

The Temple
By DreamTales

"Guruji please! Have mercy!! I beg you to reconsider.."

"I have made my decision! There can be no turning back, my son!"

"But Master! I have given up everything just to sit at your feet! Please! You cannot just cast me aside, deprive me of your divine presence!!"

The Guru looked away from the distraught disciple kneeling at his feet, the aged features of his august visage wrinkling in a frown as he waved his bony hand dismissively. He sat resplendently upon a few scattered silk pillows, his knobby legs twisted in a lotus posture, his thin body simply clad in a saffron robe, surrounded by throngs of disciples and admirers crowding the room. The anguished cries of the young man seemed to come from a different world, their intense fervor dissipating in the trails of scented incense rising about the ancient frail figure.

"Oh great one, I have left behind my world to follow you! How can you reject me when I have renounced everything for you!"

"Pah! You call that a sacrifice?" spat out the Guru, only now seeming to once again take notice of the anxious young man at his feet. "You say you have renounced the world? What do you know of worldly ways? How can you renounce what you have never experienced?"

"But my lord, I have followed your precepts to the letter. I want only to lie at your feet, to experience the great bliss of enlightenment..."

"NO!!" cried the Guru, his dark eyes flashing in anger as he leaned forward and laboriously pulled himself to his knees. His attendants gasped at this rare display of emotion, moving quickly to his side only to be waved angrily away. "This enlightenment you seek is not here! You must not confine yourself to this! LOOK!" He gestured expansively, his thin arms extended palm up as his fierce eyes swept the room, taking in the silk hangings, the prayer rugs, the golden incense burners. "You have come to this Ashram to seek truth, but you have found only a sanctuary, a hiding place from the travails of the world! Great enlightenment comes not from hiding, or from passive adulation! It must be seized, wrestled from the world around us. True knowledge reveals itself only to those who are not afraid to look directly into the real nature of life itself!"

"You are like the unborn child who struggles to keep from being thrust into the daylight! Yes, you came to me embryonic, unformed, and you have progressed. But now comes the true test of your devotion! Today, you will discover that to progress you must be willing

to sacrifice, to let go of the things you most desire!" He bent his head and whispered gently, "Yes, even your Guru..."

At this signal, two heavy set men, their dark well muscled bodies clad only in loincloths, converged on the young man, picking him up from the floor and dragging him away from the old man. His anguished cries fell unheeded as he struggled desperately. Finally, as he was about to be cast out into the street, he screamed, "But how can I survive without you?? How can I continue my quest??"

The old man raised his hand, signaling the bodyguards to hold him in place. The intense gleam of his dark eyes seemed to pierce the young man from across the room. "Do not despair, my son! Look inside yourself and you will know! You will recognize the path before you!"

His audience having come to its final end, the bodyguards unceremoniously tossed the young man out onto the streets. The door slammed shut, leaving the young man alone and bewildered, clad only in a simple robe, all of his meager worldly possessions contained in his modest pouch. Slowly, he untied the string and rummaged through the contents: a roll of rupees, some stationary, and his most precious possession - a silver amulet containing a picture of his Guru.

Blinking his eyes in the late afternoon light, the sights and sounds of Calcutta assailed him. He turned and began his way down the road, picking his path around the many bodies lying sleeping or dying on the crowded sidewalk. As shocking as the depravity of public poverty was the stench of human refuse that permeated the air, choking him with its sweet sickly smell.

As he passed through the multitude, a murmur swept through the crowd, and he was suddenly beset by pleading eyes, thin hands clutching at him, each worried, pleading face a reflection of the misery of the pervasive and abject poverty of this great dying city. As he continued to move through the masses, the crowd seemed to become ever more desperate, and more brazen in their approaches. Hurrying past the beggars, and growing ever more revolted by the masses of desperate humanity, he began pushing away the shadowy figures, desperate to escape their frightened clutches. Finally he struggled free of the beggars, bursting through the wall of destitute humanity, and thrusting the last gray figure aside, broke into a run.

The young man now charged through the streets, leaping past the shadowy forms, his skin crawling at the touch of the beggars, his heart beating madly with revulsion and fright. He ran and ran through countless avenues and squares, desperate to escape the clutches of the destitute masses, until he finally came to an open area - a small alley where he fell breathlessly against the wall, hiding his face in his arms to cut off the horror of the world. His body shivering with the exertion, he wrestled with his emotions. Of course! Guruji was right! He had no experience of life - even a walk down the street was too much for him! How could he ever be worthy of the attentions of one such as his Master?

He realized with dismay that his quest was a complete failure. Worse - a farce! It was laughable that one such as him should even aspire to enlightenment! Here he had devoted all of his young life to religious study, only to fail so soon, and so miserably! And truly his other avenues were closed as well - he was orphaned as a youth, and outside of his Master and his followers had not a friend or acquaintance in the world. Even if he could ply a trade, the strict rules of the caste system insured that no one would consider him for hire - he would sooner fly to the moon unaided than find employment in this place! He knew well what was the destiny of someone such as himself, with no money, no friends, no skills, in a city such as this. No, the fates had seemingly decided for him! His future was plain as the scenes before him - here, in the streets, among the destitute beggars, to struggle without hope until death took him in its cold bosom!

In a last desperate gasp for salvation, he prayed, fervently invoking his Master's name in hopes of a sign - anything that could pierce this veil of drudgery and horror, and show him the way to deliverance! The young man stood reverently for what seemed an eternity, his hands clasped in fervent devotion, pleading with the Gods to send him a portent, a small light in this vast darkness.

"Excuse me, sir. My baby is hungry, weak..."

The young woman was covered head to toe in a thick brown muslin cloth, wrapped so that only her dark eyes and bony hands were revealed. Like so many others of her kind, she held out a small child towards her intended benefactor, pleading for help, lest the innocent baby be left to the vagaries of the streets. She looked so much like all the others, the faceless multitude, but something in her seemed different. Her eyes, imploring as they were, seemed somehow deep and full of promise. Perhaps - could his prayers have been heard so quickly...?

"How may I help you?"

She seemed taken aback - perhaps the rejections had come so often she had forgotten how charity could arise among strangers? She stopped, smiling quickly, then her mask of desperation came back. "Follow me, please. To my family..."

She turned and walked quickly before him down the alley, as the young man followed a few paces behind. He had never been in this part of town before. The houses were several stories in height and cut off the light from the narrow alley. In the late afternoon it was almost dark. He had to concentrate to keep from losing her, or to avoid tripping over the piles of garbage and the heaps of detritus of urban man.

As the woman turned a corner she stepped up her pace. The young man started to call out to her to slow down, but as he did he was blinded by a sudden flash of light. For an instant he was disoriented: had a bolt of lightning lit up the sky? -was this another sign from the gods?

Then another flash - a blow to his head! He realized he was being set upon by thieves! Crying out in pain, he collapsed to his knees, calling for the woman to run - to escape the villains! As he tried to rise a sharp blow caught him full in the ribs, knocking the wind from his lungs! He writhed in pain, falling on his back in the dirty streets as his assailants - he could see two or three dark angry forms above him - continued to beat him mercilessly! His cries unheeded, the rabble finished their job at their leisure - thoroughly and efficiently pummeling every exposed part of his bruised and battered body! He lost count of the number of blows, the flashes of pain, the cries of anguish, before blessed unconsciousness finally took over and the dark figures retreated into the early evening twilight!

Slowly, painfully he came to his senses, finding himself lying face down in the dirt and filth of the dark alley. Feeling for his pouch, he found what he had already known to be true - all of his possessions were gone! Now he was, truly, one with the streets! At par with the beggars - and perhaps a cripple as well? He silently mouthed a prayer as he slowly dragged himself down the alley, back towards the main road and the faint hope of solace - or the beginning of a life of utter destitution?

But his fatigue was worse than he had imagined. His body aching with pain, the effort of crawling even a few feet exhausted him. His head spinning, his stomach churning, the young man at last came to rest against a doorway. He knew he could go no further, and there he collapsed, resigning himself to the vagaries of the city. Leaning against the door, his legs stretched out on the filthy cobblestones, he closed his eyes and fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

When at last his eyes reopened he had to blink - was this a dream? He found himself sitting up to his neck in a pool of warm water, surrounded by flowers - lilies, hovering pristine and white in the calm liquid, their green pads floating in gentle circles about him. Stretching before the pool was a stone courtyard - covered in carvings of religious deities, it seemed to belong to the grounds of a temple. It was early evening and above him the stars were arrayed against a deep blue sky, the ivory orb of the full moon hanging huge and resplendent over the horizon. The smell of perfume was in the air - night blooming jasmine. He could see the lush white flowers falling from the tree in the courtyard, scattering across the stones before him.

Transfixed by the exquisite tranquillity of the scene, he stared in open wonder - until his reverie was ended by a gush of water over his head! Sputtering with the shock, he shook his head and turned to see...

A maiden! Laughing and giggling at his distress! But this was no ordinary maiden, he could tell at a glance! No, she was something from the story books of old - a maiden the likes of which would turn your soul!

Her bright smiling face hovered above the still water, her beautiful dark almond eyes beaming with an inner light, her long jet black hair shining as it cascaded over her shoulders. Never had he seen such a beauty! Her radiant smile lit up the night, her full lips framing perfect white teeth, her lovely nose bejeweled, the small diamond glistening in the moonlight. On her perfect forehead between her bright intelligent eyes was a smudge of red ochre - the mark of a seeker, one who shared his quest for enlightenment!

She slowly stood, revealing a body of such womanly grace and charm that he would have cried out, would it not have ruined the perfect tranquillity of the moonlit scene. By her graceful moves he could see she was a trained dancer, her exquisite face suspended above a perfect combination of lithe grace and womanly charms. Her beautiful full bosom was barely contained by a brief jeweled vest, her lovely flat stomach exposed, a simple silk sari wrapped closely around the perfect curves of her hips, her long legs stretching lithe, brown and lovely to her beautiful bare feet.

She stood and formed her body into a perfect vertical composition, stretching from her head to her toes in one faultless graceful line. Then she bowed, softly, reverently, and clasped her hands as if in a prayer, bringing such grace and feeling to her rendition of the traditional Indian greeting that he felt he was seeing it for the first time.

"Namaste." She said simply, her bright eyes shining with inner humor as she peeked at him through her hands.

The young man sat up in the bath and, as best he could, returned the salutation. The jerky movement caused some water to spill out, and the woman giggled at his antics, hiding her face in her delicate hands.

"Who are you? Where am I?" asked the young man.

The maiden smiled sweetly before she answered, her voice soft in the evening stillness. "I am your humble servant. You have come to my temple, brought by the Gods, on this night of the full moon."

"But why? How did I come to be in this place?"

"It is as I have said. The Gods brought you here. Perhaps your prayers were answered..."

"Yes! Yes, I remember now! I WAS praying, before I was attacked by thieves..." He stopped and looked at her in confusion, "But I do not know this temple - I have not seen it before, yet I have seen almost all the temples of Calcutta! And you - your dress, your demeanor speak of such purity and clarity! Such a perfect creature I have not encountered before - not even in my imagination! Who are you? And how did you come to be this way?"

Again came the laughter, a musical sound at once both shy and confident, before the

melodious voice replied. "I am also a seeker, like you! But my way is that of the true experience of God's bliss!" She paused, smiling, then resumed. "I am a Tantric adept, a keeper of the secrets of the Kama Sutra. My quest is the sublime realization of Godhead through sexual ecstasy."

The young man blinked his eyes, stunned by her revelations. He had never heard of such a thing! How could one seek oneness with God through such a manner? He sat up, his eyes showing his eagerness for knowledge. "Please! Please, tell me more!"

"Oh no!" giggled the maiden. "My way is not the way of words! Actions! Only through actions and experience can the true transmission of Tantra be completed!"

The young man started to reply, but stopped as the maiden began to dance. And such a magnificent dance! All of his life he had never imagined that something so exquisite, so perfect, could exist! Captivated by the scene, he sat staring open mouthed at the ravishing creature, her lithe feminine form gliding soundlessly under the full moon, her perfect feet stepping gracefully among the fallen flowers, disturbing nary a petal. Her long arms seemed one moment to touch the starry sky, then sweep the earth, her limbs possessed by a sublime passion as she twirled and leaped before him. Verily she seemed to have leapt from the illustrated manuscripts of old, if indeed such a one had ever seen fit to grace the earth!

Captivated by the dancer's fantastic display of grace, beauty and power he sat, utterly transfixed by the sight. Time seemed to suspend itself as all the world stopped to marvel at the maiden's exquisite display. Finally the thing of wonder was brought to its conclusion, as the maiden slowly, gracefully gathered herself before the young man, stopping and once again bowing deeply to him. She stood looking down at him in the bath, then slowly, with infinite grace, descended until she was kneeling before him, the reflection of her beautiful smiling face shimmering in the still moonlit water.

She reached out her arm, gently touching the young man on his forehead, as her eyes closed in deep concentration. This gesture she held for a long minute - or was it several minutes? - before slowly withdrawing. Then she sat before him her eyes closed, wholly absorbed in meditation.

Unwilling to break the exquisite silence, the young man finally could resist his curiosity any longer. "What was that? Why did you touch me in this way?"

Her almond eyes opened, smiling deeply. "I have danced before you. And now I have touched you - to see into your very soul! I have delved into your deepest desires! For it is through these things - such desires as we have hidden from the world all of our lives, or though many lives - that the path to pure enlightened bliss can be found!"

"W-what? How have you seen my soul? How can such a thing be possible..."

Her answer was wordless, as the maiden rose and leaned over the warm scented water, the beautiful orbs of her full breasts glowing in the moonlight, as she brought her smiling face to within an inch of the young man's. She held her pose for a moment - then continued on as she leaned in to kiss him on the mouth, her full lips exploding upon his as she wrapped her arms around him. As soon as he recovered from the shock of the unexpected embrace, the young maiden had pulled back, and was again standing before him, hands clasped behind her back as she giggled coyly, a bright smile on her lovely face.

In an instant he decided he had to have her - he could never hope to resist such a rapturous creature! He rose from the pool, water dripping from his nude body, and stepped out onto the temple courtyard, as the young maiden stood watching him demurely. But as he approached her he hesitated - how could one such as he think to aspire to such an extraordinary creature? Her beauty, her perfection seemed not from this world! Standing there awkwardly, his bruised body naked and dripping with water, he felt unworthy of even kissing her feet!

"Do not think yourself unworthy, my dear one!" smiled the maiden, reading his thoughts perfectly. "You are here for a reason, as am I! Fate has cast us in this role - here, on this night, in this moonlit temple!" She approached and gently wrapped her arms around his shoulders, smiling up at his face as her fingers caressed his wet matted hair. "You are a man. I am a woman. It is right that you be with me! You must have faith in the power within!"

"What do you mean? The power within...?" But before he could finish, the maiden broke free, laughing and giggling, as she scampered away, looking back over her shoulder at him and smiling enticingly. He gave chase, and caught up to her at the edge of the courtyard, where she turned towards him, beaming brightly. But as he approached and went to put his arms around her, she burst into giggles, ducked and ran under his embrace.

When the young man turned around to find her, he had the shock of his life! The maiden had been transformed! When they had embraced, just a moment ago, her lips had come just inches from his - but now the young woman's lovely face rose barely to his chest! Her brightly colored vest now hung on her slight shoulders, and her small hands clutched at her silk sari to keep it from falling from her small hips! By all appearances, the brightly smiling little creature before him was the same extraordinary woman - but now magically reduced in scale!

The young man stood, struck dumb with shock, then stammered. "L-look! What has happened to you?! Your clothes..."

Again giggling merrily, the little maiden turned and ran off, the bright silk sari now trailing behind her small nimble figure, the long cloth glowing in the moonlight as she scampered barefoot across the flower strewn courtyard. The bright high sound of her gay laughter echoed through the temple grounds as the young man turned and gave chase to

the magical maiden.

This time he quickly caught up to her, finding the little lithe figure gaily peeking out from behind a flowery branch of the jasmine tree. But as he reached out for her, she quickly disappeared into the dark fragrant leaves. As the young man pushed through the rustling branches, her beaming face popped out on the other side of the tree. Once again the he was struck with astonishment - she was now even smaller still! The maiden was now reduced to less than half his height, her little head now only reaching to just below his waist!

Shaking his head in wonder, he stood staring down at the miniature figure. The woman's short vest now dwarfed her, hanging almost to her knees, while, as he watched, the long silk sari slipped from her small body and pooled at her miniature feet! She seemed to positively delight in her circumstances, as bright squeals of laughter accompanied the loss of her clothes. With a final loud giggle she stepped gaily out of the pool of silk and, shrugging her shoulders, allowed the vest to fall to the ground. She now stood stark naked, her magnificent miniature body revealed in all its glory, her soft amber skin glowing in the bright moonlight!

Overcome with amazement, the young man knelt before the extraordinary miniature woman. Even sitting cross legged on the ground, he still towered over the brightly smiling little sprite! He couldn't take his eyes from her perfect miniature form - her lovely breasts, the sharp curves of her small hips, and the incredibly delicate face smiling up at him in unadorned bliss. As he stared in shock, the miniature maiden grinned happily and slowly, alluringly sauntered up to him, her tiny bare feet stepping among the bright white jasmine flower petals strewn across the courtyard. When the amazing creature came to within an inch of his face, she stopped and, stretching up on the tips of her tiny toes, reached her tiny smiling face up towards his, her delicate little mouth opening for a kiss...

But as the young man closed his eyes and bent forward to embrace her, she suddenly disappeared! His arms closing on thin air, he looked around, disoriented - she seemed to have suddenly departed from the face of the earth! As he staggered up to his feet he looked frantically around the deserted courtyard for any sign of the tiny maiden. For a long moment he felt he must have been the victim of a dream - or perhaps the blow to his head had caused the whole scene to spring, unbounded, from his imagination?

Then he heard it - like the tinkling of miniature bells, the exquisite sound of her tiny laughter. Silently chiding himself at his lack of faith, he slowly, cautiously approached the source of the sound. But as he searched the courtyard, he saw that the laughter seemed to come from an inanimate object - a small bronze statue of a female dancer on a pedestal in a far corner of the temple grounds. He stood before the statue in confusion. How could this be the source of this exquisite sound, now seeming to emanate all around him? Could the statues themselves be coming to life on this extraordinary night, on this magical eve of the full moon?

As he stood scratching his head, he felt a light tap at his shin. Looking down, he saw a tiny nude figure scampering away, giggling merrily - the maiden! His eyes opened in wonder as he beheld the tiny naked form darting behind the pedestal, the miniature mounds of her lovely minute bottom bouncing in the soft moonlight. She had shrunk yet again! Her tiny miniature figure now stood well below his knees!

This time he swore not to let her escape. Moving quickly, he leaned around the pedestal, finding her tiny form, smiling brightly, waiting for him. He reached out, his large hands seeming huge and clumsy beside her tiny lithe body, his huge fingers just missing her as she squealed happily and ducked behind the pedestal.

Now he had her! She was just on the other side of the pedestal, with no chance to escape. Cautiously, he reached his left arm around the column, and waited for her on the other side. Sure enough, in a moment he saw her tiny nude form backing away from his hand. Sneaking behind her, he quickly reached out and grabbed her miniature waist with his right hand, and lifted the tiny squirming figure from the ground!

Now standing, holding the tiny nude maiden in both hands, the young man looked down at the exquisite tiny figure. Now barely 10 inches tall, her tiny silken form was writhing in his grasp, overcome with giggles. Never had he felt anything so soft, so exquisite, as the touch of her tiny hands, the feel of her warm skin against his. She seemed now to be completely filled with joy, utterly delighting in her reduced circumstances. Each light touch of his fingers seemed to send her into an ecstatic paroxysm of delight, as her tiny squeals of laughter filled the warm evening stillness. Finally, afraid her tiny form might burst from her merriment, he carried her over to the statue and gently set the tiny maiden upon the pedestal.

Hopping onto the pedestal, the maiden stepped up and stood beside the miniature bronze, happily striking a pose. The young man stood dumbfounded - her miniature form was now the mirror image of the bronze statue! Seemingly every detail of the miniature bronze goddess, dancing the divine dance of Shiva, was echoed by her tiny perfect form!

"You see?" she giggled, her tiny figure holding the stance with perfect grace, "I am the divine dancer come to life!" He had never heard anything so entrancing as the tiny high sound of her voice, the light musical tones seeming to come from another world - indeed she was verily a gift from the gods!

As he watched, the tiny figure relaxed her pose and moved to the edge of the pedestal, where she stood, arms outstretched and smiling brightly. "And now you will take me in your arms! Now we will go together to worship the power within!"

Slowly, almost reverently, the young man wrapped his huge fingers around the tiny magical figure, picking up her little warm body and, following her directions, carrying her over to the edge of the pool. There he placed her tiny form on the low wall surrounding the lily pond, and lay down beside her.

As he lay on his back, looking up towards the starry night sky, he felt the soft touch of her tiny feet as she climbed up onto him. Lifting his head, he saw her beautiful nude form standing on his stomach, her tiny face beaming with delight. He squirmed with pleasure, her tiny feet tickling him as she slowly walked up his torso and stood on his chest, looking down at his huge smiling face.

Again the soft tones of her tiny voice lit up the night air. "The power within is the first half of Tantric enlightenment. It is initiated by the worship of the lingam - the phallic symbol that for us represents the very embodiment of male virility." She leaned up close to him, her tiny grinning face seemingly about to burst with laughter. "Our first task will be to raise the lingam, to create a proper offering to the Gods!"

As he watched in confusion, the little nude turned and walked down across his stomach, her perfect miniature ass cheeks bouncing alluringly, her tiny delicate feet sinking slightly with each step. As she came to his giant penis, she stopped and knelt down before it, first clasping her tiny hands to her delicate bosom and whispering a prayer, then prostrating herself in a long low bow, her tiny forehead touching his warm skin. She then sat up and turned to look back towards him, giggling coyly, before she stood and reached her little leg out to gently kick his huge soft manhood with her tiny delicate foot.

"THIS is not a proper offering for ANY God!" giggled the maiden as she stood, hands on hips, smirking down at his large flaccid member.

The young man blushed deeply and was about to reply when the tiny maiden fell to her knees and began slowly caressing his huge member. As she knelt before it, she first showered kisses all over his manhood, the unbelievably delicate feeling of her tiny lips creating a sensation unlike any he had before imagined! Her kisses were soon followed by the soft caress of her tiny hands as she wrapped her miniature arms around his now rapidly growing cock. Then she sat at the base of the growing hot column, wrapping her miniature legs around the hardening base of his shaft. As the tiny figure worked feverishly, he watched his now aroused manhood slowly rise above her small form, until it towered over her tiny seated figure, its thick majestic column pointing proudly towards the starry heavens!

The tiny maiden stood and, giggling merrily, wrapped her tiny arms around his now hard throbbing cock and began passionately kissing and nibbling on its delicate tip. The top of his penis now reached to the level of her perfect tiny breasts, and as she finished her tiny shower of kisses, she straightened and started to slowly rub her tiny nipples against the huge bright red tip. The sensitive skin of his engorged manhood seemed to be on fire as she rubbed her tiny lithe body against him, her miniature hips pressing, her hot little body circling harder and harder as her breath came in fits and starts!

He watched in amazement and growing arousal as the tiny maiden continued to work her magical spell on his now rock hard manhood. The miniature dancer, now almost mad with desire, squealed with pleasure as her diminutive nubile frame desperately hung on to the giant throbbing cock, her arms and legs each wrapped tightly around the hot thick

column. Wave after wave of passion convulsed her perfect tiny body as she desperately thrust her minute body against the giant penis, her perfect tiny form seeming to merge with his bursting manhood until the tiny pair seemed to simultaneously explode, her high pitched scream of passion ripping the air as his cock burst with a milky shower, drenching her tiny form, and splattering over them like the bright stars of the night sky!

End Part One

Copyright Dreamtales March, 1998 All rights reserved.

The Temple Part Two

By DreamTales

For a moment she stood holding onto the huge warm cock, dripping with semen, her little body laboring for breath. Then she collapsed, her tiny figure seemingly spent as she lay sprawled in a tiny heap on the huge expanse of his warm stomach. She lay silent and inert for a few long seconds - had the exertion been too much for her tiny form? Just as the young man was about to gently prod her with his huge finger, she looked up, a mischievous grin on her tiny face. Smiling happily, she got up on her hands and knees and crawled up onto his chest until her bright happy face was inches from his, then laughed merrily. Her tiny high voice was bright with humor. "You see! Tonight we have pleased the Gods! Together we have worshipped the lingam, and you have discovered the power within!"

She quickly hopped to her feet, the tiny grinning nude figure hovering over his huge face. She reached over and teasingly tapped the young man on his huge nose, then continued gaily, "But we are not yet finished! We have taken only the first step - the first half of Tantric enlightenment!"

The young man's brows furrowed in confusion as he looked up at his tiny lover. "The first half? What..."

"Oh, yes! You have learned to harness the power within. Now you will marvel at the final step to enlightenment - the power without!" As she leaned over him her tiny eyes sparkled with a gleeful intelligence. "Now we will worship the yoni - the Tantric representation of female sexuality and power!"

Before he could reply, she turned and, quickly scampering across his chest, stopped and dove gracefully into the pool, her tiny form sending small ripples through the floating lilies. For a long moment she disappeared underwater, until finally she resurfaced, giggling merrily, and slowly swam back to the edge of the pond. As her tiny angelic face emerged smiling from the water, the wet streak of her jet black hair glistening, he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful, so desirable in all his life! He wanted only to

make love to her, again and again, until the moon and stars themselves fell from the sky!

"Kiss me!" she squealed in her tiny high voice. "Now - in the moonlight!"

The young man leaned down to kiss the tiny figure. As they touched, he felt an extraordinary sensation, a feeling of warmth and tingling across his entire body. He sat up, transfixed, and looked around him in confusion. As the tiny maiden giggled beneath him, he stared at his surroundings in stark amazement. Something was different - something had changed the temple, and was changing it still!

He watched in astonishment as the walls, trees, everything grew large! As he sat dumbfounded, the entire world seemed to expand before his eyes! Suddenly he realized: the temple had not been transformed - it was he who was growing small! Quickly getting to his feet he looked down at his nude body, as it rapidly dwindled in the moonlit evening.

In the space of a few moments, he had entered a seemingly new universe! The small pool now became a huge lake, the glowing white water lilies now towering over him, each bright green pad as big as a Persian carpet! Around him the grounds of the temple loomed large, the walls now huge impenetrable cliffs, the dark jasmine tree as big as a mountain! Even the stars now seemed huge, the moon now a giant amber orb glowing in the vast night sky!

As he stood transfixed, he heard the sound of laughter behind him. Turning, he found that the maiden had risen from the water and was now standing before him, a bright knowing smile on her beautiful face. His shock continued to know no bounds - she was now almost as tall as he! His rapid transformation had now turned the two of them into a perfect miniature pair!

Gently they embraced, the maiden giggling as her warm wet body merged with his. As he looked down upon her beautiful face, her eyes seemed to be a microcosm of this marvelous universe, their deep black pools reflecting the whole of the sky, stars and moon. As she wrapped her arms around him, he leaned over and kissed her passionately, his hands hungrily grasping her perfect body. It was as if they were but two parts of an ideal union, the two miniature lovers merged into the totality of one sublime being!

Suddenly, the maiden drew back from her embrace and, with a bright peal of laughter, shoved the young man away! He staggered backward, waving his arms to keep his balance before he fell, with a loud splash, into the lotus pond! He quickly surfaced, sputtering for breath, to find the maiden standing at the edge of the pool, looking down at him, bent double with glee!

As he swam to the edge of the pool and emerged from the water, drenched head to toe, the maiden laughed and scampered away. To his amazement, he saw that she had hopped onto one of the lily pads, her tiny body supported by the now huge floating circles, so that

the magical maiden was seeming to walk on water! As he looked on in astonishment, the miniature beauty scampered across the pond, the water mirroring the shimmering reflection of her perfect nude body as she gaily pranced across the floating green circles! She ran, gracefully hopping from one lily pad to another, until she came to a large white flowering lotus where she turned and, looking back over her shoulder, coquettishly blew him a kiss, then disappeared behind the huge white blossom!

Helpless to resist her entreaties, he ran after her. At first he stopped at the waters edge, unsure of his ability to duplicate her magical trek across the lily pads. He tentatively placed his foot on the huge green circle and, cautiously, moved out onto the slippery wet surface. He stood, his arms outstretched for balance, as he familiarized himself with the unearthly feeling of walking on the green water among the huge flowers. Wholly absorbed, his concentration focused on his task, he was brought out of his reverie by the familiar musical sound of the maiden's laughter. Looking up, he caught a fleeting glimpse of her beaming face and her lovely nude body before she ducked behind yet another giant ivory flower.

Finding his footing, the young man quickly ran across the broad lily pad, then hopped across to another, then another. But when he reached the lotus flower, the woman was nowhere to be found! He heard her laughter coming from across the pond, and turned and ran towards it, and then back to the other side, following the elusive sound - but as he ran about the pond, again and again he found himself stymied, unable to locate the magical sprite.

At last he came to a broad lily pad, its large form curving up out of the water, affording him a view of the entire pond. But as he stood circling, looking about the pond for his quarry, all that he could see were the huge white petals of the lilies, and the giant circles of the green pads, floating alone among the reflections of the moon and stars. Where had she gone? How could he find her? Would he now be left, alone and tiny, in this magical garden?

Suddenly the lily pad below him seemed to move, its surface rising slowly from the water! The young man staggered, trying to keep his balance as the huge mound moved beneath him. As he struggled, he heard the sounds of the young maiden's giggling. But now the musical tones of her lovely voice had changed! Instead of the tinkling of tiny bells, the sound was deep and full - like the pealing of a large brass gong upon a temple's call to worship!

And then, across the pond, a huge lily pad rose clean out of the water, water cascading from its sides! The young man stared in wonder at the sight - truly the magical lily pond had come to life! As he squinted in the moonlight, he suddenly realized that what was rising from the water was not a lily pad - it was the giant beautiful face of the young woman!!

Her huge bright smiling face turned in profile and looked back down upon him, giggly loudly as he hopped about on the moving lily pad. But shock followed shock as he

realized he was not standing on a lily pad at all - but on one of the huge perfect ass cheeks of the delightful giant maiden!!

Giggling merrily as she looked back over her shoulder at her tiny quarry, she teasingly squeezed her beautiful bare bottom, sending the young man flying off his feet! Thrown off balance, he rolled helplessly across her warm soft skin until he found himself lying in a small valley - the huge crack of her perfect rear! He quickly staggered to his feet, only to be sent tumbling down again by another teasing twitch of the maiden's giant lovely behind! As he pushed himself up to his knees, he looked up at the huge bright grin on the magical giantess' beautiful face, the deep sounds of her happy laughter ringing in his ears. He realized now that in his miniaturized form he had become nothing but a toy for her, a tiny plaything for her to tease merrily as she saw fit!

He pushed himself to his feet and called out in his small high voice, "What have you done to me, my maiden? Why do you toy with me like this?"

But her silent answer was to slowly roll to her side. The maiden giggled merrily as she watched the miniature young man desperately scramble to hold onto her, his tiny hands frantically grabbing for a hold on her smooth soft skin. His comical little figure now splayed on all fours, he began crawling up her soft ass cheek and, finally clambering to his feet, found himself standing on the high hill of her beautiful hips! Before him the long curve of her long lovely body stretched, her thin waist plunging into the water, then rising to her huge rounded shoulders, capped off by her giant lovely face, grinning down with delight at the antics of her tiny passenger!

The tiny young man cried out. "You stop this, you hear me, maiden! You can't..."

Stopping his protests in mid-cry, the maiden giggled as she again rolled her huge lovely body over, causing the young man to once again leap to his knees to keep from being tossed headlong into the water. As her huge hips turned, he threw himself on his stomach and held tight to her hip bone, finally riding out the earthquake and pulling himself, shaking and breathless, up onto the large flat expanse of her pelvis.

He crawled up just before the huge mound of black hair at her crotch and pushed himself to his feet. Turning around, he saw the broad plain of her flat stomach, with the two huge orbs of her perfect lovely breasts suspended above. He stood transfixed by her overwhelming beauty, her exquisite sexuality, the likes of which he had never imagined! Her giant breasts loomed above him like twin perfect hills, her dark nipples beckoning him enticingly, like two huge dark full moons. His silent reverie was finally broken by the bright sound of her gay laughter. He blinked his eyes and, craning his head up to look above the giant perfect bosoms, saw her beautiful face smiling down in amused delight. She was grinning at his helplessness, gaily laughing at his utter and complete surrender to her overpowering sexuality!

He stood looking up at her in silent awe, until her deep melodic voice broke the exquisite

silence. "Come, my little one! Come touch your lips to your giant lover!" Her huge eyes shining with merriment, the giant maiden formed her huge full lips into a perfect circle, and teasingly blew her tiny passenger a kiss!

Helplessly drawn to her, he stepped tentatively out onto the warm expanse of her huge flat stomach. Her huge eyes followed his progress with amusement, the giant muscles of her stomach jumping beneath him as she chuckled merrily. As he approached the twin mounds of her huge breasts, a sudden burst of giggles sent his tiny body sprawling. Thrown off balance, he reached out to stop his fall and grabbed hold of one of her breasts, wrapping his tiny arms about the warm full mound of the giant mammary. Her giggles turned to bright happy laughter as she delighted in his comical progress. As he pulled himself back up onto her, he found his tiny face was now pushed up hard against her huge dark nipple, his tiny body now tossed like a leaf as her huge body convulsed with glee!

Finally he dragged himself to his feet and, now surrendering his pitiful attempts to retain any shred of dignity, crawled on all fours between her giant breasts and approached the huge oval of her lovely smiling face. He was at once struck by the perfect loveliness of her huge visage, her giant almond eyes like huge dark pools of light, seeming to contain the wisdom of the universe within. Her broad thick lips parted in a huge radiant smile as he stood before her. He felt the warm breeze of her scented breath cascade over his nude body as he slowly leaned over to kiss her. His heart was beating with trepidation as he lowered himself down to touch her giant lips, fearful that if he slipped his tiny body might be swallowed whole by this giant exquisite creature!

They kissed, and for a long moment it seemed the world came to a pause, the stars themselves halting their path across the sky to view the young lovers. Then she suddenly burst into a bright giggle, reaching behind him and teasingly pinching his tiny rear with her huge fingers. She giggled with glee as he hopped up, rubbing his rear in pain, and turned to see her giant hand hovering behind him!

"Owww! Why do you tease me so, my maiden?"

But his little protests were ignored, as he helplessly watched her huge fingers encircle him and gently close around his tiny nude body! In a moment he was trapped, pinned helplessly by the overpowering grip of her huge warm hand! He found himself carried up, up towards the stars as the huge maiden arose from the pool, the torrents of warm scented water cascading from her huge lovely breasts and flowing over her the long curve of her hips, the rivulets finally plunging in a long waterfall down her impossibly long lovely legs.

As she stood, a giant statuesque figure arising from the pool, she carried his tiny body up close to her huge smiling face. There she held him, his tiny body suspended helplessly, utterly at her tender mercies!

The deep melodic sound of her voice broke his nervous silence. "And now, my tiny lover, you will learn the great secrets of Tantric lore. Behold, my partner, behold the magnificence of this magical universe." She gestured expansively, her huge arms sweeping as they took in the flowering pool, the temple grounds, the huge bright moon and the vast expanse of the starry night sky. "All things have their aspect - each are a reflection of the male or the female side of nature. The great Tantric adepts of the past have taught us a wonderful truth: this universe, my little partner, which is here this night for us alone to enjoy, is female!" She lifted his tiny face up until her huge smiling visage seemed to overwhelm him and, whispering, repeated her message, "Yes. The very universe itself is female!"

The young man was shocked - what could she mean by this? But before he could mouth a question, she leaned over and set his tiny body down on the low wall surrounding the pond. He looked up, shivering in awe at her giant nude body towering over him, as she continued.

"Yes, each of us, within our body, contains the universe in a microcosm. Your body represents the male element, the essence of virility and power, as represented by the lingam. But the female aspect, as epitomized by the yoni, is much more powerful, more all encompassing. The yoni is at once the source of female power as well as the center of the universe itself, the creative force that binds us all together!" Craning his tiny head up to take in the huge expanse of her towering figure, the young man could readily see how the maiden's beautiful lush body could represent the universe - indeed her vast giant form appeared to tower over him like the cosmos itself!

"And now, together, we will worship the yoni - the magical reproductive power of the universe!" At that, the magical giantess sat down upon the wall beside the young man and, turning to lie down on her back, stretched out her long endless legs, her huge breasts pointing skyward. As she lay beside him, she began slowly massaging her vagina, her huge body writhing in ecstasy as she lay groaning beneath the stars. Helplessly drawn to her huge undulating body, the young man climbed on top of her, his tiny form barely noticed by the passionately groaning giantess. Holding on for dear life, he pulled himself on to her stomach, where he lay spread eagled, desperately trying to hold his position as the entire world seemed to writhe around him! Before him her huge breasts rolled and bucked in the moonlight, while behind him her giant hips rose and fell, circling madly as she pressed her fist against her crotch, shrieking and groaning with mad desire!

As her desperate writhing continued, the wild movements accelerated, threatening to cast his tiny form off into the darkness! Looking up, he saw that her beautiful face was now utterly possessed by a wild erotic passion, her eyes dilated and unseeing as they fixated on some otherworldly object, completely oblivious to the world around her! As her convulsions reached their peak, her body threw itself into the air again and again, the young man helplessly tossed full into the air as her huge torso rose and plunged with her wild erotic passion!

Finally she relented, and lay gasping for breath, her legs spread wide. Slowly, her head

rose and he could see her beautiful face, now covered in perspiration, looking down at his tiny frightened form, as if noticing him for the first time. Wordlessly, she reached out for him, her wet pungent fingers wrapping around his tiny form, her giant hand effortlessly lifting his body up to her smiling face, where she held him, suspended before her huge dark eyes.

"I have prepared the yoni for worship!" sighed the giantess breathlessly. "And now I will prepare you, my divine lover, for the final leap into enlightenment!"

She carried his tiny frightened form closer, closer to her huge face until the huge oval form of her giant dark lips completely filled his view. Then she kissed him, gently, passionately, as she held him helplessly pinned in her grasp. Again he felt the warm tingling feeling flood across his tiny body, the same strange feeling that accompanied his recent transformation. She opened her huge fist, and cupped her fingers so that he came to be sitting in the palm of her hand. As he looked up at her huge face, he saw that she was changing again - her giant eyes seeming to expand further, her beautiful face growing ever larger before him! Suddenly he saw that her hand now completely dwarfed him, his tiny body barely the size of her little finger tip! Somehow, this magical maiden had caused him to be transformed again - now reduced in size to an insignificant insect!!

Utterly helpless, he watched in wonder as his rapid dwindling continued apace, until he was but a dust mite upon her vast palm! Her gigantic eyes seemed to understand all of his fright, encompassing all of his hopes and fears, while still looking down in gentle amusement at the tiny cosmic joke he had become! "And now, my little lover..." she paused for breath, her giant voice booming across him like some all powerful goddess, "Now you will experience the final step of Tantric enlightenment! Through union with the yoni, you will become one with the universe!"

At that, she carried his now minute form over her enormous body. Staring down in awe and fear, her luxuriant figure seemed like an immense world in herself! Her breasts rising like the vast Himalayas, her taut belly stretching below like the great plains of the Ganges, farther and farther he flew until finally she held him above the deep black forest marking the edge of her genitalia - the source of her great power! For an instant he was suspended above her giant vagina until, her deep laughter echoing around him, she dropped him towards its huge wet valley! He screamed, his tiny voice much too faint to hear, as he fell through the night air, his tiny body desperately squirming as it continued its inexorable plunge. As he descended, he felt himself getting still tinier and tinier, the young maiden's tremendous lush body now spreading beneath him like the cosmos itself - verily she was a universe personified! As he approached his destination, dwindling to a minute speck, her vagina seemed to open up around him like a huge pungent canyon! His last image before blacking out from fright was the giant walls of her mountainous vagina, surrounding him like some wild landscape from a vast alien world!

"Out! Out, I say! I'll not have your kind in here!"

The young man struggled to awake, his eyes squinting in the bright sunlight. He was naked, lying on the ground, and looming over him was the angry face of an old woman, dressed in brown muslin. In her hands was a broom made of dried twigs, which she was using to bat him on the head.

He sat up quickly, using his hands to ward off her blows. "Wait! Stop! W-where am I?"

"Young fool! Don't you play stupid with me! How dare you sleep in the temple grounds? Out with you! Back to the streets you go!"

Shaking himself awake, he slowly began to rise, when the woman stooped, picked up a cloth, and threw it over his head!

"And take these with you, fool! What kind of idiot sleeps without his clothes?"

As the young man quickly covered himself, he looked about him. He was in the temple - the same grounds where he had played with the magical maiden! But now, in the hot sunlight, the life seemed to have been drained from it - it seemed but another old, dusty temple long forgotten by its followers. What had happened to the magical scene - and to his beautiful maiden? The words tumbling from his mouth, he desperately entreated the old woman: Who was the young woman he saw? Where was she now?

"Bah! You think me a fool as well?" Her dark eyes wrinkled in disgust. "That is but an old wives' tale! 'The divine dancer that comes to life each month upon the night of the full moon!' No one is so gullible as to believe that old story! Even the children now laugh when they hear it!" She brought her angry wrinkled face up to his. "No! You have merely had a dream, the silly dream of a silly foolish young man!"

"But I saw this woman! We made love under the stars!"

"Impossible! This temple is long deserted! There is no woman here! Only in your imagination! Now away with you! Leave me to my work!"

The young man wandered about the temple grounds, his mind reeling from the old woman's revelations. Was it true? Had it all been but a dream? Perhaps he was just a fool - an insignificant victim of some cosmic joke?

As he walked, his eyes took in the stone carvings of the temple walls. Now, in the bright sunlight, he could see that they were not the classic images of Hindu deities after all. Each stone contained a scene of wild erotic passion! He marveled at the jumbles of bodies, male and female, that seemed to cover every inch of the temple grounds!

But as he looked more closely he saw that the images were familiar! Yes! There was the magical maiden - the beauty and grace of her moonlit dance unmistakable in the sharp stone relief! As he walked on, in increasing excitement, he saw other scenes - here was a

young man such as he, chasing the girl! And there she was dwindling! To his utter astonishment he saw that the entire story of his wild evening of magical passion was represented in the gray stone carvings before him!

His excitement, his amazement knew no bounds! Like a madman he ran to the old woman, dragging her to the sculptures, the story pouring out of him as he thrust her scowling face before each stony scene!

Finally the old woman wrestled free of his grasp, yelling angrily. "Truly you are an idiot - a dangerous fool! Why should I bother with this old deserted temple? I am paid but a pittance and work like a dog! And what do the gods send me? You! A stupid young fool, babbling about a magical woman!" With a final snarl of disgust, she threw down her straw broom. "This is the final indignity! No more will I come to this place! Truly the gods have long deserted this unholy site!"

The young man stood, bewildered at her outburst, and silently watched the old woman disappear through the temple gate. For a long minute he stood alone in the temple grounds as the wind blew the dried brown leaves of the jasmine tree about him.

Then, as though he had been doing it all his life, he bent down to pick up the broom, and began sweeping.

Copyright Dreamtales All rights reserved.
www.dreamtalescomics.com



