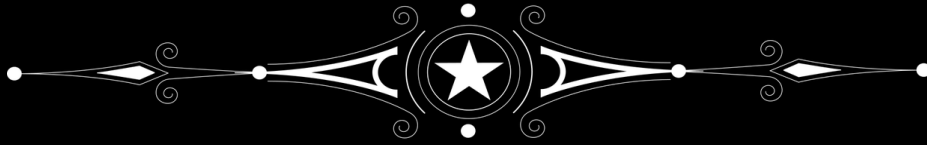


On the Scene
With Squeaky Wheels

By
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The following contains: Micro, anthro mouse TF, size play
Read at your own discretion.



“You know, for a rabbit, you’re not very lucky.”

“That’s species stereotyping and I’ll thank you for shutting the hell up!”

It was hard enough trying to get the car open without comments from the peanut gallery. Wendel’s pronounced front teeth bit his lower lip as he tried suppressing an already boiling irritation at how today’s events were going. Beads of sweat dripped through his eyebrows, compounding his concentration even further. Getting his makeshift coat hanger wire through the crack in the driver side window was easy enough. But then a splash of salty water hit his right eye and the hook stabbed wildly in his desperate efforts to snag the locking mechanism.

“Hey! You damage my upholstery and there’ll be hell to pay.” Rayna, the wolfess, barked from her relaxed position across the hood of her currently stranded Nissan LEAF. The soft padding of her amply thick curves provided little comfort on the hard chrome after it’d been warmed in sunlight during their three-hour shopping trip. Bags of fresh groceries and hygiene essentials lay practically forgotten near where her shoed paws dangled off to the side.

Even at dusk the store parking lot was still roasting hot. That ice cream was definitely going to waste after one of them brilliantly managed to lock both the keys and their cell phones on the passenger seat. Spoiler alert; their name didn’t start with an R.

“I’m already paying for this,” the bunny snapped. Grabbing one of his lengthy ears, Wendel used its back fur to wipe at the sweat getting in his eyes. A few more frantic jabs for the lock with his other hand met with little results. “Come on! I thought these newfangled computer cars had automatic systems or something.”

Rayna sat up energized by the sudden epiphany. “Oh my gosh! You are so right. An app to control the locks sounds like something I’d totally have on my phone. Why don’t you stretch out that hook and get it for me?”

The attempted vehicle infiltration slowed to a stop so Wendel could turn and fully face his roommate with a glare. She responded with a sour raspberry back.

“The sass seems highly unnecessary.”

“Maybe next time we go out you’ll pay attention to the shit we need to get home.”

“Just go back inside and bum a phone call already.”

“Oh, well then, if you got the cash to cover tow and mechanic fees, I’d be happy to give you a blow job tonight.”

“Ugh! If I was profiting off sex half as well as you, I wouldn’t need the rides.”

“With how often you end up getting it on, you’re clearly doing something wrong with your career.” Rayna giggled at the flustered look Wendel tried to hide by feigning focus on his wire hook maneuvers. It was just as well for the porn star as she adjusted her top, making the basketball sized breasts inside bounce. Bringing up the subject immediately turned into a mistake. All this time cooking in the setting sun was getting her bothered in other ways.

Before she could mentally work down the simmering sensation between her meaty thighs there came a final growl of frustration from Wendel. Her ears drooped watching the bunny yank the wire out and toss it away in their blind rage.

“This is hopeless. I’m a writer from the country, not some master thief.”

Rayna’s shoulders slumped with her own sigh of defeat. She really wasn’t itching to spend more money than needed so close to rent day, but that was starting to look unavoidable. It was only by a random passing glance her eyes noticed the window itself.

“Hey. How big would you say that crack you left is?”

“Really? You’re going to scold me for that too?” Wendel huffed but when Rayna fixed him with a look, he promptly returned his attention to the door. “I’d say two inches? Three at most. Just enough to be annoyingly short of squeezing my arm in.”

“Still enough!” The wolfess barked, hopping off the car and retrieving her purse from the many shopping bags. A heavy, familiar, feeling of unease landed in Wendel’s stomach as she fished out a small glass vial.

“NO!” he stepped back from her, arms crossed and ears erect in a decent show of resistance.

The sudden outburst made Rayna blink, her muzzle hanging open. “I didn’t even say anything yet.”

“You’re right. That was rude. Please continue?”

“O...kay. See, I got this shrinking potion...”

“NO!”

“Oh, really!?” Rayna rested both hands on her hips matching the bunny’s angry stare. “You wanna start walking home, dingus? I ain’t splitting an Uber with you.”

“Then you drink the damn fetish serum.”

“I couldn’t trust you with the keys and now you expect to drive my car!?”

Wendel raised a finger intent on offering a counter point, only none left his slacked muzzle. Bringing the same hand around he absently rubbed the bridge between his eyes before gesturing with his other hand for Rayna to continue.

“So, as I was saying, this is a shrinking potion left over from my last adult film job. It should make you just small enough to squeeze on through that crack and unlock my baby from the inside. And before you start whining again, it’ll only last a couple of hours.”

“I have so many questions about the studios you work for.”

“Hey! There’s damn good money being made for niche stuff, especially with how mainstream science and alchemy are getting.” Rayna’s plump black nose flared just thinking about that production. Dampness dissimilar from sweat was sneaking into her scent, making her thighs press together. She had to shake her head in a flurry of excessive fluffy hair to regain some focus. “Besides, I sure had fun with all the little cuties crawling on me.”

“You make it sound creepy,” the bunny mumbled, his pink button nose instinctively twitched unable to ignore her body signs in such close proximity. “And they just...let you have an extra potion to carry around at all times?”

“Oh, shut it!” she shoved the vial into Wendel’s chest until he grabbed it in both hands. “It’s getting dark. Hurry up and get this over with before a cop gets the wrong idea.”

It was really sad how good a point she made. Considering the years of crazy things that have happened since moving into the city, Wendel assumed his police record read like someone’s kinky fanfic archive. And that was just the stuff he’d been unlucky enough to get caught on. With only one more glare, he popped the plastic lid off and chugged the honey-like substance down in one gulp.

“Nice flavor. Aah!”

Wendel barely passed the vial back to Rayna before the potion went to work altering his body. He always hated getting smaller thanks to the abrupt sensation of falling it usually entailed. In the blink of an eye, he dropped from being a few inches shorter than the six-foot wolfess to being eye level with her waist. Which was partially a good thing, since he couldn’t see her smug grin beyond the crest of her expansive bust from down there.

Less encouraging was how his pants and underwear promptly slid off his diminishing hips into a pile halfway up his shins. Letting out a sharp squeak Wendel realized looking over his tenting shirt that nothing else was shrinking with him.

“The heck?” he blinked, giving out another test squeak. His voice was sound much higher pitched and scratchy than usual. An unexpected squirming along his backside made him glance over his shoulder. The little puff of his rabbit tail extended rapidly, nearly matching the length of his legs. Upon lifting the hem of his shirt, Wendel

gasped to see it change into a thin wormy appendage twitching its tapered tip against his ankles. "You didn't mention it was transformative too!"

"Oh right! I forgot it was a Cinderella style porno." Rayna blushed in genuine embarrassment. "That mouse orgy scene looks really impressive though. I should show you."

"I'd rather not!" Wendel huffed, trying to ignore the sensation of his ears shortening. The mass seemed to transfer seamlessly into making them wider discs.

Any further complaints were cut off by another sharp drop in size. He couldn't keep from tripping over his own shoes as they became too big for his altering paws. The shirt proved more threatening than a deflating circus tent with each passing second. Hands quickly vanished into the draping sleeves and Wendel managed a very rodent style squeak with the rest of him slowly vanishing into the gaping hole of its collar.

"Gotcha!" Not that Rayna was about to let the poor guy suffer like that. Within a minute of taking the potion her roommate was easily small enough to fish out of the oversized clothes with one hand. Even while holding the new anthro brown mouse naked in the air, she enjoyed watching him regress from a small dog size to that of an action figure. Moments later she was holding her palm open giggling at how Wendel barely filled her grip anymore. "You are pretty adorable as a mouse."

"I bet you say that to all the sex workers after they shrink," he grumbled, clinging to the wolfs fingers out of fear for the suddenly sharp drop to the asphalt parking lot.

"Okay. Fair. But your embarrassment is so endearing."

"You didn't say I'd be naked!"

"Nitpick everything, why don't you?" Figures the prude had to bring that up. Rayna's eyes couldn't help darting to her mousy roommate's obvious erection pressed against her pads. She rolled her eyes trying to hide the passing interest and moved to gently leverage Wendel against her car's cracked window. "Now get on in so we can go home."

He complied and started to heft up against the glass before a peek down gave him pause. "Um, how are you going to lower me in?"

Rayna's fluffy tail thrashed. "I have padded seats, you doofus! A little jump isn't going to hurt you."

"Sure all that padding's not just in your ass? Hey!"

A little shove helped 'encourage' Wendel along. The little mouse was able to slide easily through the open space, whereupon he screamed during the second and a half fall onto Rayna's driver side seat. It was a fairly rough landing with two bounces and a tumble against the cup holster, but as promised there came no lasting damage. That didn't stop him from rolling back onto shaking paws cursing and fuming the whole walk

over to hit the activation button. Immediately there came a series of beeps, rows of lights turned on, an electric motor whirled to life, and, most importantly, all four doors clicked simultaneously open.

“Thanks so much, sweetie!” Rayna cheered in that sweet sing-song voice she did when getting excited.

Several objects whooshed over Wendel’s head for a rough landing on the passenger seat. It was followed by two heavier thunks. At this size needed a moment to comprehend they were his clothes and shoes.

“Whatever. Just get your booty in here and... uh...” The mouse’s brain melted for a moment when he turned to glare out the opened door. By this point Rayna had turned away and had her rear loomed high above in a lavishing display of white panties. Swishes from her long lupine tail threatened to sweep him right off the seat while she completed removing her jeans. “The hell are you stripping for?”

“Sorry, but watching you change like that just got my hormones on the edge,” Rayna explained as her shedden denim joined Wendel’s pile of useless clothes. “I’m afraid you’re going to have to pay a riders fee for all this inconvenience.”

With that, the wolfess snatched her roommate up in one fist before he could react. Ignoring angry cries and cute little punches against her fingers, she flopped into the driver’s seat half naked, slamming the door shut again.

“The hell you think I can do like thi-O-oh shit!” Wendel squeaked as Rayna dipped him low. The mountainous shelf of her tits loomed past casting an odd shadow in the interior lights while her toned belly button came into view. The full scope of her intentions didn’t become clear until his little body got tilted sideways, where he could more clearly see the wolf’s other hand stretching out the waistband of her panties between two clawed fingers. Moisture had clearly dampened much of the white cloth, with even more glistening off the fur surrounding an exposed labium. “You can’t be serious!”

Her answer came by shoving the mouse directly against her bare crotch in one swift motion. Wendel’s every sense became overwhelmed by drip female musk, blinding both his nose and eyes. This made it easy for Rayna to pull away, letting the underwear elastic snap back into place. It didn’t take long before the squirming mass under the cloth began tickling her sensitive bits in the blind struggles, making her bite her lower lip to stifle a moan.

“Yeah. There we go!” She coed, settling on getting the car out of park. With the expert focus of a porn star, she began driving them away while casually enjoying the occasional twangs of pleasure pulsing through her loins. “Keep that up and we can go for a bonus round when you grow back.”

On the Scene

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Afterward

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