

Small Consequences

By Dragonien

You couldn't resist your curiosity any longer. Who could? Everyone at some point in their life imagines, at least once, what it'd be like to be able to cast magic for real. It just happened that you had a bit more than just your imagination fueling the urge to be a real-life spell slinger. Most people didn't have the same temptations that you did. That was because most people didn't have a roommate who was an actual, honest to God, witch.

Or sorceress? Mage? Wizard?

You weren't sure what the correct term was. Maybe it was all of the media portraying them as evil but something about the term witch felt inherently negative and you were reluctant to label Olivia as such. What mattered was that the skunk woman could do real magic. She could create fires in the palm of her hand, chill a drink just by speaking to it, and even move things across the room as if by telekinesis. And you wanted to be able to do it as well.

Which is how you found yourself sneaking into her room when she was downstairs.

The large, leatherbound book sitting open on Olivia's desk couldn't have screamed spellbook any louder if it had been sentient and yelling abracadabra. They just didn't make books like that anymore. Yet here it was with its tough leather covering and thick parchment pages soaked in the dried ink from a quill. You could actually smell the faint musty smell of the pages even from a few paces away. It invoked memories of old, ancient places lit by candles instead of light bulbs. The pages looked somehow both brittle and durable. At first, you were reluctant to even touch them. But, as they say, curiosity kills the cat and your reluctance only lasted moments.

Tenderly gripping the corner of the pages you began flipping your way through the book and inspecting its contents. Of course, you weren't surprised to find that the language it was written in was completely illegible to you. It didn't even look like an alphabet you knew; some strange mixture of runes, hieroglyphs,

and flowing multi-stroke symbols you'd expect from some far eastern country. Yet, strangely, some of it you COULD read. You didn't know what the book was saying, and it wasn't even the entire pages that you could comprehend. But certain phrases seemed to simply pop out to you as if they were reading their own pronunciation in your mind. No matter how much you squinted and stared at the rest of the page you had landed on, though, nothing save for that specific phrase revealed itself to you. Before you realized what you were doing your frustration had you speaking aloud, as if to ask the book itself.

"What the heck does *Βεχομε Μινισχυλ* mean?"

The moment the words left your mouth an electric charge surged through the air around you and left your hair standing on end. There was a brief glow of green light that enveloped your body that faded a split second later. Shortly after it did the room began to spin around you as a wave of nausea came out of nowhere. You had gone from perfectly fine to feeling like you had been spinning in an office chair for ten minutes straight in an instant! Your stomach churned as if you were in a fast-moving elevator and you nearly fell over from the overwhelming disorientation. All of which was why you didn't notice what was happening to you until you couldn't see over the top of Olivia's desk anymore.

You struggled to focus on a single point in hopes of helping to alleviate your disorientation like some people focus on the horizon to deal with seasickness. The problem was whenever you focused on a point you soon had to crane your head backward to keep locked on it. It was obvious what was happening to you but your brain refused to accept it until it was both undeniable and too late to stop.

You were shrinking.

Already the desk in front of you towered overhead like a multi-story tall warehouse. With each passing second it, along with everything else in your roommate's room, expanded larger and larger! The distance between her desk and bed, which before had only been a half-dozen steps, now seemed to stretch out before you like multiple football fields! It didn't take a genius to figure out whatever you had said must have been some kind of spell. Unfortunately, you had realized that far too late to do anything about it! Even if you stopped shrinking right

now the desk still would have been over a dozen stories tall; something you had little hope of climbing. And that was if you had stopped shrinking right then and there. Which you didn't.

The bedroom around you became increasingly foreign as otherwise mundane objects expanded to absurd, terrifying proportions. The little wheels of Olivia's desk chair became gigantic, house-sized lumps of plastic. The ceiling overhead stretched so impossibly high overhead it became near impossible to make out details like the texture of it or the light fixture. It was like a new sky to you now. Even the floor beneath you seemed to warp and change as your perspective continued to dwindle. The normally smooth, flat-looking hardwood floors became rough and jagged terrain. The realization that you were becoming so small that those normally imperceptible imperfections were becoming noticeable was a whole different kind of horrifying.

And then it stopped. All at once, just as suddenly as the effect had started, you were no longer shrinking. The few inches that had stood between you and one of the wheels of Olivia's chair now looked more like it was a few miles instead. It was hard to even fathom how utterly, insanely tiny you had become! An inch? No, there was no way you were even an inch tall. Someone an inch tall would have been a giant in their own right compared to your current size. There was no sure way to measure yourself but if you had to guess there was no way you could be more than a millimeter or two tall at most.

Dozens of thoughts raced through your mind all at once. Why did you screw with the book? What made you think you could do magic? How were you going to undo this? How were you even going to survive at this size? You were terrified at the thought of how gigantic even minuscule things like an ant would be to you, much less a mouse if you found yourself confronted with one. The thoughts of a Godzilla-sized rodent chasing you across the open field of the hardwood floor made you shudder in fear. And then a whole new wave of fear passed through you when you felt the ground shake.

The tremor vibrated through the floor beneath you; strong enough for you to notice but not strong enough to actually unbalance you. A few moments later another tremor rocked through the ground; this one noticeably stronger than the last. Then another came, and another. By the sixth tremor the shaking had increased in

intensity to the point you were having trouble keeping your balance. Maybe it was the shock of the situation or perhaps your brain simply didn't want to accept the obvious. Either way, you didn't put together what the source of those earthquakes was until their source was rounding the corner.

Olivia.

Those tremors, those world-shaking earthquakes, hadn't been earthquakes at all! They had been footsteps.

Your brain almost shorted out as you tried to make sense of what you were seeing. Something an inch tall would have been the size of a small skyscraper to you and a mouse would have been a living, breathing kaiju that could have swallowed you whole and barely even feel you go down its throat. And if you were that utterly, pathetically small to something as insignificant as a mouse...

She stepped into view in all of her impossibly massive glory. The brilliant violet eyes and the thick black fur with white streaks along her arm and dyed purple across her tail. The casual, loose-fitting pajama pants and shirt that, despite their loose fit, still couldn't entirely hide her curvaceous hips and well-filled-out upper body. In any other circumstance you would have thought she was cute if you were being modest, and beautiful if you were being honest. Now, though?

She was the single most terrifying thing you had ever seen in your life.

You couldn't even take all of her in at once! It was like looking up at a living, breathing mountain! She had to be literally miles tall relative to you.! The distance between the two of you just from her standing across the room in the doorway was so enormous that your view of her was actually somewhat hazy and obscured. It was that same kind of semi-opacity that you got when seeing a mountain over the distant horizon. The difference was that this mountain moved.

Another thunderous footstep slammed into the ground as she took another step closer. Her body seemed almost like it was moving in slow motion due to the sheer size difference between the two of you. Yet even in slow motion that single step devoured the distance between you. With the next footfall she was already halfway across the room towards you. The third one hit so close and with such force that you

were sent sprawling from the violent shaking of the floor! You could even feel a gust of wind whip across you from the air displaced by the enormous paw hitting the ground.

You shouted up at the titanic skunkette in hopes of getting her attention only for those shouts to soon morph to pleading screams instead. The idea that something so impossibly massive could hear you was laughable. But when the next footstep cast you in the dark shadow of that monstrous paw it was all you could think to do. Even if you had gotten up and ran she could have covered more distance with a single footstep than you could have in a solid minute of running at top speed! The world turned dark as, for an instant, her foot blocked out all of the light overhead like some living, breathing eclipse.

T H O O M.

You were alive. That was the most surprising thing after you recovered from the jarring impact. It didn't really improve your situation much, though. By some merciful act of God, you had wound up in one of the wrinkles along the underside of your foot. You were so appreciative of the lucky break you didn't even think about how insignificant it made you feel to literally be lost in a single foot wrinkle. The mercy of this outcome rapidly came into question when the foot you were now stuck on lifted up again. The movement was so violent and rapid that you almost lost your lunch! To you, it had felt like you had just been pulled nearly a hundred stories into the air in the span of a second only to then experience the reverse as the foot came slamming back down. The impact shook through your body like you had been in a car wreck; only saved from real injury by the soft, malleable flesh of her sole surrounding you and acting as padding. It may have protected you from simply being squashed like a bug but it did little otherwise to make the experience less overwhelming.

This nauseating, brutal treatment repeated itself four more times before the living Titaness paused for a few moments. Then the foot you were on lifted up again. But it wasn't lifting simply to take another step. Instead, you saw her foot swing out over something down below on the floor. Oh good lord, she was putting on her house shoes.

More out of fear than rational thought you began squirming and struggling against the confining pressure of the foot wrinkle surrounding you. Much to your surprise, it worked! In barely a moment of struggle you popped free from your fleshy prison... only to find yourself suddenly falling through the air an impossible distance right towards the insole of her house shoe. You may not have thought this plan through. Luckily, either from the softness of the insole or some other effect of your extremely reduced size and mass, you landed inside the shoe with little more damage than you would have felt jumping from a second-story balcony onto an inflated bounce house.

In fact, the bounce house analogy was surprisingly accurate. The soft gel insole of the house shoe sent you flying deeper into the shoe as you bounced off of it like a giant trampoline! You felt like a stone being skipped across a body of water as you rebounded over and over against the insole until finally coming to a stop deep within the dark cavern of the shoe's interior. Which was really the only thing that saved you from what came next.

Before you'd even had a chance to recover the light coming from the opening of the shoe was eclipsed by an absolutely monstrous set of furred toes barreling towards you like a tidal wave of paw flesh. You turned to run out of reflex despite knowing that there was no possible way to escape. You could hear the whooshing of displaced air and feel the temperature inside the shoe already increasing from the body heat radiating off of the foot approaching you. Just as you dared look over your shoulder in some vain hope you had pulled ahead of the foot, the world went dark as it crashed down around you.

Around you, not on you.

The impact had still rocked the ground underneath you hard enough to send you sprawling. But, other than that, you were fine! More importantly, you weren't buried under an impossible mountain of foot-flesh. Instead, you found yourself framed on either side by two absolutely gigantic walls of flesh stretching upwards into the sky. It was like standing between two block-long skyscrapers packed in closely against each other with only a single lane street's worth of space between them. Dear Lord, you were between Olivia's toes! Your reprieve only lasted a moment before those walls of flesh enclosed around you as the skunk giantess

clenched her toes together. The brief moments of freedom ended as you were once more smothered by Olivia's paws.

It was hard to tell how long you spent trapped like that. The soft flesh of her foot and padding of the insole did a surprisingly good job insulating you from the impact of each footstep she took. You still felt the rumbling quake resonate through everything around you each time her foot landed. But it at least wasn't quite as nauseating to go up and down so fast and the kinetic force of the impacts was dampened enough to not seriously hurt you. But that didn't mean it was comfortable.

It had rapidly become overwhelmingly hot being pinned between Olivia's digits. Her body heat radiated around you constantly like you were squeezed between two electric blankets. Even with the chill of fall coming on outside it still didn't take long for the temperature around you to raise enough that you started sweating. But it wasn't your sweat that was the real problem. It was hers. Thick, rolling waves of it washed in around you and through the narrow gaps and wrinkles in the flesh surrounding you. Droplets of the heated, musky liquid that normally would have been too small to even notice would have filled buckets at your size. You were utterly drenched from head to toe within seconds. Your clothes clung uncomfortably to you like you were in some kind of perverse bastardization of a wet t-shirt contest.

One of the few mercies was that the smell wasn't pungent. At least, relative to what it could have been. You must have lucked out that Olivia had recently showered as you were actually able to smell faint hints of a mildly fruity body wash coming from her. However, even with the cleanliness of your surroundings, the sweating digits generated a powerful musk that left you lightheaded and all but drunk on it. Your head spun and your thoughts became muddled with each breath you took. Your entire world was nothing but the soft flesh between the skunk's toes. Rational thought fled and instinct reigned supreme. At one point the heat left you so thirsty you found yourself licking at the wall of flesh around you to lap up some of her sweat just to wet the inside of your mouth. If you had been in any rational state of mind it would have been humiliating beyond words. But in your current state your pride was long since forgotten in the face of survival instinct.

As the minutes dragged on into hours it became harder and harder to think straight. Your thoughts blurred together; muddled by both the heat, the smell, and the outright insanity of your situation. For a brief moment, you had felt an unreasonable animosity towards Olivia. Unfairly blaming her for not noticing you, not helping you. But that had quickly faded away as much from the unreasonableness of it as from the difficulty you found blaming her for anything she unwittingly did to you. After all, you were so weak, so tiny.

So insignificant.

You weren't a toy; you weren't even a bug. You were a speck. A literal piece of lint caught between her toes that she assuredly couldn't have distinguished from any other. How could you expect someone so massive, so powerful to notice something as puny as you were? The thought was absurd. The idea that you were worthy of the attention of a Titaness like Olivia was laughable. After all, she was a living landmass. A giant. A Goddess. And you were just another germ.

Before you knew what you were doing your tongue was dragging across the flesh around you for reasons other than the desperation for hydration. You wanted to feel her, to taste her. Your Goddess, whose toes alone were your entire world, deserved the attention, the praise. She was so magnificent; so far beyond you that you couldn't put it into words. The very act of being allowed to touch her was a grace that you couldn't believe. That you even got to lap up some of the sweat between her toes, got to have something of hers inside of you, was an honor that left you almost catatonic with bliss. It was like you had suddenly found purpose in life; a purpose you had been denied and that now felt as if it were your fundamental place in the world. Like you had been a puzzle piece stuck in the wrong place for so long and had now been settled into the space you perfectly fit within. Worshipping the divine being that was everything you knew now. Your Goddess Olivia.

The sudden blinding flood of light forcing you to squint your eyes shut drew you from your heat-exhausted stupor. Your blurred, jumbled thoughts smoothed slightly and you were able to somewhat claw your way free of the madness that had taken you. You were too exhausted to be horrified, ashamed, or embarrassed about the state you had been in. You didn't even know how long you had been like that. Driven to the brink of insanity to where you had seen Olivia as some divine higher being worthy of your worship.

Olivia.

Suddenly you realized that the light meant you could see again. Opening your eyes, you found yourself standing up on the soft flesh between the skunk's toes. Her foot had been turned upright, if slightly at an angle, so that the toe-crotch was the floor beneath you. All of that was secondary to what you saw beyond the valley of toes you stood between. There, hovering somehow both an impossible distance away and terrifyingly close was a single, titanic, violet eye staring right at you.

The world rumbled around you and you nearly fell over from the air itself shaking as if from a sonic boom. You had covered your ears on reflex and even with their protection they were still painfully ringing. Then it happened again, louder this time. You were driven to your knees by the volume of whatever sound was thundering around you. It was so loud and deep that you barely even registered it as more than a wave of kinetic force crashing over you. It dawned on you moments later what the overwhelming force was. It was Olivia's voice.

The realization that the simple act of her speaking to you had driven you to your knees and nearly blown out your eardrums sent a wave of fear through you. Something that impossibly massive, unreasonably powerful, had their attention directed right at you. For just a moment, that madness from when you had been trapped between her toes leaked back into your thoughts. It became increasingly hard not to see her as some divine being when the simple strength of her voice was nearly enough to destroy you. Mercifully, Olivia seemed to recognize what the problem was. You heard, or rather felt, her speak again. This time the voice was far softer and somehow seemed like it was coming from all around you and inside you at the same time. Though the voice's lack of an origin point seemed to only marginally dampen its overwhelming effect.

"There. Can you understand me now?"

You recognized that voice. Even if it had come in your head it was familiar enough that you almost felt tears well up in your eyes at the comfort of something finally feeling normal rather than being blown up to terrifying proportions.

“Olivia? Is that you?! Can you hear me?” You shouted. You knew there was no possible way she could hear you at your size. Yet, mercifully, you still got a response.

“Yes. I guess you’re too small for either of us to talk to one another. So I used a telepathy spell instead.”

You almost burst into joyful sobs at the confirmation. She had noticed you! She had found you! You were safe! Finally, this nightmare could be over.

“Oh thank god, Olivia. I thought I’d never get your attention. That I’d be stuck this way forever; if I even survived very long down here.” You continued speaking out loud, unsure how to speak telepathically and trusting whatever she was doing would pick up your thoughts if not your words. “But now you can turn me back!”

There was a long moment of silence before she replied.

“You were messing around in my room, weren’t you? With my spellbook?”

The color drained from your face as you felt waves of annoyance and disapproval accompanying the mental words projecting into your head. You had been so happy that she had finally noticed you, could help you, that you had completely forgotten how you had gotten into this situation in the first place.

“I. Um. Well, that is... I may have tried taking a peek at it? Just to see what it looked like. And maybe I spoke one of the phrases without realizing what it did.” You admitted, pinning your hopes on mollifying her with honesty.

She was not amused.

“You should know better.”

“I promise, I’ll never do it again!” You shouted, desperately.

“No, I don’t think you will. But just to make sure you understand the consequences of your actions, I think you can spend a bit more time down there, first.”

Before you could make a move, much less shout a reply, the walls closed in around you again. With a booming whoosh of displaced air, her digits clenched closed around you and once more buried you in their heated, musky embrace.

Olivia would let you out eventually and turn you back. She couldn’t, in good conscience, leave you in that helpless and dangerous state forever. But that didn’t mean she couldn’t use this experience to teach you a lesson about messing with things that weren’t yours. Besides, she had been kind of amused by one of those thoughts she had heard fluttering through your head when you two had spoken.

“Goddess, huh?” Olivia mused to herself as her paw, along with its crumb of a passenger, slipped back into her slipper.



Author’s note:

Hey there, reader! Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story!

Keep in touch! <3

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