

Nalin's Shrunken Submissives Part 3: A Hair Too Small

Nalin shifted atop the very same stool and cushion the man had disappeared into all these months later, wondering how small the man had gotten by now. She absentmindedly scratched her head, suddenly remembering the fate of a tiny couple from a bar who had called her hair “plain looking.” A couple whom she constantly forgot about.

Joan and Kenneth huddled together on the vast expanse of Nalin's scalp, their tiny forms dwarfed by the towering forests of raven-black hair that stretched out in all directions. Each strand loomed over them like a colossal, twisting redwood, blocking out the light and casting an eternal twilight over their new world. The couple had been shrunk down to a mere fraction of their former size, now little more than mites compared to the woman whose head they called home.

Joan shivered as a sudden gust of wind whipped through the hairy landscape, the air currents created by Nalin's slightest movement enough to send the tiny pair tumbling and scrambling for purchase. She pulled Kenneth close, their combined weight still not enough to keep them anchored to the slippery surface. “Kenneth,” she called out over the rushing wind, “we can't keep living like this, always on the run from her bathing, her scratching...her fucking. It's only a matter of time before she... before she... before we-”

Kenneth silenced her with a quick squeeze of her tiny hand, his eyes wide with fear and desperation. “Don't. We can't give up hope. We'll find a way to survive. We've managed to so far.”

But even as he spoke the words, a sense of dread hung over them both. Their lives had changed so drastically in such a short amount of time. One moment, they had been out for a night on the town, the next, they were the unwitting victims of Nalin's cruel whim. They'd

drunkenly insulted her; now they were trapped on her. They thought they would die at any moment, but it had been months by now. They did not know it, but the hex that Nalin had used had basically bound them to her. It would take much more than a shower to remove them from her. She was angry and petty, yes, but did not view herself as cruel.

For now, they were trapped, forever bound to the capricious moods of a woman who saw them as little more than playthings, if she even remembered them. Each day brought new horrors, new challenges to overcome. The constant scratching, the sudden movements, the way Nalin's hair would shift and sway with even the slightest turn of her head - it all conspired to make their lives a living nightmare. The sweat would rise up and cascade around them when she exerted herself.

As if on cue, the sound of Nalin's nails raking through her hair echoed overhead, an ominous rumble that sent Joan and Kenneth diving for cover. They had learned to recognise the sound, to brace themselves for the earth-shattering tremors that would follow. This time, they managed to cling to the base of a hair, barely missing being scratched into oblivion. Joan and Kenneth had been trapped on Nalin's scalp for what felt like an eternity, enduring a never-ending gauntlet of trials that tested their resilience and sanity. The first few days were the hardest, as they struggled to come to terms with their new reality. Nalin's hair was a tangled, sweat-soaked jungle, the air thick with the scent of her shampoo and the humidity of her exertions. They were trapped here, just because Joan drunkenly insulted the woman.

They were forced to try and survive in awe and horror as she went about her daily life, oblivious to their plight. In the mornings, she would rise and stretch, her body a towering monument of lean muscle and soft curves. The movement would send them tumbling and scrambling, barely able to keep their footing on the slippery surface of her scalp. Then came the exercise routines, each one a new challenge for the tiny couple. When Nalin did yoga, her hair

would sway and undulate with each pose, the strands twisting and turning like the branches of a storm-tossed tree. Joan and Kenneth would have to cling for dear life, praying that they wouldn't be swept away or crushed by the sudden, jerky motions.

The stench was overwhelming, a pungent mix of sweat, oil, and the lingering scent of Nalin's shampoo that clung to every strand like a noxious perfume. Joan and Kenneth found themselves choking on the thick, humid air that seemed to grow more oppressive with each passing day. The heat emanating from Nalin's scalp was intense, a constant reminder of the fiery temper that simmered beneath her cool exterior. They could feel the warmth penetrating their tiny bodies, leaving them flushed and drained of energy.

As the days turned into weeks, the couple grew accustomed to the sweltering atmosphere that was Nalin's hair. The sweat that beaded on Nalin's scalp would drip down, coating them in a glistening sheen of moisture that left them sticky and uncomfortable. Some of the larger drops that slid around them even threatened to wash the tiny couple away in a salty deluge. They longed for a respite from the oppressive heat, a moment's reprieve from the stifling confines of their new hell. That respite never came. In fact, things only worsened.

Nalin had a habit of brushing her hair with a vengeance after her debaucherous fun. Joan had viewed herself as a pious sort and thought of this as Nalin trying to brush away the sins of the day. Joan assumed that Nalin ruined countless lives with each lewd act she took. When Nalin took a brush to her locks, it was a scene of chaos and destruction for the tiny couple. The bristles would come crashing down like a storm, whipping and tangling the strands into a frenzy. Joan and Kenneth would have to cling for dear life, their fingers sinking into the tangled ropes of hair as they prayed that they wouldn't be swept away. If they were lucky, they could cling to the roots of the hairs, but would be in danger there on the occasion that the Thai woman decided to take a comb to her hair. For this evening, it was the brush. The vibrations from each brushstroke would reverberate through their bones, leaving them rattled and aching.

Sometimes, Nalin would brush with such force that strands would come loose, drifting down around them like a dark, silken snow. Other times, she would yank at her hair in frustration, the sudden tugs threatening to pluck them out of their sanctuary and send them tumbling into the abyss beyond her body. They never knew what to expect, only that each brushing session was a new trial to endure. As the months wore on, their own hair ironically became matted and tangled.

But the true trials began when Nalin would bring a lover home. The sounds of their coupling would echo around the couple like thunder, the bed creaking and shaking beneath them. They would watch in terrified fascination as Nalin's hair would grow damp with sweat and exertion, the moisture dripping down onto them and threatening to sweep them away in a torrent. During these heated encounters, Nalin or her lovers' fingernails would rake through her hair, scratching and clawing at the strands. Joan and Kenneth would have to dive for cover, praying that they wouldn't be scratched into oblivion or plucked out of their new home. The sound of Nalin's moans and cries of pleasure would mix with the ominous rumble of her nails against her scalp, creating a symphony of terror for the tiny pair.

Even the simple act of bathing was a harrowing experience. When Nalin stepped into the shower, the torrent of water would crash over them like a waterfall, threatening to sweep them down the drain with the suds and grime. They would huddle together, gasping for air and praying that the water pressure wouldn't increase to the point of washing them away. The towel afterwards was its own kind of hell. She would wrap her hair in a towel atop her head, effectively cutting off the occasional cool, fresh air and trapping them in a moist, humid jungle. The worst was when she used a hair dryer. The scalding hot air threatened to launch them into oblivion or bake them where they hid. They wondered how long she would keep them here.

Nalin wondered that herself as she sat on the stool in her workshop, scratching at her scalp as she finished brushing. Her fingernail slowed in its scratching; she wondered how far they were from her finger at that very moment. She languidly scratched a slow circle through her

hair as she pondered that thought. What was this like for them at such a small scale? She did not even know if she could restore them. She had no way of knowing if they were even still atop her head. She admitted that she did feel a little guilty about this one, but they were just so rude! She sighed and turned back to her work. She had to change the potency of that aphrodisiac. The rude couple atop her head had disappeared from her thoughts as she instead thought back to the sweet lesbian who had disappeared into the microscope slide. She definitely had to work on that aphrodisiac for next time.