

Miles sits in his living room, reading a book while headphones play music in his ear. He glances out toward the street from the window, and eyes the tail end of a car passing the street. He shrugs and continues reading, until the sound of an engine in his yard...that gets uncomfortably close to his door.

The rodent rolls off the couch and runs over to the door, wondering who would possibly be at his door at this time of day...to be greeted by a car.

That stands on its back wheels, sitting on his doorstep and looking down at him. He's greeted by the sight of black, rubbery tires, the underside of a muffler and axles, as he looks upwards. Once he looks at the top of his new visitor, he sees the grille of a light blue car. The car has pink eyes that sat in clear headlights, a 'nose' that was a trio of diamond plates stacked on top of each other, partly obscured by a mop of yellow, metallic 'hair' that wobbled in the wind. A bumper split into a pair of thick, silvery lips, though the bottom lips still was a standard bumper. Yellow wheel wells are pulled down to show puffy, rubbery black tires and axles that held a note.

"You're Miles, right?" The car chirps, and beams, thankfully not with their headlights.

Miles, clad in a white undershirt, and unicorn-patterned pajamas, looks up at the machine, a question mark briefly appears as a bubble before it disappears.

"Y-yes." The rodent stammers out, before being handed a piece of paper from the thick, squishy rubber tire-hand. He blinked and opened the note.

Heard you liked cars, decided to send her to you.

Sure you'll enjoy the test drive.

-E

Miles folds the note up, and wonders who E is and how they got information about his interests. He looks up at the machine, and puts the note in his pocket. "Well, since you know my name, what's yours?"

"It's Sheila," the car says, and nods, before she waddles off the step. Puffs of exhaust roll onto the grass behind her, contrasting with the wet dew on the morning grass. Her engine gives small, rhythmic thumps as she idles, and the rodent's ears thump along with it. He smiles, as looks over rounded automobile, and his eyes widen with a blush as his pajamas get tighter. He ahems, and looks up at her. "Well, if you're here to go for a drive, let's do it! I should get out of the house today, anyway."

The car giggles and moves back to get on all four tires, revs and bucks onto her front tires, backfiring and billowing out thick plumes of smoke out into the street, breaking the quiet of the neighborhood.

The rodent bites his lip. 'Fuck me', he thinks. Another twitch down below.

"I'll...get some clothes on." He says, and walks inside, to disappear for a few moments. He comes out wearing a t-shirt with a starfield pattern, denim jeans, and an opened hoodie black and rainbow striped

hoodie. He walks toward Sheila, and pats her hood, and is greeted with a soft purring from her engine and a pliable hood. Sheila opens her driver side door, nudging the rodent inside once takes a step in her cabin. The rodent buckles himself in, and reaches for her key, which was still in her ignition. He holds it in his fingers, and opens his mouth to ask about permission, before the car flexes its trunk and grille toward the rodent, and asks, "What are you waiting for! Let's go already!" Sheila says, her trunk audibly wagging with a sound of what seems to be rubber and creaking metal.

"Well, okay then!" The rodent says, and turns her key fully. There's a click, and her engine rumbles, exhaust backfiring as she gets into gear. As Miles presses down on her gas pedal, her behind waggles, twin exhausts puffing out clouds of smoke in an almost rhythmic pattern. Sheila doesn't roll forward, initially. Instead, she decides to 'walk' on her tires, rear end sways while her tires are picked up and down. All the while her dual pipes backfire and pop in a rhythmic, chugging pattern. She scrunches up around the rodent and backfires harder, to break the rhythm and leaps forward, before landing and driving more like a normal car.

Miles beams as he drives her, and lightly bounces in her squeaky light gray seat. His tail taps on the floor of the passenger side, coiled like a fuzzy snake as she chugs along. The drive to town is mostly uneventful, with little bounces with her backfires, sputters and clunks from Sheila's engine, though Miles has to stretch his neck a bit and crane his neck on the sides, having issues seeing with her head of metallic hair. There was also a very subtle massaging under and between his legs, leaving the rodent occasionally shuddering while in once comfortable pants.

He struggles not to moan too loudly, and chomps his lip while gripping Sheila's wheel tightly.

A car zooms past the two of them, and the driver yells at them in irritation. That annoys Miles, as they were already some over the speed limit. Sheila huffs, and opens her mouth to stick out her tongue; a long, slobbery chrome red tongue raspberries at the driver as they pass by, and Miles honks her horn to help further push back against the rude driver. The horn was a loud, two part 'AHOOGA' horn, and each honk splatters oily spittle on the car on the side as the pair is passed.

Sheila grins, and looks back toward Miles as the car that passed them gets in front of them. "You really wanna get this guy?" The automobile asks.

"What'd you have in mind?" Miles asks in return.

He feels a sudden burst of speed as the car leapfrogs around the car that just passed him. So much so that the rodent was shot back into his seat, and Sheila would take over. She looks back toward the driver and sticks her tongue out again, leaving Miles to duck and avoid the slobber. She gives a heavier honk and wags her rear end, with her spare swinging wildly on it, before she backfires and zooms off, leaving the angry driver even angrier and in a cloud of thick black smoke.

Sheila laughs and picks up speed. "See, wasn't that awesome?!"

Miles laughs, and waves to the driver that was eating their dust, before he takes a hand to shake off some of the slobber that had still got onto his dreadlocks. "You really showed him, alright!"

“Oh, you don’t know *half* of what I can do! Watch this!” Sheila says.

“Wait, whaAAAAA-“ Miles gets cut off as he’s jolted back into his seat as the car zooms down the highway and into town proper. She darts into traffic and weaves around trucks. The blue toon vehicle bounces across lanes, to the surprise of everyone on the road. Her speedometer goes wild, spins around and turns into a spiraling rainbow pattern. Miles starts to slide out of the seat right as they get to the top of a hill.

“Haaaaaang on!” Sheila yells, as she backfires to leave a trail of smoke and the two of them into the air as she launches off the top of the hill. Miles slides out of the seat, and manages to grab onto her steering wheel, which has a surprising amount of give, but given the rest of this car...maybe it isn’t so surprising.

Miles yells as he’s sent flying, his long, long tail sent back to flap in the wind like a banner.

“Hooooooly-“ He’s once again cut off by a sudden landing at the edge of an intersection, just barely flying through a changing yellow light. Sheila keeps herself reared forward, tongue out like a gleeful, playful dog. Her metallic hair falls over her glasses entirely while she tries to look back at Miles, and she revs her engine, biting her lower bumper. She zooms off again as she lands and lets Miles fall right into her seat, headfirst. Thankfully she has the kindness to move her seat to where it catches his head like a pillow. Miles’s tail falls on him like a pile of rope.

The squishy metal car takes the wheel as Miles tries to sit up in his seat, as stars swirl above his head. He tries to buckle himself in before planting his head on her wheel.

“You alright back there?” Sheila asks, with a giggle. She rattles underneath him; a sound which he hadn’t heard since they started driving.

“F-Fine. Just need to get...my bearings.” Miles answers, sits up and promptly collapses in her seat, which molds itself around him, massaging his back and neck.

“Oh, really? Most drivers would demand to get out...but not you!” Sheila says.

“Kinda hard to get out when you’re ten feet in the air...and over traffic...” Miles answers with an uneven chuckle, still a bit dazed. Still he had to admit he enjoyed the thrill of being over traffic like that. Just next time, maybe buckled in properly.

Sheila slows down to a more reasonable speed, to give her driver a bit of a break. Her body snakes about in her lane, like she was dancing in the lane while she drove. She shakes her rear end, tire waving all about, and her twin exhausts puffing light gray smoke. The little blue and yellow car dances to a beat all her own, and the radio wasn’t even on.

Miles eventually regains his composure and sits up, thanks to the machine’s lovely massage. By now, Sheila has made the decision to leave town.

“How about we try something more scenic? I love long drives with the wind in my hood!” She says, taking a tire to flick at her hair.

Miles nods, and exhales, not minding the idea. “Sure! Let’s do that. Maybe a little less flying off hills this time,” he says, and takes her wheel properly.

Leaving town, Miles and Sheila drive onto verdant plains, with pine trees and rolling hills. Sheila chugs and sputters, the rattling underneath becoming a bit more prominent. Her suspension creaks as they bounce over rocks, and the car huffs.

“Seems like you might have stuck the landing a bit hard there,” Miles says, feeling Sheila’s wheel pull a bit hard to the right, and her suspension drooping on one side.

“I’m fine! I’ve had worse!” She says, panting while she drives. The two of them approach a hill that’s steeper than the two have been rolling over. Sheila hunkers down as she climbs up the hill. Her engine chugs and clunks, while her tailpipes backfire unevenly. Miles checks her dashboard; her temperature gauge was quickly rising, with steam pouring out from under her hood.

Miles pumps her pedals, before he jams her gas pedal to the floor, trying to keep her from stalling out. He pulls her shifter to a lower gear, and hears a groan and a single bassy backfire as she climbs further, body wobbling as she struggles. Sheila pants loudly as she pulls herself up the hill, and climbs with her wheels at this point.

Eventually, she reaches the top, raises her front as her eyes roll back, and collapses in a soft, metallic heap on the side of the road. Her breathing was ragged, and her muffler rattles loudly as her engine tries to keep itself going.

Miles, not wanting to be stranded out here, tries to help her start back up, shifting her back and forth into gear and turning her key. Sheila groans, and her body scrunches and bobs up and down as her engine struggles to catch, paint becoming blue around her grille...as well as a car that was already blue could turn blue in the face. She shudders and collapses in a heap, shaking her head.

“Can’t...can’t do this...” Sheila wheezes, with a bit of a gurgle.

“Oh...makes sense your engine would be flooded that way...” Miles says. He clutches her choke switch, pulling hard onto it. Sheila reaches back as her engine chugs, and coughs as her engine chokes, desperate for air as the excess fuel shifts around, before she gasps and slumps forward on the ground. Miles’s ears flicker as he hears Sheila having a little better breathing, and starts her up again.

This time her engine catches, and she shudders and sputters as she’s back on the road.

“S...see? T-totally f-fine!” Sheila says, trying to play off what just happened. She backfires as they roll down the other side of hill, while unsteadily wobbling from side to side. The rattling shakes Miles’s ears as they continue on, the rodent now pinpointing it as something in Sheila’s engine AND in her muffler.

Miles starts to say something, and is cut short by a sudden massaging between his legs. He nearly collapses onto her steering wheel, closing his eyes as his tailtip slaps against Sheila's floorboard. He gives a pleased grunt.

Miles hopes that this won't be too much of an issue...

A few miles in, Sheila starts to clunk, sputter and cough more than usual. The blue and yellow car struggles to keep going, and hops forward in bursts, before resorting to a crawl on her tires, dragging her underside and wagging her ear end.

"H-hey! Are you..." He looks at her front, as her hood rattles, her coif bobbing about. He then checks her dashboard as her fuel needle tries to keep itself up, pulling itself with little hands just above the 'E' marker, before giving up and clattering on it. Miles's ears twitch as he hears an airy sucking noise from Sheila's tank, before it stops, and the car collapses in a heap.

"I guess we should have grabbed gas on the way out..." He says, and turns toward the car's rear, to look for her trunk lid latch.

"M-maybe..." Sheila sputters. Her engine clicks and clunks loudly, as it desperately tries to turn over.

His tail, as long as it was, hits her glove compartment door, and knocks it open. A book clatters onto his tail with a thump, causing the rodent to wince and turn back toward what hit his tail. He picks up the book, glancing at the title – an owner's manual. He quickly skims through the pages.

"Basic Operation, Features, Maintenance and FAQs...there!" Miles says, opening the book and muttering through a section about fuel in the FAQs.

His eyes widen as he reads through it.

"Organic Fuels: Corn, Semen, etc." he pauses. "You're kidding!" He says, as he cranes his head out to look at the exhausted car. "You run on –cum-?!"

Sheila's front perks up, and she shudders, before she looks back at him with a slight, dark-blue blush. "I mean...it's not a problem, is it? We can always wait for a tow. I just saw you had such a huge, throbbing-,"

Miles gets out of the car and starts to unzip his pants, "...cock that you kept teasing the whole trip?" He says, finishing her sentence. "Oh, no, that's not a problem at all! Actually...I could use a little something to wind me down after that stunt," He says, and walks up to her. With his pants now down, she could see how big he *really* was underneath those jeans.

Miles sports a two foot long, soda-can thick shaft with a throbbing head. It warmly pulses against the machine as the rodent stands in front of her, while he hovers over her nose with heavy, audibly sloshing balls that almost hang to his knees. The tip of his shaft and part of the underside rubs against Sheila's yellow-chromed bob of hair.

Sheila gasps, going cross-eyed as she eyes the heavy shaft, and licks her lips. "All that...for me?" She pants.

"Mm-hm." Miles answers with a more labored pant, and plants his shaft right onto the car's grille. Sheila's front deforms to cup her rodent driver's package, and she reaches with her long tongue to lap at the underside.

Little huffs and squeaks escaped Miles's mouth as he was getting tongue bathed on the side of the road. A car passes by the two of them...and Miles is too busy enjoying the feeling of being pleased by his car to care.

Sheila, on the other end of this public display of...unorthodox refueling, also was enjoying this. She lowers her suspension underneath her driver, and cranes her front underneath him more, covering Miles's package in oily vehicle tongue. Sheila's rear suspension rises, and her rear end wags, tailpipes wheezing and dry coughing little heart-shaped exhaust clouds. Her tires sag into ground, with her front wheels almost parallel to the ground and her rear tires becoming soft 'L' shapes.

Precum burbles out of the rodent's cock, and splatter onto her hood, coating her hair and seeping under the crack of her hood. Sheila shudders as she feels the creamy spunk cool her off, and tries to lap at her driver's shaft as best she could. Miles slides down her face, and lets his shaft rest on her lips.

Chrome lips part, and a rodent's impromptu pump enters Sheila's mouth, sliding across soft and slick metal tongue. Miles grins as he gets right to the base of his cock, and his balls smother part of the toon car's lips, and gives a pleased moan. He bucks his hips against her face, holding up his shirt with one hand, and the other pressing against her hood.

Precum shoots into Sheila's mouth and into her engine, and she gasps as her engine starts to catch, coming to life. Her eyes widen and she suckles on his shaft while Miles takes her grille. More prespunk gets sucked into Sheila's engine and her fuel tank. Suckling sounds turned into loud, wet gulps and slurps, and Miles grips onto her front with both hands, and leans on her hair, squeezing it as his orbs slosh against chrome lips.

Sheila's eyes go into a half-lull, irises in her headlights now small hearts as she feels her engine coming back to life with a much thicker fuel. The rodent shudders, digs his foot into the ground, and in a hard motion, slams into the car's mouth as he starts to cum, as a rush of potent white cream enters Sheila's mouth, bulging her cheeks and rushing back into her fuel tank. She gasps, and wags her rear end as she tastes the biofuel, while she backfires big clouds of heart-shaped smoke. Her engine whirrs back to life, with a bit of a gurgle as it attempts to process the sudden rush of fuel. Miles closes his eyes while his body shudders with pleasure, and his ears twitch as he hears as Sheila hiccupping through the half-filling of her tank.

Miles pulls out, and stumbles backward, as a final cumshot splatters on Sheila's grille, hair and hood. She laps up the trail, and whatever spunk she could reach with her tongue.

Sheila pants and grins, suspension aching and creaking as she gets back on her feet. "Oh...oh my...that's some rich fuel!" Her engine rumbles, and a heavy, gooey sounding backfire blasts out from behind her, and leaves a thick white cloud of exhaust behind her. She hiccups, and belches a small white bubble from her mouth.

Miles leans forward, his oversized member at half-mast between his legs, and rolls his head down as he recovers, a mop of hair and twitching ears in Sheila's face. "Ha-haahaha. Holy shit that was great. That should at least last before we get back, right?" He asks, and stands back up, fanning himself.

"Yeah, yeah, it should!" Sheila responds, and nods as Miles walks back into her driver seat...while he decides to keep his pants off." This decision is met with a soft, massaging cupping from Sheila's seat under his legs.

With a turn of her key, Sheila attempts to start. Her body shudders, and her body audibly sloshes as her new fuel rolls around. Her tailpipes burp up bubbles of spunk-and oil, and her engine knocks and sputters as it fully catches. Miles hears Sheila gulping up seed, and slowly rolls forward, like a crawling caterpillar before she gets to speed.

Miles would notice that Sheila would bounce around a lot more, hearing more rattling from her engine and now, underneath. Sheila's fuel needle would bob up and down around the halfway mark, with little white bubbles sprouting from the tip, and slowly drops. Sheila huffs as she drives, wobbling left to right as Miles holds onto her steering wheel.

A sudden backfire push the two of them forward, and Sheila's fuel level drops suddenly once they get another mile in. Sheila barely glances up toward Miles, before looking back at the road. She gives a loud gasp, and causes her whole body to shudder. Her tailpipes give more wet sounding sputters and backfires, before backfires turn into wheezes from her pipes. The Speedometer rapidly drops before the needle is flickers and pants to get past ten miles per hours. Sheila's temperature spikes, with steam piling on and covering the window.

"H-Hey! You alright?" Miles calls out, sticking his head out past the steamed up window, and sees Sheila's hood rattling, and her metallic bob slumping over her face. There was a loud gulping from her engine, and her hood bulged with each one. Meanwhile, her fuel level drops toward empty at a rapid pace.

"Just...a l-little...p-problem! G-gimme a minute...!" She cries out, while she crawls on her tires again. Her engine strains and clunks loudly as she tries to keep going. Sheila then rises up on her front suspension, while dropping her rear suspension to the ground, splaying her back tires out. She reaches for her front with a tire, looking like an upturned palm...and with a tired sputter, collapses in on the side of the road, tongue rolling out of her head.

"Oh no..." Sheila says, in a sing-song voice. "Looks like I've h-had a bit of a b-b-breakdown..." She says, and pops her hood open, as a cloud of steam shoots out.

Miles finds himself somewhere between panicking, and wondering how real this breakdown is...that wasn't really the voice someone would use when they're in trouble.

That, and the kneading under his legs hadn't really stopped for the past mile. His shaft was kept at full mast, and was now splattering pre-spunk onto her steering wheel and dashboard.

Miles looks around and presses a hand to her horn right as glob of teased out pre falls onto the bell.

Sheila's horn honks as normal...before turning into a husky moan. Her body shudders.

Her driver grins, and climbs out. He stands in front of her as Sheila pants, standing over her tongue hangs on the ground.

"Well, let's see what the problem is..." He says, ducking his head around her hissing radiator cap.

Sheila's engine block oozes the rodent's thick spunk, and was cartoonishly bloated. Alternator, Battery, Belts...all covered in spunk.

"Well...someone was greedy, wasn't she?" Miles says, and feels a tongue right under the back of his nuts. "And still is." He guides his shaft into Sheila's mouth and immediately starts thrusting again. "We may have to do some more...thorough repairs," Miles says, each word following a thrust. Sheila's headlights widen, with little hearts in the center. Her body rattles harder, and the little blue coupe digs her splayed tires into the ground as best she could. Her tailpipes belch and wheeze white exhaust clouds, and push her rear up in the air. Sheila's engine gulps and gags as she's facefucked, and the vibration triggers her horn, which at this point gives low moans.

Miles gives the car another load of fuel spunk, with thick, sticky ropes coating her mouth and filling her stomach for half once more. He quickly pulls out of her and looks at Sheila, who gasps loudly, and lets her tongue roll out to take the last bits of his load on her tongue. Her engine shudders and knocks around.

Sheila can only respond with a low sputter and wheeze as she looks up at Miles with crossed eyes. Jerboa teeth beam at her, before the fuzzy driver walks toward her rear end. Furry fingers run along pliable blue chrome, with little thumps, while his tail wipes her side and tires behind him. There's a strained pop and a click ahead of him, so when Miles looks for the source, he finds an uncapped, hanging gas cap and a shiny, dripping gas filler hose. Sheila shifts around, and slumps forward, sending her rear downward, her wheels entirely horizontal, and her wheel wells rolled forward onto the ground with them. She hikes her rear end up, suspension shuddering as she struggles to keep them up.

Miles gets onto his toes as he guides his shaft into her line, and his ears twitch as he coaxes groans and creaks as his rod stretches and deforms the entryway. He gnaws on his lip with buck teeth as he bottoms out inside of her, and Sheila shudders, hunkering down and gasping. He slowly pulls back out and sends his hips crashing down into Sheila's rear end, while his hands grip onto the fat spare tire latched onto her trunk. The car gives a low moan, with her horn giving a loud honk along with her.

The rodent chuckles and pants, picking up speed. "Pretty lively for a clunker," he teases.

Sheila can only manage a string of "F-f-f-" noises, as her engine is jostled and tries to tick over. Her suspension creaks and her tires slide back as she pushes back against him. Her tailpipes sputter white smoke as she's pounded, and the automobile pants and lets her tongue wag against the ground.

"F-f-fuck me!" Sheila groans, glancing back while Miles leans forward, stretching out a tailpipe that clamps back around him, tugging and massaging the oversized pump. Her rear bumper deforms and jiggles back into place as the rodent gushes precum into her tank again. Sheila reaches for the rodent's tail with a tire, grabs and tugs on it as her whole frame shook. Miles takes the hint and picks up the pace.

Her engine comes back to life, with a rough idle that was getting rougher as her engine bounced around inside her hood. Miles could see her dashboard flickering brightly, and feels her underside bulge as his fills her tank. Sheila's wheels spin and dig into the road, while moaning and sputtering like crazy.

Miles would gasp as he's clamped down on and climaxes, while Sheila gasps, arching her back downward, tongue dropped to the road, headlights irises now taking up the entire bulbs as hearts. Her engine gets into full gear as she's flooded with spunk, her fuel tank hitting 'F' and the needle springing out of the gauge as cum leaks out from it. Her engine continues to roughly idle, before it takes a muffled sound with gurgles and pops. And gurgles turned into groans and chewing noises and huffs as she's completely overfilled. Sheila coughs, huffs, and gags while steam and smoke pour out from under her engine. Miles slowly pulls out of her just as Sheila gives a bubbling rev, and makes a loud bang as her engine gives out. Her entire frame comes crashing down to the ground, wheels splayed out and suspension flopped out onto the ground.

Miles uses the last bit of his load to splatter her rear end, and some of her tailpipes, before finally tapping out. He looks at Sheila, who's back end was now raised by a bulging underbelly.

"Well, that should hopefully get you home," Miles says, and walks back into Sheila's driver side. "Come on, let's go home, you greedy clunker."

Miles turns her key.

Sheila shudders, her engine glugging as he struggles to go through all the extra fuel.

"R-r-r-RrrRrr-" Was all Miles could hear while the car's body shook around him. Sheila groans, gasping out a "So...much..." Before her tailpipes make a gurgling noise, and belch out some of the excess cum behind them.

Blue chrome slumps forward, and Sheila pulls her tires back into her body. There's a "Chuff-chuff-chug" sound from her engine, and the car struggles to focus.

"Oh, right, engine flooded," Miles says, and reaches for her choke, pulling it.

Sheila once again hacks, coughs, with little 'vroo-oom' sounds as she eventually catches. Miles pushes her pedal down hard, teasing her. What would have been her immediately rearing back on her rear wheels ends up being her slowly getting up onto them instead, using her front wheels to hold her gurgling underside, and stumbling forward with a loud, gooey backfire. Sheila wobbles unsteadily as she drives, and Miles finds she handles a lot worse, between the weight and now aching suspension from being refueled so hard.

"We should probably go home, at this point," he says, keeping her foot to the floor. Unfortunately, Sheila is so blissed out and worn out, her speedometer is barely reaching 30 miles per hour. She chugs, splutters, coughs, and wheezes as she struggles to keep going. Occasionally, she stalls and shakes as she struggles to keep her engine going.

"Come on, you can do it!" Miles urges, patting her dashboard, while sitting inside a car that felt like metal and rubber jello.

"Ughh...huff-huff-huff...p-putt-putt-putt..." Sheila can only stammer out, focusing only on keeping herself going.

Her tailpipes backfire out of sync with each other, with some backfires turning out like burps, leaving bubbles of Miles's excess spunk along with thick white exhaust clouds.

Afternoon turns into evening as they reach the hill they had previously collapsed on. Sheila looks up at the hill, and pants heavily.

"C-can w-we...take a break? I'm so...tired!" She says, and burps after she mentions she's tired.

"We probably should keep working our way back...come on! You can do it!" Miles tries to encourage her.

Sheila nods, gulps, and groans while huffing and chugging up the hill. Her backfires help her push up the hill some, but before long she's clawing at the road with all four tires, wheezing and gasping for breath while still downing the rodent's potent fuel. She collapses just before the top of the hill, with her tailpipes flopping onto the ground.

Miles leaves Sheila's engine on and climbs over her and out of her, and leans back against her, taking his hands to grab onto a bumper that feels rather loose from all the pounding she had gotten. He pushes back against her, trying to help her up the hill. Sheila tries her best, huffing and chugging as her engine knocks around. She crawls on her tires, suspension reaching out like arms to grip onto the ground with a squishy flop. Just before she and Miles reach the top, Sheila's engine gives a hard clunk as it gives out once more, and she starts sliding down the hill, with Miles sliding down in front of her.

"Come on, don't give out on me now!" He groans, and pushes back while Sheila huffs. Her engine makes bubbling noises as the engine catches again, Miles's seed leaking out from the hood. She bites her lip, and chugs forward and climbs the top of the hill, her breath ragged and body slumps forward as she tries to keep engine above stalling.

The car looks down the hill. There was still the city left, and then home.

“Oh my gooooood...” She wheezes. “It’s such a long drive...”

Miles jumps into her seat, and Sheila groans as her suspension is suddenly brought down. Her tailpipes backfire hard in surprise.

“Welp, you can’t live out here now, clunker-girl,” he says, teasing her. “Let’s get back to it!” He pushes her pedal and she chugs, picking up speed due to gravity. A bit too much speed, as Miles would find. Miles would hit the brake, only to find that he was greeted with grinding noises and the car almost sliding down on her rear end like a canine rubbing across the floor on their hind legs.

“Oh shit.” Was all Miles could mutter as he and Sheila hit the bottom of the hill, a backfire sending them forward with a rather squishy landing, and her body returns to its slow, jalopy ride.

During the ride, just before the city, Miles’s ears could hear an engine behind him; a higher pitched rumble. He turns back to see a dark-skinned woman with long hair, wearing a green t-shirt, white skirt and rainbow-patterned gloves and knee-high socks puttering in on a scooter. She signals to pass, and nimbly drifts by the two of them. She smiles and waves as the scooter putters off.

Miles looks down at Sheila’s speedometer, which the needle was barely hanging on to the 35 mark. Actually hanging on to it.

“Come on, Sheila, you can go faster than this!” Miles says, while feeling a bit embarrassed. Sheila nods, and gasps, revving up as her engine tries to pick up speed, but doesn’t really get much faster. Her body scrunches and squashes, her engine backfires...and she keeps chugging along as they get into the city.

“V-vro-voooma-zoom-zoo-ooof!” She groans, sputtering.

The poor car’s tongue hangs out while they continue driving, leaving a trail of exhaust and leftover fuel.

They eventually reach the city, and after a very slow crawl up the slope they had previously bypassed, reach an intersection. By now Sheila and Miles had collected a queue of cars that were honking behind them, impatient that the bloated, overworked toon vehicle was holding up traffic. It gets worse for them however, as Sheila’s eyes roll back, and her engine sputters, spits, and conks out at the upcoming intersection.

Miles blushes, hearing the impatient honks, and turns her key while pumping her pedals. Her body shakes, engine struggling to catch with weak ‘rrrs’ and ‘putt-putt’ sounds. Sheila briefly looks up at him while she goes, giving a weak smile.

Miles shrinks down as he hears curses behind him, ears flattening. Sheila’s engine catches a moment after the light turns green, and she drunkenly manages her way back to Miles’s house.

The last few feet, Sheila chugs, sputters, rattles, and coughs, headlights flickering on and off. Her wheels slide laterally as she stumbles forward, and steam pours out as her temperature maxes out. Miles opens

the garage door as they pull into the driveway, while Sheila's tailpipes belch and cough. As Sheila pulls into the garage, she's dragging her rear tires and pulling with her front before giving one last cough, rolls her eyes, and collapses in a total heap. Her engine chokes out and her tongue rolls onto the cool garage floor while steam billows out from her hood, and out of the garage.

"C-Can I st-stay w-with you?" Sheila pants, looking back at the rodent, rolling onto her side and rubbing her still gravid stomach with a tire. "I think-I think my engine's b-blown..." She groans out, and pants. Miles climbs out-or rather, falls out- onto his butt next to her.

"Yeah...I think there was a mention of 'I break it, I buy it'." He says, and crawls over toward her, placing a hand on her hood ornament. There wasn't...but he didn't have plans of letting such a fun ride slip away. He kisses her hood ornament. "So I think you'll be here for as long as you like."

Sheila honks her horn, and beams. She takes her front tires to hug Miles in a tight embrace, kissing him with plump, cum-covered bumpers and oily slobber. Miles attempts to return it as best he could, but ends up smothered in her bumpers. With a loud pop, she breaks the kiss and nuzzles him.

"This was the best drive I've had!" Sheila says. Miles nods, and responds with a, "Same here," and a contented sigh, and returns the hug as best as a small rodent could.