

“And it turns out that the evil spirit was able to make you as small as you feel and well... I ended up like this.” Serizawa finished, bowing his head, standing in the middle of Reigen's desk at around an inch tall.

“Uh... huh. First things first Serizawa, you need... scratch that. Mob!”

“Yes Master?”

“Did you take care of the evil spirit?”

“Yes Master.”

“Excellent job Mob, as usual! Keep up the good work. Now, first things first Serizawa.”

“Sounds more like second things second to me.”

“S-Second? Oh...”

“Shut up Dimple. Serizawa!”

The tiny man, who had slumped his shoulders, suddenly jumped to attention, arms at his sides, chest thrust out. A trickle of sweat ran down the side of his face as he said, “YES MASTER!”

“You have to stop being so hard on yourself. You've been with us for a while now and you've really been improving on not just your psychic abilities but also on your social skills. You've come a long way! You're not just a tool anymore. Pass me a cigarette.”

Serizawa had been nodding along, really absorbing the wisdom of his Master's words when the request suddenly came out of nowhere. He blinked, not taking a step for a solid minute before he realized the lecture was already over. He hurried across the desk, leaping over a pen and dodging around a coffee mug before reaching the open pack. He hesitated for a moment, the scent of tobacco heavy in the air, before rushing ahead and grabbing the unfiltered end. His hands could barely wrap around the massive white log as he braced his feet the best he could before tugging. He grunted with effort as the cylinder slowly eased its way out of the pack, the crinkle of the cellophane the only sound other than Serizawa's heavy breathing. After about five minutes of effort the cigarette was freed, Serizawa crouching with his hands on his knees trying to catch his breath. Reigen raised an eyebrow and said, “Any reason you didn't just use your powers?”

“I... I can't... ever since... meeting that... evil spirit.” The tiny man panted, wiping his forehead before sitting down on the cigarette like a weary traveler in the forest resting on a fallen tree.

“Huh...” Reigen said, eyes looking to the side as he stroked his chin. “And all of this is still persisting even though the evil spirit was vanquished... Interesting. Very interesting. Must be a mental block or something then.”

He leaned to the left, opening a drawer to grab his lighter as his right hand felt around on his desk for the cigarette. Serizawa watched warily as those thick fingers groped their way forward, inching along the surface like a pale spider. The shrunken man let out a yelp as two pillar like digits snatched the cylinder, Serizawa clinging desperately to it as it was lifted smoothly into the air. Reigen's loud voice

easily drowned out Serizawa's shouts as he continued pontificating.

“I bet once you realize your own self worth and stop treating yourself like a punching bag or a crash test dummy or something you'll pop right back up to your normal height.” He stuck the cigarette in his mouth, still talking, Serizawa now bouncing wildly on top of the cigarette like a bar patron on a mechanical bull. “In the meantime, don't think I'm going to cut down on your work load. I'll give you today off but I fully expect you to be back to normal and ready to go by tomorrow. Understand?”

Serizawa groaned as Reigen finished talking, unable to respond. The much larger man made a “tch!” sound in his throat as he flicked his lighter, bringing the flame up to the point of the cylinder. “I don't hear a 'Yes Master!'”

“Uh... Master?” Mob said quietly, Dimple smiling quietly in the background as he watched this whole spectacle.

“What is it Mob, I'm kind of on a roll here.”

“Mr. Serizawa is on your cigarette.”

“Hn?” Reigen crossed his eyes, looking down as best he could. “So he is. Might I suggest also working on your powers of observation, Serizawa? You should have really seen me coming.”

“Speak for yourself, Reigen. You couldn't spot *him* and he was literally under your nose!” Dimple said loudly.

Reigen sighed deeply, drawing the smoke into his lungs as he leaned his head back slightly, Serizawa sliding down the cigarette until the soles of his shoes connected with Reigen's upper lip. He quickly readjusted his grip as two massive fingertips appeared on either side of him, Reigen bringing the cigarette down to the nearby ashtray. Serizawa tumbled onto the dusty ceramic surface, coughing as he gazed up at his towering Master, Reigen blowing out a cloud of smoke in Dimple's direction.

“I don't have a nose, stupid.” Dimple mocked.

“You can take the day off too Mob. I'll have to reschedule the exorcism we had lined up today.”

Mob's face lit up as he heard this, his normally gloomy countenance as bright as the morning sun.

“Thank you, Master! I'll be going then! The Body Improvement Club meeting hasn't started yet. If I run I can make it back on time!”

“Don't be fooled, Mob.” Dimple said as the boy ran out the door, his voice fading into the distance.

“He's just trying to get rid of me.”

“One of these days I'm going to find a way to get rid of that snot glob once and for all.” Reigen muttered, flicking his ashes into the ashtray again. He looked down and saw Serizawa was still sitting in the ashtray, suit covered with ash, not moving an inch even as the hot ash rained down nearby.

“Don't just sit there, Serizawa! Hop to!”

“Yes Master!” Serizawa shouted, leaping to his feet.

“Come out of there and stand here.” Reigen ordered, tapping a spot on his desk right in front of him.

The tiny man immediately jumped out of the ashtray, avoiding a third rain before scrambling along the desktop to stand in the exact spot indicated by Reigen. The gigantic conman stared down at his subordinate wordlessly, studying him as he continued to smoke, thinking. Serizawa could feel the sweat running down his back as those unblinking eyes stayed trained on him; he couldn't help but feel a little bit like a mouse in front of a snake. Finally, Reigen broke the silence. “So... what makes you feel better about yourself?”

“Huh?”

“Your condition is entirely your own fault.” Reigen said, his words stabbing at Serizawa like a knife. “That evil spirit was the catalyst but he's long gone. So why are you still tiny? It's because once you became small you couldn't help but keep thinking that you're small. If you want to get back to normal you're going to have to feel positively about yourself. Who knows, maybe you'll even grow an inch or two taller.”

“You came to that conclusion without even seeing the evil spirit in question? You're amazing as always, Master!” Serizawa said, bowing his head in deference.

“Aaaaaaaaall part of being a professional, Serizawa. I'd tell you to take notes but I doubt you have anything to write with.” Reigen said airily, pushing his chair back slightly so he could prop his feet up on the desk. Serizawa was knocked off his feet as the heel of Reigen's shoe came crashing down, the smooth sole rising up like a monolith in front of him. He quickly pulled out a little notebook and pencil and jotted down everything Reigen had just said, nodding to himself as he did so. “Now come on, out with it! What makes you feel good about yourself?”

Serizawa put his notebook and pencil away and thought for a moment, crossing his arms and tilting his head. “Not a lot, honestly... I guess the thing that makes me feel the best is being useful to someone.”

“Well that's a start.” Reigen said, stubbing his cigarette out. “I've got something you can do for me right now.”

He moved his feet off the desk and kicked his shoes off, pulling his socks off after that. He put both feet back up on the desk in front of Serizawa, the shrunken man staring up in awe at the two monumental appendages lined up in front of him. Bits of black lint clung to a few of the spaces between his toes while little balls were dotted in a few places along the sole. “I've been on my feet all day and could really use a rub down.”

“A-A rub down?” Serizawa repeated.

“A rub down, a massage. Take your hands and rub them against my feet. You never had a massage before?”

“No, but I understand what a massage is...” Serizawa mumbled, slowly getting to his feet. He walked up to the one on the right, the scent of sweat hitting him once right up next to it. Underneath that familiar scent was a more subtle one... a light musk mixed with the scent of leather. The three scents mingled together all around Serizawa, making him feel slightly lightheaded. He took off his suit coat and undid the buttons on his sleeves, rolling them up before pressing his palms fully against the peach

wall in front of him. The skin was soft, his fingers sinking in slightly as he pressed. The toes high above twitched at the feeling, dislodging some of the lint, causing it to snow down on top of Serizawa. The shrunken man paid it no mind, entranced by the fact that his Master was dominating everyone of his senses... well, almost every one. A wild thought invaded his mind, one acted on without thinking twice; he leaned forward, sticking his tongue out, licking the living wall in front of him. A sharp, tangy taste filled his mouth, his body shuddering in delight as he swallowed the gathered saliva in his mouth, the essence of his Master sliding down his throat. Reigen didn't notice the difference between tongue and fingers, his arms behind his head as he leaned back, eyes closed. Serizawa felt a thrill of fear at his own daring before pushing, hard, on the flesh under his hands, his fingers gliding along, the pads lightly grazing before he pushed in each new spot. The toes above twitched again, curling, an unspoken signal that his work was noticed and appreciated. The tiny man couldn't help but feel a slight surge of positivity, a small smile on his face. He continued his work, getting more into it the longer he did, feeling more confident. It wasn't long before his hands were slick with moisture, the pristine monoliths in front of him glittering in the light of the office. The longer Serizawa worked the more attached he became, his body slowly moving in closer until he was pressed up against it. Feeling more bold than ever, he licked the foot again, more slowly, another following that, and another following that, his tongue retreating long enough to offer a gentle kiss before resuming its work.

Serizawa soon switched to the other foot, giving it an equal amount of love and treatment, the twitching toes and little moans of satisfaction from the colossal man spurring him on the entire time. When he was finally finished Reigen said, "Alright Serizawa. Back up."

He obeyed without a word, slowly moving back as Reigen angled his right foot down, casting a shadow over Serizawa. The tiny man quickened his pace as the foot descended faster, the sole becoming flush with the top of the desk as he lifted himself up slightly, his arms extended as his hands gripped the rests on either side of his chair. Serizawa barely made it out of the shadow of an enormous toe before it connected with the surface, a gentle tremor running under his feet. Before he could question what Reigen was up to, the big and second toe spread, the entire foot darting forward. Serizawa was surrounded on either side by the thick digits, a simple curl pinning him in place as Reigen crossed his legs, looking down at his miniscule subordinate with his head resting on his hand. "Alright Serizawa you did a fantastic job. Even when you're normal sized again I wouldn't mind making this part of the daily routine."

Serizawa blushed, unable to think straight in this moment, surrounded by his Master's body and hearing this compliment. He barely noticed as Reigen swiped his finger between his toes, lifting the shrunken man up to Reigen's face. His nostrils suddenly flared, air rushing into the twin caves as he sniffed. "Ugh... well someone needs a shower. You're going to be staying at my place tonight. Until we get this thing figured out I'm not going to let you out of my sight."

"T-Thank you Master! Your generosity knows no bounds!" Serizawa praised, pressing his hands together and holding them up to Reigen.

"Don't think you're staying for free though! You need to be useful while you're there." Reigen said, dropping Serizawa into his breast pocket. "You're going to be flossing my teeth, helping clean those hard to reach places like in my ear, and anything else I can think of. You think you can handle all that?"

"Yes Master! I won't let you down!" Serizawa said, voice muffled from the fabric of the pocket.

Reigen smiled slightly as he got up, walking over to the door to his office. He flicked the lights off and

locked the door behind him, hands in his pockets as he strolled outside, heading for home. The usually gloomy apartment was going to feel a little bit more lively tonight.

The End