

Saturday Night Size-Games

By Sheela

A friendly game night. Just some pals having a few laughs, eating some pizza, playing some games and enjoying each other's company. It all sounded innocent enough in Lyn's text, but one could never be too careful when it came to Lyn. She had a way of... Shall we say, stretching the truth. But this, this didn't seem like it would be so bad. As a matter of fact, to Nikki, it seemed like it'd be a *blast!* She hadn't ever gotten the chance to meet any of Lyn's other friends, though they had talked about a myriad of crazy antics and wacky shenanigans that Lyn's gang had gotten up to at one point or another. Lyn *did* always seem to trail off when it came to the particular *details* of these antics, but that never seemed to bother Nikki too much. That was the first bit of foolish behavior she'd exhibited when it came to being friends with the feisty black feline, though she wasn't quite aware of that yet. The second being the *gross negligence* that was never actually following Lyn on Twitter. Maybe then she would have been a little more prepared for what their game night actually *entailed*.

It took a bit longer than expected for Nikki to find her way to Lyn's condominium, closely following the directions that her GPS gave her as she clapped her sneaker-clad feet against the pavement one step at a time. By the time she had arrived at the security door of the building the sun had already set and the streetlamps had flickered on, lighting the pitch black roads. She pressed the doorbell for the apartment number Lyn had specified in her text and within moments there was a loud buzzing accompanied by the soft *clunk* of the door unlocking. Lyn was already peeking her head out of her front door, eyes flashing behind her pink frames, her hand slipping into view and gesturing for the other feline to come in.

"C'mon, quit draggin' your feet! Been waitin' ages, didja get lost or something?" She rolled her eyes sarcastically, sticking her tongue out between her teeth with a little giggle and leaving the door ajar behind her. There was a shaft of light coming through the threshold from within the apartment that helped guide Nikki through the otherwise heavily shadowy hallway. It was so *quiet* as well, other than the soft noise of what sounded like the splash screen from one game or another playing on loop, followed by the faint zips of cars zooming about from the distant speakers. But what there didn't seem to be was any noise *outside* of that particular dwelling. The hall was otherwise silent, and there wasn't a single light on down the entirety of the long, intimidating hallway. It left Nikki feeling a bit uneasy as she looked down it, even a little puzzled. However it didn't stop her from shrugging it off and heading into the apartment all the same, though it did leave her a little on edge. She set down her bag by the front door, spotting a large pile of shoes in various bright colors and taking the hint to slip hers own off as well, closing the door behind her.

"Hey, are your neighbors on vacation or something? It's so *quiet* for such a big place," she called into the house, nearly tripping as she made her way into the living room, feet sinking into the plush white carpet.

"Neighbors? *Psh*, I don't have any of *those*. Well, I have one. But he's all the way at the other end of the place. The owner. Other than that, it's just me. Personally I like it. Loads'a privacy. I get to do whatever I want!" Her statement was punctuated by yet another giggle as she turned the corner with a large pizza box, a two-liter of cola and two glasses teetering precariously on top of the cardboard. There was significant contrast between the fluffy white carpet and the warm black of Lyn's paws, her pink-lacquered claws extending and shining in the light of the living room. It took Nikki a moment to realize that her gaze was lingering *far* too long on Lyn's footpaws, and she felt a warm flush crawl up over her face. She snapped her head up and her eyes forward, gaze averting away from Lyn's wide toes and her toe-ring. Why did she always have to notice these things at the most inopportune moments? A huge wave of embarrassment came over her as she shuffled her feet and sat down beside the black cat. Instead of allowing her mind to wander to the obvious, she spent her time looking around the living room.

It was a bit disheveled, but not quite what one would call *messy*. It was mainly games and controllers of various sorts strewn about, dvd cases, remotes, a jacket dangling halfway off of an armchair. What was really surprising was the choice in color. For being such a loud, vibrant person, Lyn's home was *particularly* white. The entire living room was covered with a thick white fluffy carpet, and further on there was a dining room with adjoining kitchen that was all light, shiny hardwood flooring. It wasn't the sort of place that anyone would expect a teenager to live on her own. When one envisioned a first apartment, this was *far* from the vision in anyone's mind. It looked far too expensive to be in Lyn's price range, and the only bizarre pops of color were the customized controllers and bits of clothing that floated in a sea of white.

Nikki was snapped back to reality by the loud **KRSSHH** of the cola bottle being opened, Lyn pouring generous amounts into the two glasses she'd brought with her from the kitchen. *One* of those glasses, Nikki noticed, looked just *slightly* purple, while the other was quite clear. She foolishly shrugged this off as well, assuming that it was just one of those quirks that happens when you buy a set of dishes as Lyn handed her that slightly purplish glass, picking up a controller and tossing it on the couch beside Nikki. She pulled one into her lap as well (hers having a blindingly pink customized skin adhered to it), taking a sip of her own beverage as she leaned back into the luxurious cream-colored cushions of the couch, a rumbling purr vibrating in her chest.

Lyn proceeded to slide her broad paws up onto the glass coffee table, her fluffy ankles cushioning her from the edge of the glass. As she stretched, her fuzzy toes splayed wide in a tantalizing display and she glanced out of the corner of her eye at Nikki. The *moment* that Lyn had slid her feet up, it was like a battle inside of Nikki's poor, shy little head to keep her eyes away from them. Unfortunately for Nikki, Lyn had read her like a *book* from the very first moment that she'd even glanced towards her toes. After all, what sort of fetish blogger would the black cat *be* if she wasn't able to pick up on those subtle hints when it came to the kinks of others? If you could call blushing and snapping your eyes up and forward a *subtle hint*. And with the teasing precision one would expect of Lyn, once these things were noticed they were used against the parties

involved for her own amusement. So she continued on wriggling and splaying her toes, extending her painted claws as she stretched, even taking a moment to drag one of those wide paws of hers onto her lap, pressing into her thick thigh as she kneaded her thumb into her arch with a deep, satisfied purr.

As one would expect of Nikki being put in this situation, she buried her face into her glass of cola. She was sweating bullets, back rigid as she chugged down every last drop of her beverage simply to distract herself from the situation at hand. She slid her cup onto a nearby side table with a loud clank, clamouring forward and awkwardly prying open the pizza box with unsteady hands. Yanking a slice from the pie and shakily bringing it to her lips, her eyes clamped shut as she tried to focus on breathing and breathing alone. How conspicuous could she *be*? It was so damned embarrassing. Was Lyn doing this on *purpose*? Why was she feeling so *lightheaded* all of the sudden? All of these things raced through her head at lightspeed as she shoved the slice of pizza into her mouth. She focused on chewing, letting her head loll back against the backrest of the sofa and waiting for the embarrassment (not to mention the dizziness) that was pressing down on her to pass.

She finished off the slice at a relatively fast pace, chewing a bit idly on the crust. The embarrassment began to subside as she reached down to the controller by her thigh, pulling it into her lap and silently selecting the character she wanted to race as. However, even though the warmth began to leave her face, the one thing that didn't seem to be going away anytime soon was her dizzy spell. It continued on, making her head swim as the colors raced by on the television screen.

"Hah! First win goes to me!" Lyn exclaimed, clicking her tongue ring against her teeth as she set up the next race. She was tossing glances her way every so often, but seemed to be primarily focusing on the game at hand. That's when it hit Nikki, just as she was about to put up her pick for the next stage selection. Something was off. *More* than off. Something was plain *wrong* about this situation. All of the little things that made her uneasy up until that moment came together after she realized one simple thing that seemed strange and out of place.

"So, ehm, Lyn..." Nikki's words came out of her mouth thickly, the dizziness making her feel a little sluggish as she slowly turned her head towards the black feline's face. "...Where's everyone else? You know, your friends."

"Oh, Holly had a tournament and the other girls went along to cheer her on. Personally, I know there's no point in it. She'll take the tourney or she'll take their heads," She giggled through her nose, tongue slipping out and rolling over her bottom lip with a short flash of a transparent orange tongue ring. "So only Aaren came today. Which I don't mind. She's always fun to beat up in basically any game, she's trash."

"Oh, so she's here? In the other room or something I assume..."

“Mm-mm. She’s in here, silly.” Lyn slid back against the sofa, leaning into the corner of it and turning her gaze fully towards Nikki as she let her controller rest in her lap. She dragged her leg that wasn’t in her lap off of the coffee table, placing them both up onto the couch cushions and laying them out straight. She pressed her soles against Nikki, sinking them into her warm, soft thigh. She was practically kneading at her as she canted her head to the side, a smile stretching across her glossy pink lips.

Nikki seemed confused, her brow furrowing as she looked around the room. She felt the flush crawling up her neck and spreading over her cheeks under her fur again, heavy head lifting as she looked hither and thither. She even craned her neck in an attempt to look behind the couch, almost expecting the snowy fox to pop up from behind it with a loud ***SURPRISE!***, arms full of sweets and treats.

And yet when she looked, there was no one there. Just more fluffy, soft, inviting white carpet. “Pfff, you look so *confused*. I mean I guess I can’t *fault* you for it. You and I don’t know each other *that* well. But if there’s one thing you should know about me, it’s that when I say somethin’, you should definitely take it at face value. Well... I mean not *always*. But in this case, definitely. I’m being super accurate. Cross my heart.” She winked, curling her plump fuzzy fingers into a fist and snapping her index finger up, pointing at the ceiling in an exaggerated fashion before turning her hand downward, wiggling her finger towards the carpet.

“She’s down there *somewhere*. You got here pretty late, so by time you entered the door she’d already lost a *bunch* of rounds. I had no one to *play* with! I guess it wasn’t really a fair game for *you* though. I mean, it might have been a not-great first impression, spiking your drink like that. But what can I say. I was really *bored* after waiting around here for so long without anyone to play against. It’s supposed to be ***game night!*** I can’t help it if I get all *mischievous* and what-have-you when left to my own *devices*.”

It was a lot of information for Nikki to process, but it put a lot of things into perspective. That certainly explained the dizziness that wouldn’t go away at the very least. “Honestly, I blame all the other girls. C’mon, we all **KNOW** that there’s no way *hell* Holly is gonna lose that damn tournament, she could eat those nerds for breakfast both figuratively *and* literally. They look at her and they quiver in their little baby booties. This was only really a downside for *you* honestly. Because, like, if they were here, I wouldn’t have been able to do what I did. So, if and when you meet them, be sure to give ‘em an earful.”

She winked playfully at Nikki as if this was all no big deal. As if this was just another part of her everyday life. Though, honestly, it put some of the various whispers Nikki had heard around town into sharper perspective... Too bad it was far too late for any of that to help. She felt panic rising in her chest, breath sharpening, pulse quickening as the reality of the situation set in. She could feel a tingling sensation like sparks shooting over the surface of her skin under her fur, the controller falling from her hands as her head swam. The entire world was becoming a blur.

She could still feel Lyn's paws on her; the warmth of them against her easily making it's way through her thin leggings. She felt the kneading of them pressing into her over and over again. Left, right, left, right, toes splaying and stretching only to clench and pull at the fabric. The fabric that was now just a *touch* looser than it had been when she sat down, and growing looser with each and every passing moment. She hadn't noticed the loosening of her clothing until just then when those thick toes began pulling and tugging like they shouldn't have ever been able to in the first place. Her heavy knit sweater was feeling a bit heavier, the neck of it pressing up against her jaw and curling beneath her chin when previously it was barely clearing half of her neck.

Even with the panic filling her and making her heart thump against her ribcage so hard that it hurt, for some reason she still found her cheeks growing blazingly hot. It was a cruel trick on Lyn's part, that was for certain. But there was still something about it that made her stomach feel like it was doing somersaults. Maybe it was those big, broad, strong paws of hers kneading against her thigh as her toe ring shifted about. It kept grabbing her attention, at the very least. Or maybe it was the feeling of helplessness that was steadily building. It was probably a combination of the two, in all honesty. When she felt her soles leave the carpet, feet precariously dangling from the couch, she let out a breathy whimper. It was like one of her silly little fantasies made into a fresh and new reality. She could feel the sensation of Lyn's paws getting larger, taking up more of her thigh, toes curling further across. She knew it was the opposite, of course. That her size was being zipped away from her with each and every passing second, that soon those paws would be so massive and heavy that they might even loom over her and it was enough to make her shiver in a mildly pleasant manner. Her mind raced a hundred miles a minute, so caught up in the sensations that were over-stimulating her senses that she barely even noticed when those paws were taken away. The only thing that clued her in was the shadow that loomed overhead soon after, blotting out the nearby light.

It was Lyn, of course. What else would it have been? By then, Nikki was already beginning to swim in the fabric of her clothing. Her face was sinking into the neck of her sweater, the knit yarn looming just slightly as Lyn gazed down with a wicked grin on her lips, knees digging into the couch with her hands resting on top of them. The position gave Nikki a surprisingly impressive and deep view of her cleavage over her tank top. The sloping curve of the tops of her breasts seemed to have a bit of trouble being contained as they bulged just slightly against the plunging neckline of her top, fighting to keep Lyn's curves contained. These were things that Nikki hadn't really focused on before, due to the distraction of Lyn's exceptionally attractive feet. Things that, due to her new and dwindling size, were growing more and more evident because they filled so very much of her view. Until they didn't. Until she fell so deep into her pile of clothing on the couch that she was surrounded by nothing but warmth and darkness. The last thing she felt was her feet dragging through the ankles of her leggings after having bunched around her feet until she was just too small for the fabric to be held in place anymore. It was like a whole different and strange world that was quickly ripped apart, sending her tumbling end over end.

All Lyn had done was lift up the sweater and give it a little shake to make sure Nikki had fallen out, but it was akin to having one's world literally turned upside down. She found herself freefalling for just a moment before landing face-down into a pool of clothing with a small bounce, laying in a crumpled pile of leggings and undergarments. There was a booming sound from above that Nikki recognized as the same giggle she'd heard from Lyn earlier. It was simply bigger, louder, and more all-encompassing as Lyn's yellow and blue eyes stared down at Nikki from behind her spectacles.

"Aw, well aren't you just the cutest little *thing*! I could just keep you as an itty bitty teeny tiny *pet*! Though I do have a bad habit of keeping my friends' girlfriends as pets. I really should kick it, but what can I say? They're all such easy *targets*!" Another giggle filled Nikki's ears that was loud enough to make her head rattle just a bit. The dizziness hadn't quite fully subsided, but it had at least dulled. It left her wondering if she was done dwindling, or if she would get even smaller. She didn't have much time to mull on it however as Lyn's hand dove down, grabbing her up by the scruff of her neck and her upper back like the little kitten that she was now. She lifted her up to eye level, turning her about, giving her a thorough inspection as she pinched her tail with her freehand and proceeded to dangle her that way. Another giggle. This time louder, due to the proximity. Her breath washed over her, warm and sweet and smelling heavily of bubblegum. It was an overpowering scent that made Nikki feel dizzy all over again but for a decidedly different reason than before. Not to mention how *large* everything was now, especially when seen this *close*. Every tooth was larger than Nikki's hands and gleamed as Lyn grinned, and when her tongue rolled over her lower lip, the flash of her tongue ring was more than enough to make Nikki feel insignificant. Something that was previously so small was now utterly massive to her, the stars inside of the sphere now pristine and clearly visible at this distance and size.

"Hmmm! Since you seemed so *infatuated* with my feet, maybe I can just use you as a footrest while I play against people online..." She pondered, tilting her head from side to side as she reached for her phone as if it were second nature, lifting it and holding Nikki away at arm's length, dangling her by her tail. There was a blinding flash that stung Nikki's senses and the loud sound of the artificial camera shutter, some tapping of her phone, and then she tucked it away as if this was another seemingly normal action.

"W--why--"

"Oh, *that*? That was just for my twitter! They always *love* to see and hear about my new toys and other various adventures. You'll be a teeny tiny star in no time." And just like that, Lyn let go. She left Nikki to freefall through the air, tumbling end over end once again. But this time the distance was much further than a few inches. It was the entire span between Lyn's hand and the floor. She landed face down yet again with a little *plop*, limbs splayed. It hadn't hurt nearly as badly as she thought it would, but it was still a bit of a terrifying experience. The carpet was surprisingly thick and seemed to cushion the impact for the most part, though her new weight was probably also to blame for the fact that the damage was practically nonexistent. She must have been four inches now. Five *tops*.

“Oh and by the way. If you see Aaren down there, tell her I said Hey. I mean, I’m *sure* she can hear me, but I prolly sound like some giant troll monster to her by now. I’ll admit, I got a bit... Overzealous when it came to the amount of tricky treats I shoved in that silly fox-speck’s mouth. What can I say, she’s got a weakness for sweets! Too dumb to realize when they’re shrinking her ‘till it’s too late, bless her silly blonde head.”

There was a loud thump that rumbled Nikki down to her bones. She’d still been laying basically face down, trying to gather herself after her little tumble from Lyn’s hand down to the ground that left her reeling and feeling a bit queasy when the earth began to quake around her. Her teeny hands sank into the carpet, sliding between the thick and fluffy strands of yarn that made it up as she slowly lifted her head and found a familiar yet entirely different sight. It was that contrast again, just like earlier. Lyn’s paws digging into the soft carpet, the creamy white and the warm black starkly contrasting. Only now the the carpet stretched as far as Nikki’s miniscule eyes could make out in every direction, like a massive desert. And there were Lyn’s paws, over twice as long as Nikki was now tall and surrounding her on both size like two monolithic and intimidating statues, her fluffy legs extending into the sky.

The couch creaked beneath her weight as she leaned forward and loomed, eyes flashing with all of the mischief that she was known for. Nikki should have listened to the rumors. They all seemed absurd in the moment that she’d heard them. Or maybe it was just the opposite. Maybe she made herself believe that they were absurd because she wanted this exact thing to happen subconsciously. Lyn was nothing if not attractive, any fool could see that. And to be trapped beneath her, for whatever reason, for however long...

The slight scent of sweat filled Nikki’s nostrils as she tried to gather herself, slowly lifting herself up onto her palms and knees. Not that it was even worth the effort. Seconds later, Nikki’s new and quite limited world view was swallowed up in shadows, a strange warmth hitting her in a wave. That and the scent of Lyn’s paws growing stronger were the only telltale signs of what was to come. To Lyn, all it felt like was resting her foot on top of Nikki’s upper body, but to Nikki it was a lot more. It felt like being tossed around like a ragdoll, like her helplessness was shown in it’s full scope from the casualness of Lyn’s movements being enough to knock the wind right out of her, sending her collapsing back down into the carpet fibers. Her face was pressed firmly into them, the dampness of Lyn’s sole grinding into her as the warmth and weight of it engulfed her. Massive wasn’t even a strong enough word for the sheer size of her. Lyn was a true brobdingnag at this point, at least in comparison of Nikki, and it was made no better by the weight of Lyn’s other foot coming down on her chubby little legs. There was some shifting as Lyn got comfortable, lifting her controller back into her hands and scrunching her plump toes against Nikki’s body until she was half-buried in the slightly damp and exceedingly warm fur between the balls of Lyn’s feet and her toes. It was an *especially* deep area, and the fur there was *very* soft, but that didn’t make it any less of a tight fit.

The game could be heard in the distance, muffled by the fur and heft of Lyn's soles. It was honestly a bit hard to hear. But there was one sound that seemed to cut through it all. It was a little squeak of a voice that made Nikki's ears flick.

"Hey..."

She thought she'd hallucinated it at first until she heard another little *"HEY!"* and she turned her head downward, squinting through the darkness. There she was. A tiny white fox that's fur blended in nearly perfectly with the carpet, only standing out due to the mop of disheveled blonde hair on top of her head. She was about the size of Nikki's index finger, and she was exceedingly difficult to hear. Lucky for her, the rest of the world was being heavily muffled by Lyn's gigantic, heavy, warm footpaw.

"You too huh? That's buns, man. But hey, look at the bright side! At least snacks last a MILLION times as long at this size. You'll be about this height soon enough too. Well, prolly not this small. The others seem to be about twice as big as me. At least we can hang out together, right?!"

There was no telling just how long she'd be stuck down there, not that she really minded it. Even what the little white speck of a fox had said made her shiver a little, cheeks growing warm all over again. The whole ordeal was such an odd thrill, a headrush even, that made Nikki squirm. Or at least try to. It was a bit difficult, given the circumstances. It was embarrassing that being in such a precarious situation seemed to excite her so much. However one thing was for certain, at the very least.

It was going to be an exceptionally interesting weekend, that much was for certain.