HOTEL GRANDIOSE

The broad sweaty toes of a male anthro Arcanine firmly compressed a small female Jolteon against the uncomfortable grain of a hotel carpet.

Befitting his species, the orange n' black striped anthropomorphic fire dog was a tall, large, and muscular creature. Broad-shouldered and fit with thick muscular legs and thicker well-toned arms. He wore a simple and business-like outfit which was a plain white button-up shirt and slacks - and on his fluffy face, he wore the most arrogant and cocky grin. Underneath his paw, after all, was something that he deemed as prey - or, a toy to pass a brief moment with - and he was very, very satisfied about that.

The female - a desperate little thing by the name of Dana - wasn't small as in short, but… small as in *shrunken*. As in she'd been turned into a little spiky yellow sliver of her former self. No more than an inch big, the huge warm Arcanine could've trapped her underneath *one* of his toes if he so pleased - but he'd chosen to pin her between his two middlemost toes instead, trapping her shoulders and legs while leaving her tiny head free.

The overheated and very trapped Jolteon figured that this was because the male liked to see her struggle as well as feel it, but… really, the only person who knew *why* was the Arcanine… and he wasn't revealing any of his secrets to his trapped prey. Indeed, the huge male hadn't said a single word to her upon planting his hot paw firmly upon her shrunken form - and neither had she, for all the air had been knocked out of her lungs in the process *of* being stepped on. She very much *wanted* to catch her breath and yell some words up at him - expletives most certainly, she'd *love* to tell him to **fuck off** - but, alas…

… poor little Dana had no time to struggle, much less catch her breath. With a tense of his muscular leg - and a firm press of his foot, applying a mountain's worth of weight - the tiny Jolteon exploded in a red splatter beneath his paw, turning her into nothing more than a smear that vaguely coated the front of his middlemost toe pads.

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Dana jolted awake beneath an uncomfortable set of clean white hotel blankets.

Quite literally beneath the sheets. Dana was a one-inch tall crumb in the very center of a regular queen-sized bed - a tiny speck of an anthropomorphic Jolteon who had found herself buried under scratchy bedding.

Given that one-inch tall was far from her regular size - usually, she stood at a rather lofty almost six feet - you might think that the Jolteon would be surprised by her strange surroundings. But she wasn't, because this was far from the first time that she'd woken up in this shrunken state. Instead of yelling in fright or even squeaking in surprise, she released a tired grunt and began to drag herself across the mattress and through the blankets, knowing that there was quite a long journey ahead of her.

But how did Dana know that she said journey before her? It was the same reason that she wasn't shocked - and it was because she'd been through this before. Not the process of being shrunk in a strange and uncomfortable bed, but rather this exact moment in time. Waking up in this specific hotel bed at around midnight on December 4th at roughly an inch tall. Five times she'd done this. Five times she'd clambered through the sheets, five times she'd navigated through her hotel room as little more than a flea and…

… five times she'd been stepped on and turned into a tiny bloody splatter across the heated toe beans of a huge male Arcanine. Or, well, a regular-sized Arcanine. The guy would've been a little taller than her normally - a few inches over six feet though he was much more burly than her spiky svelte self - but that didn't matter right now. The point was, he was *huge* compared to her and he kept stepping on her, crushing her, and killing her. Or… not *killing* her, but sending her back in time to the point where she'd woken up in her tiny state. Dana wasn't sure of the specifics.

Hell, Dana wasn't sure of *anything*. She had no idea why any of this was happening - she was just trying to do her best to muddle through it and survive until… whenever she regrew. Her evening had been perfectly normal before this. No weird witches, no spooky occurrences, no freak events that'd lead to her having some kind of weird shrinking time travel curse put on her. She was on a business trip - she worked for a company that sold sports drinks and there was a conference - so she'd booked herself into a hotel. A decent hotel, one that was neither expensive nor inexpensive, a middle of the range sorta place. Somewhere called ***The Hotel Grandiose***. She'd signed her name in the guestbook, grabbed her key, and carried her luggage up to a fairly unimpressive room. Then, tired from the road, she'd flopped into her uncomfortable bed, fallen

asleep, and… woken up flea-sized. Then she'd been crushed - again and again and again - and, well, now she was here. Going through this for the fifth time.

Though going through this so many times *did* come with some advantages for Dana. For example - the sheets that she was trapped underneath. Navigating through them the first time had been a complete chore. It had taken her *at least* a good couple of hours and the whole experience had been anxiety-inducing to the max. Now that she had done it five times, though, it had become… oddly normal. Part of her 'morning routine' as it were. It only took her a very efficient twenty minutes to make it out of them…

… and only a few minutes to make her way down the linen-clad cliffside that was the edge of her bed. That part was a little more terrifying and a lot more absurd than crawling on the belly through the sheets, but… again, it was also kind of normal at this point. Just something that she had to do to try and make progress. If she fell and shattered her skull, then… no big deal. It'd only really set her twenty minutes behind - literally.

Like the last five times, though, Dana managed to make it all the way down the bed and onto the floor of her barely-lit hotel room. Here, she could only see a vague shadow of the enormous furniture around her - the silhouette of the wardrobe or the dresser or the bedside table looming over her like a skyscraper - and, honestly, she wasn't interested in looking at those things. They were kinda scary - and pretty much useless to her. She'd tried hiding underneath the wardrobe the third time she'd popped back into existence and the damn Arcanine had just wandered into her room. His sensitive nose had been able to sniff her out easily - and then, yup, he'd stepped on her! That was why she was trying to move so quickly this time. If bumbling around didn't work - if hiding didn't work - then, perhaps, she simply had to outpace him. Escape her bedroom, the hotel, and hopefully this bizarre situation before he even stood a chance of finding her. As a Jolteon - even a tiny one - her greatest strength was her speed. She wasn't sure if it'd work, but… the scrappy little electric fox had no idea *what* would work at this point.

So, rather than focus on how big all the furniture was and how her bedroom was city-sized now and *oh geez*, Dana spared not a thought for all that and headed straight for the door of her hotel room. While she obviously couldn't open it, there was an inch-high gap underneath the door that led out into the hotel … and, given that she *was* an inch high, it was the perfect size for her. So, to it she went and through the gap she wriggled, taking herself out onto the carpet of a well-lit corridor. In record time at that. It'd taken her an hour or more to get to this point before, but it had taken her a very speedy thirty minutes this time. Surely that was enough to outpace the killer fire dog!

Or not. Before the bright light of the corridor could even clear from her eyes,

Dana heard something boom out loud behind her. “Damn,” came a very masculine and unimpressed voice. “You’re a speedy one, aren’t you?”

Dana’s body tensed up. She hadn’t heard the Arcanine speak before - but she *knew* it was him - and she knew that he was lifting his foot right now. His left, probably, which would be consistent, because he’d crushed her with the left one every time before now too. And it turned out that her feelings were right - because Dana barely had the chance to pull herself up from the floor before the shadow of one immense Arcanine paw crept over her speck of a form like a raging storm cloud from hell.

Though she didn’t bother to check if it was his left. Instinct screamed at Dana to look up and assess that incoming threat - to stare at those massive leathery beans and toes all wide-eyed and shocked like a Deerling caught in headlights - but the Jolteon knew better than to rely on her gut instinct by now. She knew that wasting even a mere *nanosecond* here could end up taking her back to those sheets.

So, gritting her teeth and not thinking at all, the Jolteon did what she did best - which was to move fast. Ignoring the tremendous presence that she could feel looming behind her, the Jolteon’s muscles tensed and she burst into a short sprint that ended in a long dive across the carpet that *just* about put her out of the path of the Arcanine's incoming paw. As she landed on the floor belly down, she felt the Arcanine’s huge n’ heavy toes *thumph* against the carpet just behind her, creating a hefty shockwave that shook every fiber of her tiny body.

But rattling teeth and vibrating bones didn't matter a bit to Dana. On her belly, the Jolteon lifted her head and let out a loud whoop of victory. "Fuck yes!" she yelled jubilantly as she pumped her fists into the air and began to chuckle. She had dodged the stomp! For the first time ever, she had dodged the damn fire dog's paw, and… it felt great! The sheer amount of adrenaline pumping through her right now was making her head spin. "I did it! I really did it!"

“Did you?” came that awful voice again.

The Jolteon closed her trap and grit her teeth as that intense feeling of victory came to a sudden halt. Shivering, she rolled onto her back and looked up, and… yep. There he was. Muscular mountain of fur. Ready to step on her at any second.

Dana shuddered as she realized that she shouldn’t be looking. Right. Was supposed to focus on moving. So she figured that she’d better get herself up real quick and run or -

- *thumph* again, except this time, it was right on top of Dana. The Arcanine's

left paw came crashing upon the Jolteon's tiny body in a heavy and all too familiar stomp. Whether deliberate or coincidence, she had ended up in the same position as the last four times. Her lower body and abdomen were pinned firmly beneath warm fire-type beans, her head and shoulders free between his middlemost toes, leaving her vision all obscured by creamy fluff.

Just like last time. And just like all the other times, too.

Intense pressure quickly pushed down against her ribs, squeezing all the fresh air out of her and replacing it with his steamy musk. Truly intolerable heat radiated into her from the dog's leathery pads and heated fluff. It was like she was being crushed by a fluffy space heater - or a steam bath turned dog - or the hottest summer's day on the planet made into the world's meanest giant. "Stop!" she managed to yell. Grunting, she *pounded* one of her tiny fists as best she could into the side of the Arcanine's toe. Given that her fist sank into nothing but dense fluff, she knew it was useless… but she couldn't help but at least *try* to get back at this huge bastard of a beast somehow. "Why are you doing this to me?"

Through eyes that were framed by hot toe fur, Dana barely saw the Arcanine raise a brow and pop a smirk. Despite his incredibly smug expression, the weight atop Dana did shift a tad. His toes arched ever so slightly around his chest, taking some of the pressure and heat away from her ribs and allowing the tiny Jolteon to breathe. "Oh?" he crooned after giving his prey a couple of seconds to gulp down some oxygen. "Have we met before, little one?"

The Jolteon was hardly grateful for the opportunity to breathe, though. Not only was the air warm, bitter, and musky, but her legs were still well and truly trapped underneath a compress of toe pads. The big bastard was *still* standing on her and looking at her like she was some kind of weird but impressive insect and… ugh, she **hated** him! She wanted to tell him and his stupid question to go fuck themselves, but…

… at the same time, the Jolteon didn't want to scatter all of her progress to the wind. Sure, she might have ended up getting stepped on - but the Arcanine was *talking* to her - and that was a big difference. He'd barely even addressed her the last four times, and now he was asking her a question. Maybe answering it was the key to breaking the cycle? Or maybe it was just going to lead to her getting turned into paste again. Either way, she wouldn't know unless she tried.

That didn't mean that the Jolteon had to answer the question *nicely*, though. "Don't talk to me like that you piece of shit," she spat viciously, able to project her voice quite well now that there weren't toes bearing down into her slender chest. "You *know* full well that we've been through this five damn times already!"

The huge Arcanine's ears pricked up to catch Dana's quiet words. He wasn't bothered in the least by her tone. His smirk remained rigid and his brow stayed all lazily raised and cocky. "I don't know that at all, actually," he murmured. "At least, not until you told me. This might be your fifth time, but… it's my first."

Dana scoffed in disbelief and thumped her fist against his toes again. The Arcanine did nothing in response - probably because he felt nothing - but the blow made the Jolteon feel like she was being productive even if she wasn't. “Yeah, *sure*,” she yelled. “Quit bullshitting me. I know that you’re the one behind all of this crap!”

Dana watched through narrowed eyes as the Arcanine licked at his distant lips in what was blatantly amusement. “Behind *what* crap exactly?”

"You know!" the Jolteon said as she made an exasperated open-palmed gesture toward the Arcanine's huge face with her tiny hands. "Shrinking me! Then hunting me down and crushing me! And… and the whole stupid time loop thing or whatever!" Dana grunted and shoved her hands underneath the two toes that were pinning her legs down. Her fingers immediately felt his hot leather-like pads. It felt like there was a *sauna* raging underneath them.

The Arcanine chuckled and lazily laid a hand upon his broad and muscular chest, completely ignoring Dana’s pointless attempt at an escape. “Look, I can tell that you’re frustrated,” he sighed as he thumbed at the topmost button of his black shirt. “But you shouldn’t jump to conclusions. I mean… am I really even the type of Pokémon that would be capable of such a thing?”

Dana tried to haul the Arcanine’s toes away from her legs, but… it was useless. She made a strained chuckle back at the Arcanine, though of course she sounded much less amused. “Well, you seem like a right bastard to me,” she grunted as she pulled her hands away from the heat and let them flop beside her head. “So… yeah, I’d say that you’re pretty capable of it.”

The Arcanine clicked his tongue and shook his big ol’ head firmly. “No, darling,” he sighed, “I’m not talking about my disposition. More… my typing. I’m just a humble fire dog, after all. I couldn’t shrink anyone, much less thrust them into a time loop.”

Dana’s little leathery nose scrunched up as the huge Arcanine made his point oh so casually. His tone of voice was frustratingly charming - like he was trying to flirt with her at a party. Like he wasn’t standing on her right now. Like he wasn’t a couple of inches away from crushing her underneath his sole. Like he hadn’t turned her into a splatter four times.

But at the same time - as reluctant as Dana was to admit it - the Arcanine wasn't wrong about this whole thing not being in his wheelhouse. This was more the work of a rogue fairy or psychic type - or, hell, with the power properly considered, even a legendary. "Fine, whatever!" Dana yelled at him. "You still crushed me four times - and you're gonna crush me again, too!"

The Arcanine's toes suddenly pressed back down against Dana's chest, making her wheeze as that heavy hot weight pressed down into her upper body again. As the air was choked out of her lungs, the little Jolteon closed her eyes and did her best to brace herself for what she thought was about to come. This was it - the fifth time she was going to get crushed tonight - and she'd barely learned anything new, other than it seemingly didn't matter how fast she moved.

But at the moment when the last breath was squeezed from her chest, where she was seeing stars, where the hefty pressure and the intense heat was pushing her to the brink of unconsciousness… the Arcanine's toes lifted away from her chest once more, bringing back the Jolteon's ability to breathe. "What if I *didn't* crush you this time?" he posited as his prey wheezed. "What if, instead… I told you a little bit about what was going on?"

Dana groaned as loudly as a little speck could as she opened her eyes and sucked down a couple of short breaths. Nothing felt broken - which was good - but her legs were still trapped and that was bad. She thumped her little yellow head back against carpet fiber and went as limp as she could, finding that she was far too sore and winded to carry on fighting. "Oh yeah?" she wheezed pathetically. "And… and how am I supposed to know that I can trust what you're telling me?"

"You don't," the Arcanine replied briskly. "But it's either that or get crushed - again, apparently - so which one is it going to be?"

Dana weakly rolled her eyes. "The one where I don't get crushed," she groaned. "Obviously."

"Excellent. That's what I thought."

Dana shivered as the Arcanine grinned and began to bend down, reaching toward her with his right hand while keeping his toes tight on top of her. Oh, shit. He was going to pick her up? That would be terrifying, there was *no* way she could let that happen. Grunting, the Jolteon made another attempt to wriggle free…

… but it was no good. The Arcanine's toes were even heavier with his knees bent - and, for a mountain of a man, he was very fast. Before she could even make an honest effort his thumb and forefinger were wrapping around her tiny

shoulders, capturing them entirely - and then, screaming loud and shrill, the poor little thing was carried kicking and screaming into the air.

“Goodness,” the Arcanine sighed as he brought the yelping Jolteon’s ascent to a halt at his extremely fluffy neckline. “Starting to regret picking you up. Your screaming was tolerable when you were all the way down on the ground, but now that you’re all the way up here I’m starting to realize how annoying it is.”

Dana *cringed* as the Arcanine’s loud sigh rolled over her body. He sounded so loud now - *much* louder than before. Down on the ground, it was like his voice was being projected through a stadium's speaker - but now, it was like said speaker was blaring *right* up against her ear. “Fuck off!” she squeaked at him as she dangled uselessly between his fingers. “I can’t help it! This is terrifying!”

The Arcanine rolled his big green eyes as if all of this was oh so bothersome. “Yes, well, hurry up and get used to it, otherwise I’m going to renege on that whole *telling you a little bit* thing and just go back to Plan A - which is crushing you under my paw, obviously.”

Dana shivered at the threat and grit her teeth aggressively. She wanted to yell, but… she also didn't want to be stepped on again. So, she sucked down a deep breath, went silent, and did her best to get used to the terrifying feeling of being dangled in the air. In the end, she simply focused forward, locking her eyes onto the Arcanine's natural collar ruff. Like the fingers that were holding her, she could feel the fire-types' intense heat radiating from them. It was a lot less intense than being underneath his toes - but it was still like being in a sauna. The only 'good' thing was that she wasn't close enough to muzzle to feel his breath. She bet feeling *that* would have been one of the most humid and pungent disasters on the entire planet.

The Arcanine rumbled, all nice and satisfied. “Good. All comfortable now I hope?”

“Hardly,” the Jolteon grumbled. “I’m hot as hell and I’m a couple of hundred feet from the floor.”

“A couple hundred feet?” the Arcanine teased. “I’m tall, sweetheart, but I’m not *that* tall.”

“Relative to me, you jackass.”

The Arcanine gently shrugged his shoulders, making the Jolteon sway uncomfortably between his fingers. She just about resisted the urge to yell about it. “Well, can’t say your comfort matters to me all that much,” the fire dog sighed. “As long as you’re not screaming anyways.”

“Right,” Dana grumbled. “Of course.”

“Well then. What’s your name, little one?” the Arcanine asked with just a hint of glee.

Dana considered making a name up - potentially a stupid one - but given her state of existence, her wit was at an all-time low. “Dana,” she answered gruffly. “What’s yours?”

The fire dog placed his broad hand against his fluffy collar, dimpling what was several feets worth of fur to Dana quite easily. “I’m Lucas. Pleasure to meet you.”

“Yeah. I’m absolutely charmed. Real fucking delight to meet your huge ass.”

“Lovely. Anyway,” Lucas murmured as he lowered his hand from his throat. “I wasn’t the one who shrunk you - the hotel is responsible for that.”

Dana wasn’t sure if she could believe a word out of his mouth - but she figured that she’d at least entertain them. “You… you mean like, the staff or something?” she asked.

“No. I mean the building itself.”

The little Jolteon made a snort of disbelief. “Right, sure. Because it’s haunted or because someone put a curse on it or something dumb like that, yeah?”

Lucas smirked. “I don’t know the reason, to tell you the truth,” he murmured. “There’s a few theories, but I don’t really care to listen to them - I’ve never been one for science or mythology or conspiracy or anything like that. I just like coming here because there’s tiny people for me to step on.”

Dana shuddered ever so slightly as the big brute of a dog mentioned *stepping* on people - because, of course, she could quite easily imagine the dog casually compressing her into a pancake beneath his toes. “Could you… could you *not* bring that up, please?”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Lucas murmured unapologetically. “That experience must be quite raw for you.”

Dana gritted her teeth and resisted the urge to bite back at the cocky bastard - only because she knew doing so would make him even smugger than he already was. “Whatever. Why didn’t the hotel shrink you, then?”

“Oh, that one’s easy. It’s because I didn’t write my name in the guestbook.”

Dana blinked. “What?”

“You heard me,” Lucas chuckled. “My voice is more than loud enough for you I’m sure. And that, my dear Dana, is all that I know. So now that I’ve gone ahead and told you something, how about we do something fun together, mm?”

Dana was still processing the guestbook thing - so Lucas’ proposition went flying over her head. “Wait, wait just a second-”

But the eager Arcanine didn’t wait. He moved instead - knocking both the words out of Dana’s mouth and the wind out of her lungs in a single step. He took one forward - then one to the right - then, the hand that wasn’t holding Dana grabbed onto the handle of a door, twisting it open.

By the time the world had stopped spinning for the Jolteon, the Arcanine had entered what was clearly his hotel room and thrown on the light. It looked identical enough to her own, or, at least, identical enough from what she could *see* around the big boy’s fluffy collar. “Hold on,” she managed to gasp. “Just…”

Lucas clicked his tongue and lowered his free hand down toward his belt, unclasping it with a flick of his thumb. “No more time, dear Dana,” the canine murmured as he unrolled his belt from around his waist and dropped it to the floor. “I am sorry, but you’ve been quite lucky to get this much out of me already. I normally don’t spend nearly this much time talking to *toe lint*.”

“Ugh, go fuck yourself,” yelled a very exasperated Jolteon. “Get it over with, then! Step on me, you dumb dog!”

Lucas chuckled and unzipped his slacks, revealing a pair of dark gray boxer briefs that were nice and firm around the *very* well-defined bulge of his sheath and heavy balls. He noticed that the tiny Jolteon didn't glance down to look… but that was alright because she'd be seeing *plenty* of them soon enough. "Oh, I wouldn't want to be a boor by stepping on you again my darling," he said, "not if I've done that four times already apparently. No, this time, I think I'll be shoving you underneath my balls while I take a nap. This *dumb dog* is awfully tired from all the yapping you’ve made him do.”

Dana gulped. “Under your… under your…” She couldn’t say it. Instead, she decided to look toward her fate. But before she could collect herself and tilt her head down toward the terrifyingly distant floor…

… the Arcanine lowered her quickly, taking Dana on a painfully sharp descent *straight* toward the front of his underwear. All too suddenly, the Jolteon’s vision was full of heavy *bulge*. Her head was spinning and her vision was blurry and

there were stars in front of her eyes from yet another unwanted trip in the air, but… that didn't matter. It was everywhere in front of her, the only thing her tiny brain could focus on. An office blocks worth of sheathed *meat* and wrecking ball sized nuts that were not just filling the fabric of his gray boxer briefs but visibly *stretching* it out with their weight and heft. They were most certainly a nice fresh pair - perhaps even pulled out of their packaging this very day.

That didn't mean that they *smelled* fresh. Dana's senses were suffering with a lot more than just the sight of Lucas' package. Like with his toes, the scent of the giant dog's sweat was here too, though… it smelled different. Bitter and far, far more musky and heady. The reason why was obvious. This, after all, was the source of his virility, his fertility, his *masculinity*. Despite its intensity, it certainly wasn't an unclean odor. Most people certainly would've seen this Arcanine as a hygienic creature, but… the little Jolteon was barely an inch long and dangling directly in front of the source of it. Needless to say, it was overwhelming.

Though… not in a way that was unpleasant - beyond the fear that she still felt, at least. The scent of the Arcanine's package was utterly staggering to the Jolteon, but not in a way that was disgusting or unpleasant. If anything - even though she didn't *want* to - her body was rather enjoying it. She felt her flesh growing warm beneath her fur. Her nipples started to stiffen upon her chest. Unconsciously, she closed her thighs and squeezed them together, finding it difficult to think…

… but, once again, before she could even begin to gather her bearings, Lucas opened the waistband of his boxers and dropped the Jolteon within. Briefly, she was in the air - then, she hit a patch of pubic fluff that was more than dense enough to cushion her landing - and then she was sent tumbling and flailing and screaming down into the musk-laden depths of one incredibly humid pair of boxer shorts.

Dana ultimately came to a rough landing at the very base of the boxer's crotch, tumbling down from the base of his plump sheath and landing upon her back on damp sweat-infused fabric. Grunting, she rolled over onto her side, hoping that it might give her some space from the heat - but there was nowhere to roll. Even though the Arcanine was holding open his waistband right now - even though Dana was oh-so-small - there was simply no room in here for anything but his cock and all of its scent. Unable to escape - but very much hoping that she could figure out a way - the tiny Jolteon clasped her hand over her fingers and mouth and resisted the urge to breathe, knowing that if she inhaled his musk raw then she'd be done for.

Unlike most of the rest of his body, the jet-black sack that Dana was nestled against was damp and leathery and distinctly devoid of his trademark fluff. That didn't mean that it wasn't warm like the rest of him, though. Indeed, this was

likely the *hottest* place on his body - and not just because he had a nice big dick. The heavy churning cum factories lightly rumbling against her tiny little form were producing an amount of heat fit for a furnace. She wasn't sure whether his balls or his toes were hotter, but…

… then again, Dana wasn't sure of anything right now. She was too overheated to string a thought together. All she knew was that she was nestled up against one of his balls. She could feel it rubbing against her as it gently bobbed in the tight confines of his heavy sack, gently twitching and throbbing against her to the tune of the Arcanine's excited heart all while saturating her in his most intimate sweat and heat. As uncomfortable and as overwhelming as it was, though, the Jolteon didn't dare move. She felt like if she so much as twitched then she could end up underneath them - and that would very much be the end for her - albeit, a long and sweaty and smothery one.

With her hands covering her face and fire-type heat having taken all the air from her lungs, the Jolteon took a breath. Doing so was a mistake. Her fingers stood no chance of filtering the raw scent of the Arcanine's musky genitals. It was like a punch to the gut - or, perhaps, a smack to her pussy. A heat different from the one surrounding her filled her body, making her clench her thighs and moan helplessly against her palms. Her toes curled as her head began to spin. Grunting - and fighting against the overwhelming desire to go still and give in - the Jolteon weakly turned her head toward the opening of Lucas' boxer shorts. The Arcanine still held his waistband open just an inch or so. Her weary eyes caught the view of his cocky gaze leering down at her…

… and then, with a loud *snap* of elastic, he released the waistband of his boxers. Dana's environment went dark and tightened all at the same time. The scant amount of crotch fabric that she'd been able to lay on tucked itself underneath the Arcanine's sack and carried the Jolteon with it, firmly depositing her underneath his balls. He could vaguely feel her wriggling all uncomfortable and horny underneath their weight. He wondered how long those wriggles would last. How long it would be until the air was smothered out of her by all of his heat... or until his hefty testicles had ground her into a paste that he'd effortlessly wipe from his sack. "Goodness," he murmured - mostly to himself. "This *does* feel interesting. Perhaps I'll have to do this more often."

Quite content with the feeling of his prey struggling in his underwear, the Arcanine removed his shirt and fell back onto his hotel bed. "Though, not with you. At least, not in this timeline. Do tell the old me that I did this to you, though - I reckon he'll be quite surprised."

Smirking, the Arcanine closed his eyes. By the time his consciousness faded and his nap began, the tiny Jolteon's squirming had faded to almost nothing - but, that was a good thing. Lucas wasn't the type who liked his sleep to be disturbed

by anyone - much less a vague smear upon his sack.