

Vero happily sat at his desk. The pink wolf was having a nice video chat with his friend Splenda. The two chatted semi-frequently. The turquoise wolf's purple eyes bringing a smile to Vero's face. Splenda was a writer whom he commissioned often. They didn't see each other often, despite living in the same building. Splenda was a micro. He lived in the micro apartments just below the ground floor. Vero lived a few floors up on the fifth floor.

"So what's the commission this time?" Splenda asked. He was right down to business. Vero didn't blame him. Writing commissions was his only income after all.

"Just got a new picture commissioned." He answered. "Wanted to get a story to go with it." The pink wolf's budget for commissions wasn't massive, but it was enough to afford this luxury recurrently.

"Ooooo, what's the picture about big guy?" his small friend asked. "Is it another picture of you getting sat on by a macro?"

Vero pouted and shook his head. "N-No!" he said nervously. "Getting sat on by a....." He trailed off. He suddenly regretted answering this question to his micro friend.

"Well, ya gotta tell me if you want a story about it." Splenda said. His yellow furred jaw rested between his yellow furred hands. He knew he pressed a button.

"It's a picture of me getting sat on by a.....micro." he begrudgingly answered.

There was a short chuckle from his turquoise friend. "A micro to a micro huh?" he asked. "You just always want to be the little guy Vero."

"I just think it's a cool concept Splenda." Vero said defensively.

"You're not wrong." the micro answered. "I see plenty of norms down here that pay to be nano for a day."

"For now, I'll stick to commissioning artistic experiences." Vero said. Though the notion of paying a micro to shrink him smaller than them would make for another interesting commission in the future.

"Speaking of commissioning," Splenda said "how do you want your story of being sat on someone my size?"

"Six thousand words. Some before, during, and after in the story." Vero answered. "At your current rate, I think that's a hundred and twenty bucks."

"Sounds like a plan." he said. "I'll send an invoice, you send the picture so I have something to work off of."

Vero pulled up his DoshApp account, only to have his heart sink. Zero dollars on account. He forgot he maxed out his commission budget. He looked back to Splenda. "Bad news Splenda." He said. "I have to cancel the commission. I maxed out my commission budget. Maybe next month."

Splenda looked down for a moment. Before Vero could awkwardly change the subject, he looked back up. "We could do M4M instead of DoshApp." he said. "You down for that?"

Vero cocked his head to the side quizzically. “What’s M4M?” he asked.

“Right.” Splenda said. “I forgot it just came out of beta. Look up M4M in the app store.” Vero switched over to the app store and looked up the app as his friend continued. “M4M is a new online market. M4M means Mass 4 Money. It’s main appeal is being able to sell your size for quick cash. They recently started allowing users to send size directly to someone. I was gonna start doing M4M commissions next month, but you can be my early tester.”

“Is it safe?” Vero asked as he installed the app. The idea of using his size to pay for the commission sounded cool. Though the thought of something going wrong lingered in the back of his mind.

Splenda waved off his concern. “It’s totally safe. I have a referral link you can sign up through. Gives you a free six inches. Should top you off at six foot big guy.”

A beep from his phone notified him of a text Splenda sent. It was the referral link. Tapping it sent him back to the app signup page. He quickly made an account. His account already had the free six inches as promised. There were two ‘wallets’ it seemed. One said Current Size, and the other said Banked Size. The Current Size wallet was indeed his height of five foot six inches. Tapping the Banked Size wallet brought up a transfer prompt. It reminded him of his banking app. He tapped Transfer All to Current Size.

Vero’s phone became a bit smaller than usual. His shirt tightened ever so slightly. His shorts felt a little more snug. His eyes lit up. He grew! He looked over to Splenda. He was silently waiting for his friend to overcome his excitement.

“Ok man.” Vero said. “This is so cool. I got bigger!”

“Yeah man.” Splenda responded. “If you have enough money, you can buy your way into being macro. The exchange rate is constantly changing. So it might be buy cheap to be a macro one day, and shrink your way into breaking even the next. Right now it’s about ten bucks per three inches. I remember in the beta when a mile tall macro sold off enough size to be reclassified as a one inch tall micro. He sold when the exchange rate was twenty bucks for 5 inches. He’s retired now at thirty two. Another macro sold off most of his size the day after. Dropped the exchange rate to a dollar per inch. A bunch of micros bought their way into being semi-macro.”

“Sounds like a dumbed down stock market.” Vero said jokingly. This simple app seemed to excite Splenda a lot.

“Kinda yeah.” he said. “Some folk just have height they’re not really using. There are some that just want micro housing because it’s cheaper. I just like to watch when the occasional macro dumps their size. The market goes nuts. Watching the exchange rate in real time is pretty fun. I know a couple micros that have started using M4M transactions between each other more than actual money.”

The two got off track for awhile. They watched conspiracy theory videos of people claiming the app is an attempt to destroy the world economy. It made for a good laugh. They watched a livestream of someone else doing an M4M writing commission. The commissioner was also on stream. They watched him shrink as the writer worked. Finally, they got back on track.

“So back to the commission.” Splenda said. “How fast do you need it?” The micro was always a stickler for time. He liked to get a lot of work done quickly.

“Whenever you can get it to me.” Vero said. “I have plenty of time.”

“Six thousand words.” Splenda confirmed. “I can get that done pretty quick. Just give me a few hours.”

“How much uh, size will this cost?” Vero asked. He hoped the app wouldn’t leave him too small from this commission. While the notion of being shrunk sounded fun, he still had work tomorrow.

His friend checked a few things on his phone for a brief moment. “Current exchange rate ten bucks per three inches.” He said. “Your hundred and twenty dollar commission sets that exchange to about...thirty six inches.”

Vero nodded, pretending to understand. “Sounds like I’m losing half my size. I should be able to buy it back after my paycheck hits. I’ll just have to buy smaller clothes for this stuff.”

“Yeah.” Splenda answered. “Also, the livestreamer we watched earlier wrote an M4M plugin for AuthorOffice. Allows me to update the transaction in real time like he does.”

“Wait wait.” the pink wolf interrupted. “You mean I’m gonna shrink as you type?”

“That is correct.” the turquoise wolf said. “As I write, you’ll slowly shrink until I mark the story as finished. The shrinking should stop at the amount we set. Which will be three feet of height.”

The two spent the next ten minutes going over the details of the story. Vero sent the picture. They discussed potential ideas. They settled on a story of karma. A story where a Vero that’s mean to micros gets his comeuppance. The two were trying to figure out how Vero was gonna get shrunk. Ideas were tossed around. A magical micro getting revenge. A bad shrinking app. That one was a little too relatable to him. Past experiences Splenda didn’t know about. Finally, the micro friend came up with an interesting prompt.

“Ok hear me out.” he said. “What if the narrator decides to use his influence over the story to start the shrinking?”

Vero smiled at his friend. “Splenda you absolute genius. That’s perfect.”

Before they could begin their goodbyes, there was a tap on plastic. Splenda turned around. Someone was knocking on his 3d printed door. “Just a moment!” he shouted. “BRB Vero.”

Splenda backed up his chair a little. He stood up and went to the door. The chair turned enough to give him quite the view. Just because his friend was a five inch tall micro didn’t mean everything about him was small. He was wearing a tight gray shirt. His red polyester shorts left nothing to the imagination. Wide hips and a large booty strained the shorts to wrap around him. Thick thighs that could encompass Vero’s own if they were the same size. Everything waist down bounced as he walked to the door.

“Dang I forgot how dummy thicc you were Splenda.” Vero said to himself. It was a detail he often forgot due to his friend’s stature. It was hard to deny, but his friend was attractive. If they both weren’t so busy, maybe one day they could know each other beyond having similar fetishes.

Vero recomposed himself as Splenda returned. He had a smile on his face. It must've been good news. He sat back down. Was he chuckling? What was so funny?

"Vero." Splenda said. "I hate to make the end of our call so awkward, but my speakers were on full blast."

The pink wolf's face went red. It was extremely visible through his fur. It was almost as red as his hair. He couldn't find any words. He just moved his mouse to the hang up button and clicked repeatedly.

After the call ended, Vero took a brief moment to scream into his tail. Something to relieve to anxiety of being so embarrassed. A chat message from Splenda popped up on screen.

SmallYetSweet: Awkward moment aside. I'll send the transaction request in a bit. Just gotta finish up another commission.

BigAndBowtied: Sounds good.

SmallYetSweet: Feel free to mess around with the app to get a feel for it. New users get confused sometimes.

BigAndBowtied: kk. ttyl.

SmallYetSweet: you too

Send a Message

Vero closed out the chat. He stood up to stretch his legs. Maybe a snack while small would make for a great lunch and test drive for the app. At least that would get the embarrassing end to the video chat out of his mind.

He grabbed his container of blueberries out of the fridge. He took out a small handful and put the container back. He grabbed a paper towel. He placed the paper towel on the floor. He placed down his blueberries. He pulls out his phone and goes to the M4M app. He goes to his Current Size wallet. He sets a transfer of five feet to his Banked Size wallet.

Like other size changing apps before it, the effect from M4M was effective. Vero watched as the world rapidly grew around him. His clothes quickly becoming far too large for him. He looked down at the blueberries. They were getting bigger by the second.

When the shrinking finally subsided, the now diminutive pink wolf made his way across the paper towel. It felt like a cheap carpet. An extremely cheap carpet. Finally he made his way to the blueberries. The small handful was now a large pile. Each the size of a grapefruit. Ten grapefruit-sized blueberries.

Twenty minutes of eating later, a sated Vero was laying on the paper towel. He was full. He was glad he did this experiment for lunch. It was enjoyable. He rolled over to wipe himself off. He slowly stood up. Fun was over. He needed to get back to full size. If he knew Splenda, he was gonna be finished real soon.

While his hands were too messy to use the screen, his feet were not. He used one foot to unlock his phone, and get to the M4M app. At least the app was responsive when he was at this size. He set his Banked Size wallet to transfer all size to the Current Size Wallet. Growing back wasn't as eventful as shrinking. It was quite quick with little to no excitement.

As he pulled his clothes back on, his phone went off. Splenda messaged him. He opened the message.

SmallYetSweet: Finished the last commission. Gonna start yours in a few minutes.

BigAndBowtied: Alrighty! Just grew back after shrinking down and having blueberries for lunch.

SmallYetSweet: I'll start the transaction. Just follow the instructions the app tells you.

BigAndBowtied: Sounds good.

SmallYetSweet: If you don't think about my big butt you won't get distracted. ;)

BigAndBowtied: Never gonna live that down am I?

SmallYetSweet: Nope! Gonna start using it every argument we have.

BigAndBowtied: >:(

Send a Message

A notification from M4M pops up on the top of his screen. It tells him that Splenda is requesting a transaction. He taps it. The menu is similar to the wallet transferring he did earlier. Only now it's just Splenda's picture with his username under it. The request is for thirty six inches. Just like the discussed.

Before he can tap anything else, the tutorial pops up. He remembered his friend's instructions. Just before he began the tutorial, another message popped up from the turquoise micro. It was a single peach emoji. Frustrated, Vero tapped through the tutorial. He barely read any of it. A green checkmark suddenly appears. It tells him the transaction is set. As he happily walked back to his couch, he closed out the app. Not even looking at the Continuous Payment setting he turned on by mistake.

Vero plops onto his couch. Remote in hand. It was time to find a good movie. Maybe The Kaiju Channel had something good on. There was a show about an old kaiju finding love in the modern day. Pass. The next channel was a gameshow of some sort. It looked like a female macro vixen was holding up the stage. A norm gecko was quickly trying to assemble a course of some kind. Then a micro in a ball was trying to roll through the course. Looked confusing. Another channel was something he recognized. Stories of Size. It was a cool show about people of different sizes. There was a skinny fox and a chubby bunny of the same height. They looked oddly familiar. Apparently the fox had shrunk himself down to spy on the bunny. The bunny had caught him and thought he was cute. He figured it was worth a watch. It turned out the two lived in the same apartment building as he did. They were his neighbors down the hall.

As the pink wolf lounged on his couch, Splenda was at work. The micro wolf was toiling away at the writing. While he normally could blaze through it with no effort, he wanted to take a different approach. If he wrote with his usual ferocity, he felt his friend might shrink too fast uncomfortably. Big chunks at a time. Would slow the shrinking down a bit.

After about halfway through the show, Vero finally noticed how his clothes were looser. The remote was a bit bigger. He pulled up his phone. Without unlocking it, an on screen notification from M4M was up. It told him that twelve inches had been taken in the transaction. Shrinking by only twelve inches was recognizable. He got up to get another soda from the fridge. He absentmindedly leaves the phone on the counter as he goes back to the couch. He realizes this as he sits down. He decides he'll just retrieve it after Splenda's done.

Splenda was at his computer, toiling away at his latest commission. He had a rough idea of how the story was going to go. He was gonna have Vero enjoying his life in the story as normal. Then, he was going to insert himself as narrator. He was going to mess with him as the story would go on. Slowly, he would lead him towards a micro he would've interacted with at the beginning of the story. At some point, he would be too small for the micro to notice him. At that point, it was just a matter of getting him sat on by a micro. He just needed to throw a few interactions in the story to supplement the shrinking scenes.

Vero is stretched out on the couch. The episode had ended. He was scrolling through the channels when a movie got his attention. It was a documentary about a body-building elephant that was slowly shrunk to micro size. Something about being humbled by the new perspective. He figured it was worth a watch. He wondered about the irony of watching a documentary about shrinking as he dwindled in size. The soda can was looking a fair bit bigger with every sip. He reached to put the can on the coffee table.

His new stature made that a bit of a challenge. He had to get off the couch a little, but he got it. Now he could snuggle into his slowly growing shirt as he watched the documentary.

An hour had passed for Splenda. The story was halfway done. He already had Vero micro-sized, and traveling amongst micros. It was only a matter of getting him to the point where the picture took place. Before he could type more, a thought came across his mind: the story was kinda short.

He wondered if the story length did the picture justice. He knew this was something Vero was into. Given how red-faced his norm friend got when the subject was discussed. It wasn't often he got to push the buttons of someone bigger than him. Adding a little more length wouldn't hurt. Besides, the pink wolf was a frequent commissioner. This wouldn't be the first time he put more into the story than what was paid for. If anything, this would be a thank you for doing the micro's first M4M commission.

A thought that came into Splenda's mind. What if Vero left the transaction on Continuous Payment mode? He dismissed the thought. He was sure his friend followed the tutorial.

"Alright Vero." Splenda said to himself. "How am I gonna make your shrinking last longer?" He didn't want to deviate from the plot they already established. He just had to figure out how to extend it. He scrolled back up to the beginning of the story. He read over the intro, hoping for inspiration. He read a scene where Vero almost steps on a micro he's not even paying attention to.

It hits him. He adds some empty space to the document after that scene. He started writing about Vero seeing the micro, and playing with it. Toying with it quite roughly. He figured a scene of this would stronger emphasize the karma he would receive later in the story. He also noted that making this the micro that sits on him later in the story would be perfect.

With this new plan in mind, the turquoise wolf wrote even faster. His earlier worry not even a thought in his mind. He wanted to make this story perfect. He was glad they settled on thirty six inches. With the story he had planned, Splenda wasn't sure Vero had enough height to pay for it.

A story about an M4M transaction going horribly awry did sound enticing. He tabbed over to his story ideas list. He tabbed back to the commission in progress. Back into the writing zone.

Vero was really starting to enjoy this documentary. One of the best parts was the meter in corner of the screen. It was a silhouette of the elephant in the documentary. Above his silhouette was a black box. It was displaying his height as he went through the events of his shrinking. It reminded him of a few years ago when movie theaters started doing a bunch of shrinking movies. They did this cool feature where you would shrink alongside the movie characters. It worked out for awhile. At least, until people got stepped on or eaten by movie theater staff.

The shirt that no longer fit him was now like a blanket. It wrapped around his torso. Only his legs were stuck out. His shorts had red suspenders he used for show. They were now over his shoulders. Unless he was shrinking, he pretty much never used them.

The elephant in the documentary finally approached micro size. Things got interesting for the movie and the incredibly shrinking Vero. His apartment had almost doubled in size to him. His shirt was now big enough to curl up in. He sat up, his shirt blanketed around him. The elephant he was watching was waking up in a micro village. The village was in his backyard, under the fence between properties. The elephant was looking at his looming house. The reactions were about as shocking as anyone's would

be. Just because shrinking technology was widely available, didn't mean people were used to the psychological effects.

It made him think of the first time he got shrunk. It was from a dollar store shrink ray. Broke right after he managed to grow back to two feet tall. It made for a very awkward day at work. Navigating the everyday of an office was one thing. Doing it at two feet tall was another. He was snapped out of his thoughts when he was hit with a sudden breeze. He hit pause on the documentary.

The shirt he had used as a blanket was now drooped over his legs. He climbed out of the neck hole of the shirt. He slid off of the couch. Vero realized he should check on the status of his commission. A short walk over to the kitchen counter reminded him of his new size. That, and the counter he now saw at eye level. Formerly, it was at his waist. Being half his original size certainly made for a problem. For one, he left his phone at the back of the counter.

Like a child reaching for the cookie jar, he hopped helplessly in hopes to reach it. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get close. He looked around. He wondered if he had something to help him. In the corner. It was the dining table and chairs. He didn't have too many guests, so it was rarely used. The chairs were taller than him, but not too heavy. He quickly ran over to the chairs. He grabbed the leg of the closest one and started to pull.

After some trials and tribulations, success. The chair was in place. As Vero climbed the chair, he wished he had chairs with more to grip onto. As he stood up victorious, he leaned over the back of the chair. His arms rested on the cool counter top surface. He just needed a moment before grabbing his phone. Despite being slender, he was not in shape.

The pink wolf reached over and pulled his phone over to him. Being half his size, the phone was now like a tablet. It took a moment to unlock the phone. He laughed at the thought of his foot doing better at unlocking the phone at twelve inches.

After a few attempts, he was on the main screen. He ignored the M4M notifications. He wanted to send a message to Splenda. He wondered how his friend was doing on the commission. The micro was a speedy writer, so lots of progress was most likely. He sends the first message.

BigAndBowtied: How's the writing going?

SmallYetSweet: Good. Small change of plans.

BigAndBowtied: ?

SmallYetSweet: Gonna make your story longer.

BigAndBowtied: Really?

SmallYetSweet: Yeah. This is my first time doing an M4M commission. Figured I could do this as a thanks.

BigAndBowtied: So how much longer is it gonna be?

SmallYetSweet: I'm wingin' it right now. This might end up a fully fleshed out story commission.

BigAndBowtied: :D

SmallYetSweet: I'll try and get it done today.

BigAndBowtied: For a full story? Take your time man.

SmallYetSweet: You know me. I like the challenge.

BigAndBowtied: Fair enough.

SmallYetSweet: Anything you want me to add?

BigAndBowtied: What's the current outline lookin' like?

SmallYetSweet: Same premise, but the opening scene is day one, and the shrinking is day two.

BigAndBowtied: Hmm.

Send a Message

BigAndBowtied: Maybe throw in some traveling at his smaller size? Just saw a documentary and the idea is stuck in my head.

SmallYetSweet: Sounds good.

BigAndBowtied: Awesome. I'm gonna take a nap. Getting to my phone at 3ft tall was exhausting.

SmallYetSweet: lol. I'll message you when I'm done. Ttyl.

BigAndBowtied: Bye!

Send a Message

Vero exited the app and turned off the screen. He was excited. He was getting a full on story commission and he only paid a fraction of the price. Now he had to get down. He didn't want a repeat of having to get his phone.

He carefully lifted his phone. He placed it on the seat of the chair. Climbing down was much easier than getting up. He practically hopped off. He grabbed his phone. He held it in both hands as he made his way across the room.

Vero raised his phone onto the coffee table. He looked back to the kitchen. The chair stood there, reminding him he forgot to put it back. He grunted lightly. If it wasn't done now, it would be forgotten. Begrudgingly, he walked back to the kitchen. The walking back and forth wasn't exhausting, but it was certainly tiring. He slowly pushed the chair back to the table. It reminded him of that online trend of people shrinking down to do their exercises. It was still a thing. Vero wasn't a fan of it.

Now that the chair was handled, the pink wolf was ready to get back to his documentary. He pulled himself back up on the couch. He grabbed his shirt. It was pulled over his whole body. He grabbed the remote off the armrest of the couch. He hit play on the documentary and put the remote back. He was only halfway through the riveting movie. He was starting to nod off as the elephant was shorter than the tallest micro in the village.

As his eyes closed, he would hear the elephant's panicked voice as he shrank to half the size of the micros in the village. As his head rested against the back of the couch, he would listen to the elephant's quivering voice as he would be picked up by other villagers. Vero gave a sigh of relaxation as the movie went through a montage of the elephant continually shrinking. Funnily enough, the wolf fell asleep before he could notice his own.

Splenda typed away, unaware of how fast he was shrinking his friend. He wrote about his friend bullying a micro that snuck into his house. He wrote about all the horrible things he would do to the micro. As he was writing, Vero was still on the couch. Blissfully unaware he transitioned to lying down. Fully stretched out. He quietly shuffled in his sleep. It was enough for his legs to disappear into the shirt he was sleeping in seamlessly.

The turquoise wolf wrote an interaction between his companion and the fictional micro. The micro would yell out a message of karma reaching the wolf. Said wolf ignored this. The fictional micro was flicked outside into the wilderness of a suburban front yard.

The sleeping Vero was happily napping away still. Unbeknownst to him that he had dwindled away into his own shirt. Only his head was still outside. The movie still echoed into his sleeping mind. The elephant's shrinking finally stopped in the movie. Only now he was so small, the micro villagers that lived in his backyard could barely see him. Still he slept as the movie ended with the shrunken elephant being swallowed up by a villager. The credits rolled as the shrinking Vero slept.

Splenda's writing speed was as quick as ever. He had already finished the first half of the story. Now his friend's fictional treatment of micros was written. It was time for him to write about his friend shrinking because of the narrator. Only one problem arose.

He was hungry.

The micro wolf's stomach gave a sharp growl. It was past when he usually ate lunch. He knew he was out of food. He tended to wait to the last second. He knew the micro grocery store was open at lunch. They opened later due to the norm staff having to shrink down so much stock for the micros. There was also a nice pizza place that started recently offering service to micros. Two problems could be solved in one trip. He grabbed his phone and shot his friend a quick message.



The message notification made Vero's phone vibrate on the coffee table. The sound caused him to stir. Slowly, he opened his eyes. "All that size changing must've taken me out more than I thought," he thought to himself. He yawned, which made him involuntarily close his eyes. He stood up as he did this. The shirt fell off effortlessly. A breeze between his legs quickly woke him up.

Why were his shorts off? Maybe the suspenders came off while sleeping. He pulled the straps up over his shoulders. The shorts weren't just loose. They didn't even fit anymore. He took off the straps, leaving the shorts and shirt in a pile. He went to get off the couch to try and figure this out. He slid off, expecting the carpeted floor to be right under his feet. It was all air. A panic rose through Vero as he fell to the floor.

He regained his composure after standing up. Said composure was lost as he looked around. Things were even bigger than before! The coffee table should've come up to his waist. At least when he was three feet tall. Now the coffee table was above him. He couldn't pull another chair to get to his phone.

Vero knew he had to get to his phone. Maybe he was big enough to still use it. He needed to figure out how he got smaller. Splenda said he shouldn't get any smaller than three feet. He looked back to the couch. The smooth texture of it meant he had nothing to grab onto. The only thing in his reach was one of the suspender straps of his shorts.

Maybe it was the desperation taking over. The strap was yanked on. The shorts slid off the couch. They landed on the pink wolf. He fussed and fought his way out of them. He had the waistband in his hands. His eyes went wide as he realized how large his own shorts had become. Just earlier he was able to wear his shirt like a blanket. Now he had shorts large enough to hide under.

His tv was still on. It was someone doing an interview with the elephant from the documentary. The elephant was under a microscope with a tiny microphone. The movie still lingered in Vero's mind. What if he became micro-sized? What if he became smaller than a micro? What if...

The diminished pink wolf took a deep breath. Panicking wasn't gonna solve anything. He needed to figure out the source of the shrinking and stop it. His first thought was the M4M app. Splenda did say it just came out of beta. Maybe something went wrong. He was too small to get to the phone now. This wolf was shrunk in his own apartment. On the fifth floor of the building. Naked. Vero needed a plan.

Meanwhile. Splenda was outside the apartment complex. The micro was messaging a norm mouse he was acquainted with.

SmallYetSweet: Any chance you can take me to the pizza place a couple blocks away?

Motzerr226: Yeah sure. Any chance you could M4M me like 6 inches?

SmallYetSweet: np. I'm down at the micro entrance to the building.

Motzerr226: sweet dude. Omw.

Send a Message

Splenda relaxed on a bench outside the entrance. He watched norms walk by on the sidewalk for a few minutes until a pair of giant sandals blocked his view. He looked up to see the brown mouse. The mouse squatted down and held out his hand next to the turquoise wolf. "Ride's here." the mouse said jokingly.

Splenda pulled himself up onto the open hand. He held onto the mouse's thumb as altitude was quickly gained. This was much more convenient than trying to get on the bus. After the mouse started to walk, they struck up conversation.

"How've you been Splenda?" the brown mouse asked. The two didn't hang out much. The mouse's work schedule was pretty erratic. Though he was always good for getting a lift to run an errand. They met through the M4M beta testing. The mouse started giving the micro wolf a lift wherever he needed for a few inches of height as payment.

"Doin' good Lenny." Splenda answered. "How goes the goal to being macro? I know the exchange rate hasn't dropped in awhile."

"It's been a total pain man." Lenny answered. "My current plan is to wait for the exchange rate to get worse, then sell all my Banked Size. Gonna sit on the money until it drops."

"Ah. Waiting for another macro to fall in love with a norm I see." Splenda said with a chuckle. He didn't blame Lenny one bit. When the exchange rate dropping depends on a macro wanting to give up being a macro, price drops are far and few. It was annoying in the beta test.

"There are rumors of a macro actor in Hollywood that has a relationship with a norm." Lenny said. "I'm holdin' out."

The two spent the rest of the walk talking about the M4M market. Splenda brought up how writers and artists were starting to accept M4M as commission payment. Lenny would talk about a macro friend of his. Said friend was offering space at his two bedroom apartment. All the mouse had to do was get up to size.

Eventually, they got to the destination in question. The pizza place was tucked between some other businesses. To the left of the front entrance was the micro entrance. It looked like a tiny version of the main building.

Lenny squatted down by the micro entrance. He lowered his hand in front of it. Splenda walked off. He looked up to the mouse and waved. "Thanks man!" he said. "I'll send you the six inches when I get a wi-fi signal."

The mouse left with a smile and a wave. He didn't go towards the apartments. He went the other direction. Splenda assumed he had other errands to run. Either way, this wolf wanted pizza.

The pizza place was nice. According to the signs by the door, the walls were one way glass. They could see the norms inside the restaurant. But the micros didn't have to worry about norms staring at them. The cooking was still done in the norm-sized kitchen. So they had waiters and waitresses that took all the orders. A nice vixen waitress took him to a nice window table.

While looking over the menu, he got his phone onto the wifi. He quickly pulled up the M4M app. He pulled up Lenny's account. He tapped in the six inches as promised. It was sent off. He immediately got a thumbs up emoji from the brown mouse. With that handled, he could see what pizza he wanted. Mushrooms and banana peppers sounded good. He noticed that they got their artificial meat from Hyped-Up. He hadn't tried the artificial meat on pizza yet. No time like the present.

"Ready to order?" the vixen waitress asked as she approached the table. She had her notepad at the ready.

"Yes." Splenda answered. "I would like a ten inch pizza with mushrooms, banana peppers, and I was hoping for the pepperonis. I haven't had any of Hyped-Up's stuff on pizza yet."

"Oh it's delicious!" the vixen said. She tucked the menu under her arm. "Anything to drink?"

"A lemonade no ice would be wonderful." the turquoise wolf said.

"Alright." said the waitress. "I'll get your order going."

The vixen left. The smell of other people eating pizza made him hungrier. He looked at his phone. He tapped on AuthorOffice. He was glad he had the mobile app installed. Having his work on a cloud server was nice too. He scrolled around a bit until he found Vero's story. He opened the file.

Splenda sat there. No typing. He was trying to figure out how to start the shrinking in his friend's story. While the premise of the narrator causing it was still the plan, he still had question on his mind. When should the shrinking start? He had ended the first day in the story with the pink wolf going to bed. He pondered making him shrink in his sleep. He dismissed the idea. It was far too predictable.

After some thought, he settled on a plan. Random. The narrator would just do it whenever. He figured the first place to start was at breakfast. He wrote about his friend getting out of bed and getting breakfast. He would make him shrink with every bite of cereal he took. It was a good start. However, as Splenda wrote a fictional situation about Vero shrinking, the pink wolf's actual shrinking was only beginning.

The diminished pink wolf was at his front door. The first step of his plan was to get out into the hallway. The doorknob looming above almost taunted him with how far away it was. He couldn't exactly jump to reach it. Next to the door was a metal door that was much smaller. Half the height of the door. It belonged to the vacuuming bot. He wondered if he could open that door.

As if answering a prayer, the metallic door hissed open. A red felt rectangular box slid through. It had a fairly large hole in the front. On top of it was a small speaker. A few short beeps sounded off. "Micro detected!" the rectangle said. "Any micros found will be vacuumed!" Vero didn't want to spend who knows how long inside a vacuum. He sprinted through the vacuum bot's door just as it hissed closed behind him.

He took a moment to catch his breath. With this shrinking problem, he hoped it wouldn't be a recurring issue. He wondered if Splenda had the same problem. He sat against the cool metal door. The noise of the vacuuming bot lightly reverbed through the metal.

Vero debated on whether he wanted to keep his vacuuming bot subscription. He was grateful to have a way to escape his apartment when shrunk. On the other hand, the notion of being sucked up a vacuum while helplessly small was a bit unnerving. It was an issue that this wolf would have to tackle after getting back to normal size.

After he caught his breath, he stood up. He needed a plan to get to Splenda's apartment. He hoped the micro wolf's understanding of the M4M app would help absolve the growing problem. A light breeze through his legs reminded him of another problem.

He was naked.

Vero pulled his tail up from in between his legs. It wasn't a substitute for clothes. Most of the people he knew in this building at least understood a loss of clothes when shrinking. A part of him was thinking back when Splenda got him micro clothes as a present for when the pink wolf wanted to shrink down and visit. Shrink rays that worked on non-organic stuff was expensive. The present was sat in the corner of his closet. He could try and wiggle under the door or something. Another run in with the micro hungry vacuum wasn't worth it.

As Vero pondered his options, ground shaking steps interrupted his thoughts. The shaking was coming from his left. At the end of the hallway was the stairwell. The pink wolf was so lost in thought that he didn't notice who was walking in his direction until they were close.

It was the skinny fox and chubby bunny he had just seen on tv earlier! The bunny's weight lightly shook the ground with every step. At least for Vero. The two were too busy talking to each other to notice him.

"It still sucks we couldn't get your washer dryer into my apartment Jared." the bunny said.

"Well." the fox said. "At least the laundromat is still around."

As if by chance, the couple stopped in front of him. They must've been kissing or something. He couldn't see past the bunny's backside that blocked his view. Vero blushed again. If he moved, he might be seen. If he didn't move, he might be seen and called a pervert. Maybe there was a chance he could get their help. They understood a shrinking problem. He was two thirds the height of the bunny's lower leg. He wasn't minuscule yet.

Right before he opened his mouth, the bad luck continued. Everything inched up in size. Now he was half the height of the bunny's lower leg. The giants walked away. Unknowing to the naked peeping tom. Vero figured he had to be less than a foot tall. He couldn't tell. Maybe it was the panic setting in again.

A few more deep breaths returned his calm. He had completed step one of his plan. He was in the hallway. Being naked wasn't part of the plan. He was still making it up as he went along. Step two of his plan was getting down to the micro apartments. To his left was the stairs the couple just came from. Most didn't take the stairs. Unless the elevator was really busy. They were also only a few doors down. Climbing down five flights while shrinking didn't sound good. It would be safer.

His last option was the elevator. It was in the opposite direction of the stairs. The walk took a few minutes at normal size. He would have to go to the end of the hallway, and down another hallway.

Given the time, this was nowhere near a safe option. Most morning shift folk were getting home from work. Most afternoon shifters were making their way to work. There would be a lot of traffic from feet, paws, and hooves of all sizes. All it would take was one norm not watching their step. This floor didn't have micro housing at all. That meant no one on this floor watched their step. It helped for staying out of sight. It could spell potential disaster for the shrinking wolf.

The shrinking was showing no signs of slowing down. He wasn't sure when the next spurt of reduction would occur. If he got too small to safely climb down the stairs, he would be stuck. If he got stepped on before getting to the elevator, that would be the end. He looked to his left. He looked over to his right. With one more deep breath, Vero started walking to the elevator.

He kept close to the wall. The elevator would be on the right side anyways. He wanted to run, but he needed to conserve his energy. There would be the occasional passerby. The pink wolf would be lost to them in the white floor trim. Despite not being seen almost a guarantee, he would still reactively lift his tail in front of him. If he did get caught, he wanted to be covered a little bit at least.

The first half of the trek was only semi-stressful. Vero had almost yelled out in shock when a door he was walking in front of had swung open. A towering lamb walked past him without even noticing. Another vacuum bot had appeared. It came out of someone's apartment that he just walked past. It was coming to the apartment he was in front of. A quick sprint ahead alleviated the issue.

He had been letting his fingers graze against the top of the four inch floor trim. The notion of it being shorter than him was oddly calming. Perhaps just the idea of being bigger than something else was keeping him from losing it. The poor pink wolf wasn't sure anymore. The corner was just another door away. He was halfway.

The distant echo of an elevator bell echoed in Vero's ears. Just as he got to the corner, the ground shook again. It shook harder than the previous interactions. There was no one coming from the stairs again. Suddenly, he lost his footing while trying to walk through the shaking. It was dizzying enough to lose track of where he was on the floor. He looked ahead to the elevators in the distance. A group had gotten off. It was three horses. The front one was skinny, gray, and had feet instead of hooves. The other two were heavyset. Moreso than the bunny he saw earlier. They put him to shame easily. Both of the heavy horses were golden brown. They had hooves, and they were the source of this wolf's world shaking. Getting dizzy, plus losing his footing, on top of his shaky predicament. It took him too far from the safety of the wall. He was in the one place he didn't want to be.

In their path.

The skinny horse was walking backwards. He might've been filming the other two. All Vero knew was that a foot bigger than his own body was coming down fast. He managed to roll out of the way. The wind from the foot's impact on the carpet whooshed past the terrified tiny wolf. Now all he had to do was dodge the twin heavyset horses. Dodging four hooves that are as big as car crushers was not how he wanted this interaction to go.

As quickly as they appeared, the three giant horses were gone. The floor looked closer than before. Vero wondered if he had shrunk again. It was most likely. He had no time to ponder this. He just needed to get to the elevator.

While Vero was running to an elevator, Splenda was typing away on his phone. He had already finished writing about shrinking Vero at breakfast. He didn't shrink the fictionally dwindling wolf in the shower. He didn't want him to notice the shrinking yet. Then he-

"Excuse me sir?" the vixen interrupted. She was holding a tray with his pizza on top. Everything was cooked to perfection. She slid the pizza off her tray and in front of him. She also had another lemonade in hand. "Here's your refill as well. I also want to apologize for taking so long. The chefs are still learning how to make micro-sized food by hand."

"It's fine ma'am." Splenda said. "I'm sure it was worth the wait."

"Well give me a wave if you need anything else." the waitress said. She left, giving the micro wolf some time with his pizza. He closed out of the writing app, and slid his phone into his pocket. It was time for an eating break.

He bit into the pizza. Despite the words of the waitress, the food was great. Some parts of the crust were a little too crunchy, but otherwise delightful. The pizza made him think of a commission he did a year ago. Well, several commissions. The client wanted a short series of people getting shrunk at a pizza buffet. It was mostly unaware vore left and right. He remembered the finale was the entire town ending up on the pizza a guy ate the entirety of. He never understood the appeal of unaware stuff. But hey. A client is a client.

Splenda continued to enjoy his pizza in bliss.

Vero was not in bliss. Not even close.

The small wolf had just finished maneuvering through a family of bears. There was a close call with the papa bear. He was currently making his way past a group of people with gray jumpsuits and large black boots. Four of them. A rhino, a horse, and two canines. The horse dropped his lunch box. The pink wolf was just under the horse. He was in front of a pair of boots made for hooves. The horse was squatted down. He was picking up the bits of his lunch that fell out. The tiny wolf was mere inches from the horse's head.

After a tense moment, the gray jumpsuit group left. Vero got up and tried to make a scramble for the wall. The past few minutes of constantly trying not to get stomped into the floor was an experience. An experience he'd rather forget.

He finally got back to the safety of the wall. Sadly, his earlier theory was correct. The floor trim that once brushed his fingers, now grazed his waist. He had absolutely shrunk again. There was no predicting it. For all he knew, Vero would have to be carried around by micros soon.

Just as he reached the micro entrance to the elevator, it opened. The wolf had no time to relax. He quickly ran in. The micro section of the elevator didn't get points for being fancy. It was an area marked in the carpet. For the norms, they had bars that prevented their feet from getting close. It wasn't like a cage. Well, maybe a little bit. Any of the one inch micros could easily crawl out though.

The doors closed. The elevator whirled to live and started to go up and down to different floors. Vero sat down in the corner of the area. He sat far away from the smaller micros. It was nice to finally catch

his breath. He had spent so much of the past who knows how long running. He had more exercise today than he had all of last year. Tired didn't begin to describe it.

He knew he couldn't rest for long. As soon as the elevator came to the micro apartments, he had to move. He wasn't sure how long it would be until he shrank again. If all else failed, at least he would be small among other small people.

The norms above whispered about the naked wolf in the micro section. The micros by him did not. The sight of a shrinking norm was a common one. Whether by accident or to visit a friend. Most norms didn't own any micro-sized clothes. There were no kids on the elevator at the moment. They were all at school.

After catching his breath for a few moments, Vero looked over to the micro closest to him. It was a gray fox. Couldn't have been more than ten years older than Vero. "Is the floor for the micro apartments picked?" the tired wolf asked. The fox nodded.

The pink wolf was caught off guard when one of the norms brought their foot a little too close to him. It rested right against the cage. He glanced up to see it was some husky on a cell phone. Not even paying attention. Annoying, but manageable.

All of today's activities began to take their toll. He could feel the back of his throat getting dry. His legs burned ever so slightly. His arms weighed heavy. He knew the elevator took forever to get to the micro apartments. The landlord kept saying he was gonna get an elevator for the micros. He said it whenever the complaints stirred up. He wished he could just nap right there.

Vero looked over to the gray fox. With the wolf sitting down, they were at eye level. The fox was no taller than the ankle of any norm. It was crazy to think how much the scale of his world changed so fast. His mind flashed back to the documentary he watched earlier that morning. The elephant became so small, micros became his giants. Was that Vero's fate? He hoped Splenda wouldn't let that happen.

"Bad day?" a voice asked. The gray fox had walked over to where the pink wolf sat. A small nod was given.

"Yeah." he responded. "At least my morning was nice."

"I'm Karl." the fox said with an outstretched hand.

"Vero." he said. He shook the fox's hand.

"Here. You look thirsty." the fox said while reaching into his satchel. It was a water bottle. Barely a drop at normal size. It was happily accepted. It felt nice to get some cold water down the throat.

The fox was kind. Most micros are much kinder to a shrinking norm than most norms. Their kindness reminded him of the first time he met Splenda. A group of thugs mugged him with a shrink ray. They left him outside his apartment building six inches tall. Along came this turquoise wolf. Helped him with everything. Got him back to normal size. They've been friends ever since.

Vero was snapped out of his thoughts. The elevator doors had opened. This time, a cold breeze rushed in. It was a chilling reminder to his lack of clothes. He tugged his tail closer after taking another swig

of water. Just because naked shrinking norms were normalized, didn't mean he liked it. It was humiliating.

"I'm gonna guess your not naked by choice." the fox said. Vero gave a small smile. The humor helped lighten the mood.

"You would guess right." the wolf said.

"Must be laundry day then." Karl said with a chuckle. This probably wasn't his first shrinking norm.

"Close." Vero said. "It wasn't the clothes that shrunk this time."

"Hmm. Guessin' it's an app gone wrong." the fox said.

"Right on the money." the pink wolf said. "M4M."

"I heard about that on the news last week." Karl said. "Something about buying and selling size like a stock market right?"

"Pretty much." he said. "I did something wrong. I've been shrinking nonstop today."

"It feels like there's a new size changing app coming out every day now." said the gray fox.

Vero nodded. He wasn't wrong. Size changing with your phone used to require expensive hardware and a half broken app. Now modern phones have it all built in. Only downside was that the market got flooded with more broken size changing apps. Most of the time it was a shrinking app with the grow back option behind a paywall. M4M was probably the most legit app in a while. Even if it was causing this current situation for the tiny pink wolf.

"I miss the days when the only bad shrinking tech was at the dollar store." Vero said. "At least you knew where it all was."

"Yeah." Karl said. "Remember that cheap shrink spray that one company rebranded as an all purpose cleaner?"

"Oh yes I do." the wolf said. "The worst spring cleaning of my life."

The two shared a good laugh. It was nice to be relaxed after the chaos this day brought. A hungry vacuum pretty much kicked him out of his apartment. The longest walk spent having to avoid giant feet and hooves. The good times were cut off by another cold breeze. Vero wrapped his arms around his chest.

"The worst part about shrinking is that I own micro clothes." he said. "However, I'm too small to get back to my apartment."

"Hmm." Karl said. He reached into his satchel again. He pulled out a pair of white shorts. They looked more of the fox's size. He was still grateful when the fox handed them to him. The material felt similar to socks. It looked hand stitched.

“Thanks Karl.” Vero said.

“A buddy of mine got shrunk by his ex-wife.” the gray fox said. “Found the little lion the same day when I went to visit. Poor guy was left naked in the hallway. Made these and kept them in my bag ever since. They should stretch.”

“Ex-wife huh?” the wolf said. An angry ex with a shrink ray is never good.

“Yeah.” Karl said. “Remember those Turdensy perma-shrink rays before the recall? She used one and made the guy nano. I can hold the guy like how norms hold me. It sucked at first, but the insurance claim has him set for life financially. He has a nice 3d printed house on my bookshelf.”

The pink wolf stood up. He was twice Karl’s height. He pulled the shorts on. It felt kind of weird to be wearing sock material as shorts. He tugged his tail through a hole in the back. He was glad to least be wearing something.

His statement about his friend lingered in his mind as the two continued to talk. What if Splenda couldn’t fix it? Would he be spending his life as a micro’s tiny roommate? What if his thicc friend accidentally sat on him or stepped on him? His thoughts were interrupted by the calming gray fox.

“I’m sure you’re gonna be fine Vero.” Karl said. “Shrunken norms end up down here way more than you think. I usually see two running about every month.”

This gray fox had a lot of experience with this situation. The puny pink wolf was glad to have run into him. Throughout his perilous quest to his friend, this was the most calming part. He would definitely have to find him after this whole ordeal was over. A thank you card. Dinner. Something! Karl went above and beyond. He could’ve easily left Vero naked and thirsty.

“Looks like my floor is comin’ up.” the gray fox said. “Gotta go shopping today.”

He almost swore he shrank again with how hard his heart sank. A source of calm in all this growing chaos. Maybe it was the panic from shrinking making him think that. He was still capable of finding Splenda. He just needed the elevator ride to calm down.

The elevator stopped and gave off a ding. Main floor. The doors opened for the norms and micros. Some huddled off. Others were shuffling in. The two acquaintances waved to each other.

“Hope you get something on sale!” Vero said.

“I’ll certainly try!” Karl said back.

A much happier pink wolf laid back against the metal bars. His encounter with that gray wolf brightened up his mood. These micros were used to seeing shrunken norms. Maybe things were going to work out after all. At the least, he wasn’t going to shrink while naked anymore.

Vero was no longer worried about being naked. Splenda on the other hand, was worried about being too full to walk.

The turquoise wolf just polished off his pizza. He was drinking the last of his lemonade as he waited for the bill. He just hoped it wasn't too costly. Making food for micros was a growing trend. Some places, only saw it as an excuse to jack up prices for micros. Those that did, used the reasoning of processing costs. Luckily, this wasn't the case with that pizza place. The vixen waitress brought him his bill right after she brought someone their pizza. His bill was a fair price. Near the exit of the pizza place was a kiosk for paying your bill. He inserted his bill, and ran the card. Only took him a hot minute. He made sure to leave the waitress a nice tip.

Now Splenda was making his way towards the grocery store. Two buildings down for norms. A bit of a walk for him. It was actually plopped into an alleyway too skinny for a building. The actual grocery store was the building next to it. Making building accommodations for micros was a simple process. Step one is to find a space no one's using. Step two is to let the micros build what they need.

While walking, the turquoise wolf was still thinking about Vero's story. He was debating on whether or not he wanted the clothes to shrink down with him to mess with his head. Friends that had been shrunk with their clothes did say it was initially harder to find out when clothes still fit.

So maybe shrinking clothes with the pink wolf would be a good idea. Maybe have him interact with the public in some way. Just something to get him around others while shrinking. Becoming smaller is one thing. Becoming smaller around others is another. The initial embarrassment he's been told about is unbearable.

While these thoughts swirled around his head, he came upon the building. It was set about two feet into the alleyway. Enough space for micros to mill around. The building was a few stories tall. Since they had limited space, the store builders went up. Yet another casual feat of engineering by micros. Only downside was that the building opened at noon. At least it's supposed to open at noon. Various micros were standing around. An employee was placing a sign on the doors. The calico turned around to face the crowd. The usual retail smile plastered on her face.

"Just a small delay in opening folks." the calico said. "Our norm staff got the delivery a bit later than usual. They only just finished shrinking everything down."

The people there knew they had no choice but to wait. This was the closest micro accommodated grocery store in the neighborhood. One of the few things they still relied on norms for. Splenda would sometimes joke with other micros about going back to the days of stealing food bits from norms instead.

He went back to thinking over ideas for the commission. Public shrinking was definitely going to happen in the story. It was just a matter of where. Numerous locations popped up in his mind. Walking on the sidewalk was a good choice. Lot of eyes to embarrass someone. Maybe at a park? Plenty of places to get lost.

The turquoise wolf had to get back on track. Vero was gonna be small enough to get sat on by a micro in the story. He had plenty of size to work with. He just needed to do some public shrinking to get the story interesting.

"We just need to let the residual shrinking energy to wear off." the calico spoke to the crowd. "Last thing we want is to get shrunk while shopping."

The crowd agreed. Splenda remembered when the store didn't wait for the residual energy to wear off. It was back when the store first opened. A lot of micros ended up on the nano scale opening day. It cost the company a fortune to get all the micros back to micro size. Now they spend the morning shrinking everything down and letting tiny robots stock it. Shrinking down massive quantities of food was not cheap by any means. By micro standards, the food was a bit overpriced.

Another micro employee poked their muzzle out of the door. They whispered something to the calico. She whispered back. She smiled at the crowd.

"Everyone! May I have your attention please?" the calico said. All the waiting micros looked at her. "Management just informed me that due to the delay, everyone who waits will be getting a coupon for five dollars off your total! Just a few more minutes of waiting folks!"

This seemed to please everyone. Maybe waiting a little longer wouldn't be too bad. Splenda sat down against the sidewall of another building. He hoped Vero wasn't minding him taking a break. He never responded to the last message that was sent to him. He probably zoned out watching documentaries again.

Above the waiting micros, norms were carrying on as usual. They were walking around. Some went inside buildings. As he watched norms walk in and out of the grocery store. He wondered if the grocery store was a good place to shrink Vero in the commission. He opened a new document to write it out to see how it looked.

Vero refused to believe he was six inches shorter. His clothes still fit just fine! There was no way this was happening. There had to be a reasonable explanation for this. Maybe a friend was pranking him. Maybe he was hallucinating. Something other than shrinking had to be the cause.

Shrinking or not, he still needed groceries. He hopped on his scooter and drove. After weaving in and out of traffic for ten minutes, he made it. It wasn't much. About the size any small town grocery store would be. It had five isles. That was it. He never went to the big city grocery store more than once a month. He would carpool for that.

He parked his scooter and went inside. The wolf grabbed a shopping cart. The handlebars were at his midsection. He spent the next few minutes going from aisle to aisle. He got the few necessities he could fit inside his scooter. He was about to make his way to checkout when he saw something out of the corner of his eye.

His favorite cookies. On a buy one get one free sale. He made his way over to the cookie shelves. His favorites were on the top shelf. It took a few embarrassing jumps, but he got them. They were tossed into his cart.

Suddenly, an intense headache overcame Vero. He let go of the cart to cover both eyes. It was gone as soon as it came. He reached for the cart and realized something.

Splenda stopped to reread what he wrote. It would definitely work with what he had already. He copied all the text. He switched over to AuthorOffice, then pasted it into the story. It was a good start.

Back on the elevator, things were improved for Vero. Gaining a pair of shorts mitigated the initial stress of being shrunk and naked. After going up and down so many times, good news. The elevator screen said it was going to floor M. He was finally getting closer to his destination.

A part of him wondered if he would've gotten to the micro apartments faster if he had taken the stairs. He thought back to a video he had watched. A micro was tossed down the open space of a stairwell. The fox in the video that tossed him explained something about physics. He picked up the micro off the floor, unharmed. Though in the video, the micro was an inch tall. This pink wolf was small, but not that small. Yet.

At his current size, Vero would stand out in the crowd. Most of the micros here averaged six inches or less. Most of the micros in the elevator with him were just below his chest in height. He hoped getting around wouldn't be an issue. Partially, he was glad to be just that little bit bigger. It made everything seem that much more manageable.

Perhaps Vero should refrain from hoping too much. Anxiety welled up inside him. In an instant, he became no taller than any other micro on the elevator. There wasn't any slow descent like the previous shrinking spurts. This happened without any buildup or warning. He so desperately wanted to ask the other micros for help. He was stood at the back of the cage. No one there paid attention to what happened. The few that heard his conversation with Karl earlier had gotten off.

Until he got to Splenda's apartment, Vero was on his own. What if he didn't get there in time? What if he got too small to knock? Would this wolf have to crawl under the micro's door? Deep breath. Another. He needed to stop panicking every single time he shrank. It would get him nowhere.

They were almost to floor M. It would annoy norm folks when the elevator got there. At least it did initially. Now everyone was used to it. The elevator was set up for micro accommodations before they got the stairs. Building management wasn't the brightest in order of priorities.

Finally. The doors opened. At least the micro-sized ones did. The norms towering above would have a sign on their elevator screen telling them to wait for the micros. Vero quickly made his way with the crowd as they piled out. Others were piling in as well. No one stared at him. As far as they knew, he was one of them without a shirt.

Micros without clothing wasn't exactly unusual. Not everyone knew how to sew. That, and doll clothes weren't one size fits all either. There were startups trying to change this in one way or another. At least for the time being, this pink wolf blended in.

It was a really nice sight. It was an almost perfect recreation of his the norm lobby. Only a few differences here and there. The elevator entrance was in the center of the back. There was no front door.

The seating area was much more expanded. They had no upper floors of their own, so they went outward. Each wall had a hallway in a corner. Some walls had more than one hallway. Each hallway had a number above it.

As Vero walked into the area, he quickly figured out what the numbers meant. They were for the size of the micros living in that hallway. The left corner had a hallway for one inch and another for two inches. It slowly incremented in height around the lobby.

It was crazy. The lobby had more people milling about than the norm lobby above. A large group of rhinos no taller than his shins made their way past him. They glanced up at him with annoyance.

“Ugh. Stupid shrunken norms.” one rhino grunted.

“You think they would get smart and get some real clothes.” another said. Vero reactively covered his chest.

“Oh please Frank.” a third rhino said. “Don’t act like you didn’t have a shrunken norm in your place before.”

“I had the brains to send him clothes.” Frank retorted.

Their arguing continued as they made their way to the elevator. Getting his micro clothes in an easy to reach spot was on the to-do list now. He wasn’t sure how he stood out as a shrunken norm. Maybe the fact his lightly stretched shorts were made out of a sock. Those micros that had clothes at least looked like actual clothes. He needed to stop worrying about his outfit. Fashion was not the growing problem.

Vero needed to find Splenda’s apartment. He had one advantage in this aspect. Last christmas, he had sent his micro friend a card. It was the first time he had found a company that made holiday cards for micros. It was the first time Splenda had received a card made for his size.

The apartment number was remembered. Now he just needed to make his way through the crowd to get to the five inch apartment section. A majority of the crowd was micros smaller than him. It was slow careful steps, with intermittent apologies.

The slow steps were a bit aggravating. He was already too embarrassed to ask a micro for help. The awkwardness of stepping on one would waste too much time. He thought about what he would say to Splenda when the turquoise wolf saw his shrunken friend. A few funny quips had crossed his mind. Maybe a good joke about really wanting to visit. It was a fun distraction from the horror of never ending shrinking. If he was stuck at this size, maybe he could be roomies with him.

Working would definitely be more of a struggle. He would have to be transferred to the micro offices. It was a bit of a bummer, as the pink wolf was so close to getting his own office.

While Vero worried about his situation, Splenda was excited about his. He finally got into the store. He was smart enough to wait for the initial crowd to get inside. It was worth waiting. Everyone always crowded like mad. The store’s stock would always run out at the end of the day. Grocery stores for micros weren’t exactly easy to keep in stock. There was always the occasional norm complaining online about them for some reason or another. He ignored it. Norms always found a reason to complain about micros.

With a hand basket on one arm, he looked over his shopping list with his other. He needed a big bag of basmati rice. It was a mainstay in most of his meals. A big bag of pinto beans. Another item he needed. One of his big sources of protein. The last item was pasta. Angel hair to be exact. These three items were the things he bought in the store. He would buy them in bulk. At least as bulk as a studio apartment could handle. He would buy his dried goods for long term storage. As for fruits and vegetables, the micro farmer's market did fine.

The shopping wouldn't take long. The pasta was on the top floor. The rice and beans were on the middle floor. The bottom floor was all produce. Getting the bulk bags into the basket was easy. Carrying them down was not. He preferred to use the stairs. He figured someone else needed the elevator more than him.

Whenever he was at this store, he would hear the elderly micros sometimes. They would reminisce about the days all micros had to scavenge for all their food. Some remembered fondly. Others did not. There were those that lost friends to crude traps. Most don't like to talk about times before micro rights.

While exiting the stairs, Splenda saw a lion. He was wearing clothing made out of socks. He looked a mix of lost and in awe. A shrunken norm. It was an unspoken rule amongst micros to only use socks as clothing for shrunken norms. Made them easy to spot in public. Norms exploring the micro side of things wasn't new. There were even a few micro neighborhoods that did tours and stuff. He had lived in one of them awhile back with his parents. He moved into the apartment for a change of pace. Seeing the lion was a nice reminder of home. When the lion waved at him, he waved back.

"Hey." Splenda said. "First time at this size?"

"That obvious huh?" the lion asked in response. "I don't know how you micros can spot me so fast. Every micro I've talked to knew it instantly." The wolf had to stifle a chuckle.

"Micros intuition." he answered. "That, and most norms tend to look at every little thing in this grocery store."

The two would chat for a little bit more. Apparently the lion bought a bottle of one day shrinking pills. He had gotten them to meet up with his micro girlfriend in person. It turned out to be a norm catfishing for micros. His neighbor had a micro roommate that warned him. They also gave him the clothes. Now he was stuck at this size until tomorrow morning. Eventually, they parted ways. The lion was making his way around town. Splenda made his way to his destination.

Self checkout. It was nice to finally get this shopping done. The basket was getting way too heavy. He placed it on the counter next to the scanner. He grabbed a paper bag to carry it all in. As he scanned the products, they went in the bag. Getting the bulk bags of pinto beans and basmati rice into the bag was easy. The hard part was fitting the pasta in there. Eventually, he settled on resting the angel hair on top.

After it was all scanned, he pulled out his phone. His wireless payment app at the ready. Right before he brought the phone to the screen, he stopped. He completely forgot he had the coupon. He fished through his pockets to look for it.

He pulled the folded paper out of his pocket. A quick insert of the coupon dropped his total by five dollars. It made the price a bit easier to manage. Five bucks went a long way for him. He knew he could do better if he couponed, but he was lazy about it.

Splenda waved his phone over the checkout screen to pay. It tried to process the payment, but gave an error about insufficient funds. He forgot to pull money out of his savings. A few taps in the banking app had him set. He waved his phone over the screen again. It finally accepted it. Now with groceries in hand, he had to make his way out. The doors were fairly busy. Just about every micro in the neighborhood was vying to get in. He stood by the doors. In his experience, waiting was easier.

The only challenge now was finding a way back to the apartment. Without a norm giving him a lift, it would take him the rest of the day. He wondered if the mouse from earlier would give him a ride. He pulled out his phone and sent a message to Lenny.

SmallYetSweet: Hey Lenny.

Motzerr226: sup?

SmallYetSweet: I'm at the grocery store. The one for micros. Any chance you could pick me up?

Motzerr226: Yeah sure. I just finished lunch. Tried that smoothie place down the road.

SmallYetSweet: Was it any good?

Motzerr226: Not bad. They have micro seating. You would like it.

SmallYetSweet: Noted. Also, I'll make sure to give you a few more inches for this.

Motzerr226: Thanks man.

SmallYetSweet: I just had a thought.

Motzerr226: What?

SmallYetSweet: If I was a norm, I'd be paying you gas money. Is m4m the new gas money?

Motzerr226: LOL! Yes. Only calling it gas money from now on.

SmallYetSweet: Lot easier than carrying around cash for me.

Motzerr226: I remember back when micros actually carried cash.

SmallYetSweet: A strong breeze was not my friend.

Motzerr226: lol. Omw. Ttyl

Send a Message

After he put his phone in his pocket, an opening appeared in the doorway. He quickly wiggled his way through into the more open area outside. He made his way over to the sidewalk. He wanted a quick pickup when Lenny arrived. He placed his grocery bag between his legs. He didn't know how long his ride would take. Might as well get some writing done.

Vero was in a state of pure panic as he parked his scooter. With groceries in hand, he quickly made his way into his house. This wasn't happening. There was no way this was happening. The store added another shelf. That's it. The clerk was always that tall. He had to be. There was no way he magically got shorter overnight. The seemingly towering door was no help in alleviating his panic. I for one, am quite enjoying the panic.

He dropped his bag on the floor. He closed his door. The pink wolf sprinted upstairs. It had to be an illusion. A prank. Something! He ran into his room. The clothes he was wearing still fit. If his other clothes fit, maybe everything was okay. His heart sank as his shirt enveloped him more than ever.

A gasp. Vero's ears twitched towards the source of the sound. The far corner by the window. It was the chubby micro elephant he bullied yesterday. He made a dash for under the bed, but the pink wolf was faster. Though the micro had to be held with both hands, Vero still towered over him.

"What did you do to me?" Vero asked with anger. Any other day he would simply tease the micro. Today was all business.

"I-I didn't do anything!" the micro elephant shouted. "I swear!"

Before the angry wolf could think of anything to do to get answers, I made it happen. Everything suddenly expanded around him. His room almost doubled in size! The micro elephant he was holding with both hands became a problem. It looked as if he was growing in size! Though it was just the wolf getting smaller. He became too heavy. He was let go of. The chubby elephant now came up to Vero's thighs. What was once a fear filled micro, was now smiling.

This was definitely a solid story progress. At least as far as Splenda was concerned. He really wanted to get this commission done today. He figured he could extend Vero's shrinking a few pages. Spend a chunk of the story with him getting bullied by the micro he had bullied. Some karmic retribution. While the turquoise wolf wrote, the pink wolf walked. Vero was in the hallway for micros of the five to six inch variety. Micros were making their way on and out of doorways. Some said hi, or gave a glance, but most kept to themselves.

He knew Splenda's apartment was farther back. It was at the end of this long hallway. If these apartment numbers were anything to go by. It was crazy how many apartments there were in this section alone. He never thought about how many micros lived down here. They easily outnumbered his fellow norms living above. Vero wondered if their rent was cheaper than his own. Given the smaller space, it was a safe bet.

The art design of these hallways almost matched his own. Given some things were different due to scale. The carpet was the same as the carpet outside his apartment. Quite literally. The small details of the patterns were much more discernible at this size. It looked roughly stitched together. The construction team must've used leftover patches. It still looked nice though.

The walls didn't have the same treatment however. They were painted a light gray to reflect the light from the LED strip going the length of the ceiling. The walls were made of simple brick. The walls were two and a half bricks high. At least it gave some headroom.

The doors to each apartment were the most unique. They were all 3d printed. Vero was a bit jealous of the intricate designs a few doors had. Most were simple though. They all varied in color. It was like looking at a rainbow. If he was truly forever trapped at this size, at least he could have a cool door.

"Hey Vero!" a voice said behind him. The pink wolf turned around. It was a familiar face. It was Tyler. His micro doberman coworker. They worked a few projects together. He was a good work friend. For once, they were the same height.

"Hey Tyler." Vero said. "How are ya?"

"Good. Good." Tyler said back. "Why are you my size today?" He very well couldn't tell his coworker the truth. Well, not the full truth.

"I shrunk myself. Visiting a friend." the nervous wolf answered. At least it wasn't an outright lie.

"Hope the boss doesn't catch you at this size." the doberman said. "He'd demote you to the micro department in a heartbeat."

"Y-Yeah." Vero said as he rubbed his shoulder. "At least we'd work together more."

"That'd be cool." Tyler said. "Anyways, I gotta go. Meeting some friends for lunch. You take care man."

"You too." the pink wolf said. "See you on Monday."

The doberman left with a wave. The diminishing wolf took a sigh of relief. He had totally forgotten Tyler lived in the micro apartments. One would think he could remember after giving his micro

coworker so many lifts to work. Well now it was one less thing to worry about. Now it was back to walking down the hallway.

At least in this hallway he didn't have to worry about being stepped on. That was a relief he could enjoy for now. In the back of his mind, he wondered if that was a comfort he would keep. The shrinking showed no signs of stopping so far. None. If it was tied to the M4M app, who knows how small he could get.

His mind flashed back to the documentary he watched just an hour ago. The elephant had shrunk so small he ended up living in a micro village in his backyard. Then he shrunk so small he had to live in a makeshift house inside a micro's house. Eventually, even that was too big. Though his situation was slightly different. The pachyderm suffered from a shrinking disorder. Though he stopped shrinking, he lives his life inside a petri dish. Vero figured he was overthinking again. The panic of all this getting into his head. Then again, watching a documentary on someone shrinking nonstop was a bad choice. At least in retrospect.

The wolf wondered how his phone was doing. With his luck, it probably vibrated off the table and onto the floor. He pondered if he should've tried harder to get onto the table. It was a small regret, but he couldn't turn back now. He had no way of knowing how small he would get. That, and the giant vacuums still kinda scared him.

Vero jokingly thought of what his documentary would be like when this was over. With luck, he could try and get onto Stories of Size. It was pretty much the go to show for weird size shenanigans. A perilous journey from his apartment, all the way down to the micro apartments. Dodging giant machines, and careless norms. Getting help from micros, and getting to safety. At least it would make for a good lesson in watching what apps you download.

He thought back to a story of some gecko in Romania getting sued for making an app that shrank you for free, but you had to pay a hundred bucks to grow back. Most modern phones have size changing technology built in. You almost always had to pay to use it though. That's where the other apps got their audience. People getting tricked into thinking it's free up until the last moment. There were a few open source apps that worked fine. They weren't up to snuff with most apps though. A promising few, but only a few.

Vero was trying to distract his thoughts with every subject he could think of. He just didn't want to think about himself shrinking. He remembered in middle school when one of his teachers gave a lesson on having a shrinking plan. They had drilled it to the entire class that everyone should have a plan if they get shrunk. Regardless of size. This lesson was only useful twice. Once when he was a victim of a shrinking prank in high school. He found the micro teacher he had in his plan. She helped him get back to normal size and the student who shrank him was expelled. The second time was after he was mugged by a group with a shrink ray. He had met Splenda on the sidewalk and got help from him. The mugger was caught after trying to sell off Vero's phone.

Now here he was. Making his way to the micro writer he knew well. In the times they talked, Splenda never gave off a bad vibe. The turquoise wolf even had a few nano friends. At least the pink wolf didn't have to worry about his friend taking advantage of him. If his memory served, Splenda was only five inches tall. If his guessing was right, that put Vero a full inch taller. At least he had that going. For now.

A couple was walking down the hall. It was a vixen and mouse. They were making their way to the lobby. They whispered to each other as they passed the half-naked wolf. He couldn't hear all of what they were saying. What he did hear, matched what most of the other micros were saying. Commenting on a shrunken norm, and their own experiences with them.

A breath of relaxation came from Vero. He finally made it. The destination he finally hoped for. Splenda's apartment. The door looked like the night sky. It sparkled like the stars. The apartment numbers on the side might as well be a finish line. At last, his shrinking problem would soon be over. It was a dangerous journey. Being almost stepped on and vacuumed up was more excitement than he ever needed. He needed to ask Splenda how he dealt with being this size. He knocked on the door.

Then again.

Then again.

Then a third time.

No answer.

The relaxation that overcame Vero quickly dissipated. Why wasn't Splenda answering? He was almost always home. He tried to think of why the micro wouldn't be here. A memory suddenly popped into his head. The two were chatting about it just yesterday.

SmallYetSweet: Hey V.

BigAndBowtied: sup?

SmallYetSweet: Guess who's low on groceries and didn't go shopping?

BigAndBowtied: I'm gonna guess you.

SmallYetSweet: Correct!

BigAndBowtied: Do I win a prize? :D

SmallYetSweet: nope

BigAndBowtied: :(

SmallYetSweet: I just need someone to complain to.

BigAndBowtied: About your poor memory?

SmallYetSweet:yes

BigAndBowtied: You're in luck. I got a coupon for a free micro-sized meal if I buy a norm-sized meal.

SmallYetSweet: :D

BigAndBowtied: I just need a small favor.

SmallYetSweet: Yes?

BigAndBowtied: Open a writing commission slot for me tomorrow.

SmallYetSweet: Will do. Thanks again!

Send a Message

It had totally escaped Vero's mind that his friend would've went shopping today. He had probably messaged him about it when he was too small to reach his phone. The only grocery store for micros was quite a walk for Splenda. It would probably take him a good chunk of the day. The panicked pink wolf hoped a fellow norm gave him a lift.

Based off what his friend told him, the grocery store was always busy. Most micros preferred to shop at a store to their scale. The grocery store Vero shopped at was slowly working on micro accommodations. He remembered as a kid when accommodating for micros was a completely foreign concept. The micro rights movement has certainly come a long way since then.

He knew he couldn't wait here forever. It was tempting. If he was still shrinking, he could wait until he was small enough to wiggle under the door. The idea was dismissed. At that size, no micro would notice him. Not even the nanos. He looked back to the hallway he had walked down. The lobby was in the distance. It sucked, but he had no better option. If he did indeed shrink again, he needed to be around people who could help. He turned away from the door, and trudged back down the hallway.

Keeping his spirits up was beginning to be more of a challenge. Help was finally in his grasp, only for it to be dashed by a micro's need for groceries. A part of him wished that this could all be over already. This day was beyond stressful. He just needed to get back to normal. This M4M app was the biggest headache he had in awhile.

Also walking in the hallway was a familiar face yet again. It was Tyler. He was walking back towards his apartment. He was with other micros. A few canines and a tiger. Tyler was complaining about the restaurant being closed. Something about shrinking chemicals leaking into the food. The five of them were too distracted with each other. They didn't notice Vero walking up. He didn't have any focus on what they were saying. He just wanted to find a way past the group taking up most of the hallway.

Like a genie manipulating wishes, the shrinking wolf got what he asked for in the worst way. The group of micros suddenly shot up in size. No. They didn't. Poor Vero only got smaller. He managed to be in the one situation where no one would see it happen. The group didn't even pay any attention as they walked by. His eye level met their abdomens.

Micros he once could look down upon. Now he was looking up at them. A part of him wanted to panic. He wanted to scream out. He knew it wouldn't be any help. He just needed to get to the lobby and wait for Splenda. He would have to look up to his friend and ask for help.

Splenda was having a relaxing trip back to the apartment. He and Lenny were just chatting away. The brown mouse had just learned the micro wolf bought in bulk.

"So you buy rice, beans, and pasta. Then, you work your recipes around them?" the brown mouse had asked. It was nice to have someone take an interest in his cooking regimen.

"Yeah." he answered. "I already have tons of spices and dried herbs. Whenever I need fruits or veggies, I head to the micro farmers market."

“I didn’t even know micros had a farmers market.” Lenny said. “Probably cheaper than getting food shrunk.” He was right. Growing food already small was easy once the seeds of the produce were shrunk. Soil was an issue, but a small one.

Splenda would spend another few minutes talking about his recipes of choice. Bulk food was the cheapest way to go about cooking for him. As long as he kept his meals varied, the food never got boring. At least for him. He never had too many friends over. Besides the occasional nano.

Eventually, they reached their destination. Lenny lowered his hand to the micros entrance. Splenda slowly slid off of the hand, groceries held tightly. He turned around to look up at the squatting mouse.

“I’ll send you another five inches once I get a wi-fi signal.” he said to the brown mouse.

“Sounds good man.” Lenny said. “You take care!” He stood up and left with a wave.

As the turquoise wolf made his way inside, he pulled out his phone. As soon as the notification for an internet connection popped up, he went into his M4M app. He pulled up Lenny’s account, and sent the five inches as promised. As a response, the mouse sent him a message. It was two thumbs up emojis.

Getting to the elevators was a short walk. He just had to be careful and walk on the micro path. A lot of people were getting in and out of work around now. Norms and micros alike. There was definitely a lot of foot traffic. Every once in a while, a desperate micro late for work would make a run for it. Most of the norms knew to watch out for it. There hasn’t been an incident of stepping in quite some time.

Right on cue, a group of norms came out of the elevators. Feet, paws, and shoes all thundered past him. Sometimes you could spot a shrunken norm in times like this. They’re the only ones that get shocked at the sight of giants walking. Shrunken norms were equated to tourists. Some were annoyed by them. Others embraced it. Splenda hasn’t met a lot of shrunken norms. The few he met were nice, if a little naive.

As he made his way towards the elevator, he couldn’t help but overhear the conversation of a group passing him. It was a bunch of rhinos.

“I still think that norm was up to no good.” one rhino said.

“That’s ‘cuz you don’t trust anyone bigger than you.” another rhino retorted.

“Pretty sure your last girlfriend was a nano Mr. Trust Issues.” the third rhino chimed in. That comment required Splenda to stifle a chuckle behind his grocery bag.

“Hey!” the first rhino said defensively. “She was a six incher with a shrinking disorder!”

“Sure thing man.” the second rhino said.

After hearing a fun conversation, the turquoise wolf finally made his way onto the elevator. The group in the micro section wasn’t very big. Not being crowded would be nice for a little bit. He knew the lobby was gonna be annoying when he got down there. It was always crowded. Anyone smaller than him usually went in a group to avoid others being careless.

Of course getting on the elevator didn't mean he was home free yet. The elevator always prioritized norm floors before the micro apartments. He could take the stairs, but that was another ten minute walk. Splenda longed for the day the micro-sized elevator would be installed. The elevator building management kept promising.

In the meantime, he figured some more writing could get done. He set his grocery bag down between his legs. He had the story at a decent spot. It was gonna be one of his favorite places in the story to work on. Second only to the climax of the story.

Vero was in shock. Yesterday he was half his original size. He barely managed to drive home on his oversized scooter. He somehow carried his groceries inside. The pink wolf angrily grabbed a chubby micro elephant and demanded answers that the micro did not have. He shrank while holding the micro. Despite how he treated him in the past. Ignoring how horrible he had been to him. The micro elephant opened his living space to the shrinking wolf. Turns out he had been living in a guest room he used for storage. Hidden behind all the boxes.

Now here he was. For the first time in his life. He was looking up at the elephant. The micro elephant. A micro elephant who he had mistreated a couple days ago. This small chubby elephant now towered over Vero. He was barely at level with his knees. His girthy frame enveloping the entirety of his view.

The elephant was wide-eyed. The norm he had been a victim of, was now smaller than him. Much smaller. He took one step. A heavy step that sent the little wolf to the floor by the shake alone. He never had such authority over someone. Such power. It felt...good. Really good. He took another step towards the puny wolf. Vero reactively crawled backwards. A smile could be seen under the elephant's trunk. "Come 'ere small fry." the elephant said. "I think it's time for a lot of payback."

Vero turned and sprinted away. All the times he was mean to the micro elephant had come back to haunt him. He could feel the comparatively heavier footfalls behind him. He weaved and dodged his way through the numerous boxes. This was much easier when he could just climb over them. Now it was like a maze, and the elephant was its minotaur.

To his dismay, the path of this maze led to a cardboard wall. He heard the steps get closer. The wolf wondered if he could claw his way into the box. This idea was dashed as a huge shadow quickly took up the whole wall before him. He turned to see the micro elephant slowly walking towards him. The fear was overwhelming. His only hopes were a miracle or mercy. He knew the latter wasn't happening.

While the fictional Vero was in a corner, the actual Vero sat on a couch. It was in a seating area on the opposite wall of the elevator. He had seen it on the way in. It was a decent spot. Against the wall. If this was the norm lobby, he would be sitting right at the front door. Said space had much better use down here. The couch looked like it was out of a dollhouse. It didn't degrade the comfort though. At least it was a place to relax. He didn't know where Splenda was. He knew he wasn't in his apartment. The lobby was the only way in there. It was just a matter of waiting.

The pink wolf's fingers ran across the couch seat. One of his fingers slipped into a hole. It was a small hole. Barely big enough to fit his pinky finger. He looked at the hole to his left. He pondered if he would end up small enough to fall in that hole. Without distractions, his mind couldn't help but wander. Part of his thoughts kept going back to the documentary he watched. Would he end up nano-sized? Microscopic? At the rate things were going, there was no end in sight.

"Seems someone's small problem is still ongoing." a voice said. Vero looked to his right. He immediately stood up. It was Karl!

"Hey Karl!" the pink wolf said. "I thought you were shopping."

"Yeah." he responded. "I forgot my wallet. Didn't make the elevator, so I took the stairs. Saw you back here and thought I'd check on ya."

It was a nice sentiment from the gray fox. He was a source of calm out of all this fear.

"So you're my height now huh?" Karl said questioningly. A subject the wolf wanted to ignore, but could not.

"Yeah." Vero said. "Bumped into a micro coworker. Seeing him taller than me was a weird experience."

"At least at this size the shorts don't stretch." the gray fox said.

"Yeah." he said. "A great fit. Thanks again for these by the way."

"It's no problem man." Karl said. "I'm glad to help out."

The two continued to talk for a bit. Vero didn't know if it was experience or pity that kept the gray fox here. Talking to him. He knew what this pink wolf was going through. A norm shrinking down was commonplace. A norm shrinking down out of control was unfortunately common. The fox knew what his own friend went through. He knew that after this was all over, Vero was sending Karl the fanciest 'Thank You' card he could find. This total stranger went above and beyond.

The conversation was cut off by a ringing. The micro looked down at his pocket. It was his phone. He pulled it out and looked at who it was. "A work call." Karl said. "I'll just be a second."

"Alright." Vero said.

He smiled before answering his phone. "Go for Karl. Oh hey Luke! Woah woah slow down! Alright. Don't panic man. It's an easy fix. Just follow these steps."

Vero sat back down. Fixing a work problem over the phone. An issue he was all too familiar with. Though he never dealt with it as badly as some of his coworkers. Letting Karl finish his conversation seemed good. Their short chat helped calm him down. Today had been a rollercoaster of emotions.

Alas, this ride wasn't over for the diminishing wolf. He got off the couch to stretch his legs. As he stretched, he instinctively closed his eyes. He wasn't seeing it happen at first. As he opened his eyes, Vero looked over to see Karl rapidly gaining height on him. Everyone in the lobby was. He was shrinking again! Everyone else in the lobby was too busy with themselves to notice.

After everything stopped growing around him, the silent panic reared its ugly head. That morning he was six feet tall. Even when the uncontrollable shrinking started, he was still bigger than the micros. It was manageable. Then he was the same size as the other micros. It was a tough situation, but he powered through. After that he matched height with some of the micros in the middle of the scale. Scary, but he held onto hope.

Now here this pink wolf was. Half the size of the micro he just got help from in the elevator. The micro that was half his size. Now the tables were turned. Karl doubled Vero in height. The taller micros in the lobby were triple his height easy. The number of micros smaller than him was a rapidly dwindling count.

He looked down at his waist. The shorts gifted to him were hanging on by his tail. He looked up to his now giant acquaintance. They were useless at this size. He pulled them off. Now he was naked again. Just when he was getting comfortable with them.

A loud beep. Karl was done with the phone call. Vero didn't want to confront what was going on. The gray fox had helped all he could. This wolf didn't want to be a burden. He ran behind the left side of the couch and crouched down. He got there just as the towering micro turned around.

"Sorry about that Vero. A coworker needed help with-." the gray fox cut himself off. "Vero?"

Vero resisted the urge to call out. He told himself he didn't want to be a burden. He was lying to himself. This wolf was just not thinking straight. Being smaller than a small micro was something he needed to process.

Karl looked down to see the shorts on the ground. He picked them up gingerly. He slowly looked them over. He must've been looking for a small pink dot. When he didn't find one, he shrugged his shoulders. The shorts were put back in the satchel.

"Good luck Vero." Karl said before walking away.

"Thanks Karl." Vero whispered to himself.

The gray fox walked into the hallway marked for four inch micros. The puny pink wolf stood up from his crouched position. He was officially out of ideas. He had no more long shot plans. He needed a miracle.

Thankfully, fate seemingly threw him a bone. The ding of the elevator rang through the lobby. Vero looked over. He became overtaken with relief. With joy.

It was Splenda. He could see his friend. After all he had been through. His goal was in sight once more. At least for a moment. His micro friend was quickly lost in the crowd. He knew where he was going. He just had to get there too.

As soon as he got out of the seating area, a crowd quickly appeared. It was all of the taller micros. Without hesitation, Vero ran through. He found himself dodging the now long legs of towering micros. It was first time he ever heard those words together. Towering micros. Could he even call them micros anymore?

Finally, he got through. He was in the hallway. At the far end of the hallway, he saw Splenda closing his door behind him. The walk ahead of him was going to feel like an eternity. Sprinting or otherwise. Might as well get it over with quicker.

Meanwhile. Splenda was just pulling off his jacket. He had set the grocery bag on the table. The jacket was hung up on the hook by the door. He walked over to his computer and hit the power button. After it booted up, he would have to wait for his files to sync. Putting the groceries away would take up that waiting time. The rice, beans, and pasta would all go in the bottom cabinets. The beans first, since they were bulky. The rice went next, since that was used a lot. Last went the pasta because he always went through it first. The paper bag was folded up and tossed in the recycling bin.

Now the turquoise wolf sat down at his computer. He launched AuthorOffice, then opened Vero's commission. He was so close to finishing. The big finale was coming up. After that was little bit of epilogue. He cracked his fingers.

Vero didn't know if it was dumb luck, or some cosmic entity having a good laugh.

Right as the elephant was about to put the hurt on him, he shrank again. The carpet fibers came up to his waist. The girthy micro he could once hold in his hand. Vero could easily mistake him for a macro at this point. The size difference was almost lovecraftian. He found himself squeezed between fingers larger than his own body. No matter how much he fought. They didn't budge. Not even a little. It was like his resistance wouldn't even register to his captor.

Slow, booming steps. That was all Vero heard as the relatively giant elephant walked back to his abode. The micro's mind must have been running amok with ideas of revenge. He would be right to think of these ideas. The pink wolf's mistreatment of micros was no secret. There was nothing he hadn't done to micros. Stepped on those too small to hear. Sit on those too slow to run away. In his younger years, he'd even swallowed a few whole. It wasn't a practice he did anymore. At least shortly after he moved in. The micros here were too big anyways.

Oh gods. Was the micro elephant planning on eating him? He was certainly the right size. He could fit in the pachyderm's mouth with room to spare. Would he be snuffed out of existence with a gulp?

The gargantuan fingers let go. Vero found himself on some sort of improvised side table. It was next to an improvised couch of cardboard. The elephant stared him down.

"Don't go anywhere small fry." the elephant thundered. "I'll be back."

He walked away. The shaking from his steps lessened as he distanced. The pink wolf immediately began looking around for a way down. He could risk jumping down to the carpet. It looked so far down from up here. Jumping to the couch first seemed like a better plan. He had no clue how he was going to get back to normal size. He was so small, he was micro to a micro. Getting some norm's attention would be impossible.

Getting away from the giant micro was a finer plan than doing nothing. The cardboard couch had cotton in its layers. Maybe it would be softer. At least that's what he kept telling himself.

After a few minutes of hyping himself up, Vero made the running leap. His tiny screaming heard by no one as he was hurtling towards his landing. The noise his body made was similar to a finger tapping on cardboard.

He was dizzy as could be, but unharmed. He rolled over to his back to give himself a moment. On the other hand, a quick nap sounded really good. The fatigue of shrinking and running around was a major toll on his body.

Splenda stopped to take a sip of water. It was getting exciting. He never had this much fun shrinking his friend before. At least in writing. Knowing that his writing made his friend three feet shorter made him a little excited. He wondered how his friend was doing. The pink wolf hadn't responded to any messages. Hopefully nothing happened. If there was no response in an hour, he would have to consider checking the apartment. It was unlike Vero to not read his messages.

Unbeknownst to the turquoise wolf, his pink friend was not far from his front door. The teeny wolf was finally at the front door again. It was a bit more intimidating at this size. What once looked like a charming night sky, now looked like the dark void of space.

He took a moment to catch his breath. His body was not happy. He had moved his body more today than he would for awhile. It was a good thing he had tomorrow off. He would need the rest. Maybe Splenda would let him stay for the night. At least to recover from the exhaustion. He was sure his friend would at least help with that. Alongside getting back to normal size of course.

He could hear through the printed plastic door. Lo-Fi music playing through his speakers. The tapping from his mechanical keyboard. His friend was very much in the writing zone. Probably working on the story he commissioned. He knew that commissioned story ended with him sat on by a micro. What was once a fetish in the back of his mind. Now it sent shivers down his spine. If he was careless, that would become an unpleasant reality.

Vero took a deep breath.

Then another.

This was the moment he was working for. He ran from micro hungry vacuums. He dodged more feet, paws, and hooves than he ever wanted to. He embarrassingly walked naked among the micros. He was ready for this day to be over. He gave the door as hard a knock as his small frame would allow.

The faint typing of the mechanical keyboard stopped. The music paused. He could hear the faint steps approaching the door. He gave a sigh of relief, and closed his eyes. It was about to be over. Then he opened his eyes.

Not fair.

It wasn't fair at all.

It.

Just.

Wasn't.

Fair.

It happened again.

He was finally at the metaphorical finish line.

The micro hallway was now as expansive as his was when he first started shrinking. The door towered above just as much as his own did. The culmination of his worst fears from that day. It happened.

He was at the nano scale.

An echoing click. The door opened. It felt like it was opening so slowly. Things were difficult to comprehend at this size. Micro stuff wasn't supposed to be this big. Thinking about the scale of things gave him a headache.

His micro friend poked his head out of the doorway. His friend's head hovered high, high above. He was looking to see who knocked. He never thought to look down. Vero knew he couldn't waver. He forced himself to make one more mad dash. The slowly closing colossal door before him. He felt the wind rush past him as the door clicked shut.

The heavy thuds of his friend's feet were felt as the looming micro walked back to his desk. Vero had never been in Splenda's apartment before. He had only seen part of it through a camera. Most of the light was from the computer desk. It sat opposite to the front door. A length that was merely a few steps for his friend. It was longer than any distance he made that day.

When he ran in, the pink wolf noticed he was no taller than Splenda's ankles. A size comparison he once shared with him. He once shared it with most micros. He wasn't even sure if there were any nanos smaller than him at this point.

The apartment was small, but functional. A studio apartment for a micro was about as small as one could get. There was a kitchen space to the right. Some cabinets, a fridge, and a stove top. Not much on that front. To his left was a double bed and a couch. He wondered how often his friend had guests over. There was a door in the far corner. Most likely the bathroom. Maybe there was a walk in shower.

In the distance was Splenda's computer desk. It was the only source of light besides the kitchen ceiling lights. His friend RGB lights coming off of the tower. The large monitor was obscured by a turquoise wolf's head. He wasn't sure if the mechanical keyboard was RGB as well. He knew his friend did some gaming when he wasn't writing. Besides the occasional dating simulator, this pink wolf wasn't as much of a gamer. Though the room's aesthetics weren't his biggest concern at the moment. Solving his small problem was.

Getting the turquoise wolf's attention was not an easy task anymore. Loud music. It drowned out his tiny voice. He needed to get up on that desk. How though was the question. He needed to squeeze one last plan out of his head. He stood there by the doorway, racking his head. There his giant micro friend sat. They were typing away while happily swishing their tail. Completely unaware of their guest.

Wait. The tail.

That was it! The multi-colored tail brushed the ground when it swayed. He just had to grab on and climb up. All he had to do was get there. The desk that looked a mile away. His tired brain exaggerated heavily.

Vero had one last sprint in him. After that, he had to muster the strength to climb. Powering through the tired, he began his run. He pumped his arms up and down. He forced his legs back and forth. His tail would bump against his legs. The power to hold his tail up was gone. Closing the distance was slow and frustration. It was only a few minutes, but it felt an eternity.

While he didn't mind lo-fi music, this time was different. The relaxed vibes taunted him. The chill tunes reminded him of the mellow feeling he didn't get to have.

“Alright Vero.” Splenda said. He must’ve been talking to himself. “Now we’re starting to get to the good part. I just need the perfect description for this micro elephant before he sits on you. Time to check how many synonyms there are for thick and booty.”

The comment from his friend got a chuckle out of the running wolf. If and when he got out of this, Splenda was getting a tip. His dedication was admirable. Vero wondered if his friend would do more M4M commissions after this.

After a wearying run, the destination was made. The tail rushed by him. It carried a small breeze. A moment was taken to enjoy the breeze. The feeling of cool air against his fur was quite enjoyable. A brief moment of respite for the task ahead.

The sloshing of water could be heard overhead. Loud gulps. Splenda was having some water. For some reason, the gulps sent chills down his spine. It reminded him of the stories he would hear. Stories about hapless shrunken folk being eaten. He was careful so far. No need to panic about it now.

The tail before him loomed high. It made him think about when Splenda told him about his fur re-coloring. It looked quite fancy when he first saw it. Most of his fur was a bright turquoise. Some bits were a slightly darkened yellow. A few bits were dark blue. It made for a nice palette. The way the colors layered on his tail would certainly make for a good marker of progress.

When the tail made another pass, he made his move. He stepped into its path. A wall of fur twice his height. It raced toward him. He hopped, and grabbed onto it. He pulled himself up, and swung his legs over some of the fluff. The dark blue tip of the tail curled up. It made for a good momentary seat.

At this size, Splenda’s tail was incredibly fluffy. He could easily lose himself in all this. The temptation to lean forward a bit was strong. A place to nap. The swaying motion felt so calming. His friend didn’t even register the pink wolf about to climb his tail.

In front of him was the yellow portion of the tail fur. It went up to the halfway point of the tail. The turquoise went up the rest of the way. Grumpily, tufts of yellow fur were grabbed. Smaller tufts were gripped with his toes. Slowly but surely, Vero climbed. To distract himself, he figured it was time to think of what to say when his friend finally saw him.

“Hey Splenda!” he said to himself. “Did you get taller?” That one would make for an easy laugh. “I’m not shrunk Splenda. I’ve lost weight. Okay, that one was dumb,”

Unaware of his shrunken friend’s climb, Splenda typed away. He had just finished writing the scene where Vero was sat on by a micro elephant. He even made sure to add the detail of his friend being stuck to the micro’s butt. It was a small detail, but he really enjoyed pushing these buttons his friend had. Now he was working on ideas for an epilogue. He was deciding whether or not to let his friend get back to normal size. He would have to write the scene both ways to see how it looked. He switched over to a new document and began typing.

It had been a month since Vero recovered from shrinking. He never told anyone what happened to him. His friends asked a few times, but stopped when they saw how bothered he was. It was an experience he didn’t want to relive.

He still lived in the house. The micro still lived in his storage room. When they would cross paths, the pink wolf would be taunted. The elephant would call him seat cushion. He would occasionally invite Vero to join him on the couch again.

At first glance it didn't vibe with Splenda all that well. It came off as a bit of a sad ending. The story was about a heartless norm getting their comeuppance though. A new approach was needed. He deleted what he wrote, and tried a new path. What if he pink wolf was still small?

A month into his new life, and Vero was still adjusting. He was declared missing quite some time ago. His house was sold to a group of bachelors. The storage room became a bedroom again. The elephant lived under the bed. He lived with him. He didn't have much of a choice. There was no way he would last long at the size he was now. An absolute speck compared to the micro.

After he was initially sat on, the micro elephant didn't even know he was there. He only found the little wolf after looking at his butt in a mirror shard. Vero was told to either serve the micro, or survive on his own.

Now here he was. Carrying crumbs to a lounging pachyderm that eclipsed him in size. The crumbs barely fed him. The micro just liked making the little wolf doing it. He quite enjoyed the turnaround. He got what he deserved. The way he treated micros. The little squirt would be ordered to do menial tasks all day. Whenever he started to slack off, a threat of being sat on terrified him back to work.

Bullying a shrunken wolf that used to bully micros.

This elephant was gonna have fun for a long time.

He gave it another read. This was much more light hearted than before. He had written his friend as a bully to micros, so this type of punishment worked. Now he just needed to work it into the story. It was crazy he finished the commission in a day. He hadn't written this fast in awhile. It was probably the excitement of doing his first M4M commission.

After a few commissions, he could grow big enough to visit Vero at his apartment. At least his friend's furniture would be more fitting. The idea of being slightly taller than the pink wolf danced in the back of his mind. It was most likely the commissioned story still in his head. As fun as the idea of bullying a shrunken Vero sounded, it wouldn't happen. There was no way his friend would get that small. No way at all.

As he worked the epilogue into the commission, a feeling came across his throat. A problem he could not deny. He was thirsty. He looked over to his pink plastic bottle. It was empty. A grumpy look came across his face. He didn't want to get up. Not when he was so close to finishing. He groaned to himself, knowing he had no choice. He stood up.

Vero's grip was not prepared. The rush of air on his body. The forces from moving so suddenly. It was too much. In the split second of his friend getting up, the hold on the tail ceased. He was sent tumbling through the tail fur. He feared he would end up on the floor. All progress lost.

It seemed he had just a smidgen of luck left. His landing was quite soft. He rolled over onto his back and sat up. He managed to land on his friend's memory foam chair. Even at his size, the chair was undeniably soft. It made the pink wolf regret not getting a memory foam chair of his own.

He could hear the thuds of Splenda's steps. Vero turned around to look through the opening he was pulled through. There was an empty water bottle in hand. The lo-fi music coming out of the speakers still overpowered his small voice. He knew he wasn't being heard anytime soon.

Then again. He didn't have to be heard. Just seen. There was a chance his friend would look down before sitting down. Surely he would see a pink speck among all this black felt.

The turquoise wolf stood at the sink. The rush of water filling a plastic bottle echoed. A few gulps of water were taken before filling the water bottle again. It reminded Vero of his own thirst. He hadn't eaten or drank since lunch. It felt like an eternity ago. The water finally turned off. He saw his friend slowly walk back to his chair. This was the first time he had taken the time to observe the micro's shapely form.

His hips were almost wider than his shoulders. Large, powerful thighs. He was wearing no shirt, but had tight polyester shorts. They were strained tight. They were fighting to contain the curves. Vero's comments about his friend's thickness leered from the corner of his mind.

Out of nowhere, Splenda made a hard left to his bed. He put his water bottle on his bed. He put his hands in his hips. Fingers were wrapped around the waistband of his shorts.

"I should not have sat in these shorts." Splenda said to himself. "I better take 'em off before I tear this pair like the last ones."

The puny pink pervert lost the willpower to look away. The tail was pulled out first. It pointed up, which allowed Vero a full view. The shorts were tugged at. It seemed the turquoise wolf's lower half was practically spilling out of those shorts. It muffin-topped hard. His body was fighting to get free of the shorts. Buttcheeks popped out, making Vero blush hard.

After some struggling with the thighs, the shorts finally came off. They were tossed onto the bed. This was certainly the most interesting way to learn his friend went commando.

"Sweet freedom!" Splenda said to himself.

"Sweet as sugar." Vero also said to himself.

This was going to make things hard to explain once he got the micro wolf's attention. He was sure if he found out, this shrunken wolf would never hear the end of it. Just that morning his friend found out he liked his butt. Now this was just more ammo for every argument. "Remember that time you got shrunk and stared at my big ol' butt?" the turquoise wolf would probably say. His friend turned to walk back to the chair. He couldn't stop staring. The thighs bounced with every step. It was almost hypnotizing. It was rhythmic. It was distracting.

Finally Splenda came back to the desk. The relatively massive micro was busy looking at the screen. The seat was turned towards him. Vero knew he needed to get his attention now.

"Splenda!" he shouted. "I'm down here! On the chair!"

He shouted, shouted, and shouted some more. The puny pink wolf's voice was still drowned out by that accursed lo-fi music Splenda loved so much. The shouting was left unheard. As the larger wolf turned around, the gravity of the situation settled in.

Putting the scenario into words was easy. Putting what he was feeling into words was less so. His friend. His micro friend. The friend he held in his hand countless times. He wasn't just towering. This micro was now absolutely gargantuan. Monolithic in size. He wondered if he shrank again with how large Splenda looked.

The booty he complimented on that morning. It surpassed the totality of his view.

It was just...

So big.

The shadow it cast overtook the whole memory foam base the wolf sat atop of. The thickness he stared at this morning, now had him frozen in fear. He knew what was about to happen. He wouldn't be fast enough to escape his doom. Splenda began to sit down. His descent seemed like it was happening in slow motion. It rapidly approached him. He was too tired to run. He was too tired to scream again. He put his arms in front of his face. A feeble attempt to protect his face.

It all happened so fast. The turquoise butt slammed against his body so hard. His head was turned to the side. His body was pressed flat. It was very warm. Vero was grateful the chair had memory foam. He wasn't comfy, but he was alive. Moving was impossible. He was firmly stuck.

While a pink wolf was under a butt, a turquoise one was happily proofreading. The story was in a decent state. It was fair to say it was about done. The only thing bothering him was his own chair. It had become uncomfortable suddenly. He put his hands on the chair arms. He pushed himself up, readjusted his position, and sat down again. Still uncomfy.

Splenda felt something on his right side. He wiggled a little bit. Did something fall off his desk onto his chair? No. Everything was still on the desk. He was naked, so it wasn't clothes related. The last time he had this weird issue, it was so embarrassing. A super fan of his writing shrunk themselves to nano size, and snuck in. Poor little tiger got sat on. The nano was bribed into silence. He hoped it wasn't that situation again. Better to check.

The sum of his embarrassment was indescribable. He was saved from the prison of his friend's glutes. Now here he was, finally exposed to fresh air. Stuck to a butt. It was all so frustrating. He knew he couldn't even get himself unstuck without risking a high fall. Another tribulation on the very list of things he dealt with today.

Maybe it was the exhaustion. It could've been the anger. Possibly even the lack of water and food. Vero lost it. The pink wolf needed something to let his anger out on. Anything. He peeled his head away from the warm turquoise fur he was stuck to. Something came over him. In a delirious state of anger, he bit his friend. His tiny teeth sank past the fur, and pressed into the skin.

"Ow!" Splenda said. The shrunken wolf watched as giant yellow fingers reached for him. He was effortlessly pulled away from his plight. He went from yellow fingers, to the turquoise palm.

"Vero?" Splenda said confused.

"Hi Splenda." Vero said sheepishly as he stared up at his giant micro friend.

"How are you nano size?" Splenda asked.

"I think the M4M app broke." Vero answered.

The micro wolf looked at his shrunken friend in his hand. He looked exhausted and disheveled. He was just pulled off of a turquoise butt. He was not having a good day.

Splenda opened the M4M app with his other hand. He scrolled down to his transaction with Vero. Almost all of the pink wolf's height was sent. It made no sense. It was only supposed to be three feet of height. What went wrong? It only took him another moment until he saw his explanation. He looked over to his friend with a light chuckle.

"Someone ignored the tutorial." Splenda said with a sly smile. "Let's get you some water, then you can explain from the beginning."