

Be Careful Who You Trust Part 1: A Small Surprise

Kaylee pushed open the door to her apartment with a tired sigh, her backpack slung over one shoulder. The day had been exhausting. Schoolwork was piling up, her part-time job at the café was cutting her hours, and to top it all off, she'd gotten into an argument with her mom about moving back home instead of being on her own. Again. Her mom kept reminding her that it's a big world. That just served to remind the 5'1" girl how small she was.

"Hey, I'm home!" she called out, tiredly, not expecting any response. Her roommate Eva usually worked late on Fridays. Which meant another night alone for lil old Kaylee.

She set her backpack down by the door, went to the kitchen, and started unpacking the takeout she'd grabbed on the way home, not really paying attention to anything unusual. She groaned in annoyance at seeing they'd messed up her order. She turned to reach towards the cupboard to grab a bowl. That's when she noticed them.

Five tiny figures, no taller than five inches, sitting on her coffee table. Her breath caught in her throat.

"What the...?"

One of them, she thought it was Eva, based on the long black hair, waved enthusiastically. "Kaylee! Oh my god, you're finally home!"

Kaylee's heart hammered in her chest. This had to be some kind of elaborate prank. But the details were too perfect. She could make out individual features on each tiny face. The way Kari's blonde hair was styled. Marie's wavy brown locks. And there was Jon with his broad shoulders, even at this minuscule size. Kyle's red hair.

“Eva?” Kaylee whispered, approaching slowly. “Is that really you?”

The tiny brunette, definitely Eva, bounced on her toes excitedly. “It is! And I know this is insane, but we wanted to do something special for you. You’ve been so down lately, and I remembered you mentioned that fantasy thing once...”

Kaylee’s cheeks flushed hot for a moment, shocked Eva remembered, a bit angry she told the others about her... fantasy. She’d been drunk when she’d confessed that to Eva months ago. Eva was too, because she obviously didn’t remember the latter parts of the conversation when she elaborated on what she’d do to tinies. “You actually... you went through with it?”

“We all did!” Eva said, gesturing to the others. “We downloaded this app. It’s supposed to be totally safe, and you have complete control. All the safety features in place. Just check your email! There’s a request for admin access. You can make us any size you want!”

Kaylee looked between her friends and her phone. This was insane. This was either the most elaborate prank ever or... an opportunity. She leaned against the side of the couch, her hands trembling as she pulled out her phone from her hoodie pocket. Her email was already open, a message from Eva with the subject line: “READ THIS - IT’S REAL!”

The message explained everything. The email gave her complete control of the size-altering app her friends had used called Size Matters. Complete control of all of their sizes and durability. Everything. Complete control over them. She looked down at the table and saw that her friends were all looking up at her. She wondered how she looked to them. For once, she wasn’t the smallest in the room.

The tiny figures on the coffee table collectively held their breath as Kaylee’s face loomed above them, her expression unreadable. From their perspective, her face was the size of a billboard, pale canvas framed by that short bob of brown hair. Her deep brown eyes, obscured

by oval glasses that needed a cleaning, were currently focused on her phone screen rather than them. She'd occasionally cut her eyes up and look down at them from over her phone before her eyes darted back to the screen.

Kari, a normally tall blonde volleyball player, was the first to speak to the others, breaking the silence on the table. "I can't believe this actually worked... I mean, I knew the app was supposed to be real, but seeing her face up there..." She gestured vaguely upward with her tiny hands. "She's still cute as a button but one the size of a building."

Marie crossed her arms, her wavy hair bouncing with the motion. "This is so weird. I want to cheer her up, but..." She trailed off, her dark eyes wide as they tracked Kaylee's movements. "She's so huge."

Eva bounced excitedly on the table, her long black hair swaying with the motion. "I know we should have told her! But I wanted it to be a surprise. Kaylee's been so miserable lately. I thought... I mean, she said she'd always wanted to try this, right? To see what it would be like to be the big one." Her voice was slightly breathless, a mixture of excitement and nervousness. "And I mean, who wouldn't want to experience being tiny?"

"Having complete control over us?" Jon interrupted, uncomfortable with his massive 6'2 frame being reduced to a mere 5 inches. Even at this size, his broad shoulders were still pretty impressive. He visibly looked uneasy, shifting his weight. "Eva, seriously... this is intense. She's looking right at us and her face is just... blank."

Kyle, the redheaded one, was staring upward with a mixture of awe and something else, maybe excitement? "This is so weird. Like everything is... the opposite. We're tiny, and she's..." He couldn't even finish the thought.

"You know I can hear you, right?" Kaylee said flatly.

From her position on the table, Eva tried to read Kaylee's expression. "Heh heh, sorry, Kaylee. Are you mad? I know this is a lot and a surprise, but I just wanted to make you happy. You've been so stressed lately, and I thought..." Her voice trailed off as she lost a quarter inch in height, shrinking a bit shorter than her friends.

"Huh, it does work," Kaylee said, a bit of strange amusement creeping into her voice.

Kaylee sat down on the couch, her movements deliberate and measured. The furniture barely creaked under her weight, but still, it was an ominous sound that resonated through the tiny people on the coffee table. She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees, bringing her face even closer to their level. Now she was just a few feet away, her expression still maddeningly neutral.

"So this is real?" she repeated, her voice flat and calm despite the insane situation. Her deep brown eyes swept across the five tiny figures, cataloging each one. "I have complete control over you."

The statement hung in the air, matter-of-fact and unemotional. It wasn't a question. Not excitement or fear in her tone. Just a quiet observation.

Jon felt his stomach drop. He glanced at Eva, who looked both nervous and hopeful. He put his hand on her shoulder, his touch gentle despite his normally confident demeanor. "Eva..."

Kari spoke up first, her blonde hair catching the light as she tilted her head. "Yeah, Kaylee. You do. The app gave you admin access. We're all... in your hands right now.. metaphorically speaking, unless you actually decide to pick us up, of course." Her voice had a tightness to it that she hadn't had moments before.

Marie shifted on the table, her wavy hair swaying. "I mean, you know we trust you, right? You're our friend." But even she sounded uncertain, her dark eyes glancing between Kaylee's face and her phone.

Kaylee's eyes flickered to the phone screen again, then back to her friends. "I'm not mad," she said quietly. "Just... processing." She paused, her face still unreadable. "So what exactly can I do?"

The question hung in the air like a threat or a promise. With her tired monotone, it was impossible to tell which.

"Whatever you want," Eva said.

Kaylee slipped her ankle books off under the table, letting them land with soft thuds. The cool air felt nice after wearing them all afternoon, even without socks. She then plopped both feet on the table in front of her friends, the impacts startling them.

"I want a foot rub."

The five tiny friends froze as Kaylee's bare feet loomed on the table in front of them, the suddenness of the action startling them all. They'd been expecting more questions, maybe some disbelief, but not this immediate command.

She saw that they were not exactly enthusiastic to react.

"Now." She says, cutting half an inch off of each of their heights.

They felt it. The sensation of shrinking again, a strange tingling that made them all drop a half-inch in height. Now they were just barely at four and a half inches tall, making them about half the length of Kaylee's feet.

“Oh shit,” Kyle whispered, his voice cracking slightly.

From their new perspective, Kaylee’s feet were enormous. Each one was roughly seven inches long from heel to toe. About the length of a car to them. The skin was soft and pale, with a slight sheen of moisture. The soles were slightly callused from walking around without socks, but not painfully so. The texture was soft in places, rougher in others, creating a wall of subtle ridges and valleys. The smell hit them next. It wasn’t unpleasant exactly, but it was strong. A warm, slightly musky scent that was distinctly human. A mix of skin, sweat, and that particular smell that came from a foot being trapped in leather all day. It filled their nostrils, overwhelming their senses.

Eva was the first to move, her long black hair swaying as she crawled forward on her hands and knees. “A foot rub?” she asked hesitantly, her voice small. “Kaylee, are you sure? I mean, we didn’t expect...”

“Didn’t you say I could do anything?” Kaylee’s voice came from above them, still flat and unreadable. “I said I want a foot rub. Now.”

Marie shifted uncomfortably. “I mean... okay. But...” She trailed off, her dark eyes wide as she looked at the tall form of Kaylee’s foot before her.

Kari stood up, her athletic build letting her move with a practiced confidence compared to the others. She seemed to be taking everything in stride. She was the first to actually touch it, placing her tiny hands on the smooth skin of Kaylee’s arch. The texture was warm, almost hot to the touch, and surprisingly soft. “Fine,” she said, her voice steadier now. “But you’re going to have to tell us what you want, because we can’t exactly see what you’re thinking.”

“Oh, don’t worry. You’ll find out.” Kaylee let the possible threat hang in the air.