

The Crybaby Variations, Part Two

By DreamTales

It was a lovely day, the forest echoing with the sounds of birds chirping and the wind in the trees. A cute teenage girl was hiking along the small path, the thick carpet of pine needles underfoot giving her little figure a bouncing gait. She was wearing flip flops and an oversized t-shirt over her cut off jeans, her shoulder length black hair bobbing as she walked.

Suddenly there came a whoosh and down from the trees dropped a blue suited figure. He landed in the middle of the path, hands on hips, blocking the girl's way.

“Superman?” Yelled Lois. “You’ve got some nerve coming here! Get lost, you jerk!”

“Now Lois, please listen. I just wanted to...”

“Forget it, asshole! The whole reason I came out here camping in the wilderness was to get away from people - and particularly you! What more do you want from me? It's not enough for you to humiliate me in front of everyone in Metropolis, shrink me to a baby and leave me with Lana? You have to come here and rub it in, too?”

“That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I want to apologize...”

Lois turned and stormed off down the trail. She had taken the growth serum the day before and was slowly growing back to womanhood, having reached about 15 years of age. She was furious that Superman had tracked her down - the whole reason she had arranged this private camping trip miles from anywhere was to avoid the humiliation of being seen as a child. And the last man on earth she ever wanted to see again was Superman, the very one who had orchestrated her humiliation in the first place!

Superman followed behind. “Now Lois, please. You know why I did it - to teach you a lesson about your curiosity. You have to admit, you were the one that sneaked into the lab and fooled around with the youth ray. All I did was to...”

“All you did was to utterly humiliate me in front of Lana!” yelled Lois, spinning around to face Superman. “And speaking of that carrot topped hussy, why aren't you with her now? Or did you think it would be more fun to take one last look at me as a shrunken teenager?” She raised her arms and twirled around in front of Superman, showing off the thin, small breasted figure that barely came to his chest. “Here - go ahead and laugh! Ha ha ha! The famous Lois Lane reduced to a skinny little teeny bopper!”

Superman sighed as the little figure spun and took off down the path. He waited a few moments, then jogged after her. “Lois, really. I am sorry. I admit I went way overboard - and I really shouldn't have gotten Lana involved. Things just sort of got out of hand. Can you ever forgive me?”

“No!” This time Lois didn’t even turn around.

As Superman watched Lois’s angry little figure stomp through the forest, he began to really get worried. He’d seen her famous temper before, of course, but never anything like this. And after the way he acted it was hard to blame her for being incensed with him. He decided if he was ever going to patch things up it had to be now.

It was just as he started running after her that he felt it - an odd tingling, a strangely familiar feeling. Stopping, he looked around at the forest and saw a large tree that had recently been upended in a storm. In the dirt around its roots lay a few oddly colored rocks, and sun glinting off of one that looked like a huge ruby...

Red kryptonite!

Suddenly his heart started beating in fright. Red kryptonite! Who knows what strange effect its rays might have on him? And here he was, miles and miles from civilisation! He ran over to the rock, quickly checking it. His body was tingling all over now, stronger than ever, and as he stood he felt all of his strength, all of his super powers draining away. In the space of a few seconds he changed from the most powerful man in the world to just an average guy in a funny looking red and blue suit. He was alone in the wilderness, cut off from help, and completely ignorant of the ways of the forest. He realized that if he were going to survive he need food, shelter, a compass, a map. He needed someone to help, he needed...

He dropped the rock and took off running after Lois.

“You lost your super powers?” The grin on Lois’ face was so big it threatened to crack wide open. “And now you’re stuck in the forest miles from anyone? And you come crawling to me for help?”

“P-please Lois, I...”

“Well forget it, buster!” Announced Lois, turning on her heel with a smug grin.

“Lois. Please. I know I’ve been, well... awful to you before, but at least I never put your life in danger. This red kryptonite might affect me for days - and there could still be other side effects I don’t even know about! If I try to survive in the forest by myself I might...”

“Why don’t you ask Lana to help you?” giggled Lois, not breaking her stride.

“Lois! Please! This isn’t funny!”

“It isn’t?” Said Lois, turning and skipping along backwards as she grinned back at her

costumed pursuer. "I think it's the funniest thing I ever heard!"

Superman was about to reply when Lois suddenly turned off the trail and walked into a small clearing. There was a tent, a small circle of stones for a campfire, and several bags of supplies hanging from a tree. She reached the center of the clearing and stopped, spinning around to face Superman.

"This is my camp, Superman! And you are definitely not invited, so beat it!"

Superman stood in front of Lois with a pleading expression on his face, now mortifyingly dependent on her. The rapidity of their switch in circumstances was breathtaking, with Superman going from an all powerful adult figure to a powerless and defenceless man, now desperately in need of her help. Even Lois' physical stature had changed. He could see that her growth formula was now working rapidly - even in the few minutes he had been here she had grown several inches. She was now about half a head shorter than him, almost back to her normal height, and her clothes were filling out rapidly, quickly returning to the mature curves he knew so well. He tried to think of something to say but ended up just mumbling nervously.

"Oh all right." Said Lois finally. "Don't worry - I'm not going to let you die in the wilderness, or torture you..." She gave him a pointed stare. "...like SOME people I know. I'll let you stay the night, BUT - you have to do exactly as I say. One false move and you're out. Do you understand me?"

Superman nodded timidly.

"Good! Now why don't you make yourself useful and go gather up some firewood. We need some small sticks and branches to get the fire going, and a few big logs."

While Superman went off into the forest, Lois got out the pots and pans and opened a few cans of food. Superman's task took rather longer than expected - stripped of his super powers, he wandered awkwardly through the brush, pulling at branches and laboriously gathering a pile of firewood. His cape kept snagging on bramble bushes, tripping him up. Finally ready, he marched back into camp with an armload of wood.

"Just put it over in the circle of rocks." Said Lois. She was crouching off in a far corner, barely looking up from her work. "And go get me the matches - they're hanging just inside the tent."

Superman obediently went over to the tent and peeked inside. He was pretty impressed with the size of it - there was plenty of room to sleep two, even with Lois at normal size, and it was very spacious. Even the ceiling seemed unusually high - he could easily stand up inside. In fact, he had to reach up to get the matches, and idly wondered why Lois had hung them so high. Worried about bears, maybe? Did bears steal matches?

Meanwhile, Lois had returned to the fire and was frowning at the pile of firewood, hands

on hips. “Superman? What’s this supposed to be? I asked you to get some big logs - this stuff looks like it’s all kindling!”

“But Lois, I...” started Superman, but his words caught in his throat as he came out of the tent and saw Lois. The small teen that he found just a few minutes ago was now transformed into a 10 foot tall giantess! Wandering towards her, too shocked to speak, Superman saw that his head now barely reached her stomach! Superman walked in a daze until he reached her side and stared straight up at her in mute shock.

“Lois.” He stammered. “Y-you’re a giant now! It must be that growth formula you took...”

Lois was equally shocked. She knew the growth formula was working rapidly, but it was only supposed to make her grow back to an adult - was it possible that she could have taken an overdose and turned into a giantess? Far from civilisation, there were no points of reference but the trees and rocks. But as she looked about the campsite her nervous expression slowly changed into a bright grin. “No, Superman - even better.” She said, getting down on her knee and checking his height against her small one person tent. “It’s not me - it’s you. The red kryptonite is making you shrink (giggle) - it’s turned you into a little midget!”

As Lois stood laughing her head off, little Superman ran around the camp like a little trapped animal. He couldn’t believe this was happening - in the space of a few minutes he had become not only powerless, but helpless as well, his once tall proud form now reduced to a child size mockery of itself. And as much as he desperately wanted to escape Lois’ teasing, he was now more dependent on her than ever! Even if he knew the way back to civilisation, there was no guarantee that he could reach it in his reduced form - and even if he did he would be at the mercy of whoever found him. And who knows how much smaller he might shrink? Finally realizing he had nowhere else to turn, he sheepishly returned and stood in front of Lois, waiting nervously for her loud laughter to stop.

“B-but Lois.” He said in a little voice. “What can I do now?”

“What can you do?” asked Lois, plopping down on the ground and giving him a bright grin. “Why, you can start the fire - and then cook the food.” She lay on her back and, closing her eyes, pulled a cap over her face. “...and once it’s all finished and laid out on my plate you can wake me up for lunch!”

“Look on the bright side, little Superman.” Said Lois, scooping up her last mouthful of food. “At least we don’t have to worry about having enough food now. With that cute little tummy of yours you eat just like a little bird. And the smaller you get... (giggle) ... the more food we’ll save. Why, we could stay out here together for a whole week! Won’t that be fun?”

Superman was trying desperately to ignore her, burning with embarrassment as he ran around cleaning up the dishes - each plate was now the size of a large pizza tray to him. He was leaning over to pick up a fork when he was jolted by a powerful tug on his red cape.

“C’mere little guy.” Said Lois, dragging him towards her with the cape. “Let’s see how big... er I mean how little you are.”

Superman stood in mute silence as Lois sat up and checked his height. He was now about two feet tall - even with Lois sitting on the ground, she still loomed over him by a full head.

“How cute - you’re just about the size of an infant.” She made an exaggerated gesture of cocking her head, pretending to think. “Gee, it must be strange to be that little. I wonder what it’s like to be...” She leaned in and growled in his face. “...SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF A LITTLE BABY!”

“Um, look Lois, I...” Superman was shivering in fear and embarrassment.

“Oh, put a lid on it you little super-twerp!” Sighed Lois, laying back down on the ground. “Just get busy and start cleaning up - and while you do the dishes, I’m going to finish my nap.” She opened one eye and gave him a pointed stare. “The stream is right through those trees, little guy. And if I were you I’d get started on those dishes right away (giggle) ...while you’re still big enough!”

Lois woke up and stretched. The sun was still shining through the trees, the dishes gone, but no little Superman in sight. She got to her feet and walked through the forest to check on her miniature helper. As she came to the edge of the river, she chuckled at the sight of the tiny figure struggling to clean the last of the silverware. He was now a doll sized man only about 12 inches tall, and even carrying a spoon was becoming a challenging task, like lifting a heavy metal shovel.

“Not finished yet, little Superman? (tsk tsk) I’m disappointed with you!”

Superman spun around at the sound of the loud teasing voice and almost cried out in shock. Lois was now gigantic, towering over him like a five story building - his head now coming to well below her lovely knee. And not only had he shrunk, but she had obviously grown, her figure now filled out to adult proportions, her t-shirt no longer hanging on her but straining to accommodate her full breasts, her little blue jean cutoffs pulled taught by the sexy curve of her hips. And her huge face, smirking down at him, was no longer that of an angry little teen, but the sober, calculating face of a smart, sophisticated adult.

“B-but look, Lois - I am finished!” Superman was mortified by the sound of his tiny high

voice, like a little child trying to please his mother. “I cleaned up all the dishes, just like you said!”

Lois knelt down and grinned at the tiny figure. “Oooohhh! That’s a very good little Superman!” she cooed in a teasing voice, like a mother congratulating a little child. “You should be so proud of yourself!”

But Lois could see that, while Superman’s labors had cleaned the dishes, it left his little blue uniform covered in mud and leftover food. “Ewww, look at you.” Giggled Lois. “I think it’s time for little Superman to take his bath!”

Before Superman could protest, Lois’ huge hand circled his waist, lifting him up in the air. In a moment he found himself held thirty feet in the air, dangling before her billboard sized face, her huge eyes sparkling in laughter as she looked down on her tiny captive. There was a large rock beside the stream, and Lois set tiny Superman on it, ordering him to strip. As he meekly complied, she picked up a cooking pot and dipped it full of river water, setting it down next to him.

“In you go, little guy!” teased Lois. She giggled as little naked Superman climbed over the edge and into the icy water, shivering and blubbering with the cold.

“L-Lois?” cried Superman, shivering and blue in the face. “It’s f-freezing in here!”

“Oh, the water’s too cold for you?” Asked Lois, her huge face grinning over the little naked bather. She reached over and picked up the handle, carrying the tiny figure away. “Well, I’ll just warm you up over the fire... (giggle) ...or maybe I’ll cook you for dinner!”

Lois laughed as the tiny figure hopped and squeaked in the pot, desperately begging Lois to put him back down. “Now don’t you leave this pot until Mommy Lois says so, little Superman!” admonished Lois with a final grin and a wink.

As Superman stood shivering in the cold water, he watched Lois’ huge form walk around and disappear behind the other side of the rock. After a few seconds, her huge hand reached out and hung her t-shirt on the branch of a tree. A moment later came her cut offs, and finally a giant pair of panties went flying through the air, twirling around a branch. Then he heard a big splash of water and a loud breathless sigh.

Superman was still shrinking and suddenly realized the water in the pot seemed to be rising by the minute - when he got in it was waist level, but it was now at his chest. And the stainless steel sides of the pot were now almost as high as he was tall! If he stayed in the pot much longer he might become too tiny to escape, trapped inside an ever deepening tank of freezing water. He shuddered to realize that he, once the most powerful man on earth, might helplessly drown in small pot filled with just a few inches of water! Desperate to escape while he was still big enough, Superman swam over to the edge and scrambled up the side, climbing out of the little bath tub by swinging his little nude body

over the edge.

He lay on the rock, catching his breath. Behind him he heard the sounds of Lois splashing in the stream. Overwhelmed with curiosity, the tiny nude Man of Steel quietly snuck out to the edge of the rock. He squeezed his little nude body flat against the rough stone, anxious to avoid being seen by Lois, and crawled up to peer over the edge.

There, rising out of the stream, was the gigantic statuesque form of Lois, completely nude. She was standing with her back to him, water cascading down her long bare back and huge lovely rear like an erotic waterfall. Her tiny audience gasped at the magnificent curve of her hips, the lovely dimples on her huge ass cheeks, and the perfect line of her legs, the length of two telephone poles.

As he watched, she casually turned and went into profile, her beautiful breasts jutting out like double cliffs, each big enough for tiny Superman to climb out on. He scrambled back from his perch, anxious to avoid discovery, but soon crawled back out, entranced with the huge vision of voluptuous sexuality rising from the rushing waters. After a few minutes, Lois finally took a deep breath and plunged under water, slowly submerging her huge statuesque figure inch by inch, her huge hips, stomach and breasts dropping out of sight until finally the top of her head disappeared under the waters.

Superman waited for her to reappear. After about a minute, he began to worry. What if something happened to Lois? He was much too tiny to even think of trying to help to save her - he would be swept away like a leaf. And if she was gone he was helpless - barely the size of a small squirrel, he would be at the mercy of any of the forest creatures! And he knew he was still shrinking, still tingling all over - he might end up the size of a tiny insect! Now shivering in fear at the thought, Superman ran back to the edge of the rock, desperately searching the water for signs of Lois, squeaking out her name in his little high voice.

“Looking for someone?” Came a huge voice behind him, as something caught his little naked rear in a giant pinch. Superman screamed and spun around to find Lois - fifty feet tall, stark naked, looking down at him and grinning her head off!

“Such a bad little Superman!” teased Lois in a booming voice. “You were very naughty! Now didn’t Mommy Lois tell you not to leave the bath tub?”

Superman’s squeaking protests were drowned out by Lois’ merry laughter. With one huge hand, she scooped him up off the rock and brought him before her huge grinning face. He squirmed in the palm of her hand, tiny, naked, utterly helpless and completely at her mercy. With one finger she flipped him over on his stomach, pinning his tiny body with the index finger of one hand while her huge nails nipped at his unprotected bottom.

“Such... a bad... Super... man! (giggle) Very... bad... Super... man!” Called out Lois, counting the beat as she pinched his tiny rear again and again, laughing at his tiny high squeaks of pain. After a few minutes of this, she relented, lifting her finger off his back

and allowing the tiny figure to scramble to his feet. Superman stood, naked and shivering, in the palm of Lois' hand, rubbing his painful little bottom, looking up at her huge face with a frightened helpless expression.

“Now did little Superman learn his lesson? Is he going to listen to Mommy Lois from now on?”

As the tiny figure frantically squeaked and nodded his little head, Lois broke into a huge grin. Then Lois carefully placed the tiny figure back on the ground and stood towering over him like an all powerful goddess. He estimated he was about six inches tall now, his head about the height of her ankle, and still tingling from the effects of the kryptonite, still shrinking rapidly.

Dazed, his little bottom throbbing in pain, Superman could only look up in awe as Lois towelled off and gathered up her clothes. Then she reached down and picked up the dishes, and lastly grabbed his tiny Superman suit, pinching it between her fingers and giving her tiny audience a merry wink as she carefully dropped the tiny costume into her shirt pocket. Then she lowered her huge smiling face down to him and boomed:

“I was going to give you a ride, but just because you were a such bad little Superman, you'll have to walk back to camp by yourself!” Then she smiled, pointing a huge finger over his shoulder. “Oh, (giggle) and don't forget to bring along that fork!”

Superman watched as the huge nude giantess turned and wriggled off, her lovely bare rear bouncing far above him, each jiggling ass cheek the size of a small house, each huge step spanning the width of a parking lot, carrying her further and further away. Momentarily transfixed by the sight, he suddenly jumped off his feet as he realized his plight. Barely five inches tall, naked, and alone in the forest he would be attacked or eaten by the first small animal to pass his way. He ran over and found the huge fork, now a thick column of heavy steel taller than he was, and hefted it to his shoulders, dragging it behind him.

The tiny naked figure ran desperately after the rapidly receding form of the huge nude giantess, staggering under the weight of the huge fork, tripping over the thick carpet of pencil sized pine needles, his little high voice almost too faint to hear.

“Lois! Don't leave me here!” he cried. “It's me, Superman! Wait up! Lois? P-please?”

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