

## Auntie Serena's Mini Vacation

By DreamTales

“Look everyone,” said Mary, pulling a light blue envelope from a fistful of junk mail. “It’s a letter from Aunt Serena!”

“Goody!” squealed Missie, the little six year old jumping out of her seat and scampering across the room to her mother. “Is Auntie still coming to visit us?”

“Yes, she says her flight is due to arrive this weekend, and...” Mary scanned the letter, her eyes suddenly popping wide. “Oh my God, I don’t believe it! Serena’s really done it this time!”

“Serena? Why? What’s up with her?” Asked her husband Tom. He and their 9 year old son Billy were washing their hands in the sink, thick with caked dirt and sweat after a long hot day on the farm.

“I should’ve known!” Mary said with a grin, fishing a snapshot from the envelope. “Just leave it to my wacky sister from the Big Apple! She’s always was into trying the latest thing, and now just look at this!”

“Look at what?” said Tom, wiping his hands on his blue jeans and peeking over her shoulder, as the two children crowded around to look. Mary held the small photograph out to her family, noting the shocked look on their faces with a triumphant smirk.

“She’s become a Mini!”

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The middle aged businessman was sitting in an aisle seat waiting for takeoff. He almost didn’t see her, except for the little peek of her head that appeared over the edge of his Wall Street Journal. Thinking it was a young child, he folded his paper and drew in his legs to let her by. And that’s when he first took notice of her.

She was a very good looking brunette, maybe late twenties, wearing a fashionably tailored suit with a short skirt that showed off a pair of well toned legs. Her face was exquisite, high cheekbones and full lips, her dark features perfectly made up, shiny black hair pulled back into a tight pony tail. She was a real looker, obviously a sophisticated city girl – and there were definite signs of a very nice bod hidden under the folds of the pinstriped jacket.

And she was a perfect miniature – she stood only three feet tall!

He watched in mute fascination as the little figure crouched down and shoved her two

bags under the seat, each about the size of a pocketbook, and then turned and started to struggle up onto her economy class seat. He stared in dumbstruck silence for a few seconds as the tiny figure, only waist high to the chair, tried to push herself up, jumping off the floor and grabbing for a hand hold.

“Can I give you a hand there?”

She looked up, smiling and shaking her head. She was lying flat on her chest, her little feet kicking the air, well off the floor, her cute rear pointed skyward. She was obviously adept at tackling large chairs - with one quick lithe movement she jumped into a crouch, then flipped around and sat down. Pushing herself flat against the back rest, the tips of her tiny black shoes barely stretched to the edge of the seat cushion.

“No thanks.” she said with a quick grin. “I can take care of myself!”

He had the hardest time to keep from staring at her. Her features were so small and delicate, her hands and feet so tiny that he felt he was in the presence of a miniature work of art. He had the most uncanny feeling that she was a young child, or some kind of precious porcelain doll. He was dying to ask her dozens of questions, but just as he was about to open his mouth the stewardess appeared, hovering over the tiny apparition with a warm smile.

“Oh, hello there. I didn’t realize we had a Mini on this flight. Can I get you a booster seat?”

“Why yes, thank you.” said the little woman in a charmingly high voice.

The stewardess returned in a few seconds with a blue plastic booster, smiling indulgently as she watched the tiny lady climb into it and fasten her seat belt. “Do you need any help with the overhead luggage?”

“No thanks. It’s all taken care of.” said the tiny sprite, flashing an amiable grin.

“I’d offer you a Mini-Meal, but I’m afraid we’re not carrying any today.” continued the stewardess. “We hardly ever get any Minis on the Chicago – Des Moines route. It tends to be more of a coastal thing.” She looked around, then whispered conspiratorially. “Actually, you’re the first real Mini I’ve ever seen! All the gals are thrilled you’re with us today!”

The tiny lady just grinned, nodding politely as the stewardess turned and went off down the aisle.

It was about twenty minutes into the flight before the man finally spoke up. After introducing himself, he continued haltingly. “Er, excuse me, but do you mind if I ask you a question?”

Serena put down her magazine and looked up with the kind of smile that signified that she knew what was coming. “Let me guess. You want to ask me what it’s like to be a Mini?”

“Well, actually...”

“It’s great.” she said. “I became a Mini about six months ago and ever since I’ve loved every minute. I haven’t regretted it for a moment.”

“Really?”

“Really!” she said, warming to the subject. “My life has changed 100% for the better. I can eat whatever I want – gourmet meals cost a fraction of what they did before, and there’s great deals on clothing, you can get the best fabrics for just a few dollars a dress. Flying is a breeze – everything is carry on, and I’ve never had so much room in economy class! And I’ve saved a fortune on rent. Do you have any idea what it costs to live in Manhattan? I can only afford a tiny studio apartment, but now it’s like a huge loft!”

“Well I guess it could have its advantages...”

“Oh and it’s not just the savings. The Mini Movement is all about being a responsible citizen. Did you know that the average Mini uses one fifth the amount of fossil fuels that a normal person does? Person for person, our impact on the environment is reduced across the board – less waste products, fewer disposable goods. Why even showers take only a few gallons of water, much less than a normal person would use.”

“But don’t you ...” he struggled for the words. “I mean, isn’t it kind of intimidating to be little like that? Don’t you ever feel ...inferior?”

“God, that is such a sizeist remark!” Said Serena with a quick frown, uncrossing her tiny legs and jumping to her feet to glare at her neighbor. Even standing on her seat, the little lady was still only eye level to her surprised interlocutor. “You know, that’s just a typical chauvinist knee-jerk attitude! Society has conditioned people all their lives to think that bigger is better, so everyone just assumes that smaller people somehow feel less worthy than the average person. But really the opposite is true. The fact is, I’ve found that my size makes other people more uncomfortable than it does me. It’s just a matter of being used to it.”

He blinked a few times, unsure how to answer the little woman’s high pitched retort.

“Believe me, you might think it’s unusual now, but the Mini Movement is the wave of the future. Wanting to be big and strong is a thing of the past, it’s just an outdated vestige from Neanderthal times, there’s no need for it in modern society.” Serena looked into his eyes with a piercing smile. “We may be small in numbers now, but I’ll bet you that ten years from now we’ll be everywhere – this country is well on its way to a Mini Majority!”

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“Do you see her yet, Mommy?” asked Missie. The little six year old girl was straining on her tip toes to look through the crowded flight terminal. Missie and her mother Mary had eagerly watched the stream of passengers pour through the gate, looking for her Aunt Serena, but from Missie’s perspective – about waist high to her tall blonde mother – she just saw an endless parade of belt buckles.

Suddenly a little figure came up and looked her right in the eyes. “Missie? Hi!”

For a moment Mary thought it might be one of Missie’s little playmates, but the figure seemed too slight, too petite, and the little pinstripe suit was too well tailored for a child’s. Mary thought she would be prepared, ready for the shock, but even so found herself stuttering in surprise.

“S-Serena? Is that really you?”

Mary looked down in blunt amazement as the little figure threw her arms around her daughter. Could this tiny creature really be her older sister, the same confident woman that set off to the big city to carve out a career? With a start, she realized that Serena was now only an inch or two taller than her little six year old!

“Hey Mary!” yelled the little sprite, grinning up at her towering sister. “Aren’t you going to say hello?”

Mary crouched down, putting a knee to the floor, trying to get close to eye level with Serena, but still finding herself a head taller than her. She wanted to give her big sister her usual warm hug but was worried she might just squeeze the life out of her. Mary, strong and robust from farm work, had always felt rough and awkward around her elegant older sister, but now it seemed as if her long arms and big hands might shatter this tiny delicate creature.

Slowly, cautiously, Mary circled her arm around Serena’s thin waist and drew her to herself. Then, impulsively, she picked up the little woman, straightening and resting her little bottom in the crook of her arm. She squeezed the miniature woman tight against her big breasts, then lifted her little grinning face up to hers, impulsively giving Serena a big kiss on her little forehead, just like she did when she was carrying little Missie to her bedroom.

“God Serena, just look at you!” Said Mary, still overcome with the strange feeling of holding her shrunken older sister in her arms. “You always were full of surprises!”

“Mommie!” cried Missie, pulling at Mary’s blouse. “What about me? Pick me up, too!”

Mary reached down and scooped up Missie in her other arm, then stood holding the little

pair, one on each side. Missie was giggling uncontrollably, while Serena was as poised and nonplussed as ever, seeming to positively enjoy the effect her transformation had on her sister. Hefting the two of them, Mary realized to her amazement that her older sister, always fashionably svelte, was now significantly lighter than little Missie.

“Well, well!” said Mary, her shocked expression tempered with a motherly smile. “Just look at my two little girls!”

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Serena and Missie sat in the back seat of the car for the whole three hour drive to the farm. Mary had to keep reminding herself that the little pair, happily chatting away, wasn't just a couple of little children. Despite herself she found herself falling into playing the role of mother to the two girls, admonishing them to fasten their seat belts and asking if they needed to use the restroom.

“Gosh, Auntie Serena.” said Missie. “Now that you're my size, you can sleep with me in my bedroom! And we can play together – just wait 'till you see my dollie collection!”

“Missie!” said Mary, shooting her a look in the rear view mirror. “Now don't you bother Auntie. I'm sure she's tired from her trip.”

“It's okay,” said Serena. “I don't mind a bit. Actually, I think it might be fun to play with the kids for a change.”

Although Serena was putting up a good front, she was actually much more unnerved than she thought she would be. It was one thing to be a Mini in New York, where so many of her friends had “taken the big little step.” Most restaurants and theatres had special Mini sections, and it was even considered to be on the cutting edge of fashion. But here in rural Iowa she was the only Mini around, and from the moment when she first stepped off the plane she was an object of curiosity, her every movement followed by stares and whispers from the big beefy Midwesterners.

But the biggest shock was seeing her family, her little sister now grown huge, and little Missie – who was barely four years old the last time she visited, a little sprite that still slept in a crib – was a revelation. The sight of the little child actually being almost as tall as herself was mortifying! None of her friends in New York had kids and it was still incongruous and awkward to interact with them, to meet those big questioning eyes and answer their questions, so innocent and direct.

She began to really wonder what her week on the farm would be like. Missie's older brother Billy would tower over her – he was already helping out on weekends, quickly becoming a big and strong young man, and she wondered how a 9 year old boy might react to having a miniature fully developed woman in the same house. And what would her big brother in law Tom say? Mary had always teased her about Tom, telling Serena he had something of thing for her, this exotic, sophisticated big city woman. How would

he react to her now, finding her waist high to him?

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That evening Tom came back from his chores to find the little family circled around the dining table, Mary at the head and little Billy and Missie on either side. The high chair was out again, the first time it had been used in years, and at first he mistook the little occupant for one of the neighbor's children.

“Tom? Aren't you going to say hello to your favorite sister in law?”

The familiar voice was so incongruous, coming from the little figure in the high chair, that Tom just stopped and stared. It sounded like Serena all right, but the tiny woman was barely the height of a young child. And instead of her signature sophisticated clothing, she was wearing a little frilly child's dress that Tom recognized as being one of Missie's favorites – and one that Missie had outgrown last year. Serena was dwarfed by the dress, made to fit Missie's thick little body, solid with baby fat. Her thin little arms and legs made her look like a stick figure in comparison, and he couldn't help notice that the billowy skirt provided an enticing view of her slim hips, her little lace panties looking as tiny and delicate as doll's clothing.

“Look, Daddy!” cried Missie, jumping up and standing proudly next to her little Auntie. “I dressed her up and put her in the high chair!”

“Well, that's very nice dear, but are you sure she doesn't mind?” asked Mary.

“Oh no!” said Missie confidently. “Auntie likes it! Auntie told me that if she ever gets any smaller I can play with her just like she's my very own dollie!”

“Oh she did, did she?” asked Tom, smiling at Serena and sharing a wink with Mary.

Serena was nothing if not a good sport, and gamely sat through the dinner in her high chair, as Missie served her dish after dish, treating her like her very own pretend daughter. Billy, always a quiet boy, hardly spoke at all but just sat staring at his little Aunt. The intensity of his gaze was a little unnerving, and Serena belatedly realized that he had a perfect view up her skirt. She began self-consciously crossing her legs to keep her miniature panties from being on public display.

Serena filled them all in on her life in the big city, and gave her standard lecture on the Mini Movement, toning down the dogma for the sake of the kids. They were all fascinated to hear about the shrinking process, and she explained how all it took was one little pill, the famous Mini pill, that turned a person into a half-size replica of herself. There was an antidote if she ever wanted to grow back, and just in case of emergencies she always packed at least one Mini pill and one antidote wherever she went. Tom was dying to ask a few more personal questions, like how Serena would be able to achieve intimacy with a non-Mini, but luckily he restrained himself.

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Over the next few days Serena found herself adjusting to life in the countryside, a welcome change from her hectic big city lifestyle. Billy and Missie gave her an extended tour of the farm, taking Serena along when they went out to do their chores. Serena normally enjoyed helping out, but in her reduced state she felt awkwardly frail and useless, just watching as the two big kids ran around, lifting big bales of hay and cleaning out the cow stalls. Never very strong, she was now much weaker than either of them, and was mortified when even little Missie was able to easily best her in arm wrestling.

Serena was really impressed with how quickly Billy had grown, how big and strong he had become. With him now at 5 foot 6 she was not much taller than his waist! Billy would pick her up and set her atop a fence post or a bale of hay so she could watch the two of them do their chores. She felt light as a feather in his arms, and disturbingly insubstantial, like she was an oversized rag doll. With her short legs, Serena often fell behind the big farm kids as they walked through the fields in the hot sun, and on more than one occasion she was hoisted up for a ride on Billy's broad shoulders.

One day the three spent the whole afternoon fixing a fence way off in a far corner of the farm, not returning until near sundown. It was strangely quiet, the windows dark, and Serena felt a rush of apprehension as they walked inside the shadowy farmhouse. Inside on the kitchen table was a note from Mary saying she and Tom had to leave, and asking Serena to help get dinner ready for the kids. Never much of a cook, Serena ended up watching Billy and Missie do all the work, the pair surprising her by whipping up a big home cooked meal in a matter of minutes.

It was past 10 o'clock when the phone rang. "Serena? Hi, it's Mary." The connection sounded faint. "Look honey, please don't worry but Tom's had an accident. He cut up his hand while he was fixing the tractor and I've had to drive him to the hospital, which is three counties away. The doctors are saying he'll be fine, but we need to stay here for a few days. Can I ask you to help take care of the children?"

Serena's heart skipped a beat. She had never had much experience with kids, and the thought of being in charge of the two big children was daunting, to say the least. But she could see it was an emergency, with really no alternative. She gamely agreed to volunteer herself as a stand in Mommy.

Serena watched as Missie and Billy took turns on the phone with Mary, each nodding obediently as they listened. After they hung up, Serena asked them to wash up for bed, and was pleased to see them both run up the stairs to the bathroom. Within twenty minutes they were in bed, lights out, and Serena climbed up the stairs and into her big bed with the feeling of someone who was learning how to be in control. Maybe taking care of the kids wouldn't be so difficult after all?

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(end part one)

Auntie Serena's Mini Vacation

Part Two

By DreamTales

“Morning Auntie!” came the happy high voice. “Rise and shine! Time for breakfast!”

Serena blinked herself awake to find Missie and Billy standing in front of her bed, grinning. Missie was holding a big tray with scrambled eggs, toast and a tall glass of orange juice. A sleepy eyed glance at the clock revealed it was only 5:30 AM.

“Why how nice!” said Serena, sitting up in bed. She did the best she could with her limited appetite, eating about half of the eggs and taking a big chunk out of the toast. The two big kids watched her every move, nodding happily as she drained the orange juice.

“Come on, Auntie. We have a big day ahead of us!” said Missie. Billy was unusually quiet, just sitting on the edge of her bed, staring at her with his big blue eyes.

Serena asked the kids to leave while she got up. She usually took a bath in the morning and Missie thoughtfully ran off and started running the water.

Serena slid out of bed and went into the bathroom, where she slipped out of her nightgown. She had a funny feeling of apprehension, being by herself in the big house with the two tall kids, but decided she was just imagining things. After all, they could hardly be better behaved than this – bringing her breakfast in bed and preparing her bath! Even so, she was careful to close and lock the door, deciding it was better not to tempt Billy's curious eyes with the possibility of seeing a miniature nude woman.

Inside the bathtub, she found herself still drowsy, almost dizzy with sleep. She thought it might be the lack of coffee – in New York she averaged a good 6 cups a day – but even so it was unusual for her, normally a bright, energetic woman, to feel this lethargic. She hoped she wasn't coming down with a cold. The last thing she needed was to get sick at a time like this!

After washing her hair and rinsing herself off, she stood up and went to climb out of the tub. Once again she muttered under her breath at the difficulties of being miniaturized in a big country farmhouse. The old cast iron bathtub was huge and, even though after a few days she thought she was getting the hang of it, she still found herself struggling to climb out, having to jump up onto the edge and swing her legs over before she dropped down to

the floor. The process seemed much more difficult than it had before, and she wondered again if she was coming down with something, perhaps the first twinges of a flu, that might be sapping her strength.

In fact, everything today was looking just that little bit bigger, that much more intimidating. She was sure it was just nerves, the psychological effect of the pressures of being alone and in charge of the kids, but still it was strange, even the bathroom seemed bigger. The towels were different, too – the ones she used today were so big they dragged on the floor.

She first started to suspect something was wrong when she reached for the door knob, finding that she had to hop on her tip toes to flip the lock and pull open the door. As the door swung open she was surprised to find Missie and Billy standing outside, giggling. She was about to scold them for invading her privacy when she stopped in mid breath, looking at Missie in wide eyed wonder.

Her head now barely came up to Missie's chin!

"Missie? Billy? W-what's going on?"

The two kids just stood there, giggling. Finally Missie replied, in a teasing voice. "How did you like your orange juice, Auntie?"

Serena stepped back, gathering the big towel around her little body, a sudden shiver taking her voice away. She thought for a moment of making a run for it, or turning back into the bathroom and slamming the door. But a quick glance at Billy was enough to dissuade her, the young boy now looming over her like a giant!

"W-what did you do with my orange juice?"

"Tee hee!" said Missie. "We put in one of your Mini pills! So now you can be like a real dollie!"

Serena's heart grew cold, struck dumb with the revelation. A Mini pill! The children didn't understand – they couldn't understand – but taking a Mini pill was no laughing matter! And especially for someone who was already miniaturized! The pills worked according to a strict formula, based on body weight, and giving one to a person who was already a Mini compounded its effects. For her, it was the equivalent of taking 3 or 4 pills. Instead of shrinking to half her size, who knows how small she might get?

"Missie! That was very bad!" said Serena in a small high voice, trying her best to be authoritative as she glared up at the huge child. "You should be ashamed of yourself! You shouldn't have done that!"

"But I thought you wanted to play with me." said Missie, blinking down with innocent eyes. "I thought you said you were gonna be my little dollie."

“That’s not what I meant, Missie.” said Serena. “I didn’t…”

Suddenly Serena was overcome by a wave of dizziness. The room spun for a few seconds and she swayed on her feet. Struggling to stay awake, darkness suddenly overcame her and she collapsed to the floor, the big thick towel falling from her body. She lost consciousness for a moment and awoke to find herself lying prone, panting, her tiny nude body sprawled on the floor, still damp from her bath. Fighting the dizziness she desperately struggled to recover her senses, quickly pulling the big towel around herself. It took a superhuman effort to keep her composure as she regained her balance and pushed herself to her feet. But the sight that awaited her was almost too much for her – she was now only chest high to Missie!

“(giggle!)” said Mollie. “Look at you Auntie! You’re so little now!”

While looking up at Mollie’s huge grinning face was enough to unnerve anyone, it was Billy that really struck terror into Serena’s little heart. He was still quiet, but his eyes were now open wide, watching her every movement with a disturbing intensity. They were the eyes of a big young boy, on the verge of puberty, that had just seen his first glimpse of a real live naked woman – eyes that were clearly hungry for more!

“Billy! Missie! I’m warning you!” said Serena, shaking a tiny finger at them, her little voice beginning to sound more like a squeak than a command. “You two stop teasing me this instant! I want you to go to your room right now or I’m going to call your Mother! Do you hear me?”

“Hee hee! Yeah, we hear you Auntie!” said Missie. “And you sound really funny – just like a little squeaky toy!”

Serena gathered the towel around her. She was now only waist high to Missie, about the height of a newborn infant, and the huge thick chamois towel was pooled on the floor, dwarfing her rapidly dwindling body. It was like a big heavy carpet, and she was beginning to worry if she would be strong enough to carry it with her. She started backing away from the children, pulling the long towel with her, moving step by step towards the safety of her bedroom.

“I-I’m going to go change now, and when I come out I want to see the two of you in your rooms! D-do you understand me?” She looked up apprehensively for a few moments, waiting for an answer, then turned and started down the hallway, dragging the big towel behind her. She went a few feet before it caught on something. She gave it a sharp tug, too frightened to look back to see what was stopping her. Finally she reluctantly turned and saw the culprit – Missie had simply taken a step forward and placed her huge foot on the edge of the towel!

“Missie! That’s not funny! Y-you let me go right now!” Serena was no longer even making a pretense of being in charge – the stark fear was evident in her little high voice,

and her humiliating shrinking was continuing apace. Even little Missie was now well over twice her height, the top of Serena's head level with the hem of her skirt, and suddenly the commonplace objects in the hallway loomed large, like features in a strange landscape. She was now just the size of a Barbie doll, and her thin arms were straining just to hold the thick heavy cotton towel around herself. She looked up in mute horror as the giant little girl crouched down, her huge face grinning above her.

"Hee hee! Look at you! Now you're just a teeny tiny Auntie!"

Suddenly Missie reached out a hand – a giant's hand, big enough to circle her waist! Serena panicked, shrieking wildly, her voice now just a high pitched squeak. She dropped the towel and turned, making a frantic run down the hallway, desperately aware of her nudity, her utter helplessness before the giant children.

She ran for her bedroom door, but quickly realized she had no hope of getting there before Missie and Billy could catch her – and even if she did, she was now much too tiny to close the huge thick wooden door! The light taps of her bare feet were drowned out by the loud thumps of the giant children's shoes, shaking the floor beneath her. Suddenly she saw a huge shape rush past – it was Billy, now as tall as a four story building, his long strides carrying him past her at astonishing speed. She screamed in horror as he stopped in front of her and turned, his huge figure blocking her escape!

Trapped, her mind reeling, Serena ducked under the nearest piece of furniture, an old wooden cabinet that was standing in the hallway. It was raised a few inches off the floor, and she squeezed her little nude body underneath, crawling on her hands and knees, trying to get as far as she could from those giant feet, those huge prying eyes. She reached the back wall and sat there, trying to disappear into the shadows, her little nude body shivering, whimpering with fear.

Two pairs of giant shoes strode towards her – trapped in the little crawl space, Serena could only see her tormentors from the ankles down. The children circled the cabinet, blocking her exit, and then suddenly Missie crouched down on the floor, her huge face peering under the crawlspace, flashing a big childish grin as she discovered the tiny fugitive.

"I see you, little Auntie!" said Missie in a booming singsong voice. "Now you hafta come out an' play!"

"N-no!" squeaked Serena, her voice now a pitiful high whisper. She was pushed flat against the wall, her tiny legs kicking the air out of sheer nervousness and fear. "P-please leave me alone!"

"Well, if you won't come out, we're gonna hafta have to come an' get you!" Missie's giant face turned away for a moment, followed suddenly by a huge hand that rushed across the floor towards the cowering nude. Serena screamed and tried to crawl away, but Missie's fingers caught hold of one of her bare feet – now tiny and delicate as a doll's –

and started pulling her towards her. The tiny brunette was overcome by a wave of pure horror, screaming madly as she desperately clawed for a grip, completely overpowered by the hideous strength of her giant tormentor.

The next few moments were a mad blur – she felt herself being pulled out from under the chest, saw the giant faces looking down, felt their eyes on her helpless nude body. But most of all she remembered the frantic desperation that seized her, the overwhelming fury that filled her tiny limbs, helplessly striking out in futile, pitiful desperation, her strongest blows now just pitifully light taps to the giant children.

She felt a warmth around her waist, and then a sudden rush of blood to her head caused her to almost lose consciousness. The room spun and a moment later she found herself crouching on all fours, the giant faces of Missie and Billy looking down at her with intense curiosity. She slowly pushed herself to her feet, covering her nudity with her tiny hands, and looked about her. It took a few seconds to recognize the strange landscape: the giant lantern, the huge photographs the size of wall posters, the sheer cliff just a few feet before her, but suddenly it all snapped into place – she was perched on top of the little wooden cabinet!

“Hi little Auntie! (giggle)” said Missie, her huge face looming above her. “How does it feel to be a little dollie?”

Serena backed away, covering herself as best she could, trembling at the sight of Missie’s giant leer, Billy’s huge intense eyes peering down at her. She backed into a framed photograph, a picture of a smiling Mary and Tom holding the two children, Missie still a baby in her mother’s arms. It was almost shoulder height to her, and Serena quickly ducked behind it, using it to shield her tiny nude body. Her tiny face peeked out just above it - she was now about the same size as the faces in the photograph, and for a moment it looked incongruously as though the little nude had joined in the family portrait.

“Don’t be afraid, little Auntie! We won’t hurt you!” said Missie. Serena responded by ducking behind the little photo.

“Yeah, Aunt Serena.” said Billy with a low threatening chuckle. “Why don’t ya come on out – what have you got to hide?” Serena was desperately aware of Billy’s huge face hovering over the table top, searching for her tiny nude body, his hot breath sending a warm breeze over her moist skin. Serena was now in the middle of a small cluster of framed photos, and unbeknownst to her Billy could see the reflection of the minuscule nude in the glass covered photo behind her, his huge eyes drinking in the delicate tight curves of her miniature bottom, the tiny pink points of her pale white breasts.

Suddenly the huge boy reached out and snatched up the photograph, revealing a tiny naked Serena crouched behind. He laughed as she shrieked – a little high pitched squeal – and quickly dashed behind another photograph, her tiny doll sized buttocks jiggling as she scampered across the table top.

“Now that’s what I call a nice little dollie!” said Billy, grinning as he looked down at the tiny huddled nude. He reached out a pair of giant fingers, ready to snap up the next photograph. “Now don’t be so shy, little Serena dollie! Come on out and show us what you look like!”

Suddenly the giant fingers were smacked away by another giant hand, as Missie turned and yelled at her brother. “Billy! That’s not nice! Stop it! You’re scaring dollie!”

Billy seemed to hesitate for a moment, weighing his choices, then he suddenly withdrew his hand and took a step backwards. Little Serena looked up with wide fearful eyes, hanging on every nuance of the altercation as if it were an epic struggle of the Gods. “She’s my dollie – I made her little!” said Missie, “So you just keep your big hands offa her!”

“I don’t have to listen to you!” said Billy defensively. “She’s not just yours – I can play with her, too if I want to.”

“Not if you make her scared!” replied Missie firmly, her arms folded defiantly across her chest.

The two stared at each other for a few seconds, and then Billy abruptly turned and strode away. He looked back over his shoulder and called out in a booming voice. “All right, I gotta go feed the cows, so you can play with her for now. But when I get back it’s gonna be MY turn!”

Missie watched Billy stomp off down the hallway. “Auntie? Little Auntie Serena?” There was an apprehensive note to her voice. “Are you okay?”

The tiny face rose from behind the photograph, wide eyed and shivering. The voice was almost too faint to hear. “Y-yes.”

“Poor little dollie!” said Missie, reaching out a huge finger to touch Serena’s tiny head, gently straightening her long shiny black hair, her stylish coiffure scraggly and disheveled from her ordeal. “Billy was bad to scare you like that!”

Serena was still too overwhelmed to speak. Her heart was beating wildly, her hands shaking, but she found the tender affection from the huge child oddly comforting. She took a few cautious steps, slowly moving out from behind the picture frame. The strange wild landscape surrounding her was so disorienting that she could hardly guess what her current size was. If she understood the math correctly, she estimated that the Mini Pill must have reduced her to a quarter of her previous size – about 9 inches tall!

Missie grew quiet, her eyes never moving from the tiny figure as she slowly lowered her face to the table top, setting her chin on her crossed arms, so that her huge unblinking eyes loomed just inches away. She reached out a huge finger and gently ran it through

Serena's hair, sending an uncontrollable shiver through her little nude body.

Serena never felt so exposed, so vulnerable in her life. She was desperately aware of her nudity, her tiny breasts and miniature vagina tingling under the intense scrutiny of Missie's huge blue eyes, wide with innocent curiosity. For a long few seconds she stood in silent submission, too frightened to speak as Missie's huge face loomed just before her, as tall as herself, the giant child's huge fingers stroking her soft pale skin.

Missie's giant fingers disappeared behind Serena, and a moment later she felt a huge palm cupped around her bare backside. Startled, she gasped as she was lifted from the table top, suddenly finding herself hovering in the air, the giant objects in the huge hallway floating past her like she was riding in a helicopter.

Serena found herself lifted up into the air until she hovered before Missie's giant eyes, the huge blue orbs looking down in fascination at the tiny fawn-like creature helplessly huddled in the palm of her hand.

"Gosh!" said Missie in a breathless tone of reverent awe. "You're the prettiest dollie I ever saw!"

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(end part two)

### **Tom's Interlude (Auntie Serena Part 3)**

By DreamTales

"Tom?" Tom could feel the rustle of sheets as Mary poked him in the side. "Are you awake?"

"I am now." he mumbled. It was pitch black in the bedroom.

"Can you go check on Missie? It's late and I think her light is still on."

Tom dragged himself out of bed, wincing as his bare feet hit the cold wooden floorboards. There was a faint light outside in the hallway, and the doors to Missie's and Serena's rooms were open. As he approached Serena's guest room he could hear muffled whispers and giggling. He opened her door to find the lights on, and Missie leaning over her old crib, which had been shoved to a corner of the guest room and used as a

storehouse for stuffed animals.

“Missie, what are you doing? Honey, it’s way past your bedtime!”

“But Daddy! (giggle)” said Missie. “Little baby Serena woke me up! She was crying for her baby bottle!”

“Missie, don’t be silly! Now you go right to…” Suddenly Tom caught himself. There, right inside the bars of the crib, was one of the most amazing sights he had ever seen. His beautiful sister in law was standing there completely nude, revealing a lovely little tushie and the cutest pair of tiny breasts he could imagine. But most amazing of all was her size. Tom still was amazed at how much she had shrunk – she was now as tiny as a child’s doll, her miniature body so tiny it could easily squeeze through the bars of the crib. And she was wrestling with a baby bottle as big as herself!

“Serena? My God, what happened?”

Serena was holding the giant bottle by its huge nipple. She turned looked up at Tom, her tiny face scrunched up in a childish pout. “Baby Serena too widdle to dwink milk! Me need Daddy help!”

“Hee hee!” squealed Missie. “See, Daddy? Auntie Serena is just a tiny little baby now!”

She was tiny all right, thought Tom, but she was anything but a baby. In fact, the miniature nude was just about the sexiest thing he had ever seen – even after years of casual fantasizing about what his hot looking sister in law would be like in the raw, he could hardly have imagined such an incredibly sexy creature. Her long curly black hair cascaded over her shoulders and down her bare back, and the perfectly rounded cheeks of her tiny doll sized bottom was just crying out to be fondled – or gently pinched.

“Isn’t she cute, Daddy?” squealed Missie. “I just love playing with Auntie Serena!”

“Ahhh… Missie?” said Tom, giving Missie a little pat on the head. “I think you’d better get to bed, honey. Maybe Daddy should take over from here.”

As Missie reluctantly went off to her bedroom, Tom reached into the crib and gently touched the tiny nude, brushing the tips of his fingers against her baby soft ass cheeks. Serena reacted by letting out a high pitched squeal, then hopped to her feet, ran across the crib and collapsed into giggles. After a few seconds she got up on her knees and, thrusting her tiny chest out and pouting, yelled out in a high pitched voice.

“Serena want baby bottle!”

Tom was a little unsure how to react. The huge baby bottle, as big as a stack of oil drums to Serena, was lying on the other side of the crib. He picked it up and brought it to her, but she just folded her tiny arms across her lovely chest and stuck out her lower lip.

“Me too widdle! Me need Daddy pick me up and feed me!”

Slowly, gently, Tom reached under Serena and scooped up the tiny nude, cupping her delightful tushie in the palm of his hand. She squealed in delight as she was lifted high up in the air. Tom tried to feed her but the huge nipple squirted milk all over her tiny face, causing another eruption of laughter. Serena’s was drenched, the white milk streaming down her breasts and over her stomach. The tiny nude curled into a fetal position and began rubbing the milk all over her nude body.

“(giggle) Me such a mess!” squealed Serena. “You clean me up!”

Tom didn’t need his arm twisted. He raised his tiny sister in law to his face and began licking her nubile little body, his tongue tingling at the extraordinary feeling of her tiny breasts, her miniature flat stomach, the ticklish fuzz of her tiny bush, like a little cotton q-tip. Serena squealed and giggled, writhing in his hand, her tiny hands and feet gently stroking his face.

“Stop!” squealed Serena. She sat up in his hand, a huge grin on her face, her little chest heaving. She was clearly excited, as excited as any woman he’d ever seen, her eyes glowing with desire. Carefully, daintily, she stood up, her tiny bare feet balancing in the palm of his hand, she leaned up against his face and whispered. “Ooohh! It just makes me shiver all over when a big, strong man plays with a tiny, helpless little thing like me! (giggle) I just can’t help myself!”

Tom had a sudden pang of guilt, thinking of his wife sleeping a few doors away. Steeling himself, he started to tell Serena he was going to put her back in bed when she interrupted him.

“I’m sorry!” squealed little Serena, pouting at the look of hesitation in Tom’s face. “I didn’t mean to do that, I just couldn’t resist. I was a very bad little girl!” Serena knelt down in Tom’s hand, getting on her hands and knees, and turned around, pointing her beautiful little doll sized rear towards him. “You give bad baby a spanking!” she squealed.

Serena was looking over her shoulder with a petulant pout, her lovely tiny tushie raised in the air, circling slowly. Tom reached out and touched her – his fingertip as big as one of her delightfully soft ass cheeks – and began gently squeezing the beautiful soft mounds. Serena began giggling, little high pitched sounds that soon became deeper, throatier, with each gentle pinch and caress, until she was sighing and squealing, her little body shivering with each touch. As Tom continued to rub and knead the soft little figure he felt a wetness on his fingertips, first just a tiny droplet, which soon grew into a slippery coating of wet musk, covering her tiny backside and sliding down her legs.

“Oooh! Tom! (sigh)”

Tom had never seen anything as aroused as the tiny figure that shivered in the palm of his hand. Serena was drenched in sweat, her curly hair matted across her shoulders, her hot little skin almost glowing with warmth. She was trembling uncontrollably, her tiny butt raised vertically, her head buried in his hand, her tiny fingernails digging into his skin. The smell of her was incredible, wafting up from the tiny doll sized figure like a sharp whiff of heady perfume.

Gently, Tom nudged her and she rolled to her side, then stretched out on her back. Her eyes were lidded with lust, her chest puffing like a tiny bellows, her legs curled in the air, spread wide. Her crotch was glistening with cum.

For a long minute Tom just stared, holding the amazing little erotic doll in his hand, watching as she gently writhed, her little hands flitting over her breasts, her crotch, her stomach, her legs slowly circling in the air. Her eyes were unfocused, like she was dreaming of some far off land, until slowly they came back to attention. She opened her eyes and looked straight at Tom, her tiny lips parting to reveal the lick of a miniature tongue.

“Tom? Everything all right?” It was Mary, calling out from the bedroom. “What are you doing?”

“Uh... nothing much, sweetie.” called Tom. “I’ll be right there!”

Tom shook himself out of his reverie, quickly placing the tiny nude back in the crib and covering her with a miniature doll’s blanket. He went back to the bedroom, finding Mary leaning up on her elbow, looking at him with a curious expression. As he slid into bed Tom mumbled an excuse about having to help Missie go to the bathroom.

“You didn’t see Serena, did you?” asked Mary.

“N-no!” said Tom. “Not at all. Uh, why do you ask?”

“Oh, nothing.” said Mary, pulling up the covers. “It’s just that the doctor said we should be careful. Something about how her increased shrinkage might have some side effects.”

“Side effects?”

“Yeah.” sighed Mary, rolling over and stretching her arms. “Subtle personality changes... (yawn)... hot flashes, that sort of thing.”

“You don’t say?” mused Tom. “I guess maybe I should check in on her every now and then...”

“You would? Oh Tom, you’re so sweet to care about my sister!” Mary rolled over and gave Tom a playful kiss on the nose. “I don’t know what I ever did to deserve a husband as nice as you!”

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