

## Michael's Story

### Part One

By DreamTales

She's coming! thought Michael, his heart quickening as he saw the group of teenagers coming up the road, loaded up with towels and folding chairs, headed for the beach. And at the front was Mary, wearing his favorite bathing suit - her blue string bikini. He'd been waiting to see her since nine o'clock, sitting out on the porch over an hour, all the while practicing what to say. It was important to make it sound casual, like he'd just stepped out and found her walking by - and he hoped to God his voice wouldn't crack.

"Morning, Mary. Hey, you guys goin' up to the beach?"

The tall blonde looked over and smiled at the small boy standing on the screen porch.

"Sure, Michael. Wanna come along?"

"You bet! Just wait up a second!" Trembling with excitement, Michael ran inside to get his stuff, scrambling through the living room and dashing into his bedroom to grab his beach towel. On the way out he almost collided with his mother, who jumped back as the little figure sped past.

"Goodness, Michael! What's the hurry?"

"Goin' up to the beach, Mom! Seeya later."

"Honey, did you-?"

"Sorry Mom, gotta run!" The young boy was almost out the door when a commanding voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Michael!"

Michael stopped and turned, a pleading expression on his face. He looked nervously over his shoulder at the group outside. They were starting to move again and he didn't want to get left behind. "Mom! Come on! Everybody's out there waiting for me. Can't it wait?"

"Honey, where're your flip flops?"

"Oh Mom! Jeez!"

"You remember how you forgot them yesterday? And how hot it was on the beach?" Mrs. Downing rummaged around in the corner and produced the sandals. "And your sun tan lotion? Sweetie, that sun looks awful hot today..."

“Mom! Come on, quit it! Everybody’s gonna hear you!” He ran over and grabbed the sandals and squirted a blob of white lotion on his bare little chest. He turned and was just about to run for the door when his mother’s hand caught him on the shoulder.

“And no kiss for your mother today?”

Michael spun around, a defeated look on his face, and craned his neck up towards the sweet maternal smile. It was bad enough being really small for his age, but somehow having an overly protective mother always seemed to make it worse. He had half a mind to argue with her, but there was no time to spare - better to just get it over with. A quick flash of red coursed through his cheeks as he stood stoically, a little wooden statue as his mother bent down and gave him a wet buss on the forehead. Then, having survived his horrific ordeal, he sped like a bullet out of the room, the screen door slamming behind him with a loud whack.

“And sweetie? Be careful! You promise you won’t go in by yourself? That undertow can really be dangerous!”

Mrs. Downing sighed, watching the little figure running off towards his friends. She knew he resented her attentions at times, but she just couldn’t help it. The poor dear was so small for his age, and she knew how terribly sensitive he was about it. Watching him join the group outside, her heart fell as she saw how he was dwarfed by the tall teens, and especially the boys - poor Michael barely coming up to their chests. It just wasn’t fair: 15 years old and only four foot six!

While Michael was little now, at least she could take comfort in the expectation that he would eventually grow to be an average size adult. His older brother and sister were each just as small at his age, and both of them had by now grown up to respectable heights. But that didn’t make it any easier for him, she knew. The world could be a cruel place and kids could be so insensitive - she prayed he wouldn’t get hurt.

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“Hi Mary! Beautiful day, huh?”

Mary grinned down at the cute little figure before her, his shock of unruly brown hair and big brown eyes shining brightly. Ever since she’d known Michael - almost all her life, really - he’d had that same happy, sweet smile for her. It always seemed to brighten up her day, even one as sunny as this. “Yeah, Michael. It’s great – a perfect day for the beach.”

Michael beamed, his little head craned almost vertically up at the towering teen before him. While most kids seemed tall to Michael, Mary was really something else - six foot one inches tall at age 15! She even made most of the ‘regular’ size kids look small.

And even more impressive to little Michael was her development. Mary always was very pretty, with a sweet smile, long blonde hair and lovely blue eyes, and like the other members of her family she was precocious in her development - she'd towered over him for the last several years. But this summer was really something else. Over the past year, Mary had blossomed into a very beautiful young lady, her body unmistakably that of a young adult, the long curves of her lean body toned by hours of daily exercise. Michael loved to watch her cavort in the surf, riding in the waves, or playing beach volleyball. In fact, it didn't matter what Mary did: he just loved to watch her, period!

Although the two seemed so different, it wasn't always this way. Michael could remember when they used to play together as kids - each probably 7 years old or so - and were both about the same size. But each year as they returned for their summer vacations, Mary seemed to get just a little taller while Michael stayed behind. The first few years weren't so noticeable, but as Mary got closer to puberty she took off like a rocket. And now, with little Michael's eyes about level with the hard muscles of Mary's flat stomach, it was... well, for Michael it was more than a little bit embarrassing.

Michael always had a thing for Mary, ever since they were little playmates, but as she grew and he stayed small it had grown into a huge crush, and now it was almost a worship from afar. Watching her grow each year, taller and taller, he felt he was being left behind, helplessly staying small while she became ever larger and more mature. It was bad enough last year, when she towered over him, but now her transformation into a young adult also seemed to highlight how immature he still was.

Michael was painfully aware of his high childish voice, his skinny shoulders and total lack of body hair. And entering the initial stages of puberty almost made it worse: his voice was cracking, and he was buffeted by new erotic feelings, even though he still looked like a little kid. And sometimes, watching Mary's large, sexy body striding in front of him, and surrounded by all the other tall boys and girls his age, Michael had the funny feeling that he was shrinking. At times the embarrassment was so acute he could feel it: a little helpless tingly feeling all over his body. It even came to him in his dreams - dreams where he would dwindle to a little toy doll right in front his friends. Or where Mary seemed to grow to the sky, like a giant goddess.

"Hey babe. Ready to roll now?" Michael watched as the tall well muscled boy approached and casually circled his arm around Mary's waist. He started pulling her away, then paused as he took notice of the little figure in front of him. "Oh. Hi Michael!"

"Hi Bobby!" Replied Michael, looking up wistfully at the tall pair. To say he was jealous of Bobby was the understatement of a lifetime. What he wouldn't do to be able to have a girl friend like Mary! But by now he'd resigned himself to the fact that she was - literally - out of his reach. Michael fell in behind them as the tall couple started off towards the beach, trying to keep from staring openly at Mary's lovely sexy rear bouncing in front of him at about chest height.

"Hey Michael! Izzat you? Hi!"

Michael winced as he heard the shrill high voice behind him. Why her? Why now? It was hard enough fitting in with the tall teenage crowd without having a little girl trailing after him. Maybe if he pretended not to hear her she would just go away? He put his head down and kept walking, trying to hide behind the other tall teens in the group.

“Michael? Hey! Didn’t ya hear me?” The little blonde girl’s face, grinning from ear to ear, was still flushed from running. “It’s me, Clarissa!”

“Oh, hi Clarissa.” Mumbled Michael unenthusiastically, forcing a smile at Mary’s little sister, her brightly grinning face inches from his. Like everyone else in Mary’s family, Clarissa was tall for her age, and at only eight years old was barely an inch shorter than himself. Like Mary, he had watched her grow each summer, and this was the first year she was in danger of catching up to him. As short as he was, lots of younger kids were now getting close to his height, but it was especially mortifying with Clarissa: he could remember helping Mary change her diapers. That seemed only just a few years ago, and now they were practically eye to eye. But worst of all (and to the general amusement of the other teens in the group) she had a huge crush on him!

“Hey, can I sit next to you today, Michael? Huh? Can I?”

“Clarissa! Come on, don’t you have friends your age to play with?”

“Yeah, Michael. But I don’t wanna play with them – I wanna play with you!” Clarissa was skipping along beside Michael, her bright blue eyes sparkling merrily as they bore into his.

Up ahead, Mary’s lovely backside was bouncing along about chest high to the little pair. Suddenly the tall blonde turned and smiled down at the small couple. “Clarissa, now don’t bother Michael. Just remember, he’s a lot older than you are. I’m sure Michael would love to play with you, but I think he just wants to be with kids his own age right now. Why don’t you go play with your friends for a while?”

“Ummm... okay, Mary!” Called Clarissa agreeably. Then, turning to Michael. “G’bye Michael. I’ll come sit with you later – save a place for me!”

Michael breathed a sigh of relief and watched the little figure scamper off towards the beach. He jogged a bit and caught up with Mary, touching her arm to get her attention. “Thanks, Mary! I thought I’d never get rid of her.”

Mary grinned down at him. “Any time, Michael. But just remember - the little dear really has a crush on you. Just try not to let her down too hard.” She reached over and tousled his hair affectionately. “And believe me, I know what a little heartbreaker you can be.”

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Up on the beach, the gang all rolled out their towels and set up their chairs. While some went off swimming and others played volleyball, Michael kept off to himself, quietly reading a book. Mary, noticing his unusually subdued demeanour, stayed behind, stretching out on her beach blanket, waiting for a chance to talk with her old friend.

“Hey Michael, can you help me put my suntan lotion on?”

Michael’s heart skipped a beat as he looked up to see Mary, her long body glistening with sweat, flashing that bright, encouraging smile he loved. She was lying face down, the twin mounds of her beautiful rear upended, long legs stretched out in the sand. He stuttered a response, hopping up and quickly scampering over to her. Little Michael was almost trembling with excitement and nervousness as he knelt over her huge lovely body, cautiously spreading out the lotion over her warm tanned skin, feeling the tight muscles of her long, lean back.

“You havin’ a good time at the beach this year, Michael?”

“Yeah, it’s okay I guess.”

Mary turned to look up at Michael, her eyebrows raised questioningly. “Just okay?”

“Well, you know Mary. Bein’ so short an’ all, it’s kinda hard to get girls...”

Mary turned over on her side to look up at Michael, leaning on her elbow, reaching out with her long arm to brush his hair back out of his face. “Well, Michael, I can think of two girls who are just crazy about you!”

“Yeah?”

Mary rolled on her back and grinned up at Michael. He tried not to stare as her lovely breasts jiggled with the motion, the twin peaks pointing skyward, just under him. “Yeah! Me and Clarissa!”

Michael huffed. “Oh, come on Mary, don’t tease me like that! I’m serious! Clarissa is just a kid and you... well, you have lot of boys after you. Gosh, just about every boy in town likes you. They’re all big and good looking. And here I am just a little guy...”

Mary sat up, the washboard muscles of her flat stomach tightening, and leaned her lovely face in close to Michael, smiling sweetly. She whispered gently, “Well, that’s right Michael. There are some boys like Bobby that like me, but you know what? You’re very, very special to me - and you always will be. There’s something you have that they’ll never have as long as they live. Something I’ll remember for the rest of my life...”

Michael’s eyes widened, his heart thumping as he breathlessly waited for her to finish.

“You gave me my first kiss, Michael. Remember? It was right under the boardwalk, right

there, just down the beach. I was just eight years old and I thought you were the most wonderful boy in the whole wide world.”

Michael blushed. How could he ever forget? “Well...”

Mary leaned over to give him a warm wet kiss on his cheek. A shiver went down Michael’s spine as he felt her wet bikini bra bush against his chest, her warm breath on his face. “And Michael, you know what? I still think you’re the most wonderful boy in the whole wide world.”

“Gosh Mary, I...”

“So, I want you to do me a big favor - two big favors, okay?” Mary smiled sweetly as Michael nodded his head nervously, his wide brown eyes inches from her large deep blue orbs. “First, I want to see that great big smile of yours. I want you to be the same happy boy that I’ve always loved. Okay?”

“S-sure, Mary.”

“And second, I want you - please, just for me - to be nice to Clarissa. She’s crazy about you. And believe me, I know just what it’s like to be a little girl and have a huge crush on a great boy like you. You don’t have to kiss her or anything, but just be nice to her - all right?” Michael nodded nervously, a bit disappointed but still her eager slave, willing to do anything she asked.

“Great! That’s my Michael.” Mary sat up and gave Michael a big hug, her long arms wrapping around his skinny frame as she pushed her nubile body into his. With them both sitting, little Michael was still over a head shorter than her, his chin barely above the lovely twin curves of her chest. Drawing back, Mary leaned down and gave him another kiss on his forehead with her full, wet lips.

Suddenly Bobby’s voice shouted out from across the beach. “Hey Mary, come on and play some volleyball!”

“Just a sec!” called Mary gaily, hopping to her feet. “Hey Michael, wanna watch us play?”

“Sure, Mary.” replied Michael in his soft, high voice. But she was already off, running across the sand with those long strides. He looked wistfully after her, then got up to his feet and followed, feeling like he was in slow motion as his little legs dragged through the sand, watching as her lovely rear bounced along, leaving him behind. The story of his life, he reflected – as always, she was just out of his reach.

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It was too hot to spend all day at the beach, so Mary invited Michael over to her family’s

cottage for the afternoon. He eagerly accepted - even without his crush on Mary, he always loved hanging out at her place. Of course, anything would beat getting stuck at home with his boring parents, but even so her family was special. Mary had a big family, and her brothers and sisters - all good looking, athletic, and over six feet tall - were always flying around doing one exciting thing or another: surfing, roller blading, sailing. Her mom, a tall, elegant blonde who had obviously provided Mary's looks and height, was a lively conversationalist, usually sitting out on their big screen porch, drink in hand, entertaining one or another of their interesting guests. And something was always going on in their household, friends dropping by, parties, card games, you name it...

"I'm gonna go change out of my suit." Called Mary, already bounding up the stairs. "Mom doesn't want us wearing our wet clothes in the house. Come on up and bring your dry clothes - you can just pick any room."

Following up the stairs after her, Michael found himself in a long corridor, with a row of doors on either side. They were all closed, and he didn't want to barge in on anyone, so he checked them out by looking through the keyholes. The first room, filled with stuffed toys, was obviously a young girl's - he shivered at the thought of Clarissa barging in on him in the midst of changing - so he moved down to the next one, leaning over and sticking his eye in the keyhole.

Michael's eyes almost popped out as he saw Mary standing inside, reaching behind her to untie her bikini top. He was just about to tear himself away when her top popped off, revealing her lovely breasts, the pink nipples jiggling enticingly above him. His mouth went dry as he watched, frozen in shock and pure awe at the magnificent sight of her perky breasts, long lean body and flat stomach. Michael had seen naked girls before, but only in a girlie magazine he'd smuggled home past his mom, and seeing Mary like this was to him like being on the edge of a whole new universe. He felt a wave of guilt, but was utterly transfixed by the sight - he was frozen in place, unable to move, like a helpless statue.

His heart was thumping now, and time seemed to go into slow motion as the tall blonde turned and dropped her wet bikini bra on the floor. He drank in her every movement, watching wide eyed as her breasts seemed to grow and expand as she leaned over, then spring back to tautness as she straightened. He was concentrating with all his mind, trying to record the scene like a video camera, hoping to engrave every second into his brain so that he could recall it in his daydreams again and again. He pushed his face closer to the hole, etching the scene in his memory, then watched as she reached down and slowly began sliding her bikini bottom off her hips.

It was all Michael could do to keep from shouting out loud as Mary's lovely blonde bush and the edge of her vagina slowly came into view. She was twisting her hips back and forth to slide off her panties, and the gyration of her hips and the bouncing of her breasts were like a revelation. Feelings he had never conceived before overwhelmed him, buffeting him like a ship in a storm, making him almost dizzy with desire and awe. He steadied himself against the door, blinking at the sight, his hands and feet clammy and

wet with perspiration.

As Mary turned, and her lovely bare bottom loomed before him, Michael gasped in recognition, feeling like a huge fist was crushing his insides. He had only started to explore his erotic cravings over the past year, and the sexy girls in his one dog eared Playboy magazine were like unreachable goddesses to him. But there, right in front of him, was Mary, striking one of the same favorite poses he had memorized from his magazine. She looked just like the tall blonde in the Playboy center fold, her long legs and lovely rear topped off by a colorful splash of tangly blonde hair hanging down to her waist. The picture was the first one he had ever masturbated to, and now here it was, in the flesh, just a few feet away...

“Hiya Michael! What ’cha doin’?”

“Clarissa!” Michael jumped and almost had a heart attack as he spun around to find Clarissa’s grinning face inches from his! Shivering with the shock, he struggled to recover, trying to be as nonchalant as possible. “Oh, n-nothin’. I was just looking for a p-place to change my clothes.”

The big blonde child’s blue eyes were sparkling with glee. “No ya’ weren’t. You were watchin’ Mary take off her bathing suit!”

“Clarissa!” Whispered Michael, desperately trying to manoeuver her away from the door before Mary heard them, “Don’t you dare say that! I was not!”

But Clarissa pushed past him and grinned from ear to ear as she squinted through the keyhole. She took a quick look, her eyes popping open theatrically at the sight, then turned back towards him, shaking her finger and calling in a teasing voice. “Ooooooh Michael! Naughty, naughty!”

“Clarissa, quit it! She’ll hear us!” hissed Michael. Desperate to avoid being caught by Mary, he grabbed the blonde child by the arm and practically dragged her down the hallway and into her bedroom, closing the door behind them. The whole way Clarissa was giggling merrily, a dead weight on his arm, her eyes shining with glee.

Now safely out of earshot, Michael turned and spoke, his voice low and serious as he addressed the big giggly child. “Clarissa! Come on, this is serious! It was just a mistake - I was only looking for a place to change clothes - I just looked in for a second. It’s the truth! Now you gotta promise me you’re not gonna tell Mary.”

“You saw Mary naked!” called Clarissa in a teasing sing song voice, her skinny frame shaking with giggles.

“Clarissa! Stop it!”

“Naked! Naked!”

“Clarissa! Quit it!” He was really desperate now, practically panting with fear. “Please, Clarissa? Please? I’ve always been nice to you, haven’t I?”

The child rolled her eyes and pouted thoughtfully. “Well... I dunno. You never wanna play with me much...”

Michael hesitated, taking a deep breath, feeling he was teetering on the edge of a huge abyss. Then he ploughed ahead, gripped by the dreadful sensation that he was entering into a pact with the devil. “Okay, look. I’ll play with you if you just promise not to tell Mary. Okay? Is that a deal?”

“You mean you’re gonna be my boyfriend?” asked Clarissa, her face lighting up in a huge childish grin.

“No! Come on! I’m not gonna be your boyfriend. I’m just gonna play with you, that’s all!”

Clarissa made a big show of thinking, crossing her arms and furrowing her brow as Michael waited with bated breath. Finally she seemed to come to a decision. “Well, okay. I won’t tell Mary if you promise to play with me every day for at least an hour.”

Michael’s heart sank, but he had no choice. “Er... okay, Clarissa.”

“And... you gotta give me a big kiss!”

“Clarissa! No! Now that’s just too much...”

Clarissa giggled and ran to her door, pretending to call out to the hallway in a teasing whisper. “Oh Mary? Mary? (giggle) Guess what I saw? I caught Michael looking in at your bedroom. An’ he was lookin’ at you all naked!”

Michael ran over and grabbed the giggly blonde child, wrestling her away from the door, covering her mouth with his hand in an attempt to stop her. He felt the hot breath of her muffled giggles through his fingers, as her mischievous blue eyes bore into his. “All right, I’ll do it.” he whispered desperately. “But just once!”

Michael took his hand from her mouth. Clarissa burst into a big smile, opening her arms and wrapping them around him, the young boy’s skin crawling as he felt her big warm skinny body press against his. Then she closed her eyes and twisted her mouth into an exaggerated pucker the shape of a jelly doughnut. Michael, gulping down his dignity, pursed his lips and reluctantly pressed them against Clarissa’s. He counted off the seconds - thousand-one, thousand-two, thousand-three - then pushed her away. It was a bit of a struggle to extricate himself, as Clarissa was still holding on for dear life, and the tall child had surprising strength - she was almost as strong as he was!

“Thanks Michael, that was great.” Whispered Clarissa, her big blue puppy dog eyes locked on his. “You’re so romantic.”

Shivering at the thought, he backed away and gave her a serious look, speaking in a low whisper as he slipped out the door and into the hallway. “Okay, now we have a deal, right? No telling Mary?”

“You bet!” Called Clarissa happily. “Now hurry up an’ change. I can’t wait to play with you!”

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It was utterly mortifying for Michael to have to spend time with Clarissa, especially with Mary and the other big teens around, but somehow he survived the first day. They sat in a corner of Mary’s living room and played cards together, Michael watching the clock the whole time and finally calling an abrupt halt to the game when exactly sixty minutes had passed. But as unenthusiastic as he was, Clarissa didn’t seem to mind, effusively telling him what a great time she had and how she couldn’t wait to play again tomorrow. Much to his chagrin, she snuck in and planted a big wet kiss on his cheek before running off to play with her friends.

The one consolation was Mary. Oblivious to his real motives, she assumed Michael was just being nice to her little sister, just like she had asked him to. She made a big show of thanking him for being so good to her, hugging him and giving him another big kiss on the forehead with her warm thick lips. This time, Michael’s thrill at being kissed by Mary was overwhelmed by his feelings of guilt at having tricked her. If only she knew the real reason why he was with Clarissa! Looking up at Mary’s warm, trusting smile, and remembering how he’d taken advantage of her and compromised her privacy, he was overcome with shame at his childishness – he felt smaller and more immature than ever!

End Part One

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## Michael's Story

### Part 2

By DreamTales

That night, Michael had a funny dream. He was standing in his outdoor shower, a small wooden shed in the back of his beach house. He was naked, soaping up under the water, when a familiar voice called out.

“Hi Michael! Izzat you in the shower?”

“Clarissa! Come on! Leave me alone!”

“But Michael... you promised ta' play with me!”

Michael sighed, reaching up to turn off the water. “Well, all right. But just give me a minute to dry off and get my clothes on...” That was funny, thought Michael, looking around for his clothing. A minute ago his dry clothes were right there over the door, but now they were nowhere to be found!

Then he heard a bright giggle from outside.

“Clarissa! Hey, did you take my clothes? You put them back right now!”

“No way! (giggle) I wanna see you naked!”

“Clarissa!! I'm warning you!”

“I'm gonna see you naked! Naked, naked!”

Inside the shower, Michael was trembling with embarrassment. He hated to think of anyone - and especially Clarissa! - seeing him naked. He was still just entering puberty, mortified by his bald little genitalia and little boy's body, and having to run past Clarissa in the bright afternoon sun was unthinkable! Knowing her, she'd try to tackle him and keep him outside. And he shivered as another thought came: What if the other boys and girls his age - or Mary! - saw him like this!

And then as he stood, he noticed it, the helpless tingly feeling spreading all over his body. It was the familiar sensation from his dreams! He was shrinking, his little body getting even smaller, reacting to the embarrassment and humiliation!

“Come on out Michael!” Called Clarissa teasingly. “Or I'm gonna come in after you!”

Michael was beside himself with nervousness and fear. He could see that he was already about a foot shorter - about eye level with the door handle! He could never go out now!

Clarissa would see him as a shrunken little boy, and now she would easily overpower him - she'd never let him get away!

"Ready or not! Here I come!" Came the bright, happy voice from outside.

Stepping back in horror, Michael could see Clarissa's dark outline through the wooden slats of the shower. She was climbing up the side! He was gripped by panic as he saw what she was up to - there was an open space between the door and the roof. Once she'd climbed high enough, she could peek over the top and see him as a tiny, shrunken little naked boy!

Still shrinking rapidly, Michael desperately looked for an escape. He was now well below the shower knobs, probably only about two feet tall! There was an opening under the door, and he might be able to squeeze his tiny body underneath, but he'd be at the mercy of Clarissa! If she caught him he'd be helpless - barely bigger than one of her little stuffed toys!

His eyes locked on a broken board in the back of the shower. He dropped and wrestled with it, desperate to tear open an escape route, but in his shrunken state he was almost too weak to break it off! Finally he was able to bend it away, the splinters snapping as he pushed it aside. By now, the opening was almost as big as a door to him - he was now only just over one foot tall! He was just about to climb through when a voice called down from above.

"Hi Michael! Oooohhhh! Look at how little you are! (giggle) Just like a little dollie! Goody! I LIKE ta' play with dollies!"

Now shivering in fear, Michael scampered out the hole. Once though, he found himself in the crawl space under the house. Normally, he had to be on all fours, but now the space was like a big cathedral, or a circus tent, the dark underside of the house well above his head. Terribly self-conscious of his tiny nude body, he looked desperately for a hiding place.

"Oh THERE you are! Hi there little teeny tiny boy!" Called Clarissa teasingly. Michael looked up to see the huge child's grinning face looking at him, her body bent almost double as she got ready to crawl under the house. He took off running, his tiny naked body skipping over the sand. Behind him, giant Clarissa began crawling under the house after him, giggling merrily as she followed the little naked figure, his tiny innocent bare bottom bouncing as he ran.

"Hey! (giggle) You come back here, little Michael!"

There was a clump of sea grass outside and Michael jumped into it, the green spears looming over his head. He spied an empty can and dove for it, his little body just able to cram inside. As he hid, trembling with fear, he could hear the deep giggles from giant Clarissa above him, as outside her huge hands - each as big as he! - pushed aside the

grass, looking for him. He felt a jolt as his little hiding place was picked up in the air, then another jolt as it was casually discarded by the giant blonde child. He held on tight as the can banged to the ground, then rolled to a stop, the roller coaster ride making his head spin. Peeking outside, he saw the child giantess give up on the patch of grass and breathed a sigh of relief as she crawled away to look back under the house.

The tiny naked boy slowly crawled out of the can and into the bright sunlight. Looking up, he squinted into the sky, then suddenly froze as a huge shadow fell over him. Before he could react, huge fingers reached down and enveloped him, picking him up, up... until he found himself high in the sky, sitting in the palm of a giant hand, looking up into the features of a giantess: huge full lips, long straight nose, bright deep blue eyes sparkling in the sun. It was Mary!

At first she just stared at him, her gigantic blue eyes shining at the little cosmic joke before her, his tiny immature nude body shivering in her hand. Then she shook her huge head softly, a teasing smile flickering over her face, and her voice boomed out.

“Honestly, Michael. Just look at you! (giggle) Won’t you ever grow up?”

Then her huge mouth opened and she began laughing, a huge, deep, booming laughter that shook him to the core. Suddenly Bobby and the other teens appeared, their huge faces all ringing about him, joining in the laughter, sniggering and pointing at his tiny immature nude figure. Michael tried to call to Mary, to ask for help, but his voice was too small, too faint to hear. As he cried and pleaded for help he kept dwindling, smaller and smaller, until he was just a tiny spec, the palm of her hand as huge as a football field, the teens’ faces looming about him like mountains, their deep laughter echoing like thunder...

It was pitch dark in his bedroom when Michael awoke, still shivering from the dream. It took him almost an hour to get back to sleep, turning fitfully in the night, burying his face in his pillow, trying to block the images from his mind.

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“Hey, I got something really cool to show you.” Called Clarissa, greeting Michael at the door of her house the next day. “Come on, we gotta hurry - it’s up on the roof.”

Michael followed behind as Clarissa clambered up the stairs and into her bedroom, then opened her window and crawled outside. He wasn’t thrilled about going out on the roof, and went along reluctantly, always a bit afraid of heights, but unwilling to be shown up by an 8 year old girl. He climbed out cautiously onto the hot grey shingles, holding onto the window sill for support. His heart jumped a beat as he saw Clarissa crawl over to the edge and look down over the sheer drop.

“C’mere Michael.” She called merrily. “What’s a’ matter – you’re not scared are ya’?”

Gulping back his fear, Michael crawled over beside Clarissa and, his body pressed flat

against the roof, peeked out over the edge. At first he couldn't tell what she was looking at, but then he heard the sound of running water and followed it, finally looking almost straight down to find its source.

Michael gasped aloud as he saw it – there, right below him, was Mary. She was standing in her outdoor shower, a simple box with no roof, and the little pair had a perfect view into it. The beautiful blonde was completely naked, her long blonde hair shining in the sunlight. He could see everything: the beautiful mounds of her breasts, the curve of her hips, even the dimples on her rear. He almost shouted as she leaned back, the water splashing off of her face, trickling down and cascading off her firm, high breasts.

Suddenly remembering his companion, Michael tore himself away, giving her a reproachful look. “Clarissa! That’s not nice! How dare you look in on your sister that way – you should be ashamed of yourself!”

The blonde child just giggled. “Oh come on, Michael, I know ya’ like it.” She pushed her bright blue eyes up close to his, grinning broadly. “Don’cha like to see her boobies?”

Michael felt a surge of hurt dignity and turned to crawl back to the window. Maybe he wasn't the best person to admonish Clarissa, but at least he could try. He practically worshipped Mary, and hated to hear Clarissa teasing him about her boobies or sneaking around trying to catch her naked. Suddenly he felt even more disgusted with Clarissa - and with himself. He wanted to call off their little pact right then and there. And so what if she told on him? He probably deserved to have Mary hate him, anyway!

Clarissa watched as Michael stomped out of her room. “Hey! Where ya’ goin’?”

Michael called back over his shoulder. “Look, I... I just need to be by myself for a while. I have to go take a shower and change, anyway.” Then he stopped, giving her a stern look as he saw a mischievous shine jump into her blue eyes. “And no, Clarissa! I’m not gonna use the outdoor shower!”

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Michael calmed down a bit as he stood under the water and thought things over. After all, Clarissa was just a little kid and he had to keep in mind how immature she was. She probably was just trying to do him a favor - she had caught him looking in at Mary, and it was only natural for her to think he'd enjoy doing it again. Besides, it wasn't like he had that many friends anyway - if he lost Mary and Clarissa, he'd be spending most of his time alone. Or with his parents – yecchh!

Towelng himself off, he had just decided to make up with Clarissa, when he noticed something. Or rather, he didn't notice something. His clothes! Where were his clothes? He had put them right by the doorway before he stepped in the shower...

“Clarissa!”

Outside the door came a bright giggle.

Suddenly his feelings from his dream came rushing back, this time stronger than ever. The familiar surge of helplessness and embarrassment washed over him, but now it was worse. This wasn't a dream - it was real! And here he was, stuck in Mary's house with no clothes, and Clarissa waiting to pounce on him!

"Clarissa! I mean it! You better-"

But suddenly Michael's voice caught in his throat as he saw the bathroom door swing open! To his chagrin, Clarissa's grinning face peeked inside, laughing brightly. He rushed over and pushed against the door, suddenly finding himself in a battle of strength as the giggly blonde child struggled to open the door. And he realized that she was winning - while she was pushing with all her might, he needed one hand to hold up his towel!

"Come on, Michael! (giggle) Can't I just take one peek?"

Michael desperately looked around for an escape. There was another door behind him and, giving one last big shove against Clarissa, he sprang for it, desperately struggling with the lock as the big blonde child recovered. Using both hands, he finally pulled it open, squeezing through, then turned and slammed it shut behind him, twisting the lock back into place just as she burst into the bathroom. Momentarily safe, he breathed a sigh of relief - then almost screamed as he looked down. He had dropped his towel in the bathroom. He was now completely naked!

"Oops! (giggle) Hey Michael, you forgot your towel!" called the high voice teasingly. "Come on, you better come back here and get it!"

Running out to the hallway door, Michael opened it and looked furtively down the corridor. Seeing the coast was clear, the little naked boy scampered across the hall, ducking into the first room he found, looking frantically for a hiding place. Desperate to cover his immature little body, he jumped into the first thing he saw - a large wicker clothes hamper in the corner. He squeezed his little body inside, his head just below the open rim, hoping the unorthodox spot wouldn't occur to Clarissa.

He could hear the little blonde's bright childish voice echoing through the house as she searched for him. After a minute, the door swung open and she skipped into the room, calling out merrily. "Michael! Oh Michael! Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Michael peered out at her through the wicker mesh, silently thanking the gods that he hadn't hid under the bed, as the first thing Clarissa did was drop down and look under it. She walked right past him, then pulled open the closet and pushed through the clothes. Satisfied he wasn't there, she walked to the middle of the room and, checking the scene with one last pirouette, sighed and scampered out the door.

Michael waited in the silent room for a minute, listening as the sound of Clarissa's footsteps grew dimmer and more distant. Figuring the coast was clear, he was just about to climb out of the wicker hamper when the door flew open again. But this time it wasn't Clarissa - it was Mary! Michael almost screamed in fright as he realized where he was - his hiding place was in Mary's bedroom!

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Mary closed the door behind her and walked across the room. She had just finished her shower and was wearing only a white fluffy towel, wrapped enticingly around the curves of her long, lean frame. She stood, primping a bit before her mirror, then casually shrugged off the towel, letting it drop to the floor.

Michael suppressed a gasp as he squinted through the thick mesh of the wicker basket at the sultry vision. There, practically close enough to reach out and touch, was one of the most incredible sights he had ever seen. Crouched in the hamper, his eyes barely above her knees, the beautiful blonde seemed to tower over him like a huge goddess. He could see everything in the most exquisite detail - her long legs, her well muscled thighs, the beautiful curve of her bottom. And, far above, he craned his neck to see her breasts, standing like twin proud peaks high up in the sky.

Mary turned her back to Michael and, a little pout on her face, flounced before her full length mirror, pushing out her rear ever so slightly, and cupping her breasts in her hands. Michael almost whimpered at the sight as her lovely ass cheeks jiggled just above his hiding place. He began to sweat, his breath coming in gulps, as he watched in wonder at the incredible vision barely an arm's length away.

As Michael sat staring up at the towering nude, he suddenly realized that the pieces of rumpled clothing he was sitting on were actually Mary's used under things. He could just make them out in the dim light - several pairs of her bra and panties, each permeated with her smell. The revelation drove him to new heights of excitement, and seemed to only increase his sense of being a tiny immature child pulled into Mary's huge alien adult world. He was now completely in her thrall, overwhelmed by her towering sensuality, almost choking with the seductive musk of her scent.

Looking up, Michael saw Mary turn again, her lovely breasts now in stark profile, her beautiful bottom curving above him. If the awe struck little boy were somehow more worldly, Michael might have realized what was happening. Mary was just exercising a healthy curiosity about her budding sexuality, like many other girls her age giving a critical eye to her new body, getting used to its rapid changes, checking herself out. But sitting there, his wide eyes watching her nubile form gyrate above him, he couldn't help but think she was doing it all just for him, putting on a special show for an audience of one.

Pausing, Mary stood looking at herself, a critical expression on her lovely face. Then,

placing her hands on either side, she began circling her hips back and forth, grinding them in front of the mirror. This time Michael saw the flicker of a smile across her face as her breasts swayed with the motion, her pink nipples circling enticingly.

Just when Michael thought he couldn't stand it any more, Mary made a final turn, offering him a full frontal view of her luscious nude body. His little mouth dropped open as he peeked up to see her adult vagina hovering over the rim of the hamper, the blonde thatch of hair about a foot above his head. He almost cried out as she suddenly bent over, placing her hands on the top of the hamper, and turned to look at her image in the mirror, her deep blue eyes wide as she focused on her reflection: her long body stretched out; lovely breasts hanging down; and the long curve of her upended rear.

Sweat beaded on Michael's forehead as he shrank away from her hands grasping the edge of the hamper, literally an inch from his head! Just outside, he could see the bright yellow waterfall of Mary's long blonde hair, with her large breasts peeking through from behind. Her face, turned to look at the mirror, was now less than a foot away. He could feel her warm breath on his little naked body. He shivered in embarrassment as he realized his little bald penis was tingling all over, stuck out straight like a little pink pencil. He prayed Mary wouldn't look back and see his frightened little face peering out of the hamper, just inches from hers.

Suddenly seeming to lose interest, Mary straightened in one motion and casually walked over to her dressing table, her lovely rear bouncing as she strode across the room. There she sat in her chair and leaned on the table, and slowly began applying makeup. Michael was still utterly captivated, looking wide eyed at the lovely curve of her breasts, jiggling ever so slightly as she flicked at her eyelashes with her liner. As she leaned in close to the mirror, she sat up slightly, the perfect crack of her lovely rear beckoning enticingly from the chair.

After a few minutes, she finished by tying her long blonde hair into a pony tail and stood, this time crossing to her dresser on the far side of the room. Reaching into the top drawer, she grabbed a handful of silky under things, then turned and began pulling on her bra. After reaching behind to snap it into place, she picked up her panties and hopped into them, pulling her long legs through one by one.

Now in her frilly underwear, she crossed the room again, heading straight back towards Michael. After his close call before, he had relaxed, feeling he was momentarily safe by having escaped her notice. But now his heart beat in his chest as she came closer and closer to his hiding place. Suddenly, just a few feet away, she stopped, catching her reflection in her mirror. A dissatisfied pout crossed Mary's face as she looked at herself critically, twisting her bra back and forth, then walked up to the mirror to inspect it closely. Michael watched breathlessly as she examined her bra under the light, then unhooked it from behind.

Mary was just about to let the bra fall on the floor, then remembered herself and walked over to the hamper. As she dropped it into the hamper, she casually looked down and...

“Eeeeeek!” screamed Mary, jumping almost a foot in the air as she saw the little pair of wide brown eyes looking back at her from the dark hamper.

“No! Don’t be s-scared!” called Michael in his high voice, his little naked figure popping out of the hamper like a jack in the box.

“Ohhhhh! W-who are you?? What d-do you want?” The tall blonde was back pedalling, hiding her breasts with her arms, shaking with the sudden shock. She grabbed her towel and wrapped it around her,

“N-no, Mary! Look! It’s just m-me! Michael!”

Mary’s eyes were as big as saucers as she stopped and looked down at the little figure before her. “Michael? Oh gosh Michael, you scared the life outta me!” She approached cautiously, still covering herself with her hands, then stopped, an uncomprehending look suddenly passing over her face. “But why? W-what are you doing in here?”

Little Michael’s face turned beet red as he wracked his brain for something - anything! - that would help explain his situation. For a moment he considered blaming it all on Clarissa, but then sighed as he confronted the truth – it was all his fault, he realized. Really all his doing, right from the start!

Then - slowly, haltingly - he blurted out the truth. How he had spied on her before, and been caught by Clarissa. And how he had only agreed to be her little sister’s friend in return for her silence. He even mentioned their spying on her from the roof top, making it sound like it was really his fault that he and Clarissa were crouched above her, watching as she bathed in the nude.

But most of all he was embarrassed about this! Hiding, a little naked boy in her hamper. There was no excuse - none at all! He should have told her right away when she came in her room, but he was just too ashamed! Ashamed to have her see his immature little naked body! And instead of being truthful with her, he sat watching her all this time, looking wide eyed as she stood in front of her mirror, violating her privacy even as she thought she was safely alone in her room! By the time he finished his long soliloquy, tears of shame were running down his cheeks, his little high voice cracking with emotion.

“I-I’m sorry, Mary. (sniff) Here you were always so n-nice to me an’ I was so awful.” He slowly climbed out of the hamper, his little naked body shivering as he stood in front of the tall partially clad blonde. Mary watched as the little forlorn figure walked past her, heading for the door. “G’bye Mary. I-I’m s-sorry.”

He was almost at the door when a voice stopped him.

“Hey, don’t I get a chance to say anything?”

Michael stopped to see Mary standing looking down at him with an impatient expression, her hands on her hips, her lovely breasts revealed. He turned and stood looking up at her in mute awe, wondering what on earth she could ever want to say to him now, after he'd betrayed her so horribly. Gazing up at her forbidding expression, he steeled himself for a well deserved reprimand.

"S-sure Mary. You can say somethin'. Anything you want..."

"Well, Michael, I want you to answer a few questions for me."

Mary strode over to her bed and sat down, patting the spot next to her, beckoning for Michael to sit beside her. He crossed the room nervously, his little heart almost jumping out of his chest. The little naked boy climbed up beside her, looking up nervously at her serious expression.

"Now Michael, I want you to tell me: Isn't it natural for boys to want to see girls? Is that something you have to be so terribly ashamed of?"

A little glimmer of hope crept into Michael's eyes as Mary continued. "And Michael: Did it ever occur to you that a girl might actually like it if a boy likes her? That she might enjoy having a secret admirer?"

"Well, gee. I..."

"And did you ever think to tell me that you like me, Michael? Hmmm? Did you?" Mary was smiling now, grinning as she saw how his little face lit up, appreciating her little joke.

But Michael was still unsure of himself, still wrestling with his feelings of guilt and inadequacy. He fidgeted, then blurted out in his high voice. "B-but Mary. I know you're just tryin' to be nice to me an' all. But just look at us: I'm still just a little kid, an' here you're all big an' grown up." He stopped, clearing his throat, trying to lose the squeak in his voice, then continued. "I mean, I never even been with a girl before... So how can I ever have a chance with a big grown up girl like you?"

Mary's body shook with a soft giggle, her breasts jiggling before Michael's wide eyes. Then she leaned over and planted a kiss on his forehead, looking down with a sweet, loving smile. "Michael. Can I tell you something?"

"S-sure, Mary."

"It's no big deal if you've never been with a girl. I haven't been with a boy either. At least, I'm still a virgin, I mean." She reached out and touched Michael, tousling his hair affectionately. "You see, I've been saving myself for just the right time. I want to be with somebody who likes me just as much as I like them!"

“Y-you mean...”

“I want it to be special, Michael. Special... like the first time we kissed. Something I’ll remember for the rest of my life!”

“But M-Mary...”

“‘But’ nothing, sweetie! Now, I don’t want to hear another word out of you. Understand?” Mary touched his lips in a gentle reproach, then lifted up the covers and slid inside, pulling Michael to her. He crawled after her, feeling the cool of the sheets against his bare skin, then falling against her, the warmth of her big, soft, warm body washing over him like a huge warm ocean.

Mary giggled as she felt the hot skin of the little figure against her, his little hands clutching nervously at her breasts, the small hardness of his manhood poking against her thigh.

“That’s it Michael. I’m just a girl, and you’re my boy. My very, very special boy!”

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Well, that was my story, pretty much. All that happened some 15 years ago, and some things have changed, others haven’t. My mother was right - I did grow up and, while I’m certainly not big by most measures, I eventually reached a very reasonable 5 foot 8  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches tall. And I’ve become a successful gynaecologist (don’t ask) with a thriving practice. Now, funnily enough my taste in women hasn’t changed much...

“You coming to bed soon, Michael?” She snuck up on me. I love it when she whispers in my ear like that, her long blonde hair spilling over my shoulder as I sit at my writing desk, a flash of her cleavage showing through her low cut negligee. She leans over to plant a kiss on my forehead, the cascade of golden hair now covering my eyes. I gently brush it away, feeling the warmth of her breath on my cheek

“Just about finished, honey.”

“What are you writing about? Is it something about me?”

“Maybe...”

“Ooh! Let me see!” She reaches for the writing pad and I move to cover it. Her face drops to a sultry caricature of a disappointed pout, eyebrows scrunched up and lower lip thrust towards me.

“Come on, babe. It’s not quite finished yet.”

“Oh Michael, pretty please...?” She leans in for a kiss, then wraps those long arms

around me, pulling me to my feet. Still as tall as ever - she finally stopped growing at six feet three - she has to bend down to kiss me, even with me standing on my tip toes. But she's definitely got my full attention now, with that wonderfully long athletic figure, those mile high legs. I reach down and grab a feel of that beautifully toned bottom ...

"Got it!" she squeals, quickly reaching behind me and snatching the papers, holding them to her chest and grinning in happy triumph.

"Babe! Come on. I really mean it - it's not ready yet. Just let me work on it for a few more minutes."

"Nope! I'm through with waiting. Either you come to bed with me right now or else I'm gonna read the whole thing out loud. And..." Her eyes widen with glee as she flips through the first few pages. "...I'll send a copy to my sister, too!"

"You wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't I?" She gives me that bright grin, teasingly waving the papers over her head - she knows from experience that there's no way I could reach that high if my life depended on it. "So, what do you say, Michael? Will it be the paper...?" She rustles the writing pad, then strikes my favorite pose - hips cocked to the side, chest thrust out, her long hair swept back. "... or me?"

Why has my life always been ruled by woman that tower over me?

"It's you, Clarissa." I said with a sigh. "It's always been you."

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