

Here is Chapter 2! This one gives us some more characterization, sets up new characters and new scenarios, AND gives us a look at how some other tinies are fairing.

Speaking of look, thanks to TinyEd for the amazing picture of Chloe to open the chapter!

“Oh, there you are.” She said, peering down at me between her naked thighs, over breasts larger than our apartment building. She bit her lower lip and sighed. “Guess I should probably put some clothes on...”



She stood and lumbered over to a pile of clothes in the corner, whether they were clean or dirty was something that Chloe herself likely didn't know. She pulled a baggy black t-shirt with an anime catgirl on it and a pair of pink boyshorts with a black waistband from the pile. She turned back to look for me on the ground and paused for a moment, a strange look crossed her face. She stood there, cocking her head to the side in confusion before I realized she couldn't see me. I was so small that she had lost sight of me just by moving a distance that wasn't as long as she was tall. Fuck was she tall. I didn't even realize I'd fallen to my knees just from feeling dizzy at trying to take her all in.

She took in a deep breath and sighed, her cloth-covered chest swelling immensely. She exhaled and then dropped to her own knees as well. The double impact of her colossal weight dropping to the floor shook me to my core. She then began to fall towards me. Columns of creamy pale flesh crashed into the ground on either side of me. The sheer air displacement of her palms hitting the ground were enough to blow me into the air. I landed in a heap and groaned as I looked up. Her body was my new sky.

That baggy shirt hung down, creating an ominous kawaii sky that I feared would fall down upon me as it swayed from her movement. Her face scrunched up as she examined the bit of flooring where I previously was. I climbed to my feet and began running towards the underside of her chin, noting nostrils large enough to consume me flaring in annoyance.

"Fuck." She spat. Well, thankfully she didn't actually spit as that would probably drown me. Instead the burst of air that shot from her lips with that curse once again hampered my movement. It felt like a gust from a cranberry and vodka scented tornado that knocked me to my increasingly sore knees once again. I was getting dizzy from the confusing scale of it all. The scale of her. As she likely had to remind herself that I was a man, I had to remember that she was a woman, no matter how much greater she now seemed to me.

"Finally..." a deep feminine mutter thundered through the air. The sky above me shifted as she leaned back on her haunches to where her ass was nearly touching her shins. Her face was now eclipsing the light as she focused on me. "How did you get so small?"

She shifted and laid a finger down near me with the nail turned upside down. I was hesitant. The glossy surface looked like the underside of a great bowl or saucer sled. It was nearly a third as thick as I was tall. It's a miracle that she saw me at all. I clambered onto the underside of her right index fingernail and immediately slid down the slope and crashed against the underside of her finger as she shifted to a sitting position.

She brought her finger up to her face, her gaze softening to pity and concern as a massive eye squinted and focused to study me in more detail.

"Oh, man... what're we going to do?"

What do you do when someone has come down with an ailment? Take them to the doctor of course.

To the surprise of both Chloe and myself, I'd regrown to about an inch tall by morning, and was back to a commanding two and a half inches by the time we had an appointment with Dr. Anand that afternoon. She was the scientist who has been studying the fallout of this little phenomenon. She was very interested in seeing me, given the circumstances, and was willing to meet at the lab on her off day.

Chloe didn't have a car and the lab was too far for her to be comfortable with taking an Uber, so we had to make due with the subway. She didn't have a safe way to carry me, so she threw a hoodie on and held me tight in her grip the entire trip. Chloe kept me cupped in her palms as she carried me to the nondescript grey building that houses this advanced laboratory researching the affliction of myself and the others unfortunate to face exposure. Her palms were clammy and sweaty, be it from wearing the hoodie or from nerves, I don't know.

I was beyond relieved when her fingers uncurled and I was assaulted by a rush of cold air and sterile white light. Before I could collect myself, I was collected by a pair of purple gloved fingers pinching me from Chloe's palm and dropped into another gloved palm. A deep brown eye focused on me as its brow lifted. I scrambled back instinctually into the slightly curled fingers and looked at the lovely face of Dr. Priya Anand.

Dr. Anand was quite an attractive Indian woman in what I guessed were her late 30s. She was very much the opposite of Chloe. Where Chloe was tall, pale, lithe and clumsy, the good doctor gave the air of a graceful, well-defined figure, radiating confidence and maturity. She had dark, rich skin that glowed with a natural warmth. She wore a little bit of makeup, trust me it is very easy to tell when you're smaller than most action figures, but it only served to enhance her features, such as her high cheekbones that gave her face an elegant, yet soft appearance. I could not tell you much about her body as I could not see down past a chest that seemed impressive to me. I think Chloe could be the better endowed of the two shrunken women I have seen, but Chloe is nearly a foot taller than the doctor. Dr. Anand's labcoat and red button up blouse that served to accentuate her figure more than I'd expected, granted today was her off day. The part of her that I took in from my diminished perspective was her face and hair. Her eyes were a deep brown, framed by long lashes, exuding a sense of interest and maybe amusement. Her hair was thick and lustrous, in dark shades of black, cascading down her back, though when I last saw her it had been tied up into a ponytail. Her lips were full and gently curved, often adorned with a subtle lip color that enhances their natural beauty. When you're this small, you spend a lot of time looking at lips that could consume you whole.

"So, he's grown back this much since last night?" She asked, glancing up beyond me to Chloe. I turned and saw Chloe nod, noting that there was a man standing next to her, tapping on the screen of a tablet. "Fascinating."

The Indian woman set me down on a large white surface. A complicated camera or scanner hung above me. The ground beneath me lit up with light and a zoomed in image of me appeared on a monitor on the wall. Seeing my naked form blown up on screen made me cover my privates in embarrassment. Chloe's brow raised at the brief glimpse she got of me. I knew I shouldn't be embarrassed, as she had been holding my naked form tight in her hand all day and had seen me naked since I was shrunken, and lord knows I'd seen more than enough of her in the past twenty-four hours...but still.

"Dylan, can you hear me?" Dr. Anand practically shouted at me. I looked up and actually jumped in fright as her brown eyes were hovering directly over me, scrutinizing me. Her breath, warm, coated with coffee and something sweet washed over me.

"Y-yes, ma'am!" I shouted, my voice barely reaching her.

"Good boy." She said before a strange look briefly flashed across her face. A normal-sized person may not have even noticed it. It was almost as if she was surprised or amused for a moment. By my reaction? By hers? I don't know. "I am going to set a container next to you. It will be about the size of a contact lens to us, but more like one of those old TV satellite dishes to you."

She gently lowered a small, clear container with a solid lid down beside me. Two more fingers thicker than me came down and removed the top. I peered down and saw something that shocked me. It was a woman. She was small. So much smaller than me. Maybe half the size of my thumbnail. She sat at the center of the container, curled up into a ball, her knees held close to her chest. She looked up at me with sullen eyes, framed by her dirty blonde hair which looked oddly matted.

"Steph?" I asked, recognizing her as an analyst from the next department over. I didn't even know the exposure had gotten that far in the facility.

"Hey, Derrick." She called up, her voice barely a whisper. Is that how I sound to the others?

"Dylan," I replied. "My name is Dylan."

After a few minutes of silence, Dr. Anand resealed the container and lifted the smaller woman away. I saw the capsule disappear into her palm and down below the table, out of sight. I had no idea where my little coworker went. Anand eventually had her assistant, Brent, bring two additional chairs into the room. She, Chloe and Brent sat down around the white platform I was stuck on. Brent was an attractive man, I suppose. He had that mid-2000's white guy on a sitcom look, if that makes sense. Attractive and looks like he spent way too much time working on his light brown hair.

"So, as you can see Stephanie-" Dr. Anand began before Chloe cut her off.

"I couldn't. See her, I mean. Even with the magnifier thingy." Dr. Anand's eyes cut to Chloe, telling her to cut it out without uttering a word. It was amusing to watch my giant caretaker metaphorically shrink back in embarrassment.

"So, Dylan originally shrunk down to three inches in height, give or take a millimeter," she began. "Stephanie shrunk down to a half of an inch in size. Her husband entrusted us into her care as he was concerned with his ability to...care for her at size."

All of us picked up on the uncomfortable double meaning in the doctor's voice. I wondered if Steph was physically able to understand what she said. I was much taller than her, even when I shrunk down the night before, and could barely understand Chloe's voice then. Poor Steph, regardless.

"Last night, after undergoing some tests, she shrunk to a size far smaller than you just saw. We were extremely fortunate that Brent had stayed late to input data, otherwise we may not have been aware of what happened to her." Dr. Anand finished solemnly. Even though she was telling us such horrible things, her deep voice and soothing British accent made me feel strangely relaxed. I could listen to her for hours.

"I'm just glad I was there to make sure she was safe," Brent added, his voice I did not like. It was deep as well, but masculine with a midwestern tone that annoyed me for some reason.

"She has begun to regrow, at a rate slower to yours but she was much smaller to begin with." Dr. Anand said, while tapping on her tablet. A projection showing outlines of a male and female form in stages of diminishment and growth played out on the big screen. "It appears that your situation is not static. Nor do our initial tests on the other subjects show any sign of other subjects growing or shrinking. But based on the data from you two, we believe that some sort of external factor or stimuli may have caused you to shrink further. Stephanie is too tiny for our instruments to pick up her voice. But what of you, Dylan? Did you encounter anything that made you shrink smaller?"

I thought for a moment, "Well, I was jogging around the table Chloe left me on, and then..." I paused thinking about the fact that I had been thinking some less than wholesome thoughts. "I uh just started shrinking."

"Hmm..." Dr. Anand began muttering a quick stream of clinical and scientific nonsense that went over my head as she tapped at the screen of her tablet with fingers that could still obliterate me. What I gathered was that her current hypothesis was that forms of adrenaline may cause the shrinking.

The doctor asked for us to monitor my status and return once a week for more updates. Wait, that was it?

"Wait, that's it?" Chloe asked in confusion.

“Yes,” Dr. Anand replied, motioning for Brent to bring over a container that looked barely big enough for a tiny toy car. “This should make it easier to transport Dylan back and forth.”

Brent, whose thumb almost dwarfed me, sat the capsule down beside me. If I were at my full three inches tall, it would look like a coffin.

“I dunno,” Chloe muttered, looking down at me, “I already nearly crushed him last night,” she said, cringing at that admission.

“Well, Chloe,” Brent interrupted, putting a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “The uh, stress tests that you gave him and the ones we have given subjects such as Stephanie show that the reduced subjects are much more durable due to their compressed size. The smaller they get, the tougher they seem to get.”

“Still, I’m worried...” Chloe trailed off.

“Well if either of you choose for him to stay with us, we have a series of enclosures ready to house the shrunken subjects. Some are already there if you’d like to have a look,” she replied in an overly perky demeanor I was beginning to note was common for her..

Chloe looked down at me and we both awkwardly shrugged and agreed to see the enclosures. Rather than put me in the coffin-like capsule, Chloe gently plucked me up and sat me in her gently curled hand. I hadn’t realized how cold I’d gotten until I felt her warmth all around me. It was strangely comforting. The doctor lead us down the hall to a brightly lit, sterile white room. She approached a wall lined with specimen containers. Just a series of glass panel with a handles covering stark white interiors. We peered inside and saw about a dozen people ranging from about five inches high to small enough to require being inside Petri dishes within their enclosures. Their cages. I tensed up in discomfort at the site and the doctor’s oblivious reaction to it. Chloe cupped her hand tighter around me, giving me a pinky finger to cling to. I did not want to be trapped here and I don’t think she’d let me stay even if I wanted to. The tiny people looked so miserable and lifeless. Most didn’t even look at us as we approached.

Chloe looked at me with a raised brow. I thought back to how miserable Steph looked. I don’t want to be like that. Chloe may be clumsy but at least she was a friend. Someone who actually saw me as more than a datapoint. I fervently shook my head and pointed to her, practically jumping to emphasize I wanted to go with her.

Dr. Anand chuckled a little. “I think our patient wants you to remain his caretaker.”

Chloe smiled down at me warmly and heaved a sigh.

“Let’s go home then.”

