

Beh’Kah Bolger Is Responsible and Careful

Mel was not having the best week. He’d been small already, but being shrunken further by a pair of e-celebs for the sake of fun and a power trip had just made things more difficult. Worse, his ultimate rescue from that scenario had him changing hands from a moth’s flip flops to a professorial mink’s crop of nanoscopic test subjects. There had been enough of them in one place to fill a lecture hall, though her intent was not to teach them anything. As it turns out, the numerical coincidence was for an entirely different reason.

He couldn’t exactly remember how he got here. He’d awoken along a plane of gray sterility, having apparently slept for quite a while. It felt a bit sci-fi, the monochrome. Everything was ever-slightly uncomfortably warm, which wouldn’t normally be an issue – he wore a sweater usually – but that, along with the rest of his clothes, save for his glasses, were completely missing. Along the horizon in all directions was a wall of the same gray as his floor, and above that, a world of blurred distance. On one side, a color boring enough to befit dorm walls, with light decoration – Mel had figured out a while back that he’d managed to wander onto a campus, and had been primarily stuck here since. On the other side, partially obscured by a tower outside the ring that curved and lifted and hung over his position, there was an endless orange and green surface, flanked by sides of white, that displaced massive amounts of atmosphere all around him as it contracted and expanded. There were a pair of profound hills far up on its surface, which –

Oh, those were boobs. In relation to his own size, the size of round mountains. Entire landscapes of boob farther than he could travel in a day. Got it. This is normal. This all makes sense now. Mel had been in a petri dish enough to recognize this situation. This towering structure was a microscope, and this orange leviathan was looking at him. He slowly and subtly crossed his thighs and lowered a hand to cover his crotch. He’d been sleeping on his back for a while, which meant he’d been exposed all that while, so showing shame suddenly and quickly now might tip off the person observing that he was aware. He shook and shivered slightly, and felt every part of his own body in the while. Little aches here and there made themselves known about his body, so he guessed that some rough and inexperienced nano-carrying had gotten him here. Well...he looked up at the microscope lens directly above him like he was looking up at the noon-day sun. It was darker, but much bigger in his sky than the sun, though. Time to test the waters and see if his new acquaintance was nice.

“Hello?” He spoke quietly, but he’d also been in enough of these scenes to recognize what volume he needed to squeak to be heard.

“AAAAGH!!” Beh’Kah shrieked and fell backwards out of her seat, shaking the whole table with a crash as she tumbled inelegantly to the floor. She shot back up just as quickly. So that’s what it felt like to have your entire continental plane shifted.

The extra distance between meant Mel could now frame her body within his entire field of view, like a constellation in the sky, and he recognized her as a lizard lady. Recognized that she was some sort of lizard, anyway. Smooth skin, no fur, bright colors, a hexagonal snout and arms with clawtips at the end. The kobold woman was wearing effectively just a labcoat and her underwear. Fair is fair, he wasn’t wearing anything, so she had him beat there. “Sorry?”

"I said, AAAAGH! As in, you nearly gave me a heart attack!" Beh'Kah straightened out her labcoat and sat back down to observe through the scope again. Her fingertips pressed into the sides of the petri dish and slid Mel back under the black glass. "I'm not used to that. I mean, I should be, but that's not important! You speaking was the last thing I'd expected."

Mel paused. That was a weird response. In a universe with a god whose whims altered people's sizes on a regular enough basis that his last bully had lied about that being the reason for his tiny stature, someone being surprised about him being able to talk was...unusual. "Where am I? If you don't mind me asking, last time I was conscious I had a skirt and sweater to call my own, and I was in the custody of a mink lady."

Beh'Kah blushed slightly. "Skirt-? You mean you're...?"

"The cutest boy that ever there was? Yes, thank you. I'm Mel!!"

"Oh. Let me try and answer your questions, Mel - I'm...Beh'Kah Bolger. You're in my dorm. I was told to watch after you for my Nanobiology class. That mink was probably my Professor. Probably."

"Beh- Can I call you BB?"

"Sure." Beh'Kah was slowly regaining her composure. She leaned closer over the microscope, though it seemed from when her enormous face peeked over the side that she could still perceive him without the magnification.

"Being nano doesn't really fit my sense of freedom. Think you could grow me back?" Mel thought he'd try his luck.

Beh'Kah blushed, as if remembering something. Her body warmed slightly, and with the sheer difference in scale the heat eventually found its way to blanket the entire petri dish a few moments later. "I could help with that, I think. But, the problem is, I have to return you to the Professor at the end of the week for a grade. I don't think 'I grew him back and let him go, professor' is going to fly. S-sorry about that."

"Oh, like one of those home economics egg-protection projects. Eheheh...yeah, I think it'd be better if you didn't in that case." Mel remembered cases of the universally-constant egg projects. Bad students would end up having their egg hard-boiled, or they'd drop it and it'd explode or roll down a hill, only to be covertly replaced with another one. He'd prefer to avoid that.

"Not to worry, though!" Beh'Kah attempted to re-assure. "I've handled continents smaller than you are before. I'm careful, and I'm a brain for alchemy, so you don't need to worry, Mel!" The red-orange kobold woman winked. There was a breeze over the petri dish that would've knocked him off his feet if he'd been standing.

"R-Right..." The tiny speck in the petri dish got up, standing at his full height (all of .3 microns) and stretched out, allowing a better sort of view at his lean proportions. He chose to just ignore that quack about continents for now. Beh'Kah would be taking this moment to scratch down

more observation notes in her notebook to the side, since she'd already gotten the majority of Mel's appearance quirks written down – the antennae, the cloud of brown hair, the huge doofy glasses, 'cute' crossed out on the page.

There were still some doubts about his caretaker's responsibility. Like, for instance... "D-do you usually do lab work in your underwear?"

Beh'Kah looked down at herself, scooching her seat back for a moment to look down at herself. Her profound chest was enough boob to cover the entire petri dish with enough room to spare.

Her answer was something he should perhaps have expected. "It's better this way. I'm soft."

She slid the petri dish out from the microscope, resting it on the lower table surface, as she stood up from her seat and stumbled over to the shelf on the opposite wall. An impact of heel against the table side knocked the dish and bounced Mel into the air with it. He allowed this to carry him to its edge, and was able to slowly climb the remaining amount to the corner, summiting it and standing on the width of the glass. Beh'Kah had grabbed some liquid and was mixing it, before returning her attention to her subject.

"More importantly, Mel, I have to head out for a lunch date. I don't have the space to myself, so I'm going to make the call to take you with me rather than leaving you here. How do you feel about pockets and purses?" She sipped the concoction she had in her phial without waiting for an answer, quivering like she'd just had a chill. Was that a blush on her snout?

"Definitely not. I'd die, probably."

"That's about what I thought. Here, drink this." Beh'Kah, with a casual indifference, spilled some of her potion onto her palm – she seemed to accidentally pour way more of it than she'd intended, and drops and splashes hit the floor. She considered it for a moment, but swept her clawed foot across the wet spot to 'wipe' it away before approaching Mel's spot nearly broken free of his prison. She held her wet fingers forth to his position, letting the liquid drip from her palm down her fingers. This waterfall was oppressive enough to threaten Mel, so if he weren't drinking it, he'd be bathing in it. He cooperated and swallowed some of the deluge, sputtering as it soaked into his hair and skin. He didn't really have anything to wipe his glasses off on.

"Ah, gh... what the hell was in that, it tasted awful!"

Mel whined, but suddenly, he felt the world around him shifting. It wasn't quite like shrinking. His body felt the same. It was everything else that seemed to change. Everything seemed farther, duller, less important. Except Beh'Kah. She seemed bigger, brighter, like all his focus was on her. He struggled not to tear his gaze away from her hips, from her profound chest. Especially as her claws tore her labcoat and bra away from those relative continental tits. It was true, and as Beh'Kah leaned forward and imposed closer, her relative height as an absolute planet of draconic height in comparison to her speck was palpable. He could FEEL just how much bigger she was, feel just how much bigger one weighty boob was, he could close his eyes and still be perfectly aware of just how much closer her nipple was getting just by feeling it in the air.

CRUNCH.

The soft, light green flesh of the kobold woman's nipple had touched down, pressing upon the edge of the petri dish's plastic. Mel was speechless, and Beh'Kah was too, albeit it seemed because of some different sensations on her end. From where he was standing, Mel felt like the microstructural imperfections in the hard plastic were imperceptibly cracking, loud enough for him to hear, under the weight of the pale color of Beh'Kah's very nipple. He couldn't even recognize the exact second it shifted forward – one moment, he was standing in front of the biggest mountain of skin he'd ever seen, and the next, he was clinging desperately to BB's central mammary duct with every last ounce of his effort. The very last thing his mind was able to process at this time was "Oh, the potion makes it so we can sense each other really precisely, doesn't it?"

And then the bra pressed against his back and pinned him in place.

The next couple hours were torture, for both of them. Beh'Kah spent her time walking to her lunch date, and meeting with her fellow Nanobiology classmate Viola LaChance – who was finding this assignment to be effortless. *She was just so cooperative and cute*, Viola proudly chirped. *Returning this speck to the professor at the end of the week was going to be such an easy A. What about you BehKah*, Viola innocently asked.

Beh'Kah could hardly string words together. She could hardly eat. Hardly think, even. It was as if one single nerve at the very peak of her nipple was shouting for her attention. She crossed her thighs and bit her lip. She could tell he was fine, but every second he was there was another stimulation she could hardly deal with. It only got worse when she adjusted her bra and felt that infinitesimal mote of perception practically get slingshot into her nipple's insides. Fuck. She could feel his tiny body, hands, legs, face, every nanoscopic bit, bounce around as he helplessly tumbled deeper. It was all her concentration not to scream out in public. She'd definitely made the potion a little too effective. She knew this would happen. Why does this always happen.

When she finally mustered a casual and friendly "Goodbye!" to Viola, waiting for the lemur to disappear around the corner, Beh'Kah practically ran back to privacy. Big mistake. The mote of a moth struggling towards freedom within herself was shoved with every bounce of her step in random direction. At this point, she could feel the splash as he was thrown into what idle microscopic pools of milk were in the depths of her breast. The faster she ran, the longer it seemed to take to arrive.

Mel had managed to make it, barely, to the exit of Beh'Kah's nipple by the time she'd tossed her door open to find her quarters still blissfully empty. He was completely dazed, and winced as one last apocalyptic quake shook his entire reality. Now soaked with dried potion and drying milk staining his body, Mel climbed out of Beh'Kah's nipple and found himself unable to stand, tumbling and rolling off the moon-sized boob. She was laying down, hands pulling her bra free. The rest of her clothes, save for her panties, were loose or off, for that matter. She seemed relieved. Her gaze locked onto his position instantly and he gulped. A fear like this was new.

"Hi! You had an eventful lunch, didn't you!" Beh'Kah's breath was heavy. Her entire chest heaved with each word, forcing Mel back and downwards toward her midriff.

"Ah, sorry, BB, I didn't mean to–"

“No, don’t apologize. This is fun. This is good. You’re quite malleable and adaptive. That’s refreshing, and it helps that the potion also keeps you safe. I’m not gonna lose you or hurt you, thankfully. Hah...aha...but I think we can both agree that I could’ve made a better choice in where I *PUT* you.” The orange and green dragoness’ voice was shaky, but now that she was talking to Mel, her control and confidence seemed to drift and flow naturally back to her like magic. Though, now was probably not the time for Mel to guess as to whether she had a thing for girls.

“I’m fine with going back to the petri dish! I’ve had more than enough excitement for aiiiieep!” A clawtip pressed him down into the soft belly, rolling him slightly until he was under the softer part of her finger. He was dragged across relative miles...and miles...and miles of orange and green, pulling him across her planet of a body, lifting him for one moment before slamming him back down with only a finger and thumb the force of an asteroid, against her underboob one moment, the firmness of her pale nipple the next. Mel was acquainted with a sphere of such incomprehensible weight and roundness his entire sensory catalog was completely overstimulated for an entire minute, only upon being lifted up and away did he recognize that he’d just been pressed into her tremendous buttcheek. Penultimately, he was dropped from a pinch, and before he could even think to shout, the two comets of Beh’Kah’s thighs caught his body between them, slapping together as though swatting an insect. Mel’s own arousal couldn’t keep up with her ‘tour’ of her body.

Though, as it turns out, this was all foreplay to her.

“I think that’s everywhere important. Sorry for the chaos, I just needed to make sure there wasn’t some other spot on my body that wasn’t...better... for keeping you.” Her hand swept beneath her knees and lifted to catch Mel, in a single smooth motion applying her entire palm across the curvature of her white panties.

Beh’Kah continued speaking as her hand withdrew, leaving Mel laying on the curved surface of soft undies. From this low and this close, they were a landscape where each curve, horizontal and vertical, formed its own horizon, and the ever-slight static cling leant the entire surface a false form of gravity. All of this to say that from the perspective of the nano currently exhausted and crawling atop the collegiate’s underwear, this single skimpy article of clothing was utterly inescapable.

Worse still, the tangle of densely woven fibers was less of a solid plane and more of a broad, endless net of carpeted, dust-fuzzy ropes taller and wider than Mel stood tall by entire factors. Each tightly bound string was its own neighborhood of light grays, reds, greens, blues, all so close and so small that they combined and played off the light to give the perspective of pristine, bright whiteness. That is, from any point of view other than the one of the fragile nerd currently struggling to remain even on all fours atop them. And of course, there were also the gaps. There were immense, canyonesque pits between each and every one of those city-block width cables. Of course, that kind of invisible gap between fibers was completely normal and leant the panties a breathability, but with the shake of Beh’Kah’s breathing, all it meant was Mel struggled to hold on and not fall in. Or, in this case, through.

“Oh, yeah. This feels right.” The confident boom of Beh’Kah’s voice vibrated each fiber clinging to her body like it was a musical instrument, whose note, a booming natural disaster, could only be heard and felt by Mel, who was knocked free and into the nearest fiber gap, to tumble and roll down. It was probably only a millimeter thick, or even half that, but such a distance was nevertheless thousands of times more than Mel’s height, so it was quite an event.

Thankfully, there was someone soft waiting to catch him. With her labia. Her deep, cavernous, bouncy to the touch labia. The very same which were covered by panties blocking his exit.

Mel fought his way to his feet, finding the surface on which he now stood to be smooth, firm, and curved, with an overlook dead ahead of skin which rose like a skyscraper, albeit taking up the entire horizon. He stepped towards it, feeling the very air and ground beneath him twitch with some form of excited moisture. Yet again Beh’Kah couldn’t help herself, and her voice burst open his reality.

“Oh, wow! I hadn’t expected that, but you’re adventurous. You’re right, Mel, now that I feel you there, you’re absolutely correct – clinging to my clit does feel better and more fitting than just having you against my panties. Let’s say we try keeping you there for the rest of the day? You can anchor yourself under the hood. I have to head out again in a moment anyway. Don’t move, I’ll get you something to eat for when we get back. Until then, just get comfortable on my nub.”

Her finger dug against the exterior of her panties, halting the sheer amount of motion her speaking had thrown down her body. Resistance was completely erased as an option. Mel kicked his heels out, trying to do anything whatsoever, and Beh’Kah certainly felt it, but he was already her little friend now, and too fun to let sit in a petri dish. The germ of a mothman was utterly buried beneath a nigh-invisible red-orange, almost pinkish, ridge on the green surface of the kobold’s labia.

Sandwiched between her clit and hood, held down like it was a weighted blanket. Immense, heavy pillows on either side of his fragile form, where he would be utterly helpless, kept in absolute security while Beh’Kah earned a good performance on her little project.

Not that she’d lose a guy against her sex accidentally...right?