

Unexpected Houseguest

By Dragonien

Their house was trashed.

It wasn't that it was damaged, or even that it looked like someone had gone through it looking for things to steal. Rather it simply looked like someone had made liberal use of it without bothering to clean up after themselves. Food and candy wrappers were littered across the floor and half-full drinks and cups were sitting in a dozen different places between the entryway and the couch where the intruder was. Worse still was that the short rat with reddish-brown dreadlocks that had apparently broken into their house and was responsible for the mess seemed like he didn't care one bit at the mess he had made. Just one look at him and they could tell he was high as a kite from how bloodshot his eyes were and from the bong he held in one hand. But it was when his other hand raised a gun to point at them that their anger and outrage at his intrusion transformed into fear.

Neither the tigress nor her wolf husband had time to do more than widen their eyes before the rat pulled the trigger. However, no gunshot rang out. There was neither impact nor pain from a bullet wound on either of them. But that didn't mean they weren't in trouble. Before either of them could feel any real sense of relief, they realized their situation was far worse than having been shot by a simple handgun.

A flash of green momentarily blinded the two followed by a nauseating wave of vertigo. The couple stared, wide-eyed and leaning against each other for support, as they watched the entire room seem to stretch and expand out around them in every direction! The foot or so of distance between them and the wall at their side stretched into what seemed like a basketball court's worth of distance while the thin carpet underfoot became thick, ankle-high knots of fabric. In only a couple of seconds, the once impressively tall couple had been reduced to only three inches in height! The two were so distracted by looking around at the now-building-sized furniture and a nearby candy wrapper sitting nearby the size of a small car that they momentarily forgot that they weren't alone. At least until he started walking towards them.

The thumping, heavy footsteps were powerful enough to actually shake the ground beneath the shrunken couple! Fear welled up and they turned to run from the oncoming giant! But they barely made it a few steps before he was upon them. The tigress was slammed face-first into the ground as a massive rat paw smacked into her back and landed on top of her. The wolf, on the other hand, found himself scooped up off the ground in a hand big enough to palm a pickup truck!

Fingers as thick around as tree trunks squeezed the wolf uncomfortably tight in a closed fist as he was raised, nauseatingly fast, what felt like a dozen stories into the air in only a second! By the time he recovered enough from the dizziness to take in his surroundings, the wolf found himself face to billboard-sized face with the rat intruder.

“Hah... man you guys are tiny.” Bomba taunted with a dopey grin and eyes drooping lazily. His breath came out a harsh mix of weed, chocolate, and chips strong enough to momentarily distract the wolf from Bomba’s mouth being big enough to easily fit him inside of it. “You’re out of snacks, by the way.”

The rat’s voice boomed around the wolf loud enough that he would have covered his ears if his arms had been free. It made it that much more intimidating knowing that the rat had been significantly shorter than either he or the tigress when they had entered their home and must have had a higher-pitched, quieter voice to match. Now though, that voice was magnified in volume to be overwhelming and powerful; just like everything else was to the shrunken wolf.

Bomba clenched his toes around the tigress’s upper body to hold on to her and turned to walk back towards the middle of the living room. Each footstep was preceded by a high-pitched scream as she was raised off the floor by the foot’s grip only to be slammed back down into the carpet. The screams did nothing to calm the wolf who continued to desperately, but futilely, squirm in an attempt to escape Bomba’s grasp. Thankfully the carpet and underside of the rat’s paw were soft enough that the tigress wasn’t seriously hurt by the treatment. Not that it made it any more pleasant an experience for her. Mercifully, once the rat had reached the middle of the living room, his foot lifted and freed her. She didn’t waste a moment.

The moment she was let free the tigress was scrambling her battered body upright and bolting for the couch! She figured if she got underneath it the giant rat might not be able to reach her! Unfortunately for the tigress, she had wildly misjudged both the distance and relative size of herself and Bomba. Bomba didn't even need to take a step after her. All the rat had to do was turn and sit down to let what had to feel like tons upon tons of jeans-clad rat ass falling down on top of her!

Bomba hadn't even meant to slam down as hard as he did. But, thanks to the effects of the weed he had been shamelessly indulging in that night, his sense of balance wasn't the best at the moment. That had been what caused him to lose his balance near the end and accidentally drop his entire weight onto the shrunken woman. Not that the unintentional rough treatment really bothered him. The rat simply chuckled and gave an unapologetic "whoops" in response; spoken more to himself than to either of his captives. Luckily he could still feel her squirming weakly under his left ass cheek so he knew he hadn't done any real damage to her. Which meant he could turn his attention back to the wolf.

"Ya know, you're kinda cute..." the rat murmured with a lazy grin on his face as those truck tire-sized eyes once more locked their gaze on the captive wolf.

The rat's hand opened to let the wolf sprawl out on his upraised palm. Before he could even try to get to his feet Bomba reached in with his other hand to press the wolf back down onto his palm with a single fingertip. It was terrifying and humiliating to the wolf to see how effortlessly he was being overpowered by a single one of the rat's fingers. The wolf had always been confident in both his size and strength. Yet now, at this size, this beanpole of a stoner rat was treating him like a toy!

Bomba's finger slid lower, ignoring and easily resisting the wolf's struggling attempts to escape. When the rat's short claw tip bumped against the waistband of the wolf's pants their attempts to escape stopped and the wolf instead froze in place. The rat only grinned wider as he gave a short, firm tug with his finger and pulled off the shrunken article of clothing in one go! A moment later Bomba repeated the process by tearing the front of the wolf's shirt open and pulling it off of him as well. The rat's smile spread wider as he shamelessly looked the toy-

sized wolf up and down now that they had been reduced to nothing but their boxer briefs. Bomba couldn't help but think to himself if the wolf had been normal-sized they would have been a real hotty! Enough so that Bomba felt a bit of arousal stirring down below as he looked over his attractive captive. Unfortunately for the wolf, when Bomba looked down as if needing to visually confirm his own body's reaction, the wolf was able to look past over the edge of the rat's hand and see as well.

"Oh fuck." The wolf cursed in his squeaky, shrunken voice. Though if the exclamation was one of fear for the implication or awe at the size, no one but the wolf would ever know.

Despite their renewed struggling to escape, the wolf was once more rendered immobile by Bomba's fist closing around him. Out of the corner of his eye the wolf could see the rat's other hand fumbling with a distinct lack of coordination to undo the button and zipper of his pants. The moment they were undone the wolf found himself being stuffed past the waistband of the rat's pants and pressed by the now-open palm against the rat's junk with neither ceremony nor hesitation. Thick, hot flesh pressed in against him as the wolf's powerful lupine sense of smell was overwhelmed by the intense musk inside Bomba's underwear. It's potency left the wolf so dizzy and musk-drunk he didn't even notice when the rat's hand pulled out and left him trapped, alone, and pressed up against Bomba's junk by the rat's tightly fitting underwear.

Sighing happily, Bomba leaned back to prop himself up with his arms stretched out behind him. He only remembered after the fact the tigress was still under him. When he shifted his weight atop her he swore he heard a faint, muffled groan come from beneath him. The sound only made him grin wider.

The couple groaned weakly as the harsh light of the morning sun streamed in through the open curtains. Both of them abruptly sat bolt upright, ignoring the aching soreness that seemed to cover every inch of both of their bodies. The tigress and wolf looked at each other with wide eyes before looking around the room in alarm as if they were expecting some kind of attack! After taking stock of their surroundings they both saw that the room was, in fact, still the size it was supposed to be; they weren't tiny!

"Oh god, I just had the weirdest dream." The tigress groaned as she rose from the bed.

"You too?" the wolf asked as he followed suit. "Mine was so realistic I swear to god I can still smell his..."

He trailed off as a blush suddenly blossomed across his cheeks, leaving his wife looking over her shoulder at him curiously.

"Uh. Nevermind." He said hastily. "I dunno about you but I need some coffee. Like, right now."

The tigress nodded in agreement and the two stepped out of their bedroom together. Their relief was short-lived when they walked through the living room to the kitchen and found both still trashed with food wrappers and spilled drinks everywhere. The sight made both of them look at each other nervously. When the wolf looked more closely, he even saw a few scraps of fabric in the middle of the living room that looked disturbingly like the clothes he had worn yesterday.

"Oh god. That wasn't a dream, was it?"

"Nope." came the familiar, if now far less booming, the voice of a familiar rat with red dreadlocks. "And you're still out of snacks."