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The characters of Alan the whitetail and Manfred (aka "Manny") the fox are owned by Sylvan Scott. This story may not be shared or edited without the express written permission of the author.

Shrinking spurts

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Being alone—isolated and surrounded by dangers both implacable and unavoidable—felt simultaneously like the world's end and something ... familiar. Most whitetails felt this way at one point or another. It was a common theme in deer-oriented films and television series. Even the greatest stag was nothing without his herd. Alan, his rack having fourteen points at only twenty-one years old, had always been one of his community's "greatest". At the gym, his powerful physique put all the other bucks to shame. But, now: looking up and up and up at the towering, toned calves of his sleepy boyfriend, he felt considerably less.

Manfred's white-furred paws boomed against the carpet. He stumbled from the bedroom towards the shower. The light of the setting sun followed in his wake. As far as foxes went, Manny wasn't the tallest, but he was loyal and loving and sensual. Sharing everything, they made quite the odd couple. Manny and Alan, with the latter normally looming almost twice as tall (not including his antlers), shared everything. They shared clothing styles, tastes in kinky sex, a love of magic shows, and a passion for golf.

The fox also shared Alan's perspectives on the world.

Despite being smaller, he always shared what he was given. Manny returned every kindness ... every public display of affection ... every favor. That said, he wasn't a pushover. For a small species such as a vulpine, he walked with a confident swagger that said he was in charge.

Moreso, now...

Ever since that morning.

Alan had met Manny where the fox worked: at an all-night club featuring exotic dancers. While possessing a body to outshine them all, he preferred the role of untouchable hunk mixing cocktails. He flirted with all the patrons, serving up drinks and winks until dawn.

Returning home after a long shift, he would usually kiss Alan awake. Then, after playing around in bed or the shower for a bit, they would share breakfast. Only then would the stag would go to work at the construction site while the fox would crash until sundown.

This morning's sensual massage and hand-job had had more of an impact on Alan than usual. He had felt it at the time: a persistent, inner "glow" of satisfaction. Manny often elicited such feelings but this was stronger than usual.

Then, things changed.

At first, Alan merely found his pants a bit loose. Then, he found his button-down shirt not as tight across his chest as usual. By the time he had made it to work, sitting down in his office to review invoices, he noticed his chair seemed raised by a few inches.

Nine feet tall, most stags were used to living in an undersized world. People were always adjusting things to suit their tinier lives. Both he and Manny had grouched about how tiny people expected so much more than they warranted. And while Manny was much shorter than Alan, nothing about him could be described as "tiny".

To Alan, his boyfriend was no smaller than he.

But by noon that day, the reverse couldn't be said to be true.

After adjusting his chair, he had spent most of the morning on the phone and laptop. Then, going outside the trailer for a visual inspection of the build-site, he began noticing differences in the world...

...In himself.

A chill settled into the pit of his belly. As he walked along the construction site perimeter, he spied pylon holes sunk to unusual depths; uprights rising to unnaturally high heights. When he made it back to the trailer office—after enduring a few jokes and japes about looking a bit “short”—he realized the awful truth.

Somehow, and he had no idea how, he had lost several feet of height.

His clothing barely hung on his body at all. The world seemed heavier and thicker and taller: as if it were growing. When he reached for the door handle, its higher position made things clear.

Quickly, clocking out, he had headed to see his doctor.

But that hadn't gone well.

The doctor had looked stunned and measured him three times.

“I don't get it,” the badger had said. He had continued to stare at Alan, up and down, taking in the odd sight of the merely seven-foot-tall deer. “Your chart says you're nine-foot-two.”

“I know,” he'd grumbled.

“But I swear, you're barely seven-foot-even!”

“Stop saying the obvious,” Alan had snapped.

“Let me measure you again...”

Humiliated, the stag had only put up with it because ... what other choice did he have? By the time his physician had finished, though, Alan had shrunk to six feet tall. His doctor's increasingly amazed stares burned into him. He had decided he was done waiting for an answer that wasn't coming.

He had to get home.

The subsequent bus ride was crowded. Worse, he had received a ton of stares. He had blushed, hanging his head while trying not to look at the rabbits, foxes, wolves, and other typically smaller species in the eye. Wrapping his oversized shirt around himself like a cloak, he had hunched forward during the excruciating ride and tried to ignore the looks and whispers.

At the front door of his house, he couldn't reach the security panel he had installed last winter.

He had leaped up several times, trying to punch each number on the keypad one after the other. But after four failed attempts, and being a tiny three feet tall, he had quickly abandoned that plan. Instead, retrieving the key hidden by the back door he had managed, after three attempts, to get it into the manual, rear entry lock.

Exhausted, he had stumbled into his titanic kitchen. But, once there, dizziness struck. The world seemed to expand: upwards and away. He found himself disoriented and weaving.

Two feet tall, he could actually feel himself getting smaller in fits and starts.

Spurts.

All this had started after Manny had stroked him off. It had been the last time he had felt normal. Looking back on it, it was as if he had sprung a leak in his size and, now, was getting smaller: his size just draining away. It was irrational, but it had been the only idea he could come up with.

He needed help.

He needed answers.

He ran for the bedroom but, annoyingly, Manny slept with the door closed.

Alan couldn't reach the knob.

He banged on the door again and again. He had cried out to try and get his boyfriend's attention but it was no use.

All the while, Alan shrank.

He got smaller and smaller and smaller as the sun sunk lower and lower and lower. By evening, he had figured himself to be less than a foot tall.

All he could do was wait, hoping he hadn't completely evaporated by the time Manny awoke.

Eventually, he had heard motion of a truly momentous nature.

It had been a tremendous, muffled boom that shook the floor and made the fibres of carpeting wave like grasses in a Great Plains wind.

Booming again from beyond the bedroom door, he had quickly guessed what it was.

Alan had sprung to his feet but, subsequently, been swept aside by the opening door's air current. Blearily, the giant, naked form of his boyfriend stomped out.

His first step nearly crushed the six-inch stag.

Alan scrambled to his feet, trying to get away. Each dive and dash to one side or the other, however, merely put him in danger of the fox's next step. He ran about, darting to-and-fro through the thick carpet. Panting like he would after a workout on the heaviest, gym weights, he desperately tried to stay un-crushed. He shouted for Manfred to help, but the fox showed no signs of noticing. Another booming paw came down forcing Alan to dive to the side. His boyfriend's massive, orange, black, and white-furred paws continued halfway down the hall...

And then, Manny was in the bathroom.

Its door closed.

The giant fox had walked right by the once staggering stag without so much as a blink.

And Alan still felt himself getting smaller.

He sprinted as fast as he could. He had insisted upon shag carpeting; his hooves were forever slipping on hardwood and tile. Now, that decision haunted him. The strands of carpet came up to Alan's knees. It was like running through a vine-choked swamp. And the more he exerted himself, the more he felt his shrinking increase.

He passed a golf ball that he'd playfully tossed at Manny the other night.

It was about half his height.

Struggling, he strained his way to the bathroom door. Inside, he heard water running like a torrential downpour. The booming of his boyfriend's paws shook his tiny body as he dwindled past two inches.

He couldn't afford to wait.

The space under the door was almost big enough.

Or, he reflected fearfully, he was almost small enough to fit *under* it.

He got down on all fours, powerful muscles straining, and dragged himself through. His antlers got stuck, twice, but soon he was under an inch in height.

He gasped for air as he squeezed into the steamy bathroom.

...And nearly slammed into a giant toe.

With all his struggles, he hadn't noticed the booming had stopped.

The water, many leagues away in the shower, rushed on.

A shape in the steam blocked the harsh rays of the sun-like bulbs in the vanity.

Slowly, he looked up.

Seemingly a mile away—past a slender body, overly-large cock, and acres of deep, plush fur—was Manny's wide, playful grin.

"Well," boomed the fox. "You certainly got awful cute..." With the tiniest of motions, slamming into Alan like an earthquake, Manny flicked the deer onto his ass with a nudge from his toe. "Looks like the toy-potion I slipped into the lube I jerked you off with has worked wonders!" Each syllable shook the tiny deer like a stroke of lightning from an oncoming hurricane. "Shall we see if the invulnerability enchantment worked too?"

"Manny! Wait! Wha- what're you doing?" His squeak was tiny and high-pitched; it couldn't have reached further than a foot. But as he shrank past half an inch tall, his boyfriend didn't seem to have a problem hearing him.

"Just think back on every time you ever teased me for being the shorter one ... the *smaller* one..." The shadow of his toe fell over Alan and the tiny, tiny man shivered with conflicting feelings of fear and arousal. "You said I liked it ... and you were right." His playful grin increased.

"But ... but how? Why?" squeaked the bug-sized whitetail.

"I'm just sharing ... returning the favor," the fox rumbled.

And his giant toe came crushing down...

The End