

Thick gray fingers carefully cradled the minuscule form of a Cat, ensuring that he did not fall off Smith's wide palm. When Kiva spat him out of her mouth, the Cat took one look at them and passed out. After that, the couple entrusted him to carry the Cat because his hands were the largest and steadiest. He also chose to hold him because Vincent pulled double duty comforting the somber Direwolf and driving the truck back home. All things considered, he did a good job keeping the ride stable the entire way even when they were almost hit by a maniac in a sports car.

*Sometimes, Smith thought I wish I had become a traffic cop.*

The trio made it back to the cabin unscathed. The ruins of the asylum they drove from were a few hours away and it was pitch black by the time they arrived. The dense forest surrounding the property didn't help. Still, the truck's antiquated headlights lit up the porch and allowed Vincent to step out and unlock the door. Once Smith was inside, he took the doll-like figure in his hands and placed him on a napkin on the kitchen counter. The thin napkin looked like a comforter for the impossibly small figure. Vincent escorted Kiva through the front door moments later, gently embracing her hand like she was a small and delicate woman. The fur around her eyes was crusted over from her crying.

"Don't worry, we'll take care of this." he patted her hand. "Go to bed and I'll be there soon."

The Wolf nodded and crept down the hallway, each step announcing her presence to everyone in the building thanks to the incessant creaking of the floorboards under the strain of her immense weight. The door slammed shut and Vincent immediately turned toward the figure lying on the counter.

"Are you sure it's a good idea to put him on such a high surface? He could fall."

Smith moved his gaze down towards him. "Better he is forced to stay up there than waking up on the floor where we could step on him."

"What about food? And water? We could give him stuff but that's no way for a person to live! It's almost the same thing as what Kiva went through, but we put him in this situation."

"I don't know!" Smith shouted, then hastily lowered his voice. "Your wife is an anomaly to me and my agency. She will either be able to grow him back to normal or he'll be stuck like that forever."

Vincent turned his gaze down at the counter then rested his hands on it. "Fuck."

Smith agreed with him. Kiva was always unique even before this incident. She was a rare species who had an already rare event happen to her, and she alone discovered how to shrink herself after she grew. And now she unintentionally shrunk this random person in her mouth while tearing down an asylum for a publicity stunt. She may be the best chance the rest of his charges have of living normal lives after they grow, whether she could teach them to do it themselves or shrink them herself. He preferred the latter because it meant they were less likely to have to deal with a rampant size-shifter going mad after learning how to control it. The two of them stood in the open kitchen and stared at the miniature Cat laying between them. Vincent looked back up and offered an olive branch.

"So uh, you wanna crash on our couch tonight?"

"That actually sounds very nice. I can stay out here and greet our guest tomorrow."

“What if he doesn’t wake up?”

“Murder wouldn’t be the worst thing I’ve done working for a three-letter agency.” Smith joked.

“Wait, which agency do you work for?”

“The Department of Agriculture.” Smith’s gaze bore down on the Human who looked ready to call him out but wisely dropped the topic. “Anyways, blankets in the closet?”

Vincent nodded his head and made for the hallway. He grabbed a large duffle of fabric from a folding door and laid it on the couch for him.

“Need anything else before I head in?”

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry Vincent, we’ll worry about this tomorrow.”

His attempt to placate the man didn’t seem to reach him. Vincent made for the bedroom with a grim expression, switching the lights off along the way then sneaking past the door with a light *click* of the doorknob. Smith used the light from the lamp in the corner of the room to get out of his three-piece suit and find a decent spot on the leather couch. Luckily, it was built for someone Kiva’s size and therefore perfect for him to lay on. He switched the lamp off and lay on the couch. For the first time since he met the couple, Smith worried about what tomorrow would bring. It was new and exciting, but exciting was never good in his line of work. The couch was uncomfortable compared to a bed, but it was heavenly compared to some of the places he had slept in the past. He forcefully relaxed his body starting from his extremities then slowly moving to his chest, allowing him to quickly fall unconscious.

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Natural light filtered through the nearby windows and gently caressed Hank’s face, warming his dark fur and forcing him awake like a natural alarm. He had the kind of restful sleep one gets from exercising the previous night, but also the disgusting sensation you get when you sleep in your clothes. Worse, they showed signs of recently being damp and having barely dried off overnight. And whatever he got covered in wasn’t water. It was more viscous. Looking down at himself, he noted the thin fabric that simultaneously acted as bedding bunched up beneath him and the blanket above him made of the same material. That explained why he felt so cold when he woke up: the blanket was too thin to protect him from the cold stone beneath his body. Both of the blankets were made of a strange material he wasn’t familiar with and were connected near his feet. Hank stood up from his makeshift bed and jumped when the material caught on his foot and split easily in his hand.

Around him, the room he stood in was so large that it felt like it had its own atmosphere. The light shone from a window ten times taller than him and surrounded by planks of wood that must have been made from truly gargantuan trees. The gigantic building reminded him of a gymnasium with its wooden floorboards and the slight echo of all the noise around him. A few things confused him though. He was standing on a raised surface with a polished stone floor while the floor below it seemed to be made of the same wood as the walls. Hank rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and finally understood where he was. Gigantic apples bigger than him sat atop a pile in a bowl larger than a swimming pool on the countertop. Behind it was a metal faucet that he didn’t doubt hung above a sink and a very large drain. The blankets beneath him weren’t blankets, but napkins. Around him, the kitchen stood in the distance like a monolithic parody of a typical household.

He felt the footfalls before he heard them. They were somewhere between an explosion and two trees crashing into each other. Hank swiveled his head toward the source and was greeted by a sight that immediately woke him up. Towering above him stood a Hippo in a three-piece suit eyeballing him with a steely gaze. Adrenaline poured through his veins and sent his heart racing almost as fast as it had yesterday when the other giant had attacked him. Hank felt a sense of claustrophobia when he realized that the surface he stood on was a normal tabletop for the colossus and that it could easily walk around it no matter where he ran.

“What is your name?” it spoke. The Hippo’s hot breath washed over him and temporarily abated the morning chill. Its voice was so deep that Hank had trouble understanding him, and it came out slower than normal speech like it was put through a voice filter.

Hank sputtered, unable to conjure the necessary willpower to answer. His brain was stalling and unable to form a single coherent thought. He had an unintended stare-down with the giant for longer than he was comfortable with. Before he could shake himself out of his stupor, two more massive figures joined the Hippo. One was shorter and Human, and the other...

The other one towered over all of them. Her off-white fur made her piercing red eyes stand out even more in the morning sunlight. Those same crimson eyes bore through him while she tore down the building he stood in. The beast had a serious look about her, but her face was contorted in something closer to sadness rather than anger.

“Interrogating our guest already. Smith?” The Human joked. At his current size, Hank could see him fidget nervously while speaking. His eyes narrowly avoided staying on him for too long, like he was embarrassed to be in the same room as the miniature Cat. The Wolf was the opposite, boring holes in him from high above with her menacing red orbs.

“I was just trying to figure out who he is. Doesn’t help if I don’t know his name and address.”

Another thing that startled Hank when he noticed it was that the giant’s voices were loud but not like he expected. He could understand them very clearly despite the difference in size. Did they abduct him and take them to their homeworld? Why do these aliens look so close to normal people?

“My name is Hank.” He spoke up to them.

The Hippo leaned in. “Speak up, son. We can’t hear you.”

He drew in a breath and shouted at them this time. “My name is Hank! Where the fuck am I?!”

The Wolf flinched at his shouting but the Hippo seemed amused. “That’s a long story. This fine young lady” he threw a side glance at the Wolf “accidentally shrunk you in her mouth yesterday. You passed out and we brought you here to take care of you while she figures out how to undo it. Until then, you’re staying with Kiva and Vincent and they will take care of your needs.”

Hank blanched at the bluntness of his words. The Human next to him looked just as bewildered.

“W-Wait a second Smith, you’re not gonna just leave me to deal with this again?”

“Again?” Hank gasped, returning the crowding giant’s attention to him.

"No no, you're the only person who she's shrunk. Kiva went macro a while back. You probably heard about it on the news. She eventually figured out a way to shrink back down which was impossible until now. All he would do was leave me here with her while she was growing and send me stuff while I did all the heavy lifting."

At his words, Hank instantly remembered the things he read about the asylum before he made the trip. It was meant to be demolished by the world's only size-shifter. He had thought she was going to do it at a later date, but apparently, he snuck in on the same day they chose to do it.

"He also had some people make me clothes." The Wolf butt in. Her husband, he assumed they were married, looked at her then back to him.

"Okay, he did do that. And he put us in this nice house in the middle of nowhere. But it was a stressful few months!"

Hank once again paled at their words. *Middle of nowhere? Am I trapped out here?*

"You're an adult, Vincent. You managed that quite well and I think you can handle this just as well. He's a much smaller mouth to feed. Plus, Kiva is used to holding small and delicate people."

The Hippo's massive eyes bore into Hank for a moment. Minor details like the way he breathed or the minute movements of his body stood out to him at his current size. All three of the giants felt otherworldly, like mountains that breathed. Seeing something so incredibly large move with ease was unnatural to his sensibilities. The Wolf, *Kiva* he corrected, laid one of her truly gargantuan paws on the counter and made Hank stagger. The counter was solid, but the impact was enough to jostle him. She began rhythmically tapping the stone surface with each claw, sending vibrations up his shaky legs.

"It doesn't make sense." Smith complained. "The square-cube law affects living creatures in both directions. Macros spit in the face of it, but Hank should have trouble functioning as well."

"How so?" Vinny asked.

"He should be freezing to death at this size. Less surface area means he loses heat faster and produces less of it. That's why small creatures eat so much sugar to fuel their bodies. Are you feeling alright?" He pointed down at Hank who flinched when a fleshy digit almost as tall and thick as his body flew toward him.

"I-I'm alright. A little chilly, I guess. But the heat from the sun is helping. I don't feel like I'm getting colder."

Smith looked mollified by his answer and made for the door, not quite waddling away from the counter with heavy footfalls that shook Hank's knees with each deep impact.

"I'll be back after I check in with my network. You take care of him while I'm gone. And Kiva," he stared more solemnly at her. "I know you can do it. You've done the impossible multiple times before, you can do it again."

With that final statement, he shut the door behind him fast enough to kick up a large blast of wind and make Hank stumble. The Human turned his attention back to Hank and let out a deep breath which he felt blow over him violently. Every little action from them was multiplied a hundred-fold.

“Alright, let’s try and start over. Hello Hank, my name is Vinny. This is my wife Kiva.” He laid his hand gently onto her arm. “I’m sorry you’re stuck like this but I promise we will return you to normal and send you home as soon as we can.”

Vinny looked and sounded like Hank’s stereotype of Humans. He had fair skin, dark hair, and was pretty much unremarkable. He could blend into a crowd fairly easily if he wanted. That blandness worked in his favor and gave him a very earnest presence that made him seem trusting. Even as a giant, Hank felt more calm talking to him than his wife or the Hippo. Except smiling. Humans bared their teeth as a friendly greeting for some reason and that freaked him out a little.

“Should we start practicing now?” his wife asked. One of her giant paws slowly made its way towards the counter but Vinny grabbed it before it got close to him.

Kiva was the opposite of her husband in every way. Whereas Vinny could blend into a crowd without effort, the Direwolf would stand out even if she tried to hide. The top of his head only came up to the bottom of her ample chest, and she must have out-massed him by an incredible amount. If Hank was back to his normal size, she would have still been a giant compared to him. She had sandy white fur that made her red eyes stand out.

“Let’s test it on something that’s not alive first just in case.” Vinny grabbed her much larger hand and squeezed it reassuringly. Hank was surprised to be picking all this up, but when your adrenaline is running wild and everything you normally don’t look down at is suddenly eye level you begin to notice these things.

“Alright Hank,” Vinny’s voice was still cheerful with a hint of uncertainty “do you need anything? We need to come up with a system for you to get our attention if you need it. I’m thinking of a bell you can ring or something.”

“I’d-” he cleared his throat then spoke louder. “I’d rather not have to rely on you guys for everything!”

"Nonsense! How else are you going to get around the place? I'm not sure it would be a good idea to have you walk on the floor at all considering we might step on you by accident."

“Well, what about this counter? It’s too high up! I might break my legs or die if I fell off it. Plus, the ground is really cold. I need to sleep somewhere warm and it’s the middle of fall.”

“That’s... fine. That’s a good point. But we’re talking about your life here. I don’t want to risk your life just because you want extra autonomy.” Vinny looked deep in thought for a moment then continued. “How about a compromise? I carry you from place to place, but I set you up with a new bed near the vent in the corner. We usually use the heater during fall and get through winter with the fireplace.”

Vinny motioned to the corner of the room where Hank could vaguely make out a 'small' vent near the corner. His depth perception must have changed with his size because it looked like it was incredibly far away. Like viewing a spot of land on the other side of a city from on top of a skyscraper. The Human looked like he wanted to say something but quickly ran down the dark hallway they came from. Kiva looked behind her, then back to him, and shrugged. Hank just tried to ignore her. When Vinny returned, he held out his hand and dropped something into Kiva's palm. She held it up to her face and inspected it. Hank could barely make it out, but it looked like one of those toy cars children played with. It was as large as him.

“I still have my huge collection from when I was a kid. If you break it you can grab another. Practice on this and once you get it we can grow Hank back. You should get it pretty quickly I think.”

Kiva's grimace never left her face the entire time she was here. Even with her husband's enthusiasm, she held firm against his optimism.

“What if it doesn't work on inanimate objects?” she asked.

“Well, it worked on his clothes.”

Vinny turned to Hank and gently dropped his hand on the countertop palm up. Hank looked at him and his smile faltered.

“If you're not comfortable I don't have to carry you.”

“No it's not that, I'm just...”

“I completely understand. I've been in your position before, just a little different. Stay here for a bit while I work some things out.”

Vinny ran off to grab more things for whatever purpose. Meanwhile, Kiva stared at the toy in her hand and furrowed her brow. She slowly stumbled off to the nearby couch, which looked like quite a long walk for him and meditated with the miniature race car in her hands. Hank's legs finally chose that moment to give out, and the Cat stumbled onto his butt and let out a breath that carried all of his energy. He bunched up his legs and sobbed a few times into his knees. Far away, Kiva's ears swiveled in his direction and she shuffled nervously in her seat and squeezed the toy between her hands.

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When Vinny returned, Kiva had left for a walk in the woods and taken his toy with her. Vinny had grabbed a large box of supplies and dropped it onto the counter close enough to make the ground shake and for Hank to stumble on his feet. He said they were office supplies and things Kiva wanted to use in the future for making costumes. While he rustled around in the box for what he wanted, they talked about random things and eventually got to the topic of his wife's incident.

“A kilometer? That's like, holy shit!”

Vinny grinned. “I know, right? Every time she took a step it shook the cabin even when she was miles away. She was a walking earthquake.”

“How did I not hear about that? Why is that not on the news like all the other stuff you two do? How does she get on television nude but there’s no mention of something like that?”

Vinny grabbed a roll of measuring tape and let it unravel to his side. "Smith. That guy and whatever agency he works for is kind of crazy about secrecy. The fact that Kiva can control it at all is big news. We even got other countries asking us to move and share the secret and they would treat us like royalty." He grabbed one end of the tape and pulled it taut near Hank. "I'm going to have to swear you to secrecy about the stuff we discuss. Smith will probably do his 'scary government agent' routine on you when this is all said and done."

He eyed the tape and placed it where Hank was standing which made him adjust his posture.

“How tall were you before you shrunk?”

“About five foot six inches.”

Vinny concentrated for a moment, doing mental math. “Gah, forgot my times tables above eleven. Twelves times five plus four is, oh I can use my fives. Uh, 64. You’re three inches tall. About uhm... three to four is one, three to six is two, 21 times smaller!”

*Three inches tall. He thought. A kilometer is ridiculous, but three inches is nothing. I'm a microscopic germ compared to her. Would anyone even find me if I got lost? Hank stared at his feet. Vinny said he stood next to Kiva when she was over hundreds of feet tall, significantly taller than he currently stands compared to me right now. How could he ever feel safe next to a creature that large?*

“You okay?”

Hank was broken out of his musing. “Huh? Yeah, I’m just not freaking out as much as I thought I would.”

Vinny nodded and fiddled with something in his hands. “It’s weird, right? When Kiva was large enough to pick me up I wasn’t as scared as I thought I would be. Sure, I got the jitters looking down but I trusted her enough to know she would never hurt me on purpose.”

The emphasis he put on the last bit didn’t make him feel any better. Vinny finished whatever was in his hands and presented it to Hank balanced on the tip of his enormous finger. It was a sewing needle with a string tied to both ends like a strap. The string looked thin to Hank but it felt strong when he grabbed it.

“It’s dangerous to go alone. Take this!”

Hank chuckled. He meant it as a weapon. But why?

The giant anticipated his question. “We’re getting closer to winter and they’re unlikely to show up. But if any bugs get in the house, I don’t want you to be defenseless.”

Oh. That explained it.

“Bugs? Like flies?” he asked.

“Like spiders and cockroaches. We get them a bit since we live in the woods, and I doubt you could outrun them if they wanted to grab you. Use that thing like a spear, maybe a tool if you’re creative enough. We’ll try and always have at least one person in the house at all times for your sake.”

Hank gripped the metal pole in both hands and found a few ways to use it. The loop at the end was large enough to wield it like a sword, though only the tip had an edge worth using. Vinny was right that using it like a spear was best.

“What about bug spray? Don’t you guys spray around the house?”

Vinny nodded. “We do. But I think we’re going to stop just in case the poison would hurt you at that size. I won’t take any chances. I don’t want to wake up and see your corpse just because we didn’t want to deal with a few bugs. I’ll only be spraying outside for now.”

Next, Vinny pulled out some twine and began running it down the length of the countertop. He cut it with a pair of scissors and taped it onto the edge of the counter. Then he taped it again, and again, and again. He took a step back from the table, which Hank realized was tall enough to come up past his navel, and observe his handiwork.

“It’s a rope for you to climb. Y’know, if you need it. I’m gonna carry you around but if you need to get up here in an emergency then it’s helpful.”

The rest of the evening went much the same. Vinny used his engineering skills to build something he thought would be useful for Hank. He tied a bell to a string and propped it up using a few bent paperclips to make a small stand. Hank only needed to pull the twine tied to it and it would ring loud enough for the giant couple to hear. They made two: One for the counter and another for the place he would be sleeping. Vinny dragged a shoe rack from the front door over to the vent in the corner of the living room. The cabin’s massive first room had a rather large living room that abruptly transitioned to the kitchen, and everything was made for someone Kiva’s size. For Vinny, it was large but not impossible to acclimate to. For Hank, it was like crossing multiple football fields.

While they were talking and building, Vinny prepared some food. For himself, Vinny made a sandwich using whatever materials he could scrounge. He presented a few things to Hank and let him decide what to eat. If there was one thing Hank enjoyed about this scenario, it was the novelty of eating a spinach leaf taller than his entire body. A spoonful of jam was enough to bathe in, a chunk of a sandwich was a meal for ten, and a shot of whiskey was enough to drown in. At least he knew he wouldn’t go hungry!

Finally, Vinny placed his hand on the cold speckled surface of the kitchen counter and waited patiently. With great hesitation, Hank climbed onto his palm and sat in the middle of it while clutching his needle. His giant hand had an interesting texture. He saw grooves on the skin that were unnoticeable from a distance, and the cracks and lines in his hand were even more pronounced than before. Vinny carefully dragged his hand to his belly and cupped it with his other hand while he spun around and cautiously walked to the corner of the room. Every movement he made was gentle like he was cradling a newborn. They made it to the impromptu platform and Vinny gently placed his hand on it where Hank stumbled off and fell onto the dark wooden surface. He tumbled onto his back and let out a gasp that left his giant chauffeur chuckling.



Vinny shuffled from place to place gathering things and putting them on the same shelf as Hank, like the second bell 'tower' they made. Then, he grabbed a hand towel, a few napkins, and a small blanket and laid them out for him to test out. Hank chose to lay on top of the folded blanket and cover himself with the towel. Vinny assured him they would find something to do tomorrow and that Kiva would get him back to normal in no time. He left the napkins on the table just in case and turned off the lights, then escorted his massive wife to the bedroom with him.

That night, Hank finally had time to relax and feel out his newly shrunken body. All around him, he heard small creaks of wood or the sound of air vents activating. What would normally be distracting was near deafening to his shrunken ears. Every sensation felt new and foreign, and even the giant blanket of clouds he lay on didn't help him fall asleep in the alien environment.

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"Still nothing?" her husband asked, laying in bed next to her.

Kiva tilted her head to face the other side of the bed. On her nightstand under the lamp sat a red toy car that hadn't changed since he gave it to her. Kiva spent the entire day messing with her abilities while holding the damn thing, and the most she got was a bra with a tear down the middle when she grew out of it. She flipped back to face her husband who struggled under the sheets and took his place as the little spoon. She didn't resist the urge to scoop him up and wrap her long limbs around him.

"You'll get it soon. We'll practice it together tomorrow after I deal with Hank."

Hearing his name sent a tremor through her heart. Watching the tiny Cat try and do anything without assistance was painful, and knowing that she stole his life from him was horrifying in ways she couldn't bear. If she can't grow him back to normal size, then he's as good as dead. Even if they set something up for him like they did for macros then his life is effectively over like them.

"What if I don't?" She whispered. Vinny once told her that laying against her and listening to her talk was like pressing his head against a large speaker while someone grumbled into a microphone.

"You will. Eventually. You did it before and that proves you can do it again."

"Should I put him in my mouth and grow again?"

"I don't think so. It's too dangerous. If it's possible, you need to learn to do it this way."

Vinny reached forward and tried to flick the switch of the lamp on his side of the bed. Kiva beat him to it, reaching out with a muscular arm and casting the room in darkness. She felt the small form of her husband relax in her embrace. With him in her arms, Kiva's mind drifted away from the world. There were people out there suffering and unable to be with their loved ones because they were giant. If she couldn't save Hank, then he and hundreds of others would stay like that forever. For the first time in a very long time, her sleep was dreamless.

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Consciousness returned to Hank suddenly. He wasn't ripped out of his sleep so much as startled awake by the sensation of falling. He looked to his right and made out distant figures that must have been giant furniture to his tiny eyes. Memories flooded back to him of spending an entire day talking to a giant about how to survive when you're only three inches tall. Even embarrassing things like how to get rid of waste. That was a conversation he wasn't excited to have today. He was too used to being his own person and doing everything by himself. Relying on someone else to take care of his basic needs brought a new kind of shame he wasn't used to.

Looking to his left, Hank almost jumped out of his fur at the sight of a shiny and hairy spot *wiggling* on the wall. Every strand of 'hair' flowed like waves while it seemed to pace itself toward the wooden surface Hank's bedding lay on. Patting the space next to him, he felt around for his needle and recoiled at its cool touch against his fingers. Carefully, he flowed out from under the covers and trudged to the end of the folded-up blanket where he took his eyes off the creature to find the edge and jump off of it. Walking around the side, he got closer to the wall his platform was up against. The creature shimmied down the wall and crawled onto the dark wood where he stood. It was much faster than he expected. Just looking at it sent shivers down Hank's spine and set off his feline instincts telling him to run.

It was a silverfish the size of a large dog. It had two long antennae that flicked in multiple directions constantly. On the front of its 'face' were two mandibles that, like the antennae, shared the twitchy motions. Its movements were so erratic that Hank felt it could jump on him at any moment. Worse: Covering its face and silver body were hundreds of hair follicles of varying size that almost made it look like a mammal were it not for the glowing outline of its body that allowed him to see through it like a stained glass ornament. Beneath the 'fur' lay a smattering of scales all layered down its body, not unlike an actual fish. It also had three long tentacle-looking limbs coming out of its tail that seemed to help it move.

Hank readied his needle and did a few practice thrusts in front of him, then prepared to charge. If it charged him first he might flinch and not be ready to defend himself. He bent his knees, took in a breath, then hissed and did a running leap at the creature. The tip of his spear hit it dead on its head but slid off its scales. His weapon hit the wood and put a hole in the material, trapping it between the lines on the polished surface. The creature *moved* and slipped behind him and Hank frantically pulled at his weapon, yanking it free but stumbling back onto the creature he was fighting. It didn't hiss or screech when he stepped on it, but its scuttling became more frantic and its antennae whipped at his bare legs more violently than before.

*I'm regretting not putting on my pants.* He thought. Instead of a cheeky one-liner though, his mouth made animalistic grunts and shouts at the horrible sensation brushing against him. Hank spun around and stabbed the creature beneath him and finally managed to pierce the scales atop its alien body. It squirmed even faster and flew off, almost taking his needle with it. It swam across the wooden surface, not unlike a shark desperately chasing its next meal. Hank darted down the same path it took and chased the insect like a cat chasing a bird. It paused at the edge of the artificial cliff, just what he was hoping.

A loud sound above made him skid to a halt. It sounded like a gust of wind and an explosion subdued by something. That terrible figure with the bright fur stood above him like a skyscraper that visibly swayed in the wind. Kiva bent down to grab a napkin from the furniture he stood on, then pinched the silverfish between her stupendous clawed fingers and instantly killed it. Her terrible crimson eyes stayed on him for a moment, then she stood up to her full height. Hank was embarrassed

to note that he could not see her face past her breasts and suddenly became very aware of the fact that he still wasn't wearing his pants. The Direwolf stomped off somewhere else, presumably to dispose of the bug, and Hank took the opportunity to get dressed. Shirt, pants, and coat on and ready for the day.

The giant Wolf's return was foreshadowed by her stomping down the hallway. Even on the other side of the cabin, Hank could feel her monumental steps shake the ground before he could even see her. When she entered his line of sight, he still had trouble accepting something so large could exist and be a living creature. She stomped up to his bed and once again fell to her knees, creating a huge gust of wind that almost knocked Hank onto his back.

"Why didn't you use the bell?" Kiva asked.

"It wasn't that bad." Kiva tilted her head at his words and leaned in closer. He repeated himself louder and more firmly. "I didn't need any help. I was doing just fine!"

"I'm just trying to help you out. Now come here, we've gotta feed you breakfast."

The giant dropped to one knee and held her massive palm over the edge of the surface he stood on. Hank glared at her, earning a distressed look from the giantess. After everything she had done to him, he was hesitant to accept her help. Like he believed she would pull her hand away before he could step on it just to make him fall. Still, he took a step forward and made it to the middle of her palm, and sat down. Kiva gently stood up and walked him over to the kitchen counter. For all that she represented his misery, the Wolf's hand was much nicer to ride in than Vinny's. For one, it was much larger, and using only one hand she gave him much more room to work with. The difference in comfort between her palm pads and his skin was night and day. Plus, he didn't like the sweat all that much and Humans sweat a lot on their palms. Especially when they were worried about dropping you.

The kitchen counter was the same as it was yesterday. A large ceramic bowl of fruit sat off to the side near the gunmetal grey sink. It was otherwise free of clutter. Vinny had cleaned it after their evening arts and crafts fair. Speaking of, the man himself walked in wearing a set of plaid pajamas. Hank briefly wondered if Kiva slept in the sports bra and shorts she constantly wore, then realized that her incredibly thick fur probably made even that much clothing uncomfortable. Humans were lucky about that at least. Vinny stepped up to the counter and greeted them. His chest barely rose above the structure while Kiva stood tall enough that Hank looked ahead and was greeted with the sight of her muscular stomach.

Vinny silently yawned, scratched the stubble on his face, and began dragging himself around the kitchen and grabbing anything they could eat that was sufficiently 'breakfast-like.' For everything Vinny ate, Kiva ate over four times as much food as him. And for everything they ate, Hank ate the equivalent of breadcrumbs. What he found most interesting was that some foods tasted different at different sizes. Berries were even stronger to his senses and bread, even though the couple bought whole grain, tasted very sweet.

"I'm just thinking we should come up with a better plan." Vinny spoke between bites of food and sips of coffee. Hank wondered what it would be like to bathe in a coffee mug or if it would stain his fur.

"We have a plan, remember? I already compromised on you guys carrying me."

“Yeah, but what if you fall into the toilet while you’re standing on the rim? You can swim, right?”

“Yes, I can swim. Now take me to the bathroom please.”

Vinny shrugged his shoulders then held out his hand expectantly for the minuscule Cat. This time, he held his coffee mug in his other hand and had a very casual attitude about literally holding his life in his hands. Hank sighed and walked over to his palm, stepping up onto it with one stride. He fell to his knees immediately and rolled to the center of his palm and sat up. When Vinny lifted his hand and moved, it was a completely different experience than last time. Hank was shaken by wind thanks to the speeds they moved at. While not enough to risk pushing him off, it startled him and caused him to flail his arms to his side. With his claws out, Hank scratched Vinny’s palm and startled the giant, making him flinch and angle his palm to the side.

Hank gasped and plummeted toward the tiled floor. It looked incredibly far away at this height but rushed at him faster than he expected. Instinct took over and he attempted to flip onto all four limbs and land on them. The physics of his diminished form were completely different though, and when Hank hit the alabaster surface he landed on his feet for a split second then rolled onto his shoulder. Pain exploded from his arm and rose up and out his throat in a shriek. Above him, the giants surrounded him looking to help but not knowing how. If he broke something then they couldn’t set his bones properly at their sizes. Not without potentially hurting him again.

Curled up on the floor and covered by a giant’s shadow, Hank slowly rose and sat on the cold floor. He looked around and slowly moved his arm. The pain was slowly leaving.

“Are you okay?” Vinny whispered.

Hank didn’t respond. Instead, he stood up and began stretching his body into more extreme positions until he used his entire range of motion. Cats were naturally flexible even if they didn’t practice stretching every single day.

“Holy shit, I thought you died!” Came a deeper rumble from the Wolf. “I guess Cats really can survive any fall.”

Vinny didn’t seem amused. “That’s just a myth. Statistics show that people who survive fatal falls are pretty even species-wise. But it’s nuts that he didn’t even break anything. Maybe the same thing that makes you not fall apart at larger sizes is making him tougher? Or maybe terminal velocity for him is easier to survive thanks to his size?” He cupped his chin with one hand in the classic ‘thinking’ pose, then snapped his gaze back to him. “Hank, are you alright?”

“Fine.” He remembered to raise his voice. “Fine! It still hurts but it doesn’t feel broken or fractured. Also, I don’t have to use the bathroom anymore. I’m gonna need new clothes though.”

The giant smiled. He didn’t show any teeth and it looked more like a smile of relief than a smile at his terrible joke.

“I’m so sorry. I’ll carry you in something safer next time, like a basket.”

Hank thought about it for a second then responded. “Screw you! I’m doing it myself!”

“But what about getting places? This house is huge to you. Every time you want to get to the counter you would need to walk a mile. You might get stepped on!”

“It’s better than risking falling again! Just avoid walking near the walls and I’ll stay close to them! You already built the rope climb for me. Just stack something for me to climb up to my bed, or bring my food to me and I’ll be fine!”

Vinny looked offended for a moment then relented. “Alright. We’ll be careful out here while we’re walking. Just...” he paused to think about his words, then gave up.

Hank turned around and faced the Dire Wolf, crossing his arms and looking up at her. “Well? Out of my way. I need to walk back to my bed.”

Kiva stood up and backed off, rounding the corner around the countertop, and waited. The giant couple watched their guest begin his long trek to his bed, then exchanged concerned looks.

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