

## A Little Game of Hide and Seek

Part One

By DreamTales

“You know, you’re kind of sweet, Brian.” said Barbara, demurely batting her eyelashes, a small smile flickering across her full red lips. The petite, well endowed blonde was standing close enough for him to feel the warmth of her body through her thin white blouse, stretched tight across her full breasts. “Not just a big jock like all the other guys.”

“Well, thanks Barbara, I ...”

“And you’re sure you don’t feel anything?” asked Barbara, her light blue eyes glowing with what appeared to be a look of sincere concern.

“Not a thing. Well a little tingling maybe, but otherwise nothing.”

“Ooh, it was so brave of you to be a guinea pig for my science project.” Her blue eyes were locked on his. “None of the other guys would even consider doing that for me, but you just went right ahead and did it. I really appreciate that.”

Brian’s heart was skipping along at high speed, his breathing shallow. He still couldn’t believe he was here in Barbara Masterson’s house – actually standing beside her in the bedroom of the sexiest babe in high school! He’d had a crush on her for years and until a few days ago wasn’t sure she even knew he existed. She was always going out with big tall jocks, and he doubted a short, skinny guy like himself ever had a chance with her. But thanks to the upcoming science fair, and a few seconds in front of a silly looking ray gun, he was suddenly the object of her admiration.

He was nervous as a leaf, but decided this might be the only real chance he would ever have. “Well Barbara, y’know now that we got to know each other and everything, I thought, ummm... Er, I was thinking, ah... I mean, I was wondering if you might be interested in seeing a movie with me tonight...?” His voice started strong but trailed off into a kind of high squeak.

“Sure.”

Brian had to blink a few times, unsure he heard her correctly. “Y-yes? You mean you will? Um, see a movie with me, I mean?”

“I said sure.” she said with an amused grin. “Why don’t you pick me up around seven o’clock?”

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Hot damn! though Brian, punching the air as he scrambled through his house, getting ready for his big date. Maybe he did have a dry spell – well, actually a baking desert of almost a year where he was turned down cold by every girl he asked out, but now he was rocketing back into action! Just think – Barbara Masterson! THE Barbara Masterson, actually going out with him!

Let's see, a quick shower, a shave and some cologne and he should be ready to go. He pushed through his door to the hallway just in time to see his little sister slip into the bathroom ahead of him. Her timing was perfect – the door slammed in his face just as he arrived!

“Marcie! Come on! I really need to get into the bathroom! You're gonna take forever!”

The door popped open to reveal a sliver of Marcie's grinning face. “Too bad, big bro! (giggle) You know how it is – girls just take longer than boys!”

“Marcie! Goddammit!” He pushed against the door but she was too fast – it slammed shut, followed an instant later by the click of the lock.

“Shit!” Once again, Brian found himself cursing that day Marcie was born. Ever since she entered his life she'd been a thorn in his side. She seemed to positively enjoy torturing him, first as a skinny, smart-mouthed brat that made his life a living hell, showing him up at school and making sure his parents were apprised of his every transgression. It seemed a day never passed without his mom and dad chorusing the refrain, “Why can't you be more like your little sister?”

But it was in the last year or so that she had scaled new heights of torture. While he was still a short, skinny awkward teen that couldn't get a date to save his life, she had blossomed into one of the sexiest girls in school. Only one year behind him, in 11th grade, she had succeeded in becoming one of the most popular girls around, merrily juggling dates as he stayed at home. And the worst of it was that she really was one of the best looking girls he knew – it mortified him to see his little sister's bratty face poised atop one of the hottest bods around. Brian was sure she developed those perfect tits and tight curves just to spite him, knowing she was unreachable. He'd love to give that obnoxious know it all a big healthy smack on her beautiful butt.

“Don't worry, bro. I promise I'll hurry up. (giggle) I'll try to be out in less than half an hour!”

Just the sound of her voice made him want to strangle her. He slumped against the wall, fuming at the unfairness of it all. Why did everything have to go her way? Even physically she was blessed – a gifted athlete, a star in basketball and track. And she was growing like a weed: while he barely reached five foot seven she was already in danger of catching up to him, a fact that she couldn't resist using for the occasional tease.

#

Brian trudged back to his bedroom, fuming. He ruffled through his closet, picking out his best clothes, and ended up deciding on a new jacket and pants he had bought last week. It was funny about Barbara's ray gun – he had expected the tingling to have worn off by now, but it was still going as strong as ever. Not that it bothered him, but it just gave him a funny feeling, like something was happening to him.

Barbara had called it a “condenser ray” and was joking that it might make him smaller. Apparently it hadn't worked at all before, but she had just finished making a few adjustments to it before trying it out on him. They both had a good laugh: Brian had said how he couldn't afford to get any shorter and Barbara said neither could she – at around five foot even she was one of the shortest (and sexiest) girls in his class.

He was sure there was nothing to it, but being as self conscious as he was about his height he couldn't help thinking about it. Funny, even his new clothes seemed a little loose on him...

Brian shook his head – what an imagination! He was definitely spending too many days alone at home! He folded his clothes and went back out to try to wheedle Marcie out of the bathroom.

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Almost 45 minutes later, Marcie finally burst out of the door, her hair and bod wrapped up in fluffy towels. She sped down the hallway towards her bedroom, grinning as she strode past Brian.

“Okay shorty, all yours!”

“Hey!” yelled Brian, looking up to see her beautiful rear wiggle into her bedroom. He knew she was just teasing him, but for a moment he was surprised at how tall she seemed. He followed her into her bedroom. “Marcie! You take that back!”

Marcie didn't even turn around, taken as she was with checking her reflection in her full length mirror. “Take what back?”

“Don't you act like that! You know very well – you called me a name!” Brian stood right behind her and quickly checked his height against hers, breathing a quick sigh of relief as he saw he still had a slight size advantage over his little sister.

“Excuse me, but do you mind not standing there watching me? I'm trying to get ready to go out. I'd appreciate a little privacy?” Huffing, Brian turned away and looked across the room. He caught Marcie's reflection in the glass of her bedroom window out of the corner of his eye, and winced as she suddenly dropped her towel, revealing a striking profile of full perky breasts, thin waist and one of the nicest, tightest little asses he'd ever seen. For a moment he completely lost his train of thought, having to make a concerted

effort to pull his eyes away.

“What name?” Marcie was flouncing in front of the mirror, ever so subtly checking out the sharp curves of her profile.

Brian flushed, cringing at the sound. “You said ‘shorty’ !”

“Oh God, Brian! Is THAT all you’re upset about? I was just teasing. You’re so touchy lately!”

“It’s not just that!” Huffed Brian. “I TOLD you I needed to get in the bathroom and you still hogged it for almost an hour!”

“So? I have an important date tonight--”

“Oh yeah? Well, so do I!”

Marcie’s voice dripped with sarcasm. “Oh yeah? My big brother finally gets a date? Wonders never cease! And just who might that be?”

Brian casually folded his arms across his chest, pausing a few seconds for the best dramatic effect. When he spoke his voice purred with pride. “It’s Barbara Masterson, for your information.”

Marcie’s voice was an undisguised sneer. “Oh HER? That little blonde bimbo? How’d you ever get her to go out with you? Don’t tell me you let her test out her science project on you?”

“Her science project? H-how’d you know about that?”

“Oh god, you mean you actually DID do it? She’s only been trying to ask every last person in school to be her guinea pig. That little pest has been bugging everybody for weeks!”

“S-she has?”

“Yeah, that stupid condenser ray of hers. The joke was that she wanted to invent it so at least somebody in school would be shorter than her. I can’t believe you fell for it!”

“You know Marcie, I think you’re just pulling my chain.” said Brian defensively. “Yeah, that’s it! You’re just jealous! You don’t like to see me going out with popular girls! God, you’re such a--”

“Look, Brian.” said Marcie in what (for her) passed for a sincere voice. “You can do what you want, I don’t give a shit. But no way would I ever let somebody use some untested ray gun on me. You’ve only got one body, if you mess it up it’s not like you can

get another one. I mean, what if that thing really worked?"

"Yeah, right. Tell me another one..."

"Really, Brian. (giggle) Who knows, maybe you'll turn into my little brother!" Marcie's voice suddenly sounded closer and Brian turned to find her fully clothed, in a knockout low cut red dress. He almost jumped a foot – suddenly he found himself looking up at her grinning face! She must've been at least three inches taller than he was!

"M-Marcie?" For a moment Brian was shell shocked, looking up at his little sister. That ray gun really did work!

"What the matter bro? Don't you like my new shoes?" She grinned and signaled downward with her eyes, then clicked her heels together, showing off her new pair of black four inch stiletto heels. "(giggle) Or maybe you thought you really were shrinking?"

Brian was still recovering when Marcie leaned in for a teasing wet kiss on his cheek, then spun on her high heels and breezed out of the room.

"Seeya shorty! (giggle) Have a nice date!"

#

"Mmmm.. I had a great time, Barbara." said Brian, reaching across the front seat of his car to give her a warm hug and a French kiss.

"Me too." she sighed, before coming at him again with her full red lips.

Brian could feel her large warm breasts against his chest, and slowly slid his hands from behind her back, trying to cup those beautiful big mammaries in his palms. He felt her stiffen slightly, then slowly draw back.

"Careful tiger." she breathed, smiling into his eyes. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves."

"I'm sorry, Barbara, I..."

"Don't be sorry. It's late, it's Thursday night, and we've got school tomorrow." she said, giving him a playful kiss on the nose. "Just keep that thought. And be sure to give me a call."

"S-sure..." he said, but Barbara was already scooting out the car door. He sat and watched her beautiful rear wriggle as she crossed her driveway and disappeared into her house.

#

Brian had good days and bad days, and Friday looked to be one of the duds. First his new clothes didn't fit (they were too loose on him), and the only thing he could find were some old things he wore last year that he thought he'd grown out of, although they still seemed to fit pretty well. He had slept late and had to rush out the door, barely glancing in his sister's direction before hopping in his car and zooming off to school.

Then all day long it seemed that he was at the short end of the stick. They were playing basketball in gym class, which was never his sport anyway, but still he was mortified to be the last guy picked to play. He hated lining up and waiting to be chosen, and was surprised to see that even little Pete Samson, who for years was the shortest guy in the class, had finally caught up with him in height.

In fact, as the day wore on he kept noticing how tall everyone seemed. The big jocks seemed bigger than ever, and even some of the girls looked intimidatingly statuesque. He passed Betty, one of Marcie's 11th grade girlfriends in the hallway and was surprised to see that she looked almost as tall as he was, even though when he last saw her a few weeks ago he was pretty sure he was taller than her. She smiled hello as she sped by, looking impressively well developed in her tight knit top. He wanted to check to see if she was wearing high heels, but lost her in the crowd.

Bumping into Barbara made him feel better. She was still as reassuringly short and cute as ever, and made his day with a big wink and a playful pinch on his butt. She said she had to study all weekend, but asked him to give her a call next week. That was at the end of the day, and gave him a bit of a lift on the drive home, even though he knew he was facing another lonely weekend by himself, slumped in front of the television.

It wasn't until he was half way home that he realized he'd forgotten to tell Barbara something. That stupid tingling feeling still hadn't gone away yet!

#

“Wake up sleepy head!”

“Hmmffff...” Brian tried to bury his head in his pillow as Marcie strode around his room, pulling open the curtains. The light streamed through, stinging his eyes. “Why do I need to wake up? Who made you Queen for a day?”

“Mom and dad, that's who.” said Marcie. “Remember? They're going away for a few days? They just left a few hours ago. It's just you and me here for the next week, dear brother o' mine.”

“Unggghhhh...” mumbled Brian. “Just great.”

“Goll, I can't believe what a lazy bones you are! Everybody's been up since early morning and here you are at one o'clock in the afternoon, still sound asleep!”

“So what? It’s a crime or something?”

Brian blinked himself awake, squinting at Marcie. He had a fleeting impression that she was standing there stark naked, but took him a few seconds to realize that she was just wearing a skimpy bikini. Still, the sharp curve of her hips silhouetted against the window was one of the more spectacular sights he’d seen lately – even if she was his obnoxious little sister.

“What’s with the bathing suit?” he sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes. “You going to the beach or something?”

“Nope. It’s such a nice day I thought I’d get a little sun. Betty and I are lying out in the back yard..”

Marcie turned to go, her picture perfect rear jiggling as she swept out the door. Brian slowly pushed himself to his feet and shuffled off to the bathroom. As he glanced out the window he saw Betty out in the backyard, lying face down on her towel, looking almost as good as Marcie in her own brief little outfit of tight thong panties and thin tank top.

“Hmm... I might just join you guys...”

Maybe it was pure optimism, or maybe just the surge of well being he felt after his big date with Barbara, but Brian thought he just might have a pretty good chance with Betty. After all, it wasn’t that long ago that she was a scrawny little kid that trailed after him, just another of his little sister’s playmates. He remembered her warm smile in the hallway yesterday, and took another quick peek outside again at her lovely tight body, laid out and glistening in the hot sun. Maybe after months of strikeouts his time was here at last?

He pulled out a pair of trunks from last year, happy to see that they weren’t too small – if anything, they were still pretty stylish – big and baggy, just the way he liked them.

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“Hi girls, how’s the sun?”

“Brian, don’t you have your own friends to hang out with?” said Marcie, frowning as her brother rolled his beach towel out on the grass beside them. “Oh, wait. I forgot – you don’t have any friends!”

“Ha ha. Very funny. It’s so nice to have a loving little sister.”

“Hi Brian.” said Betty. She gave him a warm smile and patted the spot next to her. “C’mon and join us. The sun’s great.”

Brian brought a book along and was studiously trying to read it, but despite himself he

kept shooting glances over at Betty. Her long, nubile body was lightly tanned and covered in a thin film of sweat. The sweet smell of coconut oil washed over him, and he found himself studying the rise and fall of her bare stomach as she lay on her back.

“Mmmm... I think I’ll get something to drink. You guys thirsty?” asked Betty.

Brian was going to offer to bring her a soda, but Betty had already leapt to her feet and was going up the stairs to the back door. For a moment he lost himself in the sight of her cute rear bouncing along in her tight thong.

“No, thanks.” called Marcie, half asleep.

“Uh, I think I’ll get something myself, too.” said Brian, getting up.

Inside the kitchen, Betty was standing in front of the refrigerator. She was bent down, trying to reach behind the leftovers to get at a row of sodas, that beautiful bottom of hers poised atop her long legs.

“Need some help there, Betty? Can I help you find anything?”

“Nah, I think I’ve got it.” said Betty. “Oh, wait. Here’s some on the top shelf.”

Brian was standing just behind Betty, her back to him, and as she stood up to reach for the soda he suddenly caught his breath. The young girl in front of him was over a half head taller than he was! What was going on?

Brian quickly looked down, checking to see if Betty was wearing platforms, but she was barefoot, just like he was! His mind racing, Brian tried as best he could to find some logical explanation, but nothing seemed to make sense. Sure Betty had grown a lot, but he had just seen her in the hallway yesterday and at the most she was about his height. But now she was a good 4 or 5 inches taller than him! Either she had grown almost 6 inches overnight, or else he had...

It was Barbara’s stupid ray gun! It really DID work!

Suddenly he realized that Betty might turn around any second and see that he had shrunk! And the first thing she would do was tell his sister! He thought quickly. There was a chair beside him and he suddenly fell into it, sighing.

Betty turned around to find Brian sitting behind her, his face in his hands.

“Brian? What are you doing?”

“Oh, I just...” he tried to act disoriented. “I dunno. All of a sudden I’m not feeling well.”

“You okay, Brian?” Betty bent over him with a concerned expression. “Can I help you

up?”

“N-no thanks. I just got dizzy. I just need to sit down for a few minutes.”

The door banged open and Marcie strode into the room. “What’s up, guys?”

“Marcie, Brian says he doesn’t feel well.” Betty’s big brown eyes loomed in front of Brian’s face as she ran her fingers through his hair.

Marcie stood in front of him, statuesque in her tiny bikini, her hands on her hips. “Oh, just ignore him. He’s probably just making a bid for attention.”

“No, look.” said Betty. “He’s so pale. And he said he was dizzy. Brian, I think we should take you to a doctor.”

“No! No, really, Betty. I think I’ll be okay. I just need to rest.”

Marcie opened the refrigerator and grabbed a coke off the top shelf. “C’mon Betty, let’s go. We have better things to do than hang out with my loser brother.”

Betty was obviously concerned, but Brian insisted that he was okay. He watched as the two girls left the room, Betty looking over her shoulder to give him a little wave and a smile before she went outside. Brian flinched involuntarily as he noticed that Marcie was a good two inches taller than Betty.

As soon as the girls left, Brian jumped up and raced to the door. Outside, they were busying themselves with their suntan lotion before stretching out on their towels. He took one last long look as Betty leaned over to arrange her towel, giving him a perfect view into her surprisingly full cleavage. Then, shivering slightly, he turned away.

He decided the best thing was to hide in his room, at least until he could get to Barbara. At his current size he couldn’t risk being seen by anybody. With a start he realized that as long as the two girls were in the house he’d be trapped inside.

He couldn’t chance sneaking back downstairs for lunch, so he grabbed some food. He tried to get a coke, but he was now too short to reach the top shelf – the same shelf that Marcie had so easily reached a minute ago. He tried hopping on his tip toes to grab at the can, but it was well out of reach. Flushing with embarrassment, he grabbed some bottled water from a lower shelf and, with one quick look to make sure the coast was clear, ran up the stairs to his room.

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He called Barbara, but her mother answered the phone. Barbara was out for the day – she wasn’t sure when she’d be back – but she promised to have her give him a call.

Inside his room, Brian looked about for a ruler or tape. He found a little foot ruler and, marking his height against the wall, tried to measure it by laboriously measuring up from the floor, a foot at a time. His heart sank when he saw that he was now only five feet tall!

The rest of the afternoon was a slow, excruciating nightmare. Brian felt he knew what it was like to be in prison – trapped in his room, he didn't dare call anyone lest they find out his predicament. Occasional glances outside at the two girls only made things worse. He could hear their happy chatting, and the sight of those two lovely nubile bodies stretched out on the lawn filled him with a strange mixture of desire, fright and helplessness.

He hoped they would tire of lying in the sun, but Betty and Marcie stayed outside all afternoon. As the hours wore on Brian hardly dared to check his height again. When he finally did, at almost six o'clock, he could barely believe his eyes: he had shrunk another eight inches! He was now only four foot four inches tall!

Another call to Barbara found her house empty. As he hung up, he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Brian had just enough time to jump into bed and arrange the sheets open before the door burst open.

“Hey, sleepyhead! How's my invalid little brother?” called Marcie in a loud voice. Maybe it was the perspective, lying in bed, but she seemed to be bigger than any woman he'd ever seen. Her impressive curves seemed to fill the room.

Betty came in right behind her and, to Brian's chagrin, plopped down on the bed next to him. “Marcie he IS a little warm. I think he's really got something, maybe a touch of the flu?” She put a hand over his forehead and looked into his eyes. “Maybe we should take him to see a doctor?”

Brian tried to pretend he was just awakened. “Umm... that's okay Betty. I think I just need to sleep it off. I'll be okay.”

The two girls left, and for the next hour Brian lay in bed listening to them changing clothes and taking showers. Despite himself he shivered at the thought of nubile Betty standing naked in the bathroom just ten feet from where he lay. He tried to calculate how tall she was compared to him now. With him at about 50 inches tall she would seem like a seven foot giantess!

After an interminable wait the two girls footsteps receded downstairs. Brian waited in bed a few minutes and was just about to get up when the door opened. He could barely see in the dark twilight, but the silhouette was unmistakable.

“Betty?”

“Sssshhh! Don't wake up, Brian.” said a soft voice. “I'm just leaving some stuff for you, saltines and ginger ale.” He could hear the voice coming closer in the dark. “That's what I always like when I'm not feeling well.”

“Oh. Uh, ... thanks.”

“Anytime...” He felt a warm kiss on his forehead, and then the door closed behind her.

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When Brian finally got out of bed he felt like he had entered another world. Everything seemed huge, even the drop from his bed causing his bare feet to land hard on the floor. His bathing suit slid down to his knees, and rather than waste time with it he just stepped out of it and walked off, stark naked.

He had to jump up to reach the light switch, and even the phone seemed huge. Cradling the receiver in his arms, it seemed over a foot long. He dialed Barbara and after a long series of rings a little girl’s voice answered. “Hello?”

“Hi. Is Barbara there?” Brian flinched at the high, childish sound of his voice.

“Who’s this?” she sounded about six years old.

“I’m Brian, a friend of Barbara’s. Is your big sister home?”

“You don’t sound like one of my sister’s friends. You sound like a little kid.”

“Look, I’m not a little kid. My name is Brian and I need to talk to Barbara. Is she there please?”

“Nah. She’s out with her boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend?” said Brian, his heart suddenly racing. “What boyfriend?”

“I dunno. She got lots of boyfriends. Bye!”

Brian cursed as the phone went dead. That little brat! He remembered seeing her now, a little child in long curls with an upturned nose. He’d definitely give her a talking to the next time he saw her. If she didn’t watch out he’d...

But suddenly he realized – he was almost the same size as her now! And with this rapid shrinking, who knows how big he’d be the next time he saw her?

#

Brian pulled open the door to his closet, but everything was much too big for him. He checked his height again, sighing as he saw how far short the pencil mark fell from the last one. The ruler quickly confirmed his fears – he was now only three feet six inches tall!

The house was empty, the hallway dark. He pushed open his door and ran into the bathroom. He didn't need to ask Marcie what she was doing – at nine o'clock on a Saturday night she was definitely out on a date with one of her many boyfriends. If she liked him she might stay out well past midnight, especially with their parents away, but there were the occasional duds that brought her back before ten. He decided he'd better stay as close as possible to his bedroom, just in case.

Inside the bathroom he had to stand on top of the toilet to relieve himself, and needed a boost from a box of toilet paper to reach the sink and wash his hands.

The bath towel seemed huge, so he grabbed a hand towel and wrapped it around his waist. Far above him, Betty and Marcie's bathing suits hung to dry, the skimpy little pieces of brightly colored fabric seeming too small even for him.

He hoped he might find some smaller clothes in Marcie's room, but it was just too much hassle. The light switch was well out of reach, and he didn't want to risk getting her suspicious: if she found him rummaging around in her bedroom she'd kill him. With a gulp, Brian realized that at his size his nubile little sister could easily take him over her lap for a spanking!

He decided against trying to go downstairs to get dinner, and ended up just finishing off the crackers and soda that Betty had brought. It was now approaching ten PM and he felt he'd better turn off his light just in case Marcie returned and stopped in to see him. Even in the last hour or so he had shrunk considerably, and in order to get to the light switch he had to drag his chair across the room. He didn't want to check his height again, but Brian couldn't help noticing that the last mark on the wall was 3 or 4 inches above his head.

The phone rang as he was just putting back the chair. He was now about eye level with the table, and struggled with the large receiver. Remembering himself, he tried his best to use a deep voice to counter the effects of his shrinking.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Brian?” It was a girl's voice.

“Yes, Barbara? Look, I've been trying to get you all day. I need to-“

“No, Brian. This is Betty.”

“Betty?” For a moment his voice was high again, like a child's. Then he caught himself, lowering his voice. “Oh, Betty. Yeah, hi.” There was a pause on the line so he continued. “Um, Marcie's not here. Do you want me to tell her you called?”

There was a soft throaty giggle. “No Brian, I called to talk to you. I was just wondering how you're doing. You seemed pretty sick.”

“Oh thanks. That’s really nice.”

“Well, I might be coming over again tomorrow. I hope you’ll feel better?”

“Uh, yeah...” he thought for a second. “I mean, I might not be around. I might need to go out for awhile, but yeah...”

“...and Brian?” There was a teasing lilt to her voice.

“Yeah?” His voice jumped again.

“If you ever thought of asking me out, let’s just say I’m... interested.”

“S-sure Betty. Uh, yeah.”

“(giggle) You’re cute, Brian.

“Ummm...”

“G’night!”

“Y-yeah. G’night Betty.”

#

When Brian heard the car pull into the driveway he panicked. What if Marcie came into his room and found him shrunk to the size of a little child? Even hiding under the covers she might easily see how tiny he was.

He jumped down out of bed and ran over to lock his bedroom door. He hadn’t used the lock in years and it was jammed, taking all of his strength to turn the bolt. Then he got down on the floor and peered through the crack under the door. He heard the door open downstairs and Marcie footsteps walking inside. A few lights flicked on in the distance as she called out his name. After a few minutes her footsteps came up the staircase, and he watched as she went to her room and shut the door.

A minute later she emerged. Marcie had pulled off her dress and was wearing only her underwear, a little set of black silk see through bra and panties that Brian recognized as one of his favorite outfits. He gasped, despite himself, his heart racing at the sight of her luscious curves poured into that skimpy little lingerie. She went to the bathroom door and stopped for a moment, seeming to pause in thought. And then she walked right down the hallway and stopped at his door.

“Brian?” she tried the door knob and found it locked. “Brian?” she called, a little louder. “What’s going on? Why is your door locked?”

Her bare feet seemed huge, twice the size of any foot he'd seen before. He jumped back, watching as the huge door shook before him. He felt a wave of helplessness and panic as he realized how very much bigger and stronger his little sister now was.

Brian ran back to the bed, his towel falling off as he struggled to jump up and climb under the covers. He tried his best to feign sleep, making his voice as deep as it would go.

“Uhhh... what?”

“Brian! Don't give me that shit! You're hiding something, I know it! Since when do you keep your door locked?”

“Marcie! C'mon, lemme sleep!”

“Open up, Brian!” The door shuddered again as Marcie struggled with the knob.

“Marcie!”

There was a short silence on the other side of the door, then light giggling. “Oh I get it.” came a bright, teasing voice.

“W-what? Leave me alone!”

“I knew it! You're in there wacking off! (giggle)”

“I am NOT!” Brian's voice cracked as he shouted.

“Oh yeah? Let's just see about that...”

Brian heard her footsteps receding down the hallway. He crept out of bed just in time to see Marcie's lovely rear as she slipped back into her bedroom. He heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the door close behind her.

But a moment later she emerged holding a cardboard box. She sauntered down the hallway and paused before his door, shaking the box teasingly.

“Hey big bro. (giggle) Lookee what I got here – the keys to your bedroom door!”

“Marcie! Quit it!”

“(giggle) Don't be so embarrassed, little Brian. Lots of little boys like to masturbate.” He could hear her laughing as she shuffled through the box of keys. “Now let's see... which one is it...?”

Brian shrank back from the door, looking desperately for a place to hide. He was stark

naked, less than three feet tall, about eye level with Marcie's lovely panties. He couldn't let her find him like this!

"Marcie! Get lost!"

"(giggle) Don't worry, bro. I won't tell Barbara that you're spending Saturday night alone pulling your little chain."

Suddenly the doorknob started to turn. Brian raced across the room and jumped up into his bed, quickly pulling the sheets over him. He shoved some pillows down beside him, trying to make it look like a bigger person was under the covers. A second later the door swung open and Marcie's tall, sexy form strolled through the door.

Brian almost gasped out loud. He had never imagined that such a huge creature, much less his own little sister, could be so utterly voluptuous. Standing in the darkness, the hallway light fell across her breasts, highlighting her already spectacular cleavage. She stood smirking down at him, her arms on her hips, like a nanny that had caught one of her little boys doing something naughty.

"God, it's pitch dark in here!" said Marcie. "I can't see a thing." She turned and, showing a quick glimpse of her lovely rear, reached out for the light switch.

"N-no!" said Brian.

"What?"

"I-I'm sleeping. I mean, I'm trying to get to sleep. D-don't turn on the light."

"Well all right, if you're that serious about it." she said, smiling into the darkness. "You don't have to get all excited."

Marcie stood for a moment, then reached down and picked up something. "And you should put things back." she said, waving the little hand towel that just moments ago had been wrapped around Brian's waist. "You're such a slob!"

Brian sighed with relief as his huge sister turned and left, closing the door behind her.

## Part Two

Brian set the alarm for 6 AM the next morning, eager to get up before Marcie awoke and found him. He was disoriented by his size, and as the clock started beeping, he found that his arms were too short to reach his bedside table. He had to stand up and reach over to get to the off button on the clock.

His room seemed gigantic, the ceiling easily 20 feet high. Even the drop to the floor was

a good 8 feet from his bed, and he had to hang onto the covers and slide down the side to avoid making a noise and waking Marcie. He ran over to his makeshift measuring area to check his height, but stopped when he saw the huge foot ruler lying on the floor. Picking it up, he saw that it came up to his waist. He was now only two feet tall!

The bedroom door, the same one that Marcie had casually shut last night, loomed over him. The doorknob was way out of reach, and just getting out of his bedroom involved ten minutes of sustained effort; first dragging a huge chair across the room, climbing up onto it, wrestling with the huge knob, the pulling open the heavy door. He pushed the chair back, anxious to avoid raising Marcie's suspicions.

Naked and now reduced to the size of a newborn infant, Brian snuck out into the hallway. Luckily Marcie had left the bathroom door open a crack, and he was able to push his way through. Inside, he swore under his breath as he saw that Marcie had hung up his hand towel on the upper towel bar. Even standing on a pile of toilet paper boxes it was well out of his reach. For a moment he considered wrapping himself in toilet paper but decided that it was somehow less humiliating to just be naked.

Brian tried to consider his options. His only hope was getting through to Barbara, but his calls had gone unheeded. Going over to her place was out of the question; he could never drive a car, and although she lived only a few blocks away he couldn't risk the journey in his present size. Even the smallest child would loom like a giant over him, and each door would be an impenetrable obstacle. He had to get her on the phone.

But the phone was becoming increasingly hard to manage. Even getting up to the table top was now a struggle, and Marcie might hear him dial, or even – he shuddered at the thought! – pick up another line and break in on his conversation. If only he had a smaller phone, one he could take into a closet or something...

Of course! Marcie had just gotten a new portable phone for her birthday, a tiny Japanese model. It would be perfect. All he had to do was sneak into her bedroom and find it.

#

As he pushed open the huge door, Brian had a nagging feeling of déjà vu, the vast scene of his sister's bedroom calling up childhood memories of Jack and the Beanstalk. Across the room, Marcie was fast asleep. Her pocketbook hung from the back of a chair, just a few feet away from her. It was just barely within his reach.

Brian ran across the carpet, first hiding behind a huge trash can and then sneaking behind the chair, desperate to avoid making any noise. He reached up and opened the clasp, then reached in a hand and began rummaging around. There was a soft jangle of keys and coins, and Brian's heart jumped as Marcie suddenly groaned and shifted in her sleep. He waited, motionless, for a good two minutes before resuming his search.

He grabbed the phone and was just about to run out the door when Marcie's alarm clock

went off. Cursing silently, Brian dashed across the room towards the nearest hiding place – just under Marcie’s writing desk. He pressed himself flat against the back wall, desperate to hide his little naked body from his little sister’s big prying eyes.

Marcie stretched, yawned, and reached a huge arm out to silence the alarm. A moment later a huge leg swung off the bed, followed by another, each shapely calf bigger than himself. And then she stood up.

Brian almost cried out loud. Marcie towered over him, her nubile figure almost 20 feet tall. She was wearing only a thin pair of panties, her voluptuous torso gloriously nude. It was all Brian could do to keep from sneaking out towards the edge of his hiding place for a better look at those perfect breasts, hovering far above him. He shivered in fear and flushed with embarrassment, mortified that the sight of his obnoxious little sister’s body could have such an effect on him.

Marcie took a few giant strides across the room, absently scratching her beautiful rear. She paused at a spot about six feet from Brian, facing away from him, and stood up straight, stretching her arms in the air. Then she bent over and touched her toes several times. Brian recalled how his little sister had been yakking on about the Yoga classes she had been taking the last year. He watched her lovely rear end pointing skyward as she flexed and stretched.

Suddenly Marcie bent over backward, her body forming an upside down U as she stretched her long arms towards the floor. She was facing him now, and if she looked up she might see his tiny nude body huddled in the darkness. Her flat stomach and long arms were stretched tight, her large perky breasts jiggling as they hung upside down.

For the next fifteen minutes Marcie twisted her nubile body through a series of gymnastic poses, treating her shrunken older brother to an intimate, close-up view of her spectacularly well developed figure. By the end of the ordeal they were both soaked in sweat, she from her exertions and he from the Herculean task of controlling his wild mixture of fright and desire. Finally, she sprang to her feet and, with legs almost twice as long as he was tall, casually strolled out the door.

Brian listened to her footsteps pound down the hallway, a door opening and closing. He snuck out from his hiding place, the big portable phone tucked under his arm, and ran over to the door. Luckily Marcie had left it open – otherwise he would be trapped inside her room.

The bathroom door was closed. At the far end of the hallway, his bedroom door loomed in the distance. Taking a few deep breaths, Brian lined up like a sprinter at the start of an Olympic race. He had to get past the bathroom before Marcie discovered her brother had shrunk to a tiny nude. He sped out Marcie’s bedroom door and ran as fast as his tiny legs would take him, down the hallway, past the big bathroom door, and into his bedroom door. Once inside he collapsed in exhaustion, sweat pouring off his body.

#

“Well, yes Barbara is home, but she’s still asleep. Could you call back a little later?”

“No, please Mrs. Masterson.” said Brian, shouting into the portable phone. “I need to talk to her now. It’s really important.”

Brian was sitting on a pile of his dirty clothes on the floor of his closet, hoping that the sound of his voice wouldn’t carry outside his room. He had heard Marcie start her shower just a few minutes before, and hoped to complete his call before she finished. After a little more pleading Barbara’s mother relented and went to wake her daughter.

After a long wait a voice came on the phone. “Hello? Who is this?”

“Barbara? It’s me, Brian. I...”

“Brian? What? You don’t sound like...”

“Look, never mind. I need to see you right away. It’s that ray gun you used on me.”

“The ray gun? What about it?” asked Barbara.

“It made me shrink! It turned me into a little..”

“Brian? Can you speak up? I can’t hear what you’re saying.”

“Look, I just need to see you. Right away!”

“Oh. Well, I guess you can come over this afternoon...”

“No! I can’t go to your place. You gotta come to my house. I really need you to come, it’s really...”

“What? What is this shit? Brian, you wake me up at fucking nine o’clock on a Sunday, and sound like you’ve been snorting helium all night, and now you expect me to drop everything and run over to your house? What goddamn planet are you on?”

“Please Barbara, please? I can’t explain it but I need you to come here, right away! Please?”

There was a long loud sigh on the other end of the phone, then silence.

“Barbara?”

“Shit, Brian. Okay, I guess I’ll try to stop by later. But don’t fucking call me like this again, okay? Jeez!”

Brian was about to gush with thanks when she hung up the phone.

#

Brian waited in his bedroom, listening as Marcie finished her shower and went downstairs. He found a clean handkerchief to wrap around his waist, and struggled back up onto his table top to finish off the last of the saltines. Outside, he discovered that Marcie had shut the bathroom door behind her, barring his entry. He hoped he could hold off until his giant sister came back upstairs, or Barbara arrived to save him.

About an hour later the doorbell rang. His heart beating, Brian ran down the hallway to the staircase. If he snuck down the first couple of stairs he could see the front entrance hall. From his perch he could only see Marcie from the neck down, as she opened the door. A young woman came in, and Brian squinted as he tried to make out who it was, trying to recognize her by her body. She was a little shorter than Marcie – like Barbara – and her knit top was enticingly stretched by her high full chest – again, it could be Barbara!

He snuck down another few steps, ready to call out to his savior. If Barbara didn't come up to his room he reluctantly realized he would have no choice but to reveal himself. He hated the thought of having his sexy little sister see him half naked and shrunk to the size of an infant, but at least he would be saved.

Just as he reached the halfway point of the staircase, he heard an unmistakable peal of laughter – Betty! He turned and ran back up the stairs as the two giant girls followed behind, chatting gaily, completely unaware of the terror they were causing their tiny observer. The stair steps were huge, each one like taking three steps at a time, and Brian kept slipping in his frantic dash for safety. He could feel their huge footfalls right behind him. So frantic was his retreat that he made it halfway down the hallway before he realized that his little hankie loincloth had slipped off.

He considered a mad dash to retrieve it, but the girls were pounding up the stairs. He turned and saw a giant hand reach out and pick up the little white handkerchief, holding his erstwhile piece of clothing between two huge well manicured fingers.

“Look.” said Betty. “Somebody dropped their handkerchief.”

“Who else but my slob of a brother?” said Marcie, laughing. Brian just made it into his room as the two giant teens strode through the door to Marcie's bedroom. Inside, he found that the top of the foot ruler now came up to his chest.

#

Brian was in his closet digging through his dirty laundry pile, looking for another loincloth when the door to his room burst open. He saw the two girls' gigantic silhouettes

and quickly hid himself in the pile of clothes.

“Just look at this mess, what did I tell you?” said Marcie. “Doesn’t make his bed, clothes all over the place, even his goddamn food is still out from last night. Is he a slob or what?”

“I dunno.” said Betty. “I still think you shouldn’t look through his things while he’s not here. I mean, it is his private bedroom.”

“Yeah well, if he wants me outta here he’s gotta keep his hands off my stuff. I just know he took my phone.”

Peeking out from his hiding place, Brian saw Betty pick up his clothes off the floor while Marcie made his bed. A minute later Betty stood with an armload of clothes.

“Where should I put these?”

“Usually he just throws them on the floor of his closet.” said Marcie. “He –“

Suddenly the closet door swung open, light pouring into the darkness, the curves of a giant female hovering above him. As he watched, open mouthed, she raised a gigantic finger and pointed it right at him.

“Hey, look at this!”

He ducked his head as the giant female reached down a huge arm, right towards him, the huge fingers diving into the pile of clothes.

“It’s my goddamn phone!” said Marcie. “Can you believe that?”

Brian huddled under the clothes, his heart thumping, as the two girls left the room. He was just about to climb out of the closet when the door opened again and Betty appeared. She went to his table and started to pick up his food tray when she stopped and tore off a sheet of paper. She bent over the desk, writing quickly, then folded up the note and left, taking the tray with her.

Brian waited until the girls went downstairs and then ran over to the desk. It was all he could do to reach up to the chair seat, climb up, and then clamber up onto the table top. There he unfolded the note:

Dear Brian,

Hi! I’m really sorry I missed you today. I hope you’re feeling better. I’m really glad you liked the ginger ale and saltines.

Marcie’s a good friend but I can see she might be a little tough as a sister. Just hang in

there!

Anyway, I hope you don't mind if we made your bed and picked up a few things.

We're going out to lie in the sun now. I hope you'll come join us!

Love and xxx's

Betty

#

Brian waited by the telephone until noon, Anxious to get to it before Marcy answer in case Barbara called. But after a 3 hour wait he was really getting nervous. He was now only 12 inches tall, and if he got much smaller he might not be able to get back down from the table top – or even be able to pick up the phone!

He decided to call Barbara again. As it was, he was barely able to lift the receiver and dial. After a few rings a maddeningly familiar voice came on the line.

“Hello? Hi?” it was Barbara's little sister again.

“Hello? Is Barbara there?” shouted Brian in a high squeaky voice.

“Hee hee, you're funny!”

“Look, I'm not funny! I mean, it's not funny, it's really important. I need to talk to Barbara!”

“(giggle) Squeaky voice, squeaky voice!”

“Look, quit it! Where's your big sister?”

“I dunno. Out.”

“What do you mean, out? Where did she go? I need to...”

“Squeak, squeak! (giggle)”

“Stop that! Goddamit!”

“Oooh, you're bad! G'bye!”

The phone went dead. Brian cursed and kicked the huge receiver with his bare foot, then screamed in pain as he almost broke his toes. He hopped around on the table top, then sighed and collapsed. After a long minute he got up and, using both arms, lifted the

receiver back on its cradle before starting the long journey back to the floor.

#

By late afternoon Brian was frantic. Now only 8 inches tall, he was beginning to realize that if he didn't get help soon he might literally shrink right out of sight. Several times he set off down the hallway on the long trek to the back yard, resigned to having to ignominiously beg Betty and his giant sister to help save him. But the sight of the staircase, each riser as tall as he, stopped him. He reluctantly realized that in his current state even if he could navigate the long steep staircase he could never make it past the back door. And if he waited in the kitchen the girls might just walk right past him, too tiny to even notice.

And as Brian thought through his circumstances, he belatedly realized the futility of his plans. If Barbara called, he was now much too tiny to reach the phone. And if she did actually show up at his house, Marcie would answer the door and probably just tell her that her brother wasn't home. Even if he was willing to reveal himself, by the time he made it down the stairs she'd be gone. He wished he could call Barbara again, begging her to come, but Marcie had taken her portable phone away. And even if he could reach his table top phone his tiny arms might be too weak to lift the receiver. No matter what, if he were to get out of this mess, he needed Marcie's and Betty's help.

He decided to wait in Marcie's room. The girls would eventually come back to shower and change, and if he was lucky he still might be able to attract Betty's attention while Marcie was out. He snuck through her door and positioned himself under his sister's bed. He wished he could find something to cover his tiny nude body, but even his little handkerchief now dwarfed him.

Two hours later the door opened and two stupendously huge women strode inside. Each footfall was like a pile driver, each bare foot much longer than he was tall. From his perspective Brian could discern only huge long legs and, high in the sky, two giant bikini tops thrust out like alpine ledges. He couldn't even tell which girl was which!

The sight of the two 100 foot tall giantesses shocked him to his core. Realizing just how tiny he now was, Brian gave up any hope of preserving his dignity and decided to throw himself at the mercy of his giant little sister. And if he was going to do it, he'd better act fast – the two were starting to pull off their bathing suits.

“Marcie! Betty! Help me!” cried Brian in a mortifyingly tiny, faint voice. He ran out from under the bed and began waving his arms, desperately hoping they would look down and see his tiny nude form. “P-please, I've been shrunk down to tiny size! And I'm still shrinking! I-“

Suddenly the room went dark. For a moment, Brian thought that he might have been stepped on, but instead he found himself covered by a warm, moist cloth. It smelled of a strong musk scent, oddly familiar. He was under a pair of panties!

“I told ya he’d be a no-show.’ said Marcie, shaking her hair free after pulling off her hair tie. Her bikini panties lay on the floor beside her.

“Yeah, but I guess he musta had a good reason.” said Betty, shucking off her bikini top.

Brian crawled to the edge of the panties and looked straight up at the two huge expanses of naked flesh. He was still disoriented, his head spinning. He was about to push off his giant covering when a huge hand reached down and plucked him high into the air.

“I really don’t know what you see in him.” said Marcie, as she reached down and picked up her panties from the floor. “I mean, there are so many cute guys out there. Why choose such a loser?”

“Marcie, come on!” said Betty. “Give the poor guy a break, why doncha?”

Marcie stood, absent mindedly kneading the panties in her hand. Brian, trapped inside, struggled to free himself, his tiny body tossed and battered by her powerful fingers. Just as he was about to scream in pain, Marcie turned and casually dropped the panties into a shallow clothes basket.

“Yeah, well. He’s such a slob. And he stole my phone.”

Freed from Marcie’s huge grip, Brian pushed off the panties. He stood up and looked about him, blinking his eyes. Looming way above him was the biggest nude he had ever imagined, over one hundred feet of gigantic legs, hips, breasts, her vagina big enough to swallow him whole.

“Marcie! Help! It’s me, Brian! J-just look down!”

Marcie stood over the hamper, a thoughtful look passing over her face. She turned around, offering tiny Brian a spectacular view of her beautiful bare ass cheeks, each the size of a small hillside. “Oh, I guess he’s not that bad.” she said finally.

“Marcie! I’m h-here!” cried Brian.

Marcie turned and dropped her bikini top into the hamper, knocking Brian off his feet. By the time he struggled from under it he saw, way off in the distance, the girls’ two gigantic beautiful bottoms wiggling out the door.

#

Brian climbed down from the clothes hamper, desperate to reach the outside room before the girls returned. He was now so tiny he could easily slide between the huge plastic webbing of the hamper. Even Marcie’s rug seemed huge, like a thick, hard, knee high field of grass.

Across Marcie's room, he saw one of the girls' outfits hanging from a chair. The white blouse was a good thirty feet off the floor, but the bra strap was dangling barely within his reach. He raced across the room, desperate to grab onto any piece of the girls' clothing and hang on for dear life. He had to leave the room with them - if he was left behind for another few hours, he might shrink right out of sight! Brian scrambled up the bra strap, pulling his tiny body towards the huge cup hanging far above.

"I dunno Marcie." said Betty, breezing back into the bedroom and shrugging off her towel. "I'm not really looking for any new guys. Like I said, I want to give your brother a chance."

"It's not a commitment, just a nice, casual date." said Marcie. "We all go see a movie, maybe stop to eat afterwards. Nothing much."

Betty bent over to pull on her panties. "Well..."

Brian struggled to climb as fast as he could. He needed to get higher, up onto the chair seat, closer to Betty and Marcie's ears so they could hear his faint voice. He tried shouting up to Betty but his faint squeaks were drowned out by the rustling of Marcie's towel as she rubbed her hair dry.

Betty reached out and picked up her bra. Brian screamed and hung on, finding himself suddenly dangling a hundred feet off the ground. Before him loomed the largest pair of breasts he had ever seen, like twin mountain peaks. He tried to look up to shout to the giantess holding him, but suddenly found himself hurtling towards the gigantic mounds of flesh.

"I guess I'll give it a try." said Betty, pulling on her bra. "You said it was a real casual thing, right?"

Brian dug his fingers into the fabric as the bra slammed into the huge wall of Betty's chest. He was dangling off the face of her bra, almost at the point of her nipples. He turned around and almost screamed when he saw Marcie's gigantic face looming just above him. She was looking at Betty and if she only lowered her eyes just a fraction she might see him!

"M-Marcie! Help! Marcie!"

Marcie took her towel and started rubbing it across her butt, drowning out her tiny brother's faint cries.

"Yeah, sure." said Marcie.

Brian looked back up at Betty. Her huge lovely face loomed above him, each of her blue eyes almost as big as he was.

“Betty! H-here! It’s me!”

Betty shrugged, sending Brian’s tiny figure bouncing wildly against her chest. She picked up her white blouse from the chair and, after giving it a quick snap to shake out the wrinkles, started pulling it over her head.

“No! Betty! D-don’t!” The next thing Brian knew he was plunged into darkness, pushed helplessly tight against Betty’s chest by her form fitting knit top. He tried to yell but the fabric muffled his screams, silencing him. He found himself trapped between her huge breasts, his tiny body helplessly caught between the twin walls of flesh.

“So do you think I need to change to a new outfit?” asked Betty, twisting herself as she checked out her reflection in Marcie’s mirror.

Marcie set down her towel and gave Betty an appraising glance. She was wearing a tight white knit top, cut low, and a short skirt. She hadn’t really looked closely at her old friend for a while and was pretty impressed with what she saw.

“You look great.” said Marcie. “You’ve really filled out, even in the last few months. Just look at that cleavage.”

“Really?” A small smile flitted across Betty’s face. She had always been a little envious of her friend’s development, and the thought that her figure might be even in the same league with Marcie’s gave her a special thrill.

With desperate resolve, Brian squirmed out from under Betty’s bra, freeing his face. He was now just between Betty’s bra cups, his tiny legs and torso still pinned tight against her blouse. If he craned his neck he could barely see, hovering way above him, his giant sister’s face. Turning the other way he saw Betty’s nose and lips, atop the long rise of her swelling chest, looming like a scene from Mount Rushmore.

Brian was badly out of breath, his already weak cries made fainter by exhaustion. Even the slightest movement of the two giantesses was enough to drown out his voice. He raised a tiny arm, barely the size of a pin, and waved it towards the distant figures.

“Here, let me show you a little trick.” said Marcie, with a conspiratorial smirk. She cupped Betty’s breasts in her hands and gave them a little lift and a squeeze, pushing them together. The adjustment lifted Betty’s chest ever so slightly and accentuated her already healthy cleavage.

“Auggghh!” screamed Brian as the two walls of flesh slammed together, squeezing the last breath of air from his tiny naked body. He went dizzy, his vision darkening. Just before he passed out he saw, far above him, Betty’s giant lips breaking into a huge grin.

“Wow!” said Betty, looking at herself in the mirror, breaking out in a bright smile at the

sight of her subtly enhanced figure. She turned sideways, admiring the new thrust of her chest, then leaned into the mirror to get a close up view of her deep cleavage. “Great!”

“Lookin’ good.” said Marcie, reaching down to slip on her panties. “Lookin’ good!”

### Part 3

Brian slowly fought back into consciousness. After he passed out he had fallen asleep, lulled by the warmth of Betty’s huge breasts. But now that the movie was over the huge walls of flesh around him had started to move again, waking him. He could hear deep muffled voices off in the distance, and thought he could recognize Marcie and, much closer, Betty. Gradually Brian realized his predicament. He was shrunk to just under 2 inches tall, trapped in the deep valley of Betty’s cleavage.

“That was a really great movie, John. Thanks!” said Betty. “I’m glad you and Marcie invited me along. I really had a great evening.”

“How about if I give you a ride home?”

Betty gave Marcie a quick glance. Marcie, wrapped around her own date, nodding her head in encouragement. Betty hesitated – she was still reluctant to get tangled in a new relationship, and especially before she had a chance to go out with Brian. But John seemed like a really nice guy, tall and athletic and pretty good looking.

Betty took Marcie aside. “What do you think?” she whispered.

“What do I think?” said Marcie. “Go for it! He’s cute and he likes you. What more do you want?”

Brian fought to free himself from the giant walls of Betty’s breasts, but he was stuck solid, his arms pinned to his sides. Far above him he could see Marcie’s huge face, lit up in a smug grin. “Marcie! Marcie, it’s me!” he yelled in a voice much too faint to hear. He wriggled desperately. If he could just free one of his arms she might look down and see his tiny hand waving up at her.

“Oh I dunno.” said Betty. “I mean, I do really like Brian and all...”

“Brian? (giggle) You’re still thinking about that loser?” said Marcie.

“Marcie, you bitch!” screamed Brian. He was incensed at Marcie’s attitude – she knew he liked Betty, but she was using every excuse to dump on him. He had an overwhelming desire to smack her huge face – even though he was smaller than her little finger!. “I’m not a loser! I’m not a (hmfff!)” Brian’s tiny squeak was cut off as Betty crossed her arms, squeezing her chest and burying his tiny face in the huge wall of her left breast.

“Marcie, will you quit dumping on Brian? You know I like him, and I think he kinda likes me too.” whispered Betty.

“Oh yeah? So if he likes you so much where is he?” asked Marcie, sweeping the room with her hand.

“Right here!” squeaked Brian, struggling, momentarily freeing his face from Betty’s breast. “I-I’m right d-down (hmfff)!”

Betty hated hearing Marcie complain, but she had a point. Where was Brian anyway? And it wasn’t like he was responding to her overtures. Maybe he wasn’t feeling well, but at least he could have made some effort to see her. It was almost like he was avoiding her. And besides, John wasn’t asking for a commitment, just offering her a ride home

“Okay John, sure.” said Betty. “I’ll be with you in a sec. I just need to use the bathroom.”

Brian could feel Betty moving, and the other voices seemed to fade off in the distance. After a few seconds Betty’s huge body seemed to drop and then stop moving. From the lack of any noise, it sounded like she might be alone in a room of some kind.

Betty had just closed the door to the toilet stall when she felt something move inside her blouse. She jumped involuntarily, and then shrieked when it moved again. It felt like some kind of bug had gotten trapped in her bra. Maybe a beetle, or a cockroach had dropped from the ceiling? She was never coming back to this movie theatre again!

“Eeeeww! Gross!” Whispered Betty. She shut her eyes and took a deep breath, then grimaced and pulled open her blouse to take a look. And then she almost screamed.

“Oh my God! W-what’s that thing? It looks like...” Still unsure what it was, she stopped talking as she heard little faint sounds coming from the tiny object.

“... help me!” Squeaked the tiny figure. “...shrinking... can’t stop... help... me...”

Betty slowly realized that it was a tiny man. She could barely hear the faint words, even her slightest movement drowning out the faint squeaking cries. Slowly, carefully, she put her finger inside her blouse to try to help him get out. She was really worried – he seemed so tiny, so incredibly fragile, like some exotic bug. Even the slightest pressure might crush him. At first she tried placing her finger next to him, hoping that he could grab on and be lifted straight out. But the pitiful little creature was so tiny his sticklike arms were too short to even reach around her finger!

“Oh you poor, poor little thing!” said Betty, her eyes misting, suddenly filled with compassion for such a helpless creature. But even though she tried her best to stand still, her slightest movement threw the tiny figure off balance. The tiny figure was yelling up to her but she couldn’t make out the faint squeaking noises.

“Here. Just try walking out onto my finger.” Betty put her index finger next to him, watching in amazement as the tiny man crawled out onto the tip of her finger. On all fours, crouching, he was hardly bigger than her fingernail! Then she opened her hand and watched as he kept crawling until he reached the safety of her giant palm.

Slowly, carefully, Betty lifted her hand up to take a good look at him. Her huge eyes popped open as she realized that he was stark naked! It seemed to be a young boy, about her own age, with brown hair. He was yelling something, so faint...

“...Betty! ... help... shrinking... Brian....”

“Brian?” The force of the exclamation almost knocked the tiny figure off his feet.

“Brian, what...?” She paused, the questions in her mind coming too quickly to elucidate. As her head spun, she vaguely heard the tiny figure making little high squeaking sounds. She tried to listen for a few moments, just hearing a few words like “help” and “shrinking.” And then something suddenly occurred to her, like a bell going off in her head.

“Brian? Just what the heck are you doing in my blouse? And why are you naked?” More squeaks came, but she ignored them. “Is this what you were up to all this time? Just trying to see me naked? You weren’t really sick at all, you were just trying to shrink yourself so you could crawl in between my breasts!”

The little squeaks came more quickly, but Betty drowned them out. “You know, you’re really something. Here I thought you were a nice guy, maybe a little bit of a loser, but still somebody that I could get to like. I spent all this time defending you, telling Marcie how great you were, how she should give you a chance, and just look at you! I mean, you could have asked me out – God, I practically begged you to ask me out! – but what do you go and do? You lure me into your house and then shrink down to the size of a bug just so you can crawl into my clothing! Here I thought you were interested in me as a person, but all you care about is wanting to cop a feel!”

Brian was scared – he had never seen Betty that angry, much less as a towering giantess. Each of her huge flashing blue eyes were bigger than he was! He was naked, shivering, but he mustered his strength and called up to her, desperately hoping she could hear his explanation. She was quiet as he spoke, but he could see her huge eyes smoldering in anger, her nostrils flaring, each big enough to suck him in whole. Shouting at the top of his lungs in a tiny, squeaky voice he explained how Barbara had used him for an experiment, how he was stuck at this size, how he needed help to grow back. After he finished there was a long pause. He waited, almost too scared to lift his head, afraid to look up into those gigantic angry eyes.

“So, you made yourself tiny and now you’re stuck?” Betty’s huge face broke into a derisive smirk. “Serves you right, you little jerk. All you thought about was getting into my bra and now look what a jam you’re in.”

She lifted her hand up until he was just inches from her face, her huge angry eyes focused on his tiny body. Brian stood, naked and shivering in fear, waiting for her to speak. It felt like an eternity before the words finally came from her huge lips, booming over him like the voice of some all-powerful goddess.

“You know what, Brian? Marcie was right – you really are a loser!”

Brian tried to yell back, desperate to explain himself, but Betty ignored his faint squeaks. She lowered her gigantic hand to the ledge behind the toilet. “Get off!” she boomed. Helpless to resist, Brian scrambled to the edge of her hand and dropped down to the ledge, the cold porcelain stinging his bare feet.

“So, what should I do with you?” Betty sighed, looking down at the tiny speck of a man she once thought might be interesting. “I wouldn’t mind just leaving you here to fend for yourself, or dropping you into the toilet. Heck, even a little squeeze of my hand would crush you like a bug.” She broke into a smile. “Hey, it would be the perfect crime! Who would ever look for an inch tall body?”

Betty smirked as the tiny figure began hopping up and down, squeaking frantically. She watched him for a few moments, fighting an overwhelming desire to reach out and goosh him with one finger. “Don’t worry little man. I almost wish I wasn’t such a nice person. I won’t hurt you, even if you do deserve it.” Suddenly she turned away from him and made a call on her portable phone.

“You’re lucky,” said Betty, turning back to Brian after finishing her conversation. “Barbara says she’ll help you grow back. She’s not sure but she thinks she can get you back to normal. I can take you there tomorrow, IF I feel like it. I guess I have to take you home and help you grow back. But where can I put you in the meantime...?” She paused, a bright smile flickering across her face.

“Oh I know the perfect place for you!” Brian shivered, taking a step back as Betty’s huge hand suddenly loomed over him. He tried yelling up to her but suddenly her giant fingers grabbed him. He felt himself lifted up in the air and then dropped, tumbling across the vast plain her palm. Ahead of him was a big deep valley...

“You wanted to get into my blouse? Fine, come along for the ride!” said Betty as she dropped the tiny figure back into her cleavage. “For your information, I’m out on a date with a very nice guy tonight. John is good looking, thoughtful, well mannered. He’s interested in me so he’s taking me out to a movie – and he doesn’t shrink himself down and climb into girl’s bras!” She smiled down at the tiny figure struggling in her blouse, grinning at the sight of the confused look on Brian’s tiny face. “John’s a real man, Brian. You should pay attention – maybe you might learn something!”

Outside, the group was getting impatient. John was leaning against the wall, arms crossed, Marcie raised her eyebrows in a questioning smile as Betty pushed through the

bathroom door. Brian could hear her booming voice above him.

“Okay John, let’s roll!” said Betty. She walked right up to him and threw her arms around him and gave him a kiss full on his lips. She made a point of pushing her chest against him. She could feel Brian’s tiny body between her boobs, and giggled at the thought of squishing Brian as she flattened her breasts against John’s strong chest.

“Wow, what was that for?” asked John.

Betty took his arm in hers and walked beside him, taking the opportunity to rub her chest against his arm. “Oh, I just felt like it. There’s something about being with a big strong guy that really turns me on!”

As he drove her back to her house, Betty made a point of telling John how buff and athletic he looked, and how tall and sexy he was. She smirked at the thought of how her words would sound to tiny little Brian, helplessly trapped in her bra. She knew he was listening – she glanced down once or twice to see him looking up at her, hanging on her every word.

A few times she felt Brian’s tiny body struggling in her blouse, but she soon figured out a simple way to quiet him down. Betty just held her hands out in front of herself and squeezed her breasts together with the sides of her arms. After a few good squeezes Brian seemed to learn his lesson, and he became a nice, quiet miniature man for the rest of the ride. Betty smiled to herself – it was just like training a little bug for the flea circus!

John slowed his car and found a parking spot around the corner from Betty’s house. As he turned off the engine she moved across the seat to him. Betty pushed her breasts against him, coming at him from the side on purpose, knowing that it would flatten tiny Brian. She could feel his tiny body squirm against her left breast. She made a mental note to be careful not to overdo it – she didn’t want to suffocate the little twerp!

“Thanks again John. I had a wonderful time.”

“Me too.” John took Betty in his arms. Suddenly he pulled her to him in a crushing hug. She resisted a bit, worried that his strong arms might actually squish tiny Brian. John kissed her and slipped her his tongue, moving his other hand back to cup her rear. Betty was a bit surprised and resisted, pulling away from him.

John was confused. “Hey, you said you liked that.”

“Sure. But this is just a first date. I don’t—“

“You said I turned you on.”

“Well yeah John, but…” John had one arm tight around Betty’s waist, while the other one moved over to cover her breast. She was trying to pull free but he was much too

strong for her.

“Come on babe, you know you like it!”

Inside Betty bra, Brian could feel that Betty was getting frightened. She was breathing hard, her chest was heaving, her skin warming. He never felt so useless, so helpless in his life. He desperately wanted to help Betty but in his current state it was a joke – a very bad joke! John was a jock, a big football player, well over six feet tall, and even at normal size Brian would be hard pressed to fight him. But at his current state, smaller than the tip of John’s little finger, Brian was like a mouse trying to fight an elephant.

“John! Stop!” Betty’s voice was getting higher, more frantic. Brian could feel John’s huge fingers squeezing Betty’s breasts together. At one point he actually saw John’s giant fingers above him as he pushed them into Betty’s blouse. Brian tried climbing up and hitting them, but even his hardest blows were ignored, bouncing off the huge fingers. To his deep chagrin he realized his fists were too tiny for John to even feel!

With desperate resolve, Brian fought to climb out of Betty’s blouse. It was like running in an earthquake, even the slightest movement of her huge breasts was enough to toss him like a bug. As he reached the edge of her blouse he saw something, a little brooch that Brian recognized as one of Betty’s favorites. Using all his strength, he pulled the brooch from her blouse and turned to face his enemy. It wasn’t much – really nothing more than a small pin – but at least he had a weapon.

Brian almost dropped the little pin when he saw how huge John was, like a gigantic skyscraper. How could he – a little naked boy the size of a bug – hope to cause the slightest damage to a giant like that?

Suddenly John grabbed onto Betty’s blouse. His huge hands surrounded Brian like giant walls, each finger big enough to crush him. Brian yelled but stopped as he realized that not only was he too small to be heard but almost too small to see!

Brian screamed and, holding the pin like a javelin, charged the huge wall of John’s hand, hoping to ram it into his skin. Yelling at the top of his lungs, he plunged the little pin into John’s finger. Using all his strength, Brian sunk it a few feet deep into his skin. It felt like bayonet practice on a pile of sandbags.

“Owch! Shit!” said John. He pulled back his hand and shook it, surprised to see a small drop of blood form on his skin.

“Bastard!” yelled Betty. She jumped out of the car, then took off running as fast as she could.

#

Back in her bedroom, Betty placed tiny Brian on her dresser. The tiny nude was now less

than an inch tall, still clinging tightly to his little brooch pin, the tip red with blood.

“Oh Brian!” gushed Betty. “You really are a hero! You saved me!” By now Brian’s words were so faint that he had no chance of interrupting her.

“You poor little dear, you must have been so scared. But you fought him and won! Just imagine – a little tiny man only an inch tall and you beat one of the biggest, strongest jocks in high school!”

Brian was yelling and Betty stopped to try to hear him. “... sorry... feel bad... forgive me?”

Betty’s huge face loomed over Brian, then broke into a big smile. “Of course I do you silly little thing. Here, let me give you a kiss.”

It was a pretty difficult maneuver. At first Betty tried to lean down and kiss Brian, but he yelled and ran away, afraid that her huge wall of red lips would crush him. Giggling, she finally decided the best way was to lower her lips to the top of the dresser and let him walk up to her and place a kiss on her face. She had to watch him to see when he was finished – she couldn’t even feel him touching her!

“Y’know Brian, there is one nice thing about having a one inch tall boyfriend...” Betty moved back and stood before Brian, a small smile forming on her lips. “(giggle) At least I don’t have to worry about you taking advantage of me!”

She looked at him and went into a sultry pout. “But if I DID want you to take advantage of me you couldn’t – you’re just too tiny!”

“Why you’re too tiny to undo even a single button...” Betty grinned and started to undo her blouse, then shucked it off her shoulders and let it drop to the floor. “...and too teeny to help me with my skirt...” She tugged on a zipper and it too slid down her long legs and fell to the floor far below.

“Do you think you could help me with my bra?” asked Betty, giggling. She turned her huge back to Brian, as big as a cliff face, and lowered it so her bra strap was right at the dresser top. Brian tried for a minute to undo the strap but it was impossible, the strap three times his height, much too huge for him to even budge. She giggled and undid the strap, letting it join the pile of clothes at her feet.

“...or my panties?” teased Betty, holding up a pair of silk under things as big as a circus tent.

“Goodness, Brian. Look at me, I’m all naked!” she sighed.

Brian looked up at the gigantic nude, astounded at how anything could be so huge. Betty’s breasts loomed like mountains, even her nipple was larger than he was. Far

below, the curve of her hips spread like some kind of immense geological formation, her patch of pubic hair like a vast dark forest. Far above him, her face spread across the sky, smiling down at him like a benign all-powerful goddess.

“Hi there, my little hero.” she whispered breathlessly. “I’m your giant lover, and your wish is my command. I’ll do anything you want – anything at all! All you have to do is tell me!”

Betty burst into giggles at the sight of tiny Brian on her dresser, hopping up and down, waving his tiny arms and squeaking like a bug. Much too tiny to hear, Brian was getting hard to even see – if she squinted her eyes his tiny figure almost disappeared completely.

“What did you say, Brian? I can’t quite make it out.”

Betty watched him for a few moments and then turned away and sashayed over to her bed, wriggling her huge rear seductively.

“Come on, my big bad lover boy. I’m waiting for you.”

She sat down and patted the bed next to her, then stretched out in a sultry pose, grinning as she raised her hand to her ear. “Brian? (sigh) Can you speak up a little? (giggle) Oh, Brian...?”

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A Little Game of Hide and Seek

By DreamTales

(begin part 4)

“So where were you, exactly?” asked Marcie.

“Look,” said Brian, “I told you I wasn’t feeling well so I went to the doctors’ office. He told me to rest so I just stayed at a friend’s house. What’s the big deal?”

Marcie rolled her eyes. “My brother disappears off the face of the earth for a week and asks what the big deal is? Well, excuse me for caring, but for all I knew you could have been run over by a truck. I was ready to report you to the police as a missing person, you know that? It’s a good thing Mom was away, she’d have a shit fit if you pulled something like this while she was around.”

Brian sighed. Life was back to normal, with good old Marcie back to her old tricks. Actually he didn’t blame her for being upset, in a way he even appreciated it a little. Ever since their parents filed for divorce a few years ago, their mother had struggled to raise the two of them and keep her high pressure sales job. In her own unique way, Marcie was

just trying to tell Brian how much she cared. Besides, he needed Marcie to keep quiet about his disappearance.

But what a difference a week made! Finally back to normal size, Brian could look his sister in the eyes, and with a comfortable 2 inch height advantage. And now that he and Betty were dating, Marcie had started to treat him with a grudging pinch of respect. Well, respect wasn't exactly the right word, but at least she wasn't constantly dumping on him. And – wonder of wonders! – they had even gone out on a double date that weekend!

If Marcie's attitude was brand new, one thing that didn't change was Brian's Mom. Sure enough, that evening as he was getting ready for bed, he heard her call out to him, just like clockwork. "Brian, come here and give me a kiss."

Brian entered his mother's bedroom and approached her bed. She was sitting up with her hands outstretched, her lips puckered. It was funny – not that he minded it, but ever since the divorce his mom was, well, a lot more motherly. She was forever worrying about him and asking after his love life. Maybe it was a reaction to her long hours at work, or guilt about the divorce, but sometimes he felt like he was being smothered under an avalanche of warm hugs and wet kisses.

"Were you all right without me, honey?"

"Yes, Mom."

"You got all your homework done okay?"

"Yes, Mom."

His mother suddenly got a warm gleam in her eye. "And I heard you have a new girlfriend?"

"Mom!" Brian spun around and shouted into the hallway. "Marcie!"

Marcie breezed into the bedroom, managing to look both demure and hot in a short little nightie that hugged her cute bottom and revealed a noticeable length of well-toned thigh. Her innocent expression remained untroubled by Brian's hard stare.

"Marcie, do you have to tell Mom every little thing I do? I mean, I really think it's my personal business if I'm going out with somebody. It's not like—"

"G'night Mom." Marcie brushed past Brian and leaned over to give her Mom a hug. Brian huffed and crossed his arms. Despite his anger he was still unable to resist catching a glimpse of Marcie's beautiful ass cheeks as her nightie hiked up. Marcie turned around and gave Brian a catty grin. "Oh come on, Brian. It's not like it's a big secret that you're finally going out with someone after all these years. Besides, Mom knows Betty, so I thought she'd love to hear all about it."

“Yeesh!” said Brian, shaking his head as he headed for the door.

“Brian?”

It was his mom. Brian stopped at the door and turned around. She was looking at him with a funny expression. “Yeah, Mom?”

“Brian, can you come back in here a sec? I want to see something.” She motioned him to stand in the center of her bedroom, right at the foot of her bed. “Now Marcie, you stand up too.”

Following their mother’s instructions Brian and Marcie stood together and then turned and stood back to back. Brian wasn’t sure what was going on, but if anything his mom’s expression looked even more confused than before.

“Gee, isn’t that funny.”

“What’s funny, Mom?” asked Brian.

“Well, it looks like Marcie’s gotten a lot taller, even just since I left. Marcie, look at you, you must have grown at least an inch!”

“Really?” said Marcie, a confused expression on her face. Both she and Brian turned and faced each other.

Brian’s heart almost stopped. He was looking Marcie right in the eye, his two inch height advantage having suddenly evaporated! He quickly glanced towards the floor, but Marcie was barefoot, just like he was!

“Wow! Hey, you’re right, I guess. Look at us – Brian and I are the same height! Boy, is that weird or what?” Marcie was staring him right in the eyes with a grin that looked inordinately pleased and more than a bit predatory. “But I don’t get it – I mean, all my clothes still fit me...”

Brian was suddenly consumed by a wave of panic. The effects of the shrink ray were supposed to have been reversed – Barbara had checked several times to be sure that he’d been completely restored to his normal size. He had felt some tingling since then, off and on, and actually he’d been feeling it a lot more just recently, but figured it was just the leftover side effects from when he was growing back. But now it looked like it might be happening all over again!

“Here, let me check...” Brian’s mom started to get up out of her bed.

“Oh no you don’t, I’m outta here!” said Brian, suddenly turning and heading for the door. Brian had been about the same height as his mom, and the last thing he needed was to have her see him a few inches shorter than her!

“Brian honey, don’t be embarrassed. Everybody grows up different, you know!”

Brian could hear Marcie’s loud whispered response as he strode down the hallway and ducked into his room. “Don’t worry about it, Mom. You know how sensitive he gets about his height.”

“Hmmm... that’s funny,” said Brian’s Mom. “I must be taller than I thought. I’m still taller than you, honey.”

“Yeah, that is strange...” said Marcie, as both of their eyes wandered towards Brian’s fast disappearing figure.

Brian slammed his door, turned out the light, jumped into bed and buried his face in his pillow.

#

The next morning Brian succeeded in sneaking out of the house without bumping into his sister, who luckily had left early for cheerleading practice. Mom was a bit more of a challenge; he stood outside the kitchen and waited until she sat down before he breezed through, surprising her with a quick goodbye kiss on the forehead before she could get up out of her chair.

Brian had taken stock of himself when he got up. As far as he could tell he hadn’t shrunk much overnight – he thought he might still about the same height as Marcie, about five foot five or so, give or take an inch. His clothes were loose, but not awkwardly so. With an old pair of high-heeled cowboy boots and a little luck he felt he should be able to make it through the day.

On arriving at school, the first shock was finding out that Barbara was away – after she restored him to normal size she had left for an extended vacation. She wasn’t due back for another week!

He buttonholed Betty in the hallway and whispered that he needed to see her after school. She could see he looked worried, and he couldn’t help notice her eyes widen as she saw how baggy his clothes looked. He saw her again towards the end of the day and she noticed he had definitely shrunk again – even with his cowboy boots on, he was looking at her eye to eye!

Brian bought a few hours by calling his Mom to tell her he was having dinner with Betty (she was thrilled to hear that he was getting on so well with his new girlfriend). It was a good thing that he had, as his shrinking accelerated as the evening progressed. Betty was

able to hide him in her room, and by the time he left she had to bend over to kiss him goodbye – his head now barely came up to her chin! His boots were now way too big and he had to borrow a pair of Betty’s sneakers for the walk home.

Betty was really worried, and a bit reluctant to let him go, but Brian thought he had a pretty good plan: if he could just avoid his mother and sister for a few days he’d get Barbara to restore him again when she got back from vacation. Actually, Brian was reluctant to leave as well – they had time for a little heavy petting session and he was getting increasingly excited by Betty’s large chest, which seemed to be growing larger by the minute.

Although Brian was trying not to show it, he really was worried. He had shrunk significantly just in the past few hours, and was now about well under five feet tall. He definitely couldn’t go back to school like this, and he wasn’t sure how much longer he could hide from his family.

His heart beating with nervous energy, Brian crept into his house. Luckily Mom seemed to be upstairs in bed and it looked like most of the lights were out. A quick glance showed Marcie nowhere to be found. He scrambled up the stairs and dashed down the hallway towards his bedroom.

Brian was just mentally congratulating himself on making it home safely when the bathroom door opened and Marcie suddenly appeared. She had just taken a shower and was wearing a small pink fuzzy towel that hugged her curves. It also revealed a healthy view of her cleavage, which was now about eye level to him – she looked about seven feet tall! Brian was racing down the hallway at top speed and couldn’t stop his momentum. He banged into her, his head burying itself between her large breasts with a loud thump.

“Ow! What the--?” Marcie looked down at the small figure before her, her eyebrows knotted in confusion. “Brian? What the hell?”

“No! Marcie! Shit!” Brian whispered desperately. The impact of bouncing off his big little sister had almost knocked him to the floor. He tried to act like he was doubled over in pain which, although it partially hid his height, had the negative effect of making him look even smaller. After a seemingly endless moment of pained silence he turned and scuttled into his bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

Marcie yelled through the door. “Brian? What’s going on? How come you look so little?”

Brian gritted his teeth, breaking a sweat despite the evening chill. He was plastered against the inside of his bedroom door, planting himself in case Marcie tried to push it open. “Marcie! Jeez! Shut up! Don’t wake up Mom! It’s nothing, I just—“

“Don’t you give me that shit, Brian. I know something’s up with you. You’ve been acting really weird lately.”

“Look Marcie, it’s late so why don’t you—“

But Brian was interrupted in mid sentence as Marcie pushed open the door. The force threw him right off his feet. He landed in a heap on the floor and turned to see his little sister towering over him, her hands on her hips and a very suspicious look in her eye. She loomed above him like an angry goddess, her perfect curves silhouetted in the hallway light.

“Stand up, Brian. I want to see something.”

Brian stayed sitting on the floor, kicking with his feet, desperately trying to inch away from Marcie. “W-why? Why do you want m-me to—“

Marcie took another step closer and stopped right over top of him. Brian shivered as he realized that he had a perfect view up her crotch. With a force of will spurred on by stark fear, he tore his eyes from the sight of her naked groin and met her angry eyes far above.

“I said, stand up!”

Just as Brian was about to protest Marcie reached down and, with one quick jerk, dragged him to his feet. He was shocked at how strong his little sister felt – she pulled him up like a rag doll. The force of her shove had knocked Betty’s shoes off his feet, so she now seemed even taller than before. He found himself facing her nipples, their small mounds pushing out the fluffy towel at eye level to him.

Marcie looked down in stunned silence at the small figure before her. Brian was just getting up the courage to say something when his pants slipped off his shrunken hips and pooled on the floor. The two of them looked down for a moment, their mouths dropped open in shock, and then watched as his underwear followed, sliding down his legs and circling his ankles.

Marcie’s expression of complete shock slowly morphed into a sly, delighted grin. To Brian’s exasperation she started giggling, then chuckling. Her body shook and she put her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

“Marcie!” said Brian, in a noticeably thin, high voice.

“(Giggle) You dumb fuck! God, you stupid little idiot! Of course – I should have known it all along! That ray gun of Barbara’s, you saying you were sick all of a sudden, then disappearing, all that sneaking around. You really did shrink yourself down. You really did—“

“Marcie! Shut up!” Brian rushed towards her. He tried to reach up and cover her mouth with his hand, but she was too quick for him. To his chagrin, his head ended up bouncing off of one of her large breasts.

Marcie couldn't hide her glee. She was grinning from ear to ear, her eyes gleaming in merriment. She called out in a loud, happy, singsong voice.

"Brian's shrinking! Brian's shrinking!"

"Marcie! Shit!!"

Brian wanted to tackle her and shut her up. Actually he desperately wanted to strangle her, or hit her or do anything, but realized that at his size it would be like a child attacking an adult. Even in the few minutes that he had bumped into Marcie she had seemed to grow by almost half a foot. His shirt now hung below his knees and was in danger of sliding off his body altogether. Belatedly he realized that, not only couldn't he defeat her, but he desperately needed her help if he was to keep his secret from their Mom.

"Look Marcie, you gotta help me. You gotta be quiet. You can't let Mom find out! She'll never let me--"

"What? Are you nuts? You think I'm gonna pretend nothing's happened?"

"Marcie, please..." Brian was standing in front of her looking straight up at Marcie, his hands clasped in a pleading expression, like a little boy praying at the altar.

"Forget it, bro. What, you think she's not gonna notice that you're shrunk to the size of a little kid? I'm going to tell Mom right now."

"Marcie!" Brian's heart lurched as his sister turned and started walking out the door. He stood for a moment watching her big lovely rear wriggle down the hallway and then, taking a deep breath and mustering all his strength, flung himself at her.

Brian tried to tackle Marcie around the waist, but his arms were now too short to circle her wide hips. She shrugged him off, not even missing a step as she strode towards their mother's bedroom. Brian slipped and fell on the floor, then jumped to his feet and ran at her backside, which was now about chest high to him. Desperate to hold onto something, he grabbed onto her towel and gave it the pull of his life. At first her momentum pulled him forward, but after he gave another sharp tug he found himself still standing, holding the towel.

Brian heard a shriek. He looked up to see Marcie standing before him, stark naked, her beautiful backside facing him, her well muscled shoulders towering above. Brian suddenly froze, his body paralyzed by the sight of Marcie's perfect curves, her huge voluptuous ass cheeks filling his vision. A moment later she spun around and Brian found himself facing what looked like a solid wall of flat abs. He looked upwards to see a large pair of perfect, jiggling breasts hovering over him, each one bigger than his head. And

between them, far above, was her face, scowling in anger, jolting him from his momentary wave of incest-driven desire.

“You little twerp! You give that back right now!”

“N-no! No way!”

“Brian!” Marcie huffed, covering her breasts and groin with her hands as she watched the small figure run away with her towel. “I don’t believe you – you’re acting like a little kid! I mean, just because you’re the size of a kid doesn’t mean you have to act like one!”

“Y-you leave me alone!” yelled Brian in a mortifyingly high, frightened voice. He was backing up, holding Marcie’s towel in his arms, as his towering nude sister slowly walked down the hallway towards him, her breasts jiggling ominously with each step. He was desperately frightened, and increasingly disoriented by his rapid shrinking. It seemed that the pace was still accelerating – all around him the hallway furniture looked huge, and he now had to stand on tip-toes just to look Marcie in the belly button!

Seeing her small quarry was trapped, Marcie stopped and slowly got down on her knees, calling out in a teasing voice. “C’mere little Brian. Don’t worry, Marcie won’t hurt you!”

Brian eyed his bedroom door, It was a few feet behind Marcie – he’d have to run right past her if he had any chance to escape. He sized up the situation and felt it was his only chance; on her knees, she might not be able to move fast enough to catch him. But the thought was still daunting – even kneeling, she was now a head taller than he was! After a long moment of frozen silence he took off at a mad dash.

“Where do you think you’re going, little bro?” Marcie casually reached out a long arm and caught Brian by his oversized collar. The force almost knocked him off his feet. He struggled in vain against her overpowering strength as she dragged him back towards her.

Marcie looked down with a sly smirk as her tiny brother, now barely taller than her waist, struggled to free himself. “Brian, don’t be silly. You know Mom has to find out eventually. Besides, just look at you – you’ve shrunk almost a foot just in the last few minutes! For all I know, you’ll shrink right out of sight if Mom and I don’t do something.”

“N-no! Let me g-go! You c-can’t do this to me!”

Brian still held out hope. He squirmed and, ducking his head at just the right moment, slipped right out of his oversized shirt. A second later Marcie found herself holding an empty shirt, and looking askance at a miniature version of her now naked brother. Suddenly free, Brian turned and ran towards his room, his little legs churning.

Marcie giggled at the sight of the tiny naked boy running down the hallway. “Y’know you can run all you want to, little bro’, but I’m still gonna tell Mom. You think just because you’re hiding in your room we’re not gonna find you?”

Brian spun around and for a moment the two siblings faced each other. Both were naked, with Brian now only half as tall as his towering sexy sister. Brian gritted his teeth and clutched his fists, while Marcie stood poised and voluptuous, her face lit up in a big, smug, teasing grin. She didn’t make the slightest attempt to hide her nudity, in fact seeming to revel in her breathtaking display of curves. It was obvious that she was thoroughly enjoying every moment of his humiliation.

“(giggle) God, Brian, just look at you! I always knew you were a loser!”

She turned her back to him, and bent over to pick up her towel, her beautiful sexy rear pointing skywards. As his rage boiled over, Brian decided it was too good a target to resist. He ran up to her and, using all his strength, reached up and smacked Marcie’s big beautiful butt with his open palm.

“Ouch! Why you little runt!”

Marcie was blindingly fast. Almost before he could react, she turned and grabbed him, her huge hands circling his thin arm. His struggles were now utterly useless and he found himself quickly spun around and facing the floor. A moment later Marcie’s huge palm descended from above, spanking his unprotected rear with a resounding smack. Brian craned his neck to see where he was, realizing with a shock that he was draped across his little sister’s well-toned thighs!

“Marcie! Owww!” yelled Brian. “Stop it, you big — Owww!”

“You deserve it, Brian! I should’a done this a long time ago!”

Suddenly a voice called out. “Marcie, Brian, what’s going on? What’s all that yelling?”

The light went on in their Mom’s room at the end of the hallway. Marcie let go and Brian dropped to the floor. He scrambled to his feet and quickly hid behind a small cabinet, while Marcie grabbed her towel and began to demurely cover herself.

“N-nothing Mom!” called Brian in a high, childlike voice.

“Hey Mom, c’mere. I think you need to see this,” said Marcie.

Brian peeked around the edge of the cabinet and saw his mother silhouetted in the light of her bedroom. The sight of her, looking as big as when he was a child, made him feel even more helpless and childlike.

“Marcie?” Their mother was blinking the sleep out of her eyes, still trying to figure out why her daughter was standing in the hallway, with Brian’s clothes strewn on the floor. “What do I need to see, Marcie? And where’s Brian?”

“Brian?” said Marcie, with the hint of a giggle in her voice. “Why, he’s right here, aren’t you, Brian?”

For a moment Brian wished he could shrink right out of sight. He was tingling with embarrassment, struggling with an overwhelming desire to run away, or desperately lash out at his huge obnoxious little sister. As he waited, huddled against the side of the cabinet, Marcie sashayed into view, her huge long legs now almost as tall as he was! He looked up to see her big smiling face, looking right at him and grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

“Peek-a-boo! I see you! Hi there, little Brian!”

Brian, refusing to give Marcie the satisfaction of revealing him, took a deep breath and stepped out into the hallway. His mother gasped at the appearance of a tiny nude boy, and it was a few seconds before she stopped hyperventilating enough to have a good look at him. Steeling himself, Brian called out in a high, weak voice.

“Mom? Uh, Mom, it’s m-me, Brian!”

#

“Here you go, Mom. I think this should fit him.”

Brian cringed as his little sister held out the tiny pair of jammies, made for a toddler. He was standing on his Mom’s bed, still naked, and now less than three feet tall. He had spent the last humiliating half hour answering Marcie’s and his Mother’s questions, telling them his whole sordid tale in a high, infantile voice. Having heard his humiliating story, Marcie called over to Barbara’s and found out that nothing could be done until her return. With no other options, they decided that the first order of business was finding him some clothes.

“Thanks, Marcie. Now you hold them there while I drop him into them.” His Mom picked up Brian and held him aloft as Marcie held the little pair of jammies for him.

“Mom! Marcie! Quit it! I can dress myself! I’m not a goddamn little kid, y’know!” Brian was kicking his legs and struggling as the two women hovered over him. As his Mother put him down, he stood up and, with as much dignity as possible, climbed into the jammies, a pink one-piece pair of soft flannel covered with pictures of dancing unicorns.

“I think he should sleep in here.” Said his Mom. “What if he shrinks again? It might be too dangerous to leave him alone.”

“Well, we could set up the crib,” suggested Marcie. “I could get it out of the attic.”

“I’m not gonna sleep in a crib!” yelled Brian in a high squeaky voice.

“Brian, don’t shout at your sister. She’s just trying to help.”

After some discussion, Brian ended up sleeping in his Mom’s bed. Marcie gave him a big wet kiss and a grin and sashayed off to her room. Once they were settled under the covers, Brian’s Mom gave him a huge hug, almost burying him in her full chest. If he hadn’t known before, Brian now definitely realized where Marcie had gotten her curves.

“Oh, Brian, honey. I know it must be awfully embarrassing for you to be little like this, but y’know, I just keep thinking of you as a little child. You were just so cute!” She gave him another big squeeze. “I’m just so happy to have my little boy back again.”

“Mom? I’m not a little kid, you know.” Brian was trying to pull away from her embrace, but, being much too weak, his face remained buried in her breasts.

“Oh I know sweetie. But I can pretend, can’t I?” She smiled and touched his nose with her finger. “Now Brian, sweetie, I want you to wake me up if you need anything – like a glass of water or some help going to the bathroom.”

“Mom!”

“And I want you to promise to wake me if you start shrinking again.”

“Uh... okay, Mom.”

Brian sighed with relief as his mother finally let him go and turned out the light. It was an odd feeling, lying huddled next to her huge warm breasts, in the same bed that he used to come to as a child. In fact, the last time he slept with her was over 10 years ago, when he was 4 or 5 years old and too frightened to sleep by himself. How strange to think that he was even smaller than he was then, and wearing the clothes of a toddler! As he drifted off to sleep, Brian vaguely considered what might happen if he did keep shrinking – his mother might roll over in her sleep and accidentally crush him!

#

Brian woke up feeling disoriented – it took him a few seconds to realize that he was in his mother’s bed, lying next to her huge sleeping form. He had to go to the bathroom, and decided it was best to try to manage it himself. Somehow it was just too humiliating to have to wake his mother to ask for help to go to the potty.

He had shrunk a bit in his sleep. His jammies – which were pretty loose to begin with – hung on him, and his legs kept getting caught up in the sewn-in booties, so Brian slipped out of them. Naked, he managed the drop to the floor without making a noise and found

his way through the bedroom in the darkness. The room seemed huge – at around two feet tall the furniture loomed over him.

Brian pushed his way into the bathroom and was just about to start clambering up on the toilet when he had the thought that the sound of flushing the toilet might wake his mother. He shoved the door closed and, before he realized what was happening, it clicked into place, shut tight. Belatedly looking at the door knob far above him, he realized that he had locked himself in!

What an idiot he was! He couldn't even go to the bathroom! He thought of banging on the door but was reluctant to wake his sleeping Mom – she'd been through enough that day. Sighing with frustration, Brian resigned himself to spending the rest of the night lying naked on the bathroom floor. The towels were too high to reach, but luckily there was a dirty clothes basket. He found a few pairs of his mother's underwear and constructed a sort of makeshift bed. Soon he fell asleep.

#

“Marcie! Marcie, come here – quick!”

Marcie ran into her Mom's bedroom to find her Mother utterly distraught, tears streaming down her face as she frantically threw the sheets from her bed. Marcie had just gotten up and was still wearing her regular nighttime outfit – a short frilly nightie that barely covered her bottom.

“Mom? W-what is it?”

“It's Brian!” Her voice was a sob of anguish.

“What about Brian?” asked Marcie, now getting more than a little nervous herself.

“Look!” She was holding out Brian's little pair of jammies – now hanging limp – and empty! “I-I just woke up and found these!” cried her Mother. “They were lying right where he was sleeping! H-he must have shrunk right out of them!”

Marcie picked up the little child's pajamas, full of visions of her tiny brother, shrunk to insect size. She was vaguely wondering if Brian might still be in them – but now too tiny for her to see! Just to check, she checked the little booties, turning them inside out, but found only some accumulated lint. She looked closely at the little grains of dust, but shivered involuntarily; she decided they just couldn't be her big brother!

“Wait, Mom.” Said Marcie, trying to bring some calm logic to the situation. “Now if he did shrink, he must still be in the bed somewhere, right?”

“I-I guess so – if I didn't roll over on him and crush him!”

“Do you think he went somewhere?” asked Marcie.

“No. I told him to wake me, and besides he’s not anywhere in the room.”

“So he must still be in bed – so let’s look carefully. Maybe he’s shrunk to tiny size.” Marcie leaned over the bed and started talking in a low, serious voice. “Brian! Brian, can you hear me? It’s Marcie. I want you to come out now – come to the center of the bed.” Marcie placed her finger in the middle of the bed, hoping it would be a beacon for her miniaturized brother. She watched carefully, hoping to see a tiny insect sized figure emerge from under a pillow.

“Oh, what if I DID crush him?” sobbed her Mother.

“Mom, I’m sure it’s okay,” said Marcie, although she was feeling increasingly nervous herself.

“Oh, God!” cried her Mother. “I need to sit down!”

“Take it easy, Mom, let me get you a glass of water.” Marcie walked to the bathroom and pushed open the door. On the floor was a small pink object, bundled up in a pile of clothing. At first she thought she saw a little animal, like a hairless cat, but after blinking her eyes she realized it was her brother, curled up on a pile of his mother’s underwear.

#

Brian was fast asleep one moment and the next found himself looking straight up at his giant angry sister. He vaguely registered the fact that he could see up her nightgown, but the look of pure anger in her eyes quickly dispelled any desire he might have had to let his gaze linger on her spectacular curves.

“Brian!! Just what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Uh... I was sleeping?”

“You little idiot!” Marcie turned her lovely back to him. “Mom! He’s in here!”

A moment later his mother appeared, wiping away tears. “Brian! Do you have any idea how worried we were? How could you do something like this?”

“I-I’m sorry, Mom. I—“

“You have a lot of explaining to do, young man!”

Brian was in the doghouse all day. Although Marcie and his Mom accepted his explanation, the fact that he couldn’t even go to the bathroom by himself only underscored his helplessness. The girls decided that he shouldn’t be allowed to be out of

their sight, even for a minute. With Marcie at school, that meant his Mom had to take off work – something she could ill afford to do.

“Mom? Mom, I’m sorry!” Brian walked into the kitchen, where his mother was washing up the dishes, her back to him. With the water on, she couldn’t hear his voice, so he gave her a hug. Now reaching only to her knees, Brian had to content himself with circling her calf.

[End so far]

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