

We catch back up with our roommates a few days after their little accident and see them adjusting to life. How will Dylan and Chloe fair today?

This installment features another image, this one by the wonderful <https://x.com/SlugmanOctavio> so be sure to give him a follow.

Let me know if you like the pics with the chapters. And I hope you enjoy the story!

It had been a few days since my “exciting” time trapped under Chloe’s foot and my trip to the lab. Chloe had been extra careful with me since then, but as was my height, her attention was fleeting and growing increasingly short. So, once we settled into the usual daily routine of her carrying me around the apartment and checking in on me regularly, she began going to the gym again.

She hadn’t done laundry in a while. Something I continued to point out. She had been lounging around the apartment while “caring” for me, so she had basically run out of most casual wear. She finally relented after I’d joked that the washer may actually cease to exist due to disuse. She agreed to do her laundry, once she took a nap. She’d left me on the couch, we’d worked out a system where she put rulers between the arm and cushions of the couch, and a yardstick between the table my house was on and the left arm of the couch. This gave me a handy series of ramps to get around a little. So, she left me sitting on our massive couch cushion, which had a slight odor that I was growing used to, to watch a movie on our now building sized TV.

The movie was wrapping up when I heard Chloe stirring in her room. I figured that was my cue and I started the long walk up the wooden rulers to my home. Chloe’s door burst open, revealing her and a pile of clothes. She paused and looked at the couch with relief.

“Great, he’s gone...” she muttered before dropping the mountainous mound of clothes that obscured my view of her to the couch cushion I was on. The ground shook beneath me as tops, undergarments and bottoms tumbled from her arms and impacted the couch like lace and cotton asteroids. I stabilized and looked up at my roommate who was turning away. My jaw nearly dropped. She was wearing a tight dark green sports bra and black tight jogging shorts. “Hey, Dyl, I am heading to the gym. I’ll do laundry afterwards. Don’t be a perv and mess with my...mess.”

She stomped back into the room, causing me to freeze in place at her enormity. I can never get used to seeing something so big move. She had another, smaller handful of clothes that she carelessly tossed on the couch, these unfortunately hit my ruler, launching me into the air, for once putting me briefly at eye level with my friend, before I tumbled through the air with all the grace of a tossed peanut shell as I landed in the pile of clothes. I struck the inside of a light blue bra cup, surprisingly my minute weight was actually enough to destabilize the bra cup. I rolled into its twin before it collapsed atop me. Doubly unfortunate for me, this turned out to be a

weight-bearing bra cup as the remains of the laundry pile collapsed atop me. I tried to call out for help and only heard the sound of the door slam.

It was surprisingly dark in the pile of clothes. The residual warmth in the bra led me to suspect it was the one she'd worn to the store earlier today. I tried to push at the bra cup and was able to create a small opening. Only for it to be filled by a particularly reek sock and pair of black lacy panties that had their own unique aroma. All around me was a cacophony of scents. All were overwhelming and all were definitely Chloe. It was as though she was the very air I was breathing in. The spicy and sharp combinations of scents honestly made me feel lightheaded. I pushed against the avalanche of lace and cotton and was discouraged by how humid it felt. It was dark so I wasn't sure what I was touching. I got the feeling it was the panties she wore last night. The air was moist and damp. I felt overwhelmed. So small. Her very clothes had their own atmosphere. I eventually gave up trying to escape and slumped down into the curve of the massive bra cup. It was as big as our living room was to me when I was full-sized. Another humbling reminder of my new lifestyle.

A few hours later, Chloe walked into the apartment and couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. She was exhausted from the gym. She kicked off her running shoes by the door, her sore feet aching for the plush rug beneath, before feeling the cold hardwood on her hot soles. This is all my supposition of course, as I was currently listening to this from the labyrinth of dirty laundry she'd chosen to literally air out. I began shouting for her attention and again resumed trying to burrow through the pile of unmentionables.

"Dylan, I'm home!" she called out, her voice echoing in the small living room. She glanced around, spotting my dollhouse tucked away in the corner, but no sign of me. "Must be asleep," she muttered to herself.

She padded into our small kitchenette, grabbing a beer from the fridge and cracking it open with a satisfying hiss. As she took a long swig, she heard a soft rustling sound coming from the vicinity of the couch. She stomped over and peered over the back of the sofa, effortlessly plucking up the pile I was trapped in, sending me tumbling through socks, shirts, and shorts, until I once again landed back into the bra cup.

"Oh, there you are," she said, a teasing lilt to her voice. "Dude, why are you in my bra?" She smirked, shaking her head in amusement. "I know I've got great taste, but I didn't realize you were into that sort of thing."

She set her beer down on a stool just below the kitchen counter and leaned over, plucking me from the practical prison. I flailed my arms in protest, only serving to elicit a giggle from Chloe.

"Hey, hey, it's okay," she said, her voice softening as she cupped her hands around me, shielding me from the harsh fluorescent lights of the apartment. "I'm just messing with you. You know I don't care what you wear, as long as you're comfortable."

Chloe carried me over to the kitchen counter, setting me down gently on the cool granite surface. She grabbed the stool with one hand and bent down, leaning to be at my level.

"So, want to tell me how you ended up in there?" she asked, gesturing to the discarded bra on the counter.

"I only ended up in it because I was on the couch when you dropped your dirty laundry on it, remember?" I called up, annoyed at having spent the entire afternoon trapped, trying to escape a pile of Chloe's old dirty laundry while she was at the gym. "You need to be more careful. What would have happened if I was trapped in some of your clothes when you put them on?"

Chloe blinked in surprise at my annoyed tone, a look of realization eventually dawning on her face. She bit her lip, trying to suppress a guilty smile as she remembered the chaotic state of the living room that afternoon.

"Oh man, I totally forgot about that," she said, her voice laced with amusement and a hint of embarrassment. "I'm so sorry, Dylan. I didn't realize you were trapped there. Glad I didn't put them in the washer, or you'd have had a wild swim."

She reached out and gently scooped me up in her hands, cradling me close to her chest. Her warmth and scent radiated around me, far more intense than her dirty laundry and freshly...aromatic from the gym. Her sweat was soaking me through her sports bra.

"You're right, I need to be more careful," she said, her expression sobering as she considered the gravity of the potential danger. "I could have seriously hurt you if I hadn't noticed you in time. I'm just glad you're okay."

Chloe sighed, her breath ruffling my hair like a cool breeze compared to her warm skin as she gazed down at me with a mix of concern and affection.

"Tell you what," she said, a mischievous glint returning to her eyes. "How about I promise to be more cautious with my laundry from now on? And in exchange, you have to promise not to go snooping around in my underwear drawer when I'm not looking."

She smirked, giving my blustering and protesting form a playful squeeze in her right hand before setting me back down on the counter.

"And maybe, if you're really lucky, I'll even start doing my laundry more often, just to keep you out of trouble," she teased, sticking her tongue out at me.

Chloe's phone buzzes, indicating a text. She turns, not paying attention and her elbow swipes me off the counter, knocking me into the open mouth of the bottle! I panic and just barely cling to the rim for a moment before plummeting down to the cold beer inside. I begin to panic and the

shrinking kicks in again. I soon find myself at just a half an inch tall, floating in Chloe's drink. Chloe doesn't look up from her phone and just says "Hey, I'll be back in a bit. I need to check something in my room."

She grips the bottle and I see massive fingers wrap around the glass and press tight from the inside of the bottle. She raises it up, tossing me about in the carbonated beverage. I was adrift in a monsoon of high ABV IPA. She then begins the walk to her bedroom, not realizing that I am trapped in the beer that she is holding. She raises it to her lips to take another sip, unaware that she is placing me in danger yet again.

What I didn't know was that the text was from one of her clients from the bar, wanting to set up a "meeting" for later that evening. Chloe bit her lip, debating whether to respond now or later.

Back in her bedroom, Chloe flopped onto the bed, crossing her legs as she typed out a flirty response to her would-be lover. She took another swig of beer, the carbonation tingling on her tongue and nose. All the while, she remained completely unaware of the tiny, terrified man now floating helplessly in her drink.

As the alcohol and carbonation interacted with my shrinking body, I felt a wave of panic wash over me. The liquid seemed to churn and froth around me with each movement of her hand, threatening to pull me under at any moment. Each time I was tossed under the waves of drink, my lungs burned as I instinctively tried to breathe, only to inhale mouthfuls of the bubbly brew.

Chloe, lost in her flirtatious texting and the buzz of the alcohol hitting her empty and hot stomach. She loved getting a buzz after the gym. Her worked up body ensured it hit her bloodstream quicker. She set the bottle down on her nightstand, the liquid sloshing more gently around my miniscule form. She couldn't hear my muffled cries for help, couldn't see the desperate way my tiny arms flailed as I struggled to stay afloat. With a sigh of satisfaction at her successful negotiation, Chloe tossed her phone aside and stood up, stretching languidly. She had plans for the evening, and they didn't involve worrying about her tiny roommate. In fact, as she grew excited about her date for the evening, she had forgotten all about me for the time being. She needed to shower and get ready. She'd finish drinking her beer as she picked out what to wear.

She had been looking forward to this encounter for days, and now that it was finally happening, she could hardly contain herself. With a spring in her step, she grabbed her half-empty beer bottle and headed towards her closet. As she rummaged through her clothes, searching for the perfect outfit, Chloe absentmindedly took occasional sips from the bottle. The cold beer slid down her throat, the alcohol buzz warming her cheeks.

Each gulp drew me closer and closer to her plump, all-consuming lips. Her mouth waited for me like the gates of hell as it greedily guzzled down lakes worth of liquid. My arms burned as I swam against this tidal wave of death... until she tilted the bottle back down and I found myself plummeting down the center of the glass bottle once again, splashing down in a mix of bitter beer and backwash. The pressure was so strong that it actually forced me down into the drink far enough that I smacked against the glass bottom and eventually floated back up top.

Chloe began walking around the room as she pulled out various clothing items. She just casually twirled her wrist, holding the bottleneck between her fingers. For the outside viewer, this would look like a cute and simple act. From my perspective, trapped in the bottom of Chloe's beer bottle, the world had become a dark, churning hell. The once-cold liquid now felt warmer, having long since lost its chill due to her hand warming the bottle and her saliva mixing with the depleting liquid. I could feel the carbonation bubbling and frothing around me, the tiny bubbles tickling my skin before popping and disappearing.

The beer sloshed and swayed with Chloe's every movement, the last dregs clinging to the sides of the bottle as she once again raised it to her lips. I tumbled down through the malty liquid until I bumped against the slightly cupped rim of the bottle that now hung inside of Chloe's massive mouth. I clung desperately to the rim, my fingers scrabbling for purchase on the slick glass. My heart raced as I felt the liquid lapping at my chin, threatening to spill over and pull me under at any moment. I barely clung to a small ridge of glass on the lip of the bottle. Her hot breath washed against me as the cold beer washed over me.

Looking up, through the beer and in the dim light filtering through the bottle, I could make out the vague shape of Chloe's face above me, her features distorted and blurred. She was completely oblivious to my plight. Her excitement and distraction were palpable, even from my malty prison. A deep vibration shook me, nearly dislodging me from my precarious perch. Chloe was humming or moaning in pleasure of her enjoyment of this drink. I couldn't tell which. It was just deafening and threatening to me. My lungs burned with the constant need for air, and I could feel my strength waning as I struggled to stay affixed to this spot. The alcohol and carbonation seemed to be affecting me strangely, making my head spin and my thoughts grow fuzzy.

As the level of beer dipped lower with each of Chloe's gulps, I knew I had only a matter of minutes, maybe even seconds, before I would be swallowed into the dark abyss of her stomach. The thought filled me with a primal, bone-deep terror, and I redoubled my efforts to escape, clawing desperately at the unyielding glass. But no matter how hard I fought, I could feel myself growing weaker, more exhausted from my struggles.

A single, desperate thought flashed through my mind - this was it. This was how I would die, drowned in my best friend's beer, forgotten and ignored. I opened my mouth to scream, but only a strangled gargle. As I thought I'd drown in this wretched drink, she took one last swig, draining the bottle. I thrashed about, terrified at potentially being swallowed as I landed atop of her tongue. I fought through the sucking pressure of her swallowing liquid until I reached the tip of the tongue and gripped it tightly.



Chloe parsed her lips with a sigh, her tongue running along the back of her lower teeth, dragging my head across the hard surfaces. Then she stopped. Her tongue jerked. Did she feel me in her mouth?

Unbeknownst to me, Chloe's eyes had widened as she felt an odd, foreign sensation in her mouth. She had just taken a final, greedy swig of her beer, tilting the bottle back to drain the last dregs. As she swallowed, the cold, wondrous liquid slid down her throat, but there was something else there too. Something small, hard, and wriggling. Something desperately clinging to her tongue...

"Oh fuck..." she muttered. Well, to me it was two claps of thunder as her tongue undulated beneath me with each enunciation.

Chloe stuck out her tongue, peering down at it in the mirror. At first, she saw nothing out of the ordinary. Just her own reflection, her lips slightly beer-slicked and shiny. But as she ran her tongue along her teeth, a tiny, miniscule figure came into view.

"Oh my god," Chloe gasped, her breath threatening to blow me away from the tip of her tongue as I could see her eyes reflected in the mirror widening in shock. She finally saw me.

I had been trapped in the wet, moist, massive maw of her mouth, it was so unbearably humid. Cool air washed over me, diffusing the beer smell somewhat. I could see a wave of panic washed over Chloe as she realized the danger she had put me in. She had come so close to swallowing me whole, to ending my life in the most horrifying way imaginable. I knew the thought likely made her stomach churn with a sudden, sickening dread. As it had mine.

She gently reached up with two massive fingers and pinched me between them. I was too exhausted from the ordeal to even whine about it being uncomfortable to be crushed between two massive fingers.

"Dylan, oh god, I'm so sorry," Chloe gasped, her voice shaking with emotion.

Chloe gently cradled my miniscule, dripping form in the palm of her hand, her fingers enfolding around me like a tiny, fleshy cave.

"Oh Dylan, I'm so, so sorry," Chloe whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. She brought her hand closer to her face, peering down at me with a mix of concern and horror etched across her features. "I can't believe I almost... I didn't know you were in there. I'm so sorry for not being more careful."

Chloe's breath was hot and moist against my tiny body, the scent of beer and lip gloss filling my nostrils with fresh intensity. I could feel the warmth of her skin, the delicate texture of her fingerprints pressing gently into my back. It was a strange, intimate sensation, being held like this, dependent entirely on her mercy.

"Let's get you somewhere safe to clean up," Chloe murmured, her thumb brushing carefully over my entire body like she was stroking a tiny pet. She began to carry me towards the bathroom.

Chloe pushed open the bathroom door, the bright light momentarily blinding me. She stepped over to the counter and carefully set me down on a fluffy, white hand towel. The soft fabric was a welcome change from the slick, beer-soaked interior of her mouth. She then plugged the sink and began to run some warm water.

"There you go," Chloe said softly, her voice still shaking slightly as she gazed down at my tiny form. "What say we let you soak in here while I get cleaned up too? I have a date later but want to make sure you're ok."

I vehemently shake my head at this. I don't know if fear or arousal makes me shrink yet and the thought of seeing my friend naked with breasts that could crush a city block would certainly inspire either. She may not have known the reason, but she definitely saw my anxiety.

"You're right. I'll help get you cleaned up, then put you somewhere safe before my shower."

While I wouldn't have minded the view, I was terrified of what it would potentially entail. Instead, I let her gently lather me up with soap and roll me between her thumb and pointer finger. I hated that it turned me on. I had not realized until now how starved I had become for intimacy and human contact. Until my next doctor's appointment, she was basically all I had. When she sat my tiny body down on the doll bed that was now the size of a room, I curled up under the blanket and prayed I'd grow back soon, lest I shrink as small as I truly felt. I did however watch through the window as she walked away and began to undress. The last thing I saw before I closed my eyes was a panties-clad ass sauntering away as she hummed one of her comfort songs to herself to try and help herself forget what she almost did to me.