

CHILL PARTY

A FOX AND HER PET - STORY 001

A FOX AND HER PET



A F O X A N D H E R P E T

WRITTEN BY KYOBI

Rain & Relaxation

The heavy rain tapped against the window like tiny insistent fingers as Kyobi stretched out on her couch, her bushy black tail curled comfortably around her legs. The apartment around her wasn't large, but it was hers. A cozy third-floor haven in the bustling district of Crescent Heights, where the rent was reasonable enough and the neighbors mostly kept to themselves.

Stretching out her hindpaws and curling her toes tight, she flopped onto her side and grabbed her phone from the nearby coffee table. It was 6:42 PM. The party wasn't going to start until nine, which gave her plenty of time for a much-needed

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nap. She'd been on her feet all day at the graphic design studio, dealing with clients who had no idea what they wanted but pretended that they did anyway.

She undid the top button of the white blouse that she hadn't bothered to change out of yet. The fabric smelled like printer toner, cheap lavender soap from the office restroom, and cigarette smoke from her break - all reminders of that long day she needed to recover from. The scent alone was making her sleepy, much less everything else.

Setting down her phone back on the table, she brushed back her orange sidecut away from her eyes and perked up slightly as thunder rolled heavily in the distance. With a noise like that, she wondered if her friends would even bother coming over on a night like this. The rain was a nightmare for anyone who had fur, after all.

Another rumble of thunder, this one close enough to make the windows rattle. Mostly unfazed - she found the rain rather

relaxing - the fox reached for the remote and clicked on the small television mounted on her wall. The weather app showed an angry red mass crawling across the city. So... the party was probably off then, right? That meant that she could get a better sleep than just a nap...

Just as the fox had that thought, her phone buzzed as a message came in. It was Liss, a bunny who worked on marketing two floors down from her studio. 'We're still on, right?' her message read. 'This rain is brutal, but I've got a waterproof jacket and pure determination!'

Kyobi couldn't help but crack a smile despite her exhaustion. Liss never canceled plans. Last winter, there had been a freak snowstorm, and she'd still managed to show up at the door with frost-tipped ears and a bottle of wine clutched in her paws. 'I'm still on if you are,' she texted back to the bunny. 'Bring towels too.'

The fox turned her phone to silent and yawned. If Liss was coming over, then a nap was definitely in order. But first - a smoke. She fished a crumpled back of cigarettes out of her jeans, slipped one between her lips, and lit up, taking in a long, steady drag.

Exhaling a plume of smoke, Kyobi leaned forward and dragged her ashtray over the coffee table. It was a special ashtray, indeed, it was one of her favorite little treasures. A woodland-themed piece that she'd found at a thrift store a couple of years back. The glass was molded to resemble a forest floor, complete with delicate mushrooms in red and white dotting the rim and tiny ferns and clovers nestled between them.

Dead in the center of the ashtray was another of Kyobi's little treasures. A tiny blue-haired man, about four-or-so inches tall, suspended spread-eagled by straightened paperclips that bound his wrists and ankles, keeping him

hovering about a half-inch away from the ashy bottom of the tray. His hair, long and azure, splayed out beneath his tiny form, contrasting with the gray ash that had accumulated around him.

As hot ash fell near the little man's foot, he didn't even flinch. Indeed, going off of his expression and body language, he looked completely unbothered by his current predicament. His face barely moved at all, save for his tiny eyes calmly tracking her movements. His pale body was completely relaxed... or at least, relaxed as it could be given the restraints. His chest rose and fell with slow, even breaths, and his hands lay open. There was no tension in his jaw, no resistance in his posture. It was like he had decided to lie there himself.

Just to be completely clear: a little man was not a particularly unusual thing in this world. Little people - or 'micros' as most people called them - were a common household pest. It was believed that over seventy percent of the

buildings in this particular city had a so-called micro infestation. So his size, his stature, even his cruel position in the ashtray, this was all to be expected. What was odd was that temperament. Even the most sadistic micro would have been screaming and struggling and begging to be released, but this blue-haired tiny... not so much as a squirm or a squeak.

Kyobi took a long drag from her cigarette, her sharp yellow eyes studying that tiny, blue-haired man with casual indifference. To her, his - or its - purpose was to make her 'smoke breaks' more entertaining. An ashtray decoration and an amusement, essentially. "Can't believe you're still comfortable down there," she sighed, tapping her cigarette again, this time peppering the side of the micro's torso with a few flecks of hot ash. "So well-behaved."

The tiny man remained silent, but Kyobi noticed the almost imperceptible quickening of his breath. Quickening that wasn't just because she burned his side a tad. With a sigh,

she leaned in closer, fluffy ears wiggling as she brought her muzzle just inches from the ashtray. The ember of her cigarette glowed bright as she inhaled again, the cherry deliberately close enough that he could feel its heat flaring.

“Well. Well-behaved except for that,” she sighed, exhaling a slow stream of smoke over his restrained form. “You just can’t help yourself, can you, speck?”

Kyobi twirled the cigarette between her fingers, watching as the azure-haired man’s little eyes followed its movement. Despite his composed expression, there was no hiding the tiny erection that had begun to spring up between his legs. The little pink rod standing at attention was barely the size of a grain of rice, but the fox’s keen eyes were able to catch it well enough.

“There it is,” she smirked, her eyes visibly fixed between the little man’s legs as she blew out another plume of smoke directly over his body. “Perverted little thing. Most micros

would be peeing themselves right about now, but you? Hard as a rock.”

The fox traced one massive claw around the rim of the ashtray, the resulting vibration enough to make his tiny cock twitch visibly. His composure finally broke as a barely audible moan escaped his lips, and his back arched slightly, making his limbs pull against his restraints. “Look at you, so needy,” she remarked flatly as she brought the glowing tip of her cigarette closer to his miniature erection. “Remember when I made you blow your load just by using the heat from the tip?”

The tiny man’s hips bucked upward involuntarily, his minuscule member straining toward the cigarette’s ember as if magnetized to it. Naturally, Kyobi kept it just out of his reach, watching his reactions with a clinical sort of interest rather than actual excitement. More like she was running an experiment on some strange creature than getting any sort of sexual excitement from it.

“Just my cigarette,” the vixen said as she continued to dangle that hot cherry mere centimeters away from her tiny’s groin, “that’s all it would take to make your pathetic little cock squirt that weird blue cum of yours.”

Helpless, Kyobi smiled fondly. Despite the boredom in her voice and even though she called it weird, the micro's strange, glowing blue seed was something that did genuinely enjoyed. It was almost drug-like: just a squirt of it against the ember of her cigarette would tinge her smoke with something that softened the edges of her thoughts, made her body sink a little heavier into the couch, and hushed the usual static in her brain. It didn't dull her senses, more cocooned them, wrapping her mind in a dreamy sort of calm that was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

"Or I could just crush it," Kyobi went on coldly. "Your entire reproductive system is smaller than the filter of the very smoke you're getting all stiff over, after all." Yellow eyes quickly

bounced between cigarette and tiny dick. "It would be easy to just snuff it out completely. With how your body heals, you'd probably grow it back anyway..."

And that was the strange micro's final unique trait... or at least, the last unique trait that Kyobi had discovered anyway. Once again, making him very viable as an ashtray decoration, the little man had quite the healing factor. She could scorch his pale skin with her cigarette in the evening and find no evidence of injury in the morning. And sure, she hadn't tried crushing his cock with her cigarette yet, but... she was mostly confident that her toy could heal from it. And if it couldn't? Well, that wasn't her problem.

But there would be none of that right now. Cum, crush, it wasn't time. Best to save his energy for the party. Goodness knows her friends were going to want to see something interesting after somehow making their way through a bad storm. With a sigh, Kyobi pulled her cigarette away from the

ashtray, watching with a hint of amusement as her tiny's face fell in disappointment. His erection remained, strong as ever, beating with unfulfilled need.

"Not now," she said, "I've got plans for you tonight, speck."

The micro's eyes widened slightly in surprise, making for the first real change to his expression since Kyobi had sat down. "Liss and Oli haven't seen you yet. Heck, they haven't even heard about you," she said as she took another long drag. "Been keeping you my little secret for the past week." She exhaled slowly toward the ashtray, watching in satisfaction as trails of hot smoke curled around his tiny form. "Think they'll be impressed? Or just disgusted? Either way, it should be entertaining."

The tiny remained silent, but she could see his breathing quickening all the more. Not anxiety, but excitement. "Looking forward to meeting them, are you?" Kyobi chuckled

indifferently. “Well, don’t worry. I’ll let you perform your... party trick for them. Show them what makes you so special.”

Kyobi smirked at the tiny man’s response. There was something satisfying about how predictable he was. Always so eager, always so ready to please. Following a final, deep drag, she brought the cigarette back into the ashtray and smooshed the glowing tip directly against the glass bottom, just millimeters away from her micro’s shoulder. The ember hissed and died as ash scattered around his small form, most of it dusting through his blue hair.

“But that’s not for a couple of hours,” she yawned, stretching her arms above her head. The vixen’s tail flicked lazily as she settled deeper into the couch’s cushions, her body now feeling extremely heavy with the day’s fatigue. The sound of rain had intensified during her smoke too, drumming against the window in a thick sheet that created the perfect backdrop of white noise.

Kyobi's eyelids started to droop as she watched the rain streak down her window. Groggy all of a sudden, she grabbed her phone and quickly set an alarm for 8:30, figuring that'd give her just enough time to freshen up before her guests arrived. Then, with a final glance at the blue-haired man in her ashtray, she kicked her legs up onto the couch and pushed her head into a throw pillow. Exhausted but content, she quickly drifted into a deep and dreamless sleep.

"I'm telling you, it's worth the subscription price," Liss insisted, her long bunny ears twitching with excitement as she gestured about with her wine glass. "The tutorials alone saved my presentation last week. Shit, my boss even complimented me! That never happens." Her cream-colored fur caught the warm light of Kyobi's apartment, now filled with the gentle

murmur of conversation and soft music playing from a speaker up on a bookshelf.

The warm yellow light of Kyobi's apartment cast a cozy glow against the storm still raging outside. The windows still occasionally lit up with distant lightning, and the apartment shook with the strike of thunder, but the atmosphere was snug and inviting enough that even the most storm-wary person would have felt safe. The scent of mulled wine and spiced candles hung in the air, mixing pleasantly with the earthy smell of the rain.

Oli, a sleek, short, and spunky red panda who was sitting on the couch between Liss and Kyobi, rolled her eyes and snorted. "You're such a corporate sellout now," she murmured at the bunny playfully. "Remember when we used to pirate everything back in college?"

"Well, that was before I had a career to worry about," Liss replied, smoothing down the front of the lavender blouse and

black skirt that she was wearing. The bright yellow raincoat that she'd arrived in was hung up by the door to dry along with a few others. "Besides. Everyone who makes that stuff deserves to get paid for their work. Right, Kyobi?"

Kyobi, nestled comfortably into the couch with her tail draped over the armrest, nodded noncommittally, not really all that invested in the conversation. She was just happy to have friends over, to have a drink in her hand, to not have to worry about the ins and outs of her life. "I mean, I guess," she said with a shrug. "Though I still pirate movies sometimes. Don't tell anyone." She winked at Oli, who gave her a conspiratorial thumbs-up in reply.

Liss sighed dramatically. "A pair of hopeless criminals. And here I am, trying to be a responsible adult."

"Responsible adults are boring," Oli replied as she tucked her legs beneath her. "Though I guess you've always been the boring one, haven't you, Liss?"

“I am not boring,” Liss protested, her pink nose twitching indignantly. “I’m just... very selective about my rebellions, that’s all.”

“Oh, please,” Oli laughed, tucking a strand of red hair behind her ear. “The wildest thing you’ve done this year is wear mismatched socks to work... and even that was an accident.”

Liss sighed. “Yes, well, speaking of rebellions,” the bunny said as she set her wine glass down. Her eyes darted to a pack of cigarettes on the coffee table. “I could use a smoke. Got one to spare?”

Kyobi raised her eyebrows. “Since when the hell did you smoke?”

“Since about three drinks again,” Liss said mischievously. “Oh, come on. Don’t make me beg.”

Oli wrinkled her nose. "You'll regret it tomorrow," she warned as Kyobi reached for the pack. "Those things kill your taste buds and make everything smell weird."

"Now, who's the boring one?" Liss teased with a waggle of her ears.

Kyobi chuckled and fished two cigarettes out of her packet, handing one to Liss before sticking the other in her muzzle. "She's got you there, Oli," she pointed out.

The red panda rolled her eyes and leaned back into the couch with a huff. "Whatever," she grumbled. "She's only doing this because I called her boring."

Kyobi lit her cigarette and passed the lighter over to Liss, who fumbled with it for a bit before managing to light her own. "Need an ashtray," the fox muttered as she took a deep drag before leaning forward. She reached across the coffee table and dragged over that forest-themed glass ashtray, positioning it between them...

... and, in the process, putting that so-called ashtray decoration of a micro on display. Mid-inhale, Liss choked in shock, awkwardly spitting out a plume of smoke. "Oh! Oh my god," she sputtered, pointing a finger at the ashtray. "Kyobi... you've got a... there's a..."

Oli leaned forward, her eyes narrowing as she spotted the tiny figure spread-eagled in the center of the ashtray. "Is that a micro?" she asked, her voice dropping to a hushed tone as she shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "There aren't more of them, are there? You don't have an infestation?"

Completely unaffected, Kyobi took a long, casual drag of her cigarette and waved her paw dismissively. "It's just one, settle down. Not an infestation or anything. Found it about a week ago." She tapped ash out directly onto the man's torso, watching with light amusement as hot flecks of ash tumbled onto his pale torso and made him squirm in his restraints. "It's, uh... different from the usual pests, though."

"Different how?" Liss asked, her voice still tight with alarm. "And why is it... Tied up like that?"

"Fuck sake, Kyobi," Oli whispered, leaning away from the coffee table. "Kind of a messed up waste of time, don't you think? Shouldn't you just, I dunno, shove it under a glass and throw it outside or whatever?"

The fox shrugged, unbothered by her friend's reactions. "Why would I throw it out? It's not causing any problems, and doesn't make for a bad ashtray decoration either." Leaning forward with her cigarette held between her fingers, she lowered the hot tip close to the little man's belly. "Hey. Speck. Show them what happens when I do this."

The tiny blue-haired man's body tensed at the proximity of the glowing ember. His previously calm expression gave way to a look of anticipation, of need, his tiny sliver of a jaw visibly tightening as he clenched his teeth and resisted the urge to moan. Soon enough, as if on

command, his tiny member began to stiffen and rise between his legs.

"Holy shit," Liss whispered, her ears perking up as she leaned closer. Slowly but surely, the shock on her face was giving way to a more fascinated expression. "Is it getting turned on by that?"

Oli, who had previously been recoiling in disgust, found herself tilting her head with curiosity. "That's... okay, yeah, that's unique," she admitted, a small smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth. "The little pervert gets off on being burned or something?"

"I dunno, I haven't asked him, and I'm not fucking going to," Kyobi chuckled as she gently circled her cherry around the micro's body without actually touching him. "But if I had to guess, not exactly. Figure it's probably the danger too, the smoke, the objectification... just the whole situation. Like, watch this." Taking a quick drag, she exhaled a quick plume of

smoke over his body, making his pathetic erection jerk before his audience of three.

“Well, shit. I’ll be damned,” Oli murmured, now completely fascinated. Casually, she kicked up her bare paws onto the coffee table, resting them just inches away from the ashtray. Her fur was a rich russet color, darker along the tops of her feet before fading to something more creamy between her toes and around her paw pads. Her claws were neatly trimmed but still visible, painted a deep burgundy that had started to chip around the edges. The fur between her toe beans was slightly damp from the rain that had soaked through her boots earlier, the pair now drying by the radiator across the room with a small puddle forming beneath them.

The blue-haired micro’s gaze immediately shifted from Kyobi’s cigarette to Oli’s feet. His breathing, already erratic, caught in his throat as his eyes helplessly traced the contours of the red panda’s paws. The restraints around his wrists and

ankles could even be heard clinking as he strained his neck for a better view of them.

“Oh, I almost forgot about that, actually,” Kyobi snorted, immediately noticing the micro’s fixation on Oli’s paws. She took another drag on her cigarette, this time blowing the smoke out of her nose. “It’s got a weird thing for feet, too.”

Oli raised an eyebrow and wiggled her toes experimentally, seeming to find the micro’s gaze more amusing than creepy. In response to those digits wriggling, the micro’s tiny member twitched rather madly in response. “Oh, that’s...” The red panda swallowed, a bit embarrassed by how much she was enjoying his stare. It was nice that someone appreciated the sight of her feet: she spent an awful lot of time pampering them, after all. “Yeah. Weird.”

“Yep,” Kyobi said, flicking another clump of ash onto the tiny’s body before leaning back into the couch. “It’s obsessed with paws. Should’ve seen him the first time I kicked up my

paws like you did. I swear it nearly passed out from excitement." She spoke casually, as if discussing the weather rather than a sentient being who was right there, able to hear every single word.

"Can we please talk about something else?" Liss suddenly cut in, setting her barely touched cigarette down in the ashtray with trembling paws, deliberately avoiding the tiny man. Her long ears had flattened against her head, a clear sign of discomfort... though there was still that hint of curiosity on her expression. An occasional flick of her eyes to the ashtray and the micro within it. "I mean, I get that it's fascinating and all, but I'm still processing the fact that you've got... a thing tied up as an ashtray decoration."

Kyobi blinked, genuinely surprised by the bunny's reaction. She'd been so caught up in showing off her unusual pet that she'd hardly noticed Liss' growing unease. "Does it bother you that much?" she asked.

“It’s not that it bothers me exactly. It’s just a nasty little micro,” Liss said, reaching for her wine glass and taking a large gulp. “It’s just... a bit intense. You know, in terms of imagery. And a bit much to spring on someone without warning when they’re four glasses of wine deep.”

Suddenly looking a little guilty, Oli shifted in her seat and pulled her feet off the table, setting them back down on the ground. “Yeah, maybe we should have eased into the whole... I keep a micro as a sex toy slash ashtray decoration conversation.”

“He’s not a sex toy,” Kyobi scoffed. “Just because he gets off on what I do doesn’t mean I get off on him,” she added with a roll of her eyes. “It’s more like... I ‘unno, a performance art. Or maybe a science experiment?”

“Call it whatever you want,” Liss sighed with a wave of her paw. She drained the rest of her wine and reached for the bottle on the coffee table. “Anyone need a top-up?”

"Yes fucking please," Oli said, thrusting her glass forward. "So, uh... did anyone watch that new television show lately? The one with the detective guy who can talk to plants?"

"Green Fingers? Yeah, my roommate won't shut up about it," Liss groaned as she refilled Oli's glass. "Kept saying that it was an instant classic and nonsense like that."

"I watched the first few episodes," Kyobi admitted as she took her last drag and stubbed out her cigarette beside Liss'... or, about an inch or two away from one of the micro's feet. "It's not bad. Writing seemed decent, and the lead actress who plays the detective is kinda hot."

"She's a lynx, right?" Oli asked.

"Mountain lion," Kyobi corrected. "Serena Pawkins. She was in that sci-fi movie last year, the uh... the one about the space colony."

The conversation flowed easily from there, drifting between TV shows they'd watched, office gossip, and plans for the upcoming holiday season. Eventually, a particularly loud crack of thunder drew them out of their conversation and back into reality.

"Shit," Oli murmured. "Hope the power doesn't go out. My phone is charging up in the kitchen."

Liss hugged herself, her ears twitching anxiously before they flopped down over her face. "Don't talk a power outage into existence," the bunny whimpered. "I hate the dark."

Oli frowned and gestured to the dozen or so candles that were scattered around the apartment with her wine glass. Kyobi always lit a few candles during a party. Not only did they make for a good ambience, but they also covered up the smell of the cigarettes that had become infused into the furniture at this point. "There are candles," the red panda pointed out. "You're not gonna be stuck in the dark, idiot."

“Candles just make it worse!” Liss exclaimed. “They make everything look all... creepy and weird.”

Kyobi resisted the urge to roll her eyes and pulled another cigarette out of her crumpled-up packet. “Don’t worry, Liss,” she attempted to assure. “The power has never gone out once here in like... six years. Promise you it’ll be good.”

The guarantee was nice, but it wasn’t quite enough to completely settle Liss’ mind. Seeking a distraction from the thought of a power outage, the bunny’s eyes helplessly wandered back over to the ashtray. The blue-haired micro had remained completely silent throughout their conversation. His tiny erection remained. If anything, being completely ignored while three massive women chatted about their lives seemed to have only excited that little thing further.

“I can’t believe it’s still... y’know... like that,” Liss murmured, her voice dropping to barely above a whisper. She leaned forward, her wine glass clutched in both paws, pink

nose twitching with unmistakable interest despite her earlier protests. "Has it been hard this whole time?"

Kyobi glanced down at the ashtray and shrugged. "Probably? I dunno, I don't pay all that much attention to it if I'm being honest," she said.

"Still trying to play that not a sex toy angle I see," Oli said humorously as she shifted in her seat and tried to stretch out her legs.

Kyobi lit her cigarette and waved Oli's suspicion off as she took a long drag. "It's not a sex toy, it's just an ashtray decoration," she sighed smokily. "And why are you moving your legs around like that?"

"Because they're sore and there's not enough room to stretch them out," the red panda replied grumpily.

"Sure, there is," Kyobi scoffed. "Just put your paws up on the coffee table again."

“But then it’ll...”

Kyobi clicked her tongue sharply. "Oli, Oli, Oli," she sighed repetitively, cutting the red panda off. "Are you going to put yourself in pain because of a micro of all things?" She snorted, reaching over the ashtray and thoughtlessly tapping out a clump of hot ash onto the tiny's chest. Not wanting to interrupt the conversation, the respectful little thing clenched his teeth and hissed through the pain instead of screaming. "Besides," she went on. "You only started complaining when Liss did... before then you were wriggling your toes and watching it twitch."

Unable to come up with a snarky reply to that statement - mostly because it was true - Oli glanced at Liss. The bunny shrugged in response, now looking essentially unbothered: now that the initial shock had worn off, it was just a micro. A weird one, mind, but a micro nonetheless. It even seemed to be enjoying itself!

"Fine, whatever," Oli finally muttered, lifting her legs and kicking her paws back up onto the coffee table. This time, though, she deliberately positioned them just a couple of inches away from the ashtray, making her toes and pads quite literally loom over him. "Might as well give the little freak a better view, too, I guess."

The little man's eyes widened noticeably. It wasn't just perversion that drove this wide-eyed stare. It was mostly the fact that those paws were, well, very big. He was alarmed, surprised, and intrigued in the same way that a regular-sized person might be if two house-sized paws suddenly plopped down in front of them. He took in every detail, the delicate curl of her plump toes, the way her claw tips caught the light, the weathering upon her almost leathery pads.

But there was also a perversion there. A desire for those tremendous paws that were towering over him. A need for them, even. This wasn't just proved by his madly beating cock

and the blueish precum that was starting to ooze from it. Imperceptible to the giant women, his tiny hands were flexing against their paperclip restraints. Not in an attempt to escape, no, but in a longing to reach out and touch, to service and take care of, to dry her damp fur and pamper those beans and pads with the attention that they oh-so-clearly deserved. He couldn't act on this, of course, and even if he wasn't, he was respectful and servile enough that he wouldn't do it without permission. The point is, though... he wanted to. Very badly.

Oli, with her paws now comfortably propped up, wiggled her toes absentmindedly while drinking from her wine glass. "So, anyway. About that big job we were talking about the other day, Kyo. Did your boss ever get back to you?"

"Not yet," Kyobi replied with a groan, flicking more ash into the tray and over the micro. "But she fucking better. I spent the entire weekend on that stupid mockup, and if she doesn't at least acknowledge it, I'm going to lose my shit."

The conversation meandered through work complaints and office politics, time happily slipping away unnoticed as the storm continued to rage outside. Oli's paws remained propped up on the table, occasionally shifting position but never moving away. The tiny blue-haired man remained fixated on them, his attention drifting between those and the hot ash occasionally being dumped on him. His erection remained, never flagging even in the least.

An hour passed, maybe more. The candles burned lower, casting longer shadows over the apartment. Two more cigarettes had been smoked, meaning more ash had been casually tapped over her tiny decoration. At this point, the micro was almost laid upon a bed of it, surrounded by filters that had been snuffed out far, far too close to his vulnerable little body.

"Remember that horrible office party last Christmas?" Oli laughed, slowly wiggling her toes as she recounted the story.

“When that dickhead was convinced that the punch was non-alcoholic?”

“Derek,” Liss giggled, her discomfort from earlier now completely forgotten. The aroused little micro in the ashtray had gone from being strange and jarring to just another part of the scenery. In other words, he had become the decoration that he was meant to be. Something completely harmless, something a little amusing, something that made her surroundings a little more interesting. “He got so drunk that he ended up dancing on the photocopier.”

“And then he fell off and twisted his ankle,” Kyobi sighed. “Had to wear one of those weird boot things for like a month.”

“Served him right,” Oli snorted. “He was always such a creep at those office parties.”

“Speaking of creeps,” Liss murmured, her gaze drifting back to the ashtray, the barely smoked cigarette from earlier,

and the 'creep' within. "I think I'm gonna finish that cigarette after all."

Kyobi blinked in disbelief. "What happened to finding it weird?"

Liss reached for her cigarette and shrugged, her earlier hesitation now entirely replaced by curiosity. Something about the little blue-haired man's unwavering arousal had stirred a strange feeling from her. Disgust had eventually given way to fascination, and now, quite tipsy, she wanted to see what toying with the so-called 'decoration' might be like. "Well, I've had a few glasses of wine since then," she murmured as she plucked up the smoke. "A girl can change her mind, you know."

Kyobi shrugged, happy enough that her friend had relaxed enough not to fight any further than that. Smirking, she extended her lighter toward the bunny and flicked the flame alive. Liss leaned her muzzle forward to light up and inhaled deeply, her eyes watering slightly as she fought back a cough.

“Right,” the bunny said after shakily exhaling a plume of smoke up toward the ceiling. “So it doesn’t matter if I get ash on him, right?”

“Nope,” Kyobi said without so much as a hint of concern. “I mean, if it mattered whether you got ash on it, then it wouldn’t be in the ashtray, but...”

Liss carefully took a very small and tentative drag. Her pink nose wrinkled a little, making it clear that she didn’t much like the flavor. “I mean... what I’m asking is... I’m not going to damage it or anything, yes?”

“Of course not,” Kyobi said. Then, realizing that wasn’t quite the right answer, she bit her bottom lip and considered for a moment. “Well, yes,” she went on, “but also no. It fixes itself up. I’ve left scorchmarks on the damn thing and woke up to it being fresh as a whistle.”

With a vaguely impressed expression, Liss nodded her head and took another careful toke. "Huh. Kind of like it was made to be an ashtray decoration then, isn't it?"

"That's basically what I've been saying this whole damn time," Kyobi sighed. "It likes it, I think it's funny, and nobody gets hurt. Not even the gross little micro. So who gives a damn? Even those micro rights fuckheads couldn't bitch at me: this shit is consensual."

Oli squinted at Kyobi suspiciously. "Consensual? You make it sound like it just... crawled on in there all casual like."

"I mean, it did," Kyobi sighed before shoving another cigarette into her muzzle. "Sorta."

Oli's wary look continued, but... after a few seconds, she looked away from Kyobi and back to the ashtray, unable to push back against that whole consensual thing more than she already had. It was clear as crystal that the micro didn't want to get free of his bonds right now, that was for sure. He hadn't

so much as let out a squeak of protest the entire night. "How'd you find it anyway?" the red panda asked. "Did you get it at some... weird micro store or something?"

Kyobi frowned and thought back to about a week ago while lighting up her cigarette. "After work about a week ago," she began to recount. "Helluva long shift. Come through the door, take off my shoes, and kick back on the couch. Was watching the television... or... or looking at my phone or something, I 'unno... and then out of the corner of my eye, I see it down on the floor looking up at me. Not yelling, just looking."

Liss took a tender little puff of her smoke. "Why didn't you just... I dunno, swat it or whatever? Drop a book on it or..."

"That's what I usually do," Oli interjected. "Smack 'em with my hand. Or get the micro spray out. Anything but tie them up in an ashtray."

"I mean, I was going to do the same," Kyobi murmured, taking a long drag before plucking her cigarette out of her

muzzle. "But it just... stood there. Watching me. Most of them run or beg on sight or whatever, but this one was just..." The vixen gestured at the ashtray and the micro's almost completely still state. "Calm. So I picked it up, and it didn't even struggle. Weirdest damn thing."

Liss frowned. "It didn't say anything to you?" she asked. "They're usually pretty chatty. Or... screamy, I suppose."

The fox shook her head. "No. Well, not really. When I picked it up, it started saying something to me, something about how its name was Mat or something. But I told him to shut up and, uh, he just did. Like, instantly." The vixen smirked lopsidedly. "And it hasn't said a word since."

"Huh," Oli murmured as she pulled back from Liss a little, her nose curled slightly at the strong scent of two cigarettes burning. "So why did it end up in the ashtray, then?"

Kyobi's yellow eyes shifted toward the micro as she let out a snort of amusement. "Well, the fact that he was so damn calm

was pissing me off, you know? Like... I dunno, there was just something frustrating about it. I might have had a couple of drinks too, you know?" The fox shrugged. "Anyway. I wanted to challenge it, make him afraid, so I threw it in the ashtray and tied it up."

Oli tilted her head quizzically. "And there was still no fear?" she asked, sounding a little confused. If a giant person picked her up and tossed her in a stinky ashtray, then she'd be screaming.

"Not one bit," Kyobi sighed. "So I light up a cigarette. Dangle the ember over his belly. Expect him to start screaming. But instead..."

Liss giggled. "He gets hard," she guessed.

"Yep. Exactly."

Liss shook her head and took a tentative drag on her cigarette, this one longer than her first few. She even let the

smoke swirl in her mouth for a little before blowing it out, her eyes fixed on the glowing red cherry burning on the end of her smoke. "You know, I kind of want to try it myself," she admitted with a hint of reluctance. "Giving it a bit of a singe on its belly, maybe."

"Goodness, you are trying to be adventurous tonight, huh?" Kyobi said, sounding a hint impressed at the bunny's boldness. "Well, go right ahead. As always, my property is your property."

Liss hesitated, her nose twitching with nervous energy. Then, gathering her courage, she leaned forward and slowly lowered the glowing tip of her cigarette toward the tiny man's abdomen. She stopped about an inch above his navel, close enough that he could feel the heat radiating from it over his middle and groin. "Like this?" she asked, glancing up at Kyobi for confirmation.

"Closer," Kyobi instructed, watching with amusement. "Don't worry. You won't break it."

Taking a deep breath, Liss brought the end of her cigarette even closer, bringing it just millimeters away from the micro's pale belly. The tiny man's breathing quickened visibly as the skin across his belly began to redden, his chest rising and falling rapidly as his tiny cock twitched eagerly between his legs despite - or because of - the intense heat. Teased for some time now, the tiny was producing that glowing blue precum like a leaky little faucet, painting his groin sticky cyan.

"Oh!" Liss exclaimed, pulling back slightly in surprise. "That got him excited. I barely even touched him!"

For barely even touching him, the micro had suffered a fair burn from the cigarette's brief presence. A splotchy patch of red around and inside his navel. He shivered from the pain, from the arousal, his eyes wide and his mouth sealed so that he made barely a noise. His hips quivered the most, resisting the urge to hump at the air and turn himself into a distraction. His owner and her friends were talking, after all, and ornaments

weren't supposed to do intrusive things like hump at the air and moan.

With her paws still all propped up on the table, Oli leaned a little closer to the ashtray. "Huh," she said. "Its precum is all... weird and blue."

"Oh yeah, that's the best part," Kyobi said with a hint of excitement and a lick at her lips. "Well, not the fact that his cum is blue, but... more his cum in general."

"His cum is the best part?" Oli teased as she looked at Kyobi incredulously. "You know, for a second there, I was starting to believe you on that whole he's not a sex toy thing."

Kyobi sighed. "Oh, for the love of... you didn't even let me finish what I was saying. His cum has, uh, special qualities I guess. Get it on the end of your cigarette and when you inhale a toke, it's like... the best high you've ever had."

Liss' ears perked up instantly. "Like... like a drug?" she giggled.

"Sorta. It's better than any drug I've ever tried," Kyobi said, her yellow eyes glinting with excitement. "It doesn't dull your edges or make you stupid. It's more like, uh... everything gets sharper but softer at the same time," she tried to explain. "Your body feels heavy in a good way, like you're sinking into the most comfortable bed ever. And your mind just... relaxes. All the noise in your head goes quiet."

"I want to try it," Liss blurted out, her words coming out of her mouth before she could think better of it. "The blue stuff. I want to see what it feels like."

Oli's eyes widened. "*The blue stuff?*" she murmured with great disbelief. "Liss, it's micro jizz. You're seriously going to *smoke* that?"

“Oh, like you’re not curious,” Liss shot back, her pink nose twitching with excitement. “Plus, you’ll never be able to call me *boring* ever again, will you?”

Oli chewed on her bottom lip as she desperately sought to come up with some sort of counter to that, but... in the end, she just sighed. “I’m only curious because Kyobi made it sound so nice. Plus, y’know... glowing blue cum *is* kinda interesting, I guess.”

“Well, if you wanna smoke it’s cum, then you’re gonna have to finish it off,” Kyobi said with a smirk, mostly ignoring the banter. “Which means you’ve gotta be direct about it. None of this dangling it above its belly business.”

Figuring that she might as well just *show* rather than *tell*, the fox lowered her cigarette toward the tiny blue-haired man’s cock. The micro’s eyes widened, his chest rising and falling rapidly as the glowing ember approached his most sensitive and aching area.

“You just...” Kyobi delicately touched the side of his minuscule cock with the edge of her cherry, not pressing hard enough to crush it, but with enough contact that the heat and the resulting burn transferred immediately. She dragged it slowly along his length, essentially stroking him with the smoldering tip. “Like this.”

The micro's entire body jerked against his restraints harder than ever, his back arching as a strangled gasp finally managed to escape his mouth. One would expect that a scorching ember to the dick would make him yank his hips back, or at least make him less hard. But no, quite the opposite. Just as Kyobi had proclaimed, the brief brush of her cherry had made the micro spill more of that fluid together. Panting all ragged, his thighs quivering and his sack tightening around his balls. He wasn't on the edge of finally screaming and losing his mind; no, he was teetering on the edge of orgasm.

"See how he responds?" Kyobi continued as she repeated the motion, angling her cigarette slightly differently to burn a different area of his tiny member. "It's all about finding the right pressure. Too light and it won't get off. Too hard and you'll, uh, wreck it for the night. Gotta find the sweet spot where it's getting *just* enough heat to make it feel like it's melting, but not so hot that it does."

Liss watched in fascination, her ears perked forward, and her eyes fixed on Kyobi's hand. "So... he likes it that hot? Doesn't it hurt him?"

"Of course it fucking hurts him," Kyobi scoffed. "That's part of the appeal for masochistic little specks like him. Pain and pleasure all mixed," she sighed as she dragged the ember one more time along the side of his cock, this time pressing just a touch harder. "But enough teasing. Let's make this little loser blow his load already."

With an almost clinical precision, Kyobi positioned the cigarette directly over the tip of the micro's throbbing member. For a heartbeat, she held it there, letting the heat build to an unbearable intensity before, with a twitch of her fingers, she touched the cherry directly against his leaking tip.

The reaction was instantaneous. The tiny man's entire body went rigid, his back arching so severely it looked like he might snap in half. His jaw dropped open in an almost silent wail as his cock pulsed wildly and spewed it's glowing load. Spurt after spurt of blue ejaculate shot upward and collided with the cherry of Kyobi's cigarette. On contact, the ember flared briefly before settling into a brilliant cyan glow, the once orange heat now radiating an otherworldly blue glow that cast eerie shadows over the ashtray and illuminated the micro's sweat and ash-slicked body.

"Whoa," Liss gasped. "It changed color!"

“I told you,” Kyobi murmured, her eyes fixated on the glowing blue tip. Without hesitation, she brought the cum-spiced cigarette to her lips and took a long, deep drag, her eyelids sliding half-closed as sweet smoke filled her lungs. A visible ripple of pleasure coursed through the fox’s body, her shoulders drooping as all and any tension melted away. Her tail, which had been flicking about casually before, now curled languidly against her hip as she exhaled a plume of blue-tinged smoke out of her nostrils.

“Oh my gosh,” Liss breathed, watching Kyobi’s entire demeanor transform on a dime. The fox’s typically alert posture had melted into something so incredibly relaxed, her usually sharp yellow eyes looking so... *dreamy*. “That looks amazing.”

Kyobi nodded slowly, savoring the sensation washing through her body. “Better than amazing,” she murmured, her

voice slightly deeper than before. "It's like floating in a nice warm ocean where nothing hurts and everything's perfect."

Liss helplessly stared at that glowing blue cigarette. "Let me try some," she said, reaching toward it. "Just one little puff?"

Kyobi very lazily pulled the cigarette away from Liss' reaching fingers. "Nope," she said with a languid smile. "That's not how this works. You want a hit, you gotta earn it yourself."

"What do you mean?" Liss asked, her ears drooping slightly in disappointment.

Exhaling more blue smoke, Kyobi gestured toward the ashtray with her free hand. "You gotta make it cum yourself. Duh. That's the rule."

Liss hesitated, wetting her lips with her tongue. The cigarette pinched between her fingers trembled slightly as she looked down at the micro, who was still recovering from his orgasm. His small chest heaved with each breath, his cerulean

seed still glistening upon his pale skin. "I've never..." she started, then stopped. The bunny inhaled deeply through her nose. "Okay. Fine. I'll do it."

"That's the spirit," Kyobi murmured dreamily, still riding her high. "Just do what I did. Remember, it's all about the pressure."

Liss leaned forward, bringing her face closer to the ashtray. The micro's eyes widened as he noticed her intent focus and the cigarette pinched between her fingers, his spent member already beginning to stir again. The bunny's paw was unsteady as she lowered her cigarette toward him. Hesitant, she stopped just before making contact, watching as the heat made his skin flush. Between his legs, his erection throbbed just as hard as before, as if he hadn't emptied his balls mere moments ago. "Like this?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Holy shit, Liss, you gotta get closer," Oli encouraged snarkily, her curiosity now fully engaged to the point where she

was feeling a little impatient. She leaned in, her paws still resting on the table. "Fucker can take it."

Steeling herself, the bunny lowered her cigarette with sudden determination, pressing the glowing cherry against the micro's tiny cock. Just as before, his response was immediate and almost identical to the last. A strangled gasp, a convulsion of his body, a desperate jerk upward of his hips. Just as Kyobi did - albeit not with nearly as much practice - across his little length the bunny stroked, guiding her cherry from root to tip.

"That's it," Kyobi encouraged lazily. "Now... just press a little harder at the tip."

Liss bit down on her lower lip in concentration, her ears perked forward as she followed the instruction. The micro's eyes quickly rolled back, member twitching frantically as glans was held oh-so-close to that scorching touch. A strangled moan escaped his throat, one a little louder than the last. Even a man as resilient and obedient as he couldn't help but make a

little noise after being teased as long as he had. “Oh!” Liss gasped, pulling back slightly in surprise before pressing forward again with renewed determination. “I think he’s close!”

With one final, deliberate touch, she pressed the glowing cherry directly against the head of his cock. The effect was immediate and spectacular. A full-bodied convulsion followed by a torrent of glowing blue seed erupting from his cock, splattering against the tip of Liss’ cigarette. The ember flared brilliantly, turning from orange to ethereal cyan in an instant just as before. Blue light cast across Liss’ face, illuminating her wide-eyed stare and parted lips as she watched in fascination.

“I did it!” she gasped, pulling back slightly to examine her cigarette. The blue light pulsed gently, almost beckoning her to take a drag.

The micro collapsed back against his restraints, chest heaving, his body slick with sweat and caked in ash. Despite his

second orgasm, his eyes remained alert, watching the trio with an intense, almost worshipful gaze.

Without further hesitation, Liss brought the cigarette to her lips and inhaled deeply. The smoke filled her lungs, but instead of the harsh burn she'd experienced earlier, it felt like she was sucking in liquid silk. Her body went slack almost immediately, muscles drooping as a wave of blissful relaxation washed over her. "Oh... my... gods," she breathed, exhaling a cloud of blue smoke. "That is... *wow*."

"Let me try," Oli blurted out, her eyes fixed on the blue-tinted smoke curling from Liss' lips. "Come on," she whined, her fingers making little grabby motions toward the glowing cigarette. "I want to see what all the fuss is about."

Liss' eyes were half-lidded in dreamy contentment as she stared at her friend dumbly. "Hmm?" she murmured, the cigarette dangling loosely between her fingers. After a moment

of foggy consideration, she extended her arm, offering the smoke to Oli. "Sure... here you go..."

"Hey!" Kyobi's tail flicked with annoyance, cutting through her haze to protest. "That's cheating. You didn't earn it."

"What?" Oli asked, already plucking the cigarette from Liss' unresisting fingers. "How is it cheating?"

Kyobi sat up straighter, her relaxed posture tightening slightly. "I told you two the rules. You want a hit, you gotta make it cum."

"Well," Liss giggled as she watched Oli put the cigarette between her lips. "I'm a rebel now. A rule breaker. The most exciting person at the party, even, probably."

Oli rolled her eyes at both fox and bunny and took a deep drag of the jizz-soaked cigarette. The very instant that she did, a deafening crack of thunder shook the apartment, and the lights snapped out. The television went silent, the kitchen

appliances ceased to hum, and the gentle background music turned to silence. Complete darkness enveloped the trio and the rest of the partygoers, broken only by the eerie blue glow of the two cigarettes and the flickering orange flames of the candles scattered around the room.

“Aaaaand there goes the power,” Kyobi sighed. “So much for my perfect track record.”

The sudden shift should have sent Liss into a panic, especially given her earlier anxiety about the dark, but the bunny merely giggled, slumping further into the couch cushions. “S’nice,” she murmured, her long ears drooping lazily as she stared at the barely-lit ceiling. “All... cozy and stuff.” Her paw waved vaguely in the air, trailing through the blue smoke hanging in the apartment. “Like... like a blanket fort made outta pure darkness.”

“A blanket fort of darkness?” Oli repeated, fighting the urge to giggle. The drag she’d taken had hit her harder than

expected, washing through her body like a wave of warm honey. Every muscle in her frame seemed to unwind at once, tension that she didn't even know she was carrying melting away into nothingness. That's... huh, that's kinda poetic, Liss."

Around them, the other party guests had begun to murmur, cell phone flashlights clicking on one by one, creating scattered islands of illumination throughout the apartment. Someone near the kitchen laughed nervously. Another voice called out, asking if anyone knew where the circuit breaker was.

But for the trio on the couch, those sounds were distant, unimportant. Their focus wasn't on the dark, the panic, or even really the party. Their focus was on the delicious euphoria pulsing through their veins. "Screw the circuit breaker or whatever," Kyobi murmured, sinking deeper into the couch. "This is perfect."

“Should... should we help the others?” Liss asked while making no move to get up. Her question lacked any real concern. She was just floating in the darkness like the smoke from their cigarettes.

Oli took another slow drag, watching the blue glow illuminate her red fingers. “They’ll figure it out,” she said lazily. “Besides. I’m way too comfortable right now.”

Around them, the party continued in the darkness. Hushed conversations. The occasional laugh. The soft glow of phone lights bouncing about like fireflies. But on that couch, in that small bubble of blue cigarette light, the three friends floated in a blissful haze, their worries as dead as the power was.

As the blue haze wrapped around them like a dreamy cocoon, Kyobi examined her cigarette. The ember was beginning to fade, its once vibrant cyan glow dimming to a softer, paler blue. “Almost done with this one,” she murmured,

twirling the filter between her fingers. Without warning, she leaned forward and pressed the dying ember directly onto the micro's groin, grinding it against his skin and cock with deliberate slowness. The tiny man jerked and trembled, his back arching and his mouth trembling as hot ash crumbled across his thighs and genitals painfully.

Kyobi smiled lazily as she twisted the butt, making sure every last ember was extinguished against her property's flesh. "Perfect ashtray," she sighed, flicking the spent filter aside.

Morning sunlight streamed through the windows, casting long rectangles of light across Kyobi's apartment. The fox groaned and rolled over on the couch, one arm flopping off the edge as she buried her face in a cushion. Her head throbbed

with the dull ache of a mild hangover. "Shit," she muttered, squinting as she forced herself to face the bright light. The power had come back on sometime during the night. The television displayed its standby screen, and the digital clock on her microwave blinked 9:47 AM.

Oli was curled up on the armchair, her big stripy tail wrapped around her legs as she snored away softly. Liss had somehow ended up on the floor, using a throw pillow and what looked like someone's jacket as makeshift bedding. Empty wine glasses and plates of half-eaten snacks littered the coffee table...

... though her yellow eyes ultimately settled on the ashtray. Inside, the micro remained. Even though he'd had a long and painful night, his body bore no sign of injury or exhaustion. Well... aside from the fine layer of ash, dried sweat, and dried blue ejaculate covering him. His restraints were still secure,

though they'd loosened slightly during the night's activities, almost certainly.

Without a word, Kyobi reached for her pack of cigarettes. The familiar motion required no thought. A practiced flick of her wrist to extract one slender stick, the soft click of her lighter, the first deep inhale that sent some much-needed nicotine rushing through her system. The ember glowed a normal orange, no mystical blue this time. Just an ordinary cigarette to start an ordinary day.

Beyond the windows, the city was already bustling. Another morning begins. Soon she'd need to clean up, wake her friends, maybe make some coffee for their collective hangovers. But for now, this moment of quiet contemplation was hers and hers alone. Or...

... was it? Her sleepy eyes flicked down to the micro. Should she say good morning? Or good job? Give him - or it - a pat on the cheek and thank it for last night? The vixen

certainly felt like she wanted to break the silence, if only because it might be amusing to learn more about the perverted little speck.

But this morning wasn't the time. So, for today, for right now, the micro would remain as the good little ashtray decoration that he'd been made into.

Art By: Mikurei

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ORIGINAL STORY

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A FOX AND HER PET