

# SHRUNK IN SPACE

- I -

Out in an infinite void of twinkling stars a small silver spacecraft cruised on autopilot. It headed toward a planet that was lightyears upon lightyears away, a planet that was supposedly rich with expensive and rare minerals. The journey was long - at max speed, it'd take just over five years to arrive - so the crew was in a deep sleep.

Or at least... the vast majority of the crew was in a deep sleep. Protocol required at least four crew mates to be awake at any one time to both maintain the ship and ensure that they were still on the correct course. Three of the four crewmates who were currently off ice sat in the ship's rec room. A small, square, and clinically white little room that held a table, chairs, and a few beaten-up devices that had been made for entertainment.

The three crewmates who sat around the table in the rec room were anthropomorphic canines - specifically, a coyote, a fox, and a wolf. The coyote sat there with a grumpy frown on her face while the wolf calmly watched the fox shuffle a deck of cards.

"Can't *believe* they woke up a guy to take care of the ship with us," the coyote complained haughtily as she crossed her arms beneath her heavy bust and leaned back into her seat. Unlike most members of her species, she was a rather round thing. Chubby and soft around the edges and not just because of all the creamy brown fluff that she had over her body. Shoulder-length platinum hair, bright blue eyes, and a long muzzle that could be described as handsome even if it was twisted into a snarl right now. With thick black eyeliner "Wouldn't be so bad if he were cute."

The black wolf sat across from the coyote raised her eyebrows and swallowed nervously. "I dunno, Sasha," she said as she fiddled with a lock of dyed dark red hair. She was a rather scrawny anthro, especially in comparison to the coyote. More black fur and fluff than actual flesh. She was also considerably more understated in the face than Sasha. Her dark crimson eyes were dull in comparison to the coyote's bright blue, and her face, while cute, lacked any kind of makeup to accentuate her fairer features. "I think Coolest is kinda adorable."

"Your taste in men is dreadful, Azinsha," the coyote groaned. "As you've proved several times over at this point."

Azinsha looked down at the table shyly and placed her hands on top of it. "Maybe, I dunno. I kinda like his fur," she asked as she began to fiddle with her fingers. "Like, that sorta *ice white* color is pretty nice, right? And those little bright blue stars that he has all over it... those are pretty cute, I think."

Sasha rolled her bright blue eyes and stuck her nose up haughtily. "Nuh-uh, those stars are fucking lame," she replied coarsely. "And even if they weren't, he's short and scrawny like a toothpick."

Azinsha very gently shrugged her shoulders. "But... I'm short and scrawny," she said bashfully.

"Yeah, but, you're a girl Azi, so you can get away with it," Sasha replied smoothly. Even if she didn't like Coolest she quite enjoyed Azinsha's company, so the last thing that the coyote wanted to do was offend the black wolf. "Like, you look great. Amazing, even. Love what you do with your hair."

Azinsha looked up at Sasha and smiled bashfully. "Thanks, Sasha," she said. "I, uh... I really appreciate that."

"But hell, Azi, this guy is even shorter than *you*," Sasha went on after a few bats of her heavy eyelashes, clearly very eager to get back to tearing poor Coolest apart verbally. "Like, he's what? Five foot nothing? Could fit that pipsqueak in a breadbox for fuck sake."

Azinsha frowned. "Does a guy really have to be tall to be attractive, though?" she murmured thoughtfully.

"Yeah, duh," Sasha groaned like it was completely obvious. "Tall guys are the best."

Azinsha considered. "I dunno. When they get too tall they start to get intimidating. Like, if they're a good foot taller than me..."

Sasha sighed. "Well, obviously. You can always have too much of a good thing. It's best if they're a head or two taller than me I think," she said, dreamily lifting her bright blue eyes to the ceiling of the lounge as she imagined her perfect mate. "And just a *little* ripped. Like, enough to have abs, but... not big enough to rip my fucking skull off."

The cross fox - who had been silent this entire time - exhaled a very bored sigh and began to toy with a deck of cards that she had laid in front of her. Her physique was best described as somewhere comfortably between her two crewmates. Neither skinny nor fat, she was of an average build, one that was muscular while still looking a little soft to the touch. Her eyes were a bright yellow

and her coat was a striking combination of jet black and bright orange. With a sidecut of orange hair swept over one of her eyes, she looked rather imposing and punkish. "Are you two going to keep blathering on about boys?" she asked impatiently. "Or can we finally get around to playing a round of cards?"

"Don't be a bitch, Kyobi," Sasha grumbled as she side-eyed the vixen grumpily. "Why don't you tell us what you think about Coolest?"

Kyobi fiddled some more with the deck of cards while looking at both Azinsha and Sasha incredulously. "I think that I don't care," she said rather honestly after a brief moment of thought. "Like, who gives a shit? It's just some stupid guy."

"So you *don't* think he's cute, then," Sasha murmured. She wiggled her eyebrows at Azinsha as if she were right and the wolf was wrong. "Ha."

Kyobi shook her head at Sasha and gave the coyote a look like she'd gone mad. "No, I'm not saying that, dumbass. I'm saying that I don't think anything of his appearance. He's just like... some dork who's making sure the computers are running while everyone else is asleep. I've barely said a word to the guy. Hell, I've barely even seen him."

Sasha gave a heavy shrug of her shoulders. "Whatever. You're just being a bitch like usual."

"Hey now," Kyobi said as she leaned across the table and narrowed her yellow eyes at Sasha. "I'm the Captain, you know. I could have you fucking... shot out of the airlock or whatever."

Sasha scoffed. "Please, you couldn't do shit," she said. "You're only the captain on a technicality, and you definitely don't have the authority to *space* me." The coyote turned her blue eyes toward Azinsha while cocking her thumb toward Kyobi. "Azi, tell her."

Azinsha looked between the two boisterous women nervously, unsure of whose side to take here. After swallowing and taking a good moment to think, though, she decided to side with Sasha - if only because the coyote was right. "Sasha is right, Kyobi. You're only captain because all the upper ranks are on ice right now," she said as she vaguely lifted one of her fingers to where the ship's cryogenics bay was. "And while you, you know, outrank everyone who's awake presently... you, uh, definitely don't have the clearance to even open one of the airlocks."

In a highly frustrated display, Kyobi violently swatted the deck that she had been fiddling with and sent cards scattering across the table and floor. "Whatever," Kyobi said as she stood up from her seat and shoved her hands into

her pockets sulkily. "You two are being lame. I'm going to leave you to your stupid talk about a dumb boy."

Azinsha sank back into her seat uncomfortably. Sasha laid her arms on the table and smirked at Kyobi. "Whatever, *captain*," the coyote grunted. She raised her hand to her brow and gave the fox a mock salute. "Smell you later."

Kyobi raised her middle finger at Sasha and wordlessly left the room. The coyote chuckled and turned back to Azinsha with a big smirk and twinkling eyes. "So, back to what we were talking about. He's super short, right?" the coyote said, immediately drawing the topic back to where she was most interested. "How big do you think his dick is?"

- II -

With her hands deep in the pants pockets of her jumpsuit, Kyobi skulked down the ship's portside corridor. Like the vast majority of the ship's interior, the pokey corridor was small and tight and designed for utility rather than comfort. Wide enough for one person to walk down with weathered metal doors and panels lining both sides of its length.

With the ship's size being nothing to brag about and the vixen's pace frustrated and fast, it didn't take long for Kyobi to reach her destination - which was the ship's portside airlock. Right in front of the sealed chamber that led to a heavy metal door that protected her and the rest of the crew from the vacuum of outer space, she pressed her thumb against the surface of a small access scanner by its side.

A red light flashed almost immediately. "Access denied," a synthesized voice reported smoothly from a nearby speaker. "Crew member *Kyobi Yamada* has insufficient privileges to access the airlock."

Kyobi scowled and gently thumped her fist into the side of the airlock's door in disappointment. "Fuck. The stupid wolf was right," she grumbled. "But there has to be *somewhere* cool and off-access I can get into, right?"

The vixen turned her head over her shoulder and glanced down the cramped corridor. Several steel bulkheads lead into various utility rooms. Uninteresting rooms, for the most part - the kitchen, the bathroom, the bunks - though one of them *did* catch Kyobi's attention, and that was the armory. "Wonder if those two would be more inclined to play cards with me if I had myself a shooter," she murmured to herself as she turned around.

A couple of steps were all it took for Kyobi to reach her destination. Like with the airlock, there was a fingerprint scanner by the door. She pressed her finger

against it and looked toward the armory's thick steel bulkhead hopefully. "Access denied," the synthesized voice said once again. "Crew member *Kyobi Yamada* has insufficient privileges to access the airlock."

Kyobi prepared herself to yell at the speaker by the door, but just as she was going to raise her fist, her fluffy ears *bounced* as they heard the telltale *thunk* of the armory's door unlocking itself. Frowning, she grabbed onto the valve in the center of the door and gave it a firm turn. To her surprise, the armory's door popped right open. "Insufficient privileges my ass," Kyobi sing-songed as she peered into the armory. "Let's see what's in here."

The armory was much less exciting than Kyobi was hoping. A small and dusty room with two sets of metal shelves in the center of the room that was securely bolted to the ground. Stacked up on one set of shelves were green boxes marked *ammunition* while the other set held a variety of fairly mundane-looking weapons. Not an explosive or a huge scary gun in sight, unfortunately, but Kyobi would take whatever intrigue she could get at this point. The armory might have been a little disappointing, sure, but it was still far more interesting than all that boy talk back in the rec room.

Figuring that looking at all of the guns might pass some time, Kyobi walked into the armory. Knowing that she might well trap herself inside if she were to close the door behind her, she deliberately kept the bulkhead open. Quickly approaching all the weaponry, she looked down with eager eyes at all of the guns and gizmos that were laid across the shelves.

One of the first things that the vixen identified was a shrink ray. Compared to most of the larger weapons on the shelves it was dinky-looking. A little smaller than your average handgun and not so dissimilar in shape. Indeed, an untrained eye might've assumed that it was a miniature pistol... all the way down to the grip and the steely barrel. The only real difference was that a green gem-like mirror sat at the end of its muzzle rather than a hole.

"Shit," the vixen said with a little surprise as she undid the belt that secured the shrink ray to the shelf and scooped the gun-like device up into her hand. "I haven't seen one of these in forever." For good reason. In combat they were kind of useless. The ray was only effective within a five feet range and the recharge time on the shot was about six hours, even on a higher-end model. In other words, it was a complete novelty, but... novelties could be extremely interesting, especially when one was bored.

"Hey, u-um," came a timid stammer of a voice. "I'm pretty sure you shouldn't be in there."

With the shrink ray held tightly in her right hand, Kyobi turned her head

toward the open bulkhead. There - clearly stood in its gaping mouth of steel - was Coolest. The creamy gray wolf male that was indirectly responsible for spoiling her little card game.

The canine looked nervous to say the least. His thick fluffy tail - all marked in cyan stars just like the rest of his furry body - was curled tightly around his ankle. His bright blue eyes were wide and while he was doing his best to smile politely the timid grin stuck on the end of his long slender muzzle only made him look all the more anxious. Combine all that with the fact that the wolf's skinny body was visibly *shivering*, the poor guy was clearly terrified. "Geez, relax," Kyobi mumbled at him. She had to angle her head down slightly to be able to look him in the face. Even if she were a fox and he was a wolf, the vixen stood a good head or two taller than him. "You look like you're about to have a heart attack."

"Sorry, it's just... y-you're in the armory and you have a gun and, uh, y'know," Coolest stammered. His bright blue eyes nervously and frequently bounced between the 'pistol' in Kyobi's hand and her face as he spoke. "That's kinda scary."

Kyobi smiled and glanced at the shrink ray. "Oh, don't worry, it's not a gun," she informed heartily as she tilted her yellow eyes back toward Coolest. Still smiling, she spun the ray around in her hand, showing the wolf the butt of the gun and aiming the muzzle well away from him. "See? Doesn't even have anywhere to load a magazine into it."

Coolest relaxed a little as the barrel was pointed toward the back wall rather than in his general direction. He even went so far as to breathe a sigh of relief when it was proved that it wasn't his idea of a gun. Given that he was still shivering and visibly tense though it was clear that he had some reservations. Whether it was a gun or not, it was in the armory which meant that it must have been *some* kind of weapon and on top of that... well, he just didn't trust Kyobi. His limited experience with her had proved that she was, at the very least, highly unpredictable. "If it's n-not a gun then what is it?" Coolest asked with a nervous sort of curiosity.

"It's a shrink ray," Kyobi said as she angled the muzzle of the ray toward the ceiling. "Which shrinks people. If that wasn't obvious."

The wolf's ears flicked and fell backward as his face fell into a thoughtful frown. He wasn't sure whether to be relieved by the revelation, but... at least it was a damn sight safer than a gun, he supposed. "Huh," he murmured as he shrugged his stiff little shoulders. "Didn't... didn't even know they made those."

Kyobi's eyes narrowed at Coolest playfully. "Really?" she asked as she lowered the shrink ray down to her hip. "Aren't you like, a huge fucking geek or

something? Figured you'd be in the know on tech."

Coollest smiled timidly and pulled a small tablet computer from his belt. "Heh. Yes, but, uh, I'm a computer nerd, not a gun nut," the wolf chuckled politely as he tapped on the screen of his tablet. "I know a lot about technology, just... not a lot about weapons. C-can't say messy stuff like that ever really got my interest."

Kyobi tilted her head at the wolf and looked down toward the tablet that he was busily tapping his skinny fingers upon. "What are you doing with that?" she asked.

Coollest bit his bottom lip and shivered hard. "Uh... nothing," he said as he nervously looked up from the screen. Too anxious to look Kyobi in her face - at her narrowed eyes, at her viciously angled brows, at her vindictive grin - he instead stared at her throat. "Just... yeah, nothing."

"You're a shit liar buddy," Kyobi huffed as she took an intimidating step toward Coollest. "Tell me what you're doing."

Coollest raised one of his hands in submissive surrender while keeping the other tightly wrapped around his little tablet. "Okay, okay... just... just don't be mad, okay? Please?" he whimpered.

Kyobi frowned and looked down her nose at the canine. "I'll decide whether to be mad or not," she murmured dangerously. "Tell me what you're doing."

Coollest squeaked and tightened his shivering hand around his tablet so that he didn't drop it in his fright. "I was... well... you were in an area you weren't supposed to be with something that you shouldn't be handling, so... so... I was filing a report for the Captain."

"Oh, you don't need to bother," Kyobi murmured smoothly as she shook her free hand in the air dismissively. "I'm the captain right now. I won't read it."

Coollest shook his head. "No. I mean... the *actual* captain. The one who's on ice," he said.

Kyobi's whiskers dipped as her face fell into a frown. "Well, why the fuck would you send a report like that to *her*?" she scoffed angrily. "That's going to get me in trouble. Why would you want to get me in trouble?"

"I know... and it's not that I want to get you into trouble, it's just... it's protocol," Coollest insisted nervously. "The rules that we all have to follow. Y-you know?"

Kyobi took a deep and frustrated breath through her leathery nose. Then, with a twitch of her ears - and zero hesitation - she raised the shrink ray and aimed it at Coolest. "Well, I'm the captain right now," Kyobi insisted even though it definitely wasn't the truth. "So there's some new rules in effect right now. Let me teach you what they are."

Coolest squeaked and immediately went to take a step back. In his fright, however, his legs became tangled underneath him and he fell against the back wall of the armory instead with a grunt. "Wait," he gasped, "don't-"

But it was too late. The highly eager and incredibly impulsive vixen squeezed the trigger and sent a neon green ray zapping in Coolest's direction. The beam hit the wolf square in the belly.

Less than a second later, the wolf's tablet *thunked* against the armory's floor as his jumpsuit deflated and fell into a pile on the floor. By all accounts it looked as Coolest had disintegrated and vaporized into literally nothing, but... Kyobi knew better than that. Smirking, she tucked the shrink ray into her pocket and approached the cloth puddle of loose jumpsuit, kneeling down before it and shoving her hand straight into its open neck.

For a few seconds Kyobi fiddled and fumbled, searching for the lost little wolf amongst the fabric. It didn't take her long before she found his shivering little form. She felt his terrified little form jolt against her fingertips as they brushed against him. Before he could *properly* react to the presence of her huge hand and flee from it, though, the vixen grabbed him effortlessly. The ray had reduced him to about two or three inches in height, so she could effortlessly curl her entire fist around him, trapping him within.

Kyobi rose to her feet and looked down at her fist full of wolf. His fluffy form was entirely hidden by her hand, but she could feel him squirming and wriggling against her palm. Pushing his tiny hands into her leathery pad and kicking his puny little feet against it in a vain effort to free himself. The vixen couldn't help but find it rather endearing. "Sasha was wrong," she murmured to herself. "Short guys *are* cute."

Kyobi unfurled her fingers from around her shrunken crewmate, laying him against her open palm. He gasped in sweet oxygen and blinked his little eyes several times to clear the glare from the armory's bright lights from them...

... but as his vision cleared, he *really* wished that he would have kept his eyes closed. Kyobi was scary under normal circumstances, but now that he was laid in the center of her warm leathery palm and looking up at her huge face gazing down at him from an unreachable distance... well, she was utterly terrifying to say the least. He felt as if he were an insect and she was a Goddess. "Shit," he

whimpered, “shit, shit, *shit!* What are... what are you going to do to me?”

“I dunno,” Kyobi murmured quietly and dangerously as she narrowed her eyes at the shivering speck of a wolf in her palm. “Thinking I’m going to start by introducing you to my friends. They were talking about how short and scrawny you are earlier, so... well, I imagine your current *state* will be quite interesting to them.”

The wolf opened his mouth to protest - to beg for Kyobi to return him to his original height - but before he could whimper so much as a word the vixen’s palm was on the move. Grimacing and feeling the g-forces from the sudden movement of her hand, Coolest grabbed onto the fox’s palm pad as best he could, taking handfuls of it and hunkering down so that he didn’t go flying off on a bone-crushing descent to the very distant floor.

For Kyobi, though, the whole process was very casual. Thoughtless, even. A carefree smile was plastered on her face as she guided the wolf around her back and down to her posterior. For just a moment, she let the wolf take in the sight of her bare butt hanging there all pert. The fox might have been skinny and muscular in most places, but... that didn’t mean that she didn’t have a nice round ass - *especially* from the perspective of a micro. The wolf shivered as he saw a curvy pair of cheeks that might as well have been hillsides covered in rippling soft black ‘grass’. A behind that could’ve sat on him and crushed him without a second thought. The wolf wouldn’t admit it - not even to himself - but the sight of it aroused him. How could it not? It was the biggest butt he’d ever seen.

After giving the wolf a moment to drink in the ‘sights’, Kyobi unzipped the top of a flap that sat just over the plump cheeks of her rear. Then, oh-so-casually, she wedged the wolf deep into the furry crack of her bare ass and sealed her jumpsuit back up, not even waving him a fond farewell with her fingers.

The fox gave her butt a very satisfied pat as she immediately felt the shrunken wolf squirm against the heavy weight and overwhelming presence of her round furry cheeks. It was clear that he was in a panic. Overheated beyond belief and struggling to breathe in anything but the rich and bitter scent of her butt while fighting against the cheeks that squished firmly against either side of him. Trapped in a hug that was uncomfortably hot and overwhelmingly tight and completely fucking *fetid*.

But Kyobi couldn’t care less about Coolest’s discomfort. If anything, it was bringing her a great deal of pleasure right now. She bounced out of the armory and sealed the bulkhead behind her firmly. Grinning wide and in a much better mood than before, she giddily headed back to the rec room to show her friends what she’d just ‘found’.

“That’s bullshit,” Sasha grunted as she laid her chin on her palm and narrowed her eyes in disbelief. “The taller the guy, the bigger the dick. That’s just basic science.”

Azinsha sighed. “I... don’t think that’s basic anything, Sasha,” the black wolf murmured as she laid her skinny arms down on the table and slumped her shoulders. The conversation about Coolest and his dick and dicks in general had been going on for a while and she was starting to get rather tired of it. “It’s definitely not even close to scientific.”

The coyote shook her head firmly. Unlike Azinsha, the curvy and creamy-furred canine was *not* tired of the conversation at all. Indeed, with her blue eyes bright and her soft body leaned ever so slightly forward she looked absolutely enthralled. “Nah. More height equals more dick. There’s totally a correlation there.”

Azinsha grit her teeth and barely resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “I don’t think that’s true, though,” she said tiredly. “I mean, haven’t you ever slept with a short person who has a big dick?”

Sasha snorted. “I don’t sleep with short people, Azi,” she chuckled brashly.

“Okay then. What about a tall guy with a small dick?” Azinsha proposed with a sigh.

Sasha looked up at the ceiling thoughtfully and chewed on her bottom lip for a while as she mused over Azinsha’s question. The black wolf, meanwhile, began to gather the cards that Kyobi had scattered all over the table and floor and started to organize them back into a proper deck.

“Sure,” Sasha eventually said as she looked back toward Azinsha with a bounce of her whiskers and a twinkle in her eyes. “That does happen, yeah. But that’s an anomaly, right? An exception to the rule, so to speak.”

Azinsha’s pinned against the side of her head in resignation as she decided to just agree with Sasha rather than continue to debate her on... whatever the hell they were debating about right now. Something about height? Something about dicks? Something about the science of all that? She had so little interest that she was struggling to concentrate on it at this point. “I guess you’re right,” the wolf said.

“Damn straight I am,” Sasha said as she pounded her fist on the table in what she believed to be absolute victory. “I’m always fucking right.”

"Yeah," Azinsha mumbled in a tired sort of way that didn't sound especially agreeable. "Sure, Sasha. You're always right. Do you want to play cards now?"

Sasha shrugged her broad shoulders indifferently. "I dunno, card games are kinda lame when there's only two people playing," she murmured. "I'd rather wait for Kyobi to come back."

"*Card games are kinda lame when only two people are playing, huh?*" Kyobi sang playfully as she walked back into the rec room with a big micro-induced spring in her step.

Sasha scrunched up her face and looked over her shoulder at the energetic vixen who was strutting her way over to the table. "Speak of the devil," she said as she raised her eyebrows at the fox. "I see that you're in a much better mood than you were before."

Azinsha licked her lips nervously. "That's her *I've been up to no good* face," the wolf said cautiously as she nodded her head and tilted her ears toward Kyobi. "You... you didn't do anything really bad, did you?"

Kyobi took a seat. Neither of her crewmates noticed but she took her seat gingerly and carefully, not wanting to apply a lethal amount of weight to the micro trapped in the back of her pants. She definitely wanted to *smother* him though - to trap him so firmly underneath her cheeks that he could barely *breathe*, much less wriggle - so she made sure not to be *too* careful. "Excuse me," the vixen murmured in faux offense, "but the armory was already unlocked when I got in there."

Sasha and Azinsha's eyes went wide in shock at exactly the same time. "Holy shit," the coyote gasped, "you got into the *armory*?"

"Sure did," Kyobi said as she wriggled into her seat to deliberately wedge little Coolest deeper into her musky ass crack. "Who's the fucking captain now, huh?"

Sasha sighed. "Yeah, whatever," the coyote murmured off-handedly as she leaned toward Kyobi with great interest. "So. What did you find in there?"

"I mean... guns and bullets, probably?" Azinsha mumbled, sounding far more nervous about the armory's contents than interested in them. "Doubt there was a unicorn in there or anything."

Kyobi nodded her head. She opened her mouth to speak, but a *squeak* of pleasure burst from her lips as she felt Coolest's little foot nudge against her asshole. "Ah. Y-yeah," she stammered as she curled her toes tight inside of her

work boots and tensed up to try and fight back any more embarrassing noises. "Mostly guns and bullets. Though..."

To further distract her friends from the little moan that she'd just made, Kyobi reached into her pocket, withdrew the shrink ray, and *slapped* it down on the table. "I also found this."

Azinsha leaned backward in her seat and edged away from the table uncomfortably. Sasha, on the other hand, leaned in with raised brows of curiosity and a scrunched-up nose of confusion. "What's that?" she asked. "Some kinda handgun?"

Kyobi bit at her bottom lip *hard* to restrain another moan. The wolf's fluffy body was practically nestled *right* up against her pink pucker of an asshole and *shit* could she feel him suffering right now and *fuck* did it feel good. For her, the wolf's presence was naught more than a ticklish sensation - something that she might've been able to ignore if she weren't so turned on - but for him...

...it was utterly terrifying. Even if he somehow managed to ignore the uncomfortably close presence of her furry cheeks and the sweltering and intolerable heat *and* the overwhelmingly bitter scent of her rear then there'd *still* be the feeling of her hot asshole rubbing against him constantly. All he could do was lay there and try his best not to move, but... with how nervous he was and how much his little body kept *twitching* as a result, that was quite impossible.

"It's a shrink ray," Azinsha mumbled to Sasha after a nervous moment of silence. With Kyobi distracted and silent for... some reason... *someone* had to answer, after all.

Sasha blinked dumbly. "What does that do?" she asked.

"What the hell do you think it does, idiot?" Kyobi snorted. "It *shrinks* people. Hence the name?"

Sasha scowled at Kyobi and grabbed the shrink ray off the table. Grinning, she curled her hands around its grip, raised the barrel, and pointed the muzzle right at the vixen's face. "Don't call me an idiot," the coyote growled playfully, "or else I'm gonna *shrink* ya!"

Azinsha's ears and whiskers went *all* the way back as her body tensed up with complete and total nervousness. Kyobi, on the other hand, didn't look moved at all... or at least, she didn't look *scared*. There was still that pleased grin on her face from the truly delightful feeling of having a micro so close to her asshole, after all. "Good luck with that," the vixen murmured coolly. "It's out of charge."

Sasha squeezed the trigger regardless. But, true to Kyobi's word, the pistol-like device produced nothing more than a loud *beep*. Azinsha's body sagged as the wolf puffed out one hell of a sigh of relief. "What the hell?" the coyote grumbled. "Why is it out of charge?"

"Because I used it on someone," Kyobi giggled. "*Obviously*."

Azinsha growled from the emotional whiplash as her brief relief was immediately replaced by anxiety. "You... you didn't," the wolf gasped as her shoulders tensed up and her whiskers began to quiver. "Did you... did you really..."

Deciding to give Coolest - and herself - a break, Kyobi shuffled in her seat and reached around to the back of her jumpsuit. With a loud *unziiip* and a brief poke around, she withdrew the shrunken wolf from the tight fuzzy confines of her sweaty asscrack. For a brief moment, Kyobi dangled him in the air, showing him off to both Sasha and Azinsha...

... and then, grinning like a Cheshire Fox, she plopped Coolest down on the table. The sweaty and overwhelmed little male immediately staggered forward a couple of steps. Then, unable to keep his balance, he fell belly down onto the table with a barely audible *thump*. As if he'd died on the spot, the wolf went completely limp for a moment. Then, with a twitch, he gulped down a lungful of blissfully clean air. Whimpering, he rolled onto his side and rubbed his fingers into his eyes to try and wipe some of the butt musk out of them that was making them burn oh-so-badly. He was mostly unsuccessful. "F-fuck," he gasped, "w-where am I? I can't see!"

Sasha's jaw dropped in disbelief. An extremely aghast Azinsha looked between Kyobi and Coolest in a mixture of shock and horror. "Why... why would you..." the black wolf murmured as she palmed at the table in worry. "Kyobi, this is awful."

Seeing an opportunity to tease, Sasha straightened her face and looked toward Azinsha with a grin. "What do you mean?" she said as she gestured toward Coolest with one of her hands. "As far as I can tell Kyobi hasn't done anything. Wasn't he always that short?"

Kyobi laughed as Azinsha looked between her and the coyote in total dismay. "*Sasha*," she snapped aggressively as the black wolf was *finally* pushed to her absolute limit. "Seriously? This isn't fucking funny!"

Though Coolest *still* couldn't see anything through his tear-filled eyes, he most certainly heard Azinsha's loud boom of a voice. Relieved that *someone* was sticking up for him despite his awfully humiliating state, he released a grateful

sob between all the gulps of sweet fresh air that he was taking in. "T-thank you," he gasped as he continued to rub at his eyes. "Oh, thank you so much..."

"C'mon, Azinsha, it is kind of funny watching him roll around on the table," Kyobi said jovially.

Sasha grinned maliciously and shook her head at Kyobi in disagreement. "Actually, it's not kind of funny," she half-barked half-chuckled, "it's fucking *hilarious!*"

Azinsha numbly shook her head at both of them. "I can't believe you two," she said as she slumped into the table and covered her face with her hand, unable to look at either her friends or the utterly embarrassing state of Coolest. "You could... you could at least give him something to clean himself up with."

"True enough, true enough," Kyobi murmured agreeably. "Sasha, why don't you give him a shower?"

The coyote narrowed her blue eyes at the vixen in disgust. "Eww, what? No thanks," she grumbled as she glanced at Coolest like he was nothing more than a scrap of disgusting dirt. "Little guy has been halfway up your ass today. I don't want to touch him with a fucking bargepole."

Kyobi groaned in disbelief at Sasha and rolled her eyes. "I'm not talking *literally*. I'm saying..." She sighed. Then, pursing her lips, she mimed spitting on the ground. "You know?"

The look of disgust on Sasha's face was slowly replaced by realization. "Ohh," she murmured wickedly as the pieces of Kyobi's plan slowly but surely fell into place in her mind. "You want me to..."

Kyobi nodded her head. "Uh-huh," she said. "Yeah. That."

Azinsha - who had her face covered and was doing her best not to pay attention to her friend's scheming - lowered her hand just in time to see Sasha lean over Coolest and *spit* a fat wad of thick saliva down onto him. It landed on him messily and copiously, splattering over his tiny body and gluing him down to the table. A blurbed and barely audible wail eeked out across the table as thick pungent doggy drool flooded into the poor micro's mouth and nostrils, immediately making him choke and splutter and writhe in the mess that he'd found himself in.

"Enough!" Azinsha yelled furiously as she reached into the pocket of her jumpsuit and pulled out a handkerchief. No longer able to take the sight nor sound of Coolest struggling, she reached out toward him and began to try and

wipe all of the drool off of his squirming little body. "It's o-okay," she cooed down to him, attempting to reassure him as she dabbed at his face delicately. "I know it's hard, but don't move, just... just relax..."

Sasha stuck her tongue out and made an exaggerated wretch as she turned her eyes away from Coolest and Azinsha in disgust. "Fucking gross," she grumbled.

"Shut up, Sasha," Azinsha growled as she carefully wiped Coolest's little nose and mouth clean. The micro sucked in a deep breath of relief in response, making the wolf smile briefly. "Get used to it. I'm taking care of the little guy until this wears off."

Kyobi - who had been lounging back in her seat and watching Azinsha's tantrum with amusement - raised her eyebrows as the wolf suddenly staked a claim over Coolest. "Excuse me?" the vixen murmured. "Hang on just a second. Who said he was yours?"

"He's... he's not anyone's, Kyobi," the wolf murmured as she rubbed her fingers over the shrunken wolf's torso, making him squirm. "He might be little for a while, but he's his own person. Not some object."

Coolest - who had been incredibly grateful for Azinsha's care at first - was now starting to become a little embarrassed by it. A little self-conscious. It was the way that she had her hand curled around him protectively like he was useless. The way that she was dabbing at his face with that handkerchief in a way that was all coddling and motherly. The way that she kept calling him *little*. It all made him feel even smaller than he actually was, and... he was pretty damn small right now.

Kyobi wrinkled her nose up and scoffed so hard her fluffy ears bounced forward. "I beg to differ," she said with an arrogant swish of her tail. "I'm the one who shrank him. And I'm also the captain. So-"

Azinsha opened her mouth to yell, but... luckily, she remembered that she was *very* close to Coolest and that she might blow his eardrums out by doing so. "For the last time, you're *not* the captain," she growled quietly instead.

Kyobi stared at Azinsha like she was trying to project daggers in her direction. Sasha - who was starting to get *very* bored with all the bickering - looked to the deck of cards and nodded her head. "I got an idea," the coyote suddenly suggested. "Why don't we play a round of cards?"

"A round of cards?" Kyobi snorted. "Why the fuck would we play cards?"

“You know, to decide things,” Sasha explained as she drummed her fingers against the table. “If Azinsha wins, then she gets to take care of Coolest. If we win, though...”

Kyobi snapped her fingers together and looked at Sasha with a big grin on her muzzle. “Then / get to choose what Azinsha does to him instead.”

Sasha blinked. “Well, I wasn’t gonna suggest that, but...” Smirking, the coyote shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head eagerly. “That sounds good to me. Would be fun to see Azi bully him after she’s been talking him up all day.”

Azinsha glanced at the deck of cards and frowned. “No way,” she said. “I’m not objectifying him even more by making him a stake in a round of poker.”

“It’s the fairest way to do it in absence of the captain,” Sasha said nonchalantly... even though it really wasn’t.

Kyobi nodded her head in total agreement with Sasha’s ridiculous statement. “Agreed,” she said. “Plus, if you don’t go along with it, then I’m going to snatch him off you and, y’know, *accidentally* break his legs in the process of that.”

Azinsha scowled, but... feeling completely and utterly backed into a corner, she ultimately nodded her head. Fine - whatever - she was feeling lucky. She could win! And there was no way that the universe would be so unjust as to let her lose anyway, right? “Fine,” she grumbled as she shoved her drooly handkerchief into her pocket and grabbed the deck of cards. “But *I’m* shuffling. I don’t want either of you cheating.”

Sasha and Kyobi nodded and leaned back into their seats as they waited to be dealt into the game. Down on the table, Coolest blinked and wondered why none of them had asked him what *he* wanted to do in this ridiculous arrangement that they’d just set up around him. At least he was *mostly* clean of fox buttmusk and coyote saliva, he supposed. Still. What burnt and stung his pride more than any sweat or spit could was that his opinion no longer mattered. That not even *Azinsha* had bothered to ask for his opinion. That his life was in the hands of three giants and lady luck, and... there was absolutely nothing that he could do about it.

Humiliated beyond belief, Coolest buried his face into his hands as one enormous wolf began to shuffle a huge deck of cards over his head.

- IV -

“Alright, Azi,” Kyobi murmured as she placed her cards face-down on the table. “Show us what you got.”

Azinsha smiled and laid her own cards down on the table. Lady luck had been very kind to her. "Full house," she said confidently as she turned over her hand.

The vixen's face fell. "Fuck sake," she grumbled bitterly under her breath. "Not good. Sasha, what you got?"

"Jack shit," Sasha muttered as she flipped over her cards. "Queen high. Not even a fucking pair."

Cooler - shrunk and sat in the middle of the table all surrounded by cards like the stake he'd somehow become - breathed a sigh of relief. The micro wolf still wasn't sure how he felt about Azinsha taking care of him, but, out of all of the available options, she was by far the safest.

"So that means that I win, right?" Azinsha said as she pushed her cards away from herself. "This stupid thing is over? I can take the little guy somewhere safe?"

*Little guy.* Cooler frowned at that. Couldn't she just call him by his name? He was sensitive about his lack of height before being shrunk so now that he was being called a *little guy* by an absolute giant of a female wolf... well, let's just say that it was more than a little humiliating for him. "Don't complain," he murmured to himself very quietly as he tucked his legs against his knees. "It's better than being stuck up against someone's asshole."

Nobody at the table heard the wolf's miserable little whisper. "Sure, sure, let me just show off my cards first," Kyobi sighed as she flipped her cards over and revealed...

... four of a kind. Or, in other words, a hand that absolutely *destroyed* Azinsha's victory. "I win," Kyobi cheered as she pumped her fist into the air. "Eat shit, you stinky fucking wolf!"

Sasha gasped and almost fell out of her seat. Cooler whined and pushed his head between his knees. Azinsha buried her face in her hands and pushed her fingers firmly into her red hair and grabbed at her temples in frustration. "Shit," the black wolf whimpered into her palms. "*Shit*, I should have known you'd have something better. Fuck, I..."

Kyobi raised her hand in Sasha's direction and smirked as the coyote gave her an immediate high-five. "Yeah, yeah, whatever," the vixen churled as she smirked in Azinsha's direction, utterly uncaring of the female wolf's woes. "I win, so I get to decide-"

Frustrated, objectified, and humiliated beyond all belief, the shrunken wolf

suddenly rose to his feet and *screamed*. “**Shut up!**” he yelled at the top of his little lungs. “I... I want you to stop this! Now!”

Sasha gasped. Azinsha pushed her face deeper into her hands. Kyobi, on the other hand, simply smiled. “Oh, finally grown a fucking spine, have you?” the vixen teased as she lowered her eyes to the raging micro and leaned across the table ever so slightly. “That’s nice. So... you want me to stop this?”

Coollest knew that he was being mocked - the vixen’s tone was *dripping* with contempt - but he nodded his little head regardless. “Yes!” he insisted as he bravely lifted his face toward the huge yellow eyes staring at him. “This... this has gone on for long enough. I want you to put me back to my original height. *Now.*”

Kyobi idly lowered her hand down to the table and pressed her fingers down oh-so-close to Coolest. She didn’t so much as raise a digit toward him, but the mere presence of her huge hand was enough to make him shudder. Her once-slender fingers were now as thick and burly as tree trunks and her palm... well, he knew all too well that it was capable of encapsulating his entire body with ease. “I can’t just *put you back to your original height,*” she sighed. “Shrink rays don’t work like that. Takes time to wear off.”

Coollest swallowed and did his best to keep his eyes on Kyobi’s face rather than her scarily-close and cruel crane of a hand. “How much time?” he asked.

Kyobi shrugged. “Depends on the make and model,” the vixen murmured thoughtfully. At this point, she was almost talking to him like he was a normal person - like her hand wasn’t capable of reaching out and crushing him at any moment. “Few days at least. At most a month.”

Coollest shivered and wrapped his little arms around his torso as he imagined being stuck like this for an entire *month*. He tried to focus on the best-case scenario instead, but... even being like this for a few days was far too much for him to handle the thought of. “You... you can’t be serious...” he whimpered desperately.

Kyobi shook her head slowly. For once in her life, it was clear that she was being *dead* serious right now - eyes all narrowed and her expression completely unamused. “I’m quite serious,” she murmured dangerously.

“Then... then please, please Kyobi... you have to take care of me,” Coolest pleaded earnestly.

Kyobi’s serious face switched into a much more playful one as the micro wolf looked up at her desperately. Smirking, she drummed her fingers on the table

gently, deliberately making the 'ground' beneath the wolf's feet shudder gently and ominously. "Oh, don't worry, I'm going to take care of you," she snickered. "I'm just going to have fun while I do it. That's all."

Coollest's legs buckled underneath him. The little wolf suddenly lost his balance and fell over, catching himself by his hands and ending up on his knees. "No," he panted as he stared at the table. "No, please..."

Kyobi pulled her eyes away from the miserable little speck on the table as if she were disgusted by his pleading. Then, smirking lazily, she looked at Azinsha expectantly. "You remember the deal, right, Azi?" she asked. "I won, so I tell you what to do with him."

Azinsha made a miserable noise and pulled her face out of her hands to frown at Kyobi. "Fine," she mumbled reluctantly as she struggled to make eye contact with the mean vixen. "But nothing too harsh, okay?"

"*What?*" Coollest suddenly growled. With his little body trembling with fury, he looked over his shoulder and stared at Azinsha as fiercely as a little speck possibly could. "Are you being fucking serious?!"

Azinsha flinched as Coollest *squeaked* out an angry yell at her. "Coollest, I'm... I'm really sorry," she whimpered down at her fellow wolf. "But I lost, so I have to—"

"You don't *have* to do anything!" Coollest screamed as he stood back up and turned himself around to face Azinsha properly. The male was *clearly* furious. His ears were pinned back, his blue eyes were wide, and his fur was all *poofed* up... or at least, as poofed up as it could be given that he was still a little sticky with saliva. "You didn't even have to play the stupid card game in the first place!"

Azinsha chewed on her bottom lip briefly while biting back the urge to yell back at the mad micro. "If I didn't play then Kyobi said that she was gonna break your legs," she eventually grumbled. "I was just trying to do my best, alright?"

Coollest balled his hands up into trembling little fists. "... I don't care!" he screamed petulantly. "I didn't even *ask* you to do your best! ... I didn't ask for your help at all! I don't want you to mother me! And I definitely don't want you to call me a *little thing!*"

A deathly silence broke the table as Coollest panted wildly and Azinsha chewed at the inside of her cheek to try and restrain her bubbling fury from boiling over. "Damn," Sasha eventually mumbled. Even *she* looked a little offended by Coollest's outburst. "Talk about being fucking ungrateful. You were the only one at the table trying to do right by him."

Azinsha looked at Sasha sternly. For a moment, it looked as if she might try to rebut Sasha's claim, but... her pity for the micro had all but evaporated. Bitter, she nodded her head in complete agreement.

Kyobi glanced at Coolest. Going off his limp shoulders, his wilted fur, and the barely audible but very miserable whimper coming from him, the micro wolf was *very* much regretting his little outburst. "So, uh," the vixen said as she looked up toward Azinsha. "What was that about being gentle?"

Azinsha grunted and shook her head. "I'll do whatever. Long as it doesn't kill him," she grumbled bitterly. "Just get on with it. I want to get this over with."

"Sure, we can get on with things," Kyobi said gleefully. "Go ahead and, uh... stick his head up your nose."

Coolest's eyes just about popped out of his skull - *especially* when Azinsha's huge hand started reaching toward him. "No," he whimpered. "Please-"

But it was too late for the tiny male to take his words back now. With a quiet grunt, Azinsha scooped Coolest up into her hand gently and efficiently. To make things less overwhelming for him, she closed her fingers around him and smothered him into her palm, putting him in a place where it was warm and dark. Holding onto him tight enough that he would hopefully feel safe without squeezing the air out of his lungs. No matter how frustrated she might have been with him, she didn't really want to hurt him... she just wanted to get this whole thing over with so that she could go back to her bunk and try to forget about all this.

Sasha blinked and wrinkled her nose up in disgust as Azinsha steadily lifted Coolest toward her face. "Up her nose?" the coyote grunted at Kyobi. "Why? That's fucking gross."

The black wolf's own nose wrinkled too as the hand holding Coolest arrived at her muzzle. Even through her fingers, she could smell something... bitter and pungent upon his pelt. "Ugh, for fuck sake," Azi grunted. "He still smells like fox ass and coyote mouth."

Kyobi winked at Sasha. "There you go," the vixen said as she wagged a finger in Azinsha's direction. "She answered your question for me."

Sasha smiled wickedly. Azinsha frowned deeply at Kyobi and swept her red fringe away from her face with her free hand. "Do I have to do this?" the wolf asked. "He smells fucking disgusting."

"Yep," Kyobi said with an insistent little nod of her head. "Just gotta stick his

head up there. Give it a swipe around. Make sure his skull gets nice and sticky with mucus and all that.”

Azinsha took a deep breath through her nostrils and gently rolled her fingers down Coolest’s little form until his head was peeking out of her closed fist. She stared down at his ruffled and wide-eyed face of pure terror and contemplated apologizing to him, but... the micro had asked her to stop *coddling* him, so she figured it was best to just get on with it.

With a truly surprising lack of hesitation, Azinsha buried Coolest’s head into her snout. As she pushed his fluffy head all the way into her sensitive nostril the female wolf scrunched up her face in mild ticklish discomfort...

... while, within, Coolest released a loud howl of absolute disgust. At least, until mucus almost immediately started smearing itself over his lips and dripping onto his tongue for him to taste - at which point he shut his mouth tight to keep it out. Of course, that didn't stop snot from rubbing against his cheeks and getting into his eyes and dripping onto his neck... and neither did it stop the fleshy and sticky interior of Azinsha's from gripping and squeezing at his skull uncomfortably.

“So,” Sasha murmured as she watched with a curious sort of disgust. “How’s my mouth smell?”

Kyobi smirked. “Ignore her,” the vixen said to Azinsha while dismissively waving her hand in the chubby coyote’s direction. “Just give him a swish around up there so that we can get this over with, yeah?”

Azinsha frowned and delicately swirled Coolest’s head around the inside of her nostril like he was little more than a q-tip. The corners of her mouth twitched as she struggled not to laugh...

... while, between her fingers, she felt Coolest's body writhe in disgust and tremble in fear. For what was only a vaguely ticklish motion to her was a disgusting and uncomfortable hell for him. Being swept around the opening of her snout against his will, his fur accumulating mucus, his head trapped in a dark and narrow place of fleshy walls. Overwhelmingly gross and completely terrifying.

It seemed that the black wolf had a sadistic side that she wasn't aware of, though. Although she was inflicting this disgusting terror upon another living creature, Azinsha found herself to be... enjoying the whole experience. Just a little. Enough to make her pupils dilate and her heart-rate rise. Enough to make blood rush to her cheeks. Enough to make her thighs gently rub together underneath the table.

Then, unable to take the fluffy wolf's tickly little head up her nose any longer - or the thought that she might be *enjoying* this somehow - Azinsha yanked Coolest's head out of her nose. Before the gross little wolf could make any noises of complaint Azinsha hid his sticky little head in her hand and closed her fist around him entirely to smother his wails of disgust. "There," she said with a snuffle, "I've done it. I can go now, right?"

Kyobi frowned and shook her head. "Excuse me? No way," the vixen said flatly as she raised a couple of fingers in the air. "You have to do *three things* to him. You've only done one."

Azinsha shook her head in disbelief and started to lower the hand that held Coolest down to the table. "Kyobi, you never said I had to do three things to him," the wolf grumbled bitterly.

"Nuh-uh. I totally did," Kyobi insisted. "That was part of the deal. Right, Sasha?"

Sasha blinked a couple of times as she thought back to the deal. Then, eventually catching on to the fact that Kyobi was lying to Azinsha, she nodded her head slowly. "Uh, sure, yeah," the chubby coyote murmured with a complete lack of confidence. A good liar she was *not*, though she'd at least give it the old college try. "Right. Three things. You agreed to do three things, Azi."

"You shouldn't try to lie, Sasha," Azinsha grumbled at the coyote. "You're shit at it. And you're not much better, Kyobi."

Refusing to back down, Kyobi continued to leer at Azinsha while keeping two of her fingers held up. "Two things," she said, "or else I'm gonna shove him in my sock until he grows back."

Azinsha rolled her eyes and tried to look like she didn't care, but... deep down inside, she *did* still care about Coolest's welfare. At least enough that she didn't want to be the one to doom him to a days-long entrapment inside one of Kyobi's stinky socks. "You'll... you'll probably just do that anyway," the black wolf mumbled.

"I won't," Kyobi said very quickly to try and avoid any more hesitation. "I'll put him somewhere much more comfy. I promise. And you *know* my promises are good, Azi. A shit liar I may well be, but a promise breaker I am most certainly not."

Azinsha couldn't rebut that even if she wanted to. It was true. The vixen didn't make promises lightly. "Fine," she mumbled. "Two more things. That's it."

Kyobi batted her eyelashes and smiled like a devil pretending to be innocent. “Yep. That’s it. And you’ll do whatever I want, right?”

Finding that smile that Kyobi was making uncomfortable, Azinsha looked away from her and down toward her hand. “Yeah. As long as it doesn’t injure him too badly.”

“Okay,” Kyobi said gleefully. “Piss on him then.”

Surprised, Sasha cackled loudly and pounded one of her fists against the table in delight. “Ha! Kyobi,” she chuckled, “you’re a fucking *monster*. That’s awful!”

Azinsha clenched her jaw and quietly whimpered. Yes, it was an awful idea. Truly awful - so nasty that it made her stomach turn in shock, even. So then why was she also *excited* by it? Why was it making her thighs clench together beneath the table? Why were her nipples stiffening and rubbing up against the inside of her jumpsuit? Why did she want to say yes?

“Fine,” Azinsha mumbled after a few moments of disgust and excitement and disgust at her own excitement. “Whatever. I need to pee anyway.”

Sasha’s brows shot up so high that they almost came off her face. “Holy shit, you’re going to do it?” the coyote said. “No way. I figured you’d back out for sure.”

“Don’t talk, Sasha, you’re giving me a headache,” Azinsha mumbled as she rubbed the fingers of her free hand over her temples tiredly while looking at Kyobi through her weary red eyes. “How are we doing this?”

Kyobi raised a thumb and cocked it over her shoulder. “There’s a drain in the corner of the room,” she said. “Figure we just stick him on top of that and you let rip.”

Azinsha placed Coolest in front of Kyobi and stood up from the table quickly, not wanting anyone to notice her growing arousal. “You can do the sticking,” she said to the vixen as she walked over to the corner of the room. “I’m going to go over here and get myself ready.”

Kyobi nodded her head and smirked as she lowered her eyes to Coolest. “Sasha,” the vixen said coolly as she wiggled her fingers in the curvy coyote’s direction. “You got any of that gum left?”

Sasha nodded her head and started to fumble in one of the pockets of her jumpsuit. Coolest, on the other hand - after taking a moment to wipe some snot from his eyes - trembled down on the table and looked up at Kyobi. “Please,” he

whimpered pitifully, barely audible to the vixen. All of the fight from before had been knocked right out of him. He was physically and mentally exhausted and objectified. He just wanted to rest. "No... no more. I'm sorry for saying I'd file a report on you. I'm sorry for yelling. I'm... I'm sorry for whatever else I did," he whimpered. As the last part of his statement implied, he really had no idea what he was even apologizing for... he just hoped that it might bring this miserable experience to an end.

Sasha pulled a stick of gum out of her pocket. Like she hadn't heard Coolest at all, Kyobi casually took the gum, unwrapped it, and tossed it into her mouth. "Ugh," she mumbled to Sasha as she chewed at the gum. "This shit tastes so fucking sweet. Is there anything about you that's subtle?"

Sasha grunted and shrugged her shoulders as Kyobi spat a bright pink wad of gum into her hand. "You know," the fox said as she reached down and grabbed Coolest's shoulders firmly with her thumb and forefinger. "You could've spent the last few seconds running away or something instead of whimpering."

But Coolest had more stressful things in mind to think about than what he'd wasted his time on. "Fuck, *please* don't stick that to me!" he squeaked as Kyobi lowered that pink saliva-ridden wad of sticky gum toward him. "It'll take weeks to get all the gum out of my fur!"

"Yeah, and it'll probably take about the same amount of time to get the stench of wolf piss off of you too," Kyobi said as she carelessly stuck the wad of gum to Coolest's back. "You'll be in the shower so much that you won't have time to go tattle to the captain."

Coolest shuddered in disgust as he felt the sugary candy spread over his back like paste. Not only was it sticky and cloying and surprisingly heavy, but the scent of it was also *overwhelmingly* sweet - like strawberries that had been dipped in sugar and then in jam and then in sugar all over again. "Oh fuck no," the little wolf whimpered as he was reminded of exactly what was going to happen to him. "Please, you can't!"

But Kyobi could... and did. Into the air, she lifted Coolest as she rose from her seat. With him dangling and wailing between her fingers, she carried him over to the corner of the room where Azinsha was ready and squatting over the drain. "You good to go?" Kyobi asked her.

Azinsha - who would've been wearing a heavy blush of embarrassment were it not for the jet-black fur on her cheeks - nodded her head gently. The black wolf had removed the bottom half of her jumpsuit entirely, leaving her naked from the waist down. With her skinny thighs naked and her plump pussy bare, it was *quite* blatant that the wolf was turned on. Her legs were quivering and the tidy folds of

her bright pink pussy were visibly wet.

Kyobi could both see and scent the wolf's arousal. It was tempting to bring it up to bully Azinsha a little bit, but... maybe it was best to not make her self-conscious. Maybe it was best to let her enjoy this. Yes, the vixen quite liked that idea. She'd have the time of her life while Coolest suffered in a bizarre sort of hell. The juxtaposition pleased her. "Alright," the vixen murmured as she knelt down and stuck Coolest down to the drain belly-up. "Ready when you are."

Coolest immediately tried to pull himself away from the gum that was sticking him down, but... it was no good. He was stuck on his back and staring up at the biggest wolf pussy that he'd ever seen. Out of everyone in the room, he had by far the best view. Able to see her plump labia, her pink seam, the surprisingly juicy entrance of her sex... and, of course, the urethra that would soon open and rain down a golden hell upon him.

Sasha bounced up behind Kyobi and looked around her shoulder to watch Azinsha do the dirty deed. Azinsha - who was doing her best not to pay attention to her audience and relax so that she could *go* - closed her eyes and thought of a gentle trickling stream running through a forest. A sigh came out of her mouth as she focused on that peaceful place in her mind's eye, a place where two mean girls weren't giggling away at her side, a place where a micro wolf wasn't screaming and inches away from her urethra.

Azinsha sighed and quivered ever-so-slightly as hot urine gushed out of her. The off-yellow stream struck the ground - and Coolest's face - with enough force to both drown out micro screams as well as fill the room with a sharp *hiss*. Both Sasha and Kyobi chuckled at both the sight and sound of what was happening...

... but Azinsha was in her own world. Far from the ship and in that imaginary forest where she was simply going about her business and pissing by the side of that gentle stream. Marking the muddy forest floor with her scent, claiming this territory as her own, and generally just enjoying the relief that came with emptying a bladder full of hot urine.

Her mind soon began to wander toward what was actually happening behind her closed eyes, though. Not to Kyobi and Sasha's giggling, but... to Coolest. To the micro that she was pissing upon. Despite trying her very best to keep her mind's eye pure and serene, the wolf was suddenly imagining Coolest stuck in the mud beneath her paws. No longer was she urinating on the ground, but squirting her stream of hot pee directly upon him. His miserable and drowned little form writhing down in the mud, thrashing and doing his best to scream while a steaming puddle of acrid yellow bloomed and deepened around him.

Azinsha hissed quietly as a feeling other than relief throbbed through her

core... *arousal*. Stronger than when she had been swirling him inside of her nose, *much* stronger, to the point where she could feel her knees trembling as she hosed the little wolf down in her hot liquid stench. To the point where she was savoring every little second of the experience. Wanting it to last as long as possible so that she could etch his drowned screams into the surface of her brain so that she could recall them later tonight when she was getting off in her bunk.

Coollest, on the other hand, was most certainly *not* deep in an imaginary world. He was stuck to a dirty grate on a dirty floor because a dirty piece of gum was gluing him down and on top of all that... well, a bolt of piss with all the pressure of a fire hose was blasting full-on into his tiny little body while creating a steaming puddle all around him. The stream hit him directly in the center of his chest, but it landed with more than enough force to splash up his nose and into his mouth and between his legs and onto...

... his painfully erect cock. Yes, although he was being pissed on by a giant female, although his body was wet and slimy and sticky and uncomfortable all at once, although he'd been reduced to nothing more than an object... the male was *very* hard. Coollest and Azinsha did share *one* feeling about this entire 'experience' and that was arousal. While Azinsha was learning that she was a sadist Coollest was learning that he was a masochist. The experience was much more uncomfortable and harrowing and terrifying for him of course, given that he was a speck that would be literally drowned if Azinsha kept on pissing like they were... but in their own way, they were both enjoying this. One with guilt, and the other with terror.

Though that didn't mean that Coollest wasn't grateful when the wolf's stream sputtered to a halt. Indeed, as the last few drops of her hot pee trickled onto his chest like fat heavy soccer balls, the wolf sucked in a heavy breath of pure relief. Sure, the air around him tasted like bitter wolf piss - but at least he could breathe without feeling like he was being waterboarded.

A much more relaxed-looking Azinsha opened her eyes and took a breath of nice clean air. "Done," she said quickly, trying to sound as cool and as calm as she possibly could. In reality, though, her body was burning with need. She needed to get out of here and go somewhere private so that she could get herself off without a fucking audience watching and cackling at her. "What's next?"

Sasha let out a low whistle. It was hard to tell whether she was impressed by the black wolf or intimidated by her. "Damn," she said. "You're cold, Azi. You didn't even *look* at him during all of that and now you're not even going to say anything to him? He must have really pissed you off, huh?"

"Sasha," Azinsha barked, "shut up. Kyobi. *What's next?*"

Kyobi smirked at her flustered friend. "Easy," the fox said as she idly curled her toes on the ground. "Step on him."

Azinsha sighed. This entire time she hadn't so much as glanced at the micro that she'd just drenched in her piss. Instead, she'd maintained mostly stern eye contact with Kyobi instead... because she was pretty sure that looking at Coolest's miserable state would lead to her touching herself on the spot. "I told you already," she murmured irritably. "I'm not doing anything that'll seriously hurt him."

"I mean, you don't have to crush his fucking bones or anything," Kyobi sighed back at the black wolf. "Just step on him enough to give him a little squeeze. That's all."

Azinsha grumbled and stood out of her squat. "That's it," she said as she rose to her full height. "One little step and we're done?"

"One little step and we're done, Azi," Kyobi assured. "That's it."

The black wolf nodded her head and looked down at Coolest's piss-drenched form. Given that he was still stuck to the drain with chewing gum, he hadn't moved out of the bitter yellow puddle that she'd squirted all over him. To her surprise, though, he wasn't screaming for mercy. Indeed, he wasn't making a noise. To try and see if she could make him start wailing, she lifted her paw and hovered it over him, placing him within full loom of its hefty weight and large shadow. To her disappointment, the wolf only flinched in response to it. Turning his head in fright and kicking his legs uselessly in all the gum and urine that they were buried in.

In the end, Azinsha supposed that the little wolf was just too tired to squeal by now. If only she stood a chance at seeing his miserable little erection... but even her keen eyes didn't stand a chance at seeing something *that* small.

Azinsha - wanting to get on with this rather than stewing in her thoughts - planted her paw down on Coolest firmly, trapping all but his skull underneath the weight of her toes. His drenched little head stuck out between her middlemost toes, a clump of gray fur that was highly noticeable due to the contrast of black toe fuzz that surrounded it. Right now, she wasn't applying pressure - she was too busy getting used to the feeling of his piss-wet body sticking uncomfortably to her pad - so the wolf was able to breathe. She could see him doing so easily, gulping down huge and anxious swallows of air into his lungs.

Once again, Azinsha felt a surge of arousal from just how *powerful* she felt right now. She felt like she could topple the world - no, the sun - *no*, the very

fucking *universe* that surrounded her and the ship! Grinning and losing herself a little in it all, she *pressed* her toes down into Coolest's chest hard and made him *wheeze*. A quiet moan eeked out of the corners of her lips as she felt him begin to writhe heavily underneath her foot in what she assumed was blind panic...

... while what Coolest was really feeling was blind panic *and* arousal. Yes, a massive paw was on top of him and *grinding* him down into piss and gum. Yes, the toes at either side of his head were large enough to *crush* his ribcage all by themselves. Yes, the huge beautiful wolf staring down at him *was* looking at him through narrowed and disgusted eyes like he was nothing more than an object...

... and, yes, his cock was hard and pressing *upright* against the coarse and leathery texture of her paw pad. He was writhing in panic but he was also writhing so that he could shamefully hump his member against the underside of her paw. It was humiliating and it was scary but it felt *better* than any kind of sexual pleasure that he'd ever felt in his life before this. He felt incredible shame that he was using her paw in such a way - that he'd even be *thinking* of something like this much less actually fucking *doing* it - but his heat burned so brightly that he just couldn't help himself.

Coolest wasn't sure whether to sob brokenly or moan in bliss. Luckily for him, he didn't have to make the decision. The press of Azinsha's foot was so firm that he could barely breathe, much less make a noise.

Up above, Azinsha drew a deep breath. She was completely unaware of the fact that either the wolf was erect or that he was humping her paw like it was a pillow. His prick was far, far too small for her to feel the impression of it humping against her pad, after all... and besides that, she was too focused on her own pleasure. Her pussy was *burning* right now. Very much needing to tend to it, her hand *slapped* itself against her furry thigh and started to make a move toward her glistening folds.

But Azinsha's fingers twitched as she remembered where she was. She abruptly lifted her foot away from Coolest's body and looked *straight* toward the door. "That's it," she grunted as she *yanked* her hand far, far away from her folds and made a hasty walk toward the ship's corridors. "I'm done."

"Wait, Azinsha," Kyobi called out to the back of the black wolf's head, "if you do another *two* things to him then I'll keep him in an even better place until he grows back!"

But it was too late. Azinsha had left the room before Kyobi had finished her proposition and besides that, she didn't want to hear it in the first place. The only thing that the wolf was interested in right now was getting herself off so that she could stop thinking about torturing someone who was far, far weaker than her.

"Shit," Sasha mumbled after Azinsha's one hell of a hasty exit. "Bitch was in such a rush to leave that she left her pants behind." The coyote licked her lips and looked down toward Coolest. The tiny wolf was still laid out on his back. Dripping with piss and struggling to catch his breath while still stuck to the drain by a single piece of chewed-up gum. "So," the coyote went on. "Do I get a turn now?"

Kyobi shook her head as she leaned down and peeled Coolest from the floor like he was nothing more than a soggy band-aid. After his... experience... the wolf barely even twitched as she started to carelessly tug all of the sticky gum out of his fur. "Nah," the vixen said. "Guy needs, uh... a break. Yeah." Though Kyobi certainly didn't plan on giving him one. "You can play with him tomorrow. For now? I'm gonna put him somewhere he can take a *little* rest."

- V -

"What? I said I was going to put you somewhere more comfortable than my sock. Isn't this good enough for you?"

Coolest released a meek whimper of disapproval. The vixen had taken him back to her room. Given that she was the *temporary captain* she had her own space away from the bunks. After drying him off roughly with a towel, she'd taken him over to the bed where she'd laid down, removed her jumpsuit, and revealed the entirety of her naked body. To the fox's credit, she was a fairly fit thing even if she came across as lazy most of the time. Pert and perky breasts, firm orange thighs, and a trim tummy with tight abs that were well-defined even with a layer of jet black fur running over them. The little wolf didn't have much time to admire the vast span of her powerful body before she'd sent him dangling between her legs...

... and that's precisely where he was now. Dangling by his shoulders just inches away from the pink folds of the cross fox's pussy. Close enough to be able to smell the overpowering scent of her musk and feel the intense sexual heat that was radiating from her not-so-distant hole. And, right now, the vixen was proposing - or, perhaps, threatening - that she shove him into the visibly slick confines of her tight tunnel. That he make it into his home for... however long it took him to grow back. The prospect was intensely terrifying and horribly humiliating... so of course, despite his best wishes, he was rock hard again too. Hopefully, Kyobi wouldn't notice.

"Well?" the vixen cooed down at the micro, clearly expecting a reply from him. "Is my cunt good enough for you or not?"

Coolest bit his bottom lip and considered his words carefully. By now he'd

accepted that no amount of yelling or pleading would get him out of this. Until he was back at his full height he was the vixen's toy... so he figured that it was in his best interests to at least *try* to be diplomatic. Plus, after all the 'fun' in the rec room he was really too tired to try and fight his way out of this. "It's... it's not a question of whether it's good enough," he yelled up at her as loudly as he could in hope that she'd be able to hear him. He couldn't see her face right now due to the tall stretch of wet fox pussy that he didn't stand a chance of seeing over. "It's, uh... that it's wet... and hot... and... inhospitable?"

"Excuse me?" Kyobi grunted all offended. "What do you mean, *inhospitable*?"

Coollest whimpered. "Like... like... I can feel how hot it is inside of there and how tight and... wet it is," he yelled. He also knew *quite* keenly how strong her musk was and how that would do *nothing* but burn at his sinuses and make it impossible to breathe, but... he figured that mentioning her scent might make the vixen more offended than she already was. "Point is, I'm pretty sure that I'd, uh, die in there!"

While Coolest couldn't see the vixen's face, he somehow *knew* that she just rolled her eyes at him. "Pft. No way," Kyobi said in disbelief. "You're made of stronger stuff than that, aren't you? Like... what kinda loser dies because of a pussy? You're not *that* much of a loser, are you?"

Coollest swallowed. He wasn't sure what to say. Everything that came out of his mouth was immediately belittled, somehow offensive, or, both.

"Then again, maybe you *are* that much of a loser," Kyobi went on after a long moment of silence. "You did have a stiff little dick while Azinsha was torturing you, after all."

"What?" Coolest squeaked in panic. Deny it, quickly! It was *way* too embarrassing to admit to. "No... no I didn't!"

Kyobi chuckled in such a way that she made the narrow hole not so far away from Coolest *clench* tightly in her amusement. "Deny it all you want, loser," the vixen giggled. "I know what I saw... and I know what I can *barely* see right now, too. You've got a hard-on right now, don't you?"

Okay, well, there was no way that the little wolf could deny *that* one. "It's... it's because I'm in front of your pussy!" Coolest yelled. It wasn't *entirely* a lie. The visual stimulus certainly did help... not to mention the scent. It wasn't *all* from humiliation. In fact, barely any of his boner was because of that! Or at least, that's what Coolest told himself. "I can... I can smell your heat and stuff! I can't help it!" he insisted.

“*Bullshit*,” Kyobi laughed. “You’ve got a boner because you’re a fucking pervert who’s getting off to being bullied by a bunch of giant girls. Just admit it.”

“*Please* don’t say things like that,” Coolest pleaded, having been firmly pushed back into *begging* despite his exhaustion and his best efforts to keep a level head. The vixen just had that effect on people with her... ways. “It’s not true!”

“So you’re a liar and a loser, then,” Kyobi scoffed. “You know what, then? I’ve changed my mind. You don’t *deserve* to live in my pussy.”

Coolest wasn’t sure whether he should be relieved about that or not... but before he could really begin to process where *else* she might shove him, the vixen lifted him into the air, above her head, above her pillow. Then, with a grunt - and a bout of minor whiplash for little Coolest - she rolled over and flopped belly down onto the mattress of her bed. Then, following a brief wriggle of her hips to make herself comfortable, she guided the little wolf’s body across the length of her back. To try and stop his stomach from turning over, the wolf scrunched up his eyes and closed them tight...

... and only opened them again when he came to a sudden halt. Though he didn’t need to open his eyes to know where he was - because the all too familiar scent of her *butt* hit him in the face almost immediately. It seemed that the wolf’s journey had come full circle. “Oh fuck,” he whimpered as he stared at the narrow, furry, and *sweaty* divide between the fox’s huge asscheeks. “Not there! Not again! Please!”

The merciless vixen grinned to herself lazily as she pushed Coolest into the crack of her ass, once more smothering him in the weighted press of her cheeks. She made sure to shove him deep enough that the front of his body was nice and *squished* against the tight wrinkle of her sweaty pucker. It was, after all, the best way to experience his screams - to feel them reverberating against her asshole - because she certainly couldn’t *hear* them when he was buried so deep into a place where the sun didn’t shine.

The vixen kicked her hind paws up in the air - to make her round cheeks *hug* her prey all the tighter - and then, still smiling all satisfied, she wrapped her arms around her pillow and brought it directly underneath her head. “Didn’t break my promise,” she said to herself as she laid her head down upon her pillow. “My ass is definitely better than my sock.”

Kyobi’s head wasn’t long upon her pillow, though. Just a few seconds after her head had hit cloth, a loud and urgent alarm blared through the ship. A bright red light filled the tiny captain’s room. A light that could only mean *danger*. “*Warning*,” called the ship’s computer through every single intercom. “*Collision*

*imminent.*”

Confused and alarmed, Kyobi lifted her head from her pillow quickly and pinned her ears all the way back to try and muffle the *incredibly* harsh sound of the alarm. “Oh shit,” she murmured to herself as she came to a shocking realization. “I remember now. The little speck was supposed to be keeping an eye on the fucking navigation systems.”