

Katie was excited for her date. They'd been talking for the past two weeks and agreed to meet up at a restaurant close to her. At 5'8", she wanted to dress nicely for him. She bought a whole new outfit. A shiny, black, fitting skirt, a casual white top, pink satin gloves, and long, thin black socks. She was "dressed to impress" as her Roblox friends might say.

The site listed him at 6'0", but on dating sites, men tend to "overestimate", so she decided to don some new flats for her date. She found a listing at the top spot on e-bay: "Xhilaration flats with bow size 9.5. CUTE" and saw they were just 10 dollars, so she bought them without a second thought.

Little did she know, she had bought shoes that showed girls a controlled way to shrink down to a more "acceptable" height. In Catholic schools, they had taught girls to wear these shoes for a couple minutes, and they'd shrink down maybe a half inch or two. If they had issues being taller than the guys in their class, they'd use these shoes to shrink and be a little bit shorter. Over the course of centuries, the nuns perfected this art, and the clothes would also shrink with the girls that wore them.

But the nuns always taught students not to shrink under 5 feet tall, as any height below becomes a bit less practical and potential moms are unable to tend to their children. There were strict rules around these shoes, and they were highly guarded by the church. If you've ever seen photos of Catholic families, you might notice a size difference between the men and women. This isn't an accident; it's a warped form of religious sanctimony.

Katie was not religious, nor aware of these traditions. But the seller was. He was who she was going on a date with. His name was David. While he did not lie about his height, he did lie about his intentions. He had been learning about this guarded tradition and found a way to get his paws on a pair of these shoes. He'd manipulated the e-bay algorithm to showcase these shoes to her. Once she took the bait, all he had to do was set her up. Now, it was only a matter of time...

David was best friends with Charles, the owner of the restaurant. They had set up a few things for her to run into as she shrank. Since it was going to be a slow, dwindling shrink, he had to make sure that she didn't realize what was happening until it was too late. After all, if she was 5'6", she could still run away. But at a smaller size, she might struggle to even open a door. Once she was small enough, he could keep her forever as his new doll. He knew this, and so he made sure everything was set up perfectly.

As Katie prepped out her new outfit, she wondered if she'd gone too far. Was it too much? She looked at herself in the mirror. She was quite dolled up, in her pink

gloves, her makeup, and her somewhat modest skirt. But as she put on the shoes, she saw how the outfit came together. It was cute, doll-like, yet somehow modest in nature. She could see herself wearing similar outfits again. Everything felt right, and comfortable about it. She smiled at herself, put on the shoes, and left for her date, unknowingly shrinking as she drove the short distance away.

5'7".

As she was driving over, she shrank, but only an inch. She arrived at the restaurant. Hardly a noticeable shift as she opened the door. She went into the restaurant and was greeted by David. He was as he stated, and then some. Was he 6'0... or 6'2? This was the first time someone hadn't lied about their height, at least in the reverse way. And he had donned a suit, prepped his hair nicely, and had matching long dress pants as well. They were a traditional pairing, one that fitted perfectly, as if the pink gloves she was wearing were the strawberry dessert at the end of a modest, savory meal. She could feel the sense of attraction as she looked up at him, smiling.

5'6".

Then, a man walked up, and David slapped his hand into his and they gave a quick shoulder hug. "Charles! My man, what's up?" He quickly ended their greeting, turning towards her, looking down at her.

"Ah, Katie, it's a pleasure. I'm Charles, the owner. Have a nice meal. We're a bit busy now, so your table will take a bit more time to set up, my sincerest apologies..."

"No, that's okay, I want to take her now, if that's okay." David said.

"Well, we can see what we can do for now..." Charles responded. He waived over one of the teenage patrons for a chair.

5'5".

As they approached the table, the teenaged patron hurriedly brought over a chair. It was a child's chair, one for someone maybe 4 or 4.5 feet tall, but certainly not 5'8. It was the only chair they had left.

"Here, if you want something to sit on for the moment, we can get you a regular chair soon..." Charles said.

David apologized. "You don't have to...."

Katie exclaimed back. "No, it's okay, I can try for now. I'm so excited to meet you!" She was ready to talk and get to know him better. She looked up at him, and him down at her. He was smiling, and she was smiling back. She was willing to put up with a

child's chair for now, if it meant she could talk with him. She happily sat down, and as she crossed her legs, she giggled. Her legs were too clumsily big for the floor, both feet on the ground, and her knees were propped up in response. From her vantage point, she thought she appeared to have shrunk from sitting in such a small chair. "You look tall from up there!" She joked. He smiled back, with a slight blush.

5'4".

The patron hurriedly brought back a wooden platform, with an expression of teenage guilt and concern. "Here, I got something to help..." He brought back a wooden platform, that was perhaps 1 foot tall, and wide enough to place the chair on. She stood up and they assembled it together. Now, there was a child's chair sitting on top of a wooden platform. While it was a mess, at least it got the job done, for now. She could now sit and look at him from a more proper height, and as she crossed her legs sitting down, one foot sat comfortably flat on the floor, with the other foot dangling in the air.

"Looks like you'll be dealing with stage fright." David joked.

"Only for you!" She laughed.

"Love it." He responded, smiling. She looked up and smiled at him. It was a silly, yet endearing way to get to know him. While normally she might feel embarrassed, she felt endearment that he found fun in such a situation and she enjoyed that.

5'3".

The owner brought over two menus. "Oh, it looks like you've gotten it figured out for now", he said, looking at the chair and platform. "Once I get a proper chair, I'll be sure to bring it out. Our specialties are pasta and vegan meatballs and our paella." He left two menus. As she picked up the menu with her slightly shrunken gloves, David gazed and noticed how they'd become smaller. But she had assumed it was a fancy restaurant, so naturally they had bigger menus, and did not notice.

5'2".

Subconsciously, something was beginning to stir in Katie's mind. As she shrank smaller, subtly and slowly, she began to feel a certain way. It somehow felt warm and safe, almost like she had no other way to feel other than endearment and intense feelings for the man she'd just met minutes ago. Sure, she had been talking online for a couple weeks, and he seemed nice enough, but he seemed like he had such a... presence. As if looking up at him would always bring a smile to her face. Indeed, he'd been unnoticeably growing "taller" as she dwindled, but there was an undertone of feeling that she did feel that came with it. It felt somehow right. Her legs grew ever so

slightly shorter in stature, and as she crossed her legs, her feet started to dangle a bit more, her tippy toe now just barely being able to touch the ground. She placed it there and dangled her other leg freely in the air.

5'1".

David stared down at her as she perused her menu. "What are you gunna get?" He asked. She pondered her options. "I'm going to get the paella," he continued, and placed his menu down.

"I'm not sure..." she muttered, her slightly minisculized gloves wrapping around the menu's outer edges. "I guess I'll get the same."

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

She smiled. "I feel nice. It's nice being here with you, finally..."

He smiled back. "Yeah, I feel the same. I really love the outfit you've chosen. The gloves are just amazing... sorry if you catch me staring a bit." He said.

5'0".

"Oh, really? You like them?" she said, excitedly. "I wasn't sure if it was too tacky..."

"No, no", he interrupted. "I love them! Everything about you looks lovely. You're beautiful." He said, in earnest. While she did indeed look even cuter as she shrank, he admired her feminine taste and demure. He didn't expect her to wear such beautiful garb with the shoes he had 'chosen' for her.

4'11".

As she shrank below 5 feet tall, her feet started to leave the ground entirely. Her foot that had been able to reach the ground before began to touch the backside of the wooden prop she was sitting on. As she shrank, the chair became more and more comfortable to her stature, which ironically made it harder for her to notice herself shrinking down. But David knew, as he admired her getting teenier by the minute, that he'd have to find a new way to distract her soon.

4'10".

"Hey Charles!" David shouted. "We'll get dos paellas, pronto amigos."

"You got it!" Said a muffled Charles voice in the backdrop. She admired his friendship with Charles. It seemed like he had good friends and was excited to get to know them more. She admired his impromptu sense of humor. And as she lowered the

menu, she looked up at him and smiled. She was starting to get some fluttery feelings for the man, even if it had just been a little bit. But she had to prod him around before her mind could agree to what she felt.

“So how long have you known Charles?” She asked. “I didn’t hear about him in any of our conversations before...”

He responded in earnest. “I’ve known him since high school. I was a bit of a loner in grade school, but I started playing video games and going out to the park to frisbee with him, and, well, the rest is history. We’re best bros now.”

4’9”.

“That’s awesome!” She said. “And how about your plans for life? What do you look forward to in life the most?”

“Ultimately, I want to be a dad...” he said. “...but right now, I’m looking forward to putting myself out there, in communities, in dating, in life. I had a bit of a rough time in my 20s but now I see where I’m headed. Been keeping myself healthy and building connections. I’d love for you to join me in that.” He looked over at a window off to the side for a bit, and then back at her, and smiled. “And what about you?”

4’8”.

“Oh, I’ve always wanted to be a mom myself, so that’s nice to hear...” she said, pondering her next words. It was strange that she said that so soon. “Well, I’m just trying to get by one day at a time. But I really love nature and gardens...”

This was the first time that he’d noticed a change that wasn’t just visual. Her voice started to shrink with her. In place of Katie’s normal voice, she started to squeak slightly. It was as if she had swallowed the tiniest bit of helium every time she spoke. He blushed a little at its cute nature and held down any outside reaction to keep the ruse going.

4’7”.

“And what do you want to do with gardening?” He asked.

Her feet began to move excitedly. “Oh, I just want to have a little plot of land and grow one of everything. I mean not everything... but just to have a place for all the plants and vegetables and grow a variety of stuff. I find plants really fascinating.” As she spoke, slightly squeakily, her legs bobbed up and down. Her feet were sometimes touching the wooden box, sometimes one of the legs of the chair. They were not nearly touching the ground anymore.

4'6".

As she continued to shrink, Katie started to piece together that something felt... off. But it wasn't clear what it was. She felt a warm, fluttering feeling with him and didn't notice how much teenier her body had become in the chair she now sat quite comfortably in. But she did notice how "big" he seemed, almost, looming? And had his voice started to boom as well? It was impossible to say out loud, but, suspecting something, she decided to take a bit of a breather before she continued. It's always best to be safe and check-in with yourself, she always thought.

"Hey... I'm going to go to the bathroom, if that's okay with you..." she said, squeaking slightly.

"Of course! Maybe our food will be here. Hope you don't mind me admirin' a bit while you go..." He said, looking intently at her shrunken state. She got out of her chair, looking a bit confused, up towards him. He knew she was going to suspect something, but he had planned for this. It was perfect timing. The bathroom was nearby, and ready for her height. The plan was going quite well, he thought. He signaled to Charles for the next step to be put into action.

4'5".

As Katie got out of her chair, she looked up at him, still in a stupor mixed by infatuation and confusion. She didn't notice herself doing a slight slide down from the wooden platform contraption. As she walked towards the bathroom, she still had a sense that things seemed "off". But she was walking into a trap that would keep her from noticing where her fate was bringing her.

The restaurant had been previously owned by a child's playscape place. In this, they had installed facilities specialized for children, including the doors and bathrooms. David and Charles spent a little time re-orienting the place, replacing the word "Girl's Restroom" with "Women's Restroom" and making sure the door handles were lowered, too. The actual "Women's Restroom" was two more doors down the hall.

4'4".

As Katie left for the restroom, Charles and David went to work. They replaced the table with a smaller and lower one, they got David a low chair to let him sit a bit lower. They got a new chair for Katie, one that had the same style as normal chairs, but with 3/4 the dimensions. With a bit of luck, she might not notice that David was slouching down awkwardly in his low chair. David laughed at Charles as they set it up.

"There's no way she won't notice... right?" David said.

Charles looked at the setup. "Only one way to find out."

Because Katie had shrunk, she did not notice that the door had been made for children. It looked like a normal sized door to her. She opened the door, with a slight struggle, pushing it open. As she walked in, her mind perceived everything as almost "normal" again. She went up to the sink and looked at herself. She still looked nice, cute even, and the child's mirror was at her height. She did not notice herself continuing to dwindle down. She took off her pink gloves and washed her hands, then put them back on. She gave one long look at herself and smiled at her face. Nothing is wrong, she's just getting emotional, she thought.

Katie exited the bathroom feeling confident that nothing was wrong. She probably just had feelings for the man and needed to do a quick assessment with herself. With all that taken care of, she pulled, with a good tug, on the child's door handle and walked out of the restroom.

4'3".

Katie walked back to her seat, placing mental focus on herself. She told herself, "It's okay... it's okay...". She remembered that things were okay once she found herself in the restroom. She could go back in case she had another moment of odd feelings. As she slid into her new, smaller chair, she found herself sitting across from David. Relieved that things outside the restroom seemed to feel normal to her again.

"Ah, your paella is almost ready folks", Charles mentioned softly, smiling, and nodding at David, and David nodded back, a signal that things were going to plan.

"Thank you." Katie responded, squeakily. She appreciated that they'd brought her a new chair. Indeed, it was new, and as she crossed her legs, her foot again lowered directly onto the floor. In a few inches time, she would be unable to, again. David awkwardly slouched over in his low chair, being sure to present his upper half so his face was to her eye level.

4'2".

David smiled at her. He knew if he spoke, she'd suspect something again, so he feigned that he felt a bit awkward. While his plan was going very well, he knew she'd need to shrink down several more inches before she could notice something. He sat and smiled towards her. The smile was genuine. He thought she was more and more attractive, the smaller she became.

Katie smiled back at him. To her, this was a moment of tenderness, she could see David's admiration in his eyes. She seemed to be the object of beauty, something

that could not be unseen again. She felt gracious in this moment, enjoying the solitude of finding someone that seemed like the real deal. But she had to be sure.

4'1".

Her feet again started to dangle as she crossed her legs. The foot that had been firmly planted on the ground was again holding on by a shoe's toe.

"So, what is paella, anyways?" She squeaked. Before David could respond, Charles and the teenage patron brought their plates over. Both had a paella, but one was a smaller plate than the other. The fork and plate were smaller. The paella itself was made with smaller, more finely chopped ingredients. And the foods were placed at opposite ends of the table, so it was hard to notice the size difference. "Well, I guess that answers that."

4'0".

As Katie shrank below 4 feet tall, she took her miniaturized fork and ate her food. "Wow, this is good!" She exclaimed.

"Mhm", he responded, stuffing his face, and being sure she wouldn't hear more than a bit of muttering from his mouth. At her size, his voice would be quite booming to her shrinking, tiny ears.

"You're sure enjoying this, aren't you?" She playfully and squeakily asked. He smiled back at her.

"Mmmhmmmmmm." He was enjoying it, alright. He continued to stuff his face, playing into the façade that he was enjoying the food. At her shrinking height, he couldn't help but notice the food lacked the same taste it normally had. It was her that was the main prize on his mind. He knew he had to stay focused on the task and hide away the excitement that was slowly growing inside him.

3'11".

As Katie continued to dwindle, her feet now could not reach the ground again, even in a tiny chair made for her. Her feet began to dangle around, and she moved them around excitedly, wondering where the night would go. Maybe he'd go in for the kiss? Maybe he'd show her out? Was he enjoying it as much as she was? She wasn't sure, but she wanted to know soon. She enjoyed giving herself in to these feelings, while letting her mind race with options.

3'10".

They both finished their paellas, and David motioned over to Charles with his credit card to pay.

“No, it’s fine,” Katie squeaked. “I can cover it. You’ve been so kind to drive out and host, and Charles has been great, too.” David, knowing she was still tall enough to reach the exit door, balked, and looked down at her with a blank expression. He paused for another moment. Katie, wondering why he wasn’t responding, second guessed herself. “Or maybe we can go fifty fifty? What do you want to do? Sorry, I really enjoyed this.”

3’9”.

“Ummm” he replied. “Me too.” His voice boomed over her, almost producing echoes with the depth and giganticness of it all. “I’d love to ask a bit more about you.” At her current height he had comparatively grown to about 9 or 10 feet tall. Nearly everything had grown to suit people 9 or 10 feet tall. But the table and chair she sat on were comparatively much smaller. Still too big for her, at this point. David continued to slouch awkwardly, staying near her eye level.

As David spoke, it was the 2nd moment that Katie felt like something was off. But this time, instead of listening to her intuition, she followed her heart. She was simply enjoying his presence. Her legs dangled around, and she gave way to the moment, looking up at him, and giving him an endearing smile. She repositioned and sat with one leg folded underneath herself, and the other hung down over it.

3’8”.

“Okay!” She squeaked happily. He looked down upon her and smiled. He saw she was not scared of his voice but rather felt blushed by it. Subconsciously, she’d noticed the booming voice, but clearly, consciously, it hadn’t registered with panic or fear. Passing the test, he felt free to talk again.

“So, tell me a little more about the gardens you want to plant. What are you specifically going to grow? I want to start a little farm for you in my backyard sometime, if you’d like.” He knew that because she’d shrink down and be unable to fully tend to a garden, he felt it would be appropriate to let her wishes come true anyways. After all, once he kept her, he’d still want to see her happy.

3’7”.

“Oh, I really love anything outside of the norm. European plants, southern plants, and other kinds of exotic plants. Anything unusual. I’m so fond of all of them...” she squeaked, rounding off her sentence with a ponder. It felt nice to talk freely with

someone. He looked down at her with genuine curiosity, and she noticed. She continued. "I want to get a plant for you, too, and give it a name. I can grow it myself!" She squeaked. Her free leg dangled furiously back and forth as she felt excited to share.

"That'd be lovely. And you could." He boomed. 'You could' is a pseudonym for 'You could, even at a tiny doll's size, maybe grow one plant.'

3'6".

"You know, your voice has changed a little since we started talking..." she squeaked.

"Yours too", he responded, in earnest. "I get that when I get butterflies. You know when you feel something for someone, you just hear them a bit differently?"

"Yeah." She said, looking at him intently.

"I think I feel that for you. I really enjoy your company, and your passions, and I can't wait to see if I can be a big part of your life."

She looked up at him, and her mind raced with inquisition. Was he proposing something? Why was his voice booming? Was this whole thing true? Did he mean that, that he wanted commitment? Was she going a tad mad? But what prevailed was his care. He seemed to genuinely enjoy what she was about, and she felt an overwhelming sense of fondness towards him. Her body fluttered around with lovely feelings.

3'5".

David noticed Katie pausing inside her mind, and he knew he had just a bit longer. He looked down at her, and put both of his hands upon his face, elbows resting on the table. His voice boomed over her again. "You're just adorable, you know?"

It was at this moment that she felt her intuition kicking in again. Were his arms... bigger? Something was off. It just was. She looked at him, and into him, and saw he meant what he said. But even that seemed off. She needed a break again. She couldn't excuse herself just yet, as it felt like they were having a nice moment together.

3'4".

"Anyways" David boomed, "I'm happy to take you out for dinner again. You pick the place."

"And I'll pay!" she squeaked with conviction, raising her tiny finger in the air. As she shrank towards a measly 3 feet tall, her voice sounded much like it had been filled

with helium completely. It squeaked with a sound that was almost comic, if it weren't for her tiny size. Instead, to David's ears, it rang with a sound of cuteness, of being unable to escape the reality of her tiny size. No matter what she did, everything would resonate with her being small. To see it unfold in front of him gave him a pleasure nothing else could match.

3'3".

Charles came back over to give them the bill. But instead, he brought over a blank receipt. "Tonight's on the house, friends. Enjoy your night."

"Thanks", David responded. He knew that she'd shrunk enough to be stopped at any moment she tried to escape. There was no point in hiding it now. But for his enjoyment, he tried to hide it for as long as he could.

"You're the best, Charles!" Katie squeakily exclaimed. Her voice now carried more softly through the air. Charles could barely hear what she'd said. But she could see that she hadn't noticed her tiny stature yet, or she had noticed and did not care.

"My pleasure." He responded, with a smile.

3'2".

"Ah, it's the little pleasures in life, isn't it Katie?" David boomed. "I'm happy you're here. Maybe you can come back to my place tonight..." he lied. He knew she was coming over, she didn't have a choice at this point. But it was fun to toy with her idea that she did.

"Oh, I'd love to..." she squeaked, with a bit of coy playfulness. "...buuut I'm not sure." She lowered her head, and looked up at him, giving him cute eyes. "I'm going to go to the bathroom, and I'll have an answer when I get back." She gave him a cute smile, unfolded her legs, and made her way off the chair. She had to slide down to get off, but she was so wrapped up in her thoughts, her mind had no capacity to process that mote of information.

3'1".

She knew this would keep him off her back for a moment. While she felt a strong pull to say 'Yes', she knew something was wrong. She just did. Her intuition could not be stopped. She felt as if she'd been drugged or put into a stupor. One that oddly felt comfortable, but didn't quite feel "right".

David looked down at her, clumsily sat in his low chair. She'd shrunk down to almost half of her height over the course of an hour. He could hardly contain himself. If

she looked back now, she would have noticed. Part of him wanted to walk behind her and surprise her and grab her. But the sense of wanting to put it off overwhelmed him. He simply looked and admired her tiny stature, her tiny gloves, her cute little skirt, her tiny shoes, and the way it all moved and shrank with her. It was tiny yet still distinctly feminine and womanly. And he knew once he'd broken the moment, there was no going back. For her.

3'0."

Katie approached the (former) Girl's Restroom door, walking over, as she shrank below 3 feet tall. She pushed into it, but it did not move. She then shoved herself towards it, willing her tiny body to move the now gigantic door. With a squeaky grunt, it finally moved. Creating a small slip in the door, Katie found herself able to get inside, for a lot of effort.

Once inside, her mind knew something was wrong. She tried to take her gloves off and place them onto the sink, but before she could do so, she noticed the sink had literally risen above her. She was now shorter than a child's bathroom's sink. She blushed in quiet feminine discontent, wondering how to process this. Maybe she had indeed been drugged? She tried to look at herself in the mirror, but again, it was too high. What was going on?

2'11".

Suddenly, the door opened.

"Hey", David boomed. "There's something you should know."

As she turned around and looked up, she found David standing above her, at an enormous height, comparatively 12 feet tall. She had to crane her neck up just to see him, and he had to crane his down to see her cute, little confused face. She realized quickly that he was not 12 feet tall. She had shrunk! And was she still getting smaller?

She became a flood of emotions. Panic, embarrassment, fear, betrayal, confusion, and anger. One other emotion prevailed above them all. Excitement.