox looks cheerful as he grabs a set of weights. "But who cares, what really matters is giving it your all, don't you think Mike?"

Unfortunately, "your all" sucked ass. Again. You managed less than half of what Foxglove did, and not for a lack of trying: you are exhausted, barely any energy left to flop on the bed and contemplate the situation. Train day after day, week after week, month after month, and you might see some improvement: you wonder if it's worth the effort.

The hand on your head puts a wrench in your reflections: the fox is attempting to cheer you up, imitating the petting you gave him yesterday. It feels nice, and his words are comforting: "Don't be sad, you did what you could. I have been training every day for almost a year, and from what I understand you started today."

"I don't have a condition though."

"Modern medicine does miracles, I barely qualify for disability thanks to it. Without, my bones would be as fragile as glass, no amount of exercise would stop me from getting weaker and weaker, and worst of all I wouldn't be able to get it up. Now *that* I couldn't live without!" He chuckles, you blush. "Since we're on the topic, do you want to come back here in the afternoon? There's a few things I'd love to try together."

"I hope that doesn't mean new exercises." you joke, and you both laugh before parting ways.
You are back after a great lunch, courtesy of Freddy (you swear he's looking at you weird), and a quick go over of the book. You hope you haven't forgotten anything too important on that topic, and wonder how Foxglove will surprise you this time. As he hugs and cuddles you there's nothing that looks out of place, well there go your dreams of esoteric sex toys. Then he speaks, his voice barely above a whisper: "After the accident, I hated my body. I hated how it changed, without me having a say in the matter. I couldn't stand being seen: I left my job as a physiotherapist, I left my old apartment, and came here, one of the few places where people don't ask too many questions if you hide in the vents." You can't stop yourself from chuckling, and he smirks. "I've made so much progress since then, I'd like so show you. Can you close your eyes for a moment?" You oblige, and in darkness you hear the fox undressing. "You-you can look now." The first thing you notice is how he avoids staring at you, he's clearly nervous and uncomfortable, his tail is stiff too: you help him relax with some petting and a kiss on the cheek, as you take in the rest of the scene. His fur is thick and fluffy, but what you like the most is the way it doesn't hide the curves underneath: and boy, those are some nice curves. You decide against looking any lower, at least for the moment. Foxglove is still not completely at ease, so you try and lighten up the situation: "Well, you look fantastic. Time to repay the favor I guess." you compliment him, and remove your clothes. The fox likes that, and soon you're hugging each other: he's so soft and warm, you could stay here with him forever. But you have other, more exciting plans: you get down on your knees, and grab his sheath. "Oh, Mike, that's quite the way to return a favour..." "I learned from the best." you joke to hide your nervousness, as you study the pink tip slowly emerging from the fur: yep, just like the ones in the book. You work your hand up and down to coax the member out if its hiding place, and admire the result of your efforts: it's smooth and shiny, almost as long as yours and somewhat stiffer, but also a fair bit thinner; the slightly thicker bulb near the base is what a knot looks like before inflating, right? You'll find out soon enough anyway, at least that's how it should work normally. Foxglove's situation is all but normal, you can't help but remember as your fingers explore his taint and caress the fur where his sack used to be. Whatever, the important part seems to function perfectly, and judging by those adorable noises he's enjoying your attention. Before starting with the act, you remember how much trouble you had standing upright while getting head, so you ask the fox if he'd like to sit down. He declines politely, and you begin. At first it's just a lick here and there, then you get used to the taste and gather enough confidence to start sucking on the tip. As you try to take more in your mouth, you discover that sucking dick is not as easy as it might seem: between gag reflex and teeth, you can fit in half of it at most, and there's not much space left to move your tongue around. At least it looks like he's enjoying your ministrations: panting, tongue lolling out, tail wagging, he shakily puts a hand on the back of your head and strokes your hair. Encouraged, you decide to put your hands to good use too: one grabs the shaft right behind the knot, pulling and squeezing gently, the other explores the back side, petting the tail, squeezing a cheek, then teasing his pucker. Said hole appears to be unusually wet and slippery, and after some confusion you figure out it's coated in lube: so *that* was the surprise! You wiggle the middle finger in, and some probing around rewards you with a high pitched moan from the fox. You keep massaging that spot and working the shaft, you're so caught up you don't notice Foxglove calling your name, his legs quivering, and so you're quite surprised when his hands grab your head and keep it in place. You can't do much but watch as the knot inflates until it's almost as thick as your wrist, feel his backdoor and inner walls clench and twitch around your finger, then swallow a few spurts of cum: a lot less than what you expected, but there's enough to notice how the sprays are in time with the contractions inside of the fox, and they still add up to far more than one of your loads. The cum doesn't taste too bad: it's quite sweet, you might even pretend it's some kind of sugar glaze if you wanted to. Foxglove eases his grip, and after one more lick to clean up you move back, letting his dick slide out of your mouth, pull out your finger, and shift to a more comfortable sitting position: while you had fun, your knees did not enjoy this at all. Your own manhood, too, is not pleased with the lack of attention, and stands firm, waiting for a helping hand, maybe something more.
Your hopes go up as the fox starts talking: "Wonderful, dear, just wonderful. While you lack practice, you're clearly talented, a couple more rounds and you'll be a fully decorated cocksucker!"
You pretend to be offended, but your smile betrays your true feelings. "Jokes aside" and he gestures towards your crotch "It looks like you're more than willing to keep going. While the idea intrigues me, I'm afraid I'm a bit spent for the moment. Would you like to rest together for some time?"
You don't like to admit it, but you are still somewhat tired from the exercising before lunch: you agree, wear the pink pajama that's offered, and join your roommate in the bed.

Chapter End Notes

[1]: you had fun with the fox, didn't you?
Chapter 3

Being the small spoon is nice, you decide. Of course, it was Foxglove's idea: as you two were resting in his bed, he offered to cuddle you, and by now it's impossible to resist the temptation of soft fur and skilled hands. You didn't expect the fox to opt for such a position, but most of your worries melted away with the feeling of his arms around your body.

A lone concern is still there, in the back of your mind: he's somewhat taller, his crotch is snugly pressed against your ass, it's clear that your role is a submissive one, and you're not sure you like that. But there's no reason to care much, the hug is soothing, the bed is comfortable, and your roommate is humming some kind of lullaby.

After some time, he speaks: "Dear, may I ask you a personal question?"
"Sure, go ahead." This is probably going to involve your odd lack of fur, isn't it?
"Why are you here?" Never mind, that's an easy one.
"Laid off due to a work-related injury. I ended up homeless for a while until I won a class-action suit, and now I get a monthly settlement. It won't last forever and it's not much anyways, but at least I have a roof over my head and time to look for a job."
"I might be able to help with that. What kind of work do you have experience with?"
This one is anything but easy: "Something with computers, but I doubt I'll be good at it now. I don't remember most things that happened before the suit. A few moments here and there are clear, the pink slip the day I was fired, then there's a table with people..." You don't tell him they're not just people: they're humans. No names or faces, but the other features are unmistakable. You try not to think about it too much.
"Oh, that must be unpleasant. I'm sorry."
"You bet it is, cherry on the cake I have no clue why it happened. No scars, no missing parts, no weird aches, nothing. I feared brain damage, but the other symptoms aren't there: even shaved my hair to get a better look, no dice."
Foxglove looks at you weird, but then he smiles: "Don't worry so much, dear, forget I even asked. Let's move to happier topics, shall we?"
The sudden shift in atmosphere is confusing, but you don't miss the depressing discussion about your health. "What about hobbies?" you suggest "I really like movies, and I was thinking to learn some cooking."
"Movies? I suppose you saw the apartment's collection. Chica and Bonnie have terrible taste, if I may."
"Yes, it's not a good set, still better than nothing: I have some ideas to improve it, but with limited income it's not a priority." you admit.
"Money is not the issue for me, I would be more than happy to pay out of my pocket to teach them what good cinema is, and spare the rest of us those unfunny excuses for a comedy: truth be told I have already tried, but the girls haven't been receptive, at all. At least Freddy doesn't mind what's on the screen, he's there for the company: those two instead, they always knew how to be a pain in the neck over the smallest things." he sighs "But that's a story for another day. Let's get back to the movies. You noticed they are all on DVD? That's silly in this day and age, even our old television supports network drives, so I set one up with my PC to watch what I want when no one else is on the TV. Want to see?"

You two finally get up, well rested by now, and head towards the computer on the desk. The fox turns on a monitor and clicks around; you don't recognize the operating system, but the interface is straightforward enough to follow what's going on, and the 'Files: 2194' text at the bottom of the movie drive window is encouraging: so many titles to choose from, there's bound to be some good ones! As usual, the devil is in the details: the first oddity is the file sizes, 40+ GB per movie. That's
more than ten times what you're used to see, how much disk space does he have? Then you look at some other text, and there is the answer: 'Free space: 2.33 PB'. Peta, that's not a metric prefix you see every day: after some thinking you recall it meaning ten to the fifteenth, in other words one petabyte is one million gigabytes. You can't help but wonder *when* your previous life happened: were you in a coma for ten years? Twenty? One hundred? It would explain many things, but you need more information to be sure, and your amnesia is not helping.

Foxglove giggles, and you realize you've been staring at the screen with your mouth open. "Damn" you whisper "Never seen such a collection before. Must have cost you a fortune." His mischievous grin grows wider: "Not a single penny. Poor Foxy, he's not the greatest pirate of these seas after all. Yarr!"

You chuckle at the corsair impression, then ask the obvious question: "Which Foxy?"

"Rackam, if I'm not mistaken you only met the other Foxy, poor Haddock from 93-B. Rackam lives in 93-A after he lost a hand and an eye on the job, they gave him an eye patch and a prosthetic hook so he took the opportunity to play the buccaneer for laughs. He has a knack for acting, after all: the things people do for love... But enough sad stories for today, dear! Since we're talking about love, how about that second round I promised you?"

You agree enthusiastically, and so you're back on the bed, naked.

Foxglove is on all fours, tail raised to the side, the position allowing him to search in the bedside table and present his rear to you at the same time: a nice view, even if his tight, pink pucker is barely visible amidst the white fur.

He swallows a couple pills, pulls out a condom, and passes you a bottle of lubricant: "Here, dear. Mind stretching me a bit?"

"I would love to." You cover your fingers liberally with the slick substance, and start working them in. Middle, ring, index, in the end you manage to wiggle in even the pinky: the fox's hole relaxes easily and is soon dripping wet with lube, for good measure you keep moving your digits in and out.

With the corner of your eye you see him shift his weight on one arm, and use the free hand to put the condom on. "Want me to use a rubber too?" you offer.

"That w-won't be necessary, dear. This one is to avoid me coming all over the covers, but I want you -Ah!- I want you to come inside me! Fill me up, Mike!"

You are more than happy to oblige: your fingers leave his backdoor with a squelch, you put some more lube on your shaft, take a moment to admire the contrast between the candid fur and the pinks and reds that can be seen past the spread anus, grab his hips, and in you go.

It's warm, soft, and tighter than you would have guessed: the ring of muscle opposed almost no force to your entry, but now it contracts and relaxes in such a pleasant fashion. Good thing you went overboard with lubrication, you wouldn't be able to sink in with so little effort otherwise. Pulling back is just as smooth, only made harder by your desire to feel those insides all around your manhood.

The whole experience is almost too good: fearing you'll blow before satisfying the fox, you force yourself into a slow rhythm. All the way in, then back, stop just short of pulling out, repeat. Foxglove's tail is wagging, unsurprisingly, luckily it's trapped to the side by your arm: even like this the constant brushing against your side is distracting, having it slap your face repeatedly would be a serious annoyance.

It's not like your partner would notice: his arms gave out a while ago, and he's now resting his head on the pillow, tongue lolling out and eyes unfocused, his lusty moans worth more than a thousand words of praise. After some time his whimpers shift to a higher pitch, he shudders, and his inner walls spasm around your member.

Well, it appears he had his fun, now it's your turn to finish: with his insides massaging your cock so vigorously you won't last long anyways, so you abandon the slow pace and try to make the most out of the last few thrusts.

Seconds later you stop, balls deep in the fox, and cum, a sigh of pleasure leaving your lips: that
final sprint left you rather fatigued, so you just stay still and savor the sensation.

Of course, no good thing lasts forever, a few minutes and your dick begins to softens, so you voice your concern: "Uh, Foxglove, sorry for ruining the mood..."
"Don't sweat it, Mike, what is it?"
"I'd like to pull out, but I fear making a mess everywhere. Any suggestion?"
"I would lie if I said I don't find the idea incredibly arousing. Your seed spilled over my body, overpowering my scent, marking me as yours..."
Sure, he's no prude, but that's lewd even by his standards!
"About more practical concerns, I'm covered in fur, so your fluids should be soaked before dripping on the covers, and I have to shower anyways because of the training earlier. I'd say go for it."
You move, up and back, soon your shaft leaves its hiding place with a wet pop, smearing cum over the fox's taint, then you're sitting on your heels, enjoying the view.
His anus does its best to close, but by now the muscles have grown accustomed to the stretch: the hole is left gaping, wide enough to easily fit a finger, its dark colours highlighting the few globs of spunk you can see inside it. Farther down, you can see his still hard dick pointing down, the rubber clings on despite being weighted by a considerable amount of liquid: you notice the condom is stretched all the way behind the knot, so that's how it avoids sliding off! You should probably finish reading the sex ed book, it seems you still have much to learn.
Your musing is interrupted by Foxglove's sphincter expanding again for a moment, then the rest of your jizz leaks out with surprising speed: as predicted it stops just as quickly, mostly sticking to the fur, a thin layer remains to cover the backdoor and the inner walls, giving the illusion of an uninterrupted coat of white.

Your dick hardens again at the sight, but you ignore it: now it's time for pillow talk.
"That was fun." you begin "We should do it more often". Maybe not *right now*, though.
"No doubt about that" your roommate agrees, as he fumbles to remove the condom "I would love to make sex a part of our daily routine."
"Gym in the morning, fun in the afternoon, sounds like a plan."
"We need to set apart some time to do chores and other things, don't forget that now." he jokes.
"I'll manage, and since I don't have a job for myself I could help with yours. What do you think?"
"That's such a generous offer, dear, you don't have to..."
"But I want to. It's not just about being helpful, I have to start and learn some skill, the checks won't last forever."
"Right, but I can find something better. You said you used to work with computers, no? For me it's more of a hobby, but I know a lot about informatics, and I have a few friends that might need a tech or two."
"I told you, I barely remember what my old job was about, I have forgotten too many things to be still decent at it."
"I'll teach you, can't be worse than starting to learn physiotherapy from scratch, can it?"
He has a point, but you don't like thinking about your past life, so you nod and change subject.
"So you like movies and PCs, anything else?"
Bingo; Foxglove's eyes light up with excitement, and he starts: "So many other things! I like all electronics, not just classic computers: embedded units, mobile devices, controllers, even managed to snatch a couple old field programmable gate arrays at that sale..."
As he goes on, you recognize less and less words, but the general meaning is clear: the fox is the biggest nerd you've ever seen.
"... and so I still have that somewhere. What kind of phone do you have, dear?"
"Uh, none?" What for? You don't know many people and don't have money to waste on such luxuries.
"Then as soon as I find the grey Y7 it's yours. Should work mostly fine, despite the whole prank
business. But that will have to wait, it's time to get ready for dinner. Want to shower together?"
Is he seriously gifting you something worth hundreds of dollars so casually? Is there some trick? Is he courting you? Most important, why did you have to tune out before hearing the prank story? You feel like you missed out.
Those questions will have to wait, for now you accept the offer and try to conceal your surprise.

The shower is not as sensual as you expected: there's no inappropriate touching, no groping, no teasing, the most you do is a couple kisses and some hugging. In a way it's almost better, this taking care of each other is sure chaster than the usual, yet it seems even more important: you had no opportunities to be this close to someone before, and now you understand how good it feels. A hand ruffling your hair, the warmth of another body, they might be small things but they mean so much. You're drying your hair when Foxglove finds a way to ruin the comfy mood: "Mike, you loved ravaging me before, no?"

That sounds like a trick question. "Of course I did."
"You certainly noticed how much I enjoyed being fucked silly."
"I'm glad you liked it too." You don't know where this is going yet, but you have a bad feeling.
"And you trust me when I say I only want to help you feel even better, don't you?"
"What's the catch?"
"Do you want to try being, well, on the receiving end? To experience the same pleasure I basked in? To have your most private parts savagely defiled, and beg for more?"
Phrased like that, it almost sounds like some weird satanic ritual, and the fox's toothy grin is not helping: but you have to admit you're curious. There are many fears to worry about: it might hurt, you'll fail to please him, or even worse you won't enjoy it but will feel obliged to continue for his sake. You want to try anyways.
"I'm glad to see you are on board. This will come in handy." and he pulls out a small box, hidden under a pile of towels. "I understand you might not want to walk back to your room carrying a set of buttplugs, so I'll go and hide them in your wardrobe. Take as many days as you need getting ready, I want your first time to be perfect, and absolutely do not cum with one of those inside you: it would spoil the surprise! See you at dinner then." and off he goes, climbing into the vent.
This is going to be a pain in the ass, isn't it?
Chapter 4

Freddy wants your attention, first he was winking during dinner, now that you have finished cleaning the dishes he's gesturing for you to come back in the kitchen: not seeing a reason to pretend you haven't noticed, you approach.

The bear has prepared two glasses of wine, one is handed to you, the other is raised in his paw, and then he proclaims: "Nous devrions porter un toast, à Mangle! Profites en tant que ça dure." [1]. He drinks, and you follow his lead; for once the meaning of his words was somewhat clear, what confuses you is the motivation behind them: a toast to Foxglove, what's the point of that? Well, you have something to ask the fox tomorrow, he is familiar with Freddy and his odd behavior after all.

You retreat in your room and pick up the sex ed book: last time you finished the anatomy and got to the compatibility table, next chapter is "Sexual Health and Sexually Transmitted Diseases". Those are issues you didn't consider in the slightest before: surely your partner knew what he was doing when he told you not to wear a condom, right?

The introduction warns that, despite STDs being almost completely eradicated and/or curable thanks to recent medical progress, not taking appropriate precautions and/or intentionally spreading them are felonies punishable under article whatever and whatever, let's skip the legalese, the important bit was the first anyways: you remember HIV being somewhat of a concern back in your old life, thankfully there's one less thing to worry about now.

Reading further, there's a detailed history of the main research breakthroughs: white cell manipulation via plasmids by Fredrick Heaviside in 19, a reliable rDNA propagation scheme by Renard Sinclair and Stephen Weiss in 23, the first cybernetic replacement by Mangle Thorne in 31...

It takes a moment to notice the unusual format of the years: 19, not '19.

Maybe it's nothing more than a typo: you hastily search for the date of publication on the book, and there it is, on the back of the cover: "Second edition, 42".

Well, you might have missed a calendar change: you faintly recall having to rewrite some database to work after year 2000, how was that issue called, Millennium Bug? Maybe it was easier to start back from year zero rather than fix all that crappy code, the idea is just crazy enough to work.

Or maybe your coma hypothesis is wrong and you're in a parallel dimension or another sci-fi oddity: all things considered it might be for the best, if this is Earth what happened to mankind?

Those are depressing thoughts, let's move on to the happy topic of sexual diseases: just what you need after reflecting about the very nature of the universe!

It's actually pretty entertaining, so many gross pictures and spooky descriptions, and a gallery of horrors is much more enjoyable from the comfort and safety of your own bed.

Then you find a paragraph about Foxglove's condition: to your surprise it's not incredibly uncommon, with most cases coming from treatment of testicular cancer.

The two mayor symptoms are chronic depression and weaker bones due to osteoporosis, then there's a list with a couple dozen of so-called minor ones, many of which look bad enough to qualify for disability on their own: that's even worse than what you expected.

At least it says almost all issues are treatable, and with proper cures the symptoms can be reduced significantly: some disappear after mere weeks, others persist for more than a year, many require continued treatment for the rest of one's life.

The fox said he's doing fine now, yes, but now you know how horrible it must have been at first, and how precarious that "fine" is.

The book isn't funny anymore, better put it down and try to get some rest.
You wake up full of energy, ready for the morning workout and looking forward to another afternoon with Foxglove.

Predictably, your plans for the day are thwarted by the start of breakfast. "I'll have to leave tomorrow, will be back in a week or two." the fox states abruptly, "Sorry for the short warning, doctor Friedrich called moments ago to let me know there's have a new surgery to try."

Surgery? What for? How bad is it? Chica seems to be wondering that too, Bonnie is nowhere to be seen, and thus Freddy is the first to reply. "J'espère que ça va bien, ma douce fleur." [2]

"Good luck, be back soon." Chica adds. "Yeah, best of luck. Need a hand preparing your luggage?" you offer.

"Oh, thank you so much guys. And very generous of you to lend a hand, dear, but there's no hurry. We have more than enough time for some gymnastics, isn't that great? See you later then!" and off he goes.

Training is the same as usual: extenuating and unfulfilling. At least now that it's over you have time to talk: there's a few questions you'd like to see answered, but considering their nature it's important to proceed with tact and discretion.

Let's start with the easy ones. "Yesterday Freddy held a toast to you" you begin, "Since you know him better than me, any idea why?"

"Oh, I had a fling with Frederick soon after I moved here, judging by the toast and what he called me before he still thinks fondly of me. Also he figured out we're seeing each other, wouldn't make sense to toast with you otherwise. Not a big surprise, he's smarter than it seems." Frederick, huh? Guess you haven't heard about the other Freddies yet. "Haven't you been in this place for a year or so? I know you're charming, but that seems like a lot of time for him to still be infatuated."

"In his own words, he's a bit of a romantic. I don't believe the odd behavior is out of malice, he's just... Out of place. Almost like he didn't grow up in the same world we did, social norms we take for granted are a mystery for him."

"That's an accurate description." you agree, a hint of nervousness in your voice. You hope you're not sticking out as badly as the bear is.

"It might be selfish of me, but even if it's not his fault I don't appreciate his company anymore. Sure, he's a great cook and he has a big floppy dong, but that's it, nothing else about him is pleasant to deal with. Still nowhere as bad as Bonnibel, that scoundrel."

"That's not selfish in the slightest, but what's wrong with Bonnie?" To be fair, the little blue bunny tried to stop taking her meds once, maybe it wasn't an isolated episode.

"You saw the bottles of pills: give her the smallest amount of trust, she will make you regret it. Over, and over, and over. After the first few rounds, I gave up on her. Chiclet tries her best, but you can only do so much for someone that doesn't want to get better."

"I hope Chica isn't a complete rascal too." you bet, half joking, half fearing the answer.

"She's fine, of course not as great as you, my dear." Foxglove whispers seductively "Sure, she might be the one that kept this place for becoming a dump like 87-A, but you? You go out of your way to make others feel better. I made a mistake, and your reaction was to apologize. It wasn't your fault, you knew it, yet you put my feelings above yours without hesitation."

"Don't worry about that, it's water under the bridge now." Isn't 87-A Bonbon's place?

"I'm not worried, Mike, I'm delighted by how sweet and caring you are. Always here for me when I need you, asking nothing in return."

"Nothing? Your company is more than I could ask for. I need a shoulder to lean on too."

"I'm glad to hear that I can help. Speaking of helping," he grins, "I hope your offer about the luggage is still valid."

You lift yourself from the bed with a groan. "Let's do this then." The hard questions will have to
wait.

Together, the two of you make short work of the task: moving things around you, even find that phone Foxglove wanted to gift you. Good thing it's still in the box together with the user manual, you've never seen this kind of interface before. The thing is a big screen with a few physical buttons on the side, no obvious selection indicator such a cursor, and the buttons only appear to change the volume and turn the device on and off.

It takes a while before you consider an unrealistic idea: it can't be a touch screen, can it? Those things were expensive cutting edge tech back in your old world, your workplace had a big screen where you could cycle through *something* important, or at least you think so. You stop caring when a swipe of your finger proves that, in fact, your new toy is touch sensitive. You know already how you'll spend the rest of the week.

"Do you like it?" the fox asks. pretending not to notice your excitement.

"Of course I do, that's like something out of a movie! We're really living in the future."

"You know what else you might like?" he teases.

"Better to do that after dinner, we'd be a bit short on time otherwise."

"I wasn't talking about sex, you profligate!" Your roommate is even worse than you at feigning offense, but he tries nonetheless. "I was thinking, what if I left you the room when I'm away?"

That's out of the blue, and so your reaction is cautious. "Are you sure it's a good plan? It's not like you're moving out permanently, and I would hate to mess with your stuff by accident."

"I trust you not to attempt anything inconsiderate with the gym equipment, my wardrobe has plenty of space for more clothing, and I'll set up a virtual machine on the computer, that way you can fool around with it and not risk damaging anything. That takes care of the issue, no? I'll even leave you a few notes about the details, what do you say?"

The offer is more than generous, and quite frankly you love it. You never had a room for yourself since you left the hospital, even there you had to share with other patients: finally having some privacy would be a surprise, to be sure, but a welcome one. Still, it also is a big responsibility: you know how to take care of a room, but it's much more stressful when messing up hurts someone else.

"I'd say it's worth a try" you decide, and close in for a hug. "Thanks for trusting me so much."

The fox pats your back: "You earned it, dear. Now let's get ready for lunch, it would be impolite to let the others wait."

One uneventful meal later, Chica (or should you say Chiclet? you like the nickname more) asks you for help with some shopping, and predictably you agree. It's when you're checking the price on some vegetables that she speaks: "Are you concerned too? About him, I mean."

You nod, avoiding her gaze. You didn't manage to ask about the surgery before, and being left in the dark is unpleasant. For all you know he might not come back.

"I'm worried too," she goes on, "He suffered too much already. I'm sure you saw... I mean, I'm sure he told you what happened." Nice slip of the tongue, Chica.

No point in hiding the relationship further, then: "Yes, I saw. It is that obvious?" You know the answer already.

Now it's her turn to avoid looking at you: "Well, you know how all the vents are connected together, right? Some of the isolation between the bathroom and Foxglove's room must have worn off as he went back and forth." You swear you can see her blushing under the feathers, and you're not doing much better yourself. "And, I mean, especially with loud noises, and that path being so short..."

"Got it, we'll try to fix it." you cut her short, to prevent any further embarrassment: stuffing the vent with a pillow should be a decent band-aid solution for now.

You two continue shopping quietly, and there are no more words even on the trip back home. With no chores in sight, it's time for a visit to the bathroom, you need to shave again at the very least.
You're considering showering early when Foxglove pops his head out of the vent.
"Hello Mike, do you have anything to do now? Besides me, I mean." How cheesy, still the joke
puts a smile on your face.
"Not really. I'll be in your room in a moment then."
"Why not stay here, in the shower?" He suggests, crawling out of the opening, "No need to worry
about staining the covers, and we could wash together again."
You double check the lock on the door. "Yeah, let's give it a try. Need a *hand* stretching?"
He ignores your terrible pun: "Thanks, but I warmed up already. Can't use the meds today, so better
take it slow and steady and prepare beforehand." the fox explains while you two undress, lifting his
tail to show the pink toy firmly lodged underneath.
"Since we're on topic, I didn't manage to start with your gift yet, at least there should be some free
time in the next days."
"No need to rush it, dear, but bear in mind that it's going to take more time and practice than you
might expect. This one" and he grabs the base of the plug for emphasis "is the same size as the
biggest in your set, after all."
"You're kidding me, it doesn't look that..." You are reminded that appearances can be deceiving
(and that the base of a buttplug is usually much thinner than its body) as Foxglove struggles a bit
and finally pulls the toy out: at its widest that thing must be thicker than your wrist! How are you
going to fit it in your ass anytime soon?
You roommate lets the pleasure device fall to the floor, puts his hands on the wall, and spreads his
legs: a thin string of precum already dangles from his sheath, his well stretched and lubed hole
begs to be filled, and he looks back with such a playful expression, almost as if he wanted you to
know this is not the time to worry about the future.
You follow the unspoken advice, hugging his slender, soft body and easing yourself in.

The sensation is great, but something seems different compared to the last round. You initially
ignore the odd feeling, chalk it up to first times being special in their own way.
After a while you lower a hand to give the fox a reach-around, and to your surprise you notice he's
at half mast, only some of his shaft poking out. You slow down almost to a standstill, and ask: "Uh,
dear, are you having fun?"
"Aren't you a perceptive fellow, Mike. This is enjoyable, don't worry, but without meds it's not as
good as it could... as it should be." Ah, of course: you read about this earlier, didn't you? Many of
the symptoms require continued treatment to be kept at bay. "Keep going, slow and steady, that
usually does the trick. And thanks for asking, you're such a sweetheart."
You accept the suggestion, not like you'd be able to keep up a fast pace anyways: the pleasure is far
from overwhelming, and so there's plenty of time and little distractions to find all the small things
that have changed.

Foxglove is nowhere near as vocal as he used to be, his pucker doesn't contract as often nor with
the same strength, his tail swings from side to side lazily instead of wagging enthusiastically, his
tongue is not lolling out, at least his face doesn't show any hint of boredom or, worse, sadness.
The situation could be better, sure, but it seems that your partner wasn't lying to please you before:
feeling good at your lover's expense would be horrible, and you're glad that's not what's happening.
Eventually your observations are distracted by your stamina running low: even as slow as you're
going, you can't last forever. What worries you is that the fox doesn't seem any closer than before,
on the contrary his dick has fully retreated into the sheath: and you swear your attempt at a reach-
around isn't *that* bad.
Then he moans once, quietly, his insides pulse gently, and there's warm, sticky liquid on your hand.
As unexpected as it is, you seize the opportunity, and a couple of vigorous thrusts are all you need
to reach your climax.

You shower together in silence, thinking about how many questions you want to ask and how little
time there is.
As you dry up, you try to come up with the best words to introduce the topic, luckily your roommate takes the initiative and asks you to meet in his room lately: "There's a few things you might want to know, Mike, and leaving you to worry for so long would be inconsiderate."

Guess he noticed your concern, then. He leaves through the vent, you wait for a while before unlocking the door, only to find out that Bonnie fell asleep outside of it.

You tap the bunny on the shoulder and watch as she squeaks and jumps on her feet.

"Sorry Bonnie, just letting you know the bathroom is free now."

She whispers something and rushes into the room, though she still takes the time to close the door without slamming it. Foxglove's room is not far away, a few steps and you're at the door: time to get some answers.

Chapter End Notes

[1] "We should have a toast, to Mangle! Enjoy it while it lasts."
[2] "I hope it goes well, my sweet flower."
The two of you have been lying on the bed for a while, both waiting for the other to make the first move.

As you think about the best way to tactfully approach the issue, he takes the initiative: "Thanks for coming here, dear. I suppose you'd like to ask about the surgery." Well, that makes things easier. "Yes, I do. I have to admit I'm worried. About you, I mean."

"How sweet of you, Mike; you'll be happy to hear it's one of the safest augmentation procedures, and keep in mind that augs in general are low risk by now: you can relax, try and have some fun while I'm away. Maybe go and meet someone at the other apartments, I'll be more than fine."

"Augmentations? You mean, like, cybernetics?" You read a little about them before, but it's still hard to believe such things actually exist. And why would Foxglove need one?

"Close enough: cybernetics indicates purely robotic augmentations, like Bonnie's. That was the only kind for a while, partially organic implants only began production a few years ago, was it 37 or 38?"

You wonder what this Bonnie could look like: judging by the name (or nickname?), he's probably a bunny, so you guess he might look like some kind of fusion between Bonbon and Robocop. Your brain creates a few images, ranging from hilarious to terrifying, one of them eerily familiar: a purple mechanical abomination, way taller than you, only bearing a passing resemblance to a rabbit.

"But those are insignificant details, let's not get distracted." the fox's voice pulls you back from the vision. "The point is, I'm getting some of those, a few small subdermal implants for hormonal regulation. It's not a cure, but it's as close as I could hope for."

"Wow, that's great news. I didn't realize such a thing was possible."

"Incredible, isn't it? Medicine went so far is so little time. Truth be told, I'll only have to spend a day or two at the clinic, the rest of the time it's to see... to meet a few people."

"It's clear there is something he doesn't want to share: you feel a bit hurt by that, even if you can't blame him for wanting some privacy.

"Any husbands I need to know about?" you joke, hoping to improve the mood. He chuckles, relaxing for a moment: "No, just relatives. Now, please don't tell anyone else about this. I am aware that it sounds ridiculous, but it's important that no one else hears about it."

"Your secret is safe. Take all the time you need, family matters can be complicated to say the least."

"You're an angel. Well, with those two worries out of the way, any more topics you're curious about?"

"Two more things, actually. Fair warning, they might be a bit personal."

"Ask anyways. I'm tired of keeping so many secrets, and on such trivial matters too!" You wish you could say the same.

"Okay then. When you were talking about... you know, your problem, you said there was an 'accident'."

The fox anticipates your question: "Car crash. Some mutt drank far too much, decided to drive anyways, and since going 20 past the limit wasn't enough, the vermin had the great idea to ignore a red light. All things considered I was lucky, two other people died there and I still have all my limbs attached and functioning. That bastard can't say the same, at least."

"I'm sorry, it must be an unpleasant memory."

"Could be worse. I was knocked out for hours and then kept asleep for the doctors to do their job, so I have little to remember."

There's a moment of silence, then he asks: "Is the next question on a sad subject too?"

"Not at all, you could say it's the opposite."
"Intriguing, what do you mean?"
"I wanted to ask you about pleasure. More specifically, how did you cum without an erection?"
"That's simple, all it takes is going slow, ignoring your member and focusing on what's going on, or should I say up, in your behind. Low hormones help too, but anyone can manage with some patience and dedication."
"Really? I thought it was impossible, you make it sound like it's not even that difficult. Does it feel good too?"
"Oh, it's quite enjoyable, I'd say not less than the kind of climax you're used to, but that's where the similarity ends. It's not as intense, but not as fleeting either: you'll have to try in person if you wish to understand better."
"I'll keep that in mind, but for now let's stick to exploring one new area at a time."
"Good thing your backdoor counts as only one area, then." he teases, "Jokes aside, remember what I said yesterday, no cumming with anything up in there: that will have to wait for my return."
This time you have a comeback ready: "You give me too little credit, I would never forget I'm supposed to save myself for marriage." You both laugh, and the banter goes on for a little longer. Soon he offers a suggestion: "Tomorrow will be a long day, Mike. You should probably rest, and sort your belongings since you're going to switch room." You realize he probably still has chores to take care of too, and take the hint.
"I'll be going then. See you at dinner."

You don't really have many things, and most of them fit easily in your trusty rolling suitcase. Sure, it's old, dirty, the wheels are squeaking, and the inside is deceptively small, but it has been with you for longer that you can remember. You should probably clean it properly one of these days. You scribble a note about it on your phone: it's impressive how intuitive the gadget is, it took you mere minutes to figure out the basics.
And it's so fast! Booting up is the only noticeable loading time, everything else might as well be instant.
You still haven't gotten used to the weird keyboard that tries to guess which word you are trying to write, you can't believe how often its predictions are right. It's artificial intelligence, and good enough to be useful in your everyday life: there's something unsettling about that, but you soon brush the though aside.
A glance at the clock tells you it's time to eat, you'll deal with the rest of your stuff tomorrow.

At the table Foxglove says his goodbyes, hands you a pair of keys for his room, and when Bonnibel is looking elsewhere he sneaks in a kiss on your cheek. With him dangling from the vent, the scene reminds you of Spiderman; it's strange, here the human-animal hybrid hanging upside down is the normal person: guess that makes you the hero of this story.
You go to sleep, comforted by that thought.

Monday begins, and by the end of breakfast you have a plan for the day.
Chiclet is going out for groceries with Fredrick, so that leaves you and the bunny in the house: since the latter seldom leaves her den, you have the apartment all for yourself, at least for a few hours.
First thing first, let's move to your new room. A couple trips later, your luggage and a few spare items are arranged on top of the pink carpet, and that's good enough for the moment. On your new bed there's a piece of paper with some login credentials for the computer, and a message to let you know there's more notes inside a certain folder, if you needed them. You want to keep exercising even when the fox is away, and you are well aware of how little experience you have with gym equipment: better check out those notes before trying to set it all up.
That proves to be a wise decision: not only there are all the instructions you need to get the tools ready, the file even has a few suggested workout programs and a table to track your progress.

No reason to delay then, time to work out!

As it turns out, training alone is not fun.
Losing to a fat chicken wasn't a great experience, but at least the competition motivated you: you had something to fight for, a reason to give it your all.

Attempting to keep up with the fox was equally extenuating, but in turn you got words of praise and encouragement, and you worked hard knowing your efforts made him happy.

With no one but yourself to answer to, this is a tough job with dubious rewards: it's hard enough to maintain your current (and round) shape, you doubt you'll accomplish much if any progress.

Still, you keep going, and you manage to stop a bit later than you did than yesterday. Baby steps.

You shower, dress up, and now comes something new: you want to go and visit the others over at their apartments.

Starting with 93-B is a good bet, since Chiclet said their Chica (called Cheeky apparently) is quite the nice lady, also that would satisfy your curiosity about the big, mysterious figure behind Haddock: could it have been Bonnie the cyborg?

No point in speculation if you can check in person, you leave the others a note for when they come back then leave to meet some new friends.

The trip goes well enough, even if it's full of surprises.

You're making small talk with the rabbit and the hen when one of Bonworth's forearms falls on the floor, and so you discover the reason for his excessive strength and awkward movements. The contrast between the real thing and the smooth, futuristic, spotless technological marvels you imagined is jarring. He excuses himself, leaving you alone with the local Chica.

Cheeky flirts with you blatantly, inappropriately, and often: just the way Foxglove likes it. You find out they are good friends, and the chick is happy to hear he might get better.

Soon after she introduces you to Faz: turns out he's the big dude you were thinking about, but that's not what catches your eye at first; suffice to say, he makes Chiclet look pretty. Despite the horrifying scars and injuries, he can speak and move around the house with little effort, he even cracks a joke about how the others are in bed more often than he is. He's a man of few words, often replying with nothing more than a nod or a grunt, yet he comes off as friendly and improves the mood with his well timed remarks.

According to Haddock, he's the "captain" of this apartment. That silly fox sure seems to care a lot about the pirate theme: maybe instead of movie night they have corsair night over here, you wonder. The dress code would not be as strict as the one Chiclet demands, that's for sure.

You learn they planned a party for today, ten in the morning (so they probably don't have jobs either), and apparently now you're invited too.

"See, we wanted to have a tournament of that fitness game I got at a sale, but we're a bit short on competitors now that Bonworth's sister is not going to make it because of... work, so if you want to join you're welcome," Cheeky offers.

"Sure, should I give a call to my place and see if I can get them on board too?"

"Go for it, with Peanut we're four out of six spots for players."

The phone rings, but no one picks it up: it seems the others are still doing errands.

"Eh, it was worth a try. We have half an hour before our little Freddy arrives, so let's set up the console: are you good with that tech stuff?"

The game system is not too complex, so when Peanut arrives fifteen minutes earlier you have it already plugged in and ready to go. The guest is a chubby bear, a few inches shorter than you, which makes him tiny compared to what you've come to expect from his kind. He's carrying a couple bags full of food, which he puts down to greet you with an enthusiastic bear hug. His small size, soft appearance, and friendly demeanor have you thinking of him as a life-sized teddy bear.

"Hi, so you're Mike, the new guy? BonBon won't stop talking about you." You can imagine why.

"Yep, that's me. Nice to meet you, Peanut." You point at his gifts: "All of that is to recover from the workout, I suppose."
He doesn't seem to notice the sarcasm in your remark: "Y-yeah, that's the plan. It's going to be tough, I barely made it to two thirds last time."
Wonderful, it looks like you won't be last this time. Fitness games aren't *that* difficult, teddy should probably ease up on the honey.

Unsurprisingly, you were wrong. You make it halfway before Cheeky takes you out by tripping and falling on you, and despite the pain you're glad it happened: you were not going to last much longer anyways, at least now you have an excuse to stop.
She wasn't doing so well either, looking like she was mere seconds away from a stroke. Fucking Peanut held his own better than you did, even if he couldn't hope to challenge Haddock: by the end of the match, the fox was the last one standing, the game awarding him more points than the rest of you combined.
"Yarr, mateys, I be th' best at this! Do ye wants t' try again?" Hell no.
"How about another game mode?" you try to compromise, too tired to lift yourself up.
"Do we have anything with, like, less moving? Please?" Cheeky begs, trying to get on her feet.
Peanut has a suggestion: "The one where you shoot the flying targets, you can play that from the couch. What do you say?"
Good idea, teddy.

You and the bear finish your rounds early, waiting for the chick to stop failing the tutorial level you start to chat.
Time goes by, Cheeky's aim does not improve in the slightest, and going from topic to topic you get some gossip about the denizens of 87-A.
"Mango is incorrigible, she keeps speaking ill of Mangle even if they haven't seen each other in months. What's even the point of holding a grudge for so long? Can't she reconcile and be happy, like Bonnibel did?"
"What happened with Bonnibel?" you inquire.
"She and Fluff smooched, broke up, were upset, then made up: something like that." Fluff? An appropriate nickname for your fox, you suppose.
"Ah, love stuff, got it. Same with Mango?" You wouldn't be surprised, seems like Foxglove was a ladies (and gentlemen) man.
"Oh, no, that started as professional rivalry, but at this point who cares about the reason: I just don't want to hear about it ever again."
"Enough with this bullshit!" Cheeky snaps and turns off the console. "I'm hungry. Who cooks today?"
You volunteer, between what Peanut brought along and what they might have in the fridge it shouldn't be hard to come up with a nice dish.

You had to throw away so much expired and rotting stuff, but in the end you found all you needed for a fair amount of pancakes, eggs (you don't want to know where they come from), and bacon, and if the main dish wasn't enough there's plenty of snacks too, thanks to the bear.
It's nothing special, unlike Frederick's cuisine, yet the others cover you in compliments: seems like it doesn't take much to do better than their usual menu, not too surprising given the state of their food supplies.
They could improve their own lives noticeably with so little effort, and yet...
To be honest, you're enough of a neat freak in your own apartment, annoying strangers you don't live with would be a step too far: maybe they're tired because of taking care of Faz, maybe they are short on money, maybe they just don't care, it doesn't matter.
They're grown adults, they can, no, they must decide for themselves.

Shortly after lunch you and Peanut leave: the party was nice, but chores won't take care of themselves.
Chiclet and Frederick are back too, so you don't have to deal with everything on your own.
You are left with most of the afternoon for yourself, more than enough time to unpack your bags and store their content properly: but there's something else you want to do first. You open Foxglove's gift, find the manual, and prepare yourself.

You check once again the lock on your door, and open the vent to see that the pillow you stuffed in there hasn't moved an inch, and is still muffling sound as it's supposed to. Enough stalling, you're as ready as you will ever be and dinner time is getting close. You get on the bed and look at the 'tools' you'll be using: a large bottle of lube and a white buttplug, the smallest in the box.

You grab the latter and examine it some more; made of what you'd guess is some sort of hard rubber, it's tapered, with a round tip, and towards the bottom it first tightens to create a neck then sharply widens to form a large base: according to the warnings in the instructions, that is so you won't push it too far in accidentally.

You already don't like the idea of needing a trip to ER, since any doctor can probably notice you aren't the hairless monkey you claim to be and earn you a one way ticket to some secret government lab: blowing your cover because of a sex toy accident would only add insult to injury. Deciding to be especially careful, you pour a generous amount of lubricant on top of the plug, again worrying about its size: at its widest it is as thick as your thumb, and it's almost twice as long. You are a bit incredulous about the lack of smaller sizes, but hopefully everything will work out better than you expect.

You don't pay too much care about the drops falling onto the covers: the stuff claims it's water based and leaves no lasting stains, according to your test on an old shirt it stays true to its word.

You put away the bottle, sit on your knees, and tentatively position the tip of the plug on its target. Even without being able to see it, it's easy to find your mark. You rub the toy in circles, gently, trying to spread lube all over your backdoor and help you relax.

All it takes is a tiny bit more pressure and your sphincter opens up, your hand slides forward an inch or so, then you feel something unusual. You move the plug around, noticing most of it is still outside, and realize the odd sensation is its tip poking your insides. There's no pain, that's a good start, and it feels good: not as pleasurable as touching your dick, not even close, but nice nonetheless.

You keep fooling around for a while before trying to go deeper: minute after minute, nudge after nudge, you keep probing and prodding until you strike a sweep spot.

You're hard as diamond almost immediately, your climax is approaching quickly, and it takes all your self control to stop: you didn't imagine keeping your promise would be so difficult. It's too early to stop exploring, but you're too pent up to get back to it right now.

Figuring out a solution is simple: you carefully extract the toy, grab a tissue from the box on the bedside table, and give your aching shaft a couple strokes. That's all it takes to blow your load. You clean up the mess, chuckle as you see the tissue was one of the eucalyptus ones you bought for the fox, and get back to the buttplugs: time to bring out something larger.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!