The bell chimed overhead as Castor entered a small cafe in New York City, he just wanted to grab a quick bite to eat before heading back home from work. Looking over the menu board he was quite tempted by all the delicious options, especially considering that had some artisanal specials. Seeing the restaurant offered a special soup and sandwich combo the man decided to go for a classic grilled cheese with tomato bisque.

Heading over to the counter he was greeted by the male cashier who shot him a wide grin, “I’d like to order the grilled cheese sandwich on honey roasted whole grain bread with a tomato bisque on the side.”

“Perfect, that’ll be $13.99, how would you like to pay?” Castor held out his debit card and tapped the terminal, making sure to enter a bit of a tip since he already seemed to like the vibe of the restaurant.

The food was ready promptly, cheese oozing from two slices of buttered bread and a steaming bowl of creamy red bisque were placed on the tray by the cashier who told him to ask if he needed a drink during his meal.

Grabbing the food, Castor decided to head towards the patio area, the weather was quite nice today and he just wanted a chance to take it all in. He ended up picking a table in the corner, noticing that the seats were empty except for a blonde haired man who was intensely sketching something.

Paying him no mind, Castor sat down and started to dig into his sandwich. Unbeknownst to Castor the blonde haired man was no other than Steve Rogers, of the Avengers. The hero decided to take the day off to work on some of his art pieces depicting some of the architecture around New York.

The hero was lost in thought as he idly did another sketch, sandals kicked off as he stretched his legs underneath the table. Steve didn’t realize that a stray Pym particle had latched onto his clothes during a visit to Scott Lang’s lab in the morning before he headed out.

The particle was completely inactive, only touching the synthetic fibres of Steve’s mesh shorts, but was quickly picked up by the wind and floated over to Castor who had readily begun digging into his food.

Just as Castor finished off his meal a particle latched onto his skin interacting with his body on a molecular level. The poor guy started to feel faint and eventually passed out, with no one even realizing he was currently the size of a large ant on the concrete floor.

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Castor was disoriented after being hit by the Pym particle, trying to get his bearings all he noticed by a sea of grey gravel in front of him. Wondering where he was, the man started to walk forward until he came across a massive black tree?

*What is that?* He thought, only to stare upwards and notice that it wasn’t a tree at all but a gigantic metal table leg. Now the tiny man started to panic, wondering what happened before as he stared into the distance only seeing a massive figure hunched over the table.

Immediately Castor recognized the blonde haired man as his fellow diner who appeared to be seated a couple tables over. He immediately decided that he needed to contact the other man and get his help, before some insect or rat decided to make him their next meal.

Looking upwards he noticed the man’s muscular form was on full display with a tight shirt and gym shorts. Castor could easily spot how the stranger casually flexed his muscles when doing something as simple as drawing. His entire body would possibly be the size of several mountain ranges. Everything about this stranger was literally larger than life, Castor figures even one strand of his hair would be almost like a length of rope from him.

Walking across the cobblestones, Castor noted how the ground was full of small cracks and pores, almost invisible when he was at his normal height. It made it difficult to cross at such a diminutive size but, the tiny man knew this stranger may be his only hope at being contacted.

After a couple of minutes Castor was panting and gasping as if he had run a marathon across the whole city. In reality he only ran a couple of feet between tables, finally approaching the titanic blonde haired stranger. It appeared the stranger was getting ready to leave, causing Castor to panic and run towards his massive feet trying to gain his attention in any way.

The massive man started to wedge his foot into the sandal as he packed his sketchbook and pencils away. Castor could hear the foam creaking under the man's weight,being thrown off balance and tossed into the front of the strangers sandal. He was soon surrounded by a growing pressure as the man slowly clenched his toes. Each of the flesh covered mountains moved in tandem as they slowly tried to compress the tiny man between them, Castor panicked, terrified he could be crushed when the blonde man started to walk. He did not yet know that the Pym particles increased his durability significantly.

Castor breathed a sigh of relief as the man’s toes eased up, he desperately tried yelling for attention but his voice was drowned out by the ambient noise of the city. He felt himself rushing forward as the stranger finally stood up and took his first step, it was as if Castor was on a rollercoaster with the air whipping and the growing sense of nausea. Desperately clutching on the flesh beside him he struggled to keep himself steady on the sweat soaked digits.

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Steve cracked his back as finally finished up the sketch he was working on, pleased with how the overall composition turned out. He decided it was time to go back to the tower, unaware of his new tiny companion that was along for the ride. The soldier’s massive feet were battle worn and barely felt Castor desperately clawing for any attention.

Deciding to take the scenic route home Steve started whistling a 40’s show tune to himself, still in awe at how much the city changed since he was nothing more than a scrawny kid. Since it was one of the few days off he got from the Avengers to rest up and relax the hero wanted to take full advantage of it.

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Meanwhile Castor groaned as Steve’s rhythmic footsteps were like a rollercoaster, wind whipping across his body as the tiny man was tossed up and for. For him the walk back towards Avengers tower was thrilling and terrifying having a stranger's foot dominate his entire existence without even trying. Castor could barely move as he was embedded into the hero's foot flesh, sweat starting to build up and coat his body.

He cringed hearing a thunderous humming, realizing the stranger decided to start singing an unfamiliar tune and slowing his steps. God, at this rate he’d never be able to escape, but the tiny man realized how fruitless it would be trying to contact the titan this way. Eventually after what felt like hours he felt the massive stranger finally stop and kick off his sandals.

Castor felt stuck as his body was deeply embedded in the strangers sandal, it took quite a bit of wiggling to free himself from the sweat soaked foam. The titanic strangers bare feet walked across the tiled floor and towards another room to the right.

Running across the sandal Castor felt utterly humiliated and completely helpless as a stranger's sweat and scent coated his entire body. A small part of him was also thankful the massive titan didn’t crush him into paste from his casual walk home. Trying to get his bearings once more the tiny man stared around, noticing he was in a modern looking apartment.

Sighing to himself once more he realized his only chance of being discovered was to find where the massive stranger ran away to. Coming to the edge of the sandal, Castor slowly climbed down until he was on sleek black tile.

The tiny man marveled at how the gigantic man’s feet seemed to have left imprints of sweat across the tile. Droplets formed a distinctive pattern forming a partial heel and outline of toes, looking like something from an alien world. It made the floor quite slippery and treacherous for the tiny man who found himself being coated in the man’s sweat once more.

Eventually Castor turned right and came into a massive open living space, complete with couches, a TV leading into a kitchen equipped with barstools. For the tiny man what would look mundane was quite alien, everyday objects would probably take him hours to scale at this size. He could even see the tiny dents and imperfections on furniture that were almost naked to the human eye.

Hearing a rumbling in the distance Castor gazed upwards, coming eye to eye with the titanic stranger from the cafe who was taking a nap across the couch. From this perspective it was as if the man was perched uptop a massive skyscraper. The tiny man was disheartened immediately at how he’d reach his only lifeline from such a great distance.

Looking around the living room, Castor noticed the stranger had a massive stack of books reaching a side table situated near the couch. It would be his only hope to reach the giant as such a small size. Walking closer to the books he noticed that quite a few of them were well-worn hardcovers with yellowing pages and tiny tears. He couldn’t help but wonder if the stranger from the cafe was history buff, noting many of the spines discussed the second world war.

Steeling his resolve, Castor stepped up to one of the books and started to climb, using the gaps between pages as hand and foot holds. Given his size the books were quite sturdy and easy to maneuver. After about 20 minutes or so he managed to make it on top of the precarious stack, being at eye level with the side table.

Taking a breather for a second Castor took the time to survey the living space from his new perspective, as if he was seeing everything for the first time. From this height things that he may have not noticed before were quite apparent. The place looked tidy and well put together with small accents showcasing bits of personality like vintage family photos grouped along a wall.

Climbing up the side table Castor was met with another view that made him freeze in his tracks, the entire couch arm was covered by the two massive feet he met with earlier. The miniscule man shivered, remembering how easily he was dominated by this stranger's toes alone. Moving closer he could make out more details along the tanned flesh, seeing the ridges of skin and tiny bits of dust adhered to the man’s sole. He also wrinkled his nose a bit at the musky smell emanating from the cruise ship sized appendages, realizing his very body was well coated in the same scent as well.

Trying to find any other opening, Castor realized it would be too precarious to try and climb around the feet. If the stranger shifted slightly in his sleep it would send the tiny man plummeting to his doom. His only choice was to scale the massive foot in hopes of eventually reaching the giant's ear.

Creeping closer Castor saw the man’s toes was idly bobbing while he slept, following an almost rhythmic pattern. Grabbing onto the man’s rough sole, Castor yelped at how warm and humid the skin was, further saturating him in the strangers scent. Climbing upwards the tiny man kept praying the stranger wouldn’t mistake him for a bug and flick him away when sleeping. Trying to focus on reaching the summit Castor tried his best to ignore the bits of dust and dirt that tried to cling to his skin. God, he would kill for a shower when he finally was back to his regular size.

Finally reaching the toe gap Castor grabbed on for more support causing the massive man to curl his toes in response. Crying out Castor felt the pressure mount along his whole body as the giant man treated him nothing more than an irritant between his toes. Much to his relief the man finally relaxed his feet allowing the disoriented Castor a bit of reprieve.

Crawling forward Castor slowly climbed down towards the man’s exposed calves, noting how muscular and well defined the giant entire body was. Looking upwards he felt himself stare at the massive man in awe as his shirt rode up slightly exposing his abs with a slight happy trail. Castor felt how warm the stranger was as he walked along the bronzed skin, it’s as if he was exploring a massive living mountain.

Walking forward Castor couldn’t help but stare at the light blonde leg hairs that were almost the size of him. The scent of sweat and musk also seemed to grow stronger as he climbed upwards along the man’s massive thighs. The tiny man shuddered at the sheer power beneath him, as the stranger idly flexed his muscles in his sleep causing the landscape to ebb and flow.

Castor felt the pure heat and musk emanating from the giant waistband, letting out a yelp as the man jolted his thigh and sent him tumbling forward. Groaning Castor felt himself being humiliated as he struggled to stand upright, the flesh beneath him seeming almost superheated through the damp fabric. It was as if the tiny man was crawling through a dense swamp, hoping to make it towards the end to escape the humidity and heat.

Eventually, he was able to make it onto the strangers abs, the sounds of snoring being even more apparent in the distance. The stranger's face was almost billboard sized with the tiny man noticing slight traces of stubble starting to appear across his face.

Castor cheered internally as he was almost half-way towards the stranger, hoping the man would wake-up and help rescue him from his predicament. Climbing uptop the man’s chest, Castor felt humbled as muscles formed peaks and valleys almost like a mountain. It seemed incomprehensible that the tiny man was only standing on one human being, who could probably carry thousands of people his size without breaking a sweat.

As he creeped upwards, Castor heard a distinctive thrum coming from the right side, right on top of the man’s massive pec. *This must be his heartbeat* he thought, finding it sounding quite similar to the roaring rhythm of a waterfall. He felt hypnotized for a second, wanting to just stand there for a while and take in the soothing sound.

Immediately though Castor felt himself being smashed into the stranger’s chest by a massive hand. The heartbeat now encapsulated everything he heard, thudding throughout his body as the hand pressed him down into the muscular chest. Castor felt out muffled yells which could barely be heard as the man’s sweaty palm covered his mouth. At this size it was like he was pinned by a massive truck, unable to squirm at all.

Unsure of what to do Castor decided to take a risk in waking up the titan above him. Opening his mouth wide the tiny man tried to bite down on the sweaty palm above him. The reaction was almost instantaneous as he was jostled into the centre of the man’s massive chest who was staring down towards him.

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Steve woke up with a start, feeling a sharp rush of pain across his hand. Twisting his body into a more comfortable position the hero woke up from his nap letting out a yawn before staring downwards. Immediately he froze spotting a tiny figure nestled between his pecs, waving at him for attention. Steve slowly reached forward and opened his palm for the tiny man, barely feeling him as he strode across towards the centre. Bringing the smaller man towards his face Steve was finally able to hear him properly.

“Hey! Please help me, I shrunk down somehow!” Castor yelled loudly hoping the giant could hear what he was saying.

“Woah, calm down little man. You’re safe here, don’t worry.” Steve made sure to keep his voice low, knowing it would already be amplified for the tiny person. He couldn’t imagine what the poor guy had gone through, seeing clothes covered in dirt and grime. The man seemed relaxed though as he spoke, no doubt relieved that someone had finally found him.

“What’s your name? I’m Steve Rogers.” He saw no reason to deceive or lie to the little guy, perhaps he would feel even more at ease knowing he was in the presence of one of the Avengers.

“I’m Castor… say I’ve heard that name before…” The tiny guy trailed off trying to remember where he heard the massive man’s name before. Finally it clicked in his head causing him to gasp in excitement, “you’re Captain America!”

“Yeah, and rest assured Castor I’ll do whatever it takes to help you out.” Castor stared upwards towards the man’s massive face that had a slight smile. Since the day started Castor finally felt safe and secure, knowing that he could trust the hero to help him out.