




THE DWINDLING



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Wang

SO, YOU'RE TWO INCHES TALL AT THE TIME. THEY'VE JUST WRONGLY ACCUSED BILLY DUMAS OF KIDNAPPING YOU, AND THE POLICEWOMAN INVESTIGATING BRUSHED OFF YOUR PROTESTS AND WALKED OUT ON YOU.

YEAH. I WAS BOTH TERRIFIED FOR BILLY AND P--REALLY ANGRY AT THE COP. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WENT ON AS SOON AS SHE LEFT THE ROOM.




WHAT THE FLICK DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING IN THERE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? SHE'S OBVIOUSLY CONFUSED, THE POOR LITTLE THING. SHE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE DUMAS KIDNAPPED HER.

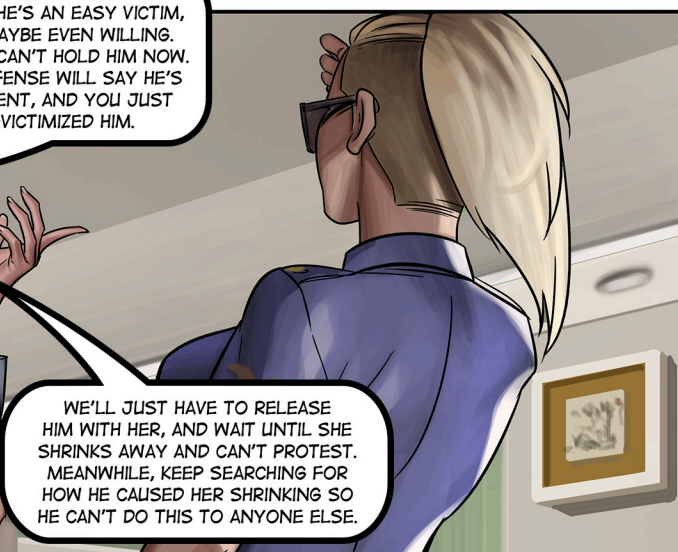


YOU FUCKING MORON! SHE JUST TOLD YOU HE *DIDN'T* KIDNAP HER, AND YOU BLEW HER OFF! YOU JUST GAVE THIS BASTARD A TERRIFIC *DEFENSE!*


B-BUT... BUT THIS IS CLEARLY STOCKHOLM SYNDROME, WHERE THE VICTIM EMPATHIZES WITH THE KIDNAPPER! AS A VICTIM'S ADVOCATE, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.



OF *COURSE*, I KNOW THAT. SHE'S AN EASY VICTIM, AND MAYBE EVEN WILLING. BUT WE CAN'T HOLD HIM NOW. THE DEFENSE WILL SAY HE'S INNOCENT, AND YOU JUST REVICTIMIZED HIM.




WE'LL JUST HAVE TO RELEASE HIM WITH HER, AND WAIT UNTIL SHE SHRINKS AWAY AND CAN'T PROTEST. MEANWHILE, KEEP SEARCHING FOR HOW HE CAUSED HER SHRINKING SO HE CAN'T DO THIS TO ANYONE ELSE.

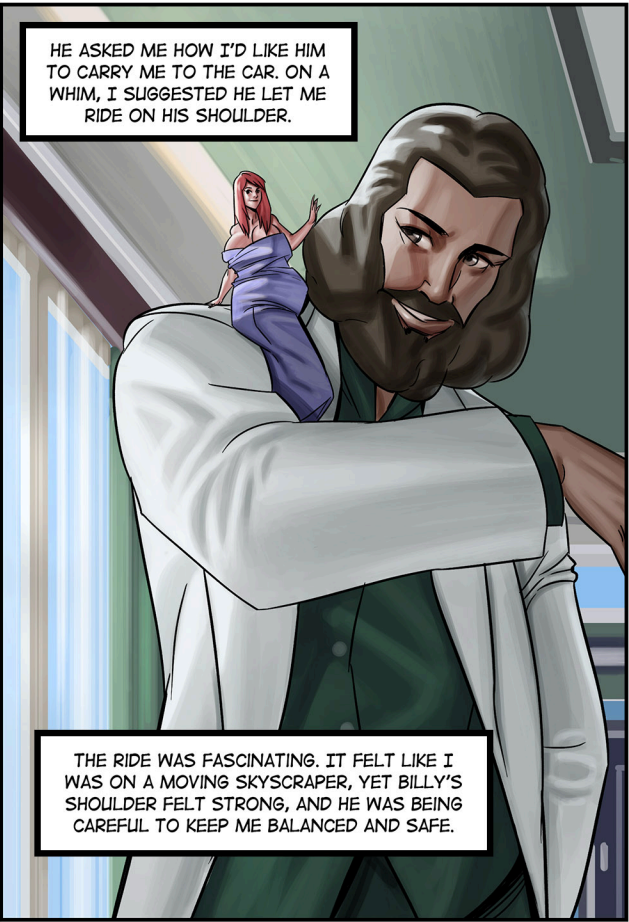


YOU WERE DESCRIBING THE POLICE INTERVIEW, BUT THERE'S A GAP IN YOUR STORY. WHAT HAPPENED WHEN BILLY CAME TO GET YOU?

RIGHT. WELL, I WAS JUST UNDER A FOOT TALL WHEN BILLY CAME TO THE DOOR. I KNEW HE WAS DIFFERENT THAN MY SO-CALLED "FRIENDS" WHEN HE OFFERED ME HIS HAND TO CLIMB ON, RATHER THAN JUST PICKING ME UP.




HE GOT ME A HANKIE TO WRAP MYSELF IN. TO ME, IT WAS AS BIG AS A BEDSHEET AT THAT TIME, BUT IT WAS A CONSIDERATE THING TO DO. HE WAS TREATING ME LIKE A HUMAN BEING. NO ONE HAD DONE THAT FOR WEEKS.



HE ASKED ME HOW I'D LIKE HIM TO CARRY ME TO THE CAR. ON A WHIM, I SUGGESTED HE LET ME RIDE ON HIS SHOULDER.

THE RIDE WAS FASCINATING. IT FELT LIKE I WAS ON A MOVING SKYSCRAPER, YET BILLY'S SHOULDER FELT STRONG, AND HE WAS BEING CAREFUL TO KEEP ME BALANCED AND SAFE.

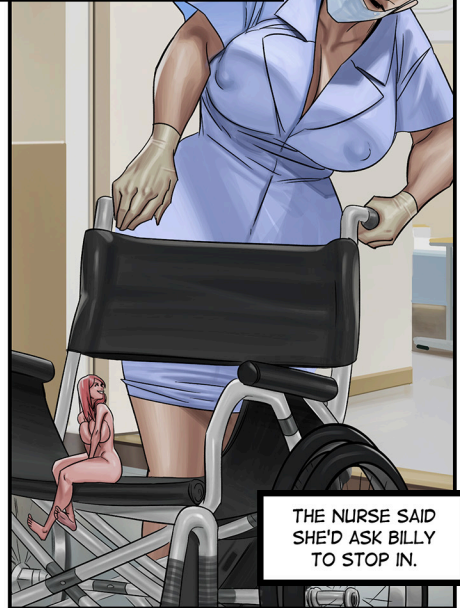


I HAD TO RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL IN A CUPHOLDER, BUT BILLY LINED IT WITH A HANDKERCHIEF TO HELP KEEP ME SAFE. EVEN IN THIS SITUATION, THIS STRANGER WAS CARING FOR ME, SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE HAD DONE LATELY.

THEY POKED, PRODDED, AND PROBED ME IN THE HOSPITAL FOR SEVERAL HOURS, DURING WHICH TIME I LOST SEVERAL MORE MILLIMETERS. BY NOW I WAS SO SMALL I COULD SEE THE DIFFERENCE AS I DWINDLED AWAY.



THEY WHEELED ME TO A PRIVATE ROOM DUE TO THE UNKNOWN NATURE OF MY CONDITION. ON THE WAY, I ASKED THE NURSE IF BILLY COULD VISIT ME. HE WAS THE CLOSEST THING I HAD TO A FRIEND AT THIS POINT.



THE NURSE SAID SHE'D ASK BILLY TO STOP IN.

BEING ALONE IN THE ROOM WAS TERRIFYING. THE BED SEEMED AS BIG AS A FOOTBALL FIELD. THE SHEETS ALONE WERE TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO MOVE, LET ALONE THE BLANKET.



THE PILLOW WAS TOO THICK TO USE, AND SO SOFT IT WAS HARD TO CLIMB. I COULDN'T EVEN ACCESS THE CALL BUTTONS, THE PHONE, OR THE REMOTE FOR THE TV. THEY WERE ALL OUT OF REACH WITHOUT AN ACROBATIC CLIMB.

I GOT SOME RELIEF WHEN BILLY ARRIVED AFTER HIS SHIFT WAS DONE. HE SMILED, AND MY WORLD BRIGHTENED IMMEDIATELY.





BILLY COULD SEE I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE. HE MOVED ME TO THE NIGHTSTAND SO HE COULD SIT IN THE CHAIR AND WE COULD TALK MORE COMFORTABLY.

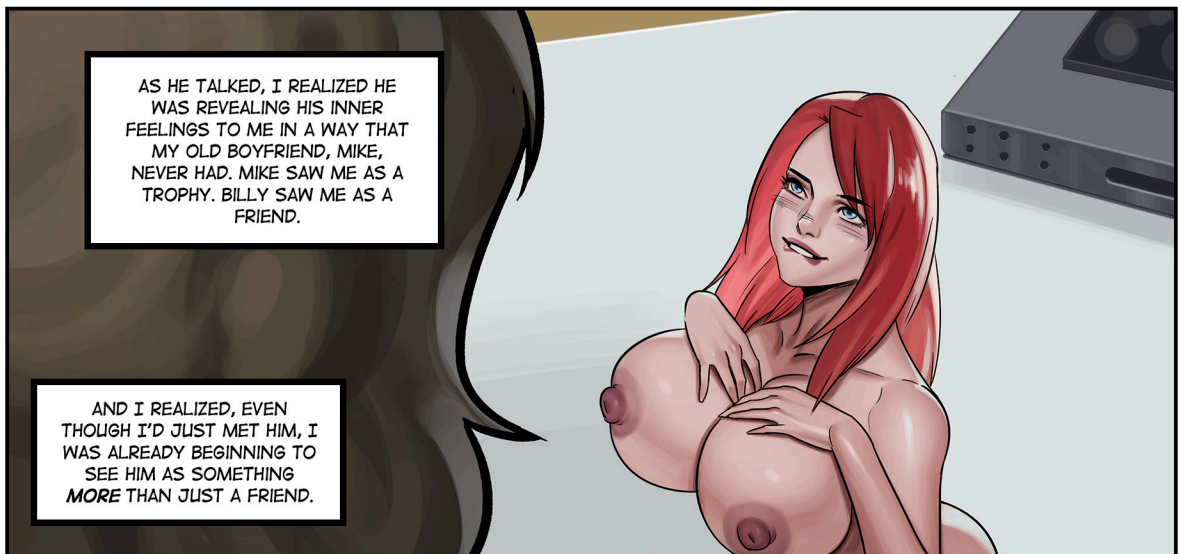


WE TALKED FOR HOURS. HE ASKED HOW IT FELT TO GO THROUGH THIS. TO MY SURPRISE, I FOUND IT EASY TO TELL HIM ALL OF IT. I'D ONLY MET HIM THAT MORNING, BUT I FELT LIKE I KNEW HIM ALL MY LIFE.

AT ONE POINT I HEARD WHAT I THOUGHT WAS HIS STOMACH GROWLING. I ASKED IF HE NEEDED TO GET SUPPER, BUT HE SAID HE WAS FINE.

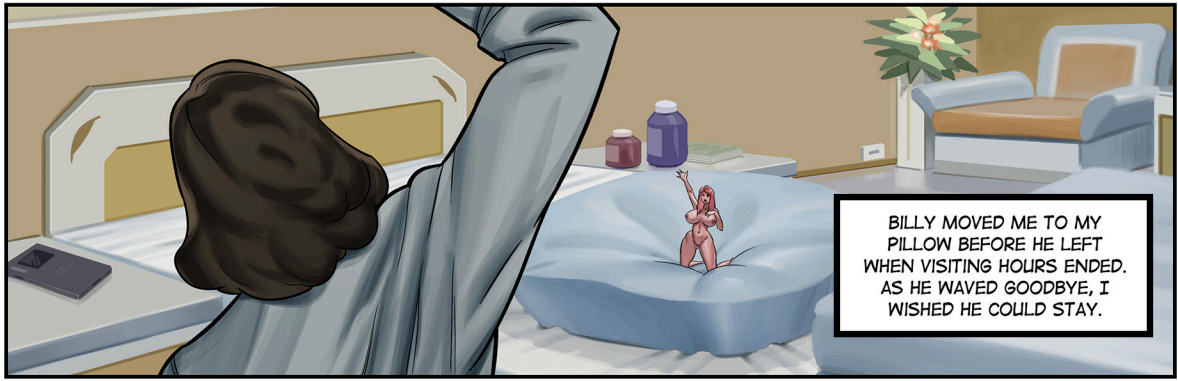


HE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS HOPING TO BECOME A PARTNER IN A SMALL BUSINESS A FRIEND OF HIS RAN. IT INVOLVED MAKING MOLDED PLASTIC GENERATED BY MICRO-ORGANISMS--NOT FROM OIL, BUT BIOPLASTICS.



AS HE TALKED, I REALIZED HE WAS REVEALING HIS INNER FEELINGS TO ME IN A WAY THAT MY OLD BOYFRIEND, MIKE, NEVER HAD. MIKE SAW ME AS A TROPHY. BILLY SAW ME AS A FRIEND.

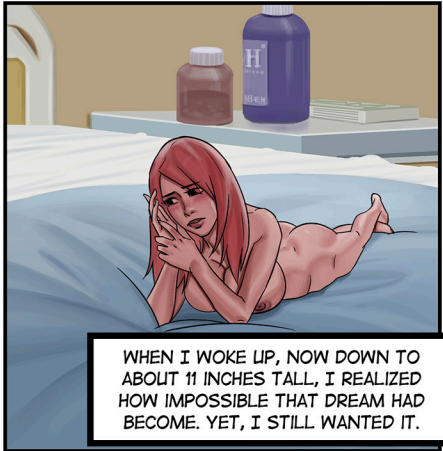
AND I REALIZED, EVEN THOUGH I'D JUST MET HIM, I WAS ALREADY BEGINNING TO SEE HIM AS SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A FRIEND.



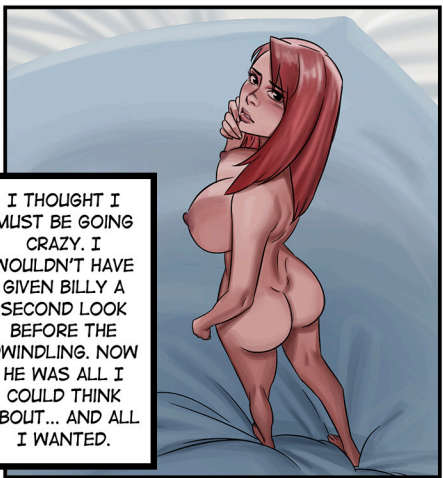
BILLY MOVED ME TO MY PILLOW BEFORE HE LEFT WHEN VISITING HOURS ENDED. AS HE WAVED GOODBYE, I WISHED HE COULD STAY.



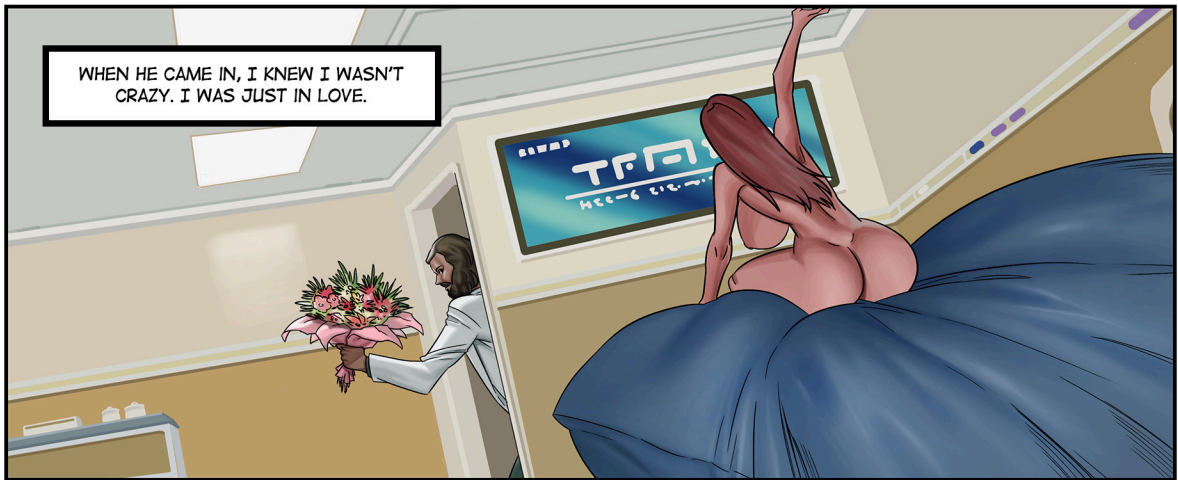
THAT NIGHT, I DREAMED I WAS MY OLD HEIGHT, AND MAKING LOVE TO BILLY.



WHEN I WOKE UP, NOW DOWN TO ABOUT 11 INCHES TALL, I REALIZED HOW IMPOSSIBLE THAT DREAM HAD BECOME. YET, I STILL WANTED IT.



I THOUGHT I MUST BE GOING CRAZY. I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN BILLY A SECOND LOOK BEFORE THE DWINDLING. NOW HE WAS ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT... AND ALL I WANTED.



WHEN HE CAME IN, I KNEW I WASN'T CRAZY. I WAS JUST IN LOVE.

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, I SAT AT THE EDGE OF THE NIGHTSTAND WHILE BILLY AND I TALKED.



EVERY DAY, I LOST ANOTHER 24 MILLIMETERS BEFORE HE ARRIVED, AND FEW MORE WHILE WE TALKED. HE CHECKED TO SEE HOW I WAS FEELING.



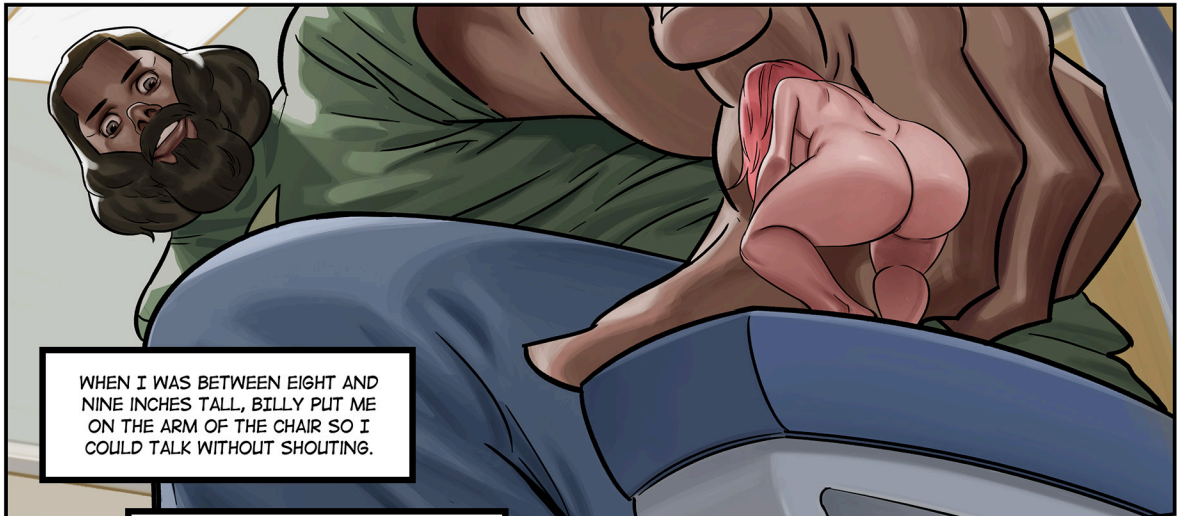
I WANTED TO TELL HIM I FELT BETTER THAN I'D FELT SINCE THIS STARTED--THAT I FELT LIKE A WHOLE WOMAN AGAIN--WHILE HE WAS WITH ME, BUT I HADN'T WORKED UP THE COURAGE YET.



EVERY VISIT, I HEARD WHAT I THOUGHT WAS HIS STOMACH RUMBLING, BUT HE ALWAYS SAID HE WASN'T HUNGRY.



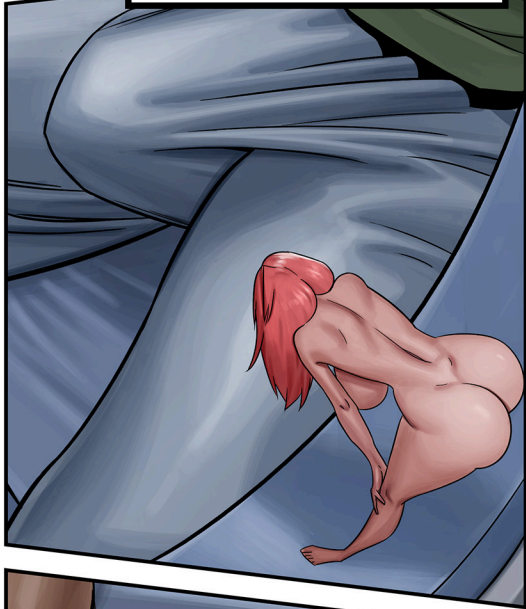
AS I GOT SMALLER, THE NOISE FROM BILLY GOT LOUDER TO ME. MEANWHILE, MY VOICE WAS GETTING FAINTER. I HAD TO SHOUT TO BE HEARD FROM THE NIGHTSTAND NOW.



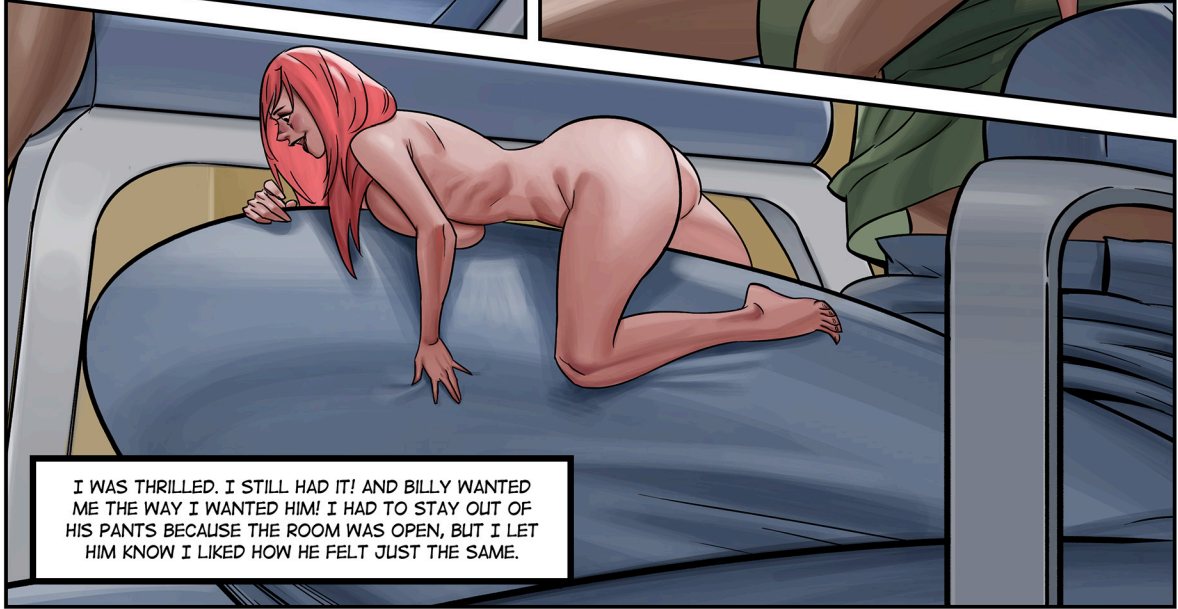
WHEN I WAS BETWEEN EIGHT AND NINE INCHES TALL, BILLY PUT ME ON THE ARM OF THE CHAIR SO I COULD TALK WITHOUT SHOUTING.

THAT WAS WHEN I FINALLY HAD AN ANGLE TO SEE WHAT I WAS HEARING. IT WASN'T BILLY'S STOMACH. HE WAS HAVING ENOUGH BLOOD FLOW TO HIS MANHOOD THAT MY TINY EARS COULD HEAR IT.

BILLY BLUSHED AS HE TOLD ME THAT HE'D NEVER THOUGHT HE'D BE ABLE TO SPEND TIME WITH A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS ME.



ALSO, HE CONFESSED HE HAD A KINK FOR SIZE CHANGE. MY SIZE WAS TURNING HIM ON, AND THE CONTINUING CHANGE WAS MAKING IT WORSE.



I WAS THRILLED. I STILL HAD IT! AND BILLY WANTED ME THE WAY I WANTED HIM! I HAD TO STAY OUT OF HIS PANTS BECAUSE THE ROOM WAS OPEN, BUT I LET HIM KNOW I LIKED HOW HE FELT JUST THE SAME.

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER THE DOCTORS TOLD ME THEY STILL DIDN'T KNOW WHY I WAS DWINDLING OR HOW TO STOP IT, I TOLD THEM I WANTED TO CHECK MYSELF OUT. THAT WAS MY LEGAL RIGHT, AND I KNEW IT.

THEY SAID I COULDN'T. I WAS STILL SHRINKING AND THEY SAID MY SIZE HAD MADE ME UNABLE TO THINK OR ACT FOR MYSELF.

I TOLD THEM MY SIZE HAD NO IMPACT ON MY ABILITY TO REASON, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO DWINDLE TO NOTHINGNESS IN A HOSPITAL ROOM. THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN.

BILLY FOUND ME CRYING WHEN HE ARRIVED. HE ASKED ME WHAT WAS WRONG, AND I TOLD HIM.

I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HE SAID NEXT.

THOSE BASTARDS...

IT WAS QUIET, SO I DON'T THINK HE KNEW I HEARD, BUT I WAS SO SMALL HIS VOICE RESONATED TO ME.



I TOLD BILLY I WANTED TO GO HOME WITH HIM AND SPEND WHAT TIME I HAD LEFT THERE, WHERE WE COULD AT LEAST ENJOY WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO ME. HE AGREED.



THE ONE THING I DIDN'T THINK TO DO BEFORE LEAVING WAS TO WRITE A NOTE SAYING I WAS CHECKING MYSELF OUT.

ON MY SCALE, WRITING A PHYSICAL NOTE WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD, AND TYPING ANYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN ON BILLY'S CELL. MINE WAS BACK IN MY OLD APARTMENT. STILL, I REGRET THAT CHOICE NOW...




I COULD FEEL BILLY REACTING TO MY PRESENCE IN HIS PANTS. I GOT THROUGH A HOLE IN HIS POCKET, AND HE WASN'T WEARING UNDERWEAR.



I SAW MY OPPORTUNITY AND TOOK IT.



BILLY ASKED ME TO STOP FOR NOW SO HE COULD GET ME HOME SAFELY. RELUCTANTLY, I DID.



WE WENT STRAIGHT TO BILLY'S BEDROOM WHEN WE GOT HOME. I WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE HIS COLOSSAL COCK!

WAIT. YOU SAID, "WHEN WE GOT HOME?" WHICH HOME?


OUR--I MEAN, BILLY'S HOME. SORRY. I THINK OF IT AS OUR HOME NOW.



ANYWAY, WITHOUT GETTING TOO GRAPHIC, I WAS DEFINITELY READY TO ENJOY BILLY...



...AND HELP HIM ENJOY LITTLE ME!



YOU SAID, "LITTLE ME." THAT'S THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE SOUNDED ACTUALLY HAPPY ABOUT THE DWINDLING.

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS HAPPY ABOUT IT. SMALL AS I WAS PHYSICALLY, BILLY MADE ME FEEL LIKE A WOMAN--A WHOLE WOMAN. IT WAS *WONDERFUL!*

OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, I MADE LOVE TO BILLY AS OFTEN AS I COULD WHEN HE WAS HOME.



WITH EVERY PASSING DAY, I DWINDLED NEARLY ANOTHER INCH, AND BILLY SEEMED BIGGER...



...AND BIGGER...



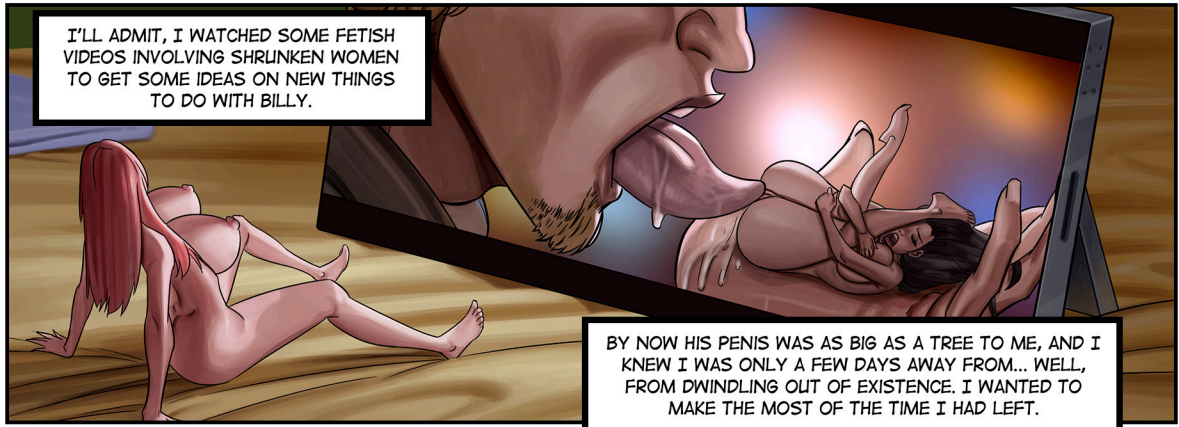
...AND BIGGER.





DIDN'T BILLY HAVE TO GO TO WORK? WHAT DID YOU DO THEN?

HE SET UP A SPACE FOR ME ON HIS NIGHTSTAND. I COULD WATCH VIDEO ON HIS CELLPHONE, AND THERE WAS SOME WATER IN A DISH WITH A THIMBLE FOR ME TO DRINK FROM AND A CRACKER ON HAND TO EAT.



I'LL ADMIT, I WATCHED SOME FETISH VIDEOS INVOLVING SHRUNKEN WOMEN TO GET SOME IDEAS ON NEW THINGS TO DO WITH BILLY.

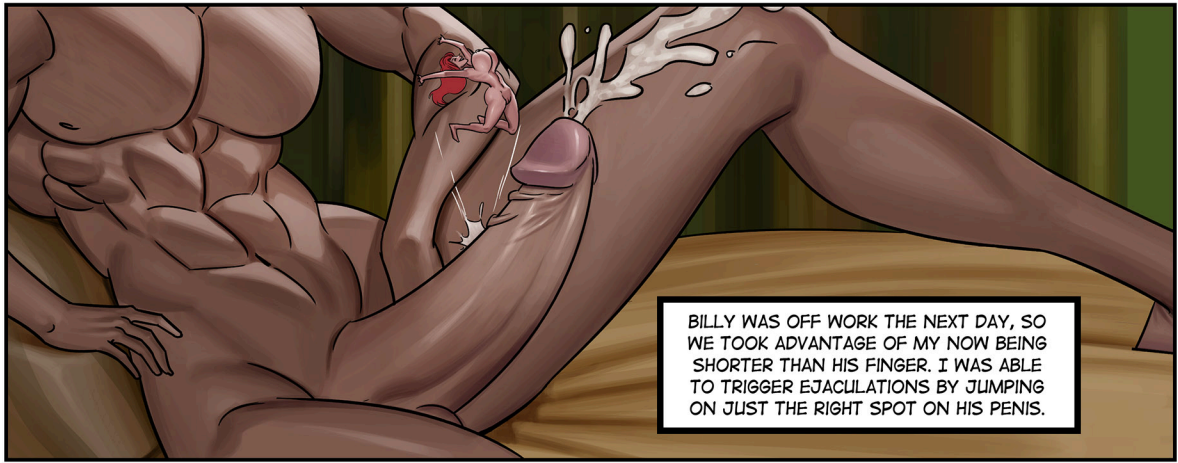
BY NOW HIS PENIS WAS AS BIG AS A TREE TO ME, AND I KNEW I WAS ONLY A FEW DAYS AWAY FROM... WELL, FROM DWINDLING OUT OF EXISTENCE. I WANTED TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE TIME I HAD LEFT.



BILLY WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO EXPLORE THESE OPTIONS WITH ME.



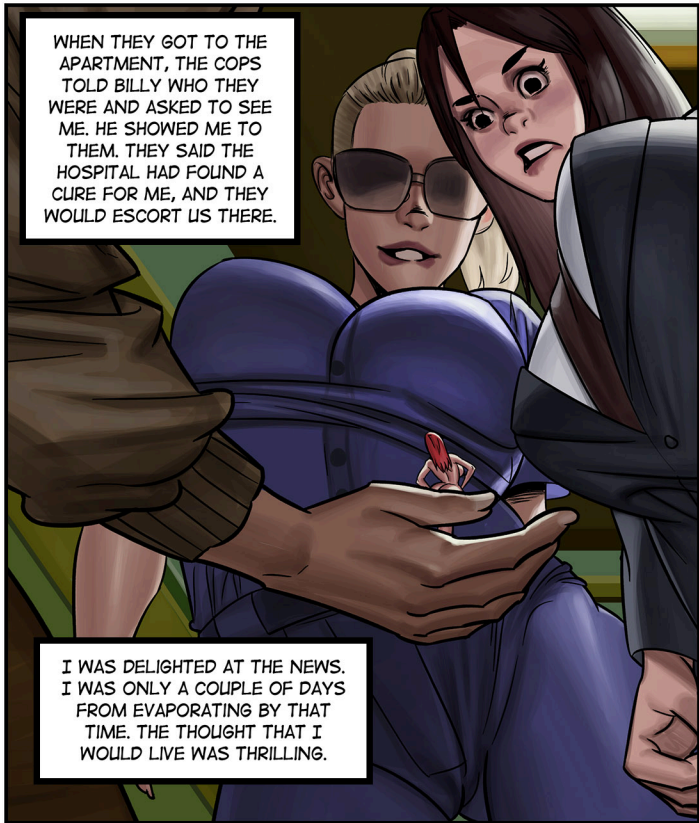
I DIDN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT THE VIDEO SEARCH WAS MY *SECOND* MISTAKE. IT TURNED OUT, THIS ONE WOULD BE WORSE THAN FAILING TO LET THEM KNOW I WAS CHECKING OUT.



BILLY WAS OFF WORK THE NEXT DAY, SO WE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MY NOW BEING SHORTER THAN HIS FINGER. I WAS ABLE TO TRIGGER EJACULATIONS BY JUMPING ON JUST THE RIGHT SPOT ON HIS PENIS.



THE DAY AFTER THAT, THE POLICE FOLLOWED BILLY HOME FROM WORK.



WHEN THEY GOT TO THE APARTMENT, THE COPS TOLD BILLY WHO THEY WERE AND ASKED TO SEE ME. HE SHOWED ME TO THEM. THEY SAID THE HOSPITAL HAD FOUND A CURE FOR ME, AND THEY WOULD ESCORT US THERE.

I WAS DELIGHTED AT THE NEWS. I WAS ONLY A COUPLE OF DAYS FROM EVAPORATING BY THAT TIME. THE THOUGHT THAT I WOULD LIVE WAS THRILLING.



HAD THEY FOUND A CURE?

NO. THE FILTHY BASTARDS LIED TO US SO THEY COULD TRY TO FILE KIDNAPPING CHARGES AGAINST BILLY, EVEN AFTER I TOLD THEM IT WAS ALL MY IDEA.



THEN THEY LET US GO HOME. WE THOUGHT WE'D CONVINCED THEM, AND I COULD ENJOY WHAT TIME I HAD LEFT WITH THE MAN I... LOVED.



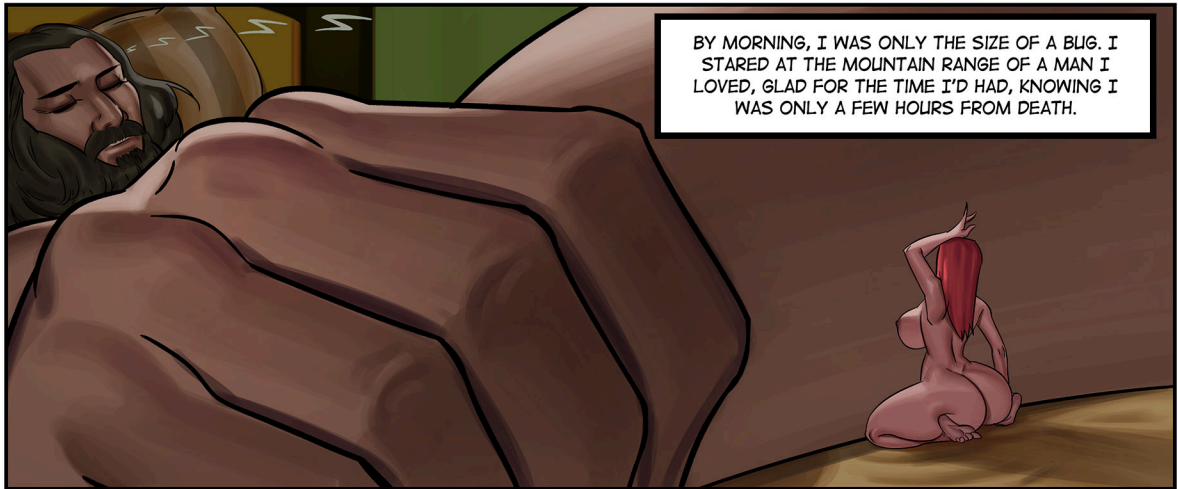
BY THE NEXT DAY, I WAS ONLY AN INCH TALL, AND BILLY'S PENIS WAS AS BIG TO ME AS A SKYSCRAPER. I RAN ALONG IT, LETTING HIM FEEL MY TINY FEET AS THEY THUMPED AS HARD AS I COULD.



BY THAT NIGHT, I WAS LESS THAN AN INCH TALL. I SLID MY LEGS INSIDE BILLY'S PENIS TIP, HOPING TO RIDE A GEYSER OF CLIM.



I WAS NOT DISAPPOINTED.



BY MORNING, I WAS ONLY THE SIZE OF A BUG. I STARED AT THE MOUNTAIN RANGE OF A MAN I LOVED, GLAD FOR THE TIME I'D HAD, KNOWING I WAS ONLY A FEW HOURS FROM DEATH.



I WAS SO TINY BY THIS TIME IT TOOK ME A FEW MINUTES TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. WHAT SOUNDED LIKE THUNDER WAS THE COPS BREAKING IN THE DOOR.

WHAT SOUNDED LIKE RUMBLING ON HURRICANE WINDS WAS THEM ARRESTING BILLY FOR MY KIDNAPPING, TORTURE, AND MURDER.



THEY NEVER EVEN SAW ME ON THE TABLE, ALTHOUGH THEY DIDN'T LOOK FOR ME EITHER. THEY HAD CALCULATED WHEN I'D SHRINK AWAY, AND I WAS SO TINY NOW I DIDN'T MATTER ANYMORE.

MY GOD! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN AWFUL!

IT WAS HORRIBLE. THE MAN I LOVED WAS FRAMED FOR A CRIME THAT NEVER HAPPENED, AND I WAS MERE HOURS AWAY FROM A DEATH THAT WOULDN'T EVEN LEAVE ANYTHING TO BURY. I COULDN'T HELP BILLY, OR EVEN MYSELF.

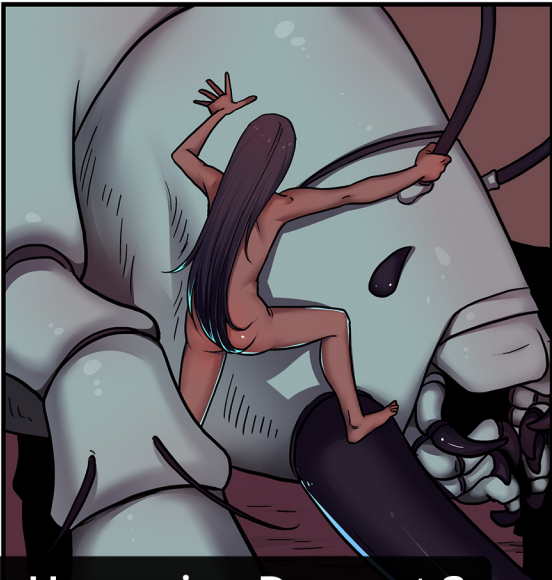
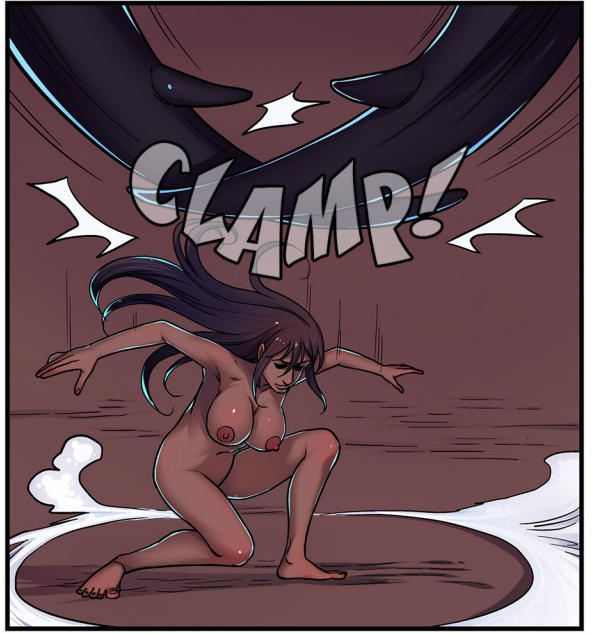


AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT...

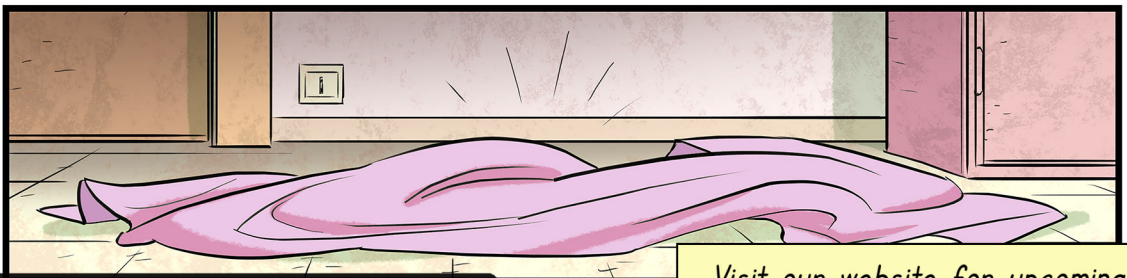
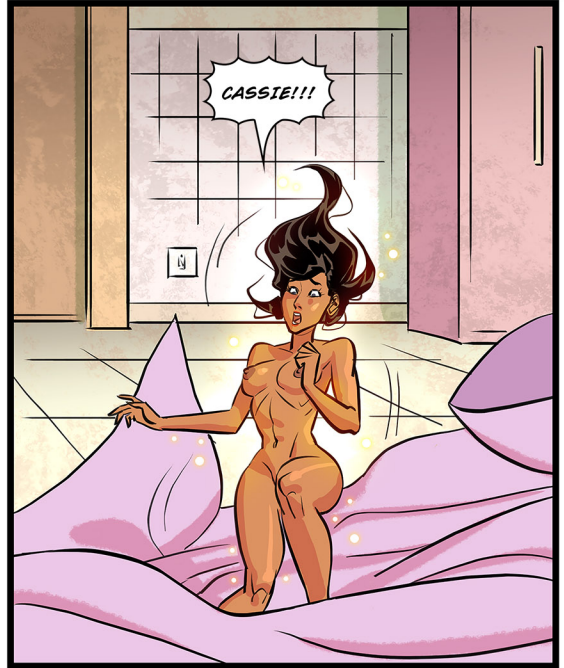
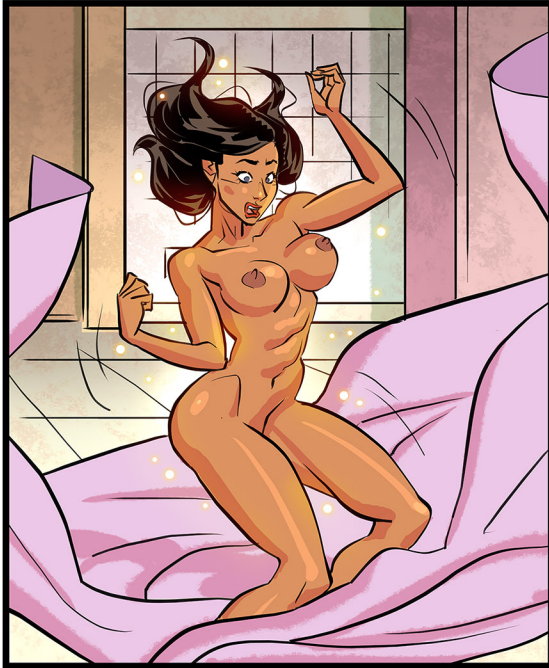
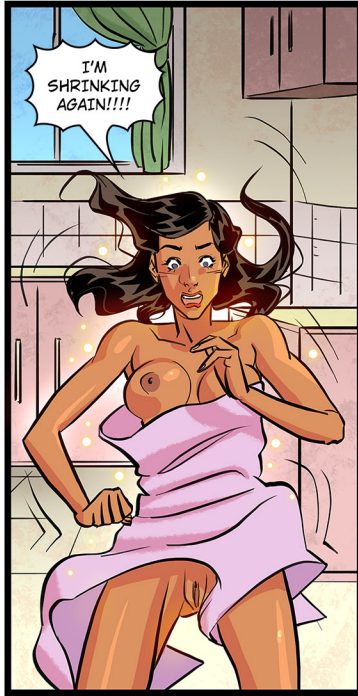
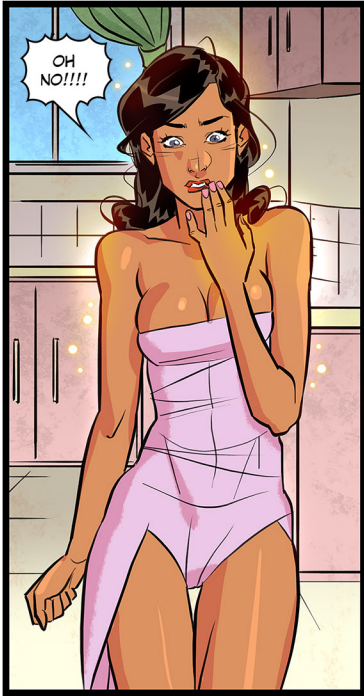
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