

# Temptation 05 – Small Change

*By Dragonien*

## Sandra

The now familiar beam of light engulfed my body like it had everything else I had used the device on. The way that the light seemed to ooze in fast-forward across my body was so disconcerting as I couldn't actually feel anything on my skin or fur. From the way it flowed over my body I kept thinking it should feel like some kind of sticky ooze clinging to me. Instead, all I felt was a prickling tingle like that of when your leg fell asleep and is only just getting the blood flowing again but across my entire body. The whole room seemed to bow and stretch outwards around me like I were looking at it through a lens that kept adjusting its focus. After a moment I had to close my eyes to keep the disorienting view from making me sick. Unfortunately, that didn't stop the vertigo. It was like being in a fast-moving elevator. My stomach felt like it was trying to gently nudge its way up into the space that my lungs were while my sense of balance and gravity seemed to roll around me and sent me stumbling to the side. Thankfully I hit against a solid surface and clung to it to keep myself upright, clenching my eyes shut tighter as I tried to use sheer force of will to overcome the dizziness I was feeling. Then, abruptly, it was all gone. The nausea, the spinning, the vertigo, everything. Tentatively I opened one eye, then the other as if worried of what I might see only for my eyes to then go wide.

"Oh... Wow."

The room was huge. The Tv off in the distance seemed so far away and the entertainment center it was sitting on was well above my head in height. Glancing over towards the front door I could easily tell the doorknob, too, was at least a couple of inches taller than I was as well. My tail wagged in a furious blur behind me, something I'd have been ashamed about if anyone else had been around. No girl wants her emotions to be on such blatant display and easily readable. Just when I thought I could just about get it under control, I realized I was still leaning on something; arms draped over the top of it like a tabletop. It had worked! Just as I'd hoped for, I'd shrunk myself exactly down half in height! Meaning now I was only a fraction of an inch taller than two and a half feet; I wasn't even as tall as a kid! Glancing down it dawned on me just what I had been clinging too in order to keep myself upright: The couch. My tail started going wild once again as it started to sink in just how short I really was. Even our couch was now huge to me. Though not so big that it towered over me, I definitely would need to hop and possibly even climb a bit to get up onto the cushions! Which is exactly what I did.

I had to make a conscious effort not to use my claws too much, lest they tear holes in the couch and get Chase mad at me. The first hop I missed entirely, but the second time around I was able to get high enough that I hooked one of my feet in the space beneath one of the cushions. Using that as a foothold I pushed myself upwards and flopped face-down onto the broad cushion beneath me, legs still dangling from the knee down off of the front of the couch. When I'd given myself a moment to catch my breath, I rolled myself over onto my back, staring up at the ceiling and taking a second just to admire how far away it seemed. Then, I scooted myself back a bit and crawled up to my feet. Surprisingly what amazed me the most in those first few seconds of standing on the couch was how little of an impression I made into the cushion. Looking down, my paws barely even depressed the cushion at all. Somewhere in the back of my head I remembered something about a cubed square rule or something, how when you double something's height it gets like eight times heavier or something like that. Considering that I only weighed about 125 soaking wet at my normal size, that meant I had to weigh less than twenty pounds!

"Oh my god. Oh. My. God." I giggled out a bit manically. "I really did it. God, I'm so fucking short!"

Unable to contain my glee I started to jump up and down on the couch like an overly-excited child. So I'm not always the most mature, sue me. Even jumping up and down my weight barely made a dent into the firm cushioning of the couch which only made me marvel at my tiny size that much more. After a couple minutes of that I'd had my fill of that particular frivolity and turned my attention around to look at the rest of the room again. Even standing on the top of the couch I wasn't even as tall as I was at my normal height. It was strange seeing a room I was so familiar with at such a perspective that it's still familiar yet somehow just slightly off. The picture frames on the wall were just a bit higher than I expected them to be when I looked at them, I kept glancing where I thought the doorknob would be only to find myself looking below it. The biggest change was the distance though. Even if I imitated my normal height by standing on something tall that didn't make the room feel any less gigantic, everything seeming like it was twice as far away from me as it used to be.

As I looked around the room my gaze settled on the small shoe rack by the front door where me and Chase kept our shoes. Part of me realizing with silent relief that I was still clothed. In all my excitement I hadn't even realized that my clothing had shrunken with me. Thinking about our shoes, though, made me wonder what it'd be like trying to put one of them on now. The hilarious mental image of me trying to step into a shoe so much larger than my foot that I could probably fit both of my feet in it sent another giggle through me. Then my gaze settled on the very visibly larger shoes next to mine. Seeing his heavy, thick-soled sneakers next to my smaller and more petite ones always made me shiver a bit. Looking at them now, though, was something else entirely. Part of me wondered if I'd even be able to pick both of them up at the same time at this size or if I'd need both arms for each shoe. As I thought that, my mind started to wander to other things; other comparisons to Chase. With me less than half my normal size he could easily cradle me in his arms like a toddler or pick me up by the back of

my shirt with one arm. My tail started to wag again, even more furiously than before, as my mind started to wander to less wholesome areas. I wasn't even half his height anymore, which meant if I tried to hug him the best I'd be able to do was probably hug one of his legs. My arms were barely able to wrap around the girth of his thighs as I held myself in close, the top of my head brushing right up underneath his...

Ok, So I'm a size queen, sue me.

As my mind wandered to less and less wholesome thoughts of what I could do with a device like this I raised one of my arms to idly chew on my index finger. It was a bad habit when I got nervous, angry or pent up, the oral fixation of chewing on something helping me calm down and suppress whatever emotion was trying to overwhelm me. Unfortunately, whenever I did it when I was angry, I had a tendency to bite harder than I meant too without noticing; which is why there were tiny little scars in the skin all over my finger just under the fur. My thoughts suddenly derailed like something short circuited in my head, lips pausing mid-chew on my fingertip. A new thought had invaded like a car crashing through the front door of my mind and it dawned on me I was chewing on the finger of my right hand. I was right-handed. That was the hand I had used to shoot myself with the device.

Like a chain reaction of explosions, flashes of fear, panic, inwardly-aimed anger, then dread all washed through me in quick succession. Frantically, my head whipped back and forth after looking down to confirm the device was indeed no longer held in my hand. In my excitement at being so much smaller it somehow had completely slipped my mind that I no longer had it. Thankfully, my fear was quickly abated when I looked down in front of the couch and saw a familiar gun-shaped device laying almost innocently in place, forgotten where I must have dropped it on the floor during my shrinking.

It only took a quick hop down the couch to reach the device, though I couldn't help but blush at the thought of how far down that 'little' hop had become at my new size. Despite the lingering sense of fear that I might have been stuck at this diminished size, my tail still found itself wagging a bit as I walked over towards where the gun lay next to the coffee table that was almost chest-high to me now. The moment I got close I was filled with an unexpected sense of smug satisfaction and relief, proud of my own forethought. At one point I had thought about shrinking myself even smaller than half, having all but gotten off at the thought alone of shrinking myself down to the size of a Barbie doll and experiencing the world at the size of an actual toy. It was a good thing I had thought otherwise. If I had done so I would probably be stuck that way right now. The device was still perfectly intact and seemed sturdy enough that the small fall from my hand to the floor surely hadn't damaged it at all. However...

It hadn't shrunk with me.

Unlike my clothes and everything in my pockets, the device was still its full size; seemingly unaffected by whatever aura the device created to shrink me and anything I was

wearing. Which meant if I had really made myself doll sized then I would have been too small to even lift the thing most likely, much less be able to aim it at myself and pull the trigger at the same time. Thankfully at this size it was still doable, though it definitely was going to be awkward. When I reached down to grab the edge of the now rifle-sized device it dawned on me just how much weaker I was at this size. I had expected it to be heavy but the damn thing felt like I was trying to lift a steel-framed couch all by myself! I had just been thinking that if I halved my height, I'd just half my strength. Apparently, I'd made a miscalculation somewhere.

Realizing I wasn't going to be able to just lift the device up and point it at myself like I had beforehand I instead opted to balance it on the handle. First, I carefully walked around to the back of it to adjust the device back to the grow setting. I'd seen far too many sci fi movies where someone forgot to check the controls on some device and ended up screwing themselves over to be stupid enough to leave the device on shrink and shoot it at myself again. Once it was set correctly, I walked back around to the front and held the device with the barrel pointed right at my chest. Carefully balancing on one leg, I lifted my other and gently stretched it back towards the back end of the gun until I felt the trigger guard with my toes. After a bit of fumbling to get my clumsy toe-digits in the right place, I got them wedged securely against the trigger and gave a quick shove to depress it.

When the surge of colored light engulfed me once more that now-familiar sense of dizzy vertigo rapidly returned. In my disorientation I let go of the device and it was only through sheer luck I stumbled a half-step backwards in time to keep from dropping the muzzle of the device right on my foot. I did my best to watch the room around me this time, focusing on a single point in space both to help alleviate the dizzying effects of my size change as well as try to actually take in the changing of scale. I watched the doorknob I was focusing on across the room slowly lower down to meet the level of my gaze, then dwindle back down beneath my line of sight once more. I thought it was a bit silly how much stock I put on the height of doorknobs in particular as a sign of size but there was just something about a doorknob being nearly out of reach over my head that had, in particular, made me feel small. As I let my mind wander momentarily on that thought I lost focus on the doorknob and felt the vertigo hit particularly hard. It barely even registered when I fell down onto my back as the world spun around me again in that last little lurch of size that pushed me back up to my full height.

I don't know how long I simply lay there on my back, mind racing with the thoughts of my little afternoon adventure. Replaying over and over in my head the various comparisons of size between myself and the things around me. Looking up at the doorknob, having to climb up on the couch, even how my weight had barely even intended the top of the couch. I ended up so lost in my thoughts I didn't hear the movement outside until the front door was swinging open and Chase was already walking in.

For his part, he seemed surprisingly nonchalant about walking in on me sprawled out on my back in the living room. Though I couldn't help but notice his eyes seemed just the tiniest bit wide, his lips hanging a fraction of an inch open. It was only when I took a moment to take

stock of myself did I realize what I was staring at. In my own mental haze, I apparently had been getting myself a bit worked up. My nipples were rock hard and sticking straight up, blatantly visible through the thin pajama T-shirt I wore. It didn't help that one of my hands had reached up to cup my left breast while my other hand had slid down where it was shamelessly rubbing along my inner thigh in a very provocative manner. Some disconnected part of me spoke in the back of my head in a dry, emotionless voice that brought forth memories of emotionally stunted aliens from an old Sci-Fi show I liked, commenting that this was a highly embarrassing state to be found in.

"Um... Hey, Sam..." Chase greeted nervously, his words the social equivalent of dipping his toe in the pool water to test its temperature.

I didn't respond at first. Laying there for a good several seconds longer in total silence, letting my hands give a few last lingering rubs and squeezes. Only then did I turn my gaze towards his and lock eyes with my suddenly nervous-looking boyfriend. slowly, I pushed myself up to my feet. My clothes hung in a disheveled mess around me and my head fur was frizzed out and had several thick locks hanging in front of my eyes. I could only imagine the wild visage I must be portraying to the poor goat standing before me. I had just enough forethought to casually swipe one of my feet backwards; kicking the device underneath the couch where it hopefully wouldn't be discovered. As I had become more consciously aware of the aroused state of my body, I had decided I had more important things to worry about right now than hiding that little piece of mystery tech.

My poor boyfriend didn't even have a chance to get his shoes off before I had pounced on him and begun ripping his clothes off. All that size change had gotten me quite riled up, and I had plenty of energy to work off. Thankfully I had the perfect boy-toy to help me do it.