

# Diminishing June

*By Dragonien*

Size isn't everything. That's what everyone always said, at least. It's easy for people to say such things when they're a normal size, though. For some people, though, size is the most important factor in their lives. Not for anything as arbitrary as looking good while being tall or even the ego boost of more 'private' attributes of size but rather the simple minimal size required to function in day to day life. That was the kind of size that was everything. It was also the kind of size June was sorely lacking in.

With an exasperated huff, the little raccoon girl reached up to grab the lip of the countertop with the tips of her fingers. She tried her best to ignore the fact that she had to stand on her tiptoes to reach high enough to get a good grip, something she hadn't needed to do only a couple of days ago, as she began to haul herself upwards. Her tail bristled out behind her as her feet scrambled against the front of the kitchen cabinet for what little purchase it could find to help her all-but dead-lift her entire body upwards. Thankfully it only took a few moments of such struggles before she was able to pull high enough to get one elbow over the top of the counter, then the other. With that done the hard part was over and it wasn't much more effort to pull herself the rest of the way up onto the countertop above. Trying not to breath too hard, stubbornly not wanting to show how much effort something so seemingly simple had taken her, June brushed a few strands of her bright blue hair out of her face and took in her surroundings.

Yea. The kitchen definitely looked bigger today.

She shouldn't have been surprised. The kitchen looked bigger every day. She couldnt help but smile for a moment as she remembered the brief period when she had thought the kitchen had been small. Now, though, it stretched out in all directions like a two-story office lobby converted into a kitchen for giants. She tried to force those thoughts out of her head as she turned her attention towards the contents of the countertop itself. Thankfully there were still some dishes in the dish strainer beside the sink. If there hadn't been she'd have to give up as there was no way she could see her being able to safely reach the upper cabinets and getting any of the dishes in them down without breaking them or hurting herself. Smiling lightly to herself she strolled her way across the counter towards the strainer. She made it all of three steps before tripping on the hem of her dress and flopping face-down onto the marble countertop.

Grumbling and rubbing at the sore spot on the bridge of her muzzle, June pushed herself up to her feet again and looked down at herself. The frilly pink dress she wore was already hanging below her ankles. She knew her clothing choices had been a bit limited by what they had on hand from the thrift shop nearby, but she had still kind of hoped it would have lasted a bit longer. Or rather, she'd hoped her size would have lasted longer at a range she'd fit in it. Neither her, nor her new roommate had expected her to dip underneath three feet so quickly. She couldn't help but glance out across the kitchen to the living room beyond where a heavy pile of thick fabric blankets lay folded up in the corner. She remembered when she'd needed to have clothes custom made for her. The sight of those piles of fabric, each one bigger than any comforter when unfurled and doubly thick, brought a smile to her face as she thought about them. Those shorts and that shirt had been so comfy.

She reminisced of when those had been some of the only things that she'd had to wear. That had been back when she had been big, powerful, gigantic! Back when she could have picked up cars like toys and happily waved to those inside after lifting them a dozen or more stories into the air to be face to face with her. Back

when her footsteps could shake the ground and leave footprints in concrete. Back when she'd been big enough that when she'd tried to tease her current roommate by leaning coyly over an overpass to loom above him, she'd accidentally collapsed it under the weight of her 'impressive' bustline.

Now though, that bustline was about the only thing that still felt big to her. Big for her size, at least. The rest of her couldn't even reach the top of a kitchen counter without needing to climb. Whatever had happened to her had caused her to start shrinking; slowly, but certainly, every single day. It had taken her weeks to even get down underneath the double digits in height and for a while she had actually been kind of excited. It had been years since she had been small enough to fit inside of normal buildings! She'd had fun teasing her roommate about how tiny his little kitchen was and how she had to duck down underneath the ceiling whenever she walked into it even though it had a raised ceiling for someone tall like him. But before long they'd both noticed the shrinking had shown no signs of stopping. Soon she had been looking him eye to eye instead of towering over him. Then for a time she had found some amusement in shopping at the normal clothing stores and buying clothes off the rack; something even he didn't get to experience since all his clothes came from the big and tall store! But even that had faded as she'd kept right on shrinking and soon had been buying from the racks in the kids section instead of the adults. Then they'd moved on to doll clothes.

It was hard going from being able to pick up buses like they were soda cans to needing two arms to lift up a cereal bowl from the dish strainer. At least she had her friend Dragonien to help her through everything. He'd been incredibly supportive in helping her deal with her diminishing height; if perhaps a bit too eager to tease her. Not that she really minded. He knew almost as well as she did how flustered her shrinking was making her. Having spent so much of her adult life so large you could see her from almost anywhere in town had made the rare instances of privacy and being unnoticed precious to her. Now she was small enough she could hide just about anywhere anytime she wanted. The downside being that, at the rate that she was going, she only had a few more weeks before she'd be hard to spot even when she WASN'T hiding.

She'd also be lying if she didn't say that idea made her squirm a bit as well.

Just as she was making her way back to the edge of the countertop to try to figure out how she was going to get down with her cereal bowl prize, she felt the ground beginning to shake. It was a faint, low rumble that only lasted a split second. Then it came again... and again... and again. It wasn't hard to recognize, though it still flustered her that it was noticeably louder and stronger than it had been yesterday. It was footsteps. She couldn't help but blush at the thought that her footsteps had once been like that to everyone and now a normal person was having the same effect on her! Well, almost normal. An eight foot four inch dragon wasn't exactly normal, but compared to the hundred plus foot tall raccoon girl she used to be, it was the next best thing.

When he came around the corner she felt herself reflexively crouching down as if to half-hide behind her cereal bowl. Something about seeing a large predator towering over her like that made primal instincts go off in her head despite knowing she was in no danger. No danger of being harmed, at least. She had no illusions about whether or not she was in danger of being relentlessly teased when he saw what she was up too. And of course, right on cue, came his chuckle-laced voice.

"Well well well. Couldn't wait for me to get up to try to get you some breakfast, could you?" he teased, every few words laced with a snort of amusement.

"I can still feed myself!" June called out, back straightening to stand defiantly in front of him. The fact that, even fully upright on top of the kitchen counter, she couldn't even reach his neck, did much to soften the effect of her defiance.

"Tell me then, short stuff. How were you going to get the down from the fridge? or even open it for that matter."

June's mouth opened to defiantly answer only to hang open with no sound escaping. her mind blanked out; having been focusing on one step at a time rather than having a thought out plan. She actually had no idea how she would have opened the fridge. Rather than giving him the satisfaction of an admittance of the truth, she simply crossed her arms and pouted while glaring up at him; an act that would have been adorable even had she still been bigger than his house. At this size, though, it was about the same level of cuteness as a big-eyed kitten staring up at you pleadingly.

"Oh fine. Don't look at me like that. you're still powerful and fierce and unstoppable no matter the size." he placated, struggling to keep the smirk off his face.

Its hard to take such things seriously when the woman that had once teasingly threatened to eat him and been able to actually follow through was now small enough to fit in his pocket. But Dragonien powered through. He snatched up the bowl June had so painstakingly aquired and pulled open the fridge; fishing around for milk and snagging a box of cereal for them both. A second bowl was snached up while his tail snaked around her middle like a snake and lifted her up to be carried over to the table. After that, it was a simple matter of pouring bowls for both of them and proving her with a plastic toddler's spoon so she could eat what she could of the, to her, giant bits of wheat and marshmallow.

June knew that she wouldn't have very many more days she'd still be able to eat at the table normally like this with him. It wouldn't be long before she was too short to see over the rim of the bowl. Too small to lift the spoon up even with both arms. Hell, at the rate she was going she might end up so small she couldn't even pick up a single piece of cereal. But at least she had a good friend to help her deal with the problems as they arose. She could have had worse friends watching out for her. He was a good friend.

Even if he did tease her relentlessly when it came time to measure her.