

The Prize

By Dreamtales

Betsy was so excited she could hardly contain herself. She was finally going to get a chance to be reduced in size! She had always fantasized about being shrunk down to doll size, and ever since she had heard about the invention of the new shrink ray machine, she had been obsessed with the idea of actually becoming tiny herself. And now, today, her wish would come true!

It all started when Mr Johnson, the store manager, asked her to perform at the Mouseburger Restaurant. They wanted to celebrate the millionth Mouseburger with a prize hidden in the hamburger box. Betsy thought it was a really cute idea to have a tiny girl pop out and sing the Mouseburger song and announce the prize. They needed a singer / dancer to shrink to 6 inches tall and play the Mouseburger Mouse Girl, and Betsy said she was interested. She loved to sing and dance at special events, even if it wasn't the serious acting career she really wanted.

The shrinking procedure was too expensive for her to afford in her current status as an aspiring actress, so it was really tempting when they offered to do it for free as part of the act. She did have some qualms - at first it sounded kind of scary to be shrunk to 6 inches tall and put in a burger box, but Mr. Johnson was really nice about it and assured her it would be OK.

The job was not perfect by any means. The costume was bad enough - a silly little skin tight mouse outfit with ears, a tail, and a plunging neckline. And the lyrics they wanted her to sing were so inane! Normally she would never take this kind of gig unless it had been referred by her agent, but Mr Johnson was such a sweet guy - about 50 years old with a smiling, kind face, a real fatherly type - and so she had decided to go for it.

As she changed into the costume, Betsy had doubts again. The mouse costume was so skimpy - really just a one piece swimsuit with a tail attached. And it was a little scratchy - she wished they could've let her wear some underwear as well. But when Mr Johnson met her outside the changing room, he was really complimentary about how cute she looked in the little form fitting outfit with the long mouse tail. Betsy did have a great dancer's figure, and the little costume really showed off her beautiful curves and her long legs.

Betsy and Mr Johnson walked into his office, which had been turned into a temporary "shrinking room." Inside, the shrinking ray had been set up on a tripod and was facing a sort of silver cloth backdrop. A short, slight young Asian-American woman with long black hair, glasses and a white lab coat walked up to Betsy and offered her hand. "Hi, you

must be Betsy. I'm Miss Wong from the Shrink-O-Matic Corporation. I'll be administering the reduction procedure. Could you please stand over there on the silver cloth?"

Betsy shook the lady's small hand and then walked over to the backdrop. She stood up straight, holding her mouse tail in her hands and facing the shrink-ray machine. It reminded Betsy of getting her passport photos taken. "Is this OK here?"

"Just fine, Miss. Now try not to move too much during the procedure. This'll take just a few minutes."

Miss Wong threw a switch and the machine started to make a buzzing sound. Betsy's body started to tingle all over. She giggled, "Hmmm... it feels kind of funny."

Betsy smiled down at the short technician. She figured Miss Wong was about 5'2" tall - about 6 inches shorter than herself. After a short while, Betsy noticed that the room seemed to be changing, expanding slightly. She looked up at the ceiling, which seemed higher than before. Looking back at Miss Wong, she realized they were now the same height. The shrinking process had begun!

She was so excited that it was hard for Betsy to keep still! She looked at Mr Johnson, who now was about a foot taller than her. She felt giddy and started to giggle.

"Are you feeling all right?" asked Miss Wong.

"I'm just fine." said Betsy. She giggled again at the sound of her voice. It was definitely higher than before.

After another minute, Betsy was really starting to shrink rapidly. Her head was now below Miss Wong's shoulders. After a few more seconds she was barely as tall as Mr Johnson's desk top!

"Boy, I'm really shrinking now!" Said Betsy. She laughed again when she heard herself speak - she sounded just like a little girl!

"Yes, that's right, Betsy. Now please try to keep still." said Miss Wong. Betsy was now the size of a small child and she reacted quickly to Miss Wong's requests. She had the curious feeling that Miss Wong and Mr Johnson were now the only adults in the room and that she had somehow regressed into childhood. She felt like a little girl having to obey the adults' orders.

After another minute, Betsy was about knee height to Miss Wong. The desk, chairs, people - everything in the room seemed huge! It was really funny, she thought, how ordinary objects changed so dramatically when you were little. A few minutes ago she could have easily moved the furniture, now the desk and tables seemed as big as houses!

Another minute and Betsy was really tiny - barely ankle high to Miss Wong! She craned her little neck way up high to look at the two giants in the room. They seemed as tall as the apartment block Betsy lived in -a 6 story building!

Miss Wong hit the switch on the machine and said, "Well, that should do it." She walked over towards Betsy and leaned her huge body down to look at her. "Well, Betsy, how do you feel?" she asked in a booming voice.

"I feel just fine, Miss Wong!" squeaked Betsy in a tiny, high-pitched voice.

Mr Johnson laughed at the little squeaking sound from the tiny figure. "Betsy, you sound perfect - just like the Mouseburger Mouse Girl!" said Mr Johnson.

Betsy smiled up at the giant Miss Wong and Mr Johnson, pleased that they liked her transformation.

Miss Wong then knelt down next to Betsy and lowered her huge Face to Betsy's level. "Now, stand up straight, Betsy. We'll need to check your height." Little Betsy did as she was told as Miss Wong took a huge ruler out of her pocket. Setting it on the ground, it towered over Betsy - it seemed about 12 feet tall - roughly double little Betsy's height. "Hmmm.. six inches tall exactly. Perfect!" said Miss Wong as she lowered her head almost to the ground in order to look across the ruler to check the doll sized girl's height.

Miss Wong then brought her enormous Face to a few inches from tiny Betsy, her huge Eyes looking through her glasses down at the tiny figure in the mouse costume. "I want you to climb up into my hand, Betsy." she said in a thundering voice. "Now be careful and take your time. No need to hurry."

Betsy regarded the giant Hand which Miss Wong put before her, palm up. It was about the size of her living room couch! She was amazed that this was the same small hand she had held in hers just minutes ago. Now Betsy's tiny body could easily fit in Miss Wong's palm! Carefully, Betsy climbed up into the giant Hand. Her miniature face smiled as she looked up at her giant helper. "OK Miss Wong" Betsy squeaked. "I'm all set."

Miss Wong slowly carried Betsy up, up off the floor and over to the table top nearby. To Betsy it was like going on an elevator ride, or riding one of those big cranes that firefighters use. As Miss Wong lowered her hand to the table, tiny Betsy hopped off and turned around to look up at the two giants.

Mr Johnson smiled down at the tiny figure in the little mouse outfit. "Well, Betsy, how does it feel to be our new Mouseburger Mouse Girl?"

Betsy grinned from ear to ear. This was such a trip! She squeaked in a little high voice, "Hi everybody! Look at me! I'm the teeny tiny little Mouseburger Mouse girl!" She ran around on the table top, wiggling her tail and waving her little arms and giggling

uncontrollably.

Mr Johnson and Miss Wong laughed at the tiny comical figure. Then Mr Johnson leaned his huge Face down to look at Betsy. “You’ll have to speak a little louder, Betsy. It’s kind of hard for me to hear your voice.”

Betsy drew herself up to her full 6 inch height and shouted, “Yes sir, Mr Johnson! How’s this sound?” Mr Johnson smiled down paternally and said it was much better. Betsy was so pleased. She was starting to get the hang of this - it was sort of like being on stage. She had to shout like she was playing to a big theater with no microphones.

Then Miss Wong moved a huge chair over next to the table top and sat down. Even while sitting her shoulders and head towered over Betsy and seemed as big as a two-story house! She leaned over and placed her huge Finger on the table, “Betsy, I want you to come stand right here.”

Little Betsy scampered over to the huge Finger and looked up expectantly at Miss Wong. “Now, Betsy, I want you to listen carefully.” She took out a clipboard and a pencil. “I’m going to give you some tests. If you follow my instructions this won’t take too long.”

For the next few minutes Miss Wong ordered little Betsy to do a number of simple coordination tests - marching in a straight line, jumping up and down, walking backwards. The experience of being a little toy sized person following a giant’s commands made Betsy feel funny and she started giggling again. She felt like she was a little wind-up doll as she obediently marched and hopped around the table top following Miss Wong’s directions.

Finally Miss Wong finished checking off the items on her clipboard and smiled down at little Betsy. “Very good, Betsy. Everything is normal and there seem to be no side effects. You’re a perfectly healthy little 6 inch tall girl!” Betsy stood at attention and beamed up at Miss Wong, pleased that she had passed her tests.

Then Mr Johnson placed a huge burger box on the table next to Betsy. “Now, you know what the plan is, Betsy. You just climb inside this box and wait for the customer to open it. That’s your cue to start your performance. Are you all set?” Tiny Betsy nodded her little head, her mouse ears bobbing up and down.

“Good! Now I don’t want you to worry about a thing.” Mr Johnson said reassuringly. “Besides” he said, his huge Face smiling down at the tiny girl as he closed the lid of the burger box on little Betsy, “what could possibly go wrong?”

Once Betsy’s burger box was placed in front with all the other burgers, Betsy’s ebullient mood quickly changed. When Mr Johnson and Miss Wong were with her she felt safe.

But now, all alone and curled up in a ball and hiding in the dark hamburger box she was definitely having second thoughts. As far as anyone could see her little box was just the same as the others, all lined up behind the counter and waiting for the millionth customer. But she was a real person in here, not a hamburger or a toy doll. Betsy was beginning to wonder how on earth she had gotten talked into this situation. She hoped Mr Johnson had thought this whole thing through.

And it was a lot rougher than she expected! Every time a burger was taken from the bottom of the pile, her box would slide down and bump into the ones in front of her. And putting new burgers on top of the pile banged her from behind. She was really getting knocked around. She wished she could see something, but it was pitch dark inside the box except for the cracks of light around the lid.

Suddenly she had a panic attack and shouted into the darkness “Hey, not so rough you guys! T-take it easy!”

But the box muffled her little voice, and with all the noise - customers ordering, staff shouting back and forth - no one could hear little Betsy’s calls for help. “Hey HEY!! Let me out of here! I really don’t think I want to do this thing, OK?” She screamed, banging her tiny fists on the lid of the box.

But her frantic efforts were useless, as her faint chirping and tapping on the box were hardly perceptible. Her tiny fists and legs pushed against the lid with all her might, but could hardly budge the thick cardboard. She was really trapped!

Suddenly she felt a huge object on top of the box, and her cardboard prison was plucked up into the air. She felt like she was in a high speed elevator, or on a roller coaster. She tried to hold onto the sides of the box and fought the dizziness and feelings of weightlessness the sudden movement caused.

And then BAM! her hamburger box cage slammed to the ground. She gasped for breath for a second and then BAM! BAM! as her cage was rocked by two other large objects.

“Alright that’s three Mouseburger specials and a happy dessert. That’ll be \$7.95.” Boomed a huge Voice above her. “You want ketchup and salt?”

Moments later what felt like a big sack of flour dropped on her box. “Hey w-watch out!” She squeaked again, “It’s me in here!” But again her efforts were too faint to be noticed.

“Thanks. Hey, Bobby, you get a table and I’ll go get some napkins” Came another muffled huge male Voice above her. She had the feeling of being lifted in the air again, but this time not as fast. After a bumpy ride she felt that the box had settled to the ground again.

“Alright, Bobby, here’s yours, one for you, Jack and this one’s for me. Where’s the

fries?” Betsy felt another object wrap around her cardboard box cage, obviously a huge Hand, and held on as she flew up in the air again. This time it was a short ride as she quickly banged to the ground.

By this time Betsy was thoroughly rattled. Her little heart was beating furiously. This was a lot scarier than she had imagined! What was the idea of her getting knocked around with all those other burgers? And it was dangerous that no one could hear her calls for help! Was if she was really getting hurt? She was definitely going to have a word with Mr. Johnson after this whole thing was over.

But they had hired her for a job and she was determined to do her best. After all, the show must go on, no matter what. She took several deep breaths to calm her little racing heart and waited for her cue.

Soon a Hand closed around her hamburger box and the cracks of light around the box lid grew brighter. Suddenly the lid flew open to reveal a brightly lit room with the huge Faces of three adolescent boys staring open mouthed down at her.

Betsy squinted up at the Giant boys and did her spunky best to go into her act. She hopped up onto her feet, spread her arms wide and chirped “Congratulations! You’re Mouseburger’s millionth customers! And we want to give a special Mouse Salute to you!”

Betsy hopped out of the box onto the Formica tabletop. She skipped into her dance routine, taking care to avoid the huge puddles of red goo (ketchup? yecch! she thought). As she danced around the tabletop, she sang the Mouseburger song:

“Mouseburger Mouseburger, You’re the best! Taste much better than all the rest! We just think you’re mighty fine! That’s why we come here all the time!”

As she danced, it struck her how uncomfortable it was to have to keep looking up at the three boys. Her neck was not used to looking almost straight up like this. As she finished her dance routine (which was really just a lot of skipping around and wiggling her little mouse tail), she slid to the ground on one knee with her arms outstretched.

She looked up at the huge Faces staring down and squeaked “I’m the official Mouseburger Mouse Girl! Take me to the counter for your special prize!”

The three boys had done nothing but stare openmouthed at the little dancer since she had hopped out of the hamburger box. They still sat there, seeming too shocked to say anything. She felt a pang of nervousness. Why didn’t they say anything? she wondered.

To break the uncomfortable silence, she repeated “I’m the Mouseburger Mouse Girl! Congratulations to Mouseburger’s millionth customer! If you take me to the counter you’ll get a free special prize!”

But still no reaction. Her little smile was frozen on her face as she looked up at them. Betsy was starting to wobble as she stayed on one knee with her arms outstretched, smiling up at the three huge boys. And her neck was definitely starting to get stiff!

Finally the Boy closest to her cleared his throat and said in a booming Voice, “W-who are you?”

Betsy was really getting impatient now. This whole thing was not going the way they said it would. This would definitely be the last fast food job she would take, she promised herself. From now on she was only working with her agent - no more free lance jobs!

She stood up, put her hands on her hips and shouted up at the giant Boy’s Face, “If you take ME”, she pointed a little finger to her chest, “to the COUNTER” and she pointed her tiny arm towards the counter, “You’ll get a FREE PRIZE!” She spread her diminutive arms wide to indicate a big prize.

Still the Boy looked down at her, seemingly dumbfounded. Finally he said, “What’s the free prize?”

She stopped for a second. What was it again? “Er, I think you get a free trip to Disneyland and a year’s supply of Mouseburgers!”

The huge boy’s Face turned to look at his friend. “Well, are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

His friend smiled back, “You bet! Screw the prize, I’d rather have the Mouseburger Mouse Girl!”

Startled, Betsy shrank away from the two boys in front of her, keeping in mind the third boy behind her. They were all smiling down at her. It seemed to be a menacing leer on their faces - or was it just her imagination?

She looked up at the boys - they must be about 14 years old, she thought. She decided to speak to them sternly as an adult would scold a bad child. “Now you boys stop fooling around and take me over to the counter this minute!” Although she tried to sound authoritative, her squeaky voice betrayed her. The three boys laughed as they smiled down at the tiny figure squeaking at them in a high voice.

Betsy backed away from the two boys in front of her and backed right into the Hand of the third boy behind her, who goosed her in the rear with a giant Finger. “Hey!” she squeaked, “That’s not funny! You stop that right now!”

She desperately tried to control the situation, “L-look, boys. I’m not really the Mouseburger Mouse Girl, you know! T-they just hired me to sing and dance for them! P-please don’t hurt me!” But her high pitched voice only made the nearest boy smile

menacingly and reach out to grab her.

Betsy shrieked and tried to run away as the boy's huge Hand reached down for her. The Boy laughed as the minute girl tried to scamper away. Where was she trying to run to - couldn't she see she was too tiny to get down from the tabletop?

Betsy ran to the edge of the table and squeaked out "Mr. Johnson! Miss Wong! Help! It's me! Betsy! The Mouseburger Mouse Girl! Help me! I'm over here!"

Bobby casually put a giant Finger on her mouse tail, stopping her suddenly. He tugged on the tail and Betsy fell backward towards his huge Hand.

"L-let me g-go!" She squeaked. "Y-you can't d-do this to me!" She turned and tried to beat her tiny fists against the giant Hand, but Bobby only laughed as the doll sized girl flailed helplessly.

Little Betsy tried to run away again but the huge Hand caught her tail between its Fingers and easily stopped her pitiful attempt at escape. Bobby laughed as the tiny doll girl's legs churned comically on the slippery table, making her look like she was on a miniature treadmill.

Finally, picking her up by her tail, he effortlessly lifted her up in the air. Poor Betsy was dangling in the air upside down and squeaking at the top of her tiny voice. "P-put me down! P-please stop! Somebody please h-help m-me!"

She was raised to within a few inches of Bobby's giant Face. She struggled to look up at him and keep some semblance of balance. As she stared, too scared to speak, he laughed, "This is great! Now I have my very own Mouseburger Mouse Girl!"

Betsy squirmed and flailed her arms and legs helplessly as she hung in the air. She was completely powerless and had to make a supreme effort just to raise her head up to see her tormentors. The three huge boys' faces loomed up in front of her like giant leering billboards.

Suddenly, as she wriggled in the air, she felt her mouse tail start to tear away from her costume! "Put m-me down now!" she squeaked "You're tearing my costume! I'm gonna fall!"

As the tail ripped from its seams, Betsy squealed. She felt the back of the mouse costume rip away as she fell towards the tabletop. For a moment she was in free fall, flailing wildly.

An instant later, she landed in a big, soft warm bowl. Looking up, she found herself face down in the palm of the boy's giant Hand! As she felt cool air on her now naked bottom she realized that the tail had taken an important part of her costume with it!

Betsy quickly struggled to her knees and tried to cover her exposed rear. “N-now look what you did!” she squeaked in a voice she desperately hoped sounded authoritative. “That’s enough, boys! You p-put me down right now!”

But Bobby smiled and lifted tiny Betsy close to his Face and boomed “I don’t think you’re in any position to give orders, little Mouse Girl! I’d say I’ve got you right in the palm of my hand!”

His huge Eye looked closer at her. Bobby calmly assessed her tiny figure, with her pert breasts and small curvaceous bottom. “Hey, you’re a sexy little thing! I like this cute little mouse outfit. Let’s see some more of you!” With that he put a giant Finger on her breast and traced it down her front to her exposed crotch.

“N-no! S-stop!” chirped Betsy as she frantically tried to fend off his Finger. As she squirmed and fought, she realized that the damage to her costume was worse than she had thought. The uniform had ripped right up the rear and was now threatening to fall off entirely!

As the doll sized Betsy fought the huge Finger in front of her, she realized the Boy was curling the fingers of the hand she was crouching on, threatening to pin her arms behind her! She turned to fight the other Hand, and felt first one side of her mouse costume fall off of her shoulder, then the other. Suddenly the giant Fingers pulled the shredded garb from her entirely, leaving her completely naked!

Betsy now frantically squirmed and squealed. This couldn’t be happening! she thought wildly. Here she was stark naked in a burger restaurant shrunk to the size of a doll and being tortured by a group of adolescent boys! Her mind refused to believe it, but it was all real - the warm feel of the Boy’s huge Hand against her naked flesh, the giant leering Faces! It seemed like she had fallen into a different world!

She could see across the room a huge elderly couple quietly munching their Mouseburgers, oblivious to her faint cries for help. Couldn’t they see she was tiny, naked and helpless and desperately fighting for her life? She realized with a start that if they noticed her at all they probably thought she was a little child’s doll!

The Boys’ reaction to her sudden striptease was open mouthed astonishment. Bobby, the Boy who was holding her, quickly pinned Betsy’s arms behind her with his fingers. The action caused her to arch her back, bringing her tiny, pert breasts into stark relief and exposing her miniature vagina. She wriggled helplessly, kicking her little legs ineffectually against the gigantic Boy’s wrist.

“Wow!” said Bobby, looking down at the struggling miniature nude he was holding in his hand. “Cool!”

“Yeah, cool! Like, totally!” agreed his friends.

“Hey look,” said Bobby, “what say we bolt and take our new toy back to my place? We can have some more fun there.”

Bobby had released his grip on her arms, allowing Betsy to crawl up on her hands and knees, still in the palm of the Boy’s huge Hand. Her little face looked frantically back and forth at the three boys as they agreed to leave with their tiny prisoner.

Kneeling on his outstretched Hand and looking up at her giant tormentors like a child praying to a wrathful God, Betsy made one last pitiful attempt for mercy. “W-won’t you please take me back to the counter?” she pleaded desperately, fighting back tears.

Bobby changed his grip on the tiny nude girl, transferring her to his right Hand and wrapping his Fingers around her miniature body. Betsy’s little arms and legs were trapped in his huge grip, completely immobilized. As he lifted the utterly helpless doll girl to his Face, only her tiny head with her little mouse ears peeked out from the top of his huge grasp.

“Are you kidding?” smiled Bobby. “No way I’m taking you back. You’re my prize!”

With that he lowered her into his shirt pocket. Betsy screamed as the darkness enveloped her. She squirmed frantically in the huge cloth prison, but her tiny protests went unnoticed in the busy burger store.

“Yes sir”, said Bobby as he patted the small bulge in his shirt pocket. “This has gotta be the best prize ever!”

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The Prize, Part 2
By dreamtales

“C’mon Bobby, let’s see her!”

“Yeah, man! C’mon, take out the little naked girl! I can’t wait!”

The three boys were all sitting in Bobby’s bedroom clustered around his study desk. Bobby sat up straight and held up his hands, palms out, to silence his two friends. “Boys, boys! Patience please!” he said grandly. Then he calmly and deliberately drew his hand back to reach inside his shirt pocket, and slowly and theatrically brought his clenched fist forward until it was lying palm up on the desktop before the other two boys.

Gradually, Bobby opened his hand to reveal tiny Betsy, the miniature nude woman crouching on his open palm. The boys stared in open mouthed wonder as the tiny naked figure cautiously looked around at her surroundings. Poor Betsy was still curled up in a fetal position and it took her a few seconds to adjust her eyes to the light and slowly raise herself to a kneeling posture, her arms crossed demurely over her bare breasts.

Bobby and his friends were fascinated, their eyes opened wide as they drank in the incredibly delicate features and perfect miniature curves of the nubile young beauty before them. They still could hardly believe it! They really had their very own tiny, naked girl - right in the palm of their hands!

“Wow! This is so cool!”

“Bitchin, man! It’s fuckin’ awesome!”

Betsy slowly got up from her crouching position and straightened herself, finally standing up straight and looking around disorientedly, trying to keep her balance on the uneven surface of Bobby’s Palm. She carefully stepped off the Hand to the table top, and turned to look up at the huge Boys. She seemed a bit disheveled, her hair mussed and little mouse ears awry from her rough ride in Bobby’s shirt pocket. She was painfully aware of her nudity and stood facing them with one tiny hand covering her little breasts as best she could and the other over her crotch.

“W-where am I?” squeaked little Betsy in a plaintive voice, looking cautiously around her.

“Welcome to Bobby’s bedroom, little Mousegirl!” smiled Bobby, looking down at his little prisoner. “You, my little sweetie, are the guest of honor today.” He paused and laughed lightly, “In fact, you’d better get used to us - it looks like you’re gonna be around here for a long time!”

Betsy furrowed her little brows and took a deep breath. She had thought a lot about what

she was now going to say. All during the uncomfortable ride in Bobby shirt pocket she had gone over and over her little speech - just like preparing for a role in a play. But this was no ordinary play - and her speech was the most important of her life!

Betsy straightened herself as best she could while still covering her nude body and looked up at her captors. "Look, boys" she squeaked, "I don't think you realize just how much trouble you're in! I'm not just some kind of little doll - I'm a real person! And you can't just take a person away without their consent!"

The Boys laughed at the tiny nude figure squeaking at them from the desk top.

"It's not funny! This is really serious!" Betsy shouted in a high pitched voice, "You could be arrested for kidnapping, or even assault! And don't think you won't get caught - Mr. Johnson and Miss Wong and all the Mouseburger people will be looking for me! So you'd better bring me back right away before you get into really big trouble!"

Bobby smiled down at the tiny defiant figure. "Maybe they will come looking for you. But finding a tiny little thing like you is like..." he paused for thought, and laughed again, "...looking for a needle in a haystack!"

"Besides," he smiled, reaching a huge Finger towards his tiny naked prey, "don't you like it here? We like you. Yeah, we like you a lot!" He nudged her tiny hand away from her breasts with his giant Finger, as Betsy desperately fought against his huge digits to keep from exposing herself. "Come on! Don't be so shy, little girl. Let's see what you're hiding there!"

"N-no! No!" cried Betsy, as she turned and started running away from the huge Hand reaching out towards her. The boys grinned as they looked down at tiny nude trying to scurry away from them, her lovely little doll sized rear end wiggling seductively as she scampered across the desktop.

Betsy ran to the edge of the desk, where she hid behind a jar of pencils. "P-please, just stop!" she pleaded, her little face peeking around behind the huge jar.

Bobby slowly reached out his hand, walking his fingers across the table top as he toyed with his miniature helpless prey. "Here I come!" he laughed, as his giant Fingers marched towards her. Betsy squealed and tried her best to hide her tiny body behind the pencil jar.

"Peekaboo!" laughed Bobby, as he picked up the pencil jar to reveal little naked Betsy cowering at the edge of the desk top. The poor Mousegirl was so shocked she instinctively stood and brought her hands to her face, giving the boys a full frontal view of her minute nude body.

"Eeek!" cried Betsy, as she tried to run away from his Hand. She ran to the other edge of the desk, yelling towards the open door of the room, desperately hoping that someone

could hear her pleas. “H-help! Somebody p-please help me! Anybody!”

“Hmmm, it’s kind of hard to hear you, little Mousegirl...” Said Bobby as he casually reached over and flicked a switch. “...especially with the radio on!” Suddenly, the music boomed out from the clock radio, drowning out Betsy’s faint, squeaky voice, and easily defeating her pitiful efforts at escape.

As tiny Betsy desperately continued to shout towards the door, the huge Boys smiled happily, looking down at her lovely back and beautiful little naked bottom, fully exposed to their view. Bobby’s huge Hand reached out and pinched her lovely little doll size ass cheeks, causing Betsy to jump and squeal. Betsy turned to face her huge tormentors and screamed as Bobby’s huge Hand came towards her. She tried to back away, but as she was already at the edge of the desk top, she really had no place to go!

Bobby’s huge Hand circled Betsy’s waist and effortlessly picked the tiny doll girl off the desktop. Her tiny fists tapped ineffectually against his gigantic Fingers. The miniature struggling nude desperately squirmed and fought, helpless to prevent her slow ascent inside the immense Hand, as her tiny naked body was carried up off the desk top.

As Betsy’s tiny squirming body was brought within inches from Bobby’s enormous grinning Face, he first pinned her diminutive arms behind her with his huge Hand. Then, while she writhed helplessly, Bobby’s Fingers from his other Hand easily thrust apart her tiny legs, fully exposing the little Mouse Girl’s naked body. Her miniature breasts and tiny vagina heaved and squirmed as she desperately writhed under the leering gaze of his huge Eyes. Her tiny nude body was completely exposed, and utterly powerless to resist the Giant Boys.

“No! N-no!” she squealed, as his huge grinning Face loomed over her, just inches away from her helpless naked body. “S-stop! P-please don’t hurt me!”

Just then, the music on the radio paused, and an announcer’s voice came on. “We interrupt this program for a special bulletin: The police have a state wide lookout for a missing person. Subject is female, brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 inches tall and is wearing a gray mouse costume with mouse ears and a 3 inch tail. She answers to the name of Betsy, and was last seen at the Mouseburger Restaurant at 1:30 PM today. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this person is to contact Miss Wong at the Shrink-O-Matic Corporation immediately. A substantial reward is offered for any information which will help the police locate her...”

As he listened to the announcement, Bobby relaxed his grip on the tiny doll girl, and slowly placed her back on the desk top. Freed of her constraints, Betsy bent over for a few moments to catch her breath, then straightened up to face the giant Boys. “You see!” squeaked Betsy, a note of renewed hope in her little voice, “They’re already looking for me! I told you!”

“That’s enough out of you, little Mouse Girl.” said Bobby. “You just wait here while we decide what to do with you.”

Bobby and the other two boys huddled to discuss the situation. The boys were scared - what if they brought Betsy back and the police charged them with kidnapping? And even if they hid her in their room, someone would eventually find her. Finally, they decided to go to the Shrink -O-Matic Corporation to claim the reward, but leave Betsy in their room. That way they’d be sure to at least get the reward money. Who knows - maybe they could still figure out a way to keep Betsy, too?

“All right, little Mouse Girl,” said Bobby with a serious expression, his huge Finger pointed towards Betsy’s tiny breast, “we’re going out for a while, but we’ll be back! Don’t you even think about trying to escape. If we find you trying to leave this room you’re gonna really get it - reward or no reward! Understand?”

“Y-yes.” squeaked little Betsy, her tiny nude body backing away from the huge Finger.

“Don’t forget!” warned Bobby as he turned to leave. Betsy heaved a sigh of relief as she watched the huge Boys file out of the room, leaving her alone on the desk top.

Looking for a chance to escape, Betsy surveyed her situation. The desktop was about 30 inches high, but to her tiny body it was like a 30 foot drop! She would be seriously hurt or even killed if she fell from that height. At the one end of the desk she found a lamp with a cord - maybe she could use it to climb down to the floor! Poor Betsy was always afraid of heights, but in her desperate situation she decided she had no choice. Slowly, carefully, the tiny nude girl held onto the thick wire, lowered herself over the edge of the desktop, and inched her way down the cord. Finally, after a few minutes of intense effort, her tiny bare feet touched the floor.

Now a diminutive, hunted creature, little Betsy scampered out to the door to the hallway, acutely aware that at her tiny size she would be helpless to resist the Boys if they returned. Peeking her little head out of the door, she saw several other huge doors down the hallway, and, further, a set of stairs leading down. As quickly as her tiny legs would go, Betsy scurried down the hall towards the top of the stairs. Carefully trying to hide her miniature body from view, she slid along the edge of the wall, and peeked around the corner at the huge flight of stairs. As she looked down the staircase, Betsy’s heart sank - she was almost too tiny to go down the steps! Her little body was much too small to walk down - she’d have to lower herself down the steps one by one. It would take at least ten minutes, and if the boys returned she would be helplessly trapped on the stairs, with no place to hide and much too small to be able to climb back up!

As she stood at the landing, Betsy saw the door at the bottom of the staircase begin to open! Quickly the naked doll girl scampered back down the hallway, desperately looking for a hiding place. As she ran, she could hear huge foot falls coming up the stairs! Desperately the little Mousegirl ran inside the first door she could find. As she tried to

hide her tiny body by pressing herself against the wall inside the room, she heard the footsteps coming closer and closer! Her little heart beat frantically as she heard the footfalls seemingly almost on top of her, then start to recede as the huge legs walked down the hallway past her hiding place!

Relieved at having escaped the giant, Betsy relaxed and started to survey the room. As she walked around the door to look inside, she got the shock of her life. There, arrayed along the wall in front of her, was a row of a dozen girls the same size as herself! She had wandered into a whole room full of shrunken women!

Betsy stared in astonishment, then laughed in relief as she suddenly realized her mistake. Of course - it was a doll collection! She was in a little girl's bedroom!

Running over to the dolls, Betsy quickly found one her size - one of the smallest ones, she realized to her chagrin. She stood it up and started to unzip the dress - at least she could cover her little naked body! Racing for time, tiny Betsy tried on the doll clothes. They were not ideal. The frilly pink dress was ridiculous looking - puffy sleeves, huge skirt, and lace everywhere. It looked like something a fairy godmother would wear, and the fabric was stiff and scratchy. But at least now she had clothes!

As Betsy finished dressing, she heard a toilet flushing and the huge footsteps coming closer! Quickly, the tiny girl climbed up and joined the row of dolls, sitting among the other figurines. She figured maybe she could hide from the Giant by pretending to be a dollie too. Betsy did some gigs before as a live storefront mannequin and she could hold a pose for ten minutes, or more if necessary.

The huge Footsteps came nearer and nearer. The door opened and a huge Girl came into the room. Betsy stared ahead, glassy-eyed, and tried not to move a muscle, her tiny body sitting in a row in the middle of the dollies. Out of the corner of her eyes, Betsy could see that the Giant was just a child, and a very young child at that! Although she towered over her, Betsy thought the pretty Girl with the curly brown hair must be only about 6 years old!

The Giant Girl kicked off her shoes, startling Betsy as the huge footwear (which was about the same size as her) tumbled across the room. The girl plopped herself down on the floor next to the row of dollies and reached a huge Hand out to pick one up. Betsy stifled an involuntary twitch as the Hand grabbed the mannequin sized doll, much larger than herself, which was only two or three dolls down from where she was sitting! The Girl began absently playing with the doll, then started looking at the row of small figures, trying to select another dollie to play with.

As the Girls huge Eyes moved down the line of dolls, she stopped in surprise when she came to Betsy. "W-what's this dollie? A new one?"

As the Girl's huge Hand reached out to grab her, Betsy quickly decided on a course of

action. She stood up and shouted, “Help me! I need to talk to a grownup right away!”

The Girls Eyes opened wide in amazement. “Gosh! A talking doll! Are you a magic dollie?”

“No! I’m not a magic dollie! I’m a real person shrunk to tiny size and I need your help. I’ve been captured by some bad boys and the police are looking for me. I’m in trouble and I need you to help me find a grownup!”

Listening to Betsy’s desperate plea, the child Giant took on a worried expression. She said in a weepy voice, “Y-you’re scaring me. Why are you talking about bad boys and the police? Aren’t you a magic dollie?”

Seeing the young child almost begin to cry, Betsy quickly decided to change her strategy. The huge Girl was now Betsy’s only hope of rescue and she needed to keep her confidence up. A teary-eyed child would not be a help. Betsy decided she would need her acting skills to help her. She suddenly put on a bright smile and said in a sing song voice, “Yes! I’m a magic dollie! My name is Betsy! What’s your name?”

The girl brightened and calmed down, “Hi Betsy! My name is Elaine.”

Then Betsy continued, “Now, Elaine, I’m a magic dollie sent to you for an important mission. But we need the help of a grownup. Is there a grownup in the house? Are your Mommie and Daddy home?”

“No, Mommie and Daddy are out. How about my brother Bobbie?”

Betsy almost jumped out of her doll dress! “NO! NO! NOT YOUR BROTHER! Is there anybody else in the house?”

“Well, I guess we could go to my big sister Michelle. But she said not to bother her today.”

Betsy shouted up at the young Giantess, “That’s OK, Elaine. Helping a magic dollie is very important, so its all right for us to bother her for that.”

Michelle was not in a good mood. Here it was, one of the most beautiful weekends of the year and she was inside doing her math homework. The raven haired beauty would much rather be out with one of her many boyfriends. She hated to waste a day like this inside, but her Mom said if she didn’t ace this math test she’d be grounded for a week. At 17 and a junior in High School, her grades were important if she wanted to get into college.

Suddenly a knock came at the door. “”Michelle? It’s me, Elaine. Can I come in?”

Michelle sighed, "Elaine, didn't I tell you not to bother me? Big sister is working today. Why don't you go play with your dollies?"

"But Michelle, I DID play with my dollies and now I found a MAGIC dollie. She says she needs to talk to you."

Christ, what next? Thought Michelle. "Elaine, honey, I really don't have time today. Can't you see I'm busy? I'm sure your magic dollie is very nice. Look, just go run along and we can talk later, OK?"

Elaine's voice took on a whiny tone. "NO! You don't UNDERSTAND! This is a REAL magic dollie and she needs to talk to you. She says its IMPORTANT!"

Michelle could see this was not going anywhere. She sighed and turned around. "Oh all right. Let's see your magic dollie."

Little Elaine walked up to the desk and held out her hand. Michelle stared, dumbfounded, as tiny Betsy climbed down from Elaine's hand and onto the desk in front of her. The little doll girl with the pink frilly dress walked across the desktop and stopped in the middle of Michelle's homework, then slowly pirouetted and curtsied, finally standing and looking up at Michelle with her hands on her hips and a big smile on her face.

Michelle's huge Face was frozen in a blunt expression of mute shock, her eyes wide and mouth hanging open. Betsy smiled at the effect on her huge audience - she could recognize an opportunity for a theatrical entrance when she saw it. She hadn't spent four years at drama class for nothing!

"What's the matter?" squeaked Betsy, a bright grin on her face, "Haven't you ever seen a magic dollie before?"

After Michelle got over her surprise, Betsy explained to her what happened - she went through the whole story, including the kidnapping at the hands of Bobby and his friends. Michelle hadn't been listening to the radio and had no idea of the big search going on.

"Jeez, those little creeps!" said Michelle. "I can't believe those guys were such jerks. You poor thing - it's a good thing you got away!"

Betsy sighed with relief, "Believe me, I wasn't sure I was going to escape! It was so, well..." She paused and sniffed, on the verge of tears, "Well, it was just awful!"

Michelle's eyes welled up in sympathy for the little doll girl, as Betsy continued, "I mean, the worst thing is that all my life I dreamed about shrinking down to tiny size. I always had this, like, great fantasy, thinking it would be so wonderful, like being everyone's little dollie! But, now that it finally came true it was just the opposite!"

“That’s the worst thing,” Betsy sniffed, “those mean Boys ruined my fantasy!”

“Don’t worry, Betsy,” said Michelle reassuringly, gently stroking the forlorn little doll girl’s hair with her Finger, “You’re safe now. I won’t let those creepy boys get their hands on you again!”

Meanwhile the boys rode their bikes out to the Shrink -O-Matic Corporation office building, and went inside to the reception room where they asked the secretary about the reward money. After a brief wait, Miss Wong entered. She had taken off her frumpy lab coat, and was wearing a close fitting black outfit that showed off her slight, sexy curves on her petite body.

Seeing the small woman, who was several inches shorter than themselves, made the boys bolder, so they confidently asked for their reward money. Miss Wong told the boys that she would first need to speak with the company President, and led the boys to a small waiting room.

“Please take a seat. This will just take a minute and then you’ll get your reward.” said Miss Wong, smiling as she closed the door behind her.

Alone in the room, the boys started talking again. “You know that little Mousegirl is really a babe. I hate to give her up!”

“Hey, that Miss Wong isn’t too bad looking either!”

“Yeah, I’d like to shrink her down, too!”

“Ha, ha! Yeah, that’d be great! Hey, I wonder if we can get one of those shrinker machines, like instead of our reward!”

“Boy, what a cool idea. Think of all the people we could shrink down! How about Miss Morrirtz, the French teacher! She’s really hot!”

For the next few minutes the boys discussed all the people they would shrink when they got the shrinker machine - cheerleaders, school principal, parents...

“Hey, I know! Let’s shrink your sister, Michelle!” said one of the boys to Bobby. “she’d make a great little doll girl!”

“Fine with me!” said Bobby, “She’s a real pain. I’d love to see her six inches tall!”

“Hey, what’s taking that Miss Wong so long? Do ya think she forgot about us?”

“I’ve got an idea! Since nobody’s around, let’s get one of those shrinker machines and take off! I’d rather have it than the money, anyway!”

“Sounds good to me!”

The boys got up and opened the door that Miss Wong went through. Walking out, they found themselves in a large dark room.

“Cool. This must be the warehouse. It’s probably where they keep all their shrinker machines!”

“Somebody get the light. Let’s see if we can find one!”

Suddenly the lights came on to reveal two large columns extending up to the high ceiling. The boys looked upwards to see Miss Wong looming over them like a 60 foot giant!

“Hello down there, boys!” she thundered, her huge Face grinning down at the shrunken boys. “Betsy called and told me all about what you did, you little jerks!”

“So,” she boomed, laughing at the shocked look on their tiny faces, “how do you like your reward?”

The florid faced man leaned back in his chair, phone cradled under his chin, and wiped his sweaty brow. “Now look, I told you - no underwear ads! This lady is a hot property! We’ve got the world at our feet here. Everybody wants a piece of the action! We had covers on both Time and Newsweek! Last night was Larry King, today Oprah...”

The secretary called in “Frank! It’s Letterman on line two!”

Frank nodded, “Sorry, pal. Lets do lunch, OK?” he reached over and punched the phone, “David, baby! Long time no hear! What can I do for you?”

The door to the receptionist’s office opened and in walked Michelle wearing a chic little cherry red outfit and carrying Betsy in her hand, who was wearing her little Mousegirl costume.

“He’s on a call.” the secretary smiled at Betsy and Michelle, “It’s been like this all day - the phone has been jumping off the hook!”

“So it’s set? Great! Remember - top billing!” Frank slammed down the phone and stood to greet Betsy. “Baby! How’s the world’s favorite little six inch tall Mousegirl?”

“Just fine, Frank!” squeaked tiny Betsy as she smiled up at her agent.

“Betsy, this place is turning upside down! You’re the hottest thing since sliced bread! Ever since that story hit about the kidnapping and your escape, we’ve been deluged! They’re lining up. I’ve never seen anything like it! Look at this,” he held up a pile of letters, “official Barbie spokesgirl, Walt Disney World, a lifetime contract from Mouseburger. They’re bidding up rights on the Mousegirl kidnapping story for movies, television, cable...”

“But Frank, any serious roles? You know, I always wanted to do Shakespeare...”

“Shakespeare? Honey, I don’t think there’s many parts for a six inch tall girl! It kind of limits your dynamic range, if you know what I mean.”

“Well, I could grow back to my normal size, you know...”

“What?!!” Frank jumped up, “Baby, that would be commercial suicide! There are plenty of cute chicks with acting lessons under their belts! They’re a dime a dozen - but you’re special! Face it, honey - everybody loves the Mousegirl!”

Betsy grinned and shrugged her shoulders, then smiled up at Michelle, “Well, looks like I’m going to have to get used to being a Mousegirl for a long, long time!”

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