

Like, I swear, after that last time I would never drink to the point where I wake up and I don't know what the fuck is going on or what the fuck happened; I only had a few drinks I swear. Where the hell am I?! It's so HOT and humid here I'm sweating like some kind of pig!

I can't move either! It's like...it's like I'm trapped under something. I can't even budge an inch; it feels like a house is on top of me!

I tried opening my eyes, but every time I do; some kind of liquid gets into it and they sting like crazy. I couldn't make out anything anyway, it was mostly pitch black, I could make out some blue and some white, but...but this doesn't make any sense!

Whatever I'm under, it's heavy; like...SUPER heavy. I feel like my body is on the verge of being crushed flat. Whatever this is, it's really soft and kinda fluffy; like a pillow or something. It smells weird too! It stinks of heat and sweat! The only thing is this weird sweet smell, like vanilla and berries or something.

W-wait...I think I hear something. It's loud, like thunder loud, but muffled. I think I really am under something!

Maybe someone is around...hopefully I can get some help.

This pressure on my chest is too much...it almost hurts to breathe, but I gotta try right?

"S-someone help! Can anyone-ugh!" Ack! Not only did my lungs just catch fire but that same stuff that burned my eyes just WENT INTO MY MOUTH!

Gross! It tastes like...it tastes like...vanilla sweat!

How did I even GET HERE?! I was just chillin' on the beach with my gurls, having a few drinks and a good time. I remember some bitch with a big ass coming up to us complaining how we stole her beach spot. We were like, "Pfft, whatever bitch, get a move on with your fat ass..." and...that's all I can remember.

I must have gotten toasted cuz everything is a blank after that.

Shit, now that I think about it, what happened to the girls?!

"Arianna?! Linda?! Ack! Fuck!" Ugh gross, in my mouth again. What is this anyway? It feels like I'm lying in a pool of it.

Come to think of it, what am I laying on anyway? It's soft...kinda rubbery...no it's more like leather.

God, it smells like feet in here, I need to get out. I have to get out.

I gritted my teeth as hard as I could and summoned up all the possibly strength in my body; trying to move and squirm whatever I'm trapped under. Somehow, I managed to drag myself a little bit...maybe if I kept moving...I could probably inch my way...OW!

The pressure on my body seemed to double in intensity; I could feel my bones threatening to break. Whatever this thing is, it moved as I tried to move. It's excruciating! I can feel it press and twist slightly, like it's grinding against me; pushing and pressing. Any attempt to scream was met with a mouthful of that equally salty and sweet juice. If I wasn't going to be crushed to death, I'd certainly drown first.

Then it stopped. For a short moment, the pressure lifted off my chest and my face. On instinct I tried to take a deep breath, sputtering up the oddly tasting liquid that filled my mouth. I opened my eyes once more even though they still burned like hell; and I wasn't quite sure what the fuck I was looking at. It was really like a giant blue pillow with some nearby white fuzz, I honestly couldn't tell; I couldn't focus at all and my body was stinging with pain, and I hardly got enough time before that thing fell down back upon me. I caught myself trying to scream, stopping just before that liquid could rush into my mouth once again.

That thing didn't come to rest either, it was moving; more like it was moving me. That thing on top was just squeezing me along against the other surface; my body being pulled between the two until my face ended up somewhere with a little more breathing room. That smell was at its strongest here and for some reason I was really losing grasp of the situation. I could feel my head spinning and swimming; I dunno if it was the situation, the taste of that stuff, or the smell, but it was starting to fuck with me.

I felt something brush against my head a few times and suddenly was being pulled back under the heavy weight of this large...I still don't know what the hell it is. All I know it's wet and it smells and...and...I can't even think properly right now. Not that I was given the time before I was pulled back to my previous position and pinned flat once again.

How long am I going to have to deal with this torture anyway?! I don't even know what's happening? I just want to...

"Huh?"

Before I knew what was happening I was suddenly pulled upward, still stuck against this...whatever this thing is and...urgh...almost puking cause it felt like I left my stomach back down there. I could also hear people laughing, I could hear ocean waves. Was I still at the beach? Was I saved?

No.

Something was still horribly wrong.

Before I could look behind me to get better grasp of what was happening, something HUGE pressed up against my body from behind. It pushed me firmly into the strange, damp surface and dragged me up and down along its length while deafening rumbles filled my ear. Without feeling this thing's weight on me, I realize now just how soft it is, but now I was even more confused to what was going on!

I held out for the entirety of the ride; my whole body stinging with pain to go with the burning of my eyes and lungs. I could hardly breathe and I could barely think, but the worst of it all was that I still didn't know what was happening...

But when I did finally find out, I was better off being confused...

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"Itchy! Itchy! Itchy! Geez did I get a bug or a rock in my shoe or what?" Lysithea grumbled as she scratched vigorously at the sole of her foot for a few moments, "I swear if one more thing bothers me I'm going to have this beach all to myself, I try being nice and annoyances are all I get."

The bikini clad white Umbreon leaned back in her seat, lifting her index finger on level with her eye just to see what was causing her such oddly entertaining discomfort.

"Oh?" Lysi's daytime yellow eyes narrowed to a squint before she lifted her shades to rest upon her forehead and took an even closer look. "Oh!" Lysi's annoyed expression turned to one of surprise, then to one of amusement; her lips pulling back to reveal a set of sharp teeth while her large ears perked up. "So that's where you got to," Lysi regarded the tiny, swimsuit wearing beagle girl that couldn't have been any bigger than an inch in size, who (after she was finished coughing, sputtering and catching her breath) was gazing up into the giant yellow pools of the umbreon's eyes in absolute shock and horror.

"You know, when I was dealing with your friends I was like, 'I could have SWORN there were three of you, not two' but then I was like," Lysithea shrugged, "Oh well, best two out of three y'know? Oh? What's that? I can't hear a thing you're saying. It's so noisy here and you're so puny, but it's not like you have anything important to say. Probably something BORING like, 'Change me back! You can't do this to me!' and blah blah blah blah." She smiled and sat back, keeping her eyes on the tiny canine, "Or maybe you want to know what happened to your friends, hmm?" The lovely Umbreon giggled, wiggling in her seat some, "You know how you wanted this beach spot sooooooo bad? I let you have it. I just did some...downsizing if you will, so I could have some room to sit also. Unfortunately, they're spending some time under the *moon* instead of the sun, y'know? I COULD have you join them, but I have a much better idea. A little game we can play, since you're already good at it."

Lysithea then leaned forward and extended her arm, holding the tiny girl over her sandal, “Since you were in there the whole time. How about we see how much longer you can last? If you can make it until I get home. I’ll keep you as a pet, deal?”

Not that the answer mattered; Lysithea couldn’t hear the beagle, nor cared what she had to say as she dropped the girl back those warm, damp sandals. Lysi’s foot followed suit, finding its place back on top of the poor girl, where she was trapped for as long as the bigger Umbreon decided.