

Warmth in the Burrow

Male Fox x Female Rabbit

Warning:
| Dub-con Size Difference, Hard Sex |

By DappyTime

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Contact (X): <https://x.com/DappyTime>

Warmth in the Burrow



THE CRACKS OF RIFLES BEGAN TO ECHO THROUGH
the forest right after my escape from the human camp.

My four paws moved low to the ground to dodge the projectiles chasing me. I knew it was dangerous to prowl around those bipeds' grounds, but I had no regrets: their stored food was far too delicious to resist.

I could hear boot heels closing the gap behind me. A shot whizzed by so close the rushing air almost pierced my left ear. Frightened, I slammed into the trunk of a tree to change direction, leaped over a rotting log, and slid through thorny bushes, landing face-first on a bed of dry leaves.

I flattened my ears against my skull and strained my hearing. The footsteps were coming closer. It seemed the trackers had caught my scent, but how on earth had they done it?

I checked my body with a quick twist of my neck. My tail was clean, no trace of blood... Ah, damn it. I had dropped scraps of stolen food along the trail. Crawling toward where I calculated the leftovers were, I used my front claws to bury them beneath

the leaf litter and damp soil.

Hearing the crunching of boots speed up, I looked around in desperation. I spotted a rabbit warren dug under the roots of an old oak. Without a second thought, I shoved my muzzle in, clawed to widen the tunnel, and forced my body inside, packing the loose dirt behind me with my hind legs.

The space was suffocating. The damp earth pressed down on my head and back, forcing me to wedge my fox body into far too narrow a gap. I managed to plug the entrance with my body and debris. They could no longer see me from the outside. Closing my eyes, I held back my heavy breathing.

“Umm... excuse me.”

A high-pitched little voice sounded in the gloom of the tunnel.

“You’re... stepping on me.”

Lowering my gaze and shifting my muzzle, I noticed a doe rabbit flattened beneath my paw pads. I blinked to adjust my eyes to the dark. She had gotten in here first; this was her home, and I was the intruder.

Lucky for her, I wasn’t a fox fond of eating rabbits; I disliked the taste of their lean meat. I tried shifting my weight so as not to hurt her. If she panicked and bit me with her incisors, I would go screaming outside on pure reflex, or stir up a fight that would give us away.

“Sorry,” I whispered to her, feeling the heat of her breath on my neck. “I’ll only be here for a few minutes. There are hunters outside.”

“Hunters...?”

The doe tucked her limbs in, curling into a tight ball of fur underneath me. I let out a soft breath that kicked up a bit of

dust.

We fell into total silence. Outside, the crunching of dry twigs under boots sounded right above us.

“Why did you bring them here?” the little voice hissed again.

I growled softly under my breath, a dull sound vibrating in my throat.

“I didn’t do it on purpose. And you should stay quieter... or I’ll put more weight down. I have my hind paw right over your head.”

“And I can bite it if you dare.”

“...Touché.”

The footsteps vibrated directly over the dirt ceiling. I squeezed my eyes shut. My heart began to pound violently against my ribs. The silence of the burrow was so absolute that I feared the echo in my chest would resonate outside.

Suddenly, I felt a fluid motion. The rabbit’s soft body slid past, brushing my tail and hind thighs. The cramped space forced my back to press even tighter against the cold wall of earth as she squeezed her way upward, pressing her torso directly against my chest.

I could see her just inches from my face. She was white, with faint coffee-colored patches on her back. Despite the dim light, I was stunned by her boldness; she didn’t seem to be trembling in front of a predator.

“What are you doing?” I asked in a tense whisper.

“Your heart... it’s beating too hard. They’re going to hear us.”

Could she really hear the echo of my heartbeat? With ears that long and sensitive, of course she could.

I let out a breath as the doe nestled the top of her head into

the center of my chest, burying herself in my fur. The natural heat of our bodies began to meld together. She kept nuzzling her snout and cheeks against my coat, seeking to soothe my agitation.

I raised my muzzle toward the ceiling, feeling my cheeks flush hot under my fur. Out of pure vulpine instinct, my claws unsheathed slightly and brushed the base of her long ears.

“Don’t even think about it... or I’ll bite,” she warned without pulling away, feeling the sharp tips of my nails.

I retracted them immediately, pinning my paws to my own body.

“S-Sorry... mechanical instincts.”

“I’m trying to slow your heart rate, so do your part or we’ll both die in here.”

I nodded, my face burning with embarrassment. The warmth of her small, firm body gradually eased my breathing. Then, I felt the rhythmic pressure of her forepaws; the doe had begun gently kneading the fur on my chest, relaxing the tension in my muscles.

The heavy footsteps outside finally faded completely into the thicket.

The air inside the hole was growing dense and stale. My muzzle brushed hers as she looked up to meet my eyes. With a sudden burst of energy, I spun around and clawed my way frantically to the surface.

I emerged into the open air, gasping for breath. Instantly, I tucked my tail tightly between my hind legs, pinning it against my belly to hide an obvious physical reaction. This was deeply embarrassing.

Looking at the clay ground, I verified that the hunters’ trac-

ks were leading away in the opposite direction. I was safe.

I turned back toward the entrance of the shelter. The doe had just poked her head over the edge, twitching her nose to sniff the air. I looked down at her and arched an eyebrow, trying to regain my dignified posture.

“Thanks... for the help inside. But that business of kneading my chest wasn’t strictly necessary.”

She stared straight at me.

“Your heart was beating too hard. It was necessary.”

I swallowed hard and averted my gaze toward the grove, the tips of my ears flushing red.

“Whatever... Either way, this changes nothing. I’m getting the hell out of here.”

I shook the dirt off my back and trotted off among the trees without looking back.

The cold autumn air hit my face as soon as I cleared the thicket. I picked up the pace, forcing my hind legs to move with haste. I needed to put miles between that damned burrow and my own skin.

I turned my head for a second, making sure she couldn’t see me. The last thing I needed was for a rabbit to witness me in this state of weakness. A fox is a hunter, a ghost of the forest—not a frightened pup blushing from the mere touch of prey.

I walked through the dry leaves, focusing on the emptiness in my stomach. The smell of human fear had already dissipated, replaced by the scent of earth and mushrooms. I pressed forward, lowering my muzzle to track down an earthworm or a mouse, anything to erase the memory of that sweet, clean scent clinging to my chest.

Then, the snap of a twig broke the silence behind me.

I tensed. My ears flattened against my skull and I spun around quickly, baring my fangs. Nothing. I returned to my position, sniffing the ground in frustration.

A few yards later, the sound returned: light, rhythmic, steady footsteps.

Panic turned my stomach. They were small footsteps, ridiculously careless for such a hostile environment.

I whipped around violently and dropped onto my back to face the threat. My body landed on something soft, and a high-pitched squeak drowned out the sound of the leaves.

The doe wriggled out from under my back, slipping free with surprising agility. She stood a few paces away, shaking her long white ears with coffee-colored spots, her fur bristling.

“What is wrong with you?” she demanded in a trembling yet firm little voice. “What on earth were you doing?”

I leaped to my feet, unsheathing my claws and huffing to reclaim my dignity. My breath billowed in a thread of white vapor.

“What am I doing?!” I growled, taking a threatening step toward her. “What are you doing following me?! Get out of here before I remember what I am!”

The doe didn’t back down. She thudded one of her hind legs against the damp earth, letting out a dull grunt.

“You destroyed my warren,” she said, locking her dark eyes with mine. “You plugged it with dirt to save your own skin, so now I need a new home and it’s your fault.”

I let out a dry laugh, a bark echoing through the bare trees. The audacity of this creature was absurd. She was meat, a portion of energy wrapped in fur that should be running for her life, not holding me accountable.

“That’s none of my concern,” I snapped, lowering my muzzle

so my shadow engulfed her. “And you’re lucky: I’ve already eaten other rabbits today. I’m full, so you don’t appeal to me as lunch. Turn around and find another hole.”

The doe twitched her nose, sniffing the air between us. Her eyes, fixed on mine, showed no panic. She took a step forward, recklessly closing the distance.

“You’re lying,” she said with total confidence. “You don’t smell like rabbit. Your breath smells like human food, and your hide smells like fear and the dirt from my tunnel. I know you haven’t hunted a thing.”

My pulse quickened. Her sharp perception hit me like a swipe of claws. Humiliation ignited a spark of rage in my chest; my wounded predator’s pride took control.

“If you haven’t killed me already, it’s because you’re not going to,” she added.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I pounced on her, pinning her small body to the ground beneath my front claws.

I opened my jaws and placed my fangs over her face, so close my saliva dripped onto her forehead. I could feel the spasm of her muscles under my pads, the heat of her anatomy, and the runaway pounding of her heart. A single move of my jaw and the problem would be over.

But she stayed completely still. She didn’t squeak or try to squirm free. She just looked up at me with a resignation that froze my instincts. My teeth brushed the tip of her nose. The taste of the forest and life was right there, ready to be taken, but my muscles refused to bite.

I let out a frustrated huff, jerking my head away and relieving her of my weight. I took a couple of steps back, licking my muzzle. Her lack of fear neutralized my aggression.

The doe stood up slowly, shaking the dust off her back. She

looked at me with an implicit demand.

“You’re going to help me find a new home,” she declared, wiping her forehead with one of her paws. “It’s the least you can do after leaving me out in the elements.”

I sat on my haunches, exhaling a puff of steam into the icy autumn air.

“Unlucky for you, I don’t even have a home myself,” I replied, looking up at the dry treetops. “The ground is frozen solid, there’s no snow to dig temporary shelters, and the hunters are still roaming. I’m just as much a stray as you are.”

The doe mulled over my words while twitching her tiny tail and rubbing her hind leg against the ground. Suddenly, her dark eyes gleamed.

“Then all we need to do is find a place big enough for both of us,” she blurted out casually.

“What?”

The air escaped me. My jaw hung slightly open.

“Since you don’t eat rabbits...”

“I never said that!” I cut her off with a dull roar, baring my fangs. “I told you I was full, not that I was a vegetarian, fur ball.”

She maintained her firm stance, defying the logic of the food chain.

“We could live together,” she continued. “You offer me protection against hunters and real foxes, and I live safer. Simple.”

I stared at her incredulously, feeling the heat of indignation rise through my ears.

“The only one coming out ahead in this stupid deal is you,” I snapped, stomping a paw down and kicking up dry leaves.

“And what’s wrong with that?”