

Subscription

The doorbell rang, interrupting your breakfast. You tried to continue eating as if nothing was strange. The two knocks that followed signaled this was a package delivery, and you shuffled in your chair at the thought of what it probably was. The click of a delivery truck engine as it sped off to the other end of the neighborhood. With a plate just cleared enough that you could excuse yourself as being “done”, you sat the dirty dishes in the sink, polished off the morning’s drink, and anxiously stepped from your kitchen towards the front door. It felt like fate itself was pushing your cowardly bones to move, and you could see through the blurred glass feature in the center of the door that what you had been anticipating all week had arrived. You sped up, opening the door and bringing the box in.

Punkish plastic patterns in magenta and black tattooed the entire outside of the box. After looking at it for a bit, you realized this was actually a set of gaudy pinups – a pair of anthro bodies, completely naked, posed across the six sides of the box. Removing it was a careful endeavor, leaving you with a full-size poster that was sure to make its presence known in any room. You opened the box, and the same two core colors adorned the purchases inside the box, too. You took the top thing, which looked like some strange edition of the magazine you’d called to buy this box. You carefully looked over the cover.

“*FATED Magazine. Buyer’s Guide #212*” was stamped across the top, with a neon-lighted photo of what looked to be a dragoness of some sort in clothes too tight and small. The shot seemed quite close for what it was, not showing much past the upper thighs for a pinup shoot like this. Her legs were spread on the stool she sat in, prominently showing the bright, heart-adorned thong that accented her nethers in a way you couldn’t ignore, but desperately wanted to. With a blush stamped on your face, you tried to look to the headlines on the sides and corners.

“Pick out a host for your Perfect Night!

Or the Rest of Your Life!”

“How to dose yourself – for now, for later, for ever ♡”

“Follow Up Purchases to plunge you Deeper into your new, microscopic existence!”

“Cower before the girl of your dreams at less than a millimeter in size!”

The bold font taunted you. You finally spotted a line that seemed to indicate the actual Guide to your acquisition. Centered in fine font, situated perfectly in negative space so your eyes drifted to it only after all the other eye-catching things on the cover. You prepared yourself, thumb slowly poking along the pages, preparing yourself to open to the exact page you needed. Just as you poked the page you needed, highlighted from the rest of the black pages of the magazine, you paused. It seemed to be printed on red paper, instead of the black you were used to. But something else had caught your eye. You glanced down to the seat. The sight of the dragon lady in such a skimpy thing kept trying to draw your eye away, but...

You drew closer, trying to focus on the wood of the stool. There, just barely in front of her, there was a dot which contrasted from the dark color of the wood. It...had two legs, two arms, a head – oh. That dot you hadn't even seen before, that even now, with this zoomed view, you could barely see. That was a person. You gulped. Your heart beat a few paces quicker. You turned to the red page.

“Congratulations on your purchase of the *Runt™ Shrinking Formula*. This is our most potent, powerful, capable concoction of this type. If you've tried our earlier formulas – *Doll™*, *Pet™*, and *Hers Forever™* - You might've thought 'The highest dose of this just doesn't do it for me' – and you're in luck. We worked with some of our most passionate hosts and customers to turn their feedback into something absolutely wonderful. Last month, we debuted *Pathetic™*, an ultra-high power long-lasting shrinking potion. Not content, though, we also gave hungry consumers the scandalous *Never Big Again™*, A potion that donates size straight to the host of the drinker's choice – faster than ever before. They flew off the shelves.

“But we knew we could do better for readers like you. Still on the fence, until now. The *Runt* formula is for you. It comes in six durable, spill-minimizing plastic bottles, fizzy and sugar-sweet as the minute they were made and delivered straight to your door.”

You verified this, examining the contents, framed nicely in the low-jostle delivery case. Five pints in plastic bottles were front and center. Three red, soda-looking liquids sat each in bottles with caps. Below those, three more bottles of the same quirky design. These were less cylindrical. A pink, frothy concoction in a heart-shaped bottle; a black drink that glistened in the light, flat and menacing; and another dark red liquid with a slight, almost invisible glow, in a bottle larger than the rest, a half-gallon with a handle. To the edges, there were what looked like accessories. What looked like a sticker or postage stamp... a straw, a spray-bottle cap, a strip of faded leather that reminded you of a dog collar. A foggy, glassy surface was on one side of it. An empty glass – maybe for drink mixing? Two thin and small bands, like zip-ties, but a third of the size and length. And, last but not least, two cards – one pale, the other jet black with the same magenta markings. You didn't read those for now.

“Your kit includes three shrink potions, blended for taste, texture, and effectiveness at turning you from horny reader to ant struggling to be noticed in your own carpet. Read the back label before drinking. We've also included an aphrodisiac for you, pretty in pink, hand-picked from our *No, You Don't Get to Cum Until I Say So™* Catalog, last updated in our March issue. The black drink is exclusive to this kit – A duration potion! Potions wear off after 24 hours, but add this to your mix and extend your smallness into next month, next week, next year. Empty the whole thing for a permanent experience. It works after other potions wear off, too. Fun end too early? Take another gulp of bitter darkness and keep going! And, last but not least, another bottle of shrinking potion. This one's not for you to open.

“The *Runt* kit also comes with an ID band, drink accessories, two pins for keepsakes, and Host ordering cards! Before drinking, be sure to attach the pins to any glasses or other important things you simply must have shrink with you.”

You took everything out of the box and fetched a pen. You carefully regarded the bottles on the table. You started by emptying the three red drinks into the glass. You skipped on adding any of the pink stuff. Reluctantly, after pacing and thinking about it, you decided to mix in some of the black, too. Your grip slipped as you did. Your careful pour of a fourth or a third turned into all of it, darkening the fizzy mix. You checked the back of the bottles as you were instructed. In clear, cursive letters, seemingly hand-written, was a message.

You're Already a puny, barely visible dot scrounging around on the floor, desperate to be noticed. You're already a microscopic toy, an amusement for your bigger. If this potion is what you need to see just how utterly small of a speck you are... So be it!



The blush on your face was now impossible to get rid of. Having followed every instruction the rest of the page instructed you on, you readied yourself. You looked at the cards while you checked a page for the...ahem... “hosts”.

“The *Runt* shrinking kit has all the options of the previous shrinking kits, except for the special offer *Never Big Again*. However, as a special customer to us, you get exclusive access to a host unique to this kit!”

You turned the page. A full-body spread across both pages of the host in question lay across it, her body hugged by tight jean cutoff shorts and a white midriff shirt. Straps of panties peeked from above the waist, while her breasts showed no signs of a bra beneath the thin white belly-length camisole. Several bits of text filled what little space on the pages wasn’t entirely occupied by her body. Her name, in a flower-covered font, struck you: Ruby. “This crimson queen dragon is nine feet of power. Her haunches are so huge the ground quakes with her steps. Her polished claws and pristine paws make tinies like you quiver. Her chest makes hearts skip beats. The *Runt* kit was her idea – she simply couldn’t enjoy being a host to the other offers because they were too tame for her. Don’t miss out on someone like this!”

Her figure spoke for itself. Beach-ball sized breasts, power-filled abs, hips somehow slightly more gigantic and powerful-looking than her chest... her paws had four large toes with painted claws at the ends. Her eyes, even on the page, seemed to stare into yours, and the smirk on her large, yet feminine snout was something you could still see when you closed your eyes.

Having instantly made a decision, you clicked the pen and looked at the host ordering cards. The white one seemed almost friendly. At the top it read "Host Request Card". A space to put the host of choice's name, then below that a signature. A Planned start time and end time was included, as well. You sat it back down on the table and picked up the black card. In white print, it skipped a label at the top, entirely consisting of a few sentences with blanks. There were...noticeably fewer on this card, you realized. Skimming the text, the very idea of this card was something almost too intense for you.

"I, willingly and without regret, pledge myself to my host, _____. They will not just be a partner, but will be my owner and master from now on, as well. This was always meant to be. Sincerely, _____."

With trembling hand, you wrote *Ruby* and your own name on the card, then set it back on the table. The white card was gone. You turned to look for it on the floor or somewhere, but as you turned back to the desk, the black card was gone, too. In its place was a sealed envelope. With pulse racing, you tore it open, pulling out a card that reminded you of the sort found at the back of pharmacies. Birthday cards, get well soon...no, wait. This was a valentine, you thought. Against a stark, single-color background, a heart as red as Ruby's smooth body was the only thing present. You opened the card – you barely read what was inside – the instant you glimpsed even a bit of the words, you seemed to know, instantly, what the rest said.

"Thank you! You have excellent taste, darling. I'll be there soon. Why don't you finish your drink before I get there?
- Love, Ruby"

With those words echoing in your head, you tried to grab the glass on the table. Your hand was shaking too much. You decided to just use the straw. As you drank, you slowly calmed, almost zoning out as the taste of the cold, fizzy drink brought you back down to earth. It didn't seem to work immediately, at least. Your mind started to wander, mindlessly sipping away. You didn't leave the glass' comfort, breathing through your nose while you just drank, continuously. Then, before you realized it, you'd finished it. All three vials. All of the duration-booster.

Uh oh.

The doorbell rang.

Not wanting to start shrinking before you could answer, you leapt up from your seat and paced with quick, pattering steps to the front door. You cautiously unlocked it, and turned the door, before it was pushed open from the other side. An immense, thick hand as large as your face gently held the door. It was almost a paw, almost claws...the fingers thick, but not stubby. You took a step backwards. You weren't shrinking yet, right?

A woman with deep red skin stepped in. She was smooth, wearing naught but pink striped panties that were perhaps a size too small, and a bra that struggled to contain her profound,

round, beach-ball sized chest. Dragoness. Her face has a smooth snout, a nose that breathed down at you, eyes that gazed at you with intense color. Hazel pupils gave you a gentle, almost motherly look as she took her first immense step inside. She had 3 whole feet and some change over you. Her steps shook your home's foundations. This...is Ruby? She seemed slightly heavier set. Her stomach was slightly larger, she seemed stronger and bigger. Larger haunches than advertised. A chest too big to be able to get your arms around. You took another step backwards, and she matched it, towering over you. You thought it might be getting colder, but with every step she took, the heat picked right back up. She flashed a big smile you had to look up at.

"Hey hon! Don't worry if I seem a bit bigger than advertised. The photoshoots are done with a slimming lens so I actually fit on the page. You're my new pet friend, hm?" Her face softened as a lighter color crept into her face. Was that a blush?

"Ah, wait, I—" You stumbled over your words. Ruby took a heavier step than before. Not quite a stomp, but she was definitely starting to look taller. Oh no no no.

"Hm? What is it? Did I catch you off guard? Well, since you drank the whole potion down and signed the black card, that can only really mean one thing, you see. You ordered a 'host', but that's not really accurate! You're gonna need someone to take care of you. You're going to dwindle away with all that shrink potion coursing through you. And you signed yourself away to be mine. That means I'm going to be yours, little one." She took another immense step forward, leaning down. Her hands reached around you, easily able to lift you up. "We're going to be spending a LOT of one-on-one time, you and I. Why don't you start dwindling away a bit quicker, hm?"

As though taking orders, your view started dropping as quickly as Ruby lifted you off the ground. Your clothes fell like a curtain away from your body, quickly leaving you in just your underwear, before even that fell away. Ruby giggled. Her hands shifted from holding you like a statue to a doll, then one of her hands drifted away. You were held against her palm, before her fingers started to look as wide as trees, then as wide as buildings. She started holding you like a crumb, then smaller still. Her thumb moved away, and you sunk tinier, standing at the tip of her finger-claw. Her fingertip, smooth as could be, started to seem like a hill-filled landscape as her padded digit's fingerprint became deeper than you were tall. Her breath, humid and cool, washed over the landscape like a gale, and you looked up with a mix of fear and awe. Her face filled the sky, blossoming larger and larger. You shrunk smaller still, as even the calm hills became deep valleys, the ridges of her fingerprint becoming dunes, mountains, bigger still. Suddenly, just as suddenly as it had started, you fell to your knees, feeling the rush of your heart that had been sending electric jolts through your veins suddenly calm. Your pulse was still racing, but the abnormal sense that all your nerves were going off at once calmed, and you realized that, for now, you weren't getting any smaller. Ruby's calm, patient face was so utterly immense even her eye or nose itself went horizon-to-horizon. She giggled gently, the gust

pushing you down against the curvature of her finger. You yelped as humid tornado-force winds shoved you back.

“THAT’S A GOOD STOPPING POINT FOR NOW. YOU SURE TOOK IT LIKE A CHAMP!”

Her voice boomed. This was unreal. Her polished clawtip towered like an obelisk across your horizon. Every minor detail had blossomed into something not just noticeable, unignorable, but something taller than you. Even a bit of dust would be bigger around. It would be a feat to climb up the ultra-thin width of a sheet of paper, even. The immense eye of Ruby focused in on you slowly, adjusting to the ultra-close view of her finger so she could spot your now-nude form within the depths of her fingerprint. Your heart raced as light shined within the dark pupil, her immense face twitching in a way that might be imperceptible to anyone else, but was enough of a quake from your perspective to instantly alert you to what it meant. Despite your incredible, almost impossible to fathom state...Ruby had spotted you against the backdrop of her digit.

“AW, LOOK AT YOU. SHIVERING WITH DELIGHT. I’LL GIVE YOU AS MUCH TIME AS YOU NEED TO GET USED TO IT! IT’S NOT GOING TO WEAR OFF, AFTER ALL. OR WOULD YOU PREFER THAT I START PLAYING WITH YOU NOW TO GET YOU ACCLIMATED TO BEING MY INFINITESIMALLY PUNY LITTLE TOY?”

There was no way you could process such a thunderous voice. She was whispering as gently as she could, but her warm, hot breath was almost a fog to you. An attempt to stand would send your knees quivering, until you stumbled forward onto all fours, in blindsided awe of the sheer enormity before you. Your voice failed and all that came out was a thin squeak.

“OH! WAS THAT A YES? HOW ADORABLE! I’LL LET YOU TAKE ME ALL IN FROM A MUCH BETTER ANGLE.”

The immense dragoness lowered her thumb to cover your world again. She stomped off deeper into the house, even her pinched-together fingers leaving a cavernous space between her fingerprints where you bounced around.

When the quaking stopped, her thumb lifted, and her meaty hand-paw lowered, turning sideways. You rolled downwards, bumping off onto a padded carpet. With the towering, building-like fibers as tightly packed as they were, you thankfully grabbed onto and rested on the top of the canopy of one. The backdrop around you was blurry, but was otherwise recognizable from its color as your bedroom. The ground shook with such force you were sent hurtling into the air, landing on a different carpet fiber as you came falling back down as though

you'd just been launched off a trampoline. This happened a second time, and as your grip struggled to hold on to the second fiber you'd found to avoid being launched, you looked up with panicked eyes. Four absolutely immense clawtips bent and wiggled, tugging at the carpet a few inches away. Ruby's toes were so large you needed to turn your head to see from her leftmost to her rightmost toe on a single foot. Your eyes slowly followed the immense wall of red, the toned calf leading to her knee, then a plump, strong thigh that seemed as far away as the stars themselves. With her standing almost directly over you like this, her pink striped underwear were almost directly overhead. Even the intersection of the fibers where her panties bunched up along her taint was surely a block wide at least. Her butt was defined and you got quite a view of its underside from this angle. She seemed to get momentarily larger for a moment, before a slow rumble traveled down through her. She'd just taken a deep breath and let it out. That was a trip on its own, but a splash against your face distracted you from your sightseeing. A second droplet splashed to the carpet an inch or so away, and you closed your eyes just in time before the lake-sized drop splashed in a radius large enough to hit you. Your head craned upward.

Ruby's stomach was a bit pudgy, with a defined inward navel like a cavern or crater. Her torso curved to accommodate her underboobs, two oversized globes. Her bra only barely covered her nipples, leaving her areolae and the rest of her breast flesh exposed. The sweat drops had dropped from her chest. You couldn't see her face past them. That is, until her arm squeezed her immensity so she could barely peek over them. Her pupils narrowed again until she could see you on the carpet, and she giggled.

“ISN'T THIS A PERFECT VIEW? I'LL MAKE IT A LITTLE BETTER IN A MINUTE. DO ME A FAVOR, WON'T YOU HUN?”

The whole house creaked as her legs shifted so she could keep her balance. One foot lifted off the floor, quickly hovering like a thunderhead. It cast a four-pointed shadow directly over your position, and you felt heat rush to your cheeks. Ruby's voice grew more sultry and fierce as her request echoed throughout the room several times.

“STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE. TAKE A DEEP BREATH. TRY NOT TO FOCUS TOO MUCH ON THE PRESSURE BUILDING BETWEEN YOUR LEGS. I WANT YOU TO TASTE IT THE MOMENT I STOMP DOWN, MY CUTE LITTLE PET. I WANT YOU TO FEEL IT IN EVERY NERVE. THIS IS GOING TO BE THE FIRST TIME OF MANY THROUGHOUT THE REST OF YOUR STAY WITH ME. FEEL THE WEIGHT OF YOUR OWNER STOMP DOWN ON YOUR CUTE LITTLE BODY, AND SQUEAL FOR ME!”

You wailed, kicking and trying to jump away. The effort was futile as the shadow got closer, larger, redder. Her gigantic foot came down like a lightning bolt. Despite every cell in your body screaming about the danger, you nonetheless stuck out your tongue anyway, and felt it in every last one of your microscopic bones when the heavy-set dragon empress Ruby flattened the miles of carpet you resided in under her tremendous paw. Under the ball of her foot, the pad of her paw, you felt everything in you struggle to remain intact as she squeeze you between her toes. Tighter, tighter, as if she was trying to pop a grape with her squeeze, before she eased up. And you tasted it with your itty bitty tongue firmly planted against her sole. Not unpleasant, but so unbelievably powerful that you couldn't help but to take more laps, the taste etched into your mind. The weight slowly subsided as her heel peeled off the floor, then the rest of her foot with it. You remained stuck to her as she sat down on the bed, nearly shattering the frame all at once.

She licked one of her fingers and stamped you against it, pulling you off the gap between her toes and up to her smiling face.

“LOOK AT YOU! STILL IN A SINGLE PIECE AND WITH THE MOST ADORABLE LOOK ON YOUR FACE! I’M SO PROUD OF YOU, MY CUTEST LITTLE TOY.” She practically giggled the words.

You struggled to catch your breath. This was more than you could have hoped for. More than you could possibly have anticipated, wished for, or prepared for. This was completely, impossibly...TOO MUCH!

“WE CAN PLAY MORE IN A BIT, DEAR. BUT FIRST, LET ME TUCK YOU IN TO YOUR NEW HOME FOR THE NIGHT. WAIT HERE.”

Her hand tipped, and you fell to her breast. Like a milky trampoline, the flesh sunk a bit as you landed against it. It was almost like a water bed, but an entire, completely impossible to comprehend landscape. While you struggled to get your footing on the utter planet of her tits, her hands went to her hips, and past the blur of sheer distance, you saw miles of arm pulling her panties down her leg. They were far more...weighted than they had been before? You couldn't quite understand where you were getting that word from, but then a droplet fell from the stripes, and you understood. She was wet. That revelation certainly didn't help you get your breath back. Before you could think, her hand was back, pinching you up like a granule of cinnamon.

“NNH. I DIDN’T KNOW IF YOU KNOW THIS, BUT IF A HOST IS MONOAMOROUS, WE GET TO KEEP AND STAY WITH WHOEVER THE FIRST PERSON TO SIGN OUR BLACK CARD IS. JUST THE THOUGHT OF

BEING ABLE TO KEEP YOU WITH ME FOREVER...WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!"

Ruby lowered you until you were in close proximity to her crotch. Her glistening lips were soaked entirely. Her words were spoken in between stifled moans. Her other hand came down and pushed its middle and then forefinger into her folds, and Ruby opened her dark vaginal canal. You braced for the worst, eyes shutting with fright and arousal for the briefest moment...!

...

After a couple seconds, you opened them, and her immense sex was closed. Ruby's hand was elsewhere, and from your perch with your lower half sandwiched in her fingers, you couldn't see what she was doing. From over her continental breasts, her eyes darted from the side back to you, a thick blush on her cheeks. Her head turned back towards you, biting her lip excitedly.

"OOOH, THIS IS ALMOST PERFECT. BUT...I WANT...I **NEED** YOU TO BE SMALLER."

You felt a twinge of magic from the dragoness. You tugged an arm free from her grip, feeling a collar...was it the same one from the kit? It was around your neck, oddly comfortable. Suddenly, you felt the same feeling in your whole body as when you'd just finished the shrinking potion. You looked up, barely able to stop panicking long enough to see Ruby holding up the half-gallon jug of the deep red potion from the kit.

"I WOULD HAVE...HUFF...USED THE SPRAY BOTTLE TOP, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO SPILL IT! GETTING IT DIRECTLY INTO YOUR BODY AND INTEGRATING IT WITH YOUR BLOODSTREAM WITH THE COLLAR IS JUST SO MUCH MORE...EFFECTIVE...NGH."

Her faltering attempts to stifle her moans and gasps almost distracted you, but it was unmistakable. In her hand, the half-gallon was seemingly emptying spontaneously. The volume in it slowly vanished in pulses and "gulps". You didn't have to guess where it was going, as you felt it, you felt the sheer power of it pulsing through you. You'd taken 3 doses, so 4 additional doses from the half gallon bottle put you at a total of 7. The thought of that sent your mind racing, but you didn't have time to yell. Ruby's fingers started growing again. Bigger. And BIGGER. AND BIGGER. AND BIGGER.

She giggled with a voice too utterly enormous to describe. Then, just as quickly, she tossed aside the now-empty bottle and her other hand's fingers were back, parting open her labia. The insides were slicker, surging deeper and larger with each passing second. Ruby

moaned outright as she plunged your body inside with her hand, pushing as much as she could to shove you as deep inside her world-dwarfing pussy as she could. The flesh pulsed and surged bigger than stars, and when her fingers could go no deeper, she flung her fingertip against her walls. You were plastered against the astronomical spongy flesh, a deep and lustful scarlet. Her pre, entire planetary oceans of volume, splattered against you, gluing you to your new home inside the dragoness' monstrous, impossibly huge pussy, leaving you to feel yourself shrinking smaller and smaller within her. Her immense digits withdrew, her gasps and lustful panting now filtered through the depths of her whole body, as her repeated, speck-crushing clenches squeezed the last traces of you that thought they could resist out of existence. All that was left was an infinitesimal, post-picoscopically small person filled with naught but submissive adoration, licking the damp walls too big to ever be dry, feeling the warm air too humid and damp with her scent to ever be washed off of you, the intense arousal jolting through every sensitivity, every last nerve in you too intensely for you to ever feel anything other than love for her.

Hours later, you'd stop shrinking. And each day from then, you'd get pulled out of her depths, dripping with her juices and feeling the utter need to whine for her touch, before getting totally overwhelming in her massive affection for the whole day, and shoved right back into her erogenous vulva to spend your nights inside red heaven.

Probably one of your better purchases out of a magazine, all things considered.