

**A Mewtiful
Evening
(Shrinking,
Footplay)**

A 'Mewtiful' Evening

Jake Bryer was a fairly curious guy. One who was used to getting his nose stuck into trouble. So, for that very reason, he wasn't the slightest bit afraid of the strange cave that he'd found himself in. Around his average form, there were odd, unrecognizable hieroglyphics upon the stony brown walls of the cave. Eerily, they shone in a deep, psychic pink color, illuminating the trainer's average form. Blue toed sneakers crept warily across the floor, walking as quickly as he dared to.

There was something inside of this cave. Something that was going to change his life forever. Jake knew that. So, despite the eerie atmosphere, and despite the pulsing, magnificent, and terrifying power that he felt deeper within the cave's bowels, he proceeded, not making a noise.

Jake was, regardless of his irregular curiosity level, an ordinary human male. He stood at an average height of 5'9", messy, mucky blonde hair above a face that wasn't handsome nor ugly. Looking at him, you wouldn't think he was prepared to make his way through some magical, mythical cave ... until you caught sight of the Pokéballs across his hip, at least. Four, in total, and in them, there was a trusty team that was clearly capable of taking on anything. Furthering Jake's prowess as a Pokémon trainer were four shiny gym badges across the lapel of his green jacket, proving that he was halfway through his Kanto Gym Challenge. A recognizable achievement for any trainer, to be certain.

Around a corner he went, the presence of that odd power drawing him down the stony corridor like a magnetic pull. As soon as he rounded the corner, he suddenly saw the reason for that power ... and he could scarcely believe his eyes.

It was a Pokémon. But not just any Pokémon, no. It was the mythical Pokémon Mew. In the center of a perfectly spherical room, the small pink creature lay, his large footpaws kicked out in a luxurious sprawl, pink toes flexed. Pink lids were firmly closed over his large eyes. Slumbering, his small chest rose and fell slowly, a gentle, quiet snore coming from his flared nostrils.

Jake's hands began to tremble. Reaching into the pocket of his jeans, he withdrew a small, red, rectangular device - his Pokédex - and lifted it up to the Mew to register it. With a shaky thumb, his finger hovered over the scan button. Just registering this Pokémon in his Dex would make him famous. He didn't even need to catch it. All he had to do was scan it, and he'd be the first person in the Kanto region to have witnessed this magnificent, powerful creature ...

Breathlessly, his thumb hit the button. But he had made a terrible mistake. Unfortunately, he had forgotten to enable silent mode.

"MEW. SO RARE THAT IT IS STILL SAID TO BE A MIRAGE BY MANY EXPERTS," boomed the loud, electronic voice of the Pokédex.

With the device clutched in his hand, Jake hastily tried to muffle it, to shove it into his pocket and stop that loud, electronic yell, but no matter how he tried to silence it, nothing would work. Overcome by anxiety, he shook the device and began to scream at it, only adding to the insane amount of noise that he'd already created in the poor Mew's den!

It was irrelevant, though. The Mew had woken up at the first shrill, electronic word, blue eyes snapping open and swiveling toward the source of that ghastly din. Still reclined across the ground, the Mew lifted his hand and lazily squeezed two of his fingers together. Without warning, the Pokédex vanished in the blink of an eye, turning into nothing more than dust. In accomplishment, the Mew's feet stretched out, eyes closing as toes languishingly curled after what had been a most pleasant nap.

"Sorry," rang a playful, cute voice inside of Jake's head. "I don't really like it when people take pictures of me. Spoils the mystery, you know? If I let everyone register me in those weird things, then I'd hardly be as revered as I am."

There was only one place that voice could've been coming from. While Mew's lips didn't move, Jake knew of its prowess as a Pokémon of the Psychic type. And, the trainer had to admit ... he found the Mew's voice rather cute. Most certainly masculine, but also ... kind of adorable. As a matter of fact, the whole 'mon was drop-dead gorgeous! It was, one hundred percent, worthy of its 'mythical' title.

"Run along, now," rang the sound of the Mew's voice. "Before you get in too deep."

Jake should've heeded that warning. He really, really should've. But the trainer felt emboldened by the Mew's beauty. If he couldn't register this mythical Pokémon in his Dex, then he'd just have to catch it. With a Mythical Pokémon at his side, he'd be the most famous trainer in the land! Cockily, his hand fell to his waist, seeking to retrieve a ball from his belt.

But before he could get too far, the Mew straightened himself up. With his tail, he pushed his body into the air, curling into a levitate. His large paws pushed up into the air, the creature hanging upside down, about three feet in the air. This happened quickly ... all in the span of time that it took for the eager Jake to hastily reach for a Pokéball. By the time his mitt had wrapped around one, it was too late. With another hand gesture, a lift of the wrist, an eloquent snap of the fingers, and this time, it wasn't Jake's property that vanished ... but Jake himself.

Or, at least, it certainly seemed that way. Jake had not truly disappeared. Instead, he found himself transported to ... an entirely different world. Or at least, it seemed that way at first. Underneath him, there was a beautiful pink landscape that was made up of something ... incredibly soft and squishy. It most certainly wasn't regular soil. Jake's foot bounced up and down on the surface of it. Springy, pliant, and ... soft. Pink, alien hills stretched out at either side of him, one end seeming to end in a sheer cliff, while the other - the closest to him - ended in three, pink peaks, which were looming over

him. It wasn't the biggest place in the world ... but it was big enough that he could set up a house on here if he had the resources. There was a light, pleasant scent in the air ... it was rather distracting. Despite his new surroundings being strange, Jake ... didn't mind them at all.

It took a moment for Jake to realize that he was completely naked. It took even longer for him to realize that he was not stood upon a different planet. Jake was still very much within the cave. He had shrunk to about three inches tall. And, the final little detail? The pink landscape was not a strange precipice on an alien world, no, but instead, he was stood upon the Mew's foot. Shrunk down to a truly puny size - barely larger than a bug - he suddenly realized that he was entirely at the Mew's mercy.

"That's what you get for trying to catch me," Mew's voice singsonged, echoing around Jake's mind. "Now, you get to be my little foot slave! Ooo! It's been so long since I've been in the company of a wannabe trainer like yourself. You wanna catch me, do ya? Well, I'll let you throw one of those weird balls at me IF you can pass my challenges. Fail three times, though, and you're mine forever!"

Mew paused, allowing Jake to mull over the words himself. Fail three times? Jake wouldn't fail once. There was no way that he was going to turn this down ... not even if he got the opportunity. "I'm in," he stated, without hesitation. From his lofty perch, he couldn't see Mew's face, not without going to the edge of the paw that he was standing upon, at least ... and right now, he didn't fancy looking down.

"You're sure? I was gonna offer to teleport you out of here, risk-free... buuuuut, I can read your mind, so I can see that you really don't want that," Mew pointed out. The 'mon let out a sigh, a gentle breeze than ran eerily through Jake's mind. "Fine. Let the games begin!"

The Mew's hand, now hovering above him threateningly, flexed once again. His fingers flexed, wriggling in Jake's direction ... and then, they clenched together. With another whirl of psychic power, Jake was once more teleported ... though, much to his relief, he didn't shrink again! Now, rather than being stood upon the center of the Mew's massive foot, he was stood upon the tip of the Mew's middle toe. Directly in front of him was a long, jagged claw poking out of the center of soft flesh. It was desperately in need of a little trim. Underneath his feet, he felt the Mew twitching and flexing his toe. He was clearly resisting the urge to curl it properly because doing such a thing would ... well, knock Jake off!

"Your first trial is a simple one. A test of your human strength!" Mew trilled into Jake's mind.

"As a trainer, you're so used to relying on your Pokémon's strength, but ... what of your own? So, your task is an easy one. Trim this ugly nail down to size! You can handle that, can't you, Jake?"

Seconds after that little message had rung through his mind, Mew snipped his index and ring finger together like they were scissors, and ... a pair of strong-looking metal clippers popped into Jake's hands. They weren't the implement that you'd usually use to trim a nail ...

they looked more like garden shears. Two big, steel blades with a sturdy plastic handle. In this case, however, he was expected to use them on a nail. Still. They looked sharp and reliable. They should have no problem accomplishing the 'little' task that the legendary Pokémon had set for him!

With the clippers in hand, Jake dropped to his knees, feeling the plush, clean flesh underneath him sag beneath his weight. The Mew had called his nail 'ugly', but even though it was overgrown, it ... really wasn't. It was a perfect, pearly white claw. A touch oversized, certainly ... but certainly not the worst case of an overgrown claw that he'd ever seen in his life. Gently, and, almost reluctantly, the young trainer moved the shears forward, and closed them around the base of the Mew's nail. One squeeze and it should be cut, giving him his first victory.

Except ... no matter how hard he squeezed, the nail would not break. While Jake could've easily blamed the clippers, it ... it seemed to be his own strength. The clippers, after all, looked sharp. Sweat began to roll down his bare arms and back from exertion. His knees dug further down into the toe flesh beneath him, shoving his weight against the handle of the shears. But the nail remained strong.

"So weak, trainer! But then again, you did only have four gym badges, didn't you?" the Mew tittered, his mocking laughter ringing throughout Jake's mind. "In all honesty, that is pretty pathetic. I've met trainers who could get that amount of gym badges in their sleep! But you ... you had to work so hard for them, didn't you? You should never have approached me ... you should've known that you weren't good enough."

With Mew's mockery running through his mind, and his arms sore and tired, Jake did one final, massive squeeze ... and still, nothing. Exhausted, he fell face-first onto Mew's toe, his sweaty head colliding with his pillowy toe. "I'm ... I'm sorry," he wheezes. He truly felt pathetic. The Mew was right. He wasn't good enough to be in his presence. "Please forgive me for ... for being so foolish. I ... I want to back out of this whole competition. P-please?"

A moment's silence. Then ...

"No."

Mew triumphantly raised his hand into the air, and flexed his thumb and forefinger, stretching them out as much as he was able to. A tingling sensation overcame his body, and, suddenly, the world around him began to grow larger. The claw in front of him slowly turned from a sharp, crystal white stalagmite into the peak of a mountain. Suddenly, upon the tip of his curvy middle toe, Jake had shrunk to a puny one inch tall. Now, seeing over the edge of his pink beans was no longer a problem ... he'd have to journey some distance to be able to see over the edge of Mew's foot.

Speaking of distance ... the ground underneath him suddenly shuddered, and then, vanished. With a flick and a curl of his mighty toes, Mew sent Jake tumbling off his middle toe. For a moment, he fell through the air, certain that he was about to fall to his doom. But, he didn't. Mew caught him with the upper part of his slightly coarse

sole. The squishy flesh bumped against his back, cushioning his fall. Gigantic toes that he had just stood upon loomed over him, oppressively tall, large enough to cast a shadow over him. Laid there, his body damp with his own sweat upon his pristine sole, Jake panted in a few much needed lungfuls of air.

Or at least, he tried to. "The second test," the Mew suddenly announced. "Stand up! Now! Do you want to live as a Pokémon Trainer, or do you wanna spend the rest of your life as a dust particle?"

Jake had no choice but to listen to Mew's command. With a grunt, he pushed himself up onto his feet. Around him, the silky flesh of his sole rippled slightly. Even his tiny presence was enough to cause an effect upon such a mighty creature. Somehow, seeing how much larger his foot had grown ... or how much smaller he had become ... was rather humbling. Did he want to spend the rest of his life as a dust particle? As long as he was surrounding him, then ...

"Stop daydreaming!" came Mew's voice, completely derailing Jake's train of thought. "I'm getting bored! Time for your final test! You have to climb Mt. Toe! Win this, and get your life back! Fail, though ..." Mew didn't finish his sentence. He didn't have to. It sounded ominous enough already.

Mt. Toe indeed. Jake, still trying to catch his breath, watched as the giant, monolithic middle toe wriggled in front of him, curling in a manner that was almost seductive. The two toes around it soon followed, clenching in bliss. It was highly apparent that the Mew was

getting some degree of pleasure from torturing him. It was blatant in the way that his toes curled, blatant in that high-pitched giggle that constantly ran through his mind.

Nervously, the shrunken trainer swallowed. He knew that he didn't stand a chance at climbing his toe. He really was useless without his Pokémon ... and, while he had plenty of strength and endurance, he knew that he didn't have anywhere near enough to climb something so massive and ... beautiful. But all Jake could do was nod his head. How could he refuse one of his commands and risk disappointing him again?

"Y-yes, Mew. I'll do my best to not fail you this time," Jake uttered solemnly, before he began to walk forward, his speck-like body making its way slowly across the steep, pillowy incline that was his upper sole, the arch of his soft, divine foot and his wide, pudgy heel far behind him. As he walked, the trainer's breathing was still heavy and labored. His legs burned. And yet, in the hope of not failing the Pokémon of his dreams, Jake continued to put one foot in front of the other, making a slow but steady advance toward the summit of 'Mt. Toe'.

"There you go, little ant," Mew giggled. "Nearly at the base now ... so impressive! But then again, I shouldn't expect anything less of someone with four whole gym badges." And, at that 'hilarious' line ... an actual, physical snort came from the Mew's nostrils. To Jake's tiny ears, it sounded like a boulder being ripped in half.

Regardless of Mew's taunting, however, the fledgling trainer had, indeed, arrived at the base of Mew's toe. Now, he had to crane his neck upward to be able to see it's peak. Being that he was an inch tall, Mew's bright pink toe was at least four or five times his size. It towered over him like a two-story house. It wasn't the biggest thing that he'd considered climbing in his life, but considering his current physical state ...

No. Jake couldn't let Mew down. He'd show him that he was worthy of being in his presence ... that he wasn't just some four badge nobody.

With a tired grunt, he gripped the pliant toe flesh in front of him, soft and plush enough that he could easily bury his tiny fingers in it. The slightly coarse underside of his toe rubbed against his fingers, producing a pleasant, sand paper-ish feeling. It was ... easy to forget that he even needed to climb. As his hands came to caress the flesh in front of him, he found that it was all that he wanted to do. For a few blissful and forgetful moments, his fingers simply stroked the flesh in front of him, indulging in that mythically soft skin. Engrossed within his fondling, he pressed his body flat against the underside of his toe. His cheek pressed against it. Like a feline, he soon began to stroke his cheek against the pink, silky surface of Mew's toe. Nostrils flared as he took the Mew's scent in, a happy, dreamy sigh coming out of his mouth.

This was pure bliss. If he had to spend the rest of his existence like this, then ... would that really be so bad?

If he stayed here doing this for much longer, then Mew was sure to make fun of him. Not wanting to hear his cruel giggle within his mind again, Jake renewed his grasp onto the soft, quivering flesh in front of him, and began to make his ascent.

It was slow, it was hard, and it was brutal ... and that wasn't just because it was physically exhausting. As a matter of fact, Mew's feet were surprisingly easy to climb. In the end, it was the mental battle that was so tiring. Jake did not want to struggle and climb against the toe, no, he wanted to recline up it and ... worship it. Attempting to complete this task just seemed so incredibly pointless when his punishment for failure would be what he wanted anyway.

Minutes into his climb, Jake closed his eyes and gave up. With a smile upon his face, he released his grip upon Mew's toe and allowed himself to fall backward, knowing that his sole would be there to cushion his fall.

This result was most certainly not something that Mew had planned, though the powerful, psychic creature had most certainly seen it coming. In the end, all roads of possibility lead toward this. His failure upon his sole. Now, nothing more than a speck, he would be made even smaller.

"Thanks for playing, pipsqueak ... guess it's time for you and for your four badges to go bye-bye," Mew muttered. Naturally, his voice sounded rather confident after his easy victory. But there was a definite, derisive disappointment. "I can see in your weird little mind how much you like my feet ... so ... let's turn you into a tiny little mite.

You can spend the rest of your existence floating around on my little foot ... worshipping it, just as you want to. Of course, you'll be way too small for me to even feel you ... so I'll forget about you before long!"

Jake knew that would be the case. But he didn't care. Being able to orbit the Mew's foot would be enough. Being so close to a magical, mythical, wonderful Pokemon ... it was a good enough way to spend the rest of his days.

Another hand gesture, this time ... Mew's hand lifted, and clenched tightly into a fist, squeezing together until pink flesh whitened. Another tingling feeling spread over his body, and then, in an instant, Jake was gone. Or at least, he was to the naked eye. Just as Mew had promised, he'd been shrunken down to nothing more than the size of a mite ... an unnoticeable little speck that would be forever creeping around on his foot like a parasite. Not able to cause so much as an itch, he would be quickly forgotten.

Closing his eyes, the Mew returned to sleep. When he eventually awoke, he would barely remember little Jake Bryer at all.