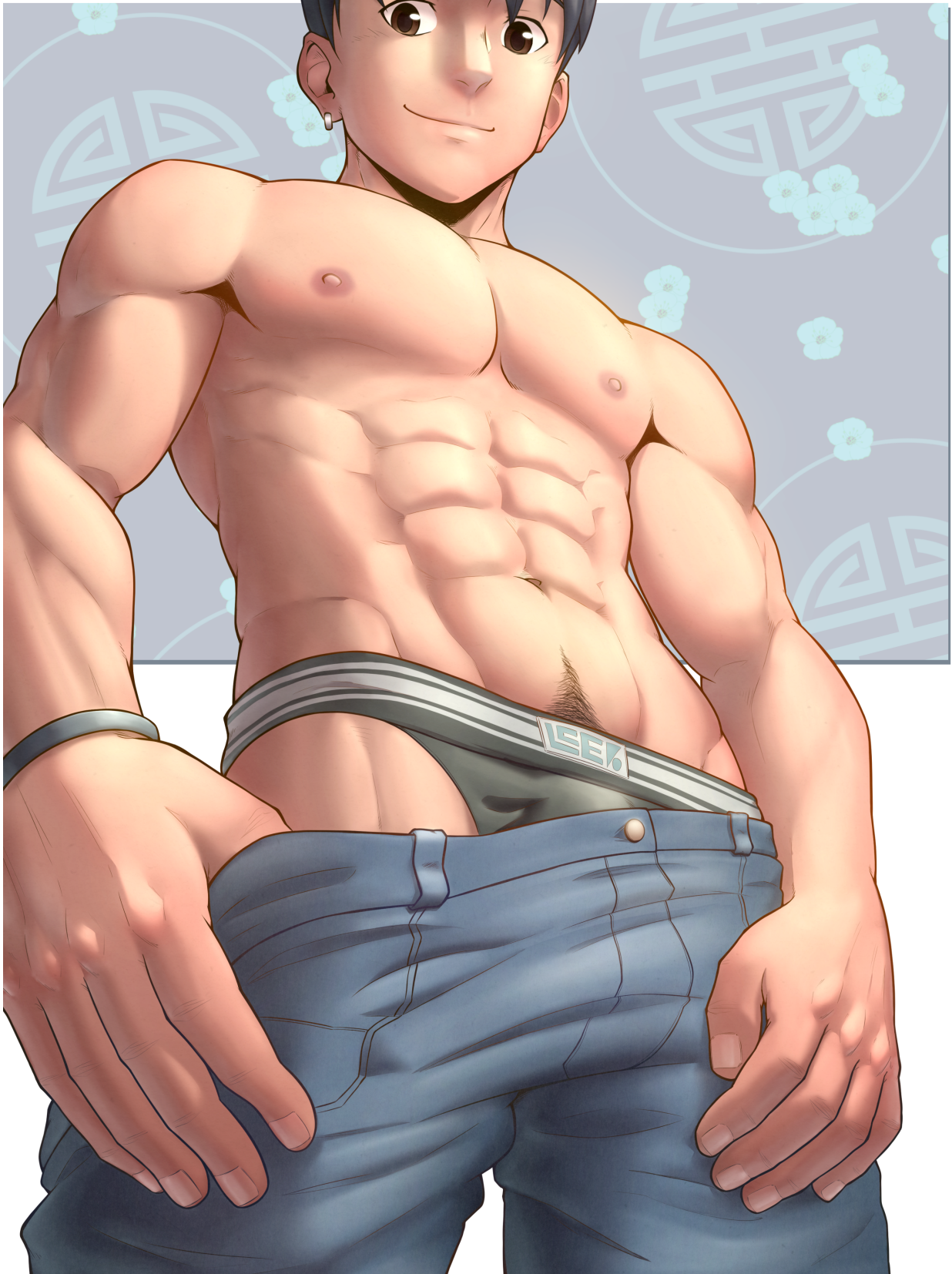


Dymiji 2019



## Being Lee's

“Wake up, little sleepyhead~”

I felt like I was surrounded in cotton, and the tender voice above me was making me even more at ease. Slowly, I opened my eyes and got used to the flood of light that blinded me for an instant. Far, far above me—I somehow expected it to be lost amid clouds if there were any—was the face of a young man. A strangely tall young man.

It took me a second to realize that I was looking at a literal giant; I immediately jumped to my feet, breathing quickly. Scanning my environment, I realized I was standing on top of a bed of absurd proportions, everything was spreading far into the horizon and each wrinkle of the fabric was a hill or mountain in its own right. Cross-legged on the bed, seemingly a hundred feet away from me but probably no more than a couple feet from his perspective, sat a honest-to-God giant. His almond-shaped eyes were staring straight at me while his thin lips formed an amenable smile.

In the seconds of silence that followed, I admired his appearance. Besides the obvious size disparity, he seemed to be on the short side by normal human standards. He had a typically East-Asian face, with a fair complexion, short, messy dark hair, and deep black eyes above a slim, straight nose. His face was long and thin with full cheeks, giving him a distinct air of innocence.

“How are you doing, Crumbs?” he suddenly asked. His voice took me aback, it wasn't nearly as deep and powerful as I'd have expected from such a big person; it was gentle, soft and pleasant. If one could smell sounds, his voice would smell of flowers with a hint of cinnamon.

I took a second to figure out he was awaiting an answer. “Oh! Er... I'm... fine?” I said, feeling confused. “Excuse me, but who are you? And why are you so big? Or me so small? And, um, who is Crumbs?”

I didn't think my voice would reach his ears, but he seemed to hear me just fine, as he replied immediately. “What are you talking about? You're Crumbs!” He laughed—a

throaty, energetic laugh—but after a moment looked somewhat concerned. “Wait, are you serious? You don’t remember?”

Thinking back, I realized I really didn’t remember *anything*. Who was I? What was I doing there? Nothing was coming to mind, so I acquiesced.

“Oh boy...” The giant scratched the back of his head, looking uncomfortable. “I see, I guess it was a risk of the- I mean, of what happened. But I guess we could use a fresh start.”

The giant shifted his position slightly, nearly making me lose balance, and brought a single finger in front of me, close enough to touch. That allowed me to realize I was just slightly taller than his fingertip, probably one inch tall or so.

“My name’s Lee! I am a student at the local college. I will become a mechanical engineer! I love J-Pop, massages and fun videos on Youtube.”

After a short hesitation, I put my hand on his fingertip, as if shaking his hand. “Nice to meet you, I am.. erm, I’m afraid I don’t exactly remember who I am...”

“Crumbs,” Lee completed for me.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think that’s my na-”

“*You are Crumbs,*” Lee asserted again, drowning my own voice. His usual flowery tone felt steely for the first time. It was the kind of tone that did not allow talking back. But his voice was instantly back to normal as he kept talking. “You belong to a species of small people. I found you in a pet shop, I first wanted a cat but I bought you instead. You’ve been my pet for two years now, and you love it! Sometimes, I have to physically haul you off my feet because you’re too obsessed with them! If I didn’t know better, I’d think you’re actually in love with me~” He ended his tirade in a singsong voice and with a wink, causing my heart to flutter.

But wait... Pet? Feet? That took a turn I didn’t expect, there. Did I really belong to this boy? Was I really a *pet*? I didn’t have time to explore the thought as Lee’s position shifted again, sending me sprawling on my belly this time. When I got back up, Lee’s

position had completely changed; he had uncrossed his legs and was showing off his feet, which were on their side and with both soles pointed towards me. They were oddly attractive: long, thin, with well-proportioned toes and clean, smooth skin. I wasn't a foot type of guy—or was I? It was becoming confusing—but these feet were like fire to my moth.

Far above, Lee's voice rang like a song. "Do your thing, Crumbs~ I'm sure you'll remember me better after worshipping my feet!" And so I did.

As I approached the left foot, admiring the towering ball of the giant's foot, I felt something akin to performance anxiety. "Er, Lee?" I asked.

The reply came immediately, in a stern tone. "Master Lee."

"*You are Crumbs,*" Lee asserted again, drowning my own voice. His usual flowery tone felt steely for the first time. It was the kind of tone that did not allow talking back. But his voice was instantly back to normal as he kept talking. "You belong to a species of small people. I found you in a pet shop, I first wanted a cat but I bought you instead. You've been my pet for two years now, and you love it! Sometimes, I have to physically haul you off my feet because you're too obsessed with them! If I didn't know better, I'd think you're actually in love with me~" He ended his tirade in a singsong voice and with a wink, causing my heart to flutter.

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The reply came immediately, in a stern tone. “Master Lee.”

“Oh, M-Master Lee,” I repeated. Calling someone else master felt odd, somewhat humiliating. Foreign. But I didn’t think I had much of a choice. I was this guy’s pet... right? “Do you want me to... massage your feet?”

“For a start, yes. Feel free to kiss and lick.”

“Oh, M-Master Lee,” I repeated. Calling someone else master felt odd, somewhat humiliating. Foreign. But I didn’t think I had much of a choice. I was this guy’s pet... right? “Do you want me to... massage your feet?”

“For a start, yes. Feel free to kiss and lick.”

**[TO COMPLETE]**

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### **Dream sequences:**

The first night in my new (or old I supposed?) life was pretty uncomfortable. My doll house had been furnished with a fully functioning bedroom, thanks to Master Lee’s generosity—it felt brand new, although I was told I slept there numerous times. The plastic bed squeaked when I made the slightest movement and my only bed sheet was an old piece of cloth seemingly torn from a towel of some kind. It was rough on the skin, but warm enough.

But I didn’t mind these small inconveniences as my bed allowed me to face the doll house’s open side, giving me a perfect view of Master Lee’s bed. I could only see one foot and part of the leg sticking out from under his blanket, so I conjured a mental image of his face to lull myself to sleep.

I imagined Master Lee’s smiling face so hard that I wasn’t surprised to see it in my dream

that night. The only unexpected thing was that I was actually looking down at a much smaller version of my owner's face as I felt the numbness of slumber envelop me.

*Lee is looking up at me. His face barely reaches my torso. Strange view.*

*I cannot move my head, but I seem to notice that we are in a dark place with starkly colored lights. Nightclub? My eyes are locked on Lee, he smiles at me. I want to smile back.*

*The scene is hazy, hard to understand. I move from one place to the other in an instant. I'm drinking a cocktail. Lee is laughing. We are outside now, smoking a spliff. Lee is saying something, but I can't remember what.*

*"What?" I hear myself say.*

*"... love you..." is the reply.*

*I love you too, Master Lee. The words don't come out of my lips. I feel frustrated, I want to make a move, but my dream self won't budge.*

*Lee's face comes closer. He looks drunk. Blushing. So attractive I could die. His lips are puckered.*

*His lips touch mine. I feel desire shoot through my crotch and my entire body. I love you, Master. It is sloppy and wet, very wet, but so enjoyable. I return the kiss just as sloppily. I love him.*

*My arms move, I think to hug him, but they push him away. Why? WHY? I try to call for Master Lee, but my body is moving, running away.*

*"You... mine!" I hear. Yes, I am yours, Master.*

*Why am I running away? Why am I-*

My eyes shot open. I was still in the dollhouse, but I kicked my cloth blanket off of me.

My crotch is still gorged with desire, I couldn't believe what started as a wet dream ended in such a disappointing fashion. Thoughtlessly, I slid my hand in my boxers, ready to get rid of the morning wood.

“Thinking about me, I hope?” I shrieked in surprise and almost fell off the bed as Lee's face suddenly appeared in front of my house, looking at me. I could feel his warm breath on me, making me go even crazier—it was warm and sweet, as if he just had downed a hot chocolate.

Although my first instinct was to pull my hand out and pretend nothing happened, Master Lee's eyes on me made me reconsider. “Er... yes, actually. I dreamed of you, and we were kissing, and, er, I woke up like that.”

The mention of the word “kissing” made Lee's almond-shaped eyes twinkle. “Oh~? I think I have to show you the real me is much better than any dream you could have~” His hand quickly replaced his face in the house's opening, and I stood still as two humongous fingers clasped both sides of me. I let out a weak whimper of pleasure as I felt his bare skin pressed up against my crotch as he pulled me out of my dollhouse and into his turf.

**[TO COMPLETE]**

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Nights were my least favorite part of life with Lee. After the first night's dream, every dream seemed to be more or less the same thing. Living a strange life in a strange world where everything was my size—and worse, where Master Lee wasn't around. In that strange world, I had a boyfriend waiting for me at home, a tall and handsome man with a sculpted brown beard and kind eyes. But I felt upset whenever I saw him in my dreams, because I couldn't find it in me to love anyone other than my beloved owner. I believed I saw Master Lee a few times, in my peripheral vision, but I could not control my dream self's actions so I could never check for myself.

But the worst part was that they all ended up as nightmares. A sense of discomfort and anxiety permeated every dream I had even if I couldn't pinpoint what, like knowing that someone was looking at you but without being able to figure out who or from where.

Someone was looking at me, that was exactly it.

In my dreams, I always looked over my shoulder with worry, and I always imagined shifting forms in the shadows stalking me. Numerous times, I thought I saw someone hidden in the bushes or following me home. Once, I was convinced I saw a pair of deep black eyes glaring at me through my own house's ventilation grate.

Sometimes, the nightmares ended with the exact same sequence. I was tiny and on the floor, looking up at a towering man whose head was shrouded in darkness. He was grinning, though, as I could see both his pearly teeth and the white of his eyes. He was not grinning at me, but at another tiny man far away from me. The giant's foot would always rise up with deliberate slowness, and then I would hear a crazy laugh. The whole situation felt like loss and pain, and I could almost smell malevolence oozing from the giant. On many occasions, I would fall to my knees and pray for Master Lee to come rescue me. But sometimes, I would run towards the other tiny and scream, and the giant's foot would fall onto him. I always woke up just before the foot landed, covered in sweat and tears.

I didn't tell Master Lee about my nightmares. Our time together was too precious for me to waste it—he spent most of his days at university or sleeping, after all, so I wanted our time together to be fun and happy. I guessed he knew about my dreams, though, in the way he looked at me every morning before school. I didn't think there was anything I could hide from my Master—I didn't know what the full extent of his powers were, but I wouldn't be surprised if he were an authentic God. He felt like one to me, at least.

**[TO COMPLETE]**

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*A door slams somewhere behind me. A smell tickles my nostrils. Curry. My favorite.*

*I don't know how, but I am now sitting on a large couch, hugging someone my own size. It should feel odd, but I feel at ease. Natural.*



*“Did he follow you again today?” The voice is disembodied, almost spectral. A large man’s voice.*

*“Yes.” It is hazy, like I’m lost in a mist, but I hear my own voice reply.*

*“What did... police say?”*

*“They laughed... said he... two heads shorter than me... they told me to man up! But I swear he had a gun, this is not... joke.” My own voice again. I sound distressed.*

*The scene changes again. I am in a bed—a real bed, not the plastic one in Lee’s doll house. I try looking around me, but my dream self isn’t moving. I am staring at a window. There is someone there. It’s dark and scary. I feel trapped. The window creaks open. I hear myself scream in the distance.*

“AHHHHH!” This scream was real, and it blended itself with the one in my dream. I screamed in both cases, I realized. I was drenched in cold sweat. But it didn’t make sense. It couldn’t make sense.

Because in my dream, I recognized the face staring me down through the window. Without a shadow of a doubt.

It was Master Lee’s face.

**[TO COMPLETE]**

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My trained tongue was obediently lapping the underside of Master’s sole, which was lazily resting on its heel as he played a video game, when I saw the other man for the first time. Before that, I would sometimes hear movement in the rest of the house, but my world was limited to that one bedroom so I could never figure out what was causing it—but that day, the man opened the door and showed himself.

I only got a glance, really, as Lee’s foot immediately crashed into me, squeezing me

against the floor with unprecedented energy. It was like being stuck under a truck after a violent car crash, seemingly all the weight of a healthy young man was pushing me down, and the softness of the flesh did little to soften the blow. I really thought I would die that day. And yet, for the first time since the truth came out, I felt genuine hope.

Because of the other man, first—I caught a glimpse of a tall, well-built man, a man able to grab Lee’s by the collar and lift him off the ground with little effort. And second... because Lee was obviously trying to hide me from him! As my captor’s foot silently grinded me into the carpet, and despite the groans of protestations of all the bones in my body, all I could see in this torture was that I had an ally. That, if the other man knew about me, he could save me!

“What are you doing, Lee?” The voice was muffled by the foot smothering me, but it filled me with joy nonetheless.

“Video games” was the reply. Master seemed annoyed.

A drawn-out sigh. “You skipped classes again? You know that I can’t let you-”

“Shut up, Jun! You aren’t my dad!” Lee’s retort was barked, venomous. Silence followed; I could only hear the sound of a beating heart, although I couldn’t tell if it was my own or Lee’s, reverberated through the skin I was encased in.

“...Are you hiding something from me? You know you can tell me everything.”

No answer. After a drawn-out silence, I heard a sigh and the door close. The pressure on me lightened, but the foot didn’t get off of me; it was like the giant simply released tension without thinking about me at all. The video game noises resumed. Lee didn’t say a word or even demand that I keep worshipping his feet. I was forgotten. But that situation, as humiliating as it was to be stepped on by another man, gave me time aplenty to prepare my plan.

With an ally in the house, escape was possible.

**[TO COMPLETE]**

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*Slap. Slap.*

The sound of Master Lee's bare feet on the carpeted floor weren't loud but, for someone as small as me, they may as well be a siren warning me of his position at all times. A blessing, really, when I was attempting a daring escape. It had taken me essentially the entire night to scaled down the furniture upon which my doll was positioned, so I was operating on little sleep; it made me paranoid. Shuffling deeper into my hiding place under the dresser as the giant's footfalls came closer, my heart almost stopped at the titanic feet of my captor came into view. He was right in front of the fucking dresser.

His toes bent. His knees came into view. He was kneeling to look under the dresser!

I fell on my stomach, making me as small as possible. The carpet fibers, which typically tickled my stomach, swallowed me whole and I—hope I—disappeared among them. One would expect carpets to be soft and inviting, but at my size, they were a nuisance that impeded my movements and had a rough quality to them. A nuisance that saved my life, I realized, as Lee didn't see me and kept going. I couldn't see it, as my vision was obscured by the carpet, but his footfalls resumed, getting farther away.

After a few tense minutes without moving, Lee's voice rang out.

"Crumbs? Crumbs, come out, boy!" He made that clickety noise to call animals over, but I was too used to my condition to feel outraged by that. No, what I focused on, instead, was that the voice was distant. Lee was on the other side of the bedroom.

Without thinking, I seized my chance and ran out of my hiding place and straight towards the door while checking over my shoulder that Lee's humongous form was a reasonable distance away. Two times, I had to flatten myself into the carpet, when it seemed Lee was looking my way. The second time, I remained hidden for several minutes, as Lee decided to walk to the door, open it and call my name again in the corridor outside. I wasn't two feet away from the door at that point; his sole traveled in the air just above me, displacing air before crashing right in front of me. The power Lee's heel displayed when it crashed onto the floor, almost close enough for me to

touch, would remain in my nightmares for a long time. Just a bit more and I would have been...

But it wasn't time to complain. Lee closed the door and turned around, his feet traveling in the sky far above me once again as he resumed his search for me. I made a run for it, and I finally reached the door. Crawling underneath was trivial, and for the first time in weeks, I left my kidnapper's bedroom! I inhaled a long time, enjoying the smell of freedom. Honestly, it still smelled like Lee on his bad days—probably because I spent so much time at the man's feet that the smell would cling to me for months—but it was *freedom musk*. I resumed my trip to freedom.

What followed was a long and exhausting hike through the corridors and rooms of a gargantuan house. It was relatively easy, as Lee didn't leave his bedroom—I heard him call for “Crumbs” sometimes, in the distance—but the sheer distance to cross was a challenge. Overall, the house was tidy, much cleaner than Lee's room, reflecting the fact someone else lived there. Someone dependable. My hero-to-be!

After trekking through a never-ending corridor and past several closed doors, I saw what I figured was the front door in the distance. To reach it, I just had to cross the living room. Just for safety, I always tried to remain under furniture, so I became intimately familiar with the underbelly of the TV stand, desk and couch. That's under the latter that I made a discovery that made my blood run cold.

I almost didn't see it, truth be told. It is the blood that tipped me off. Under the couch, on several carpet fibers, which I had to grab and push out of the way to keep advancing, there were traces of blood. Handprints. It took me a moment to realize it, as it was quite dark, but they formed a trail, which I followed. It led me to a shoe. A simple, discarded shoe.

A shoe belonging to someone my size.

I almost threw up when I realized the implications. I wasn't the first. Lee had shrunk someone else before me, perhaps even several people, and at least one had attempted to escape. At least one, like me, had gotten out of the dreaded bedroom and under this couch.

That person wasn't alive anymore to tell the tale, if the blood was any indication. Murdered by Lee. Maybe they were stepped on carelessly—but I could picture Lee “punishing” a tiny person for running away by tearing them apart like a kid would kill a fly, limb after limb.

I wasn't safe, after all. Not even here.

That's when I started running. Sore muscles and thirst be damned, I needed to get out of this cursed house, away from Lee! I made a beeline for the front door, my ears ready to pick up any noise coming from Lee's bedroom.

*Thoom. Thoom.*

The sound of giant steps made me freeze when I wasn't even three feet—in normal human measurements—away from the door. It took me a second to realize they were too heavy to belong to Lee's petite frame. And they were coming from *in front of me*. From the other side of the front door.

After the macabre discovery earlier, and probably due to the lack of sleep, food and water, I found myself on my knees on the wooden floor, crying and sniffing in relief, when I heard a key slide into the lock.

*Click.*

The door opened, and I didn't even think to get out of the way. I was a sobbing mess smack dab in the middle of the hall, staring up as the door creaked open. It was him! It was really him!

High, very high in the sky, the face of the man named Jun, Lee's... roommate (?) appeared in the embrasure. With the sunlight flooding the hall from behind him, bathing his head in pure white light, he looked like an angel. He was impossibly tall, especially seen from my vantage point on the floor. He looked like he was in his 30s, or perhaps late 20s. His jaw was strong and square, and he had a serious businessman resting face. His East-Asian features were more discreet than Lee's, but his eyes were clearly Asian-looking. His muscular body seemed ready to burst out of his tight business suit at any time, and I noticed a pair of glasses tucked into the breast pocket. He was the spitting

image of strength. He seemed like he could punch Lee once and the younger man wouldn't move ever again. My heart leaped, and so did I.

"Sir! Sir!" I yelled up at him, and I could swear that he stared straight at me for an instant... but his eyes wandered away as he closed the door, kicked off his dress shoes and socks.

"Look down! I am here!" I couldn't believe he didn't hear me. Lee heard me whenever I said anything, so my voice couldn't be that weak! I started panicking when one of the now-bare feet took one step on the wooden floor, sending tremors through it and me. The second foot joined it as the giant remained deaf to my cries for help.

Slowly, Jun's right foot raised in the air and moved towards me until its shadow engulfed me. It was wider and stockier than Lee's now-familiar feet, but the sole was equally smooth and soft. "Sir! Jun, sir, please! I am here!" I started running away as the sole descended straight onto me, but I didn't stop screaming up at the titan. If I didn't know better, I would think that Jun was deliberately aiming for me, I thought as I scampered away.

The foot slammed into the floor and nearly into me. Two walls of flesh, both significantly taller than me, landed on both sides of me. I was right between his first and second toe, I realized, unsure if it was incredibly lucky or unlucky—but, thankfully, Jun didn't scrunch up his toes. The smell was far more potent than anything I'd ever experienced at Lee's feet, probably because he just removed his shoes. The wide open air was several meters (to me) in front of me, just past his toenails, but I was frozen in shock.

Above me, the giant he was looking at me. Not in my direction, *at me*. In his hand, the giant held his thick-rimmed, square glasses, which he slid onto his nose. He frowned as soon as his eyes scanned me through the lenses.

"You're not one of mine."

The simple sentence shattered my world. I tried to run to freedom, but Jun's toes slammed together, squeezing me so tight I couldn't move a muscle. That couldn't be real. That couldn't be happening!

“So that’s what the little rascal was hiding, uh?” I barely even registered what the words meant. I didn’t see them before I felt them, but two fingers scraped me off Jun’s toes and carried me up to his face, where I was discarded on top of Jun’d upturned palm. His eyes, which I found looked severe and uncaring up close, gave me an inscrutable look.

“Lee! Come here, now!” Jun suddenly yelled. I wanted to cry, I wanted to kick and fight back, or even to jump off the palm to a certain death, but hearing my captor’s name—quickly followed by a door opening and rapid steps in my direction—left me paralyzed. I found myself unable to move, unable to feel anything.

Having your hope destroyed was so much worse than having no hope in the first place.

“What, Jun? I’m busy with, er, homework,” Lee said somewhere behind me. My eyes were locked on Jun’s titanic face, silently pleading. He wasn’t even paying attention to me, he was looking above me, towards Lee, probably.

“Why didn’t you tell me you borrowed my shrink gun?”

“Wha- I, I didn’t! I swear I didn’t! I-” Lee sounded genuinely scared.

“It’s fine.”

“Uh? Really...?”

“Yeah. You’re old enough to have your own pets, you can’t just keep playing with mine forever.” Jun’s lips curled into a smile. It could have been a warm smile in any other context.

“Wow! Thank you so, so much big bro! Ooooh, that’s soooo coooool!” Lee sounded so excited suddenly. So, Jun was Lee’s brother, after all. I should have expected it. My mind was seeing that discussion about my future, and probably the future of other innocent fucks, in such a detached manner I almost scared myself. Almost. I was too catatonic to care.

“Tut tut tut. You have to promise you will attend college again and be very diligent about it, young man,” Jun added on a playful tone, and Lee chuckled. “And don’t shrink your classmates until *after* graduation, we don’t want police attention on us.”

Lee agreed enthusiastically. Jun then motioned for him to get closer.

“Then you deserve to get your toy back,” he said as he tilted his hand. I rolled slowly, at first, then barrelled down the slope of Jun’s palm straight into the expectant, upturned palm of Lee below. I landed roughly, partially sinking into the soft, plump palm of Master Lee. His face now filled my entire field of vision. His gorgeous eyes and bright smile were as sinister as ever, and the warm breath washing over me gave me chills. But I didn’t move. I couldn’t move. I was checked out mentally.

“You’re gonna have soooo many little friends to play with, but you will always be my favorite,” Lee promised. “I will never, ever let you escape or die. We’re gonna have so much fun together~”

His fingers and darkness both enveloped me as he closed his fist, trapping me once again. In the warm Hell that my life had become, I could feel the dried tears on my cheeks. A few minutes earlier, I had been crying in joy, overcome with hope.

*What a fucking joke.*

[The end.]