

The hyena wiped at his mouth, tilted his head back, and let out a burp that came out much smaller than the rumble in his belly and chest had made him expect. As always, the tingling of the brew continued out through his ears, fingers, and tail long after he had knocked it back, and he sat where he was while waiting for everything to dissipate – it was, after all, of peak importance that he let it take its effect and not interrupt the process. The last few times there had been... side effects.

Those side effects had run their course and resolved themselves, but still, not something he'd necessarily like to repeat. After waiting a while with his eyes closed and paws in his lap, the hyena finally settled forward, sighed, took a moment to steady his breathing... and then opened his eyes to see the huge, swirling mountains of fabric and deep valleys in between, folding and slipping at what little weight he had to claim. Just before, he had made sure to make the bed, and yet here it seemed to have ruffled up all over again – but Eve knew, empty flask clutched in one paw, that it was just a matter of perspective that had changed things.

He clambered up and over the rise, the blankets shifting and squishing down beneath even his diminutive eight, and then pulled himself up onto the pillow at the head of the bed. From there he stood, little footpaws sinking into the memory foam surface, and took a look around the room from his new vantage point. Naturally everything seemed so much bigger to his reduced size, the lamp on the nightstand looming up over him, the headboard of the bed an unapproachable monolith, the sheets and blankets themselves a fast, still ocean.

The hyena looked down at the bottle one more time, saw that a few drops of the thick, glittering fluid remained along the lip, and lapped that off as well. The label pasted along the front of the wide belly clearly outlined the purposes and uses, while the section stretching along the back listed the side effects, dangers, risks, complications, and everything else... but, Eve was just glad to see that the bottle had shrunk with him this time. He padded over towards the far side of the pillow, turned around to lower himself down, bounced along the mattress, then tried to reach perilously over to reset the little glass on the corner of the nightstand.

He had *just* made it when his ears flicked back to the sound of the bathroom door opening. Startled, the hyena turned again and stuffed himself beneath the pillow, suddenly muffling out all the sounds of the room: the padding of wet footsteps, the music still blaring from the portable speaker, his partner's slightly off-rhythm humming along. Beneath him the bed sank and shifted, and at one point bounced him up against the underside of the pillow; gripping on to the fabric pillowcase, Eve squirmed out, looked around, and saw his partner Smack sitting there along the edge of the bed, bright yellow fur a stark contrast to the cool blue-grey of the sheets.

Smack hadn't noticed him yet, and he likely wouldn't until the potion wore off and returned the hyena to his actual size. The foxwolf shook out his shirt in front of him, portions of his fur still damp – it seemed in his rush he had omitted his usual daily shower – and peered in closer at it; as Eve approached he saw that the rest of his clothing he had laid out beside him, thankfully right here on the hyena's side.

Smack leaned forward and picked at a spot along the hem of the shirt, fluffy tail lifting up and away from the mattress underneath him – and showing first just a slight, quick flash of puckered pink skin nestled beneath, with the soft bulge of his sack beneath him as well. Seeing this made Eve slow in his pace for a moment, but as the much bigger foxwolf straightened back up and moved to tug that shirt down over his head, the hyena continued on.

This was always a view he appreciated, truthfully. Smack's fur took on a different, brighter sheen as the hyena approached, nose tickling with the mixed scent of steam and shampoo all over the foxwolf's natural scent underneath – which, of course, strengthened the closer he came to that tail, his path veering off a bit just so he could give himself a better view. His time here was running out, though, so right as he poked his head around and temporarily got lost staring that wrinkled pucker in the center, Smack leaning forward and down a bit to pull his shirt down across his chest and settle it in place, Eve pulled himself away and hustled over towards the pile of the rest of his clothes. This would be the hard part, hanging on without getting seen, but if he timed it right...

He had to wrench his eyes shut against the sensation of vertigo when Smack reached over to pick up his underwear, smooth form-fitting boxer briefs – with this tiny hyena wedged along the back portion, frantically holding a fold of the fabric around his body to hide himself. He bounced and shifted and grunted as he was tossed back and forth, then rolled to one side as a huge footpaw slid its way in through one side of the boxers, and then the other as well... and then Eve felt that warm fur slide up against his body as Smack continued to pull him up.

If he had wanted to get a good look at Smack's underside fresh in the morning, then now Eve had all the time in the world to do so. He squirmed and shifted once Smack had settled the waistband of his boxers around his waist, but right as Eve dropped free from his hanging point he felt more pressure lifting him up from behind and beneath as the foxwolf tugged his pants up as well. The sound of the zipper and button in front vibrated out around the tight space, muffled and muted – and then the extra tightness tugged him forward until the hyena just had nowhere to go.

This wasn't *quite* what he had planned, and yet... Eve squirmed and pressed his paws forward, the still-moist flesh of Smack's tailhole sticking and sucking against his cheek, with the extra pressure forcing those puckered wrinkles to pull back and tug away from him. His haphazard grasp just beneath the waistband of the underwear had resulted in him getting wedged halfway between the base of the foxwolf's tail and his body, upside-down with his arms forward and out, pushing into soft fur and softer flesh beneath, squishy with a distinct firmness beneath.

Before he could get his bearings and turn himself around, though, Smack continued with his morning ritual, which naturally meant that he stood up and hustled his way out of the room and down the hall after getting dressed. Eve cursed to himself as he ended up jostled and bounced around, and wedged only steadily further in between the soft weight squeezing along either side of him – and bringing him ever closer to his partner's tailhole until there was nothing he could do but push and try to pull himself away, only for the growing slick stickiness to draw him back in again and again.

Eve's original plan had been to end up on Smack's *other* side, preferably snug between plump, full balls on either side of him, or digging playfully down into the wet warmth of his sheath for another take-your-partner-to-work day. The hyena had thought he would have the time to do so after seeing that Smack had overslept for work a bit, and he had *hoped* there would be enough time while he was in the bathroom, and yet...

The space around him shifted and morphed again, and this time Eve again felt a solid pressure lifting up from underneath and further wedging him into place. The noises and thumps from outside his cloth prison told him that this was the foxwolf sliding into his car to head to work, which meant that Eve had little choice but to come along as well. At least it would give him some time to adjust.

That was what he had expected, at least. As the hyena would soon find out, though, the bumps and shakes and jostles from a car on the road had just been magnified and expanded for his reduced stature, so that every time he managed to push himself free, the next bounce slid him right back up between mounds of soft flesh that were just growing greasier and stickier. The residual, soapy warmth of the foxwolf's morning half-shower steadily melded into a thicker, slimier sheen of sweat, caught and dribbling through and between those wrinkles of skin right up near his head and muzzle.

Not a shower at all, really. Once he had arrived at work and Eve finally felt the pressure of the seat squishing him up against his partner's rump fall away, the hyena's nose curled with a steadily dripping, sharpening musk. Every time the tiny hyena tried to pull himself down between Smack's legs and in against his sack, pressure and friction just yanked him back up until he had no choice but to press his paws in against those wrinkles towards the center, fingers and pads slipping and wedging in between the ridges, sticking to the humid flesh and coming back a bit greasier than before.

By now Eve had lost track of what was happening around him or where Smack was going. All that existed to the tiny hyena was his very particular predicament, serving as little more than a little unnoticed *thing* in the seat of his partner's pants, wedged here beneath the base of his tail. Every little movement magnified into so much more down here, either mashing Eve between warm, squeezing exterior fur and flesh, or pulling him ever closer towards that pucker at the center, rhythmically and reflexively clenching and winking, as though teasing and taunting him.

The sweat and gathered musk of the continuing day just streaked and soaked his fur further, until each time he tried to wipe his paws off on himself resulted in them coming back with more grease than they had before. Thick, sticky strings hung down between his fingers when he spread them, and every inhalation came in heavy and dense with this scent, so familiar and intoxicating to him yet at the same time so dangerously overwhelming, so close from the source. He turned again as much as he could and had to crane his head up and away, pressed as he was up against Smack's tailhole... and then, to his surprise, the foxwolf started to shift again, this time pressing himself back and down.

It felt almost intentional, and yet it couldn't be. Eve gasped, then swallowed and both felt as well as tasted his partner's musk dripping down his throat, sticking to his lips and tongue as thick as his own saliva. This center of muscle, this squeezing, flexing rim, pressed and pulled at his arms and chest, mashing up against his muzzle, pulling his head sideways... the hyena squirmed and tried to press himself back, but instead just found his fingers, paws, wrists sinking ever deeper into that ring of muscle, the humid and sticky skin outside soon turning instead to warm, *wet* interior flesh.

There was nothing more he could do. Between his own struggling and Smack's flexing and shifting, Eve felt himself drawn forward and in, ring of muscle tightening around his arms and shoulders, face pressing in against the writhing and tensing flesh. It touched, squeezed, flexed... and pulled in, bending him a little uncomfortable. He managed to adjust himself so that his legs went in first, but as he kicked and tried to pull himself out, he had no purchase. It felt to the tiny hyena as though he were pressing and pulling against wet, mashing jelly, sleek interior walls of the foxwolf's lower bowels shifting and adjusting around him, drawing the unexpected intrusion back in further.

That hot, wet warmth trickling up his legs and waist towards his belly, then locked him in place there with his arms and chest hanging outside of the foxwolf's tailhole. Like this Eve could push down against his rim, though this only succeeded in pulling himself up a little bit only to be sucked back down, to the waist, to the belly button, up. Paws in place here, fingers flexing and caught between wrinkled ridges of

sweaty skin, he could *feel* every time Smack clenched and squeezed and adjusted, both in the rim tugging tight around his body as well in the muscles beneath the skin as well.

Before long Eve realized that he was slipping. Not backwards and down into the foxwolf's bowels, but rather, his paws kept on sliding out and away from the flexing rim, digging in between those sensitive ridges – which he had no doubt that Smack still did not notice. Wet warmth crept up his belly and chest towards his arms, and even as he tried to adjust to pull himself out he felt himself continually tugged back and down, as though some inner hunger drew him back.

Interior slick wetness squeezed up along his fur, matting it down further, soaking through the thick layer of grease and slime that had already dribbled its way in. Eve turned his head, licked his lips, tasted nothing but his partner's sweat and musk again, then took a breath – and squeezed his eyes and mouth shut as the rim of Smack's tailhole pulsed again, pulled, and squeezed tightly down around the rim of his snout, leaving his nose and mouth outside while everything else had sunk in. Then that, too, was gone...

...and the hyena opened his eyes to find himself wrapped snug and tight in shifting, squishing flesh, inner walls squeezing in around him from all sides yet still smoothly and easily adjusting to his wriggling body. Sleek, slick meat mashed and squished all around him, pressing in along his legs when he moved them out, sucking in against his chest, his shoulders, his muzzle – and his mouth no matter where he turned his head, back and forth in trying to find space to himself, only ever succeeding in mashing Smack's inner walls around and in against himself.

Locked completely inside like this, Eve was still aware of the foxwolf's movements and shifting outside, but everything came at a distance to where he had been caught inside squishing wet flesh. Smack *might* have stood up and started walking again, or he *might* have turned where he sat and leaned over... but Eve couldn't tell. These lower inner walls remained wrapped around him, shifting and tugging in every direction, keeping him sheathed snugly in intense wet heat.

It wasn't quite the same scent, the same sliminess as what had ground and dripped against his face, muzzle, and chest throughout the morning leading up to this – but it was *close*. The scent so similar, the texture and feeling almost the same... in the few spaces where Eve could indeed press the walls away from himself enough to take a look, those thick strands of murky, sticky interior drool dripped down off his fingers and arms, hanging between his legs and rolling in thick globs off his muzzle and chest. With one arm pressing forward against the shifting, malleable wall – the squeezing of another ring of muscle somewhere around him wrapped that arm back in against his chest again for a moment – he brought his other in and wiped his paw off on his chest, though at this point it was unclear whether that was his own sweat or Smack's inner juices.

With no point of reference, too, it was even harder to tell whether Eve was being pulled deeper and deeper into the foxwolf's depths. Whenever he tried to press out at those inner walls, both arms and both legs, he felt for a moment suspended in place. Great yawning masses of flesh yawned and sucked all around him, hot interior air swirling and buffeting his soaked fur and slicked flesh. Deep inside like this, every pulse of the foxwolf's heart bounced and echoed all around him, with reflexive clenches and tensing of inner muscles resounding all around him again and again. Maybe he could wriggle himself around and push and press with his little paws until Smack finally realized he was here, but...

On the other hand, it *was* kind of cozy. Eve swallowed, tasted his partner's slickness and musk as it dribbled thick down his throat, and wrapped his arms in against himself, immediately feeling the

resistance and friction against the walls slide back and tug him further. Smack would notice whenever he noticed, and until then – the hyena wiped a paw across his face, grimaced, and then did so again, trying to banish a heavy, sticky drop that had started to swing down in front of one of his eyes – Eve simply had nowhere to go.

Although – maybe he *could* make his way back down and push at the foxwolf's rim from inside again. Trying to move around in his inner walls, though, felt like attempting to swim through thick, hot jelly, with his footholds and little islands of purchase just mashing and shifting away from him at any pressure, often giving a wet *schlrp* and suck as they did so. The thing was, maybe Smack *did* know, and each of these oddly rhythmic clenches was him teasing his partner, squishing and squeezing him down in his lower bowels, keeping him snug in place and pulling him back in every time he even thought about escaping.

Once more this slick, wet meat wrapped in around him, pushing his muzzle up and back – and again rubbing his nose right into the slick, greasy walls. His fingers pressed out and came back in, and as he squirmed he felt himself caught just like before. Seemed like it just wasn't up to him; if Smack wanted him here, whether he knew of his presence or not, Eve was going to *stay* here.

He squirmed again for good measure, received another thick glob dripping down his face in reward, and sighed out the same thick, stale air that he had been breathing since that ring of muscle had tugged him in. It might be a long day, but at least he was comfortable – for now.