

Nick's Mistake

By Dragonien

This had been a mistake.

Those words kept repeating over and over in Nick's head as they drove down the street for their morning patrol route. He'd spent most of the morning turned towards his door, pretending to stare alertly out of the window while Judy drove. In reality he had simply been trying to hide his problem from Judy. In his lust-addled state of mind from earlier Nick had thought it would be a particularly appealing idea to take Sammy on patrol with him this morning. As expected, the little mouse had obstinately objected to such a thing; knowing full well that they would be stuffed somewhere confining and uncomfortable to preclude any chances of being able to easily escape. Just as expected, Sammy ultimately had been given little choice in the matter. Which is what had led to Nick's current predicament.

"Anything catch your eye?" Judy asked from the driver's seat, causing Nick to jump slightly in guilty surprise.

"Uh... Nope! Not a thing to report. It seems pretty dead out there today, Carrots."

One of the few things Nick had working for him was how much of a stickler for the rules Judy was. Hands at ten and two on the wheel with her eyes glued firmly to the road, she had little attention to spare for Nick himself as she drove. Short of him violently retching he didn't think there was anything he could do that would draw her attention off of the road to him instead. Yet that still didn't stop him from trying to subtly adjust his pants in hopes of hiding the raging erection stretching down one of his pants legs. It wasn't even that Sammy was squirming around a lot, the little rodent was actively doing their best to stay still and passive in hopes it wouldn't exacerbate the problem. The last thing they wanted was to further tighten the already claustrophobic environment of Nick's underwear they found themselves in, much less encourage Nick to take a more active role in attempting to perpetuate or deal with the inevitable outcome. Yet just the thought and casual feel of the little rodent stuffed down his pants, half smothered between the fabric of his boxer briefs and his erection was enough to keep Nick at a constant full-mast.

Nick was nearly moaning aloud by lunch time, having to constantly chew on his lip to keep from making any noises. It was only when he felt their truck slowing to a crawl that he realized where they were. Glancing around through the tinted windows he saw the all-but-deserted parking lot near the edge of town nestled between two busy construction sites. He recognized it immediately: a small parking lot frequented by a particular food truck Judy had become obsessed with after the first time she had tried their tacos. Even better, one that he had shown her just the perfect time to arrive just after all the construction crews had finished their early lunches but before it moved on to another location so that they would practically have it all to themselves. Just as the vehicle pulled to a stop across the parking lot from the taco truck, Nick quickly dropped his officer's hat down into his lap to hide what he had realized was a now very-visible wet spot on the front of his pants. Thankfully she didn't seem to notice his tension or think much of his hat's placement, simply smiling bright over at him with that chipper sunshine that was her natural demeanor.

"Want the usual again today?" Judy asked, smiling happily over at the fox.

"Uh... Yea." Nick replied, pausing for a moment before continuing. "Hey. Tell them to make it fresh for me. Rather wait a few minutes longer and pay them another buck or two than get the cold, soggy leftovers from the lunch rush."

At that Judy scowled briefly at the fox before letting her frown turn into a playful smirk. Thankfully Nick and the taco truck driver had a bit of a history, to say the least, and Judy took it upon herself to order and pay for their food since they still trusted her rather than waiting for the wolves in the truck to count the money three times to ensure Nick wasn't short-changing them.

"Yea yea. You're lucky you're kind of cute otherwise I'd make you go tell them yourself."

At that, Nick's muzzle twisted into a smirk of his own. His natural cocky sass momentarily taking the lead past his barely-restrained libido.

"Only Kind of cute? I'm mortally wounded, carrots. To think a sophisticated country bumpkin such as yourself would settle with only 'kind of' cute."

This earned him Judy's own officer's cap being thrown at his face before she hopped down from their vehicle to head over to the taco truck. For several moments after she left Nick's libido refocused as it shamelessly watched that pert, shapely ass of hers swish back and forth as she walked away. His mind briefly lingered of all the things he'd like to do with, and to, said ass and the rest of the bunny it was attached too. Then, shaking off the thoughts and refocusing himself, his attention returned to his immediate issue. He had several minutes to himself now; the cooks too enamored with the cute bunny girl to skimp out on actually cooking food to-order for her when she asked and Judy too astute and inherently distrustful of shadier establishments to not stand there and watch them cook. Which meant he had a several minutes to take care of business.

With little hesitation his hands were shoving the cap out of his lap and fumbling with the button and zipper of his fly. Briefly he glanced out of the windows around him to double check no one was watching, silently thankful the police truck's windows were so heavily tinted that someone would have to have their face right up against the glass to see inside. When he finally had his pants undone he hooked a thumb in the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down and let his urgently throbbing erection flop out and bounce lightly onto his stomach. Along with the steel-hard rod of vulpine meat, its roommate tumbled out from the rough unveiling of the fox's undergarments and ended up sprawled across one of Nick's thighs.

The little mouse looked frazzled to say the least. Their fur was matted down with glistening coats of pre in several places while others were sticking out at wild angles; giving the mouse a haphazard and almost wild look to them. Their little chest puffed with their rapid, labored breaths as Sammy's lungs worked overtime to take advantage of the clearer air outside Nick's underwear, the air not quite so heavily drenched in the fox's musk. The fox paused briefly to admire the haggard rodent, licking at his lips as a renewed throb of arousal surged through his erection at the sight of Sammy. Sprawled right next to his dick, Nick was easily able to gauge its size compared to the mouse and, as always, took great sexual satisfaction in the reaffirmation that his dick was bigger than his little pet. Forgoing the normal teasing and coy provocations that he typically enjoyed with the mouse, Nick instead opted for a more immediate and rapid relief. Fingers thick as logs to the little mouse wrapped around their body and hoisted Sammy up from the fox's thigh. With an overbearing sense of Deja-vu, Sammy found themselves once more pressed face and chest-first into the throbbing wall of flesh that was Nick's erection; pinned this time between it and the wall of Nick's hand rather than a wall of cotton fabric.

A contented sigh welled up from Nick's throat as he began to lazily stroke his mouse-filled hand up and down his raging erection. The mouse's soft fur, already slick and lubricated from the coating of pre they had

gotten inside Nick's underwear felt utterly divine on the sensitive nerves of his dick. Once or twice Nick would pause mid-stroke and use his thumb to push Sammy's head down against the top of his cock, the little mouse's muzzle pushed down into the more sensitive nerve cluster around the crown and further soaking him from the face down in a fresh dribble of pre. It didn't take long for him to near the edge, he had been all-but edging for the entire morning. Nick's body tensed, his hand tightening its grip enough on his shaft and Sammy that the mouse let out an involuntary squeak before-

The truck door had opened so abruptly that Nick nearly fell out of it and onto the pavement below. An all-too familiar voice murmured in a coy, amused tone like you might use when finding someone's hand caught in the cookie jar.

"Well well well. What seems to be going on here, Officer Wilde?"

Nick's gaze swept down to the familiar bunny standing outside of the opened cruiser door, everything but his head seeming locked in place and unable to move. Which meant, as he stared down at her with a growing sense of nervous guilt, he was still on full display with his erection sticking out of his pants, hand around it, and the very clear visage of a little mouse pressed up against it.

"I. Uh. I mean. Carrots I can. Uh. You see..."

Nick stammered like this for several seconds, his still lust-addled brain struggling to find words. This by itself would normally have been amusing enough for Judy. It was so rare she could catch the fox off guard, and flustering him to a point he couldn't even sass back was a rarer treat still. Before Nick had a chance to recover enough for a proper reply Judy reached down, lifting the latch for the passenger seat's slide-bar and gave it a shove backwards. Without missing a beat, the bunny hopped her way up into the newly-opened space in front of the fox and pulled the door closed behind her. Nick didn't miss the fact that she took the extra second to lock the doors.

"That doesn't seem like something an upstanding officer of the law should be doing when on duty, Officer Wilde..." Judy cooed softly, her voice far more sultry and coy than her words would have led Nick to believe. "It's a good thing we're both on lunch then, isn't it...?"

With those words, Nick felt Judy wrap one of her small hands surprisingly tight around Nick's own, squeezing his fingers tighter around his still rock-hard erection and the little mouse trapped against it. Nick wasn't sure what was more shocking to him: that Judy was going along with this and even taking the initiative to escalate something he had expected her to be yelling at him about instead, or that she didn't seem to be neither the slightest bit surprised nor abashed at the presence of a third person here with them. Rather, Nick actually felt Judy's purposefully thumb press down on the back of Sammy's head and push them face-first into the crown of Nick's cock-head. Leaning forward between Nick's legs, the little bunny's face came within an inch of the throbbing erection jutting up from the fox's uniform pants. She could actually feel the intense heat radiating off of it against her sensitive, moist nose. Her breath came out in short, puffing pants that both drew in sharp pulls of the fox's powerful musk and blew her exhaled breaths across the sensitive exposed flesh in front of her, sending shivers up Nick's spine from the sensation. As her hand slowly began to guide Nick's larger one up and down his shaft once more in a slow, rhythmic stroke, her other hand reached up to brush down the length of his free arm until her fingers brushed over his wrist. Her distraction had brought him down from the edge but he was still riled up to the point that it wouldn't take much to set him off again. It was almost as if she had purposefully timed her intervention to edge him like that to make him more pliable and receptive.

Judy shifted herself about to get more comfortable, the truck briefly filled with the clattering of flesh and cloth on the leather seats and against the plastic of the dash. Clicks of metal on metal accompanied the other sounds and momentarily pulled Nick from the sexual haze he had been drowning in, only to be pulled right back into it when Judy let out a purposefully long and drawn out exhale of breath over the sensitive tip of his cock. Glancing down he could see her hovering so close to his dick, mouth hanging slightly open as she panted out her own restrained arousal. For a split-second Nick's mind fluttered between the very-desirable mental image of her finally diving forward and wrapping her lips around him, and the far more fantastical and unnatural mental image of her instead snapping up the poor, frazzled mouse in her maw. Something about the idea of the cute little bunny girl playing at predation on someone so much smaller than him was more than enough to push him near the edge once more. He tried to pant out a warning of how close he was, though the words came out breathy and garbled, little more beyond a barely-coherent and needy gasp of her name making it out of him. Judy could read the signs though, and she was ready. Her hand tugged at Nick's wrist, pulling the paw around his own dick away from both it and the little mouse. Said mouse immediately collapsed in a panting, near-exhausted heap across Nick's thigh while Judy's muzzle leaned in a fraction of an inch closer, so much so that Nick could actually feel the temperature differentiation between his throbbing erection and the cool moisture of her nose-tip. Then, just as her muzzle opened wider in preparation of finally wrapping itself around the end of his cock and triggering the inevitable explosion...

The sound of metal clattering against itself jerked Nick's consciousness out of his sexual haze, staring down in surprise at Judy's grin as she pulled her muzzle away from his still-needy erection. He started to reach for her, only to feel his wrists jerk to a stop after a couple of inches of movement. Confusion evident on his face, Nick glanced to his left to find that his wrist had been handcuffed to the arm-rest of the cruiser door. Reflexively he reached over to pull at the cuffs only for his other hand to jerk to a stop in the same manner. Looking over he found his other arm similarly handcuffed, this time to the driver's side seat-belt buckle. Instantly the realization of what had happened clicked together in his head, recognizing the familiar clicking of the metal handcuffs that he had ignored when she had shifted position in his lap. That must have been when she attached her and his handcuffs to the various parts of the car. Then, when he had been his most distracted, she'd casually guided his hands away as if to let her take over for him, only to snap the cuffs around his wrists and trap him!

"C-Carrots..." Nick panted out, unable to keep the roiling arousal still leaving his body almost visibly trembling in tension out of his words. "What uh... w-what are you doing...?"

The question brought a playful smile to the bunny's muzzle. she propped one elbow up on Nick's thigh and rested her cheek on her upturned palm, while her other hand casually reached down to tenderly pet down the exhausted and overstimulated rodent draped across Nick's opposite thigh. She didn't answer for several long moments, seeming too distracted for a moment letting her fingertip stroke and play over the athletic torso of the little mouse. Her finger slid lower, momentarily nudging their legs apart and bumping the top of her knuckle playfully against the underside of their own raging erection.

"Can't believe you were hiding such a cute little thing from me, Nick... Not fair you tried to keep them all to yourself." Judy cooed more to Sammy than to the fox.

As she spoke, she continued to brush and nudge her fingers against the little pinprick of an erection jutting out from Sammy's waist. Even impressive for their species, compared to someone 8-10 times their size it wasn't even an effort to completely engulf their erection between two of Judy's furry fingers. The over-stimulated mouse's body bucked and squirmed, mouth opening and closing several times in failed attempts to speak as their body tried to resist her ministrations. The mighty digits, each one strong enough to overpower them entirely all by itself, casually squeezing around his sensitive erection and lubricated by their own pre and

the far larger amounts that Nick had produced and smeared all over them. It didn't take much. Between being ground into Nick's crotch all day and all but suffocating on the fox's musk, and the recent stimulation they had been put through it took less than a minute for Judy's casual play with the mouse to set them off and splattering the comparatively minuscule load all over her index finger and thumb.

Nick, for his part, was a bit at a loss for words. Between his own arousal at both the situation as a whole and the show of Judy jerking off the tiny mouse in front of him, His dick had continued to stay rock hard with no visible indicators that it would go down anytime soon. He had, again, expected to be chastised and even yelled at for keeping a mouse like this, fearing even the possibility of outright revulsion from her. Yet at the same time, Nick wasn't stupid and his quick wits quickly started to follow the line of logic and put together a theory of why she seemed ok with this. As much as she liked to get one over on him and would never admit it in public or even in private, Judy had a predation fetish the likes of which could nearly border on suicidal when she got too worked up. More than once he'd heard her whispering under her breath when they were in the throes of their most intense love making, begging for him to eat her and clearly not realizing she was speaking out loud. Maybe the idea of Nick lording himself over an even smaller and weaker prey animal than her was somehow tickling that same fetish enough to overcome her natural propriety and prudishness. Or maybe she was just horny enough that her inhibitions in general were lowered to the point that she didn't care. it was almost season for her to go into heat again.

When Sammy had finally came down from his own orgasm, tiny chest heaving and panting in the effort to recover even as he struggled and failed to keep a blissful smile off his lips in the afterglow, Judy finally turned her attention back to Nick. Carefully, she reached over to the small travel-size pack of tissues that they kept in the center console and plucked one up. With an uncanny casualness that drove Nick wild she carefully wiped her fingers clean one at a time. Only once she was done cleaning her hands up did she return her attention first to the little mouse, then back up to Nick.

"Now then, Fox. It's my turn to have a bit of fun, I think."

With those ominous words she crawled her way up into Nick's lap, standing herself up on his thighs while being careful not to step on Sammy. Not to say that she was avoiding the mouse entirely. Once she was balanced with her hands pressing to the restrained fox's chest for support, she used one foot to gently nudge and shove the still-exhausted mouse over towards Nick's lap. Catching her toes underneath them, Judy flipped Sammy front-first right back up against the fox's still-raging erection and held him in place long enough for her to use one hand to carefully shimmy her pants down to mid-thigh. All the while Nick was locked on the sight in front of him, particularly when the bunny pushed her pants down and he got a front-row look at just how riled up she, herself was if the dripping wetness between her legs was any indication. Oh yea, she was definitely in heat. The fox had little time left to mull over such things before his attention was once again fully engulfed in the throes of passion as he felt the bunny lowering herself down onto him with no further ceremony.

Nick was big for a fox, at least where it counted. Add that to the size disparity between the two of them and Nick's dick was quite intimidating for someone like Judy. Which, of course, Had only fed further into Judy quiet fantasies and fetishes about powerful predators having their way with her. Unbeknownst to Nick, shortly after they had been together the first time, Judy had begun practicing almost nightly with progressively larger toys until she had been able to take all but his knot. This came in particular use now as the bunny had made no effort to let Sammy try to escape his current position pressed against the fox's dick. Her pants and moans filled the cruiser, joining the chorus of Nick's lustful growls and the clatter of metal created by his struggle against the restraints. All of the noise drowning out any sputtering protests the mouse was able to make each time Judy raised up and momentarily freed them, only to once more bury them between the hard pillar of meat that was Nick's dick and the fleshy interior of Judy's folds. The poor mouse was left battered and bruised as Judy

bounced over and over on top of both them and Nick, refusing to stop when Nick finally came the first time only to push him towards a second release minutes later. For once, though, some part of Sammy knew they weren't the only one being used this time and somehow that made this just the tiniest bit better. Even if they were on the receiving end of the worst of it, there was some minor satisfaction in his vulpine captor being taken advantage of... even if Nick seemed to be enjoying it.

Finally, what seemed like an hour later the two finally lay panting and exhausted in the sated afterglow of their sexual marathon. Judy sprawled out across Nick's torso and Sammy half-forgotten between the fox's legs, having slipped out from between them sometime after Nick's third release, Gingerly, Judy began to extract herself from the sweat-covered fox. Fumbling tiredly for the tissue pack, chest still heaving with the effort of catching her breath after such exertion, Judy began to carefully clean herself up with the same studiousness she had shown after getting the mouse off. Then, to both Sammy and Nick's Surprise she plucked the little mouse up and began to do the same with him. Her fingers were softer than Nick's but still just as overwhelmingly powerful and irresistible as the fox's. Sammy could easily recognize the casual force that the bunny's powerful digits manipulated their body. It's hard not to be hyper aware of something manhandling you that has the strength to snap one of your arms like a twig if they squeezed it too hard. Yet Judy was meticulous both in her cleaning of the mouse and of her handling of them; far gentler than Nick ever had been. Not that he had been particularly rough, per say, but Judy's handling had a definitive delicacy to it that seemed almost relaxing to the mouse in comparison to Nick. They should have known better than to get content.

Once Sammy was cleaned off, Judy raised the little mouse up to eye level, dangling them in front of her smiling muzzle. Her nose twitched briefly, taking in a taste of Sammy's scent as if to memorize it. Then, to the mouse's surprise, she leaned her head in and Sammy suddenly found themselves smothered against a thick pair of fuzzy lips as Judy gave them a quick little kiss, momentarily engulfing the entire front of Sammy's muzzle in her lips. Before Sammy had time to recover, Judy was pulling her lips away with her muzzle twisted into a much more devious grin, one that she hadn't made before meeting Nick. She didn't hesitate for even a moment to lower the mouse down towards her own body. Somewhere in the frantic love-making between her and the fox Nick's shirt had been torn open and her shirt and bra had been pulled up over her head to bunch against the back of her neck. Before reaching back to pull her clothing back into place she carefully cupped a hand around the little mouse, raising them right up against the modest swell of her left breast. Sammy's view became nothing but light-grey fur as they found themselves smothered into the malleable flesh of her breast; the mouse's face pushed right up against the sensitive nub of her nipple. They could hear her inhale sharply from the stimulation despite their best efforts not to stimulate her and exacerbate the problem, not that she needed the assistance. Now in-place, Judy slowly pulled her bra back over her head first and carefully settled the cups back in place; first the right one, then the left right over Sammy. for the second time that day Sammy found themselves smothered against the privates of some fur a dozen times their size, though now they had far less energy to resist thanks to their earlier activities. Not that resisting would have done them much good.

All the while Nick sat there, still restrained with his half-softened dick flopped across his thigh, staring at the show Judy was putting on unabashed. His dick was already throbbing in the attempts to harden once more despite him already in a state of sexual near-exhaustion. The sight of her so carefully and meticulously arranging the mouse up against her chest only made it that much more appealing to him. Unlike him, she hadn't teased or played with him to mess with him. There were no mind games or self-aggrandizement in her use of the little mouse. There was just her pure sexual stimulation, using the little mouse like an object, a toy. Something about Judy's dismissal of the mouse as anything more than something she could use to pleasure herself made a lusty growl of appreciation well up within the small predator's throat, the look in his eyes making it abundantly clear to Judy that the only thing stopping him from pouncing on her right now for another round were the restraints she had locked him into. A thought which only made him squirm that much more. Finally, she had finished cleaning up and dressing herself, doing such a careful and meticulous job that Nick

would never have been able to guess that she had just spent the last hour screwing his brains out, which only made him feel that much more self-conscious of his own disheveled state. Something that did not escape Judy's notice.

"Officer Wilde, you look all out of sorts. Are you ok?... " She murmured with mock concern. A grin spread across her lips as she reached for the radio receiver, Nick's eyebrows going up as he listened to her speak into it. "Dispatch this is car 2-2-F. Officer Wilde is under the weather and will not be able to finish his patrol. Please redirect another car to cover our patrol, I'll be taking him home to take care of him."

Judy's lips twisted into a still-wider grin when the crackling confirmation came back over the radio. Carefully setting the radio back on its holster, Judy settled herself into the driver's seat and started the cruiser's engine. Nick felt his ears wilting against his head as he realized that Judy wasn't done with him, noticing that despite her otherwise pristine state of dress there was a noticeable wet spot forming between her thighs on her uniform.

"Uh... Carrots?"

"Yes, Nick?" She replied, her voice the ideal of casual innocence.

It was that same innocent tone she used when she had him backed into a corner, had him at her mercy. His partially flattened ears now pressed tight to the top of his head in response to the growing sense of unease building over an undercurrent of reluctant excitement.

"What uh... What are you planning?"

"You'll just have to wait until we get home to find out."

As she put the cruiser into gear, the bunny briefly turned her attention down to her chest. A hand reached up to carefully peel open the front of her shirt and bra. The little mouse within was momentarily blinded by the sudden wash of light. When their vision cleared, Sammy found themselves staring up at the looming, smiling, face of their latest captor.

"And as for you, little mouse. Behave down there and maybe I'll let you have a go at him before I untie him. I bet you'd just love to get to have him at your mercy for a change, wouldn't you? At least, until I decide to join in again that is..."

For a moment, Sammy's expression flitted between concern, amusement, excitement, fear and arousal. Alternating back and forth between each emotion as they tried to feel out how they actually felt about the situation. On the one hand, Judy was much gentler with them. Yet at the same time Sammy had a feeling that Judy was probably going to be coming up with far more 'creative' ways for them to take part in the activities between the two.

"Don't worry, either way I've got plenty of plans for both Nick AND you tonight. I'm sure we're going to get along great..."

With those ominous words, Judy released the top of her bra and shirt, letting it snap back into place around the mouse. Leaving him trapped in the feminine scented fur and fabric until the couple decided what they were doing next with the poor mouse. All he could do was sit there and worry about all the things the two could, and probably would, do to him. Worse still? Sammy was starting to get hard thinking about it.