

Mish Mishane was your average college student. She went to classes during the day and worked a night job to help make ends meet. Of course, as with most college students, this meant she was struggling to live from paycheck to paycheck working a part time job on top of a full time course load. The mouse was always tired from running on little sleep, the weekends being her only reprieve. She still had work in the mornings, but at least there were the evenings to sleep or do something fun with what little spending money existed in her bank account.

Mish returned to her studio apartment after a grueling shift at the Fast Fiesta Mexican restaurant. She deposited a trail of clothing behind her as she dragged her feet dejectedly on her way to the shower, hoping the warm waters would wash away her stress and tension as well as the stickiness from the soda that had been dumped on her earlier. Why people could behave so savagely was beyond her. She had made one little mistake by forgetting the second taco on one order, when the guy stormed through the front doors and threw his drink all over her before demanding his money back and storming out, nearly knocking out another patron who was entering at the time.

She stood in the shower until her body and spirit felt reinvigorated and ready for the evening ahead. Once her fur was acceptably dry, she picked out a lovely dress that would accentuate her exceptionally curvy physique. She wanted to look great after being degraded earlier, especially since she was going somewhere nice for once. Her sights were set on a casino that had recently been constructed downtown. There weren't very many casinos around, so the bright, neon lights and flashy decor had captivated her when she saw the place for the first time. Extra hours at the restaurant paid off when she was able to tolerate them.

Upon arriving, she noted that the flashing sign above the entryway indicated that the establishment was entitled The Growing Fortune Casino. The patrons entering the place were around average height, but those who were leaving seemed to be either shorter than normal, or taller than normal, spanning a range of heights between three and nine feet tall. She found this observation to be rather odd, but there couldn't be anything going on that defied logic, could there? With that, she adjusted her glasses and marched through the doors at a determined pace. She wasn't going to let anything keep her from a night of fun.

She wandered around the place for a while, the various sounds of the casino filling her large ears, including the obnoxious sounds of the slot machines, the flutter of cards as the dealers shuffled and dealt them, and the rolling of dice at other tables. One of the slot machines grabbed her attention as she walked past it. It looked like a normal machine that she'd seen so many times in movies and TV shows, but it didn't have a slot on the front to insert money. Curious, she pulled the lever and sure enough, the machine sprang to life with no obvious form of payment necessary. What kind of casino didn't want to drain your wallet anyway? Little did she know that the losing spin she received had deducted a millimeter from her height.

After testing out the machine, she continued to wander about the place, noting that no one seemed to be spending any money at all anywhere in the place. They were just playing the games for fun in her eyes. "This is even better than I thought it would be," she said to herself. With her attention drawn to a group of people standing around a roulette table, she bumped into a 7ft tall anthro with rainbow colored fur and a gold nose ring. She'd never seen anyone like that before and stared for a moment before quickly realizing her manners, "I'm so, so sorry sir." "That's quite alright!" he replied in a rather upbeat if not overly happy tone. She followed him over to a nearby blackjack table where an average human was acting as the dealer. His nametag had the name Tom written clearly on it.

Tom gave a small smirk as the two approached the table. He had worked in casinos for quite a while and just knew how to read people. It was essential to ensure the house would win, and his senses told him that these two were a couple of newcomers. As he shuffled the deck, the strange rainbow creature placed his bet, simply saying the number three out loud, but not tossing in any chips or anything. This one at least was familiar with the betting here. Mish was rather confused by this. No money seemed to be on the line here, so it must have all been pretend bets or something. She eagerly burst out, "I'm going all in!" Tom's eyebrows rose ever so slightly as he prevented his smirk from consuming the remainder of his cheeks. This was going to be a fun one.

Tom began to deal the cards, dealing out two to each player including himself. Mish had never played before but knew she needed to be as close to 21 as possible without going over. Such were the benefits of watching movies in her dorm regularly. When Tom had finished dealing the cards, she held her breath and looked down to see what she got. Nineteen, that wasn't bad. The walking rainbow beside her stated his intention to receive another card, even though he had 20 already. Tom couldn't help but facepalm at this, dealing a 5 to the rainbow and obviously putting him over 21. Mish's eyes widened as he suddenly shrank three feet, making him a foot shorter than her own five foot frame.

It then hit her like a freight train. That other person had said three as his bet and when he lost, he shrank by three feet. "You mean we are betting portions of our own size??" she couldn't help but ask out loud. Tom nodded ever so slightly in her direction to affirm that her guess was correct. She was rather scared now and felt her hands begin to shake. This was a game in which you staked your own size and she just bet all of hers. Possible outcomes raced through her mind, and none of the possibilities of what could come to pass worked any magic to reassure her.

Mish hesitated, nineteen was good, but she could still lose. After several moments of debating with herself, she chose to stick with the cards in front of her. Tom continued to don his smirk throughout all of this, watching the reactions when people found out what they were actually betting was priceless. Unlike some of the other dealers though, he took no joy from watching people lose all of their size and fade from existence and therefore never allowed that to happen at his table. He looked at his own cards, a seven and an eight. He had to take

another. He of course received another seven, one which he had hidden in his sleeve, for a total of 22. The hand had been purposely thrown out of his care for his patrons. Mish did not notice the man's wink as she suddenly doubled in height, reaching about 10ft tall as a result of her win. She visibly sighed in relief, thanking her lucky stars she hadn't lost and vowed to be more cautious from this point forward.

The blackjack table continued to be the center of her focus for a while. Tom had long since helped the rainbow creature named Julian return to his height using his senses to gauge his patrons and his discreet methods of ensuring everyone left happy. Julian obviously had no idea how to play the game, but Tom always seemed to provide just the card he needed to win and get closer to his normal size. The human did much the same for Mish, subtly shaking his head if she bet too high or if she should just stick with the cards she was given. It became obvious he could tell she had a bad day and wanted to help. She was grateful though as she had the time of her life.

Some rounds were inevitably lost since Tom did value his job. He would no longer be there for his patrons if he was fired due to everyone winning every round. Mish was slightly taller than normal at about six feet when she decided to walk away from the table. She gave her warm and sincere gratitude to the dealer for giving her the time of her life before she turned to leave the casino. Tom still had that mischievous smirk on his face as she left. It was as if he always knew something that no one else did. He placed a sign on the table indicating it was closed before leaving the building as well. He did not want to be around for what was about to transpire.

Mish could not believe how much fun the night had turned out. Tom had been really nice and had even made her as large as twenty feet at some point. She of course had to stay at the table to return to a more normal size since she had a life to return to, but it was definitely something she wanted to do again. As she turned to leave the casino, she slipped on a playing card that had been left on the floor, a card that had Tom's signature in the lower corner. As she reached out to brace herself against something, her hand struck the lever on one of the slot machines.

Several casino employees rushed over to help her up after her fall, concerned about one of their patrons possibly suing if they didn't do something. The reels on the machine spun and eventually began to slow, the first one stopping on the number twenty. Mish dismissed those who had gathered as she rose to her feet once more. She was fine and began to gather up the things that had spilled from her purse. The second reel came to a stop on twenty as well. The last item was being picked up as the third reel stopped, also on the number twenty. This last item seemed to be a business card that she didn't remember acquiring. Before she could look it over, the slot machine chimed and rang vigorously to indicate that the person who pulled the handle had won. She absent mindedly slipped the card into her purse with her other things as she sought the source of the noise.

Knowing what such a sound meant, the patrons and staff in the casino treated the sounds issued by the machine like it was an air raid siren rather than a cause for celebration. Just as Mish realized that the sound was coming from the machine beside her, she suddenly felt like she was in an elevator as her vantage point rapidly approached the ceiling. She squeaked loudly as she burst out of the building, reaching a size of 120ft. She had quite literally succeeded in breaking the house and the bank, which was situated next door, in the same night. This was not what she had intended at all. She desperately tried to think of a solution for this. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted as someone repeatedly pounded on their car horn below. She idly looked down at the source of the noise and realized it was the same Cadillac belonging to the guy who threw a drink at her earlier. She smirked a bit as her paw shifted on its heel, toes swinging over the toy sized car.

The guy continued to pound on his horn to get her to move, that is until that large foot overhead began to lower. He struggled desperately with his seatbelt and finally threw himself out of the car, rolling across the ground to get out of the way, just in time to watch his expensive car get reduced to sheet metal beneath the foot of a 120ft mouse. He promptly took off down the street, screaming like a little girl. Mish giggled happily, tonight had been more fun than she could possibly imagine.

Tom had been watching all of this from the shadows of a nearby alleyway, still wearing his characteristic smirk. The destruction of the casino did not matter to him, it could be rebuilt. His patrons were what mattered and he would continue to help them. He was good at it after all. He watched her until she carefully made her way somewhere open enough to accommodate her, careful not to cause any harm. Once she was out of sight, he turned and disappeared completely into the shadows. He had left his card in her purse as she was leaving the table and knew she would be seeking him out very soon.