A trade I did with :iconStr8aura: Writing about his OC Naomi. I fell more and more in love with the character the moar I wrote about her. Hope you enjoy. A young man takes a cute Kitsune plush home with him, only to realize it’s actually a real kitsune! Quickly wrapping him up in her tails, he’s left helpless within her fluffy tails, what does she intend to do with him?

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        Shato squirmed and struggled, hoping to get free from the soft coils that entangled him, but the thief's strength overpowered his own. His legs dangled above the floor, his bare feet kicking in panic, finding himself powerless within the clingy grip of the strange intruder. The young man tried pulling on the tail wrapped around his waist, but another tail immediately wrapped around both of his hands pinning his wrists together like handcuffs. His assailants' fluffy appendages also made short work of his legs, wrapping them together and ensuring he couldn't waste any more energy. But then, as if to prove a point, another tail wrapped around his neck like a scarf, covering the bottom half of his face as he let out a shocked muffled whimper. Even now, as he was unable to struggle, the tails surrounded him teasingly threatening to wrap him up even more. Unexpectedly, another tail slid underneath his thighs, shifting him into an upright sitting position, supporting his weight like a makeshift chair. As a couple more tails wrapped around his chest, the coiling appendages slowly pulled him closer to his assailant. The foxy intruder just looked at him with glowing green emerald eyes, her mischievous smile sending chills down his spine as her soft voice whispered to him.  “Hey now… don’t be scared. ❤️ You brought me here after all” she giggled.

        "This can't be real… how did I get myself into this?” he thought himself. Before all this, Shato was just walking home as usual with only a load of college assignments on his mind. With nothing else to preoccupy his thoughts, no close friends, or any free time for hobbies, all he could think about was what to work on next. However, among the textbooks he had brought from his college library, he had rented one purely out of interest. One about Japanese folk tales and mythical creatures, something that he hoped to read when he had a few extra minutes on his hands. It was oddly cloudy out, so much so that it looked like it might rain. Not wanting to be caught in a storm without an umbrella, Shato decided to take a shortcut turning a corner riddled with pebbles and gravel rather than tiled concrete. Most of the doors he passed were exits to bars, taverns, garages and such. But then he came across a store, one that instantly caught his eye. It was a toy shop, a really colorful one with cabin-like architecture, and dozens of plushes lining the front windows, mainly Sanrio toys. It was late, but the store was still open with the lights on and everything. Taking a deep breath, Shato thought that it wouldn't hurt to take some time to a look at the pace, seeing as he would be taking an all-nighter anyway. Upon entering the shop he found that it was nearly empty, with the exception of the cashier, a nice looking young woman wearing a yellow raincoat.

        “Good afternoon sir." she greeted politely. Feeling shy, Shato looked down at the polished wooden floor trying not to make eye contact. "G-good afternoon.” Shato replied softly. Standing at the entrance, he nervously looked around, seeing that the entire store was selling nothing but plushies. From different brands to different sizes, from Pokémon to Squishables, from beanie babies to life-sized, it honestly made Shato’s heart skip a beat. “I see you like our selection." the young woman smiled, "Some of them I’ve even sewn myself. We're usually not so busy on weekdays, like this so feel free to look around.” Deep down, Shato almost felt guilty for being here, as a voice in his head told him that he should be working as usual, rather than looking at toys. But just as his legs were about to take him back outside, he heard a few gentle taps on the front windows. Shato turned around, and within moments it was absolutely pouring outside, showering so heavily that he could barely see out the window at all. Without a waterproof bag, he couldn't bring his books outside without ruining them. Taking a deep sigh he began looking around the shop, admiring all the different toys and stuffed animals.

        After going up and down the few isles of the store, he was honestly taken aback by the sheer variety on the shelves. Some of them were cute, some of them were cartoony, some of them were of mascots, and some were popular brand characters. But then, when he walked back to the front of the store, he saw one particular plush sitting all of its own on the floor against the wall. It was a light blue nine-tailed Chibi kitsune plush, wearing a decorative pink floral kimono. Curious, he picked it up and took a closer look, the fox was in a sitting position with its arms outstretched as if offering a hug. Its eyes were wide and friendly-looking, with a warm welcoming expression on its wholesome face with a full head of long silky blue hair. But what really caught Shatos' eyes were the nine fluffy looking tails behind it. Stroking the tails in his right hand, they felt incredibly smooth and squishy, like tiny pillows. But, It wasn't a character or mascot of any kind and he could recognize. Walking up to him, the cashier looked puzzled, staring it as curiously as he was. “Is this your plush?” she asked him. Looking confused, Shato tilted his head and looked back at the plush. “It’s…. not mine, it's not one of yours?” he asked.

        Stroking her chin, she leaned down to take another look at it. "I would've remembered sewing a plush like this, but there's no tag on it either. Perhaps someone left it here.” Looking back out the window, Shato was disappointed to see it still pouring out. He hadn't planned on spending this much time at a toy shop, and a heavy feeling dropped down to his stomach, causing him more stress the more he thought about it. Taking a deep sigh, he placed the plush on the nearest shelf in front of him. “Is there something wrong?" the shop owner asked. Looking back at her, he struggled to make eye contact trying to keep his anxiety in check. "I had to study this afternoon, but I can't take my stuff out in this rain.” He replied, unable to stop another sigh from leaving his mouth. The young woman leaned down to him with a smile. "You can study here if you want, my shop isn't closing for another few hours, and we don't get much business on days like this.” she said in a generous tone. “After all, I remember what it was like having to study in college.” Shato looked up at the cashier nervously, making eye contact just long enough to get a response out. “Thank you…” he responded. The young woman just smiled at him, before walking back to her counter and leaving him to his studies. Sitting on the floor, the young man spent the next few minutes reading his textbooks, underlining important paragraphs and taking notes on his phone. Looking up every few minutes to check if the weather had improved, Shato more often than not found himself staring back at the cute little Kitsune plush, it's smiling face and welcoming pose completely taken his attention away from his book.

        Unable to concentrate, he eventually decided to take a break, taking out his book about Japanese folk tales. Skipping most of the sections, Shato flipped over to the section of the book that discussed the mystical lore of fox spirits. The young man had always been interested in the kitsunes, like Ninetails from Pokémon, and Renamon from Digimon just to name a couple. They looked like such beautiful and majestic creatures, and in addition to being demigods that never aged he could only imagine what such an ancient creature would look like if they've a real. Their powers also fascinated him, from shape shifting, to jumping between worlds, and even their mischievous nature seemed make him more curious. For every moment he read about this mythological creature, the more pages he turned in intrigue and excitement. Shato was so distracted by his book he didn’t look up at the plush even once.  Then, he heard the cashier heading to the back of the store, finally lifting his head up from the book as he turned towards her. “Is the store closing?” He asked nervously. "she turned around with the chuckled. “No don't worry, I miss going into the back for a moment for some quick inventory. You're free to stay until we close up.” With that she went into the back leaving him alone with the nearly endless stash of plushes. After stretching his arms he looked back at the window. The rain had come to down slightly, it looked like he could leave soon.

        Sitting back down he tilted his head back to his book and continued reading. But then, after glancing back up at the kitsune toy, tilted his head, he realized something was different. The plush itself was still the same, but now it was holding a tiny sign between its outstretched paws that read “Free.” Shato was fairly certain the sign wasn't there before, or was it? Taking a closer look the sign was made cloth, just like the tags on the rest of the toys, though it wasn't sewn into the paws. Putting his book aside he looked back at the back door of the shop, wondering if the cashier had put it there while he was busy reading. “That can't be it." he thought to himself. "Maybe I... just don't remember seeing the tag." Either way didn't make much sense to him. looking back up at the window he realized that the rain had stopped, making it a good time to head back. Shato swiftly put all his books back in his bag and got up to leave the shop, but he stopped once the plush inexplicably fell off the shelf. Bending down to pick it up, he once again felt the soft squishy tails brush against his hands, tempting him to rub them with his fingers. It was so calming to hold it in his hands, not just because it was a small kitsune. It's adorable wide eyes, happy expression, and welcoming posture made him feel all warm and comfortable inside. Just looking at it made him feel at ease.

        “If it's free, then it's okay if I take it right?” he said to himself. “Plus, she herself said that it wasn't one she recognized.” But just as Shato was about to put in his bag, he hesitated to take it. Even though it said it was free, it felt wrong just to walk away with it, so he walked over to the cash register and waited so he could ask the young woman. Minutes passed, the cashier still wasn’t back, but for Shato it felt even longer. It was strange that she had left her post for so long. Shato began pacing back and forth, wondering when the woman would return. Consistently looking out the window, he could see the clouds growing darker once more. It would rain again soon, and his opportunity to go home would soon be gone. "M-miss?” he asked timidly, to nervous to raise his voice. There was no response, all he could hear was the cold wind blowing against the windows. Shato looked back at the plush in his hands, kneading its cute face between his fingers as he placed it on the counter. He went over and knocked on the back door hoping the woman would respond. “Miss?” still nothing.

        Walking over to the front of the store, he looked out the window to see the clouds rolling back in, dimming the light in the small alleyway. Shato shivered with anxiety, he wanted to go back home, but he really wanted to bring the toy back with him too, he didn't want to leave it behind. With that he looked back at the kitsune plush, wrapping his hands around its squishy body and rubbing the cheeks of its fluffy face. The young man took deep slow breaths, squeezing the toy as he massaged it in his hands, his anxiety slowly fading as he took a moment to appreciate its soft texture. Holding it was almost therapeutic, allowing him to escape his anxiety, losing himself in the simple act of holding between his hands. Suddenly, the sound of roaring thunder boomed through the alleyway, snapping him out of his calm state and looking back up at his surroundings. Shato's heart sank, without thinking he had walked out of the store and back down the alley. He looked behind him, and then back at the toy, feeling as if he had just committed a crime. Part of him wanted to go back, but he was afraid of being accused of theft, the very thought kept him from moving at all. What's more, upon looking behind him he couldn't see the shop in his immediate view, which was strange because it completely stood out from the rest of the alley. It was like it had disappeared. But with another thundering boom roaring through the sky, he found himself running back home as not to be caught in the storm.

      Later at home, Shato was already hard at work taking notes and studying, with the new edition of the Kitsune plush resting on the side of his desk next to his dimly lit desk light. It was getting late, past 9:40 p.m. as he toiled away in his books. Every so often he would look back up at the doll, the mere sight of it easing his worries before continuing his work. Shato tried not to think about the mysterious shop, cramming away with his books while the night was still young. But over time, it became harder for him to keep his eyes open. Even after he was caught up enough, he continued plowing through his books, getting as much work done as possible. But the harder he worked, the more exhausted he became, his eyes growing heavy, his thoughts slowing to a halt, to the point where he just blankly stared at his books. Shato tried so hard, but his efforts caught up to him, his head slumping down, his thoughts drifting away as he briefly closed his eyes. But the sheer fear of stress shook him out of his drowsy state, shaking his head awake and putting his head back into his books. Regardless, even with his pencil to the paper, he was just unable to continue.

     The young man was so out of it, it looked like the words in his book were floating around, as the fatigue overcame him once again. Briefly putting his pencil down, he slumped to back into his chair and looked up at his new plush to calm his mind, only to realize it was gone. Unable to think straight, he just stared at the empty corner on his desk, confused as he wondered why it wasn't there. Coming to his senses, he gasped, realizing the toy was really gone. Before he could get out of his seat, he noticed a sensation of pressure around his torso, something was holding him down. Multiple furry blue appendages were coiling around his body, gently squeezing his arms, chest, and belly while pinning him to his chair. “Don’t worry… I’m still here. ❤️” a calm feminine voice whispered into his ear. Shivering with shock and anxiety he jumped from his chair, the tails unraveling from his body as he stumbled to the floor and scrambled on his back. With only the dim light of his desk lamp, Shato could only see the basic silhouette of the intruder. Tall, and slender, he could tell that it was a woman at first glance, wearing a robe of some kind. But... she had what looked like ears sticking out from her head of soft hair, with the addition of several large fluffy appendages wiggling behind her like tentacles.

        "What are you doing here? What do you want?” he asked, now fully awake. At first, she only responded with a sweet-sounding giggle, with a hint of mischief under her breath. “Whatever do you mean?" she giggled. “You brought me home didn't you?” Wasting no time, he scrambled back to his feet and ran to the door, only for the strange appendages to cut off his escape. Twirling around him like a nest of snakes, they began wrapping him up more and more, taking hold of his limbs as they lifted him off ground. Their grip on him was firm but surprisingly soft, each one with a puffy coat of warm fur. If felt like he was being wrapped up in a swarm of fluffy tails.

        And of course, moments later after being completely immobilized by the onslaught of comfy coils, he would find himself face-to-face with the intruder as his eyes adjusted to the light. Ending his fruitless struggles, he was shocked to find himself staring at a beautiful fox woman. Covered with beautiful light blue fur, she wore floral pink kimono, with a full head of long fluffy darker blue hair, and adorable innocent emerald eyes… Just like the plush he had brought home. The fox woman smiled, touching her snoot against his nose in a flirty fashion. “Do you recognize me now?” she asked. Shato was lost for words, thinking that he was having some trippy dream. But it didn't feel like a dream at all, the fluffy coils, the touch of her nose, his room, it was all real to him. Then again if it was a dream he wouldn't be able to tell. Regardless, he couldn't deny what was staring him right in the face. "W-what do you want?” he stuttered. For a few moments, she remained silent, slowly brushing the back of her hand against his cheek all while she maintained eye contact within. “You.” she whispered.

        Suddenly, the tails continued coiling around his body, encompassing him and even sliding under his clothes, allowing him to feel her soft fluff against his skin. Letting out a soft whimper, he practically began to disappear within the coils, as if she was cocooning him. Finally, the tail around his mouth continued swirling up his head until all he could see was blue floof. In a mere instant, the firm tightness around his body subsided, now replaced the gentle embrace of plushy softness. Realizing he could now move a little easier, Shato squirmed and pushed against his fluffy surroundings, attempting to escape the woman’s coiling tails. Even by reaching his hands out, and pushing the floof away from his body, he still couldn't reach outside of the fur. Regardless he continued squirming and climbing his way through the endless fluff, but it was like an expanse. The young man pushed and shoved, reached and pulled, but there was no end to his prison. It didn't take long for him to tire out, his movements growing slow until he surrendered to is soft prison. “Am I... inside a giant pillow? What is this?” he thought.

        Now stationary in his fluffy prison, he could do nothing but wait, wondering when the woman would allow him to leave. It didn't even feel like he was in her tails anymore, rather it felt like he was trapped in a void of fur. Regardless of how soft his surroundings were Shato grew frightened. Not knowing how to escape, and completely unsure of what even was, the young man slowly began to panic in fear of being trapped forever. “Miss…” he whimpered, voice muffled by the massive floof surrounding him. “Please… let me out…” his voice weak from exhaustion and stress, tears subtly welling from his eyes. Helpless, tired, and imprisoned, Shato felt like he was being punished. Was this a consequence for walking into a toy store when he should be studying, or for taking the plush without asking. “Please…” he pleaded, voice shaking with his anxiety reaching new heights. All of a sudden, he was surprised with a sudden squeeze from his surroundings, the fluff pressing against his body in a gentle embrace. “Mmmm…” a more comforting whimper now escaping his lips, it felt like the expense was giving him a wholesome hug, allowing him to calm down. The hold around his figure was so tender, his cheeks grew warm as they blushed slightly.

        Following up the full-body hug, his surroundings began rubbing and gliding around his body, prompting another comforting whimper from him. It was as if the expanse was nuzzling him, or cuddling him in a display of affection. Relaxing his body, he allowed the expanse to take him. Shato could no longer able to tell which way was up or down, as if being washed away by the surrounding fluff. It felt like he was falling deeper and deeper into the endless void of softness, but at this point he didn't mind, even attempting to hug the fluff back in a display of appreciation. As if taking notice, the fluff squeezed him again, prompting a subtle smile from his face has he nuzzle deeper into the soft expanse. After a few moments of getting comfortable, Shato was suddenly met with a breeze of fresh air, now staring at the dark ceiling of his bedroom. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and nuzzled into the soft surface beneath him. “It was just a dream…” he sighed. “Oh…You silly…” a soft familiar voice whispered.

        Opening his eyes, he turned his head left to see the kitsune laying right beside him. What's more, he was still tangled up in her tails with only his head sticking out. Shato looked like he was in a sleeping bag made out of blue fur. She had a look of relaxed satisfaction on her face, her right hand on her cheek as she looked down on him with a smile. "Feeling better?” she asked. Attempting to get up, he found his movements were once again restricted by her fluffy coils. “Shhhhh… settle down...” In response to his attempts to get up, the Kitsune's tails tightened around his figure in a gentle full-body hug. The sudden embrace was so comfortable his cheeks became rosy, surrendering himself to her hold. “See? I'm not here to hurt you.” she said with a sincere tone in her voice, scooting closer to the young man. “Comfortable isn't it?” she whispered. "I groom all of my tails regularly to make sure they're always nice and fluffy.”

        Settling down, Shato took a moment to appreciate how nice the coils felt. Though unable to escape, their firm hold on is body was very pleasant as if cocooned within her fluff. Turning his head towards her, the fox gave him a friendly smile. “I… what happened to me?” he asked looking down at the soft tails that cocooned him. “Silly. I just wrapped you up in my tails, I wanted to put you in a soft place where you could relax.” she said playfully, wrapping her left arm around his fluffy cocoon. “But it felt like I was somewhere else. Like I was trapped in… I-I don’t know.” he said, unsure of how to describe his experience. “Oh that.” the fox giggled placing her hand over her lips. “You see, whenever I have completely enveloped something in my tails… or someone." she winked. "I can… more or less store them away without having to keep my tales coiled up.” Shato looked confused, but then let out another comfortable coo as one of her tails wedged underneath his head as a makeshift pillow. "Store away? But where did you put me?” he asked. Putting her hand under leather he chin, she took a moment to stew up an explanation. "Think of it as Schrödinger's cat, when you're wrapped up in my tails, my fluff is all you can see, hear, or feel. So within that moment, my tails are the only thing that exists to you. Using that, I was able to store you away into a little pocket dimension of mine, one specifically made up of my fur.” she explained, giving him another squeezing cuddle.

        Closing his eyes, he squirmed a little bit, if only just to feel the surrounding fur brush against him. "I would've gotten you out of there sooner, but I have a clumsy tendency to... misplace things that I put in that dimension." she said with a small chuckle. Shato shuttered, looking back at her with a hint of unease in his eyes. "I’m just kidding silly.” she giggled. The young human didn't respond at first, instead of pushing his face deeper into the fluffy makeshift pillow underneath his head. "I thought I was trapped in there, I was afraid I'd never get out.” Shato said, his voice muffled by the fluff now covering his face. "Ohhh…” the fox cooed, petting the top of his head. "I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you…” Running her fingers through his hair, and stroking his face with the palm of her hand, Shato once again found himself comforted, it was like she knew exactly how to calm him. “Despite everything, you liked it right?” she asked. The young man didn't immediately respond, closing his eyes as he thought about it his experience. It was scary at first, but he felt much safer after the surrounding fluff snuggled him, as it was attempting to comfort him. “It was pretty nice.” Shato said with his voice muffled. “I’m glad.” the fox cooed. “You just seemed so tired and anxious, I figured storing you away in my tails would help ease and calm you.” Pausing for a moment, she leaned in closer to his ear. “Plus… I could feel you snugging me back.” she teased.

        Shato, nervously buried his head deeper into the pillow behind him, feeling rather embarrassed. “It made me happy, your hug was really nice.” she reassured him. For a few moments, the young man kept his head snuggly buried into her fluff, before he was able to poke his head back out. “So… who are you?” he asked, his face still slightly obscured by the fluffy tails surrounding him. Tilting her head, she let out a relaxed sigh, taking a moment to look at his cute face. “My name is Naomi, I guess you could call me a professional thief.” she answered, keeping her voice in a soothing tone as she petted him. Shato lifted head curiosity before the surrounding tails gave him another squeeze. "Buuuuuut, I'm also a bit of a hugger too.” she said playfully. “What’s **your** name silly?” she asked. The longer Shato remained in her tails, the more comfortable he felt thanks to Naomi's cuddling, he almost didn't want to leave. “Shato… Its Shato.” he responded. “What a cute name.” she complemented, poking his cheek playfully. The fox's response made him happy, prompting his heart to skip a beat. “But, If you’re a thief, what are you here for?” he asked. Placing her fingers over her lips, Naomi attempted to hide her smug grin. "Silly, you stole me remember?” she teased. Shato gulped nervously, a guilty look washing upon his face. “Oh I’m kidding! I hang out at that store every once in a while, just to keep the plushies some company. Some I’ve even sewn myself in secret.” she chuckled ruffling his hair, turning his head into a mess. Taking a moment to get the hair out of his face she looked back at him with a flirty smirk. “Well actually, if you remember earlier, I did come here for something.” Naomi teased, Leaning closer to his face as booped her snoot against his cheek. “I’m here for you.”

        Shato looked back at Naomi, losing himself in her welcoming smile, falling deeper into her fluffy warmth while trying not to close his eyes. “Why me?” he asked. "I’m nothing special." Pulling her head back, the fox looked around his room, though keeping a firm hold on him with her tails. “You see, I was just hanging around, didn't have any particular plans. I'm currently looking for a place to stay, and I thought it would be a good place to stew things over a bit. But then you walked into the shop, and sat in front of me to keep me company. ❤️” she said attempting to fix his hair. “Plus, I noticed you kept ogling me.” Shato looked down at the tails keeping him cocooned, feeling a bit awkward. "I’m sorry, I didn't mean to stare.” he apologized. Naomi responded by placing her hand on his cheek and wrapping her other arm around his cocoon. “No… It made me happy, out of all the other plushes, you would only look at me.” she smiled. “Plus, I thought maybe if I could… signal you to take me home, I could possibly make your day a little brighter. That being said I hope I did a good job.”

        Then, she laid her head right next to his, keeping direct eye contact with him. "Well, while we’re on the subject. Would you mind if I stayed here for a while?” Naomi asked. In a shy tizzy, all Shato could do was stutter, unable to form any complete sentences. “Well… I uh… I…” With her face so close to his, he grew more nervous with every fumbled word. Seeing it as another opportunity to tease him, Naomi put on a pouty face, doing her best to hide her mischievous grin. "Ohhhhh… do you not like foxes?” she said in a sad voice, turning her head the other way. Feeling guilty, Shato finally regained his voice, though still rather mousy. “N-no! I actually love foxes!” he blurted, though stopping himself from spilling anything further. “Hmmmmmm?” Naomi giggled, turning her head back to the flustered boy. With his cheeks now bright red, Shato paused as he looked back down at the fluff beneath him. “Awwww, don't be embarrassed.” she whispered to him. “Please… tell me what you like about us foxes.” Wrapping her other arm Cocoon, she gave her blushy occupant a big wholesome hug as if cradling him in her arms.

        “Well, I think they're really cute." he whispered looking back into her eyes. “I’ve always liked their fur, it makes them look so, cuddly…” feeling less nervous the more he talked, Shato continued listing the many things he loved about foxes, putting a big smile on Naomi's face. The blue fox nuzzled her nose into the side of his cheek, prompting a small grin from the coiled young man. “You have good taste, and I think you’re cute too.” Naomi said, tickling his face with her snoot. Shato started giggling, unable to defend himself against her innocent nuzzling. “So silly.” she teased, enjoying the sound of his cute voice. “You see, just so happens I've to be looking for someone like you, someone who likes foxes.” she explained, still tickling him. “And judging from the books you were reading at the toy store. Would I be correct in assuming you're interested in Kitsunes too?” she asked. Shato couldn't answer, as she was tickling him too much for him to reasoned words. “Well? I won't stop until you answer.” Naomi teased, giving his cheek a tiny peck with her tongue which only caused him to giggle more. With his bushy face now grinning ear to ear in a fit of giggles, all he could do was nod, hoping Naomi would take it as a yes.

        With a satisfied smirk, she spared the boy of her relentless nuzzling, allowing him to catch his breath. “Well… Would you be okay with letting this Kitsune stay with you while?” she asked. Shato's heart skipped a beat, retreating into the fluffy cocoon to hide his smile. It was obvious how nervous he was, and Naomi could tell that he was happy despite his lack of response. “Pleeeeeease? I'll teach you lots about Kitsunes.” she cooed pulling him even closer, even wrapping her legs around his cocoon. “What we like, how we play, how we… show affection.” With that, she gave his cheek a small gentle lick, causing him to giggle softly. “Besides, house hunting has been so lonely... It'd be nice to have some to share my affection with.” she teased, giving him another small lick. “Someone… to help make every day a little brighter.” Her gentle words, combined with her tender loving charm and the threat of being tickled again, gave him the courage to answer. “Yes. I’d love you to stay.” he said, his voice soothed and sincere. Placing both of her paws on his cheek, she moved her snood up next to his ear with a satisfied grin. “Thank you.” she whispered. Suddenly, she placed her lips against his, taking him in a deep surprise kiss.

        “Mmmph?” Shato was taken by surprise, eyes wide open as his lips were stolen by the mischievous fox. Not that he would've protested, her lips felt so soft and warm, immediately triggering a happy response from him as he cooed in comfort. Shato's heart danced in his chest, accepting her lips without hesitation. Something about her kiss just made him feel safe… and calm. As if reacting to her smooch, Shato's tense body started to relax, allowing himself to sink deeper into her fluff. A cozy sensation washed over his body, feeling fuzzy and serene as if he was being enveloped in the fox's tender embrace. With Naomi keeping Shato locked into her kiss, the young man had lost himself to her affection, unable to look away from her as she looked upon him dotingly. Feeling sleepy, he let out a relaxed whimper, his vision growing blurry as he struggled to keep eye contact with the fox. Finally succumbing to her kiss, he was no longer able to keep his eyes open, and the last thing he saw was Naomi's loving gaze. "Good night… silly.” she giggled parting her lips.

        That night, Shato dreamed he was in a field made of soft blue fur as far as the eye could see. Waving back and forth in the wind, the soft fluff brushed and tickled against his skin as he looked out into the blue expanse. Laying down on the furry field, his body was cushioned by the fuzz underneath him, allowing Shato to relax as if he was on a soft bed. It was only then when he realized that he was only in his shorts, though he didn't mind. Shato shifted and wiggled his limbs around from time to time, snuggling the surrounding fur as it started tickling him back. He didn't think about how he got there, or how he would get back, only where he was in that one comfortable moment. Shato continued losing his thoughts to the sight of the blue sky, zoning out as he let all of his worries drift away. There wasn't a single cloud in the sky, nor were there any buildings or trees on the horizon, just a world completely made of blue. The field itself was so wavy and soft it felt like it was intentionally nuzzling against him. Taking a moment to close his eyes, Shato could truly appreciate is warm surroundings.

        Then, he could feel the fur getting thicker and thicker around him, pressing against him from all sides. Shato tried to wiggle his way out of the fluffy grass, it wasn't uncomfortable, but it was pinning him down. Opening his eyes again, he found that his vision was still obscured by the blue fur, but his head snuggled into something warm and soft. Shato could no longer hear the wind or feel the sun on his skin, instead if felt like she was being hugged. Now spatially aware that he was awake, he arched his backward and was greeted with a sight of Naomi's fluffy breasts. He was snuggled up next to the Kitsune in his bed. Shato's head was nuzzled under her right shoulder, her arm wrapped around his back keeping him snuggly pinned next to her chest, with three or four of her tails wrapped around his legs and waist for good measure. Aside from his boxers, he was pretty much naked, but as far as he could tell, Naomi wasn't wearing anything. “Eep…” he squeaked, eyes unintentionally glued to her voluptuous chest. Looking back up at her face, it seemed like she was asleep judging by her blissful grin. Once again in the presence of the gorgeous Kitsune, he found himself flustered and bushy.

        Naomi had only just met him, and already she had him snuggled into bed with her like a partner, they were even undressed. Shato looked at the ceiling for a moment, remembering how she had made out with him right before he had suddenly fallen asleep. "Naomi must have undressed me while I was asleep…” he gulped. However, he wasn't uncomfortable with the idea, in fact the thought of her putting him to bed as he slept made his heart skip a beat. Seeing as he couldn't get back up, Shato wanted to lay his head back down next to her, but was too afraid of waking her up. But deciding for him, Naomi reached up to Shato's head and pressed his face back into the side of her chest. "You can sleep a little longer if you want, it's Saturday after all.” she giggled. With his face pressed back into her bosom, Shato was once again reminded of the trippy dream he experienced, while comfortably lost in a field of soft blue fur. Turning his head back up at her, the young man was lost for words when once again faced with her blissful smile. "Good morning silly.” she said with a wink.

        “Good morning." Shato said. Naomi just silently smiled at him, looking at his mousy little face. “You’re so cute. ❤️” she said. The young man's cheeks blushed a rosy shade of red, nervous but comfortably well he was held in her arms. What's more, he saw that morning had already come, the sunlight beaming through the window right above his bed. Though it was still early, Shato felt completely refreshed. It was different from his regular mornings which were often slow and miserable. Shato was feeling so pleasant, he managed to give Naomi a small smile. The happy but bashful look on his face made the fox giggle, pulling him closer so he was rested atop her shoulder. “Thank you Shato, for letting me stay here." she said kissing him on the forehead. Suddenly, a fuzzy feeling washed through his body in a tingling wave of bliss, prompting a small giggle to escape in his lips. It was difficult to describe in words, but it was like her kiss had sent flutters of warmth through his body. Shato's smile grew, completely entranced by her charms. “Awwww… do my kisses make you ticklish?” she teased. Before he could answer, Naomi kissed him again on the cheek, forcing another giggle from him. Shato started squirming around, it felt like feathers were fluttering inside of his chest. With mischievous intent, Naomi wrapped a couple more tales around his legs and waist, ensuring that he couldn't struggle for what she was about to do next.

        Naomi kissed him again and again and again, sending the young man into a fit of uncontrollable giggles. The fox kissed Shato on both his cheeks, his forehead, and even between the eyes as if attacking him with her lips. "S-ss-top.” the young man pleaded, overwhelmed by the euphoric joy overwhelming him. But Naomi only responded by binding his hands together to prevent him from flailing about. Shato had never felt anything like this, his body was light and fluttery, his mind fuzzy with happiness, it'll like he was being tickled from the inside. Every one of her kisses only made the feeling stronger, nearly sending him into hysterical laughter. But suddenly, she finished by giving him another surprise kiss on the lips. Finally, his giggles subsided, calming him down, but keeping him completely entranced with serene bliss. Unwrapping her tails from his body, she took him into both of her arms as she gave him a tight wholesome hug. Shato’s giggles were replaced with blissful moans, her affectionate mouth to mouth once again relaxing his body and mind. Naomi squeezed him against her warm body, pressing her breasts against his bare chest, and intertwining her legs with his. No longer flustered and nervous, Shato completely excepted her embrace. Naomi’s intimacy toward him felt completely normal now and he loved every moment of it.

        But all too quickly, she parted the kiss, nuzzling his head back into her breasts as she petted the top of his head with her right-hand. With Shato’s mind still fluttery and blissful, he lay still in her calming hug for a few quiet minutes as they enjoyed their comfortable silence. Shortly after, he tilted his head up and playfully kissed Naomi's neck, surprising her as her furry blue cheeks went pink with delight. “You silly…” she responded leaning down to kiss him back on the cheek.