

Peer Pressure

It was early in the morning, before the sun had risen, and Levi and James were planning on doing some trespassing. On a hill, surrounded by a chain link fence and separated from the nearby suburban neighborhoods and the adjacent city by a short bike ride through the woods, there stood a lab. It was a building mostly made out of cold stone with few windows, dirt path overgrown with weeds from the fence's gate. Historically, this building had been a chemical middle-business that mostly took orders from other bigger scientific groups and delivering materials for high-school science class "experiments" where a liquid changes color or a penny gets rust melted off of it. Of course, it went out of business very very quickly, but nobody wanted the lot in the middle of the woods with a high electricity bill and a magnetism for pranksters, teenagers, and young adults looking for a place to commit misdemeanors.

Thankfully, it being abandoned meant nobody was going to complain. Now the appeal was very haunted house. The two boys who had made the shabby gray building their twilight destination certainly fit the descriptions expected of punks: James, 20, an orange fox that stood closer to 7 feet than 6, who had suggested this excursion in the first place, with a smirk on his face and a teasing bent to his voice; and Levi, 18, a brown-furred dog that reached a foot lower on height charts, who had responded to such a dare by suggesting the pair go in the morning rather than night. Levi had taken a jacket, but it was summer and even night didn't get cold enough to need it, so he left it by his bike while James found a hole in the fence – correctly guessing that other mischief-makers had beaten them to touring the lab first. The back door was unlocked, and James took some smug pleasure in holding it open for his younger, shorter friend.

It was dark and cold in the hallways, and Levi was going barefoot – he had decidedly large paws, larger than James', despite the height bonus. The cold feel made him shiver, which James wasted no time snickering to himself about. Most of the light switches were completely defunct, but after turning three corners and getting just lost enough not to remember where the door was so they could prop it open, Levi stubbed his toe on the backup generator. "Ah! Ow, this awful –" Levi mumbled to himself. James popped his head out from one of the hall doorways, but wound up not being able to see anything anyway. "You good, bud?"

Levi hit the top of the thing, and it started up, the lights flickering on a few moments later. James pieced together what happened and turned back to the room he was looking in, marveling. "Whoa! Hey, Levi, check this out!"

The room in question was filled wall-to-wall with shelves of beakers and boxes of various dangerous-looking science bottles and equipment. "I guess they didn't empty out all this stuff before being forced to close?" Levi spun around in the middle of the room, turning and looking around, surrounded by rustic wooden desks, cabinets, and shelves. James stood by the door, near the light switch, watching Levi turn around. He flicked the lights off once Levi couldn't see him. "Boo!"

“James, not funny! I can’t see a – Aaaahh!” There was a clatter, and everything covering the walls rattled. The orange fox flicked the lights back on so he could look at Levi’s face. Instead, Levi had tripped with his big feet over a knee-high box and knocked one row of the far shelf diagonal. As he got up to his feet to yell at James, everything on that row slid towards the one side. This pushed against the side of the wood enough that the above row also fell diagonal in the opposite direction. Then the row above that one was knocked diagonal in the same direction as the first, and so on as a series of dominoes until the top shelf fell straight downwards. It crashed through all of the other shelves above it, creating a loud shattering and chaotic clatter as Levi and James bickered a bit – look what you did, look what *I* did?, you turned off the lights, you’re the one who tripped over your big paws, and so on. Finally, a plastic flask precariously perched at the top of the ceiling-scraping piece of furniture fell, spilling on Levi’s head and back, bonking the top of his head. Levi, still angry at James, picked up the now-empty flask to look at it and make sure it wasn’t going to melt his fur or anything. The label was quite unhelpful, though:

“Not a product. Contact Kamilla if found.”

“Can we leave now, James? I have to get a shower and a new shirt.”

“Okay, okay, fiiine.” James conceded, walking over to Levi to get out of the way of the door.

On the way out, Levi stretched a bit, feeling quite uncomfortable in his own clothes. James’ confident stride betrayed him as he tried to walk past Levi to lead the way out, and he tripped over the side of Levi’s bare paw.

“Hey! Watch where you’re going, shortie!” James complained, turning around to look down at Levi. He regularly teased Levi in quite kinky subtexts, and the two oft talked about James as a sub and dom – James was a fitting bully to the comparatively softer-spoken Levi. This time, though, James turned around and was quite nearly eye-level with the dog boy.

“Aw, drop it! You’re not even that much taller than me, sheesh!” Levi crossed his arms.

“Since when? I’m like a foot taller than you!”

“No you don’t! You maybe have an inch on me, at most! We’re way closer to being the same...” Levi blinked. He was looking DOWN at James’ red tipped ears. He was looking at the top of the doorframe, which was nowhere near being true when he’d walked in. “...height.”

The tightness in the brunette’s clothes was now unbearable, and he felt the seams and stitching start to give. His head knocked into the ceiling, and a blush crept onto his face as he looked down at James. The fox was evidently more flustered, backing up and sweating as he looked up towards his growing friend. In no time at all, Levi needed to sit down to stay in the room, too big to fit through the door out. His legs stretched out, his paws becoming a better height-comparison partner for James. His paw’s sole blocked the door, and with it, any chance of escape for the “large and in charge” fox. Levi’s clothes gave in, shirt first, followed by shorts.

His glasses stayed, partially keeping up, but Levi needed to push them up to keep them from falling off of his face. His collar stayed on and kept up with his growth entirely (thank goodness), and so did his boxers (thank goodness, for James, who was currently reconsidering his dom role).

Levi's shoulders pushed against the walls, crushing what remained of the leftovers, and as the tatters of his outerwear fell to the floor, Levi shivered again, the slight chill of every surface being quite a lot. Ceiling tiles were pushed aside, while floor tiles began to crack as he sat on them. James shouted up at the great furry colossus blocking his exit, but that just made Levi take notice of the smaller fox near his paws. "James! I'd almost forgotten about you for a second! This is quite a lot of stuff to think about – I can feel everything in the whole room against me. I think I'm still getting bigger. So! You were saying about being taller? I think my paws have you beat, now!"

"Levi! We have to get out of here – lemme out of the door, your foot is in the way – mmmph." James' head had a toe in front of it now, an absolutely humiliated smile stuck on his face. As the underside of Levi's foot moved to the side, away from the door, it covered James' body. Levi continued getting larger, his weight sinking a dent into the tile floor and head turning the ceiling into a suggestion. He struggled to fit in the room by any definition, reaching for James with his handpaw. It was tough, as his leg pushed against the wall, keeping the orange fox out of Levi's fingers even as he continued to add inches to his height.

The room gave in first, the walls leading into the hallway crumbling as Levi pressed his huge paws through them. So large were they in comparison to the rest of Levi's body, that he had to turn them a bit, so they were width-ways to fit from floor to ceiling. With a bit of turning, he was finally able to feel at James' body with the tips of his fingers, before grabbing his smaller friend and pulling him to his stomach. There, he let go, allowing James to get up on hands and knees in the space between the ever-expanding canine's chest and what remained of the second floor room above. Levi laughed, a big grin across his face. "Wow, James! You're looking quite tiny and cute down there, aren't you! How about we see how you do as the short one? Or...hm, with how big I'm getting, you're really looking more like a doll. Or an action figure. Toy! Yeah, you're pretty much toy-size to me right now!" While James tried and failed to hide his submissive red cheeks, Levi let his horny thoughts and instincts take over – this was just too fun.

Levi's leg smashed through a couple more walls as James struggled to get to his feet, stumbling before three fingers from Levi's right hand propped him up. Just as James was about to say "thanks", those fingers grabbed him by the back of his shirt, pulling him up to Levi's face.

"Soooo short and small, now. I could totally fit you in my mouth at this point, really." Levi didn't give the orange snack a chance to protest, sticking out his tongue and opening his mouth before pressing James' body against his tongue. He exhaled and let his breath wash over the thoroughly defeated fox. James squirmed, but it wasn't enough to get away from the

fingers before his upper half was subjected to Levi's mouth closing. The three-floor dog sucked on James' body like a lollipop, pulling off his shirt in the process and spitting it out. When he let go, James tumbled down Levi's chest, upper body and head soaking, rolling down the hill as the giant was mostly laying down more than sitting just to fit inside at all. James kept rolling, Levi's breathing slightly speeding up his momentum as the orange fox tumbled over the belly. He reached and thrashed for anything to stop himself, and his left arm and leg found a grip – the speed carrying James until his left side was partially clinging to his much bigger friend's boxer waistband. Levi chuckled, an idea popping into his head to keep his small toy while he kept growing.

"H-hey, wait, n-no no no! Lemme out!" the voice was squeaky and small to Levi's big ears, which didn't help the horny thoughts.

James tried to flip himself over using the waistband as an axis, moving himself from the inside to outside. His leg was still partially stuck between furry abdomen and fabric, and Levi's fingertip, bigger than James' head, pinned him in place. The pressure increased, and James' foothold began to slip. He scrambled, but it was for naught – the fingertip easily got the simple, dark-toned waistband to swallow James' knees, then thighs, then up to his shoulders, and, snap! As the waistband passed James' head, it snapped against Levi's skin, and pushing in the hands still poking out of the waistband, feeling for a way to pull himself out, was easy.

Not that James was going to accept his new room. It was just as dark and was quite as wide as the storage rooms they'd been exploring, but the huge body James had to share the space with made the whole thing quite compact. And it felt like it was ever-slowly getting tighter, too. The fox yelled and thrashed, squirming and trying to find a way out in the dark.

That tickling sensation in his underwear just spiked Levi's growth and arousal into overtime. As Levi sat up, the outer edges of the lab fell apart, and the rest of the roof fell down. Its weight was significant, but it crumbled and shrank quickly. Levi's weight sitting down compressed the hill the lab's foundation sat in, the earth beneath him slowly sinking flat. The fence wasn't even noticeable, and Levi struggled not to laugh or groan over how good it felt to get bigger. To get bigger faster and faster each minute, too.

Levi slowly stood up, not used to his own weight and size. As he straightened up, the hill itself was utterly flattened, and with it, Levi's height surged slightly.

It took him no time at all to decide where to go next, and the walk back through the woods went far faster than the bike ride. And faster each step he took, too... Levi surpassed the neighborhood houses easily, and took what self-control he had to wait until he reached the urban area proper to do what he was tempted to. Still...those trees and houses weren't even up to his knees...his whole sole could flatten one on its own. His footprints sunk into the street, and he watched with delight as his steps quickly got wider than it. From sidewalk to sidewalk in just a couple steps, then pushing and struggling to fit in the space between front porches. Thoroughly cratering front lawns, until he could no longer FIT on the street. His pawsteps were

so wide and so massive that they scraped and destroyed the sides of houses he tried to step between. Cars rolled in towards the huge compressed valleys where his foot lifted. With each crashing step, he couldn't help but gasp, marveling as he felt his body get bigger in line with each step he took.

By the time he actually reached any building taller than a few stories, Levi's paws now couldn't even fit between streets. A four-story square building fit cleanly under a single step, then under his heel, then two more. It wasn't just that anything shy of a skyscraper struggled to reach past his ankles – it was that his paws themselves were also getting bigger, relative to his own body. It was subtle, but he could feel the difference, and it competed with the now bug-sized fox in his undies (still staying intact, miraculously!) for just how good it felt.

Levi could no longer resist testing just how immense he could get, and every bit of his surroundings which yielded to his body only wound up fueling his growth further. Even standing still, the periphery of his feet pressed the ground down so much that mailboxes, cars, and sidewalk tiles fell in to his craters and were compressed beneath his toes.

He lifted one foot high, his knee up to his chest, before stepping down, slower than he'd initially planned. It still completely leveled four blocks as he stepped forward, so the next couple stomps were more confident. Skyscrapers were getting bumped by his knees, now. Within a few more steps, his growth was so fast that even his underwear couldn't keep up any more, ripping apart. Levi paused for just long enough to feel that his passenger was still holding on, stuck right where the city-smashing Levi had put him.

In a couple minutes, a number of craters of ever-increasing pawprints filled every corner of the city, with flattened skyscrapers and entire districts fitting between the gap of his toes. Levi ruled over this city, towering so high that the whole thing was in his shadow. And he could even see the next city over, so close that it would only take a few steps to reach another playground for his bigness.

He felt how much the air struggled against him when he walked, his sheer size and weight cracking hills, sending shockwaves into the ground, quaking the area and letting the city he approached have plenty of warning of his arrival. Of course, he was so big they could see him, which was a bit embarrassing, but oh well-! One step could flatten half of this city, with his other paw finishing off what was left as his growth made what remained tiny enough to fit under a toe.

Onward and upward Levi grew, able to step between cities in one stride in less than another minute. The whole continent gradually became spotted with footprints, until Levi finally took a step that crunched deep enough to disrupt the whole tectonic plate. Almost instantly, Levi felt a rush surge through him, his growth so fast he swore he could see the sky fade, and in no time at all he was big enough to be considered "in space". The moon was lost in his fur, completely unnoticed as he grew, and Levi marveled as he swore the stars visibly got

closer from how fast he grew. He lifted his legs, “jumping” off the surface of the planet effortlessly.

The moon was lost in his fur, turning to dust against his hips as fur covered and crushed it. His whole world beneath him visibly shrunk away, a beach ball and then a baseball faster than he could even detect the change. It drifted towards him, towards his paws, attracted by how much sheer mass he had to overwhelm its gravity.

He let it touch his toe on its own, and he barely felt the whole round, footprint-covered surface he’d just left even make contact. As though it had barely brushed past, the planet got smaller to his perspective so fast he barely felt the impact. The nearby planets, too, started to drift towards him, but Levi spent a couple moments trying to focus enough to even see the planet between his toes. It was like...a marble. Less than a marble. A dot of existence. He hugged it with his toes, and allowed the infinitely pleasurable feel of growth surge through him again.

Of course, now, everything was so distant that it was hard to tell how fast he was growing any more. Had he already extinguished the sun without even noticing while he grew? Was he growing so fast now that the dots of stars would look the same size, no matter how big he got, their scale shrinking perfectly in tune with his size increasing to reach them? Would the galaxy itself be beneath his immense, torso-sized paws soon? He couldn’t tell, and for now, that was fine.

Only one thing, of course – he couldn’t quite ignore it – almost impossible to detect. Impossible to think about without feeling his arousal spike. Some impossibly tiny, invisible, orange dot near his crotch, thoroughly submitted, still moving, not even able to see how big his new almighty friend had gotten, was still getting. A solar system and more of light brown fur completely surrounding the inconceivably small particle of orange, still blushing, on Levi’s body.

This, Levi thought, was a much better use of his morning than he’d been expecting!