

Deep within a forest, in a section where no one would dare venture through, was a massive grove where numerous mythical woodland creatures made their home. It was here that fairies, pixies, and sprites lived together peacefully away from the dangerous outside elements that could threaten their very lives.

This place was called Mossia, a haven founded over two millennia ago by a group of elves and nymphs that were cursed by dark magic that rendered them a diminutive size; mere inches tall, a fraction of what they once were. They lived out their long days cultivating their new lands and populating it. One of their final actions was erecting a barrier around the grove known as “The Wall”, a structure hundreds of feet (in comparison to them of course) high that was reinforced with stone and powerful magic.

The Wall served to keep dangerous outside elements out, and their future in.

Over the thousands of years, only few entertained the idea of going beyond The Wall but none ever actually attempted the task. Such an endeavor was frowned upon by the Elders and the Queen herself; heavily discouraged but not entirely forbidden. Still, all the tales of horrors that lay beyond The Wall were more than enough to crush the dreams of those that merely thought to venture beyond it.

All except for one pixie winged Leafeon girl.

Fresh out of bed minutes before dawn had arrived, the spunky Leafeon stood stark naked before her bedroom window; greeting the sun as its warm light swept across the town. Pixy always adored how the light brightened up the Queen’s massive castle in the distance, and especially loved how the sky piercing Crystal Tower in the center of town sparkled and shimmered with a rainbow glow when cast under the sun’s light.

Truly these had to be good omens.

“Today’s the day! The day where Pixy Sierra Leafia Leore goes where no Mossian has gone before!” She declared while folding her arms underneath her ample bust as she stared out into the distance, large amber colored eyes focused on The Wall.

A girlish moan uttered from Pixy’s bed, causing her large, leaf-like ears to twitch.

“I really wish you didn’t have to do this,” called a cute, airy, feminine voice from the bed. The soft silken covers pulled away to reveal a fair skinned, petite, yet shapely, framed fairy; her hair dark as night and as long as day, “You don’t need to go beyond The Wall, no one wants you to go. *I* don’t want you to go,” She said softly. Crimson eyes stared at the verdant pokemorph pixie by the name of Pixy from behind, admiring her from head to toe.

That gorgeous yellowish tanned body, smooth and warm like soft grass in the sun. The way her hand and feet paws were covered in luxurious brown fur with amber colored pads; how many times she has held those soft, warm hands and rubbed those cute paws while taking in the sweet scent they emitted. She adored those large, leafy ears; green from the tips to the center, which they became a gradient to match the yellow-tan of her body. The same applied to Pixy's tail, broad and very much like a leaf; a bright green until the base.

And that body, how she loved it. Strong arms and legs from her guard training, smooth stomach, wide hips with a cute heart shaped rump. There were also those cute sprouts: the ones about her ankles and wrists wrapped about them to give the appearance of grass bracelets and anklets; and that particular one that sat upon the bed of Pixy's green, medium length hair as if it were a untameable cowlick, a long strand of hair curled that curled forward like an odd antenna.

The fairy's feelings for the Leafeon burned as brightly as her eyes, but things were different for Pixy herself.

Pixy slowly turned around and spread her green tinted transparent wings that shimmered beautifully as the sunlight started shining into the bedroom. "I'm sorry Raye, did I wake you?" Pixy asked softly, purposely ignoring the pleas she heard far too many times.

Raye uttered a frustrated growl while quickly slipping out of bed, raven black hair reaching down to her thighs draped messily over her folded wings and her body as naked as the Leafeon she shared the bed with. "Why are you so stubborn?!" She stomped across the wood flooring with as much intimidation those dainty little feet could carry, glaring at Pixy as she approached her. While Pixy was at least a head taller (without including her ears), it didn't make the shorter fairy the least bit intimidated as she glared up at the Leafeon with burning red eyes. She took the Leafeon's brown furred hands into her own and gave them a squeeze; a needy, desperate squeeze. "Why can't you just leave this alone? Everything you could ever want is here in Mossia. There's no reason to go beyond The Wall."

Pixy sighed and looked down to her shorter long time friend and attached lover, removing her hands from Raye's to place them upon the fairy's shoulders, "Raye, you still don't understand. All we know is Mossia, we don't know anything beyond that," Pixy sighed again, "It's a missed opportunity. We live our lives here trapped in this cage without knowing about the outside world."

Raye lowered her eyes and looked away for a brief moment before looking back, as if suddenly getting an idea, "We already saw what was outside remember? As kids and a bunch of us got to see the view from the Crystal Tower? We were able to see beyond the

wall, there was nothing but giant trees. So see? Nothing beyond the wall but giant versions of plants, plants we already have here!”

Pixy shook her head, “But we don’t know what’s beyond that. There’s some amazing things out there, I know it, I have to see it!”

Raye stepped forward, wrapping her arms about Pixy’s torso and hugged her tightly. Those fiery eyes cooling off as they welled up with tears, “It’s gotta be dangerous! Who knows what kind of dangerous creatures are out there! I...I just...I just don’t want anything to happen to you.” Raye sobbed, burying her face right into Pixy’s bust.

“Oh c’mon Raye, I’m Pixy Sierra Leafia Leore! The top of the class in guard training!” Pixy reassured proudly while patting Raye on the head and running her smooth furred fingers through her hair.

Raye sniffled a few times before looking up, “But that was training, you’ve never been in real combat.”

“Look, I’m going okay?” Pixy replied before stepping away from the fae and began to get ready. “I’m going to see what’s out there and that’s that. You don’t have to worry about me, I’ll be fine. I’ll make note of every incredible thing I find and then return home. Simple!” She said while picking out a green tunic to wear while gathering everything she needed for her journey, most important being her trusty rapier and a notebook to document her findings, “I’ll even bring you back something if I can.”

Raye nodded her head in defeat, “Ah...alright Pix....but I’ll miss you....”

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“And I’ll miss you too,” Pixy muttered to herself as she stood atop the wall, staring out into the gigantic forest. The trees seemed to stretch forever into the heavens; she could see nothing but ceilings of branches and leaves, only allowing scattered rays of light through. It was very different from the expansive grove that she called home; where the sky could easily be seen and sunlight always shined through. It was oddly curious how the trees seemed to circle around the grove, never growing in it or over it. Clearly something to do with the curious magic of the Elders, but that wasn’t important. Seeing what was beyond these endlessly tall trees was.

“So are you going or what?” asked the tall, spear wielding elf guard standing behind Pixy, “No one would blame you if you turned back, but if you did, you won’t get this chance

again,” The elf looked to a parchment in her free hand, “A favor from the Queen is not something to pass up on.”

“I’m going! I’m going!” Pixy shot back, “I was just collecting my thoughts.” She took a deep breath and looked back to the elf, “Say Elsa, you could join me on this grand journey, y’know. You placed pretty high in classes.”

The elf identified as Elsa shook her head, “No way. The idea of going beyond The Wall gives me the creeps. Besides, the Queen said you and you alone are allowed to go. No send off party either.”

Pixy rested a hand on the hilt of her rapier, “I’m not surprised. Matters of anything beyond The Wall are borderline forbidden, and everyone but me is okay with that. Even according to history books, things have always been this way. There aren’t any records of anything before Mossia was established.”

Elsa gripped her spear and stared at the Leafeon from behind, “You ask a lot of questions and think about things that don’t need to be thought about. Pursuit of knowledge is admirable, but trying to know too much is dangerous.” She raised her spear with a heavy sigh, “You’re not very popular among the higher ups you know.”

Pixy turned around to face the taller elf, already finding a spear pointed at her. The Leafeon’s large eyes became wider as she saw the grim look on Elsa’s face, “Elsa...you of all people?”

Elsa stood firm, “Anything outside The Wall doesn’t know a thing about Mossia, and everything within knows nothing of the outside. Everyone is okay with this except you. I assume they’re letting you go because they think you won’t come back, but I know you better than that, you’re too skilled, too smart and your affinity with plant life is incredible. Nonetheless, you carry a lot of secrets with you, secrets that could endanger us all.”

Pixy swallowed hard, but steeled herself, her eyes still locked on Elsa’s face. She could tell the elf was serious, they were very much alike after all; when they made their own decisions, they stuck to them, but the fact Elsa didn’t already run her through meant she was waiting for a response. A good one. “I didn’t tell Raye good bye. I told her I’ll be back,” Pixy replied.

Elsa gasped upon hearing those words; her resolve to kill her friend suddenly broken. With a heavy sigh, she lowered her spear, “And knowing you, you promised.”

Pixy nodded, “A promise from Pixy Sierra Leafia Leore is worth its weight in Shiny Stone!”

Elsa turned away and sighed once more, “Of course it is. Go on, get out of here. And you better come back, if you make my sister cry over you I’ll make sure you pay for it somehow!”

Pixy nodded, spreading her gorgeous wings, “I want a big helping of my favorite berries when I come back!” She shouted as she took a big leap from the top of the wall, her wings kicking up into a rapid flutter before she zipped into the distance beyond the titanic trees.

Elsa gave a rarely seen smile and chuckled to herself, “I miss your loud, obnoxious, arrogant boasting already. Good luck, my friend.”

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I’ve been traveling through this forest for about the whole day now. I left Mossia a little after sunrise and now the sun has already set. Luckily, I stored up plenty of sunlight and made a light orb that should last through the night. Things are so much darker among these trees, it’s nearly pitch black out here. You could see some moonlight shining through, but it’s not enough to keep traveling.

Besides, my wings are tired and my feet are sore.

I’m settling down on this large tree branch for the night. I should be safe here. The trees don’t seem to mind; not that they’re very talkative to begin with. They seem to be displeased with my presence, but they mean no ill will towards me. And the ones that do talk...well, they speak in a language I don’t fully understand. I need to work on my plant studies.

The forest is indeed dangerous like everyone at home thought. While I personally haven’t run into any trouble yet, I’ve detected and seen a bunch of nasty beasts near the forest floor. Their eyes stare at me with a hungry gaze, but they don’t dare approach. Maybe they’re afraid of heights, or maybe they know what I, Pixy Sierra Leafia Leore, am capable of.

Yeah. That’s right. They better stay back if they know what’s good for them.

Pixy chuckled to herself before she resumed scribbling in her notebook.

I would imagine any other Mossian would have decided to turn back and give up on this foolish quest, but not me, no way, especially not after what I saw.

When I noticed the sun was setting, I made my way up to the top of one of the shorter trees and saw an incredible sight in the distance. It's so hard to describe, but they were numerous structures that pierced the heavens just like these trees! They were bright with thousands of colorful lights all over them. I just have to get there, I have to see them up close for myself. I thought the Crystal Tower was big, I thought the castle was big, I thought these trees were big! I haven't seen anything yet!

For now I'm going to settle in for the night, I'll resume my journey first thing in the morning! Hopefully I'll be out of here before the day's end. Good night for now!

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So I quickly learned that I don't like avians. I've never seen one before, but I learned about them in myth class. Giant flying creatures with wings made of feathers, long and large mouths called "beaks" and clawed feet called talons. We were told they were big, but I never expected to see one close up. This one is as big as the Queen, and she's the biggest non-plant I've ever met.

I was face to leg with one now, and this one was hungry.

Pixy awoke the next morning with a loud yawn and a bright smile; ever so eager to continue her journey. She unwrapped the soft leaf she used as blanket and bedding from around her and stretched; basking in the sun's rays that managed to penetrate the tree dominated canopy.

"Alright! Time to get a move on, early bird get's the worm!" Pixy said to herself as she double checked her gear and stood up while spreading her gorgeous wings.

"My thoughts exactly!" said a voice from above.

"Wha?" Pixy looked up and saw a pair of giant, pink bird talons with white claw tips descending down on her! With a swift, last second maneuver, Pixy narrowly rolled out of the way and retreated towards the tip of the branch where she got a good look at her assaulter.

"Oh...that's big..."

Standing at a good six times Pixy's height was a female Spearow pokemorph. It spread its pinkish wing-arms proudly and opened its short, hooked beak to screech loudly; to what Pixy assumed was a declaration of victory. She eyed the larger creature up along its striped, beige colored feathered body up to those piercing black eyes and rough, brown plumage on its head.

“I thought I picked up the scent of something curious and delicious,” the Sparrow licked the sides of her beak, “You’re one of those creatures from that grove over there, aren’t you? Now this is a rare treat.” She took one step forward and crouched down low with her wings at her side, looking to lunge in and gobble up the verdant explorer.

If my life wasn’t in danger, this probably would have been fascinating! To gaze into a mouth big enough to devour you was both terrifying and...intriguing. There were so many details of this creature’s mouth! The rough looking ridged insides, those tiny, few but sharp looking teeth; that small, yet thick tongue. And breath so foul and hot it almost made my eyes water. Yeesh, I thought nymphs had horrid breaths.

Pixy’s eyes widened as she stared right into the open maw of the avian as it lunged toward her, but the Leafon would not make easy prey. Narrowly avoiding being gobbled up, Pixy dove off the edge of the branch in a freefall, gazing up at the angry bird staring down at her as she fell.

“Bye bye birdie!” Pixy called out before spreading her lovely wings and zipping off into a high speed flight, darting among the trees. The Sparrow, however, would not easily be denied such a rare delicacy for its breakfast. With a loud, angry screech, she spread her wings wide and flew after the pokemorph-pixie hybrid.

The two engaged in a high speed chase through the forest; much to Pixy’s surprise.

I thought I could outmaneuver the creature easily among the trees, after all, I’m one of the most nimble fliers in Mossia; but that avian’s agility betrayed her size, she was just as good at flying high speeds among these trees as I was. Maybe...just maybe, she’s a LITTLE bit better, after all, she’d know this forest much better than me.

No matter how much Pixy, darted from tree to tree and around branch around branch, the Sparrow kept a steady pace behind her, getting closer and closer each time.

“You can’t escape from me! C’mere! I have a nice warm belly waiting for you!” The Sparrow taunted from behind as she saw an opening to close in for the delicious kill.

Pixy gasped as she saw the bird doubling in speed behind her; beak open, like a small cave ready to engulf her. Ahead was a large tree, and with her pursuer picking up speed behind her, she wouldn’t have time to get around it.

Such excitement! Such danger! I began to sweat, my heart was in my throat and beating fast. What a terrifying situation to be in! I had a few seconds to come up with a plan, or I’d be food.

Unable to go left or right, and not wanting to risk slowing her momentum to rise upwards, she darted straight down; once again avoiding the bigger female's open beak, as it crashed unceremoniously into the trunk with a loud, and pained squawk.

Pixy flew towards the ground and then forward past her obstacle, smirking to herself, "I hope you remember the name of the one who bested you, foul creature, Pixy Sierra Leafia Leore!" She said proudly as she continued her swift flight through the forest.

Elsa would pull me by the ears for declaring victory without checking to see if my foe had truly fallen. It was far too foolish of me to underestimate a giant, desperately hungry beast.

Believing she was in the clear, Pixy flew on ahead, but a certain bird wasn't ready to give up. With a loud, angry screech, the Sparrow caught the pixie by surprise; descending down upon her foot first and driving her down into the soft dirt of the forest floor, pinned underneath the thin but heavy talon.

Pixy squirmed from beneath the Sparrow, but found herself unable to wriggle free from under her own strength. The avian raised a toe and pressed it down on the Leafia's head, pushing her face back down into the dirt.

"Don't tire yourself out, save your struggles for when you're going down my throat, that's the most fun," said the Sparrow as she curled her talons around the pokemorph and lifting her up slightly from the dirt.

"Urgh, release me this instant, beast!" Pixy yelled out while squirming in the avian's tight grip.

"Ooh, perhaps I should let you go. After all, I shouldn't get carried away with playing with my food," said the Sparrow. Giving the pixie-leafy a quick, firm squeeze with her talons, she kicked her leg up and released her prey; tossing Pixy up into the air. The Sparrow stood underneath, head raised and beak open; waiting for her meal to land right into her mouth.

The Leafia flailed wildly as she fell right into the Sparrow's mouth; that beak snapping shut and trapping her within that humid maw. The bird pokemorph decided to savor her meal, rolling the Leafia about with her tongue and pressing her to the ridged roof of her maw; taking in the sweet, fresh flavor like an exotic fruit or an expertly prepared vegetable. The avian felt as if she could taste this flavor forever and never tire of it; and that was she noticed something was off.

There was ONLY flavor and no texture; the Leafia had seemingly dissolved in her mouth. Stranger still, the flavor began to change, becoming tangy, harsh; incredibly spicy! The

Spearow's eyes shot wide open and she began to flap her wings wildly while squawking in agony.

"Hah! How'd you like my Hot Pepper Doll?" Pixy called out, standing upon a nearby log, grinning triumphantly with her hands on her hips.

"Ack...hack..." The Spearow coughed and wheezed, looking angrily at the smaller female, "H-how?"

Pixy pointed to an empty pod where remains of a large opened seed remained, "Nature magic basics coupled with some pixie tricks! You picked the wrong Mossian to try and snack on!"

Furious, the bird dipped down low with her wings folded and immediately charged towards Pixy with her beak wide open, but she was more than ready for her giant opponent's attack. She drew her rapier and cast a hand over it while muttering a spell, covering the blade in magical greenery.

Once the bird came close enough, Pixy spread her wings and leapt from the log over the bird's low profile. She swung her blade once, releasing thick vines from the grass blade that shot out and tightly wrapped about the bird's beak. With her large foe lassoed, Pixy continued with her momentum and surprising strength; pulling the Spearow backwards via the vine and blade, taking her clean off of her feet and forcing her to the ground, where her head crashed harshly against a sturdy tree root, knocking her unconscious.

Pixy landed on the soft dirt with a huff and looked back to her fallen opponent for a short moment before dispelling the magic on her sword, detaching it from the vines, and setting it back at her side. "I hope now you won't forget my name. Let your friends know who was victorious today!" Pixy declared while spreading her wings wide, "Pixy Sierra Lefia Leore!" She exclaimed before taking off in a quick flight, eagerly looking to continue her journey.

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That encounter with the avian really threw me off track and I had to spend extra time finding my proper path through the forest but I finally, I made it out and thankfully, I made it out before dusk. And now that I've made it out, I truly realize just how small our large home is. How I used to marvel at the height of the wall, the sky scraping Crystal Tower, the Queen's castle, and the Queen herself.

But now as I gaze upon this massive world stretched out before me, I realize just how small and insignificant everything I knew was in comparison. Mossia was paradise, but now it feels...claustrophobic. Even as amazing as that forest was, it felt so closed off. Out here, everything was so open and seemed to go on forever.

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“Ugh,” Pixy paused in her writing to acknowledge the loud roaring of her stomach. She hadn’t eaten all day and was unable to take in a sufficient amount of sunlight during her time in the forest. She had to get something to eat.

Fortunately, luck happened to be in her favor. Ahead, was the rear of a massive house, and while she could only ponder what kind of gigantic being could make its home there, she was more concerned with what lay before the rear entrance: the tilled field filled with freshly grown vegetables between the house and the fence she perched upon.

“G...ginormous!” She yelled out as she set her eyes upon the gigantic vegetables. She leapt from the fence and hovered over the giant cabbages and tomato vines to settle down near a carrot, gazing up at it in awe.

Never has such a massive edible has been witnessed! And I’ve seen fairies grow some magnificent crops; yet here I am, surrounded by vegetables that absolutely dwarf me!

The more I see the more I am curious. So far there was nothing beyond Mossia that was of a size that I am accustomed to. Is this truly how the world is beyond the wall? A literally enormous land? Or is everything within the wall just small?

It didn’t matter, I wasn’t going to get any answers on an empty stomach, that’s for certain.

Pixy approached the carrot with a hungry gaze, drawn in by not only its size, but also its delicious scent which brought a delight to the pixie’s nose. Using her sword, she cut off a small piece of carrot and immediately began to happily munch on it.

It was SO delicious and SO sweet. I’ve never had a carrot so delicious in my life! To think even our magically enhanced soil couldn’t grow one this good! The outside world continues to impress me.

Though it begs the question...

Who grew these vegetables?

While Pixy was happily munching away, the door to the rear of the colossal home swung open and out stepped a short, male, brown, floppy eared anthropomorphic bunny sporting an oversized green shirt and a pair of blue shorts. Held in one hand was a large basket, meant for the sole purpose of carrying the vegetables he intended to pick for dinner. None of the wiser of the tiny intruder munching on his carrots, he walked toward his gardens to choose the perfect pickings.

Pixy herself would soon find her meal time interrupted by the rhythmic rumbles of the tilled dirt shaking from under her feet. Each muffled thud grew louder and the vibrations stronger so, enough to make the Leafeon more than concerned. “Where is that coming from?” She wondered aloud, glancing about frantically for signs of whatever it is that’s approaching. As she wrapped a hand around the hilt of her blade, she quickly got her answer.

“Nothing like some fresh veggies!”

The loud booming voice overhead and the shadow casting over her brought Pixy’s attention upwards; brown eyes locked upon the brown furred titan reaching down with an outstretched hand to pluck massive vegetables from the earth.

This was absolutely absurd! How could this even be possible? What was this titanic brown beast?! The Queen and that avian hardly reached its knee, and here it was; as big as the Crystal Tower itself, like a large structure come to life, moving about and plucking these giant vegetables!

The beast is big enough to eat THREE carrots!

I’ve never seen anything like it; that cocoa colored fur, those large floppy things coming from its head. Are these lands filled with such things? And this one’s so close to the forest, should it actually wander in and discover Mossia, who knows what could happen?

Still, as big as it is; its anatomy doesn’t seem any different from any bipedal I’ve seen. Perhaps it has the same weaknesses, but it would it be wise for me to engage it? It’s merely picking vegetables and hasn’t discovered me, and perhaps I should keep it that way.

On the other hand, it carried a potential threat.

Either way, I didn’t want to find me and it was coming fast! I had to think of something quick!

Looking to maintain her cover, she thrust her blade into the very carrot she hid behind and snacked upon, and held on tightly as those massive, brown furred fingers took hold of the vegetable and uprooted it from the very earth; taking Pixy along for the ride.

She successfully stowed away in the basket among the other vegetables; quietly biding her time and observing the giant bunny as he picked a fine share from his garden and then proceeded to return to his home.

Despite how dangerous the situation seemed, I was rather eager to see what kind of home this giant lived in. Its lair didn't look the least bit threatening from the outside; but who knew what horrors lie within. Fear, anxiety, excitement all at once. Truly this is what adventure felt like.

Pixy watched quietly from her location as the bunny entered his home and strolled into the kitchen. She was fairly surprised by the lovely aromas within the beast's lair. She expected the foul scents of blood, decay and death; yet it was all sweet and strong with the scent of coffee (not that she'd know what coffee was). Infact, everything she was able to see betrayed her expectations. It was a calm, relaxing vibe within the lair of the beast.

But still, I couldn't let my guard down.

Pixy waited for the precise moment where the bunny was facing away to escape the basket, quickly zipping out from among the vegetables towards the back of his head and maintaining a steady hover. While she did want to explore the rest of his home, she was far too curious about the creature.

It was important that I get as much information about this monster as much as possible. There were sure to be more like him in this world; I had to find out any weaknesses, their strengths, their level of intelligence and what they were capable of.

She observed from a close distance, making sure to stay out of sight, and watched the bunny as he pulled out a carrot from the basket and placed it on the countertop. He then pulled out a knife from a drawer and began to chop the carrot into small slices. Pixy's hands found their way to her mouth to stifle a horrified gasp.

I knew that calm nature was a ruse! This had to be the beast's true colors! Brandishing that carving blade and practicing his sadistic ways on a poor defenseless carrot in lieu of a small creature like myself to try it on! Why else would he slice up something he can obviously eat whole?!

“Hey wait a minute,” the bunny grumbled in disappointment as he held up another carrot, “It looks like something took a piece off of this one. Don’t tell me there’s pests in my garden eating my veggies!”

Pixy’s ears perked, her leafy tail stiffed, her amber eyes narrowed as her brow furrowed; her hands were removed from her mouth and angrily placed on her hips, “Hey! Who are you calling a pest?!” She barked loudly at the giant bunny, quickly forgetting she was supposed to remain in stealth.

“Huh? Is someone there?” Inquired the bunny in confused fashion, turning his head back and forth to identify the source of the voice.

“Wah! Look out!” Pixy cried out.

Unaware of the tiny presence behind him, the bunny’s rapid movements resulted in one of his large, broad, floppy ears slapping against Pixy and sending her flying across the kitchen and helplessly fell into a bottle; where comically, she landed upside down with her upper body down to her waist was trapped.

“Hey! Get me out of here!” She yelled with a muffled echo, kicking her legs wildly and causing the skirt of her tunic to fold down; exposing the fact that she wore no underwear underneath.

“Hmm? What was that?” The bunny looked around curiously before eyeing the teetering potion bottle with the tiny figured trapped halfway into the mouth of it. He slowly walked on over, eyes focused on the kicking legs of the tiny, squirming form. “A little person?” He asked himself, overcome with curiosity.

Pixy struggles became more wild and frantic as she saw the colossal bunny approach through the clear glass, “B-back away foul beast! Don’t go taking advantage like this!”

The bunny edged toward the trapped pokemorph to take a closer look at her predicament. His face instantly turned a bright, tomato red upon the realization that her genitalia was exposed, but still managed to stay focused on the task at hand. Slowly and gently, he brought his brown furred fingers to the pixie’s waist, taking hold with a gentle squeeze, “Don’t worry, I’ll get you out.”

“Wait! Hey! Get your grubby mitts away from me! Eeek!” Pixy squeaked as she felt those massive digits grip her waist and, of further concern to her, squeeze and pinch her rear unintentionally. A deep red tint of embarrassment and anger fell upon her face as she was accidentally handled in such a manner.

The nerve! Not only was the beast vicious, it was perverted!

With a little effort, the massive bunny managed to pull Pixy free from the bottle, much to her chagrin. “There you are, are you alright?” asked the rabbit.

With a huff, Pixy kicked free from his fingers and flew upright to face him. “Disgusting creature!” She yelled, drawing forth her blade and poking the bunny right in the nose with the tip of it.

“Yeow!” howled the lapine as he winced and covered his nose. “Hey! What was that for?” He whined.

A childish complaint wasn’t something I was expecting.

“You’re a dangerous giant beast! But **that** one was for touching my butt!” Pixy yelled, pointing her blade at him, “I can’t even fathom all the horrible things you do to your prey, I’m not going to let you do them to me!”

“Wh-what? Wait! Hold on! I-I wasn’t trying to touch your butt, honest! I was just trying to help you out of the bottle! And I’m not a beast, I’m a bunny, and I wouldn’t do horrible things to you, I wouldn’t even hurt a fly! I’m pretty bad at it to be honest!” said the bunny in a panic, holding up his hands in surrender.

Pixy took a long hard stare at the beast now called bunny and lowered her blade just slightly, “.....’bunny’ is a pretty cute name for such a beast, and you do seem like a coward...”

“Hey! You don’t have to rub it in!” The bunny whined.

“But how do I know I can trust you?”

“Well...um...oh...oh I know! How about um...a peace offering! You like carrots right? Then you’re gonna love my carrot cake! It’s delicious!” The bunny offered, “Then hopefully we can be friends...or at least not enemies!” He said while smiling nervously.

As he went on, it became more and more convincing that he wouldn’t be a threat. He seemed rather...nice...for a big brown fuzzy beast with impossible ears. Also how could I turn down those sweet delicious carrots?

“I don’t know what a cake is, but it sounds delicious. So I’ll allow it,” said Pixy after a long period of thought, “But no funny business! Don’t think I can’t detect poisons!” She pointed her blade threateningly at him.

“I-I won’t trick you! I promise! I’ll go get you some right now!” said the bunny while he quickly hurried over to the fridge to fetch her the cake, “Just um...have a seat...or a stand on the table there,” the bunny suggested as he prepared a small (relative to his size) plate and then shuffled over to the fridge to fetch the mostly eaten cake and cut her a slice.

I had to admit that this beast...I mean bunny’s lair was far less primitive than I expected. An odd device that delivers running water upon the turning of a lever, a large box that housed ice magic meant to preserve food and drink. Such a fascinating world, and if this giant was truly gentle, I could learn much of it from him.

“Here we are!” said the bunny as he approached the table with the slice of cake in hand, setting it down before Pixy while smiling happily, “It’s nice and moist, it’s yummy with also a hint of rum to add to the flavor! I hope you enjoy!”

For a few, brief moments, Pixy stared blankly at the slice of cake bigger than she was before turning that very same stare upon the giant smiling lapine, “Is your kind dense? How the heck am I supposed to eat that?!” She yelled up at him while pointing angrily at the cake.

The bunny let out an embarrassed squeak as he looked to the cake, back to the diminutive winged pokemorph, then back to the cake. “Oh...um...sorry, I didn’t think about it...um...I could cut it into a much smaller piece if you’d like,” He said apologetically; if he could lower his ears any further, he certainly would have.

With an annoyed sigh, Pixy simply waved her hand up at him in dismissal, “Oh nevermind. I’ll just eat my fill, we’ll see if this cake of yours lives up to your boast.” She sized up the cake as she approached it, trying to figure out how she would begin to eat such an enormous thing. Deciding to handle the problem with how she handled almost everything else, she sliced at the cake with her blade; cutting off a piece and promptly began munching on it.

“This...this is amazing!” Pixy exclaimed before taking another bite, “Absolutely delicious! Mmmph!” She spread her wings and fluttered them happily, overcome with the wonderful flavor.

“I’m glad you like it!” said the bunny, grinning with glee, “It’s my special recipe: Maniko’s Carrot Cake!” The bunny named Maniko said with a grand gesture, sweeping his hand in the air, “....well it’s not the most fancy name, but I’m proud of it!”

“Oh!” She perked her ears up whilst chewing and gazed up at the bunny, “We never did introduce ourselves! So your name is Maniko huh? My name is Pixy Sierra Leafia Leore!

But seeing how I have accepted your offering of peace with open arms, you may call me Pixy.”

“Pixy huh? That’s a nice name, are you a fairy?”

Pixy’s cheeks flushed red with both embarrassment and slight inebriation from the rum-injected cake, curling her lips into an annoyed pout before taking another bite of cake and chewing noisily to herself before replying. “I would have been so lucky to have been born a fairy, but no, I’m a pixie, but not one of those trouble making ones.”

“You would have rather been a fairy?”

“Fairies and elves are more respected where I’m from. Pixies, nymphs and sprites are treated as second class due to stereotypes, that’s why I’m gonna be the best that I can be. That’ll show em!” Pixy declared, raising her sword and laughing proudly.

Maniko smiled warmly, nodding his head, “That’s a good attitude to have! But if you don’t mind me asking, what are you doing out here? I thought your kind sticks to the forest.”

“This world is too large and mysterious to be cooped up where I’m from. I want to see what this world has to offer, and-- *hic*” Pixy suddenly paused in her chatter with a hiccup, “Oh...suddenly I feel kind of dizzy...what’d you say is in this cake? My body feels kind of-- *hic!*”

Suddenly Pixy felt an odd sensation in her body, like a strange force from deep within her stomach began to well up inside her; filling her body to the brim and forcing her entire form to swell with a powerful surge.

Right before Maniko’s eyes, Pixy nearly doubled in height; going from a diminutive size of about two inches to four, and again to eight. His eyes widened at the sight as his ears burned with the sounds of her little squeaks and moans alongside the loud *RIIIIIIIIIIP* of her clothing.

“A-ah! No! Not my tunic!” She cried out with a strained whimper; her clothes unable to contain the fury of her growth. The skirt split at the sides and her bodice seemingly undid itself before tearing to shreds, exposing her expanding nude form to the bunny; breasts bouncing happily in freedom. “What’s going on? *hic!* What foul magic is this? E-everything is spinning! My body feels so **HOT** and **TINGLY**!”

Bigger and taller and larger she became; going from the size of one’s thumb to the size of a toy, then a large doll, then a young child. The bigger she became, the heavier she became and in her excited frenzy, forced the table to violently shift with her weight. The table

slipped out from underneath her, landing on its side next to her as she fell to the floor with a loud yelp. The remains of the cake flew into the air and landed on the floor nearby. At least for the moment, the rate of her growth slowed to a stop, and they were granted a reprieve.

“Ooof...what was that all about?” Pixy mumbled as she rolled over onto her front and rose up on all fours. Her amber colored eyes, filled with dizzying confusion, scanned the area with newfound curiosity. Everything was now more to her scale, a size she was familiar with; yet that had to be impossible. Was she home somehow?

“Wait!” Her leafy ears perked up suddenly as she sat up on her knees and glanced down at her body, noticing the tiny tatters of clothing that was once her tunic, “My clothes...” She mumbled, before reaching a hand to her hip, “My sword?” She questioned aloud upon realizing it’s absence, “Where is my...?” And it was then she noticed it nearby and gingerly picked it up between two brown furred digits, just a mere toothpick in comparison. Her eyes then drifted to her belongings, what little that there were, strewn about nearby; most notably her notebook in which she wrote down everything about her journey including her personal thoughts, now too small to even read.

“Did...did I become a giant?” Pixy questioned herself.

“Ohh Pixy! Are you okay?” Maniko called out as he walked up to her, “I can’t believe what I’m seeing! You grew in size! Could you always do that?”

Pixy blinked a few times and looked up at Maniko, “I did what? I grew?”

She slowly rose to her feet, keeping her eyes focused on Maniko as she stood up. Unlike before where he took up most of her view, he was now like one of her peers. No longer like a moving mountain, no longer having an overwhelming presence; and to top it all off, she was easily a head and then some taller than him, leaving him level with her breasts. Pixy gazed downward at Maniko with her lips forming a perfect ‘O’ of surprise, unable to believe she was suddenly taller than a giant.

“You’re short,” She finally said.

“You don’t have to rub it in!” Maniko shot back while taking a few steps back away from her, taking it all in himself. He was greatly impressed by her growth, but what mainly took him off guard was how **strong** she looked. Prior to now, he thought she just had a cute body, but now that he could see her muscle and curves in greater detail, it left him nervous; nervous in a good way he wouldn’t dare to admit lest she tried to kill him again.

Pixy still couldn't believe it as she was preoccupied with checking herself out, gazing down at her hands and body, looking over her shoulder at wings. She was bigger than the bunny, who was far bigger than the bird that tried to eat her, which was as big as the Queen. Goodness, she could hold the Queen in one hand, she could hug the entirety of the Crystal Tower, she could effortlessly climb over the wall. She was now the biggest thing in all of Mossia.

"I expected to find some incredible things in the outside world, but I never expect to become a giant. Hah, if only the others could see me now!" Pixy said proudly with a clench of her fists.

"Well uh," Maniko laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his head, "You're not really giant, you're just normal sized. At-at least to me of course, which is still pretty cool."

Pixy waved a hand, as if literally brushing Maniko's comment out of the air, "Relative. When you've been as small as I've been all your life, this is being giant. And if you ask me, this is all 'normal size' to you cause you've giants have always been giant!" She finished her rant with a huff, "Anyway, what kind of weird magic did you use? Do giants have the ability to turn non giants into giants? Does it work on food?"

"Um, well, I don't know any magic," Maniko replied thoughtfully while bringing a finger to his cheek in thought, "If I had to guess, it was a reaction to something. Maybe the carrot cake?"

Pixy slammed her fist in her palm with a loud smack, a great realization hitting her. "Of course! The cake! One of the ingredients must have been a catalyst for the growth! Whatever made me woozy and warm, I'm pretty sure that did it."

"Probably the rum! Maybe you have a reaction to alcohol, or molasses or sugar cane," Maniko guessed, "It's possible if you have more, you could maybe grow even larger."

Such words were music to her long, leafy ears. Pixy's mind suddenly became filled with thoughts of being larger. If what was giant to her was normal to Maniko, then what's giant to him must be...

She started to giggle; the very idea of holding a giant in her hand like one of those wood dolls was exciting. She would be a titaness, larger than life. She could hold the entirety of her home in her hands. She'd be far beyond the Queen, she'd be far beyond those stuffy old Elders. Oh the things she would give to see their faces. And why fantasize? She could make it a reality!

The naked pixie winged Leafeon-morph turned her attention to the smaller bunny, licking her lips and setting a predatory gaze upon him. She slowly stepped up to him and seized his shirt with both fists, pulling him close and forcing him on tiptoe, "You, bunny, fetch me more of this cake. I want to see how far this can go."

Maniko gulped, taken off guard by her strength, "I...I dunno if that's wise," He squeaked out, both frightened and surprised by her sudden action, "We don't know if it'll wear off and how much more you'd grow! Y-you went from a few inches to being taller than me, and you only had a small piece! At least take it slow!" He protested with increasing worry and a bit of a rush; perhaps somewhere deep down he wanted to see her get bigger?

Pixy didn't care for all his warnings and worries, it's like being told repeatedly not to go beyond The Wall. The warnings were certainly sound, but at the very least could others have the same confidence in her as she did for herself? But there was one mention that caught her ears. "You're right," She suddenly released the bunny, dropping him to the floor and quickly turning around (while giving him quite the view of her shapely rear), "I didn't finish my slice!" Her excited eyes scanned the floor until she found the discarded cake slice, still in great condition.

She quickly dove to the floor and snatched the piece of cake up in her hands, moistening her lips with her salivating tongue before scarfing down that sweet delicious treat; wiping up any excess crumbs marring the fur on her face with a finger, and licking them off. The cake seemed to taste even better than before, but that was perhaps due to the added ingredient of anxiousness and anticipation.

"And now we play the waiting gam-- *hic!*"

It was sudden. It was quick. It was so much more intense than before. That same feeling built up in Pixy once again, eliciting a soft moan from her, and just like before, it filled up her body and attempted to force itself outward by expanding her body. But the force was much stronger this time, much more violent.

"Ow!" Pixy cried out as swelled with an insane burst of growth from lower position; her head and back slamming harshly into the ceiling, causing the entire house to rumble and shake from impact. Her legs stretched out behind her; toes of her feet tearing through the floor as they shot back backwards due to her lengthening legs, narrowly avoiding Maniko on both sides as they slammed through the kitchen counters and sink, ending up outside of the house.

"Whew, that was a close one. Wait no!" Maniko cried out as the blessings of his luck of avoiding getting smashed by Pixy's feet ran out, and coming right at him was her tannish-

yellow rear instead; crashing into him and forcing a pained groan from the bun. “Augh! So this is how it ends, by beautiful big lovely end of all things!” He lamented as he vanished under the leafeon, trapped between her lovely, soft, warm cheeks.

“Ohh! Aaah! It feels like I’m being pulled on all sides!” Pixy cried out, her body surging with even more powerful spurts; her growing form tearing through Maniko’s poor home effortlessly as the bunny disappeared underneath her. Her expanding head and upper body tore through the roof, her sides and hips ripped through walls. Her intensely growing form demolishing the house like it was nothing, leaving it in mere ruins as she continued to grow and grow and grow; watching as everything around her, from everything near to what she saw in the distance, was seemingly diminishing in size, as if she was leaving the world behind.

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“Is...is it over?” Pixy mumbled to herself, sitting on Maniko’s land with her legs outstretched; rubbing her head as the rush and dizziness began to fade. She was hundreds of feet tall now, still quite unable to believe it herself; but the proof was there. She could easily see over the tops of the trees of the forest, she could see more of those tall grey structures in the distance. Infact, there was so much she could see. Her head was literally in the sky; the perspective was different, the air was different. Everything was different. “Hah, I wonder what I look like to them. I wonder how big I am...I wonder...oh no!”

Pixy started to look around frantically for Maniko; panicked eyes quickly scanning the ground. She didn’t crush him did she? She didn’t get so big that he couldn’t be seen anymore did she?

Maniko, having the luck that was best served for one who had two lucky rabbit’s feet attached to their own body, was safe down below; crawling out from underneath Pixy into the valley between her thighs. “Phew! I thought I’d be done for, but where am I exactly?” He questioned his predicament as he looked up at the tall yellow-tan walls on both sides of him that stretched out into the distance. “How strange, but something sure smells nice...very sweet in fact... and it’s kind of warm here. I wonder where that’s...eeep!” Maniko’s eyes widened as he looked up and behind him, becoming face to face with Pixy’s womanhood; causing the bunny’s entire body to flush with a reddish tint. He slowly crawled backwards and craned his neck back, gazing up, up, up, up and up along the massive Leafeon’s body, “W-wow!”

“There you are!” Pixy boomed overhead, finally discovering Maniko, “Just what do you think you’re doing down there? Not something perverted I hope!” Pixy narrowed her eyes

as she gently reached to pluck up the one-inch-in-comparison bunny between her soft thumb and index finger, and slowly lifted him up to eye level. She just couldn't help but smile, holding what was once a mountain of a beast to her in between her fingers.

“Well my little friend, my journey just got a whole lot more interesting.”

Maniko laughed nervously, nodding bashfully to the giantess, “I'm really happy for you, but...what about my house?”