

## Hide and Seek

### Part 5

By DreamTales

The meeting was held in the dining room in Barbara's home. On one the side of the table sat Marcie and Brian's Mom, both leaning across the table in earnest supplication, listening as Marcie pieced together the narrative of Brian's unlikely journey. Facing them was Barbara, looking more than a bit peeved, and her Mom, who seemed genuinely shocked. And there, in the middle of the table between the four ladies, was Brian, his 18-inch frame standing in silent proof of the veracity of the fantastic tale.

By the time Marcie brought them up to the present, Barbara's Mom's face was white with shock. "The poor little boy! Barbara, why didn't you tell me all this?"

If looks could kill, Barbara's stare would have fried Brian on the spot. After a few moments of shifting uncomfortably in her seat, she looked right down at Brian. "Look Marcie, I don't now what kind of stories Brian's been telling you, but that's not what happened. The fact is, Brian actually wanted to shrink."

"What??" said Marcie and her Mom in unison. "How could that be?"

"I warned him not to mess with the shrinking ray, but he must have done it while I was out of the room. I think he had it planned out all along. Brian said he wanted to come over to 'study', which should have made me suspicious right away."

"But why would Brian want to shrink himself?" asked Brian's Mom, an incredulous look on her face.

"How do I know?" said Barbara, her clear gaze the picture of innocence. "Some guys have this weird perverted fantasy of being little, I guess. I try not to think about it, it really creeps me out. I mean, I hate to be the one to tell you guys, but Brian really seems to have a problem with this stuff. He really wants to live his fantasy."

"That's a lie!" objected Brian in an embarrassingly shrill, high voice. "You practically begged me to try out your shrinking machine! I never even knew about it before you invited me over here!"

"Look Brian, I know it must be embarrassing to expose your perverted nature in front of your family, but you and I both know the truth. You wanted to shrink, and you tricked me into using the ray gun on you. "

"That doesn't make any sense." Said Marcie, turning to her Mom. "Barbara must have wanted to shrink him, because afterwards Brian went out with her, and you know the only reason anybody would go out with Brian is if they got something for it."

"Marcie, you shut up!" Squeaked Brian. "Plenty of girls want to go out with me!"

His Mom shut him off. "Be quiet Brian, Marcie is just trying to help."

Barbara's Mom finally broke her silence, waving her arms as if trying to dispel the discord. "Please, let's not argue about who did what to whom. The fact is that Brian needs our help and I'm sure that Barbara is willing to do everything she can to bring him back to normal size." She looked at Barbara pointedly. "Isn't that right, Honey?"

"Of course Mom." Said Barbara in a voice as cold as ice. She stared down at Brian with lifeless eyes. Brian thought he could see a snarl form on her lips.

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Minutes later, Brian and Barbara were alone in Barbara's room. Barbara had insisted that they be alone – accidents could happen and she didn't want the machine to reduce anyone else by mistake.

Barbara closed the door, and then turned on Brian. "You fucking little jerk! You just had to bring your Mother and your Sister and make a big fuss in front of my Mom! And now Mom's gonna kill me for this! Just look at how much trouble you got me in!"

"I got YOU in trouble?? Look what you did to me! You turned me into a little freak!"

Barbara loomed up above Brian, her large features crumpled in anger and disgust. "You little creep! I bet I was right about you! You're one of those guys that gets off on being small, especially around good-looking girls. Why do I always get these perverted guys?"

Brian started to retort but Barbara cut him off. She went behind the ray gun and ordered him to move to a spot in the middle of the room. "Just stand there and shut up!" she growled, flipping the switches in brusque irritation.

The ray gun hummed to life, sending out an orange beam of light that caught Brian like a spotlight on a stage. Brian quickly felt the familiar tingling across his body and sighed with relief. In a few minutes it would all be over!

But instead, the huge furniture around him started to seem even larger. His clothes became loose, then pooled on the floor. And Barbara was now looming like a 50-foot tall giantess! Belatedly, Brian realized that he had shrunk from a 18 inch tall midget to a 6 inch tall doll. "Hey!! What are you doing? I'm getting smaller!"

Barbara looked down at him with pure malevolent glee. "That's the idea, Brian. You've been nothing but one big – little! – pain in the ass ever since I met you. One more shot of this ray gun and you'll be out of my hair forever." She grinned as she pantomimed in a sing-song voice, a make-believe innocent look on her face. "Gee Mom, how did I know that the ray gun would shrink him right out of sight? Before I could stop it he disappeared completely!"

Brian started to scream, his voice now pathetically faint. "Help! Help me! Mom! Marcie!"

Standing outside, Marcie heard a high faint squeaking sound. It might have been the sound of some gears meshing in the shrinking machine, but it sounded disconcertingly like the frantic cries of a tiny, trapped animal. She shuddered as she recalled a tiny baby

rabbit that her cat had captured a few months ago, toying with it before putting it to death. But why would Barbara have a baby rabbit in her room? Unless...

Marcie yelled through the door. "Hey, what are you doing in there? Where's Brian?"

"Wait outside, I'm almost finished."

The squeaks become more insistent. "What's that noise?"

"Just a squeaky gear, I'll fix it in a moment." Yelled Barbara.

Brian could hear Marcie. His yells became more frantic. "Help! Marcie, I'm here!"

Barbara reached down and grabbed Brian. He now fit easily into the palm of her hand, muffling his voice. Just then, the door burst open and Marcie rushed in. Barbara faced her with an innocent expression, her hands (holding tiny Brian) behind her back.

"That sounded like a voice! Let me see Brian right now." Said Marcie.

Barbara was unmoved. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave right now. You're interrupting the procedure."

After Marcie reluctantly left, Barbara brought Brian up to her face. The now miniscule nude squirmed helplessly in her grasp. "You little jerk! Trying to get your little sister to save you? Well it's too late now, Brian"

Just then the door opened and Marcie came back in. Barbara quickly hid Brian behind her back. "W-What do you want?"

"I forgot something." Said Marcie.

"What?"

"This!" Marcie's punch hit Barbara square in the jaw and dropped her straight to the floor. As Marcie looked around for her brother, Brian ran out from Barbara's hand.

"Marcie! I'm down here!!"

At first Marcie couldn't understand what the tiny little figure was. But slowly the realization sunk in that the miniature nude boy, squeaking like a mouse, was really her older brother. Slowly, carefully she bent down and picked up the little figure, balancing him carefully on the palm of her hand. She had to bring him up to within inches of her face before she could really see that the little features were Brian's. Even then, it took a few deep breaths in order to choke out a response.

"Brian? W-what did she do to you??"

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Brian was now only 3 inches tall, and a battery of specialists concluded that he would have to stay that size for at least several months. Apparently Barbara used her machine to

make his reduction semi-permanent. There was a chance that he could be returned to normal size, but it would take a year, at least.

Brian was now utterly helpless, and needed constant attention. Unable to care for himself, or do even the simplest of tasks, he had to be fed and bathed and even helped to relieve himself. Unfortunately his Mom was working on a big project at work, so much of the burden fell on Marcie. Luckily Betty was willing (and even eager) to help. She and Marcie worked together to baby-sit him on alternate evenings, but even so the strain was showing. It wasn't unusual for Marcie to show her frustration by snapping at her helpless older sibling.

“Shit Brian, why did you have to go and get tiny? I have to stay home again, just to look after you. I should just stick you in a cage, like a gerbil.”

“I'm not a gerbil!” squeaked Brian.

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Despite the challenges, and the extraordinary nature of Brian's predicament, life at Brian's house soon settled into a routine. One upside of the arrangement was that Marcie and Betty got to be even better friends. Betty was over so often she came to feel part of the family, sort of like the sister that Marcie always wanted (in fact she would have gladly traded Brian for her).

A kind of Brian baby-sitting tag team, the girls quickly learned to coordinate schedules. Betty took Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, while Marcie took Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays. On Sundays, Brian's Mom helped out, although even that was hard if she was on a business trip. The girls occasionally juggled days, especially if Marcie had a big date, or if one of them needed to study for a test.

One Wednesday Betty used the occasion to bring over some of her dresses. She wanted to get Marcie's opinion on which one to wear to the dance next week. Although Marcie thought it was kind of a waste to worry about your dress when your date would fit in your purse, she enjoyed looking at clothes. Marcie picked out Betty's favorite, a tight little number in black. Marcie gushed over the low cut dress and how well it highlighted Betty's figure. Betty wasn't surprised; it was Brian's favorite too.

Marcie and Betty took a moment to look in on Brian. They found him lying in his favorite place, a bed outside of his doll's house, fast asleep. “He looks so cute and innocent!” said Betty. She gave him a kiss and giggled as he squirmed in his sleep.

As she was folding up the dresses, Betty's cell phone buzzed. Her eyes widened as she saw the text message - it was from her Mom, saying she needed to help out with dinner. “Oh no! I totally forgot! Mom's having guests tonight and I promised to help her.”

“That's okay,” said Marcie. “I'll take Brian tonight. And you can take Saturday this week.”

“Okay.”

“And I’ll borrow your favorite dress?” said Marcie with a sly grin.

“Hmmm... You drive a hard bargain!”

It wasn’t a big sacrifice for Marcie to stay home with Brian. She had a lot of studying to do and in any case was a bit tired and didn’t feel like going out. After Betty left, she took a shower and wrapped a towel around her hair. Just for fun, Marcie tried on Betty’s dress, thrilled at how great it looked. Her cleavage, always a highlight, seemed positively precipitous.

Marcie checked in on Brian, who was still asleep. It looks like an easy night, she thought. A good thing – I’m pretty exhausted myself.

Marcie sat on the couch and tried to plough through her advanced calculus textbook. Three chapters a week, what a grind! But after a few minutes it all started to blur. I’ll just take a short nap, she thought, as she curled up on the couch. A moment later she was fast asleep.

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A few minutes later Brian woke up, and looked out towards a magnificent sight. There was Betty, asleep on the couch – and wearing his favorite dress! He had to admit she was looking sexier than ever. He always liked her curves, but tonight she seemed downright smoking hot. Her breasts seemed to have a little extra heft, maybe a little longer and more pointed, and the points of her nipples seemed more prominent than ever. And the curve of her hips – it was like a mountain range!

It was odd to see Betty wearing a towel around her hair. But it wasn’t that unusual – she was spending so much time at his house that she regularly took showers, or even slept over on occasion.

Brian had an inspiration. Once before, when he was this size, Brian and Betty had played a little game, where he snuck up on her and crawled into her panties. Betty was taken unawares, and Brian was able to get her soaking wet before she even knew what was happening. Betty still talked about it – she said it was one of the most erotic things she ever experienced.

Brian, taking care to avoid being seen, snuck up behind the sleeping giantess. He clambered over the pillow and slid into her cleavage. A moment later he was licking a giant nipple the size of a basketball. Using both hands, he kneaded the bright red knob until it grew to twice its size. It always gave Brian a sense of power (however unwarranted) to be able to arouse a giantess, even as small as he was. He knew he was getting results; he could hear her breathing deepen, and after a few minutes her chest started heaving, lifting and dropping him like he was a small boat in an ocean tide.

So far so good, thought Brian. With one last, lingering lick on a nipple that was now as big as his chest, he started to crawl further down her dress, headed for her panties.

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Marcie had a funny dream. She was on a sailing ship, an old schooner from the 19<sup>th</sup> century, sailing across the ocean into uncharted territory. She was wearing an old costume from the Victorian era, and could even feel the tug of the corset against her breasts and waist. A storm approached and huge waves washed across the bow. A giant wave struck the boat broadside, sending her and all the crew headlong into the water. She tried to swim and found herself tumbled by waves and tossed ashore.

In her dream, she woke up to find herself naked, spread-eagled on the beach, held down by dozens of thin ropes. Her skin tickled, and she looked down to see a crowd of tiny men walking across her body. Some were dragging ropes across her skin, others walking across the landscape of her body like hikers on a trail. One man, dressed in a red suit with long tails and a feathered cap, was even riding a miniature horse!

Marcie struggled to break her bonds but soon relented; there were too many ropes, tied too tight. At first irritated by the tiny men, she soon relaxed and even began to enjoy her situation. Their tiny feet tickled her – in all the right places. First her nipples began to feel hard, and then her crotch began to tingle. She felt a mental image of the tiny horseman, his mount cavorting in the low bushes of her pubic hair.

Marcie started to laugh. It was so funny to be tied up, helpless, and to be pleased by someone even more helpless. Imagine a tiny little man on a tiny horse prancing on her crotch!

Her erotic stimulation shook her out of her deep sleep and into a kind of half-conscious dream state. What a sexy dream! She could feel her nipples straining at her dress (it was a bit small on her chest, she realized), and her crotch was getting quite damp. Wasn't it funny how susceptible we are to suggestion, even from a dream? If she thought about it, she could almost feel the tiny horseman on her crotch, parading back and forth across her erogenous zones.

Her eyes still closed, Marcie started to wriggle out of her dress. For a moment she paused, thinking of her tiny brother, sleeping peacefully across the room. What if Brian awoke and saw her half-naked? But the more she lost herself in her erotic daydream the less she cared what her tiny, loser older brother might think. She was sexy, and excited, and ready to pleasure herself. A quick flick of the dress straps, a little shimmy of her hips, and the dress pooled on the floor.

Marcie arched her back and quickly undid her bra strap, tossing it off the couch. She slid her panties off, letting them dangle for a moment on her toe before they joined the rest of her clothing. Through half closed eyes she saw her nipples pointing skyward like twin arrows, her flat stomach glistening with a fine coat of sweat.

Her skin felt alive, her every pore filled with erotic excitement. She desperately wanted to touch herself, to explore the wet confines of her crotch. But she was so stimulated that she was almost afraid to reach down to her vagina. She vaguely worried about her cum staining the couch, but soon all thoughts of domestic obligations were erased, replaced only by a burning need to finish herself off. "What happened to calculus?" she thought with a chuckle, amazed at how quickly her evening had veered from a boring slog to a

carnal adventure.

Marcie slid her finger across her tight stomach, drawing a line in the film of sweat as she groped her way to her crotch. Just a few inches more and ...

Suddenly Marcie stopped. What the heck was that? She touched something, something small and warm and slippery, that was right on her vagina. For a long, horrifying second she thought it might be some creature - perhaps a giant, blood-sucking leech! - that had attached itself to her.

She lay for a moment frozen in fright. Her breathing stopped, the film of sweat now cold on her body. And then she jumped.

“Aaaaggghhh! Eeeeewwww!” screamed Marcie, leaping from the couch. Instinctively she grabbed a magazine, rolling it up into a cudgel. Then, steeling herself, she looked around for the terrible creature that had (too gross to even consider!) somehow burrowed itself into her panties.

She saw it, a small, hairless thing huddled on the floor. She brought her arm up to crush it with one blow when-

“Marcie! No! It’s – it’s m-me!”

Marcie stared at the tiny object as a sea of emotions surged through her, ranging from horror, to recognition, to amazement, to disgust. How could that little thing be her brother? And how the hell could Brian do this to her?

“B-Brian??!! Omigod! You frigging little creep!” Marcie blurted out, gasping for breath. “I... I... it’s so disgusting, I...”

For his part Brian was reeling. One moment he was playing an erotic trick on Betty and he next he was flying through the air, then attacked by his giant naked little sister! He couldn’t take his eyes off of Marcie, who loomed over him like (he must admit) a very sexy Statue of Liberty. The hideous knowledge of what had really happened was only now slowly filtering through his fevered brain. It was so totally creepy to think that he had been (yuck!!) pleasuring his little sister! But he had no time to reflect – right now he was in danger of being crushed by her!

“You sick bastard!!” screamed Marcie. She raised the magazine above her head and for a long moment Brian thought she was going to swat him like a bug. But then she turned on her heel and stomped off, her lovely rear wriggling far above Brian.

“Marcie! Wait! I didn’t know it was you!” he screamed, but his words were much too faint to hear. Brian ran as fast as he could, following Marcie into the bathroom. There, he found Marcie in the shower.

“Oh God!” she cried. She grabbed a loofah and began scouring herself, turning her skin a bright red. She felt dirty and sick – she wished she could just peel off her skin and start all over!

For his part Brian was belatedly realizing that the erotic coating of cum juice he wore belonged to his little sister! Too small to reach a towel or a sink, he frantically tried to scrape it off with his hands, and then rolled himself around on the bath mat. His whole body seemed permeated with Marcie's smell. God it was so disgusting!

Brian stood outside the shower, unsure what to do. He desperately wanted to apologize to Marcie, to explain his mistake (and what was she doing wearing Betty's dress anyway?). But he didn't want her to think he was following her for any reason. And in her current state of anger she might just step on him! He considered just running away and hiding, but figured the sooner he apologized the better.

Finally Marcie turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. She grabbed a towel and furiously dried herself, while Brian squeaked out his best effort at an apology – and an explanation. But his faint squeaks were drowned out by the shuffle of the towel.

Marcie wrapped the towel around herself and, almost as an afterthought, looked down at her tiny nude brother before her. For an instant she thought it would be so easy just to step on him. A simple accident, a foot misplaced – it happens all the time! – that would solve so many problems. She raised her foot and held it aloft, a small smile flitting across her face as she saw the tiny figure backing up in fear.

Brian had no idea what to expect from Marcie, but waited helplessly for her giant foot to drop on him. After a long pause she leaned over and in a voice just above a whisper, hissed. "Get out of my sight. You disgust me!"

With that Marcie stomped out of the bathroom, slamming the door behind her, inadvertently trapping her helpless brother in the bathroom. Brian didn't even try to call for help. He sat down and resigned himself to his fate, knowing full well it would be hours before his Mom returned and freed him.

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