

“You’re late,” remarked a young, male red fox sporting a dark red robe. He shuffled cards among his fingers while his piercing yellow eyes stared out at the similarly robed grey furred and purple haired mouse that entered the room. A small lantern hung over the table where the fox sat, providing dim lighting for the quiet room.

“You’re the one that wanted to do this after hours,” replied the mouse, gently closing the door behind him and moving to take a seat with his ribbon accessorized tail lazily swishing behind him, “If you wanted to play cards we could have easily done this during the day, not even the Headmaster would get upset over the betting of a few coins.”

“Don’t insult me. I wouldn’t go through these lengths just for some coin. I have a much more interesting stake in mind,” replied the fox as he set the deck down on the table. The wooden chair creaked as he slowly sat back, reaching down to the floor to pull up a small, golden, ornate box decorated with magical runes. “This,” he said, setting the box down on the table, “is what we’re playing for.”

The mouse’s red eyes drifted down to the box and slowly widened once he realized what he was looking at, “Where did you...how did you....are you insane?!” yelled the mouse while slamming his hands on the table, “You’ll get us removed from the academy for having that device! If the Headmaster found out, we’ll be—“

“Oh quiet down,” said the fox, rather calmly at that as he picked up the deck of cards once again, “You know what we saw when it was demonstrated during lessons. You and I, we’re budding scholars. You’d be a fool not to study this thing. That is, unless you REALLY don’t want to, in which case I’ll have it all to myself.” As if knowing the mouse’s answer, he started to deal the cards.

“Why don’t you just take it for yourself then?” the mouse replied.

“One, because we’re friends,” replied the fox once he finished dealing, setting the remaining cards down on the table, “two, because it’s more fun this way, and three,” the fox looked over his hand before playing a card, “we could stand to unwind and have some fun.”

The mouse mulled over idea while looking over his hand, recalling the demonstration of the strange device during a lecture on teleportation spells. It was a device found by the academy’s scholars during an expedition that was almost passed off as a simple piece of treasure until its magical properties were discovered. The device would cast a teleportation spell that transcended normal barriers and reached out through space and time; teleporting something random from an unknown time period and perhaps an unknown universe, into the box; and interestingly enough, they would be forced to a size required to fit within the magical item. Though there was the theory the box’s magic could only access a world where everything was of a miniscule size. Over time the scholars managed to alter the magic just so the spell wouldn’t target anything random, it could now be directed with superior accuracy in line with what the user wanted.

Having been stuck in an all male magical academy, students would often drum up talk about females and their hormone induced urges; and especially between this mouse and fox, they shared a mutual interest in summoning up a tiny lady to play with. The mouse knew exactly what the stakes were now: the winner has fun and loser is subjected to yet another cold shower.

“Alright, you have a deal,” said the mouse as he played his card.

“That’s more like it,” replied the fox, grinning a grin so wide one could swear his face would split right in two.

The two continued with their card game, playing card after card, hand after hand, until there was a victor. It came down to the wire, and the mouse played his winning card, smiling proudly at the fox in victory. “Looks like I win!” he declared, placing a hand over the box, “And this is mine for the night.”

“Fair is fair, the prize is all yours my friend,” spoke the fox with resignation in his voice. He sat back in his seat and gestured to the mouse, “Do have a great time on my behalf. Just have that thing back by tomorrow before anyone realizes it’s gone.”

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Upon returning to the privacy of his quarters, the mouse set the device down on a table near his bed and decided to slip out of his robes into something more comfortable: just his underwear. Leaning in over the table, he ran his grey furred fingertips along the length of the box; his tail flicking back and forth in anticipation as his brain was abuzz with imagination, filled with thoughts about what is to come.

No longer willing to stall by teasing himself with these thoughts, he activated the device. His red eyes widened upon seeing the runes on the box glow with powerful magical energy. He took a step back while still observing as the box worked it’s magic.

Like a hand reaching out to grab something, the spell made its way to a more lively and civilized modern time and into the home of a blue haired, purple furred, female Espeon-morph. Fresh out of the shower, she settled into her bedroom but didn’t get much further than putting on her undergarments before she felt an unknown, paralyzing force grip tightly at her body.

No matter how much she struggled, no matter how much she fought, she couldn’t budge an inch. Her arms were pressed to her sides and her legs were pinned together. She tried to cry out for help, but no words would escape her mouth. The world around her began to blur and swirl as she felt her body being dragged backwards; unbeknownst to her that she was actually being pulled through space and time until she landed in the odd medieval world that the mouse resided in.

When the Espeon was suddenly released from her invisible binds, she immediately fell upon a cool golden surface; still dizzy and winded from her trip. “Wh...where am I?” she grumbled, her

shaken body rising up on all fours as she tried to gather her bearings. She took a quick look around the room and if not for the peculiar situation she was in, she'd be able to delight in how gorgeous the jeweled golden room was, but it was neither the time nor the place; not to mention she hadn't recovered from her trip.

Deciding to take a few moments to properly collect herself, she flopped back down onto the floor and rolled over onto her back. And that is when the Espeon found the impossible truth staring down at her. The mysterious room contained no ceiling; instead, the Espeon found the gigantic face of the mouseboy smiling down at her. She didn't know whether to scream out of fear or out of absurdity, but nonetheless, she screamed.

The mouse was hardly bothered by squeaky wails uttered by the tiny Espeon, instead, he was completely focused on marveling on how tiny this creature was before him before finally deciding to pluck her up. The little feline-esque creature could only silence her screams and stare on in horror as those massive, fuzzy digits lowered themselves toward her, two of them pinching at her waist and gently lifting her from the cool golden surface of the floor she laid upon. Up, up and up she went, the world blurring past her as if she were riding a high speed elevator as she was picked up like an everyday object, being held up right before the large mouse's curious eyes.

"Incredible," the mouse whispered as he looked over his prize. The Espeon could see the muscles in his face shift and flex as revealed pleased grin.

The mouse brought up another pair of fingers from his other hand to seize one of the smaller creature's arms while the fingers about her waist moved to grab her other one, dangling her from them. She was turned this way and that, handled by her arms, then her legs, flipped upside down and then upright, being examined by her giant captor. To him it was incredible, seeing was one thing, but to touch and handle someone so small was another, despite her protests. It was like handling a fairy or a pixie, with none of the troublesome trickster magic to go along with it.

He noted her exotic features as well: the purple fur, those cute little feline-like ears, that curious forked tail flicking wildly. Those curious grey furred fingers pet over the tiny one's interesting features; the mouse not only marveling over her size, but her appearance as well.

The Espeon however was none too pleased about this examination. "Let me go you monster!" she shouted at the top of her lungs while struggling against the mouse's touch, "I don't know what or who you are but I'm not going to put up with this!"

Those gigantic red orbs widened once he heard the little one speak, his teeth showing with a pleased smile, "So you CAN talk, and in the same tongue no less," spoke the mouse, a voice that was normally small and quiet to his peers was heavy and powerful over the tiny Espeon, "I was afraid your communication was limited by those little wails. So I just have to know...what ARE you?"

“I’m PISSED OFF is what I am!” yelled the smaller woman, still fighting against the giant rodent’s grip, “Let me go this instant!”

“Why don’t you just calm down? I’m trying to have a civilized conversation with you,” said the mouse.

“I’ve been somehow kidnapped by a giant mouse and you want me to calm down? I’ll show you calm down!” In a fit of rage and with the only means of offense left to her, the Espeon opened wide and bit down on the nearest finger of the giant male.

While the bite wasn’t anything more than a quick, sharp pinch; it was enough to startle the budding scholar, letting out a cry of surprise and losing his grip on the little Espy, causing her to take a free fall from her high vantage point.

The Espeon flailed about wildly in the air as she fell, screaming for dear life. She managed to grab hold the giant plush wall of grey fur that adorned the mouse’s body, but the falling momentum caused her to lose her grip, with the bonus of slowing her fall. She reached out again, this time snagging tiny handfuls of some dark colored, warm, soft cloth fabric which she quickly realized was the mouse’s underwear.

Arms still stinging with pain from her ungraceful cling, she actually managed to hold onto the cloth fabric, whimpering the whole time. Could have been much worse, she thought, she could have gone splat on the floor. She then suddenly gasped as she saw those giant furry digits once again, but they simply came to rest on the giant’s hips. She craned her neck backwards to look up, and saw those red orbs staring angrily down at her.

“That was pretty rude!” spoke the giant mouse; shaking his hips to purposely disrupt the tiny woman’s grip.

She was jostled back and forth while clinging to dear life, dangling from the rodent’s undergarments with a weakening grip. The constant swinging caused her to bump into a noticeable swelling bulge in the mouse’s loins, causing the Espeon’s pained expression to shift into one of absolute horror. Never mind how **LARGE** the outline was compared to her, but the fact he was enjoying this in that matter troubled her even more.

“See something you like?” teased the observant mouse as he gave his hips another shake; one that was more violent than before.

This sharp quake of the giant’s body was enough to shake the Espeon loose, bouncing her into the swelling bulge before she took another fall, tumbling along the length of the mouse’s legs, bouncing off the top of his right foot and landing right between both feet. While she was still in one piece, her body stung with pain from head to toe from the long fall, but she was currently more concerned with the bus-sized and grey furred feet that were parked on both sides of her.

“Hey, you should be more careful down there. Don’t you know being at the foot of a giant is a dangerous place to be? You wouldn’t want to get...stepped on now would you?” The mouse continued to tease, making his point clearer by wiggling and scrunching his toes.

If the Espeon were capable of it, her fur would have turned white to match the horrified expression on her face. It had to be a bluff; he wouldn’t step on her like some common insect would he? But with a quick reminder of everything that happened thus far, she wasn’t about to challenge him. With as much strength as she could muster, she tried to scramble away from the giant as fast as she could and as far as she could.

Which, unfortunately, wasn’t very far.

She saw it out of the corner of her eye; one of those bus sized feet flexing and leaning up to rest upon its main pad and toes before pushing off and rising high into the air over her, hovering, taunting her as it followed her every inch she moved. It was like a dark rain cloud she couldn’t shake, stalking her until finally, the sky had fallen.

She felt an incredible weight press down upon her, pinning her firmly between it and the hard place that was the wooden floor beneath her. The pink, warm pillowy main pad of the mouse’s foot rested squarely on her back while her head was nestled snugly between his first and second toe. She squirmed and struggled in an attempt to wriggle away, but it was all for naught; his foot was far too heavy.

A devious smirk appeared on the mouse’s face in victory over catching the poor Espeon underfoot; finding this far more enjoyable than he could ever imagined. Being the normally meek little mouse he was, the smallest and weakest out of his peers and everyone he had ever known, he never held any sort of power over another. To say this was enjoyable would be an understatement, no; it was quite arousing, as evident by the swelling bulge in his loins.

“I told you to be careful down there,” teased the mouse once more, gently gripping the Espeon’s head with his toes, rubbing them against her as he wiggled them slightly, “You could have been squished flat, and that wouldn’t have been very fun now would it? Then again, you wouldn’t be in this situation if you didn’t bite me. You should apologize.”

The tiny female probably would have too if not for the crushing grip squeezing at her head and the enormous weight resting upon her shrunken form; both serving to force what little air she could manage from her body. She couldn’t have choked out an apology no matter how hard she tried.

“No apology? That’s too bad. I tried to be kind, but just continue to be mean, and I don’t like mean people,” said the mouse, knowing well what he was doing.

The Espeon took in a huge gasp of air when those toes finally released her head and the mouse’s gargantuan foot lifted its crushing weight from her tiny form. The reprieve was short lived,

however, once those massive toes push against her side to roll her over onto her back, and she saw that sole hovering over her once again, “N-no! Wait please! Not again!” She protested while that sole descended; the mouse pinning her underfoot once again.

The weight of his foot pressed down harder than ever, pressing her squarely underneath. His big and second toe rested comfortably on the Espeon’s face; her features forced to be pressed into his pink toe pads. Unlike before where he simply held her beneath him, his foot decided not to be so idle this time around. He stretched his toes and splayed them as he pushed his foot down harder, twisting and rolling it over the tiny woman; kneading his sole into her.

“H-heeelp! You’re squishing me!” The little Espeon managed to choke out as she was overwhelmed by the crushing force of the mouse’s foot; her consciousness starting to fade away from her eyes.

The mouse responded by pressing down even harder, threatening to crush the little woman flat before suddenly stopping and lifting his foot off of her; the Espeon being momentarily stuck to the sole before gravity peeled her off and dropped her back to the floor.

“That was close,” the mouse said with a heavy pant, (though the Espeon could share the same thought), “I almost got carried away,” he said with another huff, stumbling backwards to sit on the edge of his bed.

In a dizzied haze she managed to gaze upward and notice what the mouse was going on about. High above, the mouse had his hand in his undergarments, teasing himself; it didn’t take long for her to realize that this mistreatment on her behalf turned him on. She didn’t have the privilege of protesting; having nearly been crushed to death by a horny giant. Infact, she found it quite the miracle that none of her bones were broken, or crushed.

Perhaps this was her chance, she was still in one piece, and her captor was preoccupied with himself. Yes, this was as good a time as any. She brought her tired body to its feet and made a run for it. Of course, the mouse wasn’t about to let his prize escape, and slide his foot across the floor behind her to grab at her body between his first and second toe.

“Gotcha,” he said in victory, lifting his foot to pluck the tiny girl from his toes; holding her about the waist with his thumb and index finger, “Such a feisty little thing aren’t you? Well how about using all that energy to help me with a little...problem I’m having?”

Before she could answer, or do anything for that matter, the giant mouse pulled open the waistband of his cloth undergarments and dropped his little plaything into those hot and dark depths; snapping the waistband afterwards and trapping her with that thick, throbbing member of his, pressed up against it within those dark confines. It didn’t take long for the fun sized Espeon to realize her predicament, playing right into the giant’s hands once she began to squirm and struggle.

“Mmm, just like that,” murmured the mouse, placing a hand upon this excited bulge and pressing the Espeon closer and tighter against himself.

The firmer the press, the more she fought: thrashing, punching, kicking; even with her face pressed into the smooth unyielding flesh of his shaft, she continued to struggle, not even once considering how much he was enjoying it.

“Mmmph...you really have a lot of fight in you,” said the mouse as he laid back on his bed and pulled down his undergarments, quickly wrapping his fingers about his shaft and the Espeon in a firm grip. With a soft moan and his eyes fluttering closed, he began to stroke himself, taking the poor tiny girl along for the ride. He was in a world of bliss, moaning quietly to the walls of his quarters as he felt her smooth fur rub up and down his length. The Espeon was forced to endure, unable to protest or struggle against the mouse’s tight grip and overwhelming member.

The mouse savored every moment of those pleasure filled minutes, holding out as long as he could until he was finally forced to a climax; his seed erupting from his dick like lava from a volcano and forming a warm sticky pool where his stomach and groin met.

As the giant laid back in the bliss of his afterglow, the Espeon decided to relax in the peacefulness; resting her tired body at the base of his member upon his testicles. She was exhausted, sore and just wanted nothing more than to sleep; hoping the entire thing was just a nightmare and she’d wake up right in her bed like nothing happened.

Just hoping...

Praying...

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BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

“Gah!” cried out the Espeon, the loud beeping of the clock radio alarm rousing her from her slumber. She sat up in a panic, panting heavily while looking around frantically only to realize she was in her bed room. Her actual bedroom, with no giant mouse in sight. Maybe it was a nightmare after all!

With a sigh of relief, she reached over to her bedside table to disable the alarm, gingerly pressing the ‘Off’ button. But the moment she did, the entire room began to shake.

“An earthquake?!” She cried out, leaping out of her bed, “The whole house is shaking!”

It was then she heard a loud scraping and tearing from above as her entire ceiling started to pull away and lift high up into the sky. Upon gazing up behind the ceiling...no...beyond the missing roof, was a sight that made her pale: the giant grinning face of that mouse.

“Just in time for breakfast,” said the mouse with a voice booming like thunder.

With a quick lick of his lips, he reached down and grabbed the smaller Espeon by the waist; lifting her underwear-clad form up and away from the safety of her bedroom towards the mouse’s parting lips.

“W-wait!” protested the Espeon, “Surely by breakfast you didn’t mean me!” She cried out, squirming in the giant’s hold.

But the mouse paid no mind to her words (which seemed to be pretty normal) and widened the gap between his lips; his warm breath washing over her like a summer’s breeze while he tilted her head first toward his mouth.

“P-please reconsider! There are plenty of other things you could eat!” pleaded the Espy, but her words were still wasted on uncaring ears as she stared into the ever approaching abyss that was the giant mouse’s warm, wet and dark maw.

The mouse slowly closed his lips around the Espeon’s head and left the rest of her body free as he suckled upon her cranium as if it were a lollipop. His tongue pressed against and dragged itself over her face, causing her to sputter and cough from each lap of that wet, pink muscle. He continued for a few more moments before loosening his lips and suckling harder, drawing in the rest of her body into his anxious mouth to continue treating her like a hard candy.

It was a never ending wild ride within the mouse’s mouth; that tongue of his tossing the poor girl from cheek to cheek, pinning her there while that organ dragged back and forth across the length of her body. Then pressing her to the roof of his mouth and dragging her tiny form across the giant’s palate until the tongue came to rest with her lying upon it.

No longer feeling the need to play with his food any further; the mouse tilted his head back while his tongue and saliva worked to push the Espeon towards the dark opening that was his throat. She would struggle and fight for dear life, but nothing she did stopped her from sliding down his gullet and being finished off with a mere, yet satisfying, -Gulp- from the giant mouse.

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“AAAAH NOOOO!!!!” cried the Espeon as she suddenly woke up from her sleep in a cold sweat, panting heavily.

She looked around slowly while catching her breath, realizing she was still in the giant mouse’s chambers and snuggled up against his bits; a realization that sent her recoiling suddenly and falling backwards into the space between the snoozing giant’s thighs.

Keeping up with her streak of misfortune, the giant slowly stirred; shifting his legs and smushing the poor tiny in between his thighs with a simple yelp on her end.

The mouse grumbled as he felt an odd wriggling between his thighs, his eyes slowly fluttering open followed by a loud yawn. He stretched his arms above his head and stretched his legs out past the edge of his bed as well, unconsciously tensing his muscles and squishing the poor tiny Espy further between flexed thighs.

“Morning already...?” He mumbled sleepily before lazily sitting up with another yawn. Then with a quick realization, his eyes shot open, “It’s morning already!” He repeated with more emergency, “I better hurry before I get in trouble! Now where did she go?”

The mouse looked around his bed before actually noticing the squirming between his legs. A large grin appeared on his face while he parted his legs, smiling down at the tiny espy gasping for air. “I guess you just enjoy being down there, don’t you?” He teased once again while plucking her up. “I better hurry and return the device, but I can’t let anyone else find out about you,” he said while in deep thought. He couldn’t just leave her anywhere, if she was discovered, it’d be a big problem for him. He’d have to keep her somewhere that only he knew about.

“Oh I know!” He said, struck by inspiration. He grabbed a fresh pair of cloth undergarments to slip on, but not before depositing her within them to keep his bits company, “I’ll just keep you in there during lessons, and don’t try anything funny or else you’ll end up underfoot again.”

Not wishing to endure any additional wrath from her captor; the Espeon obeyed, opting not to make a fuss while trapped in her fabric confines.

The mouse finished getting ready before grabbing the device, tucking it away on his person and quickly left his quarters to return it. He hurried to the quiet room where those little games were held, and there was the fox, sitting patiently and amusing himself with a single player card game while waiting on the mouse.

“I was wondering if you’d show,” mused the fox, “You’re really cutting it close.”

The mouse fumbled with his robes until he pulled out the box, setting it on the table, “I lost track of time.”

“Of course you did. So where is the little thing? May I see it?” asked the fox.

The mouse chuckled softly while adjusting his robes, “Perhaps later, she’s a little...pre occupied right now.”

The fox slowly stood up from his seat, picking up the box, “Say no more, but you ought to show me sometime, it’s the very least you could do for what I’m going through,” He said with a wink, “Anyway, I better get this back before it’s too late, I’ll talk to you later,” and without another word, the fox and the box left the room.

“Well then, I’d better get moving too,” said the mouse, “I suggest you get comfortable, you’ll be in there for a bit,” he teased, giving his crotch a playful pat.