

Trapped in the Buns (Butt Entrapment, 2nd Person)

The bell above the door jangles playfully as you stride into the bakery, pausing to delight in the scent of freshly-baked bread.

Among the best parts of your morning is your coworker, Sakura, the most beautiful woman you've ever had the fortune to meet. She's arrived early again, and she's wasted no time in changing to her uniform: you weren't the kind of person inclined to consider a baker's outfit sexy even before you started spending the majority of your time around people wearing them, but when you first saw Sakura crammed into hers...

To say it does not fit her is an understatement. You cannot imagine there's an outfit in the world that would fit Sakura's curves, but if there is, it certainly isn't this one. Her breasts strain to escape the tight white top like two great clumps of dough fighting to burst out of their bags. Her buttons visibly wobble with the effort of holding them in—every time you see them, a little part of you instinctively wants to duck, lest you lose an eye.

But her titanic tits are nothing, *nothing*, compared to what she's got going on down below. Trace the line of her spine down the plains of her back, and you will find yourself approaching a pair of hills. No, this does not do their grandeur justice: you will feel like the pilgrims, heading west, when they encountered the Rockies. Sakura has a pair of mountains crammed into her pants, and the sight makes you want to break down in worship. Seeing them bouncing, perky and firm, in the morning is the delight of your life. It's better for the blood than a thousand cups of coffee.

"Good morning!" she calls, seeing you approaching her. "Did you sleep well?"

Actually you stayed up late jacking off to the thought of her sitting on you, but it would be impolite to say that. You settle for saying 'yes'.

As she turns to go, you watch her asscheeks jiggling. God, it's like her pants are painted on. It's incredible. Despite her best efforts, she's failed to cover herself completely; you can still see her asscrack poking out of the waistband.

Your view is somewhat ruined by the light above you flickering. You look up with a frown.

"Oh, it's been doing that all morning," says Sakura, turning back. "I wanted to change it, but I didn't like to climb the ladder on my own. It's so easy to fall off those things."

"I'll do it," you offer, though you immediately regret it. If you'd just offered to hold the damn thing instead, you would have had the chance to watch Sakura climb it. *Fuck*.

Nonetheless, you're committed now. No way to back out without it looking weird. Sighing, you make your way out back and fetch a ladder and a spare bulb from the storage closet. Returning to the main floor, you set it up and start to climb.

Sakura appears behind you, looking up with concern. It makes you want to sigh in annoyance—you hope she’s appreciating the sight of *your* tushie jiggling.

“Are you okay?” she calls. “Do you want me to hold it?”

“Oh yes,” you reply, a little more lustily than you’d enjoy. Fortunately she misses the subtext; grabbing the ladder, she holds tight as you clamber up.

You have to climb all the way to the top to reach the bulb (why is the ceiling so high in this place anyway?), and the ladder wobbles precariously each time you shift your balance. “Are you still holding it?” you ask, not daring to look back.

“Of course!” says Sakura, though she already sounds distracted. If only she’d been blessed with a brain as big as her butt.

Taking a deep breath, you grab the bulb and start to twist. It’s still hot to the touch, stinging your fingers as you turn it, but you bite your lip and force yourself on, popping it out of the socket with a click. Slipping it into your pocket, you take the spare and raise it to the socket.

And then everything goes wrong.

“Oh, look!” says Sakura. “It’s Miss Merryweather! She’s really early today.”

“Miss Merryweather?” you ask, turning to look. Isn’t she the milf with the massive—?

The ladder wobbles beneath you; *you* wobble atop it. Sakura is no longer paying attention, no longer holding firm, and you no longer have much of a grip on the situation either. Arms flailing, you fly backward, squealing and screaming as you drop through the air and down, down, towards the yawning asscrack of an unaware Sakura.

Schlup!

Sakura squeaks. You gasp. It’s like sliding into jelly. Like diving into the warmest, softest canyon you could ever hope to find. You moan as it squeezes your sides, threatening to crush you like the world’s most comfortable vice. You feel like you’re about to die, but if you are, you’re going to die happy. You stop kicking and let yourself slide a little deeper.

Suddenly, your jiggling prison is shaking and bounce, battering you from one cheek to another. Is Sakura running somewhere?

You get an answer a second later, when her waistband stretches open, allowing light and fresh air to enter her crack again. “A-are you okay?”

It’s a pain to speak, seeing as you’re upside down and short on oxygen. “K-kinda,” you reply. The truth is a little complicated. After all, you don’t exactly want to be trapped in your coworker’s ass, but on the other hand, it *is* something you’ve always dreamed of.

Uh. Speaking of. You do the best you can to cross your legs. You hope she can’t feel that.

"C-can you climb out?" says Sakura, sounding a little panicked now.

"I... Uh, maybe?" you replied. "It's a little hard to move my hands though." You try all the same, but all you really achieve is sinking your fingers into her assfat. She moans, and you snap them back, blushing.

"M-maybe we can pull you out!" she replies. You feel her hands on your ankles, gripping tight. A second later, she tugs—quite hard, actually, but then she is a big girl. Unfortunately, you're stuck fast.

"Maybe if you wiggle me! You know, like you're trying to get a cork out of a bottle!"

"We don't have time!" Sakura wails. "Miss Merryweather is right outside! She's banging on the door right now! She's got that little dog of hers with her!"

"What are we going to do then?"

"I— You'll have to stay in there until I deal with her."

"Stay in here?! You can't let people see me like this!"

"I'll hide you!" cries Sakura, forcing her top over your feet. "There! Now no one will ever notice!"

No, you think. They'll just think you've stuffed a couple of baguettes down your asscrack instead. You sigh, but it's not like there's much you can do in this situation. If this is her strategy, you've just got to deal with it.

Adjusting her waistband, she sets off for the counter, her asscheeks wobbling like a pair of giant dumplings, bouncing you back and forth between them, a ping pong ball caught between two of the fattest rackets to ever exist. You want to moan, but you don't want to blow your cover. You certainly wish someone—ideally Sakura—would blow you though. Your cock is harder than ever. If she doesn't stop moving soon, you're going to have a little accident.

Fortunately, she soon comes to a stop, and you hear the muffled sound of her talking to Miss Merryweather. You wonder what she's saying. Has Merryweather noticed her passenger? Is she trying to defend it? To explain? To suggest a three-way? Maybe that milf will stick your feet between her tits, so that your entire body is snug in a tight, curvy sandwich. F-fuck, you really need to stop thinking about things like that. The only way this can get worse is if you jizz in someone *e/se's* pants.

It's a nightmare to restrain yourself. The tightness of Sakura's cheeks... Their warmth... The intense scent emanating from the depths of her crack. God, it's like being in the world's sluttiest sauna—you've never been hornier in your life. How are you possibly going to escape this?

The bell rings as the door opens. Is that Miss Merryweather leaving? No, it can't be—you can still hear her dog yapping. It's not someone else, is it? Fuck. At this rate, you're never going to get out of here.

Miss Merryweather soon leaves, but the second customer—not someone you recognize, unfortunately—remains, and remains for a quite a while. Long enough for two more customers to show up and form a short queue, and by that point you're beginning to suspect you might be in for the long haul. God, you're glad you peed before work.

Sakura, of course, bounces about the bakery as if you don't even exist, doing the work of two people, you suppose, though it's a little hard to feel grateful given your current position. A part of you wishes she'd find the time to sneak out back and pull you out. You know she's running the store alone, but surely she should be able to find a couple of spare minutes?

Another part of you doesn't care at all. In fact, this part of you is actually quite grateful for this brief reprieve from your job. Sure, it might be a little unusual, but it certainly beats being out on the floor, struggling to meet the demands of fifteen or more whining customers. As a matter of fact, you could get used to it.

In your state of relaxation, you barely notice yourself slipping deeper. It's a gradual process, subtle: each time Sakura runs from one side of the store to the other, her asscheeks bounce up and down, up and down, clapping like a pair of tambourines, and you, caught between them, find yourself slipping a little deeper, deeper, deeper...

It's only when your feet slip with a plop between her cheeks that you realize what's happening. Really immersed into your sweaty new home, a part of you wants to scream in terror. But another part of you finds the experience strangely calming. It's like a sinking into a mud bath. A warm, relaxing mud bath. You could almost drift off to sleep...

The sound of Sakura's voice drags you out of your dream. Snapping awake, you look around and find only the darkness of her crack. Where—? Oh.

"A-are you okay?" she asks.

"I'm fine," you reply after a moment of hesitation.

"Oh, oh okay. Good." She breathes a sigh of relief. "The customers have all gone, so I'm going to try to pull you out now, okay?"

"Okay," you say, after a moment of hesitation. Your fleshy prison squirms as she parts her cheeks and forces her hands between them, fingers wiggling as she tries to grab your feet. It's not easy—you can feel her struggling. You're wedged deep now. Possibly too deep to ever leave.

"Wait," you find yourself saying. The grasping fingers paused. "W-wait, Sakura. I—" You breathe hard, scenting the musk of her asscrack. "Actually, I'd like to stay in here a little longer."

"You'd like to stay in there?" she asks, sounding shocked. "I don't understand. Why would you ever want to stay in my...?" You *feel* her blushing.

"It's actually really nice down here," you reply. "You've..." Well, there's no way to say this without it sounding corny, so you might as well just get ahead and say it. "You've got a really great butt, Sakura."

"Th-thank you," she says at last. That heat. That tone of voice. Is she turned on?

"Do you think you could, um... You could rub me in a little?"

"L-like this?" she replies. You feel her cheeks tighten around you, squeezing your entire body in their soft, warm vice. Fuck, it makes you hard.

"Y-yeah."

She starts to massage herself, rubbing her cheeks like two giant clumps of jelly. And as if she does, you feel it, you feel it through the fat as if she's massaging *you*. Fuck, it feels like she's giving you the world's best buttjob. The harder she works you, the hotter you get, your mind and body and balls all tensed-up and ready to explode, until at last—

With a wild moan, her empty yourself in Sakura's beautiful ass.

As your cum fills her gutters, her fingers finish dancing in her sex. She drops with a gasp of orgasm herself, and together the two of you lie there, hearts pounding, entangled in shared lust.

"Sakura," you say at last, "do you mind if I stay in here forever?"