

Brittany's Big Bash

By Dreamtales

"Sara? Hi!" said John, catching the pretty young brunette's arm as they passed each other in the hallway between classes. "How've you been? Haven't seen you for a while."

"Oh, hi John!" exclaimed Sara, more than a bit flattered to be buttonholed by the cutest guy in Swickmore College. "Oh, I-I'm doin' OK, I guess. Real busy, though. I've been working most nights lately."

"Oh yeah. You're always so industrious. Still trying to put yourself through school?"

"Yeah, you know how it is. Gotta keep baggin' those groceries!" said Sara, her full lips flashing that big lopsided grin that John always found so alluring. "Hey, I heard about you and Cindy breaking up. Must be hard for you..."

"Well, actually, it was coming for a long time." Confided John. "It's probably for the best anyway..." There was a short lull in the conversation, then, "Well, anyway, Sara, I was hoping you might be going to the big party tonight at Brittany's place. It seems like everybody's gonna be there."

Sara smiled, her green eyes sparkling, "Well, yeah, as a matter of fact I AM going to be there, but not as a guest. You know, me an' the girls usually work at Brittany's parties. So we're gonna be part of the 'hired help' tonight."

"Oh, yeah! I forgot about that! You guys always seem to be the ones she uses to carry around drinks and stuff at her parties. Well, I guess that should be kind of fun..."

"Fun?? Are you kidding me? I've been dreading this evening ever since Brittany asked me to help out! I hate to even THINK of what she might have in store for us!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh you know! She's always getting us to dress up in these outlandish outfits, and play these ridiculous roles for her stupid theme parties! I honestly think she spends all her time trying to think of ways to humiliate us in front of all of her rich friends! Like at the 'Spring Fling' party last Easter..."

"The one where you and the other girls were dressed up in the bunny outfits?"

"Oh God, yeah! That was one of the most embarrassing nights of my life! Wearing that stupid fuzzy white leotard with the long ears and tail! And her and her rich bitch friends ordering us around. 'Let's hop to it girls!' God, what a nightmare!"

John laughed, catching himself quickly as he saw Sara was still plainly miffed about it. "Sorry, Sara. It WAS kinda cute, though." Then, smiling into her eyes. "But seriously, I have to say you looked REALLY good in that skin tight bunny outfit!"

"Oh, yeah...?"

John's eyes rolled as he recalled the sight, "Yeah, and the way that cute little bunny tail wiggled when you walked..."

"Oh, John! That's sweet!" said Sara. "Well, I just hope whatever she has for us to wear tonight isn't too idiotic looking! And I hope for once she at least treats us like decent human beings!"

"But Sara, why do you put up with it? Why not just tell her to stuff it?"

"Oh I'd LOVE to tell that spoiled brat off! But the money is just too good to give up! I mean, 300 bucks for one night's work? That's what I get for a whole two weeks of bagging groceries!" Sara flashed her cute toothy grin again and then, checking the hallway clock, "Well, good to talk to you, John. I gotta run off to class now. I guess I'll see you tonight?"

"Yeah, Sara! Take care. See you!" called John. What a nice girl, he thought, smiling as he watched her cute rear wriggle off down the hallway. Life was so funny. Too bad that someone like Sara had to work most of her waking hours, while all the money and privileges went to a girl like...

"Brittany! Oh!" John had just turned around from seeing Sara off and had found himself face to face with the hostess of the moment! Brittany's blue eyes and bright blonde hair, always picture perfect, were inches from his face, lit up in a bright smile. And hovering just below was her amazing gravity defying chest, always cited as one of her most prominent features.

"Hi John! Coming tonight?"

"Oh! Um... yeah, Brittany! Definitely! Wouldn't miss it for the world!"

"Great! You know I'm REALLY looking forward to seeing you tonight!" Then, her bright smile suddenly dropping into a mask of compassion, she put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Oh, and John. I heard about you and Cindy. You poor, poor thing. It must be SO hard for you."

What a ham, thought John, listening to Brittany making a big show of her 'concern.'
"Well, actually, Brittany..."

"So John, if you need a shoulder to cry on, just remember: I'm here for you..."

Oh, Christ, thought John. Did she read this in one of her romance novels? "Er... yeah, thanks, Brittany."

"Oh, and don't forget!" chirped Brittany, her bright happy grin suddenly reappearing. "Bring your bathing suit tonight! It's a combo dinner and pool party!" Then, slowly and seductively running her hand from his shoulder to his ear, and moving in to smile within an inch of his face, "I'm gonna be wearing my NEW string bikini tonight. I can't WAIT to show it to you!"

Another bright grin, and Brittany was off, smiling back over her shoulder at John as her tremendous torso turned and her beautiful rear bounced down the hallway. Nice tushie, thought John, always the ass aficionado. Too bad about what was upstairs, though.

As much as she dreaded the parties, Sara always loved driving up to Brittany's ritzy neighborhood on Society Hill. The perfectly manicured lawns, bright patches of flowers, and beautiful antebellum mansions were just so lovely! Especially after coming from her dark little third floor walk up apartment on the other side of the tracks it was like entering another world!

The house was a beehive of activity as hordes of Brittany's family servants rushed about making their last minute preparations for the big night. The head housekeeper directed Sara to wait inside until she was joined by the other working girls. Soon she and four other classmates were lined up in the grand hallway of Brittany's huge white mansion, waiting for their blonde taskmaster to make her appearance. After a few long minutes, the five girls all standing at silent attention, Brittany strode into the room.

"All right girls! This is it! The night we've all been waiting for!" she announced, hands clenched behind her back and her abundant chest thrust forward as she paced up and down the line, inspecting her charges. "Now some of you have been here before, but for the benefit of you newbies, let me give you the lowdown! Now we might know each other at school - maybe we're even good friends..."

I sincerely doubt that, thought Sara, as Brittany continued her drill.

"...but, just for tonight, you are no longer my classmates or the guests' acquaintances. You are here to act as professional servants! We have gone to a great deal of trouble and expense to put on a fantasy theme party and we expect you to behave in a professional manner! That means that when you address a guest - even if you know them well - you do so by saying `Yes, sir!' or "Yes, maam!" And when you address me - the mistress of the house - you are to call me Miss Ashford!" Brittany paused theatrically, her arms crossed over her deep cleavage, eyebrows furrowed seriously. "Do you understand me?"

"Er, y-yes we do!" stammered the girls one by one, a bit uneasily.

"What did you say?" snarled Brittany, eyebrows raised and hands on hips.

"Yes, Miss Ashford!!!" cried the girls, this time in perfect harmony.

"Good! I think we're starting to understand each other!" With a smug smile, Brittany walked over to a chair and picked up a small bundle of clothing. "Now I know you're all just DYING to know about the theme for tonight's party! Well, I'm thrilled to announce that we really have a very special evening planned! We're going to treat our honored guests to one of the most romantic themes in all of literature - the Arabian Nights!" she stood before the row of girls with the bundle of clothes. "And YOU girls are going to help me set the stage! Tonight you'll have the chance of a lifetime - to be transformed into magical genies!"

"Now, each of you will have a special role to play, and I'll be giving you your individual instructions a bit later. But before we start, let's take a look at what you'll be wearing!" Brittany grinned broadly as she approached Marcie, the first girl in line, and one of Sara's best friends. "I REALLY think you're going to just LOVE your costumes tonight!"

Brittany dropped into Marcie's outstretched arms what looked like a long bolt of translucent shimmering silk, a bright colored lavender highlighted by a beautiful silver sheen. Marcie unfurled it and, with a surprised but pleased expression, held it in front of her. Not bad - not bad at all! A lot better than a bunny outfit! Maybe tonight wouldn't be TOO humiliating after all?

"Aren't they just LOVELY?" cooed Brittany. "But the best is yet to come!" She came to the three girls between Marcie and Sara and handed each a similar bolt of cloth. But as the girls unfurled them, they frowned in confusion - the dresses were only about half as big as the first girl's. They barely came up to their waists!

"Er, excuse me, Miss Ashford!" asked one girl nervously. "Ummm... how can we, uh, fit into these dresses? They seem kinda small!"

"Don't you worry about that, girls!" giggled Brittany. "Like I said, this is a very SPECIAL evening we have planned!" By now Brittany was empty handed, having seemingly handed out all of the dresses, but Sara, who stood at the end of the line, hadn't gotten hers yet. Brittany swaggered down and stopped before Sara, grinning from ear to ear as she approached.

"And now... last but not least! Sara, don't think I've forgotten about YOU!" grinned Brittany, as Sara nervously stood waiting, arms outstretched, to receive her dress. "Here you go!"

Brittany opened her clenched fist and picked out a tiny shimmering slip of silk, only about eight inches long. She held it up before her brightly shining blue eyes, letting the light catch the silver sparkles, before letting it fall. Sara's mouth dropped open as she watched the little piece of silk gently float down and nestle in a tiny pool in the palm of her hand. She looked up at Brittany's triumphant grin, struck dumb with astonishment.

"That's it girls!" laughed Brittany. "Now follow me - you'll need some help getting into your costumes!"

"Greetings oh Master! Welcome to our pleasure palace this evening. You are about to enter the exotic world of the Arabian Nights." Marcie was standing at the coat check counter at the entrance, bowing to John, her hands clasped before her in greeting. Then, looking up and smiling, "Our magical genies will grant you your every wish."

Not too bad, thought John, eyeing Marcie's cute figure, well displayed by the lovely long flowing gown of translucent silk. He couldn't wait to see what Sara looked like in THIS getup! "Hey Marcie, this outfit is pretty cool. Are all you girls wearing the same thing?"

Marcie cast her eyes downward, her hands still clasped in prayer. "I am sorry Master. We genies are only your humble servants and may not speak out of turn! Perhaps the lady of the house might be so kind..."

John leaned across and whispered softly. "It's OK, Marcie - nobody's looking now."

Marcie looked about furtively, then suddenly dropped her smile and angrily whispered. "Oh God, John! I think Brittany's really gone WAY overboard THIS time! You wouldn't BELIEVE what she's done with the other girls! Believe me, I'm really the lucky one tonight!"

John started to ask Marcie what she meant, but stopped as another group of guests arrived and Marcie

went into her act again. More than a bit intrigued, he wandered inside the grand hallway and started looking about. It was really impressive, even John had to admit. The whole house had been transformed, covered with flowing silks, piles of pillows, huge hooks billowing clouds of incense. There were piles of gold and silver, costumed jugglers, and even a live camel being led about on her lawn! The air was alive with the exotic sounds of eastern music, as dark skinned musicians sat playing Indian sitars and tablas. He and the other guests roamed about the huge house, heads craned upwards in wonder.

"Excuse me Master. May your magical genie serve you tonight? Your slightest wish is my command!"

John looked about, for a second confused - where had the voice come from? Then, following the sound of the bright, high pitched female voice, he finally looked beneath him. Stepping back in sudden shock, he saw that standing before him was another girl dressed in genie's clothing - but less than half his size! The tiny midget's brightly smiling face only came up to his waist!

"I am down here, oh Master!" smiled the cute little midget girl, seeing his confusion. "Please, what drinks may I conjure up for you this evening?"

"Oh wow! You're so little I almost walked right over you!" exclaimed John, completely taken aback by the little apparition. Then, leaning over and inspecting the little servant, he recognized one of his classmates! "Marie? Marie Baker? Is that you? What the heck happened to you?"

The little child sized girl quickly looked back and forth, then stood up on her tip toes to whisper up to John. "It's Brittany!! Just look at what that stupid bitch did to me and the

other girls! It's so humiliating! I swear if I had any idea this was what she had in mind I'd NEVER..."

"W-what? How'd she do it?"

"Oooh, that stuck up idiot got hold of one of those new shrinker machines - the really expensive ones they've been talking about on TV! She used it on us and just LOOK what happened! She's turned me into a little fucking midget!"

Seeing some of Brittany's friends approaching, John quickly cut in, "But where's Sara? Is she like this too?"

"I don't know! I haven't seen her since we all got into these costumes! But they were saying she's.." Then, stopping as the group of laughing guests arrived, she straightened up and approached them, her high melodic voice chirping brightly. "Oh Masters! Your little genie is here to grant your every wish! Please, what drinks may I conjure up for you..."

John stood and watched the little midget girl crane her head skywards to wait on the group of sexy young women, all over twice her size! He could see that poor Marie's little face was beet red, and no wonder! John shared some classes with Marie, and knew that the girl - normally a tall, self assured, athletic young woman - must be utterly mortified to be reduced to a midget and forced to wait on her friends and classmates! Brittany's friends seemed to think the miniature servant girl was the funniest thing they'd ever seen, pointing and howling with laughter as little midget Marie laboriously ran around getting orders, then rushing over to stand on her little tiptoes at the bar, and finally awkwardly ferrying the huge tray of drinks, her tiny frame weaving among the huge guests.

As he watched little Marie, John's heart was beating like mad, and he broke out in a feverish sweat. Certainly seeing a classmate shrunk to a midget was a huge shock, but even more affecting was the sight of her cute little bottom and short shapely legs in that see through outfit. He had never mentioned it to anyone before, but he had always fantasized about having a woman be reduced in size, and seeing Marie as a shrunken little midget girl was an incredible turn on for him. For a long minute he was so stimulated by the sight of little Marie, scampering around to serve her giant classmates, that he literally lost his breath, getting dizzy and almost having to sit down. Luckily no one approached him - he was completely incapable of conversation!

After a long struggle, John finally got a grip on himself and continued wandering about the room, looking for Sara. People were really arriving in droves now, the rooms getting crowded and buzzing with happy conversation. He saw a couple other classmates reduced to miniature waitresses, each time his heart skipping a beat, but Sara was nowhere to be seen. In fact, he still hadn't seen Brittany yet, either. Was she going to miss her own party? Not very likely - the room was now filled with her classmates and rich friends, and he couldn't imagine Brittany ever giving up a chance to impress them!

Suddenly a gray bearded man dressed in flowing white silks wearing a turban and carrying a huge curved scabbard strode to the center of the room and called out

imperiously. "Ladies and gentlemen! Your hostess this evening approaches! May I have the honor of presenting Miss Brittany Ashford!"

Poor guy, thought John. Probably has a wife and kids and here's he's dressed up like a jerk just to amuse Brittany and her friends. The man gestured towards the stairs, the crowd bursting into polite applause, with a few scattered whoops and yells, as Brittany made her grand entrance. Even John had to admit she really looked a knockout in her beautiful low cut black dress, perfectly coifed hair and winning smile. Milking her entrance for all it was worth, she slowly descended the stairs, step by step, waving to the crowd until she was joined by a gaggle of admiring friends at the landing.

But to John's surprise, Brittany passed right through her friends and made a beeline for him. As everyone in the room watched, Brittany suddenly threw her arms around John and kissed him full on the lips! Flabbergasted, John stood woodenly as the sexy blonde pressed her curvaceous figure against his, implying to everyone in the room that they were close - certainly a lot more close than John thought they were, anyway! The clapping and catcalls intensified as the two figures intertwined before the lively crowd.

"Thanks for coming, tiger." purred Brittany breathily, drawing back from her smooch and playfully tweaking John's nose. As Brittany spun on her spike heels and returned to her welcoming committee of rich girlfriends, John realized that he'd been the target of a calculated gesture by the blonde hostess. Far from being romantic, her embrace brought up the image of an animal marking its territory, like a dog peeing on a fire hydrant - and HE was the fire hydrant!

End Part 1

Copyright 1999 DreamTales All rights reserved.

Brittany's Big Bash

Part 2

By Dreamtales

As she rejoined her friends, the small group of upper class socialites huddled around Brittany, fawning over her as she beamed triumphantly. The girls, all rich friends of Brittany's and dressed in the latest sexy designer outfits, were known as the "bod squad" on campus, a reflection of the quality of their physiques and their notorious lack of brain power. John could hear their excited voices as they circled Brittany, gushing over her. "Oh Brittany, how do you think of this stuff?!" "You're such a genius!" "You've done it again!"

"Oh thanks, girls!" crowed Brittany. "But the evening's only just begun! We've got plenty more in store for you tonight!" She crossed the room to a faux tent made of silk draperies, dramatically pulling open the curtains to reveal a huge low table surrounded by piles of silk pillows. The table was piled with fake gold and jewelry, and covered with stacks of huge serving trays filled to bursting with an incredible variety of foods: smoked fish; oysters; caviar; exotic cheeses - enough to feed a hungry army!

Brittany walked to the edge of the low table and knelt before a small bronze object - a miniature lamp. Calling the "bod squad" over to join her, the beautiful gaggle of young women crowded around Brittany as she began rubbing the little lamp. As her friends breathlessly waited, Brittany began to chant over the murmurs of the guests.

"Abracadabra and alakzam!
Alakazoo and alakabish!
Appear, magic genie, and grant me my wish!"

The debutante's collective eyes widened as the little lid on the top of the lamp popped off. They gasped as out of the top of the little lamp came the smiling face of a tiny doll sized woman, only about ten inches tall!! The girls were struck dumb with shock as the little figure climbed up out of the lamp and, turning about before them, slowly and carefully lowered herself down onto the table top. Bending down in a long bow, the tiny brunette prostrated herself before the huge debutantes before she looked up and, smiling brightly, squeaked out a greeting in a tiny high voice.

"Oh Master! Your tiny genie is here to grant your every wish! Please, what may I do to serve my great Master?"

John, standing behind the girls and watching the proceedings, couldn't believe his eyes. He felt as though he'd been struck full in the stomach! His ears were buzzing as he watched the tiny form, clad in the little lavender see through silk outfit, climb out of the magic lamp. But his amazement and excitement only increased as he realized that the tiny doll sized woman was Sara! Somehow Brittany had shrunk his cute Sara down to the size of a tiny doll!

Brittany's smug grin lit up her face as she looked down at the tiny apparition before her. "Oh, so you're a magic genie?" she called teasingly, "You're so tiny! What kind of wish can a little thing like you provide?"

The tiny figure grinned, craning her little head up towards the giant girls, and called in her little high voice. "It is true, I am but a helpless little thing, and not worthy of serving a great one such as you!" squeaked Sara, playing her prescribed role, "But perhaps my Great Master will take pity on me and allow me to try, to indulge me in my inadequate efforts! Please! Allow me to be your tiny servant!!"

Brittany giggled, "Very well then, tiny genie. Bring me a..." Brittany cradled her chin in her hands as she theatrically searched her brain, "...bring me a piece of toast! Yes! Toast with caviar!!"

Sara's tiny figure bowed deeply before she straightened and squeaked. "Your wish is my command!" and scampered off across the table towards the trays of hors d'oeuvres. Picking up the piece of toast, which was as big as a large pizza to the tiny girl, she ran back across the table, stopping at the edge where she lifted it high above her tiny head.

Brittany, giggling at the sight of her comical little servant, plucked the appetizer from her tiny hands with two huge fingers and, smiling at her assembled girlfriends, happily popped it into her mouth. Excitedly gushing over their new toy, the other girls lined up to order Sara around. As John watched in growing concern, poor Sara must have made two dozen trips running back and forth across the table carrying the heavy hors d'oeuvres before the crowd finally got bored and left to check out the Brittany's next little diversion.

Finally finding himself alone with Sara, John quietly approached the tiny figure, standing alone on the table. Poor Sara seemed exhausted by her efforts, and had just sat down on the edge of one of the serving plates. She was looking down, holding her head in her hands, her tiny face hidden from view.

"Sara? Hi! Are you all right? It's me, John!"

The tiny girl looked up nervously at the giant figure hovering over her. Her little mouth dropped open in shock as she recognized her now huge friend. "Oh!! John!"

Sara quickly turned away from John, but not before he could see the tiny streaks of tears on her face. He crouched down so that he could whisper to her. "Hey, Sara. You all right there, girl?"

"John, please! P-please just go away! I-I don't want you to be here!" John protested, but Sara tried to wave him away with her little hands. "I don't want you to see me like this! It's so embarrassing!"

"No. Sara, don't say that..."

Sara stood up, crying in frustration. "This is the worst night of my life! I just know that Brittany did this to me on purpose! Humiliating me in front of all her rich bitch friends - right in front of everybody! I was hoping you wouldn't see me, but she planned that, too! She WANTED you to see me like this - all tiny and helpless! Like a stupid little doll! And now you'll remember me like this for the rest of your life!" Her little voice was breaking, on the verge of tears, "Just go away and leave me alone!"

"Hey, no babe! It's not like that! I don't think you look stupid at all! In fact..." John hesitated, then suddenly decided to reveal all, "...in fact, right now I think you're just about the most beautiful little thing I've ever seen!"

Sara stopped crying for a second and looked up, a small smile starting to form on her face. "Really?"

John leaned his huge face down and grinned. "Really! You better believe it! I've always dreamed of meeting a real life beautiful girl the size of a doll! And here you are - my

dream come true! To be honest, when I saw you there, acting like a little servant girl and running back and forth, I thought it was incredibly sexy!"

Sara's tiny face grinned as she wiped off her tears. "Sexy?"

"INCREDIBLY sexy!!" grinned John.

Now starting to giggle, Sara stood up. "You mean you like it when I do this?" She bowed to John, then squeaked out. "Oh master, what can your tiny slave do for you today?"

John broke into a huge grin as he rolled his eyes, "Well, if you put it THAT way..."

"Hey!" squeaked Sara. "What I MEANT was... Can I get you something to eat?"

"Oh!" laughed John. "Well, in that case, I'll take one of those." He indicated a canap_ on the top level of the serving tray.

"Your wish is my command!" giggled Sara as she scampered over and reached up for the appetizer. She had to stand on her tip toes in order to stretch far enough to reach it. Meanwhile John was eyeing her beautiful rear peeking through her translucent lavender dress. Sara pointed to one near the edge. "Is this the one you want?"

"No that one back there!" grinned John, pointing to a cracker towards the rear. He was really enjoying seeing Sara's lovely little body stretch and wanted to see if he could get away with teasing her a little more.

"Oh, John!" huffed Sara. "You WOULD ask for that one! Well, here goes..."

John's eyes widened as tiny Sara hopped up on the lower lip of the serving tray and stretched her little frame to its limit. He just couldn't resist the little twin mounds of that beautiful tiny rear peeking through her sheer dress, and began reaching towards it with his huge hand. "Here, Sara. Let me give you a little boost." Whispered John as he gently pinched her little butt between his fingers and lifted up.

"HEY!!" squealed Sara, turning around and slapping John's huge fingers away. "What's the big idea?"

"Hey, sorry!" said John, laughing at the little outburst and thoroughly enjoying exquisite feel of Sara's tiny hands on his fingers. "I just thought you might need some help."

"Well, you just keep your hands to yourself, buster!" squeaked Sara. "I don't need your help, thank you very much!" Although her eyes were glaring up in pretend anger, Sara's tiny face kept breaking into a grin. She was enjoying this as much as John was!

With a dignified little huff, Sara reached up and grabbed the appetizer, then strode across the table where she stood before John, holding the pizza pie sized cracker up with both hands. "Here you are, Master! As you have wished, so have I provided!"

John's huge eyes widened with glee as he looked down at the tiny grinning beauty holding up his hors d'oeuvre in her two little arms. Dressed in her little harem outfit, with her lovely tiny smile, Sara was just about the most beautiful creature he had ever imagined! It was all he could do to keep from taking her exquisite little body in his hand! With a huge effort at self restraint, he plucked the snack from her hands and popped it into his mouth. "Mmmmmm... thanks!"

"My pleasure, O Master!" grinned Sara, bowing.

"And now for dessert!" laughed John, circling his huge fingers around Sara's tiny waist and lifting her up in one hand!

"HEY! JOHN!" squealed Sara, her little face lit up in shock as she shot up into the air. She squirmed helplessly in his grip, her tiny fists tapping against John's huge hand. "Put me DOWN! What do you think you're doing?"

John lifted the tiny struggling girl up to his huge grinning face. "Oh, come on Sara! Just one little kiss..."

"No! John! Stop it! I'm not gonna let you take advantage of me like this!"

"You mean you don't WANT to kiss me?" John was thoroughly enjoying the sight of tiny Sara squirming in the palm of his hand.

Sara huffed. "Oh no! Not if you're gonna act like a big bully! And besides - I'm not supposed to talk to guests! What if Brittany comes back and sees me? You're gonna get me in trouble!"

"I don't care what Brittany thinks... do you?" grinned John.

"No! You don't understand! She'll dock my pay if she sees me! You put me down right now!!" Sara was squirming and pushing with all her might at John's huge hand, but couldn't budge it an inch.

"Only if you kiss me first." teased John.

Sara sighed in exasperation, her tiny eyes giving John a reproachful stare. It wasn't like she had any choice in the matter! "Oh, all right! But just ONE kiss..."

John lifted tiny Sara up to gently kiss her. As he touched her tiny lips, they both felt the most exquisite thrill run through their bodies. Nothing like it, John thought happily. Nothing on earth!

Suddenly a voice called from across the room. "John? Oh THERE you are! I've been looking all OVER for you!"

"Oh SHIT!" squeaked Sara. "It's Brittany! Quick! Hide me!"

John had just enough time to drop Sara into his shirt pocket before he spun around. "Oh, hi Brittany! Errr... Hey, great party!"

"What are you doing over here by yourself, lover?" purred the top heavy blonde. "Trying to hide?"

"Ummmm.. no, Brittany. I was just getting something to eat..."

Brittany frowned down at the table. "Hmmm... Sara is supposed to be working here. I wonder where that little deadbeat ran off to?"

"Oh, Sara? I think she had to go to the bathroom or something. Maybe one of the other girls took her..."

Suddenly Brittany threw her arms around John and thrust her bright blue eyes face into his, launching into another soliloquy straight out of Harlequin Romances. "Oh John! Who cares about Sara or anybody else! The only thing that matters is you and me! And now, here we are, all alone..." Brittany sighed as she opened her full lips and moved in to kiss John.

John was backing up, and getting more than a little panicked as he felt Brittany's large breasts flattening against his chest, squeezing Sara's tiny body against his. "Er, hey Brittany. Actually, I-I think I have to go to the bathroom, too..."

But John's protests were suddenly cut short as Brittany wrapped her leg around his, tripping him and making him fall backwards into the pile of pillows on the floor! He landed on his back and had just begun to protest when Brittany practically leaped on top of him, pinning him down!

"Oh, John! This is SO romantic! Let's just hide here all night long!" gushed Brittany, wrapping herself around John and planting a long kiss full on his lips. John was frantic, trying to escape, but short of physically throwing Brittany across the room he was lost for options!

Meanwhile, tiny Sara was huddling in a little ball in John's shirt pocket, trying not to be discovered, and getting roughly bounced around by Brittany's antics. But worse than that were Brittany's huge warm breasts, pinning tiny Sara down and threatening to squish the little doll girl against John's huge chest! Christ! thought tiny Sara, getting crushed by the huge mammaries. The damn things were big enough when she was normal sized, but THIS was ridiculous!

"Mmmmm... ohhhhh.. John!" sighed Brittany, locking her lips on John's and grinding her hips into his.

John was frantic! Deathly afraid that tiny Sara would be found (or squished!), he unceremoniously threw Brittany off of him and quickly stood up. "Look Brittany, I'm really sorry but I have to go to the bathroom right now! I'll be right back!"

Brittany sat huffing in frustration, scowling at John as he quickly strode away. Ducking out of view, he caught one of the other servant girls, filling her in on the situation, and arranging for her to return Sara to her place on the table. After a short wait he returned, finding Brittany standing, arms crossed, tapping her foot impatiently.

"Sorry again, Brittany. Oh, hi Sara! Nice to see you back again."

"So you've met my miniature genie?" Said Brittany, turning and smirking down at her tiny servant. The blonde hostess lowered her hand to the table, gesturing for Sara to hop aboard, then lifted her up to her smirking face, showing her off to John. "Quite a remarkable little thing, huh?"

"She sure is!" agreed John, a bit nervous to see poor Sara sitting helplessly in the palm of Brittany's hand. He could see his tiny girlfriend was more than a bit nervous, too.

Brittany grinned. "So! D'you know how she got to be so little?"

"Er... no, Brittany." John had vaguely heard about the shrinker machine in the news, but had no idea how it worked.

"Magic!" laughed Brittany. "You didn't know I have magical powers, did you?" As John nervously watched, Brittany produced a colorful silk scarf, holding it up and covering tiny Sara. Then, grinning evilly, she sang out an incantation:

"See the tiny Genie, sitting right here!
Now watch Brittany make her...
Disappear!"

John cried out in shock as Brittany whipped away the scarf, revealing her empty hand! Brittany laughed and grinned at her open palm, then winked at John. "Hmmm... no Sara! And good riddance, too! The little dork was just getting in the way, anyway! So now we can be alone together!"

"B-but w-what did you DO to her? B-Brittany?"

"Oh don't be so worried, John!" laughed Brittany. "She's still there - I just shrunk her again!" Brittany motioned with her eyes for John to look closer at her hand. "There! See that tiny little spec down there? It looks like a little dot? See it? That's Sara!"

"W-where?" asked John nervously, looking intently at the tiny dot. Even though Brittany had brought her hand just up under his nose, the minute spec was so tiny he couldn't even recognize her - it was barely the size of a grain of sand!

"THERE!!" laughed Brittany, suddenly slapping her hands together!

"Brittany! My G-God! You killed her!"

"Oh yeah, right! God John, your SO gullible!" Laughing brightly, Brittany brushed back her long blonde hair, revealing tiny Sara, who was sitting nervously on her shoulder, still doll sized. She plucked the tiny servant from her perch and lifted her before John's eyes, grinning merrily. "See! Here's your precious little doll girl. All safe and sound!"

"Brittany! You should be more careful! She could've been hurt!"

Holding the tiny girl before her huge face, Brittany called teasingly. "Awww... did widdle Sara get all scared by big bad Brittany?"

Sara was squirming in Brittany's huge hand, and looked up with a little frightened expression. She was clearly struggling to compose herself, taking a long moment before she answered in a high squeaking voice. "N-no. I-I'm all right, Miss Ashford. I'm just f-fine."

Giggling, Brittany set Sara down on the table, then turned to John. "C'mon, lover boy! This place is getting dull. Let's you 'n me bring the party outside!" At that she began stripping off her evening gown. John looked on in mute shock as Brittany began wriggling out of her long black dress, pulling the straps off her shoulders and allowing the expensive gown to drop to the floor! He blinked for a long moment as her generous breasts sprang into view, and her long, curvaceous torso was revealed. It took him a moment or so to realize that Brittany wasn't completely naked, but was wearing her new string bikini bathing suit, the latest word in minimalist attire. The tiny pieces of triangular cloth and string left absolutely nothing to the imagination - it was about as close as you could get to complete nudity without actually being in the raw.

Sara, still recovering from her rough treatment, looked up in shock and despair at Brittany's awesome display of sexuality. It was bad enough to see the blonde hostess as a barely clad sexy giantess, but having to stand and watch John's stark reaction - basically staring and drooling - was almost too much!

"See something you like, John?" giggled Brittany, putting a finger under his chin and leading him towards the door. "Well come follow me into the pool - you should see what this thing looks like when it gets wet!"

Sara was utterly distraught at seeing John go off arm in arm with her hated rival! Desperate to follow, she scampered to the edge of the table and squeaked hopefully. "Oh, Miss Ashford? Can I go too? D-do you need me to come outside and help by the pool?"

The tiny brunette stepped back involuntarily as the huge sexy blonde turned and lowered her grinning face above Sara, her breasts hovering like twin pointed dirigibles. "No, Sara. You just stay here and clean up this mess!"

Sara looked around her, confused. The food trays were stacked neatly, everything in place. The table was as neat as ever! "Er... what mess, Miss Ashford?"

"This mess!" Laughed Brittany, as she lowered a hand the size of a back hoe into a bowl of pretzels, lifted them up and dumped them on the table!

Sara was shivering in rage as she looked up to see Brittany's huge sexy rear wiggle out the door, arm in arm with John. She fought back tears as she turned and, one by one, began picking up the pretzels and carrying them back to the bowl. If she worked hard at it, she figured, she might get it cleaned up in an hour!

End Part 2

Copyright 1999 DreamTales All rights reserved.

Brittany's Big Bash

Part 3

By Dreamtales

Brittany popped out of the water, her long blonde hair streaming down her back, and grabbed a towel. Around her the party was in full swing, guests laughing and playing on the verandah, or splashing about in the huge kidney shaped pool. She looked about with a frown, then called over one of the servants.

"Hey, where does John keep running off to? The guy seems to disappear every other minute."

"He appears to be spending his time inside, Miss Ashford." Replied the dignified butler. "I've seen him several times talking with that tiny servant girl."

"Hmmm...." Growled Brittany, furrowing her brow. "Time to put a stop to THAT!"

"But Miss Ashford! You hired me to work at the party! Don't you want me to..."

"Consider yourself relieved, Sara!" called Brittany, as she toweled herself off, having just showered and changed out of her bathing suit. The two were in Brittany's bedroom, Sara standing on Brittany's bed, looking up at the huge giantess. In a calculated gesture, Brittany dropped her towel, revealing her huge nude body, and swaggered over to the tiny intimidated figure, her gigantic breasts jiggling above her like an erotic entry at a hot air balloon show.

"Besides..." cooed Brittany, picking up Sara in the palm of her hand and carrying her across the room. "I think you're gonna LIKE being kept in a doll house! You'll have a nice, relaxing evening: no running around, no waiting on people!" She dropped her by the door to the doll house and bent over, her huge face lit up in a smirk, her giant bare breasts

hanging down from above like twin battleships. "You'll have the whole place to yourself!"

Sara turned and looked up as Brittany's huge sexy rear bounced back across the room. She was about to say something, then decided against it. What was the use? Sadly, she turned and went inside the doll house, impressed - as with everything else in Brittany's home - with its luxury and amazing attention to detail: it was filled with perfectly reproduced miniatures of furniture, wall coverings, even working lights! But she was definitely in no mood to explore her new premises. Fighting back the urge to cry, she sat by the window, staring out at the view of the huge nubile blonde happily rummaging through the long rack of expensive designer gowns in her closet.

"Oh dear!" sighed Brittany, holding a sparkling silver gown before her, its shimmering cloth cascading across the sheer cliff of her cantilevered bust. "What to wear, what to wear?"

After a long wait, just sitting and staring out the window of her doll house, Sara decided to go upstairs to bed. She felt truly defeated, able only to wait alone, a helpless doll sized girl, forced to listen to the happy sounds of the party coming up from below. Normally Sara was a spirited, strong willed girl that always tried to look on the bright side. But somehow tonight was different - she'd never felt so depressed, so crushed. Even the thought of Brittany downstairs with John made her choke up with tears.

She was just reaching the top of the stairs when she heard something - a tapping sound, like someone knocking on her door. What on earth? Or who? But her heart sank as she realized it was most likely just Brittany teasing her again with one of her cruel tricks. She never could resist rubbing someone's nose in it!

But when Sara opened the door, she almost cried out loud! "John! What?"

"Hi babe! Can I join the party?"

Sara was completely dumb struck. Standing before her, the size of a Ken doll, was John! "B-but how? W-why?"

John grinned broadly. "How? With the shrinker machine! Why? So I can be with you, my dear!"

Sara pinched herself to see if it was really true, then burst into tears and wrapped her arms around John. He laughed as the cute brunette seemed to almost squeeze him in two, then jumped up to grab him for a long kiss.

"Oh, John, darling! This is just the sweetest, most romantic thing anybody's EVER done for me! This is like a fairy tale come true!"

John took her chin in his hand and looked into her brightly shining green eyes. "Thanks, babe. I was kinda hoping you'd see it that way! I guess I'm your foot tall Prince Charming and you're... ummm... Thumbelina - or something!" Then he picked up his doll size companion in his arms and began carrying her upstairs. "Hey, does this place have a bedroom?"

"Mmmmm..." purred Sara, cuddled in his arms, her face lit up with her lovely lopsided grin. "Does it ever!"

"He WHAT??!!!"

As Brittany's face exploded in a malicious snarl, Marcie jumped back in fright. Brittany had just asked her to report on John, she was afraid she was going to shoot the messenger!

"Umm... yeah, Miss Ashford" replied Marcie nervously. "John went upstairs and he shrunk himself down. So now he's in the doll house with Sara ..."

"Ooohhhh! That little BITCH! How DARE she! She's purposely trying to steal him away from me! Sara's out to ruin my party, after all the work I went to! She KNOWS just how important this is to me! And here I was nice enough to hire her and gave her a chance to earn some money! And just LOOK how she repays me!"

"Er, look, Miss Ashford. Maybe we should just leave them alone. I mean, there's lots of other cute guys here..."

"Are you crazy? You think I'm gonna take this sitting down? Well, you just watch me! C'mon, Marcie, we're going upstairs! I'm going to take care of that little hussy once and for all!"

Brittany stomped up the stairs with Marcie following nervously behind, worried that the incensed blonde might do something rash. As she trailed Brittany into her room, she finally got the courage to speak up. "Excuse me, Miss Ashford. You know, they're both really little now. I think we should be careful not to, like, hurt them or anything..."

Brittany spun around, an impatient look on her face. "Honestly, Marcie! You really do underestimate me! Do you think I'm gonna go in there and just pick them up in my hands? Do you really think I would be that stupid, that predictable?" Marcie shook her head dumbly as the buxom blonde continued. "No! You have to have a strategy! You have to think things through before taking action! You see, that's why people like you are servants and people like me are in charge!"

Brittany stopped and stood in the middle of the room, arms wide, encouraging Marcie to look over her perfectly coifed hair and hourglass figure. "Now just stop and think about it Marcie. Can you tell me WHY John likes Sara? Can you see ANY reason at ALL why he would want to be with HER when he could have ME instead?"

Marcie shrugged her shoulders, a blank expression on her face.

"Because she's TINY, that's why! Pure and simple: John has a thing for shrunken women! He likes the whole little helpless damsel in distress thing, it turns him on! Now if I just go in there and steal her away from him, he'll be even MORE infatuated with her! No, what I have to do is to appeal to his desires! Fight fire with fire!"

"Y-you mean...?" stammered Marcie.

Brittany was standing inside the shrink room, with Marcie just outside. "Now you remember what I told you! Throw the switch and wait for 30 seconds. Got it?"

"Er, yes Miss Ashford."

"And you have my new outfit ready?" Marcie nodded in affirmation. "Good! Now let's DO it!"

Marcie closed the door and threw the switch. There was a deep humming noise as the shrinker machine went into action, and a bright light glowed from inside the room. At first she could see two shadows under the door caused by Brittany's legs, but soon these merged into one, then disappeared altogether. She counted off the seconds, then switched off the machine. Marcie was more than a bit nervous when she finally unhooked the latch and pulled open the door.

"Er, excuse me? Miss Ashford? You in here?" Marcie peeked about the room, but the only thing she saw was Brittany's expensive dress lying in a heap on the floor. As she called out she noticed a small bulge under the dress - that seemed to be moving! Marcie got down on her hands and knees and - very carefully - lifted up the edge of the skirt, trying to peek underneath.

"<Mmmfff!> Get me OUT of here! Marcie, you... <mmfff> .. stupid! Get this... OFFA me!!"

Marcie's mouth dropped open as she watched the tiny nubile blonde, now stark naked and just ten inches tall, crawl out from underneath the dress! The little doll sized nude shook herself free and stood, self consciously covering her large breasts (well, proportionately large, anyway) as she craned her little blonde head skywards towards the now huge giantess.

"Where's my outfit!?" squeaked Brittany, her tiny face glaring up at Marcie.

"It's right here, Miss Ashford." Called Marcie, holding out a huge hand containing a doll's miniature bikini bathing suit.

Brittany grabbed the clothes from the giant hand and began pulling them over her miniature buxom frame. "Good! And everything's ready in the doll house? You got rid of that little hussy?"

"Just like you said Miss Ashford. Sara's long gone. And Miss Ashford..." Marcie leaned her huge face down and gave Brittany a conspiratorial smile. "... John's in there all alone! He's up in the second story bedroom, in bed, all by himself!"

"Great! That's just perfect!" grinned Brittany, pulling her bikini bottom into place, her boobs jiggling about as she finished adjusting the top. "He's gonna get the surprise of his life!" Then Brittany stood, arms in the air, and yelled up at Marcie. "Now you just pick me up and carry me over to the doll house."

Marcie's huge hand came down and gently circled around Brittany's tiny waist, lifting her up into the air. Marcie was amazed at how light, how insubstantial she felt, how quickly someone who was such a terror in real life could be reduced to a utterly helpless little doll girl! She carried the little toy sized person into the next room and carefully set her down in front of the door to the doll house, then leaned down to check on her.

"Anything else, Miss Ashford?"

"Yeah, get lost!" squeaked Brittany, abruptly turning and pushing open the doll house door.

Inside, the doll house was almost dark. Probably John had turned off the lights after Sara left, Brittany figured. The blonde hostess had already planned her entrance, and couldn't wait to see John's reaction to her new size! She tiptoed over to the stairs, and crept up to the second floor, where she could see a faint light coming from under the closed door to the bedroom. Noiselessly, she sneaked over and opened the door a crack. Inside it was very dark, and it took a few moments for her eyes to get used to the dim light.

Perfect! John was in bed, under the covers! From his dark outline, it looked like he might have already gone to sleep. Well, thought Brittany, it's time to give him a wake up call!

"Oh, John....? Hey, how's my little lover boy!" called Brittany teasingly, primping in the dim light. Giggling to herself, Brittany stepped to the middle of the bedroom, where she slithered out of her bikini top, twirling it on her finger before letting it drop to the floor. Moving her hips with an exaggerated wiggle, and jiggling her boobs, she slowly sashayed over towards the bed, focused on his prone form.

"Mmmmm... Oh, Ken! (giggle) Barbie's here!" whispered Brittany, leaning over the bed, her pendulous breasts hovering over the dark outline of his sleeping form. "... and she's horny as hell!"

Giggling, Brittany sat down next to John. "Hey, you little party poop! (giggle) C'mon! Rise and shine!" She lowered her breasts until they were right in front of his face. "Look who's come out to play!"

Placing her hand on his shoulder, Brittany suddenly stiffened. Something was wrong! John's body felt cold, hard, stiff - like a mannequin! She jumped back, squealing in shock. "John?? John, what happened? Speak to m-me!"

"I'm just fine, Brittany!" Came a booming voice from outside. As Brittany looked up in horror, she saw John's huge grinning eyes filling the bedroom window! She scampered over and, sticking her head out, saw his gigantic laughing face leaning over the doll house, itself as big as a house!

"John?? W-what's going on?" squeaked Brittany, her tiny torso now leaning out the window, her miniature face a caricature of pure shock. Seeing him full sized and fully clothed, and suddenly aware of her nudity, she quickly covered her tiny breasts, ducking back inside. Then, hiding behind the window, she leaned her tiny blonde head out, squeaking angrily.

"John! What's the meaning of this! Y-you were supposed to be in HERE! And where's Sara?"

Brittany almost jumped out of her skin as a second pair of giant eyes appeared in the window! Sara was grinning from ear to ear, and could barely contain her laughter as she smiled down at the frightened little mini hostess!

"I'm right here, Miss Ashford!" laughed Sara. "Something the matter?"

John and Sara just laughed as Brittany launched into a frenzy of high pitched obscenities. Ignoring her faint ranting, the two giants turned and winked at each other, then John slowly moved in and gave Sara a long lingering kiss full on the lips. The tiny nude blonde was almost apoplectic, hopping up and down and waving her arms crazily, screaming as the two giants made out right in front of her! Her tiny high voice threatened to crack as she squeaked at Sara and John, invoking every threat imaginable, practically turning blue in the face as they happily relaxed in their embrace, completely oblivious to her miniature tantrum!

"Mmmmm... that was nice!" whispered Sara, coming up for air. "Hmmmm... (giggle) You didn't hear anything just now, did you?"

John grinned at the sound of the faint squeaks coming from the tiny figure. "Nah! Nothing important, anyway. You?"

Sara just laughed as she threw her arms around John and leaned in for another kiss.

"Oh, Mrs. Ashford! I couldn't accept that!"

Brittany's mother, a respectable looking gray haired matron, smiled as she pushed the wad of bills into Sara's palm. "Now Sara, please! I insist! You deserve it! Especially after what Brittany has put you girls through tonight. It sounded perfectly awful!"

"B-but this is over a thousand dollars! It's just not right Mrs. Ashford! You shouldn't have to pay us more than what we agreed on! Besides, Brittany was the one that hired us, not you!"

Mrs. Ashford winked at Sara. "Well young lady, Brittany is grounded for the next 6 months - no dates, no parties, and no allowance! You've saved me a lot of money, and the least I can do is split it among all of you nice girls!"

"But..."

"I'll have no back talk from you, miss! That's yours to keep!" Mrs. Ashford turned to go, putting a friendly hand on Sara's shoulder. "And now I'll get out of here and let you young folks finish up your party! And remember: No more waiting tables for you - you and the other girls have finished your work for tonight. You're my personal guests for the rest of the evening, so get out there and have fun!"

"Mmmmm..." Sighed Sara dreamily, lying back on a pile of silk pillows as John peeled a grape and dropped it into her mouth. Around her the house servants bustled, musicians played, and her gaily dressed classmates were having the time of their lives. "This is heaven! You know, that Brittany may be a bitch, but she really knows how to throw a party!"

"More champagne, my dear?" asked John, raising a bottle of Moet.

"Nah! C'mere lover boy!" Giggled Sara, as she reached up and pulled him to her, planting a huge kiss on his mouth. They lay back, intertwined, lost in each other for a good ten minutes before they came up for air. Then Sara rolled to her side, arms around John, smiling and looking up in thought.

"So tell me, John." She whispered, looking over at John and grinning in his face. "What's the big attraction about tiny women? I mean, what can you DO with a doll sized girl, anyway?"

"Oh, lots of things, Sara." replied John happily, reaching behind him and picking up a little cloth pouch. "Let me show you! Now first you need a tiny woman..."

Sara held out her hand, and John placed the little pouch on her palm, then opened the drawstring. A little squeaking noise came out from inside, followed by Brittany's tiny angry face! Her blonde hair was in a mess, and she was screaming obscenities as she clawed her way out of the bag. Fighting herself free, she got up on her knees in the palm of Sara's hand, where she cowered, still topless, wearing only her bikini bottom, self consciously covering her miniature boobies, and swearing at the top of her lungs!

"Sara!! You BITCH!! How DARE you dump me in a common cloth bag! Just you WAIT until I get big again! You'll wish you NEVER saw me before..."

"My, my! She's a feisty little thing, isn't she?" chuckled Sara, grinning down at the little miniature figure. Sara shifted her hand, making the tiny terror lose her balance, and fall back into her huge fingers. She quickly used her thumb and little finger to pin Brittany's arms behind her, causing the incensed blonde to squirm helplessly, her little bullet shaped breasts bouncing back and forth as she kicked and screamed.

"Oh, I think I see what you mean!" giggled Sara, watching the tiny blonde struggle helplessly. "This really COULD be kinda fun! See how weak and helpless she is? And just look at how cute her tiny little boobies are!"

Brittany's tiny face went wide with shock as Sara's huge finger reached out and began playing with her breasts, knocking the little knockers back and forth, each perfectly shaped miniature torpedo about the same size as her fingertip. Suddenly realizing her complete and utter helplessness, Brittany struggled desperately, her shoulders lurching, pulling to free herself from Sara's huge fingers with all her might. Unable to budge her, she started kicking at the huge finger with her tiny legs, her feet circling in a blur, screaming and swearing in her tiny high voice.

"You... get... AWAY... from me!! You fucking... BITCH!!!"

"Hmmm..." mused Sara thoughtfully, cocking an eyebrow in amusement at the violent antics of her miniature plaything. "I just might need two hands for this one!" Pausing from her explorations of Brittany's mini-boobs, she casually reached down and caught Brittany's churning legs in her other hand, then changed her grip on the tiny blonde's arms, pulling them straight up over her head. The movement left Brittany dangling between her hands, arms and legs pinned helplessly, her tiny jiggling breasts completely exposed.

Brittany looked down, utterly immobile, but relieved and triumphant that her boobs had now escaped the humiliating explorations from Sara's huge fingers. She looked up with a defiant sneer. "Hah! You see! You need both hands to hold me! That means you can't play with me any more! Serves you right, you..."

But Brittany's face froze as Sara reached a huge finger up from below and hooked it about the tiny blonde's waist. Catching a nail on her bikini bottom, she started slowly pulling it down off her hips, revealing her tiny bush. Brittany looked down in mute horror, desperately trying to squirm free as she slowly, agonizingly, was stripped stark naked by the huge finger!

"N-no! Sara! NO! J-John! P-please make her stop! P-please!"

Sara winked at John and commented breezily, grinning down at the miniature strip tease. "Well, well! Look at this! Now, here everybody always talks about how nice Brittany's boobies are, but just look at her sweet little bush! Isn't it just the cutest little thing?"

John reached out a huge finger and drew it along Brittany's mid regions as the nude doll girl struggled and shivered. "My, my! That IS a dandy little honey pot, isn't it?" Then, winking at Sara. "Come on, let's see what's on the other side!"

Sara turned the helpless blonde around, the two giants gasping in unison as her adorable little bottom came into view.

"Ooooooohhhhh!"

"Now THAT's gotta be one of the nicest little tushies I've seen in QUITE a long time!" exclaimed John happily, reaching out and fondling the cute little mounds of Brittany's exposed rear. Then, suddenly remembering himself and grinning at Sara, "Oh, except for yours, of course!"

"Of course!" grinned Sara, giving John a pretend angry look. "Oh, hey! Look at that! Don't you just LOVE how it jiggles when she tries to get away?"

Brittany's tiny face looked back over her shoulder, crumpled in an angry snarl. "You get AWAY from me, you BITCH! Don't you DARE touch me again, you hear me?!"

"Hmmm... Y'know, I like this little bottom SO much I think I'm just gonna have to get a better look!" laughed Sara, letting go of Brittany's arms with her right hand and adjusting her grip with her left. Taking both legs in her left hand, she pushed the tiny blonde down with one finger of her other hand until her little rear pointed skywards, then reached out a huge finger from below to circle her waist. The maneuver left tiny Brittany with her lovely bottom upended, her arms and legs pinned helplessly by Sara's left hand. With her huge right hand now free, Sara held the tiny struggling doll girl up to her huge grinning face, and began leisurely rubbing and kneading Brittany's lovely little upended tushie.

"Let me GO!!" squeaked Brittany, now upside down and completely hog tied, desperately struggling against Sara's overpowering grip.

"Now is Brittany going to behave herself and be a good little girl?" teased Sara.

"No!! You fucking bitch! I'll fucking KILL you goddammit!"

Sara, grinning from ear to ear, soundlessly lowered her huge fingers, grabbed a pinch of the tiny jiggling rear between her finger nails, and gave it a sharp tweak.

"OWWWW!!!"

"Now what did little Brittany say?" grinned Sara.

"Nothing!! You can't make me give up! I'll NEVER give in to... OWWWCCHHH!!!"

"Boy, this IS fun!" laughed Sara, grinning at John as she lifted the tiny struggling target to her face and inspected her now rosy red mini-cheeks. "I could really get used to this!"

"Well don't take all night, Sara!" chided John. "After all, it's MY turn next!"

"Hey!" called a voice from behind the couple. Sara and John turned around to see Marcie and the other girls all lined up and enjoying the show. "And don't forget about US! We each get a turn, too!"

"Don't worry, girls!" called Sara, giving the little bottom another nip with her fingernails and laughing as Brittany's tiny legs kicked in response. "There's plenty of time for everybody! After all, we've got the whole night ahead of us!"

Copyright Dreamtales All rights reserved.
www.dreamtalescomics.com

