

Mousey Woman (Woman to Anthro-Mouse TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Anonymous

Melissa is a beautiful and successful woman who is simply over the constant demands of her law firm job. She dreams of a far more submissive life, secretly desiring to be someone's pet rather than the domineering leader. When an entity senses that desire, Melissa is very surprised to find it becoming a reality!

Mousey Woman

Case allocation. One of Melissa's nightmares, and sadly also her strong suit. She stood at the head of the table in the meeting room of the Carter-Marton Law Firm, the firm she was very close to being made partner of also, and leaned forward. She knew that she was beautiful, with her slim and athletic figure and her gorgeous mousey-brown hair, but she also knew she was *intimidating*. It was her glare; she had a resting gaze that could wither a man twice her size, and she used it now as she stared down the assembly of lawyers before her.

"We've got some big cases coming up, particularly this Barlowe matter, which will be a media frenzy. I don't expect any minnows when it comes to that one, only sharks. Allison and Rick, you'll be taking it . . . if you think you can handle it."

Allison and Rick both nodded. They were a good team, but others looked upset.

"Quiet," Melissa said. "I know some of you are upset, but you'll just have to deal. The Winkler corporate mess will be sorted by Hudson - got that, Hudson?"

He sneered. He really wanted that Barlow case, but she knew his talents lay elsewhere. Media was *not* his thing."

"Fine," he said, eyeing her. There'd be an argument later, but that was unavoidable.

God, she hated this. Melissa was thirty four years old and had thrived in the corporate world, trading on her intelligence, her wit, her confidence, and her good looks. Once, she had loved it, but for the last four years she had started to detest this job, and the facade she had to constantly put up. Her hidden desires were increasingly in her thoughts. She always had to be in control in real life; authoritarian, domineering, powerful and tall. She wore high heels always for that very reason.

But the real Melissa, the one she kept hidden from everyone she knew, wanted something far more taboo. She wanted to be small. She wanted to be submissive. She wanted to shrink down until she was tiny and let people handle her. She wanted to be treated like a *pet*. It was a ridiculous and impossible kink, but one she had secretly indulged in online chats and virtual roleplay. It wasn't enough, of course, but there was something so

tantalising about becoming a little pet, perhaps even becoming part-animal. Did it make her some kind of niche furry? Probably, she assumed, though she kept herself clear of such associations. And yet still, the dream persisted, and lay in the back of her mind during moments like this.

'You can have what you want.'

Melissa was listening to Carl drone on and on about the latest firm numbers and possible clients to pursue. She would have to take charge again soon, but who had just spoken to her?

"Melissa, I can give you what you want. To be the pet. To be tiny."

Her eyes bulged, and she looked around the room. No one was talking to her, and the voice sounded . . . strange. Ethereal.

"Who are you?" she whispered, covering her face with a paper sheet.

"I am like a fairy. A magical entity that enjoys granting hidden-most desires. I know what you want. Do you wish for it to be real? To be a play-thing and pet and be free of all these obligations?"

Melissa was terrified this was a prank, but not even Hudson was viewing her strangely, and he'd be suspect number one. And the voice sounded so magical . . .

"I am just passing through, Melissa. Believe me or don't, but I have not much time for you. Do you wish for your secret dream to come true?"

It was impossible. Wasn't it? She was tired, imagining things. And yet . . . if there was a chance, how could she not take it?

"Of course I do," she replied.

"Then I grant your wish. I hope you enjoy it to the fullest, Melissa."

The voice and its strange presence vanished, and Melissa realised all eyes were on her. She fumbled with her paper.

"Apologies, my mind was elsewhere. Now, as for the latest cases, I think you'll find that we need to shore up our focus when it comes to-"

"Melissa!"

She looked up, annoyed to see it was Hudson.

"What now?" she snapped.

"Your skin - you're g-growing hair! Look at your hands!"

Melissa gazed at her hands and suddenly squeaked, stumbling back in shock and dropping her stack of papers. Sure enough, her skin was starting to itch as numerous light brown hairs expanded across it. It was starting to spread all across her body, and she couldn't help but scratch herself. Her nails extended, becoming slightly claw-like, and the result was that she accidentally tore up her stockings, revealing more of the brown hair growing in thick patches upon her legs.

"Oh God!" she cried. "It's real!"

"What's happening!?" Vic cried, stepping up.

"I'll call an ambulance!" someone else announced.

But the rest of them were stock still, shocked at the impossible sight before them. It was only getting stranger, too. Melissa's face was starting to be covered in the strange fur, but a pressure in her jaw made itself known. She groaned as her jaw extended slightly, her nose with it, and the boardroom exploded in shock as she developed a small but cute snout, just like that of a mouse.

"Oh God, oh God!" she cried. "What's happening! It feels - ahhhh! It feels like I'm g-growing a - a - OHHH!"

She bent over, clutching her backside. Her hips were swelling noticeably wider, giving her a pleasing pear-shaped figure that was emphasised even more by her expanded rear, but even as her skirt struggled to contain this new mass her concern was elsewhere. Her tailbone had a terrific pressure that was rising and rising and *rising*, and it finally gave way with a loud cry from the woman. A pink mouse tail *exploded* from above her backside, coiling out, long and bendy and with seemingly a mind of its own as it shook left and right in a panic. Vic leapt to her feet, pushing back against a wall, the lawyer clearly afraid of mice, especially one that her boss was turning into.

"S-someone h-help meeee!" Melissa cried, only to halt as her two front teeth extended lower, giving her a strangely adorable pair of chompers. Her hands - now more like paws - went to her ears, which were expanding and shifting, moving to the top of her head and flattening out like pancakes. In moments they had become a huge set of rounded mouse ears, and she could take in every word that was being said in the room.

"She's like a giant mouse!"

"How the fuck is this happening?"

"Did someone call the ambulance? Should we pull the fire alarm?"

"She's mutating!"

"And she's shrinking?"

What? Shrinking, how could that - oh dear! She *was* shrinking, even as the rest of her body continued to change. She was still very much a humanoid woman, and in fact her breasts were actually *growing* rather than shrinking away. She held them even as she slowly reduced in size, moaning from the surprising pleasure of their expanse. She'd always had a petite chest and desired bigger boobs, but now she was getting them in *spades*. It matched her softer, curvier mouse woman figure, and soon they were bigger than even Vic's lovely double-D's, which the lawyer had often used to sleep her way to better cases with the firm partners.

"Mhmm! So b-big! So sensitive!"

But the shrinking was not just a matter of a few inches or even a foot or two. Soon the anthro-mouse woman was shrinking way past that point, disappearing into her clothes as she cried out in a mix of ecstasy and horror. It was terrible, and it was *wonderful*. She was becoming as tiny and helpless and *pet-like* as she had always imagined. The fairy or entity or whatever it had been was real, and it's magic real also!

"Yesssss," she squeaked, unable to help herself as she continued to diminish in size. Her feet changed, becoming longer and more paw-like as well. She rubbed her body with her hands, enjoying the softness of her form, the additional fat in all the right places. She felt beautiful in the way she was always destined to be, instead of the stoic and dominating woman she had been. By the time her body had finished shrinking - and Gods, what ecstasy from that process she had felt! It was almost *orgasmic* - she was only inches tall! She stumbled through her clothing, shocked at how different the world felt, and even scampered just like an animal until she erupted from the sleeve of her own blouse. She had to leap up onto the table, which prompted a gasp from those still in the boardroom. Melissa was now naked and tiny, only four inches tall, and her perspective of the world had vastly changed. She was so very tiny, and they were all so very, very huge.

It should have been frightening.

It should have been wrong.

Even traumatic.

But instead, unable to help herself, Melissa broke into a great broad smile, her snout and whiskers shaking a little as she was filled with nervous energy.

"Ta-da!" she exclaimed in a tinny, reedy little voice.

Vic screamed. Hudson looked like he was about to faint. Some of the firm partners who had just arrived clearly had no idea what to do or say.

"Melissa," Avery said. "Is that - is that you?"

"It's me, alright!" she said. "I guess I look kinda different now, huh? Is it the boobs? It's the boobs, isn't it? They're so much bigger now. Or maybe it's the ears!"

She giggled to herself - when had been the last time she'd giggled? God, she felt so free already! This was really *real*!

"Melissa!" Vic cried. "Can you p-please not get any closer! I'm r-really not good with mice, I'm sorry!"

Melissa grinned. The new mouse woman's dreams had come true, and more than that, she had a chance to enjoy one very particular fantasy of hers in this form. Vic's top buttons were undone as always to show off her cleavage, and such a spot looked very enticing right now. The anthro-mouse scurried forward and *leapt* through the air to the startlement of all . . . and landed perfectly into Vic's impressive cleavage. The woman

squealed, frozen in shock as the naked mouse woman nestled deep into her bosom, resting her pawed hands on either side of the woman's plump chest.

"Ah, that's better! See? Nothing to be afraid of, Vic!"

She rubbed the woman's breasts, making them jiggle, then caressed her own, moaning in pleasure at the sheer sensitivity of her new body.

"Ohhhh, yesss! Mmm! This is perfect! I'm sorry you all had to find out this way but this is exactly what I've always w-wanted!"

"I don't understand what's happening," Hudson said.

"You can have my job, Vic," Melissa told the terrified woman, looking up at her vast face. "So long as you let me do this from time to time, and so long as I can be the office pet."

"The what!?" several people shrieked.

"Come now, I'll do some of your work for free, so long as you get me a cage! Oh, and some pet food. Mhmm, and you let me play and you pet me and you treat me as your darling little thing to be taken care of! God, I can't wait to give up all those responsibilities! You know I've all got dirt on you, so give me this one thing and I'll be happy. Let me be your office pet, and everything will be alright!"

She rested comfortably in Vic's cleavage, the woman shaking but managing to control herself at having an anthro-mouse resting in her boobs. At Melissa's direction, she slowly lowered a hand and began stroking the mouse woman's fur, and Melissa murmured with pleasure at the feeling.

"That's it," she said, still feeling herself up and uncaring how scandalous this would be. "That's the stuff. Keep going, Vic. I have a feeling this office rearrangement is going to be all right!"

The rest of the meeting's members were silent, not knowing what to say. Melissa knew, though. The anthro-mouse smiled, her hands lowering between her thighs as she luxuriated in Vic's cleavage.

"I think I'm going to - ahh! - love being your little pet!" she cried.

The End