

Trapped in The Cat's Crack, Part 1 (Shortstack, Butt Entrapment, 2nd Person)

The door of your apartment creaks as it swings open. Poking your head through the gap, you squint as you search it. "Nyanko?" you called. "Nyanko, are you in?" It'd be just like her to leave the door open.

Instead of a proper answer, your only response is the sound of someone snoring. Frowning, you slip into the apartment with your head cocked, searching, searching, and—

Ah, there she is.

There, resting on your couch, drool seeping out of her mouth and her butt up in the air, her tail flexing in her sleep, is your houseguest, Nyanko. Closing the door carefully behind you, you march over and inspect her.

The catgirl is fast asleep, dreaming of mice- and fish-girls, presumably. She arrived at your doorstep three weeks ago, claiming to be reincarnated from another, more fantastical universe than your own, where she insists she was run over by a wheelbarrow. No, you're not sure how that could ever happen either, but ever since, she's been slumming it with you.

You'd be pretty annoyed with entertaining this unwelcome guest, if not for one simple fact: she's stacked. Utterly, ridiculously *stacked*, like someone tried to cram as much breast and buttofat as they could onto this four foot high woman. When she walks, it sounds like someone is shaking a bag of jelly. You've never seen anything like it.

So you decided to let her stay. Just, you know, like, temporarily. Till she stops giving you new material for your spank bank, assuming that ever happens—the sight of her crossing the apartment could give you enough mental images to last a lifetime.

She's not in a bad pose right now, as it happens. Lying there, drooling, her ass up in the air. Her gigantic, Callipygian, ass, and the pair of flesh-planets she calls its cheeks. You could hide a body between them, they're so fat. If the Mafia got wind of her, they'd never need the cement shoes again.

"Nyanko?" you repeat, to see if it will wake her. It doesn't—she continues to snore, deep off in dreamland. Encouraged, you lean in a little closer. "Nyanko?"

When she *still* doesn't respond, you extend a finger and slip it under her skirt and lift it, exposing the soft white fabric of her panties. They're just a normal—if somewhat oversized pair—but on her ass they looked more like a thong than anything. Her butt is devouring them, slurping them up like spaghetti. Each time she wiggles in her sleep they slip a little deeper.

Cautiously, looking left and right just in case another mysterious stranger happens to have snuck into your home, you raise your hands and placed them on her ass, letting your fingers sink slowly into her flesh. Fuck, it's like kneading dough. In seconds, your hands are hidden almost entirely from view.

You hold them there for several seconds, almost forgetting you're trying not to wake her up. Finally, blushing red, you snatch them back, expecting her to wake at any second. Mercifully, she doesn't.

After a pause to make sure she definitely isn't waking, you slip your fingers under the straps of her panties and peel them out of her crack with no small amount of effort. It's like trying to pull the tape off one of those obnoxious Amazon boxes. You wish you'd brought a crowbar.

Finally, with a pop, they come free. Sliding them down her legs, you cast them aside and take a deep breath. And dive into her ass, headfirst, like you're leaping off the board of your local swimming pool. *Schlup!* Your upper body slips into her crack as if it's made of water—her cheeks offer no resistance whatsoever.

Struggling for purchase (her asscheeks ripple at your touch like a pair of fleshly curtains), you close your eyes and inhale a deep breath of her intoxicating assmusk. God, it's the greatest thing you've ever smelled. For several seconds, you simply lie there, inhaling it, sweating like you're enjoying the world's strangest sauna. You almost wish you'd had a cold—you're pretty sure this would have cured it instantly.

Lying there, all but ready to fall asleep yourself, you realize something: Nyanko's ass is the most comfortable place you've ever been in your life. Way better than your bed, by far. It's like being tucked into the world's comfiest sleeping bag. If only your legs were stuck out in the cold...

After a moment of decision, you gather your strength and start to kick yourself forward, shaking your legs till you get purchase on the couch, forcing yourself even deeper into Nyanko's ass in the process. Her cheeks slide past you, the walls of a fleshy tunnel with no apparent end. Seriously, you could fit a fucking pool table in here.

Digging your fingers into her assfat, you tightened your grip and tug yourself forward, pushing off the couch as well so that you slide deeper, deeper, ever deeper, slipping through her asscheeks like a water slide. You were already in up to your hips, and now your knees and your ankles pass her crack as well, disappearing into the musky depths of her cheeks. Soon all that remains outside is your feet, and you don't leave them there for long either. Kicking off your shoes, you pluck them inside and curl up in a ball, like a child in the womb. You'd be surprised if it were half as comfortable.

As you lie back, relishing your comfort, your cramped new home begins to move, shifting onto its side so you're lying flat instead of down.

"Senpai?"