

My breath staggered in my lungs as my chest heaved from exertion. I leaned in the shadow of a glossy black wall. As I greedily sucked in air, the scent of the air made me gag. I looked up and realized that I was leaning on the small, curled leather seam of a black leather pump that had been discarded and was lying on its side. The heat was radiating out around me, making me weak. I was so small that the seam of the opening of this shoe was wider than I was tall. I couldn't believe how small I'd become.

The heat and humidity were oppressive. Only outmatched by the smell. The shoe had been worn for at least six hours and its owner was on her feet for most of it. Still, I was forced to breathe it in as I tried to calm myself. There was no way she'd step on me by accident now. She wouldn't be forgetful enough to trip over her own shoes that she'd just kicked off. She couldn't, right? The tremors returned, signaling I would soon have my answer.

Distant vibrations echoed through the wooden floor beneath me. My chest seized as the booming vibrations got closer. I looked up at the monolithically massive doorway in the distance and there she was. My roommate Chloe, in all her naked glory. She was already a tall girl at 5'10, but now she stretched into the sky larger than any building I'd ever seen. I was so small. Three inches tall definitely did not seem as bad as it did when I actually was that tall. Her pale skin looked especially ethereal as she was illuminated from behind by the lamp in the room behind her. Seeing her standing still at this size was intimidating, her walking was even worse.

Her toned calf flexed as she lifted one foot and swung her massive body forward, her foot hitting the floor with a wet slap that sent shockwaves towards me. She was still sweaty from work I guessed. Each step started with a peeling sound as her moist skin lifted from the ground and ended with a crash as it landed and absorbed the countless tons of her weight. She was a fit girl with an athletic build, but to me, she was a moving mountain. She moved closer with each step until she was looming over me. I could see every detail of her nude form towering over me and could feel her body heat radiating around me. I knew I was only inches from her foot as she reached over me and grabbed her phone from the counter above, but for me it may as well have been the length of a few football fields. She must have thought I was still asleep in the dollhouse across the room if she was walking around naked, not that Chloe was ever one for modesty.

Suddenly she pivoted on her left heel and swung her leg over me, her right foot slamming down from the sky towards me.

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My situation with Chloe has always been somewhat unique. We were roommates and close friends. We've been living together for about three years and have known each other for a few years before that when we were in college. The apartment Chloe and I shared was small, so not too ideal under normal circumstances. It was a bedroom, living room, bathroom and a tiny kitchen. Well, the apartment WAS small, and the kitchen WAS tiny. When she moved in, I gave her the bedroom and I was crashing on the pullout couch in the living room. Again, it's not ideal, but rent has been insane, and we both wanted to live in the city. Our lease doesn't allow any pets, which works out because she is allergic to everything. Our schedules don't really sync up anymore. She works from home as a remote call center operator, mainly handling complaints about the various products her company represents. I meanwhile work at the plant. This arrangement wasn't ideal, but it did help both of us save up a ton of money.

We got along well, though she was a little messy for my taste, especially around laundry day. Her dirty unmentionables would often be strewn from her bedroom to the hamper in the bathroom. She wasn't intentionally messy, just forgetful. Easily distracted. Yeah, that was a nice way of putting it. In my current situation, that trail of lost laundry was like a shifting terrain to dodge and avoid as she dropped it. Though I do not think either of us expected things to turn out as they have.

At my largest, I was now less than three inches tall. I know that, because I was told that I was lucky to retain that much after my accident at the plant. Some crazy chemical substance they were working on for a military contract got loose and infected me and some of my coworkers. It made us shrink to a tiny size. After days of being poked and prodded in a lab, they agreed to release us into the care of friends and family, who had to sign heavy waivers promising silence and swearing not to sue in exchange for a hefty monthly payout to "ensure the wellbeing of the subject." Basically, Chloe was going to be paid for taking care of me at home.

Chloe was a good person. Is a good person, I should say. The company approached her and asked if she would be willing to continue being my roommate, despite my shrinking disability. She was hesitant at first but immediately accepted upon learning that she would effectively receive my share of the rent and plus a monthly payment to cover expenses and food for my now tiny existence. She just had to ferry my tiny self to checkups with a doctor they hired to work on this mess. The company was also supposed to pay me a handsome settlement as well

as cover my care. My only other option was living in a lab for the rest of my life, or until a cure was found.

So, she set me up with a nice dollhouse she purchased online and actually sewed me a tiny mattress and set of sheets for me to sleep in. I did not have any clothes but the company planned to send some over soon, so the place had closet space for that. She set the dollhouse up on the far side of the living room. She didn't want to put it in her room because she wanted both of us to have some semblance of privacy. .

This was my first evening back at the apartment after weeks of lab tests. I was exhausted and had decided to sleep in for most of the day. I had been through a traumatic and exhausting experience and was finally able to rest. The constant rush of anxiety was finally leaving me as Chloe prepared to leave for work.

"Alright, lil guy, you sure you don't need anything else?" She asked as she walked up to my table, looming over me and cutting eye gaze towards me as she cut back up to the mirror on the wall above as she put a large golden hoop earring in. If I were a little smaller, I could probably sit on the earring like a swing.

"No, I'm good." I say in a normal tone of voice. She didn't even notice. So, I repeated myself, shouting up at the woman who was nonchalantly adjusting a pair of breasts that could easily outweigh me in her top above.

"Ok. What about food? Will the sandwich be enough?" She asked, squatting down on her haunches, bringing her face to my level. It also brought her level to the peanut butter and jelly sandwich that sat on a plate beside me, that was nearly my height. I nodded as I took in her appearance.

Despite the call center job, she occasionally worked as a hostess or waitress at a high-end cocktail bar and also would moonlight with "clients" she met there. Hey, we're Millennials, we all need a second or third job these days and that first payment from the lab hadn't come in yet. Her work uniform was a white button up blouse, a short black skirt, black nylon leggings, and black heels. The blouse was unbuttoned just enough to give a peak at the frilly black bra she wore beneath. She was definitely going to get some good tips tonight. Granted, with my job

paying her to look after me, she likely would never have to work again. While she will eventually quit the call center gig, she actually enjoyed the evening work.

She extended one long, slender finger, now longer and nearly as thick as my entire body and gently patted my head with a crimson red painted nail.

“See you in about seven hours.”

“I’ll hopefully be in bed. See you in the morning.” I replied as she stood, running her hands down her sides to straighten her skirt. Instinctively I looked down and away, not wanting to accidentally see up her skirt. Little did I know I’d be seeing much more later.

After Chloe left, I immediately regretted not asking her to put something on for me to watch. I ate a few handfuls of sticky jelly coated bread and the sugar gave me an unexpected energy boost. I had been in cages and labs, and the grips of nervous yet clinical scientists for weeks, so I decided to burn off some of this extra energy. My dollhouse and dinner are set on a round table near our window. For me I estimated that the circumference was about half the size of the block our apartment building was on. So, I decided to jog the perimeter of it. It gave me time to think and take in the scale of everything in privacy. I’d never run naked before. It was somewhat refreshing. As I ran, my brain began to wander, specifically thinking about how much bigger Chloe was than me, and the view she had unintentionally given me. I kept thinking of how perfectly her work outfit fit her. How it accentuated all of the right parts of my massive friend. I am not proud of the next two things I am about to admit. First, I had to stop because I was winded after only a few laps around the table. Second, I also stopped because my daydreaming had led to me unintentionally getting turned on.

I tried to catch my breath when a lightheaded feeling washed over me. My chest was pounding. What was this? A panic attack? Did I overdo it? I found myself spinning and falling in a heap on the table like a puppet whose strings had been cut. I could feel the woodgrain on the table expand around me. I was shrinking again! When the sensation subsided, I pulled myself up onto legs so shaky they made me envy the stability of a newborn faun. I looked up and saw the underside of the lip of the saucer that contained my sandwich. The dollhouse now loomed over me, ballooned to absurd proportions.

Oh god, I was so much smaller now! I had to be less than a quarter of an inch at least. Mere centimeters tall! My former three inches of height may as well be thirty feet. I stood there,

dumbfounded at what happened to me. After my head cleared, I decided to walk towards the dollhouse to wait for Chloe to find me. I began to move towards the massive white walled cathedral sized dollhouse when something else I had not expected occurred. The heating and air conditioning kicked on. I heard the thunderous click before the rush of warm air from a vent, so far away that it may as well been the moon, hit me, sweeping me off my feet and tossing me off the table. Since I shrunk to my initial three-inch height, I had constantly felt cold. Chloe in an act of kindness set my dollhouse up under the heating vent so I'd have maximum warmth. That act of kindness may have sealed my fate.

I hit the floor. Hard. I expected to bounce or roll, but nope. I just smacked into the ground in a heap like a wet rag. I slip into unconsciousness from the impact or stress of it all. When I came to, I lay there, stunned as I looked at dust and debris the size of bowling balls all around me. We really needed to clean better. I slowly peeled myself off the floor, amazed to be alive, and looked around. This was my first time seeing the world from the floor at any shrunken size, let alone this new minute one. I had no idea how long I'd been out. I wander on the dark wood floors, in awe of the debris we leave behind just by walking through the living room to the kitchen or the bathroom, or Chloe's room. Speaking of walking and Chloe...

The front door rattles with the booming sound of keys and tumblers unlocking as it's pushed open, and I get my first look at my roommate at this new size as a massive black high heel smashes down before me. It is mere feet from me at my scale. I looked up along the long, toned, nylon-covered leg until it disappeared up her skirt. The shoe's twin followed it and slammed behind me as she slid her feet out of each of them and slung them aside.

"Dylan, I'm home!" she said, exhaustedly. She looked across the vast tundra of our small living room to my dollhouse. Not seeing any movement, she shrugs and mutters "Must be asleep."

She stepped over me, her movement leaving a wake of air that distracted me enough to not notice the tip of her other foot coming towards me. The wet, sweat-coated nylon slammed into me, knocking me through the air once more. This time I did bounce and even slide as I landed on the floor some distance away as she walked to her bedroom to get undressed before returning to the livingroom. This brings us to where we started.

I lay cowering beneath her as Chloe's bare foot hangs over my head, about to crush me. It comes down quickly and I am pinned, smushed under the ball of her foot. The wet, cloying flesh compressing all around me. Yet, I'm not dead. Certainly, in crushing pain, but not dead. The foot

lifts up and I am carried with it until she steps down again. Her full weight rests on me, I can't move or even scream, but I am alive.

"Hmm, I bet he's adorable sleeping at that size..." Chloe muttered. "I doubt you'd mind me taking a peek, would you, lil guy?" She asked herself more than me. She looked down at her naked body and hesitated. "Eh, it'd be fun to make him blush." She muttered, reminding herself that I was already tiny and naked, and it wouldn't be the first time I'd seen her naked. Granted she had not considered the different scale at which I'd be seeing her.

She twisted on her foot, grinding me into the floor before stepping towards my table. This time I remained on the floor as I stared up at her thick thighs and taunt backside walk away. I was treated to the sight of her ass jutting out towards me as she looked inside the dollhouse window. Her posture changed. Before she was airy, if tired. Now she was concerned. Her back and even her ass tensed visibly.

"Dylan? Dylan?" She opened the dollhouse entirely. "Where are you?"

She stood back up to her full height and lightly stamped her foot in annoyance or confusion, I couldn't tell which. The second she did, her eyes went wide, and she awkwardly balanced herself against the table with one hand as she raised her foot to check it. Ironically, if I were still stuck there, she may have found me by now. She lowered her foot and shifted her hips, planting her balled fists against them as a bemused expression crossed her lips and twisted her face.

"Dylan? Are you spying on me? Decided to play hide and seek? Dude, I have had a long day and am not up to this mess. So, come on out!"

She was met with silence, despite my tiny self jumping up and down, waving and shouting. She could barely hear me at three inches tall. There was definitely no way she could hear me now. She shook her head with a sigh.

"Alright, be that way. I'm getting a shower."

With that she started walking my way. I realized why she nearly stepped on me earlier. I was between her room and the bathroom. I started jumping up and down, trying to get her attention, but nothing. The mere vibrations from her feet booming around me were enough to knock me from my feet. A foot loomed above me and slammed down. I winced instinctively but found myself in the narrow gap under and slightly between the big and second toe of her left foot. It lifted as she continued walking, treating me to a trippy view as I followed her gait from below, getting a very unique perspective of her nude body.

As she disappeared into the bathroom for a shower I decided to try and sprint towards her room. If I could climb atop her nightstand or desk, she would definitely see me as both were painted with a shade of black, a remnant of her goth phase, along with the corsets and gigantic boots that I definitely did not want to encounter at this size. I ran as hard and as fast as I could towards her room. I knew after a night shift; she would shower for at least twenty minutes. I did not cover much ground within the past twenty minutes, maybe a foot if I was being generous. Speaking of feet.

I could hear the seismic wet slaps of her massive feet as she stepped out of our bathroom, this time with a towel wrapped around her torso and another around her hair. I looked behind me as she approached. If I didn't know any better, I'd have sworn she was aiming for me as she was practically making a beeline towards me, one foot after another in what I think she thought would be a taunting or seductive catwalk if I were actually peeping on her. From my perspective it was more the walk of a cocky executioner. Once again shadow enveloped me. Once again, I was trapped underneath her feet, this time adhered to the moist underside of her right pinky toe. The rough, leathery texture was so firm against me. Each step she took made me want to hurl as I was hurled forward with every step.

Chloe entered her room, shutting the door behind her. She hated the heat, one of the reasons she was naked earlier, but she had it on so that her friend would be more comfortable. She could not comprehend how uncomfortable I was at this moment. She removed the towel to finish drying herself off. She sat on the edge of her bed as she ran the towel down her feet, noting a small piece of trash on one of her toes. She flicked it away with a finger, noting how it, or rather I, soared through the air once again and landed in a heap on the rug in her room.

I pulled myself up and groggily waved towards the titaness. She put her glasses on and continued rubbing her feet with the towel. She then glanced my way and paused, her brows scrunching in confusion. She slowly stood up, leaving the towel behind. She walked over towards her rug and planted both feet on either side of me and squatted down. I gasped in surprise as her thick thighs spread out as she squatted on her haunches again, this time giving

me a clear view of her slightly spread vulva as well. She looked down over her breasts at me between her feet, her face twisting between confusion, realization, horror, and finally amusement.

“Oh, there you are.”