

Chapter 1

“Look, Steve,” Melissa Jacobson was explaining, “Just because I’m a scientist doesn’t mean I have all the answers, ok? That’s part of the reason I’m curious about the effects the supplement will have on you.”

“But...I mean...Melissa,” replied Jacob, persisting in his skepticism as he stared down at the little green pill she was holding, “If you don’t really know what the pill will do, then isn’t it...I don’t know...kind of irresponsible to be testing it on me?”

“Oh relax Steve,” Melissa chuckled, shaking her head as she smiled at him, “I already tried it on myself and a few colleagues, and it’s given us all a distinct and measurable boost in energy levels. But, see, we’re all women. I haven’t tried it on any men yet, and seeing as how you’re an intern at the company, I thought, well...why not you?”

“Yeah, why not me?” repeated Steve, rolling his eyes. “I’m sure you had your mind made up the moment you saw me in your lecture, like ‘oh perfect! He’ll be an excellent test subject for one of my crazy experiments!’

Melissa laughed despite herself. The laboratory she worked at was located on a college campus, which meant that, as part of her fellowship, she had to teach a few college classes. Melissa wasn’t a natural educator, since she frequently went off on long, confusing tangents, but she was at least able to impart some of her enthusiasm to her students. Steve had been one of her students as a sophomore, and had actually enjoyed her quirky lectures. Melissa hadn’t been like most teachers he had – trendy, clever, a bit arrogant...she was nothing like that. She clearly put no time into crafting a persona for her class, and while this meant that she could come off as a bit wacky and bizarre, it also lent her an air of authenticity that other professors lacked.

And now, a couple years later, Steve was 22 years old, and freshly graduated. He had heard about Melissa’s lab conducting a paid trial for a new supplement that was designed to boost energy levels in a safe, effective way that didn’t rely on caffeine or amphetamines. Just out of college, with a few months until his summer internship started, Steve had thought, ‘Oh, why not? It was easy money – all he had to do was take the supplements, record his side effects, and, crucially, agree to stay with Melissa for a full month, so she could record the supplement’s progress more directly. Steve thought that last stipulation was rather unusual, but he was in between places to rent, and he didn’t want to go back and live with his parents. It seemed like the perfect way to bide his time.

“Well,” nodded Melissa, “We both agree that you could’ve done a *bit* more to impress me in that class.”

Steve sighed and looked down at his former professor. He felt a little smile come to his face. He hadn’t been so sure about moving in with her, but Melissa had grown on him over the past

few days. She was obviously a genius, and was mostly just absorbed in her work, but she had a kind heart, and seemed genuinely happy to have him there. She could be a bit pushy sometimes, but then again, that quality only seemed to accentuate the “attractive older woman” motif that had been growing in his mind. It also didn’t hurt that Melissa was only 41 years old, and in pretty good shape too. With D-cup breasts and a curvy figure to match, she certainly wasn’t hard to look at. At 5’6, she was a little taller than average, though significantly shorter than Steve’s 6’1.

“So how about it?” Melissa asked again, raising her eyebrows at him as she shook the little green pill in his direction. He knew she was just kidding around, playing along with him. They both knew this was exactly what he had signed up to do. “Be my guinea pig just this once? I’ll take you out for a milkshake...”

Steve couldn’t help but laugh now. “Melissa...heheh, I’m an adult. I got a summer internship...and you’re tempting me with milkshakes?”

Melissa’s smile grew, and Steve shrugged, returning her grin. He took the pill, popped it in his mouth, and swallowed it down with a sip of water.

“Well, I mean, I don’t *dislike* milkshakes, anyway,” he admitted humorously.

“Thanks Steve, really,” said Melissa, patting him on the back. “It helps me with my data collection. Heh, you know me, always coming up with new little concoctions and whatnot.”

“You are a bit of a...how to put this gently...mad scientist type,” Steve chided. “Thank god you’re “just a nutrition scientist” and not some kind of bioweapons expert. You’d be asking me to huff anthrax spores for research.”

“Hey, I’m only looking for breakthroughs, just like any good scientist does!” countered Melissa, feigning offense. “Now for the next few days, I want you to keep detailed notes of how you’re feeling, alright? Energy levels, how much you sleep, if you notice anything out of the ordinary...that kind of stuff.”

“Sure thing,” nodded Steve. He put his hands on his hips and stood there looking down at her expectantly. After rearranging some notes in her phone, Melissa looked up.

“What?” she asked blankly.

“Well...” said Steve, grinning. “I was promised a milkshake...”

The next couple days passed by, seemingly without incident. Steve had a couple months in between his college graduation and the start of his new internship, so he was free to just hang around Melissa’s house, relaxing from his exhausting last semester. Melissa mainly worked from her home office, so the two of them were seeing each other quite often. As a slightly

scatterbrained scientist, Melissa wasn't much of a cook, but she made sure to order in from Steve's favorite restaurants, as a special treat for him helping her out in her supplement study. Each day, she asked him, with a certain degree of eagerness, how he was feeling.

"Pretty normal, honestly," was his standard reply. Melissa felt a bit discouraged that he wasn't reporting the noticeable boosts in mood and energy that she and her colleagues had experienced, but she chalked it down to the fact that Steve was quite a bit bigger than them. Perhaps it followed that the pill would take a little longer to work on him.

By the third day, though, Melissa began to notice something different. She couldn't quite pinpoint it, but she knew that something was up. She had seen little snippets of Steve a few times in the morning, but she had been sitting at her desk each time; she hadn't gotten a good look at him. When she went into the kitchen to make herself a sandwich, though, the two of them crossed paths, and Melissa suddenly realized what was off: he looked shorter...conspicuously shorter. Normally, Melissa's eyes were even with Steve's collarbone, but now, with the two of them standing side by side, she was looking into his Adam's apple.

"Uhm...Steve?" she asked, as the oddest feeling of energy flitted over her skin, "Are you...are you feeling alright?"

"Yeah, fine, like I told you a couple hours ago," he replied, going to the fridge. "Why?"

Melissa watched him go — there could be no doubt. He was shorter. His head usually rose up above the fridge, but now it was dead-even.

"Steve," Melissa heard herself saying, "I think...I think you're shorter."

A tense and pregnant silence hung in the air as Melissa's words seemed to sink into the space between her and Steve. Part of Melissa couldn't believe that she had actually spoken those words out loud; it was as if, in the mere act of speaking, that she had manifested a strange and forbidden terrain that had previously only existed in her mind. But what else could she have done!? The evidence was plain to see, right there before her eyes: he was *clearly* shorter than he had been before.

For a few moments, Steve just stood there with his back to Melissa, staring into the open fridge, his eyes fixating on the shelves of food without really taking any of it in. Normally, he would have immediately whipped around and uttered some kind of sarcastic or humorous retort, but this was no ordinary situation. In the three days since he had taken her experimental supplement, he had been feeling more-or-less normal, but this morning, even though he had tried to brush it aside, he wasn't able to avoid the creeping thought that something was amiss. Everything had just felt a bit "off" all morning; it wasn't like he was feeling sick or anything...but it was more like something had gradually started changing within him, subtly altering his perception of things without being too obvious. Before Melissa had spoken, he hadn't been able to pinpoint this strange and troublesome sensation, but now that she had blurted out,

point-blank, that he was shorter, everything fell into place in his mind. *That was it...that was* why everything seemed just a tad bit different! Without even going through the mental process of considering Melissa's bizarre pronouncement, Steve knew that she was right.

But she *couldn't* be right. Steve was a 22-year old man! He had just finished growing a year before — no one his age *shrank!* Even though, deep down, he knew that Melissa was right, Steve decided to react normally and go on the defensive. He turned slowly around, casting a bemused expression in her direction as he glanced at her over his shoulder.

"Huh?" he asked, furrowing his brow. "What, uh...what are you talking about?"

"I'm saying," Melissa repeated, more confidently now, stepping up closer to him, "That you look shorter to me, Steve." She was only a few feet away from him now, and was staring up at him curiously, her eyes going up and down his body slowly, like she was scanning its entirety for data. Steve turned around completely now, with the fridge still open, facing her as he blinked uneasily down at her chest. Before, the top of Melissa's head had only come up to his mouth, but now, the unmistakable truth hit him: he was staring right into the top of her head. He tried to back away, but only withdrew himself further into the open fridge. His eyes, seemingly of their own accord, flitted down across Melissa's body, which was now very close to him. He took in the gentle, pleasing curve of her hips, and the noticeable bulge of her butt emerging from behind her figure. Had she always been this...curvy!? It must have been a trick of perspective, surely.

Melissa put her hands on her hips, breaking the taut silence between them; Steve saw her curves jiggle and wobble gently with her slight movements.

"Well?" she probed, sticking her tongue in between her teeth, "Anything to say about that, Steve? Out of all the stuff I've been asking you to document, you weren't gonna tell me that you've been *getting shorter?!?*"

"L-Look, Melissa!" Steve stammered, feeling the blushing heat come up to his face as he put his hands up innocently, "I...I don't know what you're, uhh...you're talking about. I...I'm the same...the same height as I've —"

"Hold on, hold on," interrupted Melissa, beckoning him to step forward. "Here, let's close the fridge first." Steve felt her grasp his left hip as she gently pulled him towards her, away from the fridge, as she deftly swiped it closed with her other hand. Even from this slight and nondescript touch, Steve felt a weird shot of energy infusing his body. Melissa's hand felt noticeably warmer, larger, and softer than he would have expected.

"Now then," she resumed, taking a step back and looking up at him again, "What was it you were saying, Steve?"

“Just that...uhh...that everything’s still...uhm...still normal,” he answered. He was making an effort to appear nonchalant now, but he knew he was coming off as more dismissive than he had intended.

“Really?” asked Melissa skeptically, tilting her head sideways at him. “Nothing out of place? No pain? No fever? No new...thoughts or sensations?”

Steve felt himself shaking his head, even as he told himself that, if he was really being truthful, he would be telling her about how “off” he had been feeling all morning. Something more important to him — the desire to maintain normalcy in the face of this strange and inexplicable threat — was keeping him from being honest.

Melissa just stood there, her hands placed solidly on her hips, surveying him with close-lipped scrutiny. She knew that she was right...she knew that he had gotten shorter and proportionally smaller all around. His arms and legs looked a little smaller, and his shoulders looked a little less broad. There was not a doubt in her mind, and she opened her mouth, about to ask Steve to measure himself right then and there. But something held her back, and she closed her mouth again, smiling. She didn’t want to push it too hard right now. Steve seemed agitated, so she would bide her time, letting the reality sink in before documenting it empirically. The last thing she wanted right now was to create a hostile and antagonistic atmosphere. She would let him off the hook...for now. She had a hunch, based on nothing but her own intuition, that his shrinking wasn’t over yet.

“Well alright Steve,” she replied, smiling at him. “Whatever you say. Just make sure and keep me up to date on how you’re doing, alright?”

“Sure thing,” Steve nodded, again trying to be casual. Melissa smirked slightly and turned on her heel, walking away. Steve felt himself ogling her butt as she walked, its twin cheeks shaking and bouncing up and down, up and down, in her wake. It looked bigger to him, but far within the recesses of his mind, he knew that her butt only looked bigger because *he* was smaller.

Chapter 2

The rest of the day passed by without any further mention of Steve's height, and both he and Melissa seemed perfectly comfortable acting like everything was normal. Melissa worked diligently away in her home office, reading through medical journals, emailing colleagues about upcoming joint projects, and so on...like she normally did. Steve played some video games on his console that he had brought from his apartment, met a college friend for coffee down the street, and leisurely surfed the web when he got back home, enjoying the free time he had before he started his internship. In the evening, Melissa ordered a large pizza for them both (they both liked pineapples and Canadian bacon on their pizza), and they sat around the table, engaging in small talk about their respective days. Melissa asked Steve about how he was feeling about his internship. On the surface, everything appeared normal.

The truth was, however, that ever since Melissa had mentioned how he looked shorter, Steve had been especially cognizant of his size as the day went on...and the more he paid attention to it, the more worried he became. There wasn't any way around it — his clothes felt a little looser on him, and, conspicuously, he noticed that his jeans were bunching up a little around his ankles. The steadily growing sense that something was amiss didn't stop; everything Steve did seemed to add to it. When he played his video games, certain moves that would have been effortless before were not as easy. His hands seemed smaller, which meant that he had to strain his fingers more to perform the complicated moves that had been easy before. When he went to go see his friend for coffee, he found that he had to adjust the car seat, moving it forward and slightly up, so that he could comfortably grasp the steering wheel. He even had to adjust the car mirrors. And when he saw his friend, Dave, Steve thought that he saw Dave looking sidelong at him a couple times, like *he* was noticing something too, but not saying anything about it.

By the time he sat down to dinner with Melissa, Steve felt on edge. He was worried that she was going to ask him again about his height, and, even worse, that she might insist on measuring him. The thought had occurred to Steve on his way back from seeing Dave...that he could just measure himself and put the growing fear out of his mind. But he hadn't done it, and the reason why is because the prospect of seeing anything less than 6'1 on the measuring tape was too much to handle. He would go on assuming that everything was fine, and that he was just being paranoid.

Throughout dinner, Melissa made a point not to mention anything about Steve's height. When she had decided to drop the topic as they both stood in front of the fridge, she had done so with the expectation that soon, Steve wouldn't have any other choice but to talk about it. Already, something strange was beginning to form within her brain, something that she couldn't quite define, or even think about. It was just a vague feeling, a kind of preparatory winding-up of her thoughts and emotions...before something happened. A kind of giddy tenderness, a mixed desire to cuddle Steve, and to tease him, was beginning to take shape within her. And this odd mixture of feelings was joined with something foreboding and inevitable, like the deep breath before the plunge. She didn't know why she was feeling this way, but as a scientist, and as a

researcher, she had already learned to listen to her instincts...and right now, her instincts were telling her to just sit there and wait.

Right at the end of the meal, however, when they both stood up, she couldn't help herself. Standing there with her empty plate, she made a point of passing her eyes over his body, looking him closely up and down, as he stood there in tandem with her, watching her take stock of him. Steve knew what she was doing, and it irritated him. If she wanted to ask him about it, why didn't she just ask!? Why didn't she just get it over with?? But his irritation masked something more pressing: Melissa looked even taller to him now. The top of her head was now just a little over his eye-level. And not only that, but Steve again found himself noticing how curvy she was...how her hips bulged in her jeans, and how her butt blended in with the thickness of her thighs, swelling outward into two cheeks that surely looked bigger to Steve than they had before. Once again, Steve was saddled with the creeping truth: Melissa only looked bigger because he was getting smaller. A sense of helplessness flared up in him, and he reacted angrily.

"What!?" he snapped, a little sharper than he had meant to sound. Melissa blinked and creased her brow a little, taken aback by his tone.

"Sorry," Steve immediately followed, shaking his head a little as he tried to stand up as tall as he could. "Just...you were, uhh..." His voice trailed away. He knew he had already betrayed his paranoia, and now Melissa was starting to smirk a little again.

"I was what?" she asked quietly.

"...you were just...looking at me weird, is all," Steve finished, halfheartedly shrugging. He was trying to hide how much her gaze had been bothering him, but he knew the damage had been done.

"Aw, well I'm sorry, Steve," Melissa replied. "I didn't mean to make you feel...uncomfortable."

She paused, and looked up and down his body again, obviously negating her words with her action. Steve was already on the defensive, so he didn't feel like he had anything to stand on anymore. He had to just stand there and take it, or walk away.

"Still feeling ok?" Melissa ventured mildly, cocking her head to the side.

"Mmhhh," nodded Steve. He felt a cold wave of fear wash over him. She was giving him another chance to bring up his concerns, his fears about his height. Was it that obvious that he looked different!?

"Still nothing else to report?" Melissa pressed on. "No strange symptoms? Or anything else out of the ordinary?"

“Uhhh...nope!” Steve answered definitely, his eyebrows going up as he feigned cheerfulness. Melissa kept staring at him for a couple more seconds before inhaling a deep breath and picking up the pizza box.

“Well alright!” she said cheerfully. “Just thought I’d check.”

It took Steve longer than usual to fall asleep later on that night. The myriad possibilities of his condition continued to torment him, but he still balked at actually measuring himself. He kept thinking, over and over, how he just needed to get to sleep, and how everything would be different in the morning. He was more right than he could have imagined.

The next morning, Steve woke up later than usual. He hadn’t needed to set an alarm, since he was on break, but even still, from the heat of the sun on his face as he opened his eyes, he could tell that he had slept in a lot more than he usually did. He checked the clock. 11:13.

‘Jesus, that late?’ he thought. Reminding himself that he didn’t have anywhere to be, he sighed out and stretched, his foggy mind blissfully forgetful of the previous day’s anxieties. That is...until he got down off his bed and tried to take a step.

“What the — !?” Steve exclaimed as he stumbled forward, and only his outstretched hands prevented him from running headlong into the wall. He managed to catch himself without doing too much damage, even though he did knock over his nightstand in the process. A lamp clattered to the floor, thankfully remaining intact.

“Steve!?” came Melissa’s voice from the kitchen. “Are you ok??”

“Yeah!” he grimaced, still braced against the wall. “Yeah I’m...I’m fine! Just tripped, is all!”

“Okaaaaay!” she called back. Was there a hint of wry suspicion in her voice? Steve couldn’t tell. He looked down at his legs, and felt the now-familiar cold fear wash over him. He had tripped over his pajama pants, which were so bunched up around his feet now that it was hard for him to walk. Steve pushed himself off the wall and stood up straight. He tried to pull his pajamas up, but found that they were already pulled up all the way.

“This...this can’t be happening,’ he thought, as the slow panic grew within him. ‘It isn’t possible...I can’t be shrinking!’

He tried to distract himself by fixing the nightstand and lamp, by going to the bathroom, by washing his face...by doing all the little things in his usual morning routine. But everything he did confirmed the awful truth; everything looked notably out of place, even more so than the day before, and especially when he was washing his face, Steve could clearly see that he was shorter. The little spots on the mirror that he hadn’t cleaned — which had been right around his chin-level before — were now even with his forehead. He had to look UP at them.

'Ok...ok, so this...oh god, what do I...what do I do!?' thought Steve in a whirl of panic. It felt like his mind was starting to spiral in on itself, and his heart rate increased rapidly as a cold sweat broke out against his forehead. For a few seconds, he actually started hyperventilating, but he leaned forward and splashed some cold water on his face, staring at himself dripping in the mirror. It wasn't like he was...dying or anything. Aside from the frenzy of fear at getting shorter, he felt fine. No fever, no body aches, no chills...no nothing. It wasn't like he was sick — he was just...well, shrinking.

Steve took a series of deep breaths, calming himself down. He would take this in stride. He certainly wasn't looking forward to having Melissa notice his diminished stature, but there wasn't much he could do about that. All he could do was act normally, and maybe she would just follow suit. He was still in such a state of shock that he hadn't even considered blaming the experimental supplement for his shrinking. Obviously, the supplement was the culprit, but Steve was trying so hard to normalize what was happening to him that he wasn't even ready to start pointing fingers.

He put on a pair of smaller shorts that were in the bottom of his drawer, shorts that he hadn't worn in years, and, as casually as he could, made his way out of his room and into the kitchen. He wanted to avoid Melissa, but his shrinking apparently hadn't affected his appetite.

"Well goood morning," Melissa intoned as he came into the kitchen. "Boy, to be on break, huh?" She was sitting at the table, reading one of her scientific journals. She had been up since dawn, and was having an early lunch. Her heart was fluttering out in expectation, and, like Steve (but for different reasons), she was determined to play it cool during their interactions. She figured that his appearance would speak for itself. Glancing sideways at him, she noticed his shorts. A shot of hot excitement infused her — he *had* gotten smaller, and he was trying to hide it!

"Woah, those are a throwback, huh?" she chuckled lightly, looking back at her journal, even as her cheeks blushed red. "Haven't seen those in a while."

"Y-yeah, I, uhh...I guess I need to do my laundry," Steve quipped. He opened the fridge and grabbed a yogurt cup; the cool burst of air from the fridge blew across his forehead, and Steve could tell from the refreshing gust that he was sweating nervously. The prospect of Melissa mentioning something about his reduced stature was terrifying, paradoxically more scary than the fact of his diminishment itself. He turned around and quickly went over to sit down at the kitchen table, reasoning that his reduced height wouldn't be as obvious when he was sitting down.

It was too late for Steve to disguise what had happened, though. Melissa already knew that he was shorter, and a quick but penetrating glance at his backside when he was at the fridge confirmed her initial impression: not only was Steve shorter, but he was proportionally smaller all around.

Part of Melissa wanted to stand up, while Steve had his back to her, so that when he turned around she would be standing right there with her hands on her hips, staring at him...she wanted to make it so that he couldn't try and talk his way out of the truth. But she didn't act fast enough; Steve had already turned around and was sitting down.

'No matter,' she thought, squirming a little in expectation. 'I'll just stand up whenever he does, and then it'll be obvious.' Melissa was proud of herself for having such self-control in this situation — she knew that she could become overly animated and spirited sometimes, especially when her research was involved. At the same time, though, she was realizing something about herself...that same strange and giddy urge to tease Steve was emerging again in her mind. Shouldn't she be feeling concerned instead!? He was shrinking because of an experimental supplement *she* had given him — shouldn't that be cause for alarm, rather than the odd, tender playfulness she was feeling instead?

'Oh but he's *fine*,' she told herself, stealing glances over at him as he ate his yogurt. 'He looks perfectly healthy...still has an appetite...has good color in his face...sleeping well...haha, he's just...*smaller*.'

The two exchanged some casual small talk for the next ten minutes, and an outside observer wouldn't have noticed anything unusual. For both Steve and Melissa, though, the "casual talk" felt tense and charged with electricity. Steve had been hoping for Melissa to get up from the table and go back to her office, so he could escape back to his room, but she just kept sitting there, flipping through her journals. Melissa had been waiting for Steve to finish his yogurt and stand up, so she too could rise with him and see how short he had really gotten...but he had finished his yogurt five minutes ago, and hadn't budged. It was a standoff...or more accurately, a "sit-off."

Suddenly, Melissa got an idea that caused her to smile down at her journals. She took a deep breath, feeling that these were the last few moments before...well, before the big shift. Then she raised her gaze up to Steve, who was sitting there awkwardly, studying the wood grains in the table.

"Hey Steve!" she said brightly.

"Hmm?" he replied, doing his best to look up at her with mild curiosity.

"I was thinking of sending my uncle a tie for his birthday," Melissa continued, "But, heheh, you know me...not too "up" on the latest trends in male fashion. I finally found this one I thought he would like, but I don't know. Can you take a look at it and tell me what you think?"

"Sure, yeah, uh...hand me your phone and lemme see," said Steve. Inwardly he was breathing a sigh of relief, despite the oddity of her request.

“Here, toss that yogurt cup and come into my office,” said Melissa, standing up. “My phone’s in there.”

“Uhh...I...” responded Steve, unmoving. “I’m still...heheh, uhm, waking up, you know...can you just bring your phone in here?”

“Steve, what!?” laughed Melissa, stacking and straightening her journals. “No, come on — once you take a look I gotta start working again. Just pop in there real quick; it’ll only take a second.”

Steve knew Melissa had caught him. Her request was totally normal, and if he continued to balk, it would be obvious that something was wrong. One way or another, she was going to find out what was going on. Steve set his teeth behind his closed lips. He had to get this over with. Taking in a breath through his nose, he put his feet down on the floor and stood up. Melissa’s eyes followed his rising form, and when he had reached his full height, they both just stood there, blinking at each other.

They were nearly the same height.

After a few stunned seconds, Melissa was the first to respond.

“Oh my GOD!” she cried, putting her hand up to her mouth to hide her ecstatic smile. “I was RIGHT!! You WERE getting smaller!!”

“Ok, ok,” sighed Steve, rolling his eyes, even as he felt the hot flush of red in his neck and the bottom of his face. “Yeah, I got shorter...but...but...”

There was nothing else he could say, though. Melissa was already circling him, looking his body up and down, taking in the changes with unabashed astonishment. She made sure to keep her hand over her mouth as she circled him, more out of consideration for him than anything else. She knew that her wide grin was not exactly the proper way to respond to what was going on, but that’s what her face was doing right now.

“Oh my god, ok...ok Steve,” she declared, taking a deep breath as she held her hands up in a self-steadying motion, “We’ve gotta measure you now.”

“But Melissa...I mean...uh, is that...is that really necessary?” complained Steve. He knew he sounded whiny, but the last thing he wanted was to know exactly how much he had shrunk by. His mind was still reeling from the shock of what was actually happening, and, bizarrely, he just wanted to go back to bed and fall asleep, hoping that this was all some kind of bad dream.

“What are you talking about!?” asked Melissa in genuine bewilderment, moving forward and seizing him by the hand. “No, no, we’ve gotta document all this stuff, Steve! Come on, I had told you how important it was that you report everything to me!”

“L-look, I...I *know*, Melissa, ok?” Steve sighed irritably, stumbling along after her as she marched him over to the pantry. “I just wasn’t, uh...wasn’t sure if I was, I don’t know...seeing things, or what.”

“What do you mean?” asked Melissa quickly. She was motioning for Steve to stand with his back to the wall as she pulled a measuring tape out of one of the top kitchen drawers (a measuring tape she had specifically found the night before, and placed there in the expectation of using it). “Are you seeing things? Hearing things? Having any kind of hallucinations?”

Steve paused for a second, not quite understanding, and shook his head. “N-no! No, nothing...nothing like that.”

“And no fever?” asked Melissa again, sticking a thermometer in his mouth, even as she unfurled the measuring tape next to him. “No cramps? No malaise?”

“Melissa...no! I...look, I’m *fine*, ok!” Steve insisted, with the thermometer in his mouth.

“Well forgive me if I’m just covering all the bases real quick, ok?” Melissa said, looking up at the measurement as she pulled the tape taut. “Because this kind of dramatic...size change is...it’s unprecedented, Steve.”

“Oh come on,” Steve sighed, again rolling his eyes as the thermometer beeped. “I’m...look, it says 98.4...totally normal”

“Hold still!” Melissa ordered, carefully peering up at the measurement. Her heart was beating so fast she almost had to sit down and steady herself.

“I don’t even know what the big deal is,” Steve continued, even as he was inwardly panicking. The words that came out of his mouth were exactly the opposite of what he was thinking. “I don’t even...pssh, I don’t even think I’m that much smaller.”

“Well you are, Steve,” came Melissa’s voice, suddenly authoritative. Steve froze and looked down at her...barely down, that is. The top of her head was taller than his eyes.

“Wh-what...what do you mean?” he asked. The unadulterated fear was now bleeding through in his voice. “What’s...it say?”

“It says,” Melissa intoned, “That you’re 5’8, Steve.”

A long pause ensued; both of them thought they could hear the other’s heart pounding.

“I’m what?” Steve asked, deadpan.

“You’re 5’8, Steve,” Melissa repeated. “You...you’ve shrunk...5 inches.”

“Th-that’s...impossible,” Steve replied, shaking his head. “I...th-that can’t...that’s can’t even —”

“Well that’s what the measurement says,” interrupted Melissa, “See for yourself.” Steve turned around, and wasn’t even surprised at this point to see the truth. Melissa’s clumsily-manicured thumb held the measuring tape against the wall, right against the 5’8 mark.

“And look!” Melissa added suddenly. “Look at how you measure up to ME, Steve. Are you seeing this!”

She had stepped up to him, and was standing tall, making it clear how close they now were in height. Steve turned around, swallowing, and, seemingly on their own accord, his eyes darted down her body, taking in the striking reality of how much bigger she looked to him. Since she worked from home, Melissa habitually wore skin-tight jeans, with a comfortable white blouse over top. Just like the previous day, Steve found himself noticing Melissa’s curves...the wide swerve of her hips, the pleasing thickness of her thighs, and the swelling cleavage that peeked out from underneath her white top. The thought that she was *growing*, while he was *shrinking*, again crowded into his brain, making him panic even more.

‘She’s always been like this,’ he reassured himself, ‘She hasn’t changed...it’s just *me*...it’s just because I’m *smaller*.’

“I’m 5’6, Steve,” Melissa asserted confidently. She drew her palm up over the top of her head, straight forward into Steve. Her palm went directly into his upper forehead.

“See?” she said, taking a step back. “You’re barely taller than me now!”

For a few long moments, neither of them spoke. Melissa was conscious of the need to not gloat in front of Steve, but the fact that her hunch had been proven correct, coupled with the disoriented and reeling expression on his face, was making it hard not to smirk. She wasn’t enjoying his misfortune — in addition to the pleasure of being right, she was overcome with the realization of how cute Steve looked when he was grasping at straws.

“S-so...so what’s, what’s happening to me??” Steve asked in a shaky voice. He couldn’t go on letting that silence deepen between them.

“Welllll,” Melissa answered mildly, tilting her head to the side as she continued surveying him, “I’d say that you had some sort of a...ummm...reaction to the multivitamin I gave you a few days ago.”

Steve blinked and felt his shoulders sagging.

‘What’s wrong with me!?’ he thought savagely. ‘This is all her fault! I should be yelling at her!’

But even as he recognized the reaction he expected from himself, Steve simultaneously knew that that kind of aggressive energy just wasn't there. Still, though, he would try his best to feign it.

"That vitamin!" he exclaimed. "Wh-what...what was in it!? Why did you...you do this to me, Melissa!?"

"Now hold on, hold on," she said soothingly, taking the measuring tape and wrapping it around his waist. "The multivitamin I gave you is probably the most *obvious* explanation, right? But that doesn't mean it's the *only* one. You understand?"

Steve nodded his head as Melissa measured his waist, his hips, and his chest. Strangely, something within him enjoyed the attention she was giving him. There was something decidedly tender about it. Ever since he had been staying with her, Melissa was always preoccupied with her research, and even though she had nice, bubbly energy, Steve hadn't been able to avoid thinking of her as a slightly klutzy, awkward female presence in his life. But the way she was just effortlessly springing into action now...it all felt different to him.

"So Steve," she continued, in that same calm, reassuring voice, as she stepped back from him, "It's really important that you answer me honestly here, ok? We both know you're shrinking now. So there's nothing to hide anymore. I need to know how long it's been since you've noticed."

"Me...getting shorter?" Steve asked. He was already beginning to feel guilty.

Melissa nodded her head, and Steve looked down at his feet. A couple seconds later he felt a warm, soft hand at his cheek and his eyes sprang up. Melissa had stepped forward again, and was now lovingly caressing his cheek, a look of profound understanding in her eyes (even though there was something left of that smirking humor still there as well).

"It's ok Steve," she breathed at him, blinking softly. "I know it must be disorienting for you, and seriously, I don't blame you for not mentioning it before, ok? I get it, I really do. But I need to know now."

"Ok, um...I...I guess I noticed it...yesterday, definitely," Steve answered.

"Uh-huh, ok...yesterday," Melissa repeated, bringing her hand back down. An odd part of Steve wanted it to remain there. He reminded himself that now would not be a good time to snag a shameless glance at her breasts.

"And before then?" she continued. "Did you notice anything different before you actually could tell that you were getting shorter? No other symptoms I should know about?"

Steve thought about how to answer. A few seconds later, he gave his best effort:

"I was just feeling...uh, I don't know...kind of "off" yesterday," he said, straining to try and describe the feelings.

"Off?" asked Melissa. "Like, how so?"

"It's...it's hard to put into words," Steve replied, "But, like...I guess ever since yesterday, uhm, morning, I've just felt like everything was, you know...a little out of place, maybe?"

"Mmhm, that would make sense," Melissa nodded. "Anything else you've noticed that's been different?"

Steve again glanced down at Melissa's body, disguising it as a more general glance down at the floor as his eyes swept aimlessly out across the room afterward. The truth was that her body had been looking a lot different to him...or more precisely, Steve had been noticing it a lot more. That was the first thing that popped into his head, but Steve wasn't about to blurt out something like *that*. So Melissa was hotter than he remembered...so what!? It didn't have anything to do with his condition now, whatever it was. And besides, from that little smirk she had been giving him before, Steve was not keen on feeding any of Melissa's playful impulses. She was a scatterbrained scientist, and a bit of an awkward personality — there was no telling what kind of uncomfortable jokes she might start telling if she got wind that he thought she was sexy. Hell, she might even start dressing differently...

"Uhhh, no," he answered, after a longer silence than he had intended. "No that's...that's about it." He wished that his face hadn't gone so red.

"Uh-huh," said Melissa, looking up at him carefully. "Alright then. Well..." She raised her eyebrows and shook her head, blinking in bewilderment. This was the expected reaction, she knew. But internally she was gearing up for more; again, her instincts told her that Steve's shrinking wasn't ending...it was *starting*.

"Well if you're not feeling bad," Melissa continued, "Then...heheh, I guess, just...just go about your day, huh?"

"Y-yeah," nodded Steve, "Yeah, I, uh...I guess so."

"I'll be in contact with my other researchers about this," Melissa added. "And since you're feeling ok right now, Steve, I don't think there's any need for you to worry, ok?"

"O-ok," Steve said, nodding again.

"But you'll tell me the *instant* you get a new symptom, yes?" Melissa asked. She made sure to add that emphasis.

“Oh yeah! Yeah, of...of course,” Steve replied.

“Good.” Another pause ensued, and then Melissa stepped forward to put a reassuring hand on Steve’s shoulder. It occurred to him that she had probably touched him more times this morning than she had during the past three months. She wasn’t usually a very “touch-oriented” person. But Steve didn’t mind her touch now...he didn’t mind it at all.

“Steve, I’m sorry this is happening to you,” Melissa said genuinely. “Like I said, I’ll talk to my team and...you know...we’ll get to the bottom of this, ok? I’m sure it isn’t...permanent...or anything. And I think that the fact that you feel fine otherwise is a very good sign. I’ll make sure to call your primary care doctor, though, just so we can have her run some tests, ok?”

“O-ok,” said Steve. He felt very cared-for, even as he knew he should be more indignant about the multivitamin-gone-wrong.

“But you let me do all that,” Melissa continued, squeezing his shoulder. “You just sit back, relax, play your video games...heheh, you know, just...just take it easy, ok?”

“Mmhmm, alright,” nodded Steve. “Haha, um...hard to...hard to, uh, argue with that.”

He winced inwardly at his attempt at a joke (weird in and of itself), but Melissa just laughed heartily. Steve saw her breasts and hips jiggle in response to her mirthful vibrations. What cup size was she, again!?

“Hahaha, ok Steve, that’s it — good attitude! Keep it up!”

One more shoulder squeeze and Melissa had turned away from him, heading back to her office. Steve watched her go, and wasn’t able to avoid staring at her bouncing butt as she walked.

‘There’s no way I’d fill those jeans like she does,’ he thought. ‘Even if I *am* still two inches taller.’ In the recesses of his mind, though, something told him that this wouldn’t be the case for long.

Chapter 3

Steve's subconscious hunch turned out to be far more accurate than he would have ever believed. As he had watched Melissa walk away from him, with her big ass swinging alluringly in her skin-tight jeans, Steve hadn't been able to avoid thinking that his days of being taller than her were numbered. In the past few days, he had inexplicably shrunk 5 whole inches, and the more he shrank, the bigger her body looked to him. Even though he had nothing to base his worries on, Steve felt like Melissa was "gaining" on him, and that she would very soon surpass him in height.

'Because she's already got me in size,' he thought, watching her ass bounce up and down, and her hips swivel back and forth, side to side, with each step. Her legs, hips, and ass seemed to fill out every square inch of those jeans. And her breasts...Steve had definitely been noticing them more often. Was it just because he had gotten so much smaller? Or was it perhaps...that Melissa was getting...

No, he wouldn't think about it. It couldn't be. She had taken the same vitamin he had, right? And even though she had administered it to him for the purpose of checking on gender-distinct reactions to the pill, certainly it wouldn't follow that it would make men smaller and women...*bigger!*? Right!?

A few seconds later, Steve realized that he had been staring at Melissa's retreating ass with his mouth slightly open, and he slammed his jaw shut, blinking his eyes and shaking his head.

'Damn it Steve!' he said to himself, 'Get it together! She just looks bigger because you're smaller — that's *it*. That's *all*. You're ok — you're in good hands. Just...go relax. Get your mind off all this craziness.'

For the next several hours, Steve did just that, lounging on the couch as he played video games. Melissa was working in her office in the adjacent room, and she popped in every now and then to check on him.

"Oho! Wow!" she exclaimed one time, startling Steve as she stood directly behind the sofa, "That was a nice shot!"

"Heheh, uh...thanks!" he chuckled, settling back in to continue his "Halo" match. "I've gotten so much better at this game recently, so...haha, yeah..."

"So this game takes place in the future?" asked Melissa, bending down next to Steve as she leaned against the sofa. Steve became suddenly aware of her large breasts hanging down the sofa cushions directly to his right. He felt a pink flush rush up into his face. He couldn't help it; he glanced to the side and saw that Melissa's rack was on full display, hanging down low and heavy in her white top. And...were...were her nipples hard!? Steve felt a sudden lurch in his crotch as he felt himself getting hard too.

“Uhhhh...uh yeah, yeah, in the future,” he stammered, turning back to the screen. “In the, um...the 26th century. See, a way, way long time ago, there was this powerful race in the galaxy called the Forerunners, and they fought against these alien parasites called the Flood, and, umm...heheh, well, it’s a long story...anyway, haha, science fiction, you know?”

“Huh, I’ve always thought science fiction was kinda cool,” murmured Melissa at his side, “You know, Star Wars and stuff like that.”

“Mhmm,” said Steve, trying to focus on the game. But the presence of her breasts close to his head was a major distraction. It was nothing, though, compared to what happened next. Since he was distracted, Steve had just been shot by an enemy player, causing Melissa to react.

“Awwww no!” she cried, laughing at the same time, “He got you!” In her excitement, Melissa had jostled her body, and her left breast was now smushed up directly against his cheek. Steve’s eyes widened and shot downward, directly at the large nipple that was poking conspicuously through the white fabric of her top. The moment seared itself on his mind: the fresh, fruity smell of her organic body wash, the soft fabric against his cheek, and the immense, weighty push of her voluminous breast flesh directly into her cheek, splaying out under his chin and on top of his forehead. And her nipple...there wasn’t any question now. It was rock-hard, and far, far bigger than Steve would have expected. It looked like it was about to poke straight through her top.

In this moment, Steve was grateful that his pants were baggier now that he was smaller — his spontaneous erection had only gotten harder, and his heart had started pounding in his chest.

“Hey I thought you were good at this game!” laughed Melissa, apparently oblivious as she kept staring at the TV. “I’m not distracting you, am I?”

“Uhhhh...” was all Steve could manage, and the silence that followed caused Melissa to look down. Her eyes likewise grew wide, and her mouth opened up in an entertained, apologetic smile.

“Oh my god I totally am,” she exhaled, her flesh starting to jiggle with her laughter. She didn’t back up immediately, though. Instead, she just kept standing there, in her leaning position, with her tit smushed up against Steve’s face. She was enjoying what she saw as the silliness of the situation, but she also seemed to be a bit puzzled, like she was searching for something.

“I didn’t...huh, gosh, I didn’t even realize I was that...in your face,” she muttered, finally backing up off Steve and straightening herself up. She brought her hands up to her breasts and cupped them, bouncing them up and down for herself, like she was testing them for size. Steve couldn’t help but watch, slightly mesmerized by the bountiful breast flesh that was suddenly abundantly obvious. Had she changed her top!? Surely they hadn’t always looked that big!

“Hmmm...” Melissa muttered to herself, letting her breasts fall back in place, as they jiggled for long seconds afterward, “Interesting.”

Without saying any more, she simply turned and walked away, back to her office, deep in thought. Steve turned back to his game, resisting the temptation to continue ogling her ass as she walked away. It too looked larger. Steve found himself wondering if maybe Melissa was screwing with him — had she gone and changed into something smaller, so that her body would look bigger in her clothes? He quickly dismissed this thought, however. It wasn't in character for Melissa to be so devious. She was too scatterbrained to do something like that. And anyway, hadn't she just accidentally planted her tit in his face without realizing it? Yes...yes, she was far more of a klutz than a schemer.

‘Then why does she look bigger?’ Steve asked himself. An unsettling thought had risen up in his mind. Maybe Melissa had accidentally bumped into him with her breast because she HAD gotten bigger...and wasn't used to the changes yet. And the way she had bounced her tits up and down, staring at them with that puzzled, curious expression...

‘Quit it!’ he exclaimed to himself, getting back into the game. ‘Just...just calm down. You got a little smaller. That's why she looks bigger. That's *all*.’

Even still, later on that evening, Steve purposefully ate an early dinner, before Melissa could finish up in her office, and retreated to his room. He had felt increasingly uncomfortable with how fixated he had become on her body, to the point where he felt like he just needed to get a good night's sleep and clear his head.

“You sure you're alright Steve?” Melissa had asked him anxiously through his closed bedroom door. “No new symptoms I hope? Come on now, I know you were hiding the other ones from me, but it's really important that you —”

“No! No, Melissa, really,” Steve had insisted, perhaps with a little too much energy, “I'm fine. Anything I'm feeling now is just, I think, uh...you know, mentally tired from everything that's been going on.”

“Mental exhaustion?” Melissa asked through the door. “So that's a new symptom then.”

“What? No! Wait...” protested Steve. “It's not like...a symptom, Melissa...I think it's just, like, a natural reaction! I mean, I just *shrunk* by a few inches! It's been a little rough processing all this.”

“Ok, ok, yes...of course that makes sense,” Melissa replied, softening her tone a little. There was a little pause. Steve knew that she was still standing there.

“So did you measure yourself tonight?” Melissa asked bluntly.

"I...no, no I didn't," Steve sighed. "Look...can I just maybe get some sleep and do it in the morning? I'm kinda getting tired of all this stuff. Can I just take a little break from it all?"

Another pause. On the other end of the door, Melissa was inclined to be firm on this point. She needed to collect empirical data for the multivitamin trial, after all. But she heard the stress in his voice. Looking down at her own chest, she couldn't help but break into a little smile...a knowing smile. *She* had just measured *herself*. And she badly wanted to compare with him. But even in her excitement, Melissa understood that now was not a good time to press the point. She would give him time; she would wait. But the morning couldn't come soon enough.

"Alright Steve, yes," she said soothingly through the door. "That sounds fine. You get some good rest now, ok?"

"Ok...thanks," he responded, relaxing back into his pillow with a relieved sigh. A moment later, he heard the weighty slide of Melissa's flesh against the door as she turned around; the retreating clack of her steps indicated that she was walking away. Had she just been...leaning her breasts into his bedroom door as she spoke with him!? The memory of feeling her soft tit flesh pressing into his face roared back into his mind, and her nipple...god it had been so hard...pressing through her top...

Steve briefly considered masturbating to the thought, but he was able to resist. She had been his professor at one point – it was all just too weird in his head. He would do what he had said he would do: get some good sleep, and start the next day fresh.

'And who knows?' he thought to himself optimistically as he got under his covers, 'Maybe I won't have gotten any smaller. Maybe the shrinking's already all over.' A little voice in the back of his mind assured him that it *wasn't* all over...and that it was in fact just beginning. But Steve managed to ignore this voice, and passed relatively quickly into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Steve could tell, from the heat of the sun's rays against his cheek, that he had slept in yet again. He lay in bed for a few moments with his eyes still closed, trying to remember what he had been dreaming. It hadn't been entirely pleasant...but it hadn't been a true nightmare either. Something warm and sweet-smelling had been smothering him; it had been difficult to breathe and this had caused him to panic initially...but after a while, the loving persistence of this force around him had set him at ease, even if it was smothering him and holding him prisoner.

'Ugh, did I just dream about Melissa being a giantess?' he thought to himself a little wearily. But he shook his head, chuckling a little to himself, as he sat up in bed and pivoted his feet down towards the floor. He had made a point to sleep naked, so that he wouldn't wake up to the same nasty discovery of his pajamas being oversized, but even though he was nude, he could tell that he had shrunk more during the night. With a sickening jolt, he realized that his feet weren't even touching the floor as they hung off the edge of the bed. Panicking, he tried to

scoot his butt forward on the bed, but upon realizing that he was already on the edge, he only just managed to catch himself before he went plunging down onto the floor.

‘Shit...’ he thought desperately, getting down and mechanically pulling on some warm-up pants. He didn’t even want to look at himself in the mirror right now. ‘Shit shit shittttt...!’

A moment later he had thrown on a t-shirt to go with his warm-ups, and he didn’t even need to take a step to realize that things had now truly taken a turn for the worse. Everything was so baggy that he could hardly even make out the shape of his arms and legs anymore. These were clothes that had been designed with someone 5’8-6’0 in mind, and it was plainly obvious now that Steve was *much* shorter and smaller than this. But how *much* shorter and smaller...well, Steve knew that it was inevitable that Melissa was going to insist on measuring him now. She had been asking about it the night before, but had relented as soon as he had complained about it. But now that she was about to see him like *this*...Steve winced to himself, thinking about what her reaction would be. His mind didn’t even align on any specific reaction — it didn’t matter. Whether she was shocked, horrified, entertained, worried, or some strange combination of all four, all possible reactions seemed bad.

Steve briefly considered holing-up in his room for the rest of the day, just to avoid interacting with Melissa, but he knew that this tactic wouldn’t work. She may have been a little clumsy and scatterbrained, but whenever she set her mind to something, there was no dissuading her. He knew that he had been lucky to avoid a measurement the night before — she had let him off the hook. There was no way she was going to do that again. First and foremost, Melissa was a scientist, a researcher, and she needed her empirical data for the trial she was conducting.

Realizing that there was no way out of this debacle, Steve’s shoulders slumped as he stood there in the middle of his bedroom. His slouching stature made him feel even smaller; he felt like he just wanted to melt straight into the floor and never again emerge. But right then, he experienced a rallying little burst of energy.

‘Hey!’ he told himself encouragingly, ‘This isn’t actually so bad — it’s not like I feel sick or anything! I’m just shorter! And who knows, maybe Melissa and her team will be able to find some sort of a way to reverse whatever this is. I mean hell, if they could make a drug to shrink me, surely they could just somehow re-route it to grow me back, right!?’

His little pep talk to himself had a positive effect, and a few moments later, Steve was walking out of his bedroom, walking as confidently as he could toward the kitchen, to grab an early breakfast. He was trying as hard as he could to pretend like everything was normal, but his face was flushed, and his heart was thumping away nervously in his chest the whole way to the kitchen.

Staring around anxiously once he got there, Steve breathed a little sigh of something like relief; Melissa wasn’t there. She must have been working away busily in her office. Steve quickly went to the fridge to fetch himself some yogurt, feeling excited about the prospect of having a

few more “down” hours to himself to play video games without having to worry about getting measured. Right after he closed the fridge and turned around, though, he stopped dead in his tracks. Melissa was standing there in the kitchen doorway, her hip cocked, with one hand high up on the wall, striking what could only be called a “sexy” pose, as she stared down wide-eyed at him.

“Well!” she exclaimed impressively, straightening up all the way as she crossed her arms in front of her noticeably-larger chest. “NOW it all becomes clear why you didn’t want me to measure you last night!”

“I...I...it wasn’t that!” stammered Steve. His instinct was to back away from Melissa, but somehow, something else made his legs do the opposite, and he stumbled forward a little towards her. With each step, she seemed bigger and bigger in his vision. And it wasn’t just her size — Steve saw, with an uncomfortable surge of strange hormonal feelings, that Melissa wasn’t dressed like she usually was. She had always worn skin-tight jeans, but the ones she was wearing now seemed to fit her better, showing off the true curves of her hips and ass. Steve gawked at her — there was no way she had looked that curvy and...and *thick* the day before!

But it was Melissa’s top that was really catching his eye — she normally wore a loose-fitting white blouse, but now she was wearing a tight black top, one that proudly displayed the sheer size and weight of her delectable rack. Once again, Steve found himself utterly at a loss for words, except to declare to himself, in no uncertain terms, that there was no WAY that her breasts had been that big yesterday. His mind didn’t yet have the capacity to take in the obvious reality, but the truth was crystal clear regardless: Melissa had *grown*. Not only had she gotten taller, but she had also gotten more voluptuous as well.

Steve felt himself starting to breathe heavier and heavier as Melissa began walking toward him. He grabbed onto a nearby chair to steady himself as her visage grew and grew in his vision, until the two of them were standing about 6 feet apart. As she had approached, Melissa’s eyes had gotten wider and wider. She had been keeping her ears perked up for the sounds of Steve waking up, and when she had heard him rummaging around, she had taken up a position in the back of the hallway, so that when he came out of his room and walked towards the kitchen, she would be able to quietly tiptoe behind him, without him noticing.

Melissa had expected him to be smaller, but nothing had prepared her for how dramatic it looked in real life. And just as Steve had felt some strange urging to approach her, Melissa likewise began striding slowly up to him, the breath in her chest becoming more and more excited the closer she got. When she stopped dead in front of him, she was close enough to get a good look at the comparison between them, and she had to look him up and down several times, taking it all in, before she could start wrapping her mind around the astounding reality. The top of Steve’s head only came up to her eyes...her eyes!! Even just the day before, Steve had been taller than her, albeit it by not much, but now there wasn’t any question that it was Melissa who was taller.

Blinking up into Melissa's astonished face, Steve felt his mouth slacken and fall open. With a desperate instinct to somehow dodge the truth, he shot his eyes downward, hoping beyond hope that maybe she was wearing some kind of heels...that she was playing some kind of practical joke on him. But the quick glance downward only showed him the warm white shapes of her bare feet, with her toes twisting and flexing in earnest excitement at what was happening.

"Steve..." breathed Melissa in a low, shocked voice, like she was trying to catch her breath, "H-How...how do you feel?"

"I...feel ok," he croaked, still staring at her feet. This didn't seem real — *any* of it.

"Are you sure?" she asked quickly, stepping forward once more so that only a couple feet separated them. Steve realized that he was staring forward straight into Melissa's neck; he had to actually look up a little to stare at the bottom of her chin. He could see her cheeks twitching slightly...whether in a smile or something else, he couldn't really tell.

"Y-yeah," he said, nodding, finally mustering up the courage to look up at her fully in the eyes. There was an amazed and careful expression etched into her face. Steve had never seen Melissa look like that before. One one hand, it was the enraptured look of a scientist who had seen something completely new, and who was just taking it all in. On the other hand, though, there was something caring and tender in Melissa's eyes, a kind of carefulness that seemed to suggest that she was holding herself back. But from what!?

"Ok..." Melissa murmured, half to him, and half to herself, "Ok...so we'll just...we'll just get this out and measure you right now, obviously."

She quickly unfurled the tape measure that she had been holding, which indicated to Steve that she had been waiting for this moment all along. It had just taken her a few seconds to compose herself in front of him, after seeing how much he had shrunk. But of course, he wasn't the only one whose size was changing.

"You're...bigger..." Steve managed to mutter, as Melissa let the tape measure drop all the way to the floor.

"Shhh, yes I know," she replied quickly. She was focusing on pulling the tape measure taut now. "No talking while I do the measurement...let's see...ok now step on the tip of the tape with your foot. Yeah...yeah right there like that...ok now hold it tight, stand up straight...I mean straight, Steve, all the way, shoulders back...there we go...ok...alright...aaaand...wow."

She stopped and blinked rapidly at the measurement.

"What!?" demanded Steve, coughing a little after he had spoken. His mouth had gone totally dry. "What's it say!?"

“It says you’re 5’4,” Melissa responded immediately, her voice soft and contemplative, like she was testing the reality of the measurement by speaking it aloud. Steve stared forward into her throat, and saw her swallow a couple times. Unconsciously, he tried to do the same, but since his throat was so dry, he had to clear it a couple times before he could manage.

“Five...four!?” he gasped, his eyes watering up a bit from the exertion and the shock, “That...that c-can’t be possible.”

Silently, Melissa held down the tape measure and showed him the number. There it was: her manicured thumb was right on the 64-inch marker. Steve’s mind did a strange somersault and thought briefly that 64 inches meant he was 5’6, but then he remembered his basic math and felt himself deflating.

“And you’re smaller too, Steve,” added Melissa matter-of-factly. The next thing he knew, she had wrapped the tape measure around his hips, and then his waist, and then his chest, logging the measurements. His chest was 35 inches, his hips were 31, and his waist was a mere 28. Steve stood on helplessly as Melissa methodically measured him, and he heard her mutter each number under her breath as she whipped out her phone and typed out the measurements.

“Awwww, only 28 inches,” she murmured down to him, her voice soft, pensive, and almost sad, as she typed down the final measurement of his waist.

“Wh-who...who are you texting that to!?” Steve asked, trying to somehow distract from himself.

“My research team,” replied Melissa, pressing the “send” button, and with a little “gloop!” electronic sound, she put her phone away so that she could devote all her attention to him. She blinked down at him slowly, breathing in deeply through her nostrils, before her mouth twitched into something like a smile. Steve again found himself at a loss — he wanted so badly to be mad at her...to be furious with her. And yet all he could muster up was a kind of petty, halfhearted protest. The fact was that she just looked too sexy for him to be upset with her. The way her curvy body seemed like it was stuffed into her clothes — particularly her big breasts and the large, rotund protrusion of her fat ass behind her — it was all Steve could do to prevent himself from getting an erection right then and there.

“This...this is a disaster, Melissa!” exclaimed Steve indignantly. He wanted to stamp his foot, but he knew that doing so would have made him seem even smaller and more juvenile than he already looked. “*Look at me!!*”

“Mmmmm, yessss, I *am* looking at you,” agreed Melissa, nodding her head enthusiastically as she looked him vey obviously up and down, up and down. Steve felt immensely uncomfortable under her gaze, and yet, at the same time, the closer she looked at him, the more turned-on he became. There was something deeply playful about her gaze, which was also profoundly humiliating. It was like she was staring him down like she would a little child.

“And look at *meeeeeee*,” Melissa intoned, suddenly throwing her hair back sexily as she pivoted her thickened hips to strike a pose. For a second she looked every bit the part, but then her bare foot slipped a little on the smooth kitchen floor and she stumbled backward, having to shoot her hands out in an instinctive panic to keep herself from falling flat on her back. If Steve’s situation hadn’t been more serious, he would have immediately burst out laughing. As it was, Melissa had no problem laughing at herself, and her hearty laughter only served to further accentuate the extra curves and size on her own body, which was sent jiggling and quivering by her mirth.

“Hahahahaha, uhhhhh, ok, ok, I...hahahahaha, I guess I haven’t *quite* gotten used to the stature yet!” she laughed. “I already had a tough time moving around without walking into walls and doors and losing my balance, but now that I’m 5’8, I have to focus even harder!”

“Y-you’re...5’8!?” asked Steve in a low, incredulous voice.

“Mhm!” nodded Melissa excitedly. “Well...I was last night, at least. I actually haven’t measured myself this morning. Been waiting to measure you first...just so I could compare! And let me tell you, Steve, you did *not* disappoint!”

“Melissa,” began Steve weakly, as she stepped on the tape measure herself and began to pull it taut, right at the top of her head, “Melissa...what’s going on?? Please...*please* tell me that you and your...your team...that you guys know what’s going on!?”

“Well,” muttered Melissa, all business now as she measured her own height carefully, “I’ve gotta be honest with you Steve...we don’t...*quite* know what’s going on...just yet, but...aha! Look at that! 5’9! Grew an era *inch* during the night! Can you *believe* it!?”

“N-not really,” Steve managed to say. Melissa held down the measuring tape to him, grinning, and he saw that her thumb was right on the “69-inch” marker. He blinked and rubbed his eyes; it certainly didn’t help that the last thing he had seen before he had closed his eyes was Melissa’s stacked tits, all stuffed up into that ridiculously tight black top. That long, tight line of her cleavage...god it looked so good...he wanted to put his hands in there put his face in —

But what on *earth* was he thinking!? This was Melissa he was thinking about! His awkward, nerdy former teacher! He rubbed his eyes some more and opened them, but was then immediately treated to the abrupt and arresting sight of her fat ass, with the tape measure now wrapped around her thick hips. She was doing some kind of a slow, languorous dance as she measured herself. Did she know he was watching!? Did she even care?? Or was all of this for his benefit!? Steve had no idea, and none of the options made him feel reassured in his own ability to control himself.

“Mrrrrghhhh, oh wooowwwwww,” purred Melissa, gyrating herself back around sexily as she continued twerking slowly with the measuring tape around her hips. “I’ve got a 44-inch ass now, Steve....oooooh baby, whaddya think of *that*, huh?”

At the word “that,” Melissa had given her left butt cheek an almighty smack, sending incredible ripples of voluminous female flesh quivering out in all directions. Steve’s eyes bugged out, and he had to make a point to turn away and begin chastising her, just to distract himself from the onrush of lustful thoughts.

“Ok...OK Melissa, god!” he burst out, shaking his head as he stared hard at the paper towel holder on the counter. “I GET it, ok? You’re bigger...I’m smaller. That’s...that’s pretty clear now. But you...y-you and your team don’t know...uh...what’s...what’s going on?”

“I mean...we’ve got some leads,” Melissa replied with a dose of humor. She was cupping her big breasts now, which had to be at least DD’s, and she was bobbing them up and down, up and down, like they were fun toys that she only now was getting the chance to play with. She quickly noticed that Steve’s eyes had been drawn to them, and so she responded by bobbing them up and down faster, all the while staring down at him with big, wide eyes, as her smile expanded playfully.

“But as far as conclusions, nothing yet,” she finished. “Mmmm, say Steve, you like these? You like em’, huh? A bit bigger than when you saw them last, right?”

“I...I-look, Melissa,” stuttered Steve. He was now getting quite red in the face, and he managed to peel his eyes away from Melissa’s chest and stare very hard at the fruit bowl on the counter. “I...I’m getting kind of uncomfortable here, ok?”

“Awww,” he heard her coo down at him. He felt her body approaching his, and a moment later, he felt the luscious, firm volume of her hip rubbing up against his elbow. He started backing away, but quickly found that she had backed him straight up into the counter. His eyes darted upward, and he saw that Melissa was now grinning down at him flirtatiously as she approached him slowly, her bare feet on the kitchen floor. Steve was again struck by how hot she looked, and how imposing, but a second after, she stumbled forward again, having almost lost her balance once more. All of a sudden, Melissa’s body was pressing straight into his, crushing him lightly in between her and the counter. He felt her thick, wide hips right around the top part of his stomach, and Steve immediately saw how much wider she was than him — her hips extended out on either side of his body...by several inches on both sides. And all that flesh was shaking in self-deprecating, mirthful laughter. But Steve couldn’t even see her face now — he was staring straight forward into her collarbone.

“Hahahaha oh my GOD!” Melissa cried, taking big breaths in between her laughter. “I’m SUCH a klutz!! Oh jeez, hahahaha...ok...ok...whew!”

A few seconds passed by; Melissa had stopped laughing, but her body was still pressed hard into Steve's. The time continued to pass by, and with each passing second, the situation became more and more inappropriate. Steve could feel himself getting harder and harder, and he was about to finally say something when Melissa finally pushed herself off him, reeling a bit before striking another sexy pose with her hands in her hips. This time, she nailed it without trouble.

"So Steve," she declared, looking down on him with something like amusement...or was it hunger?! "I think you and I should do some body comparisons."

"B-body comparisons!?" he stammered, his cock twitching in his pants.

"Mmhm!" nodded Melissa enthusiastically. "You know...for research."

Chapter 4

Melissa and Steve were standing in front of the long mirror in her bedroom that spanned from the floor and up the wall, stopping at exactly the 7-foot mark. She had more or less dragged him in there, since Steve was fresh off the insane realization that she had grown 3 whole inches, making her 5'9, while he had shrunk all the way down to a measly 5'4, and all just in a matter of days. These unprecedented (and, he thought, impossible) events were really starting to take a toll on him, and all Steve wanted to do now was lie on the sofa and play video games, to try and distract himself from the bizarre nightmare of a reality that he had now been thrust into. And that wasn't even taking into account the unwanted, intrusive sexual thoughts that had slowly been growing in his mind ever since he had started shrinking. What was all THAT about!? In any case, he was still nowhere near comfortable enough to report these thoughts as "symptoms" to Melissa. No, no, that was just impossible. He would have to deal with them on his own.

"See!?" exclaimed Melissa excitedly. They were standing in front of her bedroom mirror, and she had lined Steve up next to her, so that they could more easily compare their heights. Steve looked sullenly back at his own reflection...he was starting to look really pathetic. He had gotten so short, and he had lost muscle definition — he couldn't help but think that he looked like he had regressed in age, and that he was some kind of scrawny sophomore who had never gone on a date and who was awkward around girls.

But Steve really couldn't spend too much time looking at himself. Instead, he found that his eyes almost helplessly traveled over to Melissa's banging body, which was slowly beginning to rise up over him. Her big boobs looked absolutely delicious all stuffed into her tight black top, and the swerving transition of her small waist into her thick, wide hips arrested his stare and made him gawk...it was almost too perfect, the way she was shaped. And her ass...well, Steve was trying not to even *think* about *that*. Even with the two of them standing the way they were, facing the mirror front-ways, Steve could still see the round volume of her fat ass slyly peeking out from behind the firm, thick pillars of her thighs. He was already struggling to keep a mid-range erection at bay, and so he savagely reminded himself that he did NOT need to be staring at her butt.

"Like, the top of your head doesn't even reach my eyes anymore!" Melissa was saying brightly, drawing a line from her eyes across to where Steve's head would have been if it had been even. "This is really something, Steve! Haha, betcha never thought you'd be looking UP at me like this, huh?"

"No...Melissa, I didn't," sighed Steve, shrugging his shoulders as he slouched in place.

"Aww, come on don't be all pouty like that," she replied, as she turned her head and averted it downward toward him. "We're just having a little fun here, is all. And like I said, it's all for research purposes anyway. The comparisons between the opposite effects of the multivitamin on the male anatomy versus the female."

"I...look, I kinda don't wanna hear any more about this "multivitamin" business, ok?" complained Steve. "It's already done me enough harm, obviously. Come on, I just wanna... *sigh* go chill on the couch ok?"

"Now that is exactly the kind of attitude that is NOT conducive to research progress," tutted Melissa, as she shook her head meaningfully at his reflection in the mirror (though with that same furtive smile on her face). "Whining about what's happened isn't going to change anything, Steve. You want to *reverse* this change, don't you?"

Steve stared back at her reflection and silently nodded.

"Well, how do you think we're gonna get there, hrmmmm?" pressed Melissa. As she spoke, she extended her hand up and around Steve's right side, and slowly encompassed the ball of his right shoulder in her firm but tender grasp. Exerting more effortless strength than Steve though she was capable of, Melissa pulled his body into hers, shaking him playfully to emphasize her point. He felt the firm weight of her hips squishing up against the middle of his ribcage, and he mentally registered a powerful temptation to turn around and look at what his butt looked like compared to hers. But for the moment, he resisted.

"How do you think we're gonna learn about the vitamin's effects if we don't document them?" Melissa persisted, shaking his body against hers. "This is how research works, Steve. We test a product...it does something unexpected...and then we have to explore all the options for WHY things turned out the way they did...and to DO that, we need stats...data!" As she spoke, Melissa's eyes were going up and down their reflections in the mirror, and Steve could tell that she was just drinking in the comparisons. The bright energy in her eyes told him that she was getting more than a purely "research" kick out of comparing their bodies.

"Look...ok, I get it, alright?" Steve admitted. He nodded dutifully, thinking that perhaps the best way out of this was to humor her for a while rather than to pout and mope around.

"Mmmm of course you do," hummed Melissa warmly, as she hugged his body to hers even tighter, releasing him after a couple moments of uncomfortably intimate contact. "Ok so let's take off our clothes so we can *really* see how we look."

"Wh-what!?" cried Steve. His eyes bulged out slightly as Melissa started unbuttoning her blouse. "W-Wait, Melissa! What're you...what!?"

"Oh my god Steve," chuckled Melissa, as she continued to unbutton her top, "I don't mean "strip." You'll keep your underwear on, and I'll keep my panties and bra on...duh! Hahaha...but seriously, how are we gonna truly compare our bodies if we have clothes on? Especially those baggy pants and shirt you've got on? No, no, come on Steve, let's do this."

For several seconds he could do nothing but stare as Melissa finished unbuttoning her top and then, with a flourish, whipped it off, exposing the bare flesh of her arms, shoulders, and stomach. Steve had never seen her this unclothed before, let alone after having grown three inches and put on weight in all the right places. Melissa looked *stacked*. Her arms looked firm, solid, and strong, without losing their feminine contours and plushness; her stomach was toned and appealing, and when she pivoted to the side, Steve could see the faint outline of her individual abdominal muscles as they briefly flexed. Her breasts looked bigger than ever, almost like they were about to pop out of the tight black bra she was wearing. It was incredible — Steve was struck by the impression that he was looking at someone who could easily be a model, on the cover of magazines. But this wasn't any of that! This was *Melissa* he was talking about!

Almost on cue, Melissa, who had unbuttoned her tight jeans and was trying to step out of them on one foot, suddenly stumbled and fell forward. Steve saw the quick six-pack flex of her abdominal muscles as she fell forward, and only her outstretched hands kept her from face-planting into the glass of the mirror.

“Ahhh shit!” she muttered. For a moment she blinked at herself in irritation, but she quickly recovered and laughed, standing up straight and turning back to Steve with one long, full leg bare and one still stuck in her jeans. Steve marveled at how sexy her thigh looked, and how her calf muscle seemed to expand impressively out around both sides of her lower leg in a way he hadn't noticed before. He had to think of something to distract his gaze.

“Uhh...maybe you should sit on the bed?” he suggested, smiling in spite of himself, “Instead of...you know, hopping around on one foot?”

“Heh, you know me too well!” laughed Melissa, and she moved to go sit on the bed. But she paused, studying the faint handprint that she had made on the mirror.

“Hmmm,” she murmured, and then spoke out a little louder after a pause. “Hey Steve, here, show me your hand.”

She splayed her fingers out and held her hand up to Steve; he stared at it blankly for a few moments. It was clear that Melissa's hand was noticeably bigger than before, that her fingers were longer and thicker, and that her whole hand itself just looked, well...stronger. Steve understood after another second: she wanted him to compare his hand to hers. He slowly obeyed, holding his hand up to hers, and Melissa smiled as she moved hers forward, the skin of their palms and fingers pressing up against each other.

Steve blinked, not knowing what to think; Melissa's fingers rose up prominently over his, obviously longer and thicker. The top of his fingers barely even came up to the top third knuckle of hers.

“Haha, wow!” Melissa burst out, “What a difference! Here, let’s see...ummmm...measuring tape, measuring tape....here, no, no don’t run away! Remember we’ve gotta record this kind of stuff, Steve...ok...man! Almost an entire inch difference! Haha, I bet that makes you feel pretty small, huh Steve? Seeing my hand look like it’s gonna absolutely *swallow* yours!?”

At the word “swallow,” Melissa had curled her fingers down over the top of his, emphasizing even more obviously their size difference — it actually did look like her big hand was about to “swallow” his. And worst of all, Steve’s reaction to all of this was to feel even more aroused. Why was he getting turned-on by all this craziness!? What was sexy about Melissa dwarfing him?? In any case, he didn’t have time to take it all in, because she had moved back to the bed and was leaning back, trying to yank her tight jeans down her full thighs. The whole picture was so silly — Melissa being an awkward spaz as usual, but her *legs*...Steve had to remind himself to keep his mouth closed.

For the next 45 minutes, Melissa kept him in her bedroom, essentially forcing him to strike poses next to her so that she could take pictures and measure, all for the supposed purpose of “collecting data.” It went without saying that Steve was deeply uncomfortable with having pictures of himself and Melissa in their underwear floating around out there, but she was being so insistent, and he was slowly losing his will to oppose her. She was just so much bigger than him already, so much more vivacious and full of energy — he felt like a dullard next to her, even if she was silly and awkward. She finally prevailed upon him to take his pants and shirt off, and as he did, Melissa stood there, hands on her hips, apparently oblivious to the sheer sexual power of the gorgeous body she was sporting. And when she saw how small he had gotten, she wasn’t able to hide her excitement, which she wasn’t even bothering to disguise now.

“Oh my GODDDD...Steve!” she cried, putting her hands over her mouth, “You’re, like...you’re *tiny!*”

“Hey, I—I mean, come on now,” he tried, “I’m not...not *that* small. Just smaller.”

“Uh, compared to me, you ARE that small,” Melissa insisted. To prove her point, she again pulled him into her body, so that their bodies were squished into each other, side by side. This time, though, there was ample flesh contact, and Steve shuddered as he felt the pure pleasure of her warm, smooth flesh pressing up into him...her thigh, her hip, her E-cup breast brushing into his upper shoulder...she was just so hot that it was only going to be a matter of time before she noticed the bulge in his underwear. But somehow, Melissa seemed to be focusing on other things, and hadn’t seemed to notice it yet.

“I mean, just LOOK at us, Steve,” Melissa breathed. It sounded like she was in awe of the comparison. “Just a couple days ago you towered over me, and outweighed me by what, like 40 pounds at least?”

“Don’t remind me,” muttered Steve, temporarily lapsing back into sullenness.

“And NOW,” Melissa continued, ignoring him, “I’ve GOTTA outweigh YOU by at least 20 pounds, wouldn’t you think? Like, look at our thighs next to each other, Steve! Look at that...mine’s like one-and-a-half-times bigger...haha, so are my calves! You’ve got those cute little chicken legs. I bet you’d need two of your calves to fit into one of mine now, huh?”

“Can we just...not?” whined Steve, but Melissa just kept going:

“And it’s not just the legs, Steve — check out our arms! Haha I’ve never really had much in the way of...what do you call it? Arm definition, haha...but check it out! I look strong! I’ve actually got some lady muscles now! And next to you...I mean, my arms are bigger, aren’t they?”

“They...um, I don’t...really know,” sighed Steve. He had exhausted his plan to “go along” with her enthusiasm, and now he just wanted out.

“Flex!” chirped Melissa, striking a double-bicep pose herself as she looked at them both in the mirror. “Before we measure.”

Steve reluctantly obeyed, and the truth was clear a moment later.

“Yep...not even really close, is it?” chuckled Melissa, winking at their reflections. “Ok, ok Steve, I can tell you’re sick of this. Let’s just do some quick measurements and I’ll let you go.”

Every measurement reinforced what was already clear: Melissa’s body had become superior to Steve’s in every way. Her muscles were bigger, her limbs were longer, thicker and firmer, and even her skin was smoother and tighter, with a healthier-looking sheen. It wasn’t that Steve looked sickly or unhealthy per se — it was more like he looked fantastically unimpressive next to his accentuated and augmented former professor.

Still, somehow he managed to exit the bedroom without Melissa appearing to notice that he had been semi-erect the whole time. A part of him felt that there was no way that she hadn’t noticed, but then again, he reminded himself that this was Melissa he was talking about. She might not know what to do with the knowledge that Steve was now apparently aroused by her. But Steve tried to force all of these thoughts out of his head. He was going to go relax, play video games, and not think about the surreal nightmare he had been suddenly thrust into.

Melissa watched him go; she hadn’t even bothered to put her clothes back on. Of course she *had* noticed the bulge in Steve’s underwear, and she had been a bit surprised by her own internal reaction. She had felt a distinct spark of arousal firing up deep within her loins, and she had been forced to repeat to herself, numerous times throughout the comparisons, that she shouldn’t blatantly stare down at Steve’s groin. One reason was that she hadn’t completely wrapped her own head around the arousal she was feeling, but there was another reason that was much more direct and rational: she wasn’t sure if Steve’s semi-erection was because of her body, or the comparisons themselves, or perhaps if it was his boy’s physiological response to the vitamin itself, and didn’t have anything to do with arousal at all.

Of course, Melissa had wanted to bring it up, to ask Steve about it, but in a dash of uncharacteristic shyness, she passed on the opportunity.

'I just...I just don't know...how to ask him about it,' she thought to herself as she watched him walking quickly away. 'Guess I'll need to investigate more, to see if this is actually another...another symptom.'

Even in thinking about it to herself, Melissa had paused, second-guessing her own clinical objectivity. Why was she feeling so hot and bothered, so randy, so...*sexual*!? She knew she was enjoying Steve's misfortunes way, way too much, but at the same time, she also had enough wherewithal to realize that she wasn't actually that worried about him.

'This isn't a life-threatening condition he's got,' she reassured herself. 'His vitals are fine...everything's fine! He's just...getting smaller, and I'm just getting bigger.'

Melissa settled on concocting a plan to discover the nature of Steve's erection. She would let things proceed along normally for a few days, charting his progress as usual without doing anything dramatic. But then...well, she'd find a way to put Steve on the spot and force him to come clean to her.

It proved hard for Melissa to hold herself back for several days, but she managed to do it. On the surface, everything between herself and Steve proceeded along as normally as it could have gone. She still measured him every day for her research, but she made sure that these measurements were quick and to-the-point, without any of the provocative, teasing language she had been using before. She was measuring herself as well, but only in the privacy of her own bedroom, after Steve had gone to bed. Melissa could feel in her loins, in her bones, how badly she wanted to play around with him, to tease him, and to playfully torment him with her burgeoning body. But she managed to stick to her plan.

'It's important to catch him off-guard,' she reminded herself, 'To lull him into a false sense of security, so that when I "strike," he's not going to be able to explain himself away. He'll have to confess to me.'

Three days after their initial mirror measurement, Melissa put her plan into action. The night before, she had measured Steve and found that he had shrunk all the way down to an astounding 4'10, while she was now a full 6'1, and approaching 6'2. He had been staring straight into her nipples, and it had been harder than ever for Melissa to keep herself from grabbing his head and smothering it in her swollen cleavage (complete with the G-cups she was now rocking).

The next morning, Melissa measured herself at 6'3. She could barely contain her excitement as she slipped into some sexy black-lace lingerie that she had surreptitiously bought at the store, along with a pair of shiny black 4-inch pump heels, which now made her a towering 6'7. As she

checked herself out in the mirror, Melissa couldn't help but note that the top of her head wasn't actually that far away from the top of the mirror itself, which was a full 7 feet tall.

"Getting close," she muttered to herself out loud, giving herself a smolderingly sexy look as she turned to the side, admiring her even bigger butt, "Getting reeeeeeally close..."

She waited until she heard Steve coming out of his room, which as usual was a little after noon. He had been sleeping in more and more, and Melissa and her team thought that there definitely was a connection between Steve's shrinking and his sleep patterns.

But that wasn't what Melissa was thinking about right now. She was waiting in her room, getting ready to ambush him as he made his way toward the kitchen for "breakfast," which at this point was usually only half a yogurt cup. Steve's appetite had dramatically dwindled along with his body. With her bedroom in between his bedroom and the kitchen, Melissa knew that he had no choice but to walk by...and he probably thought she was already working in her office, like she usually was. Little did he know...

Steve was halfway down the hall, having just passed Melissa's door, when he heard the telltale clack of her heels against the hardwood floor behind him. Her stride was so long, though, that he didn't even have time to turn around. Before he knew it, he felt the warm, soft weight of Melissa's huge hands gently grasping the area in between his shoulders, stopping him in place. Slowly, sensually, with languid, deliberate movements designed to ooze sexuality, Melissa snaked her hands down his chest, her long fingers gently probing his sternum and in between his ribs on their soft way down. Melissa wasn't in the habit of "acting all sexy," but the changes in her own body during the past few days had made her more and more comfortable with the idea of using her body to deliberately inspire a reaction. For years she had hardly even paid all of this stuff any mind; she had been far too busy with her work, and had never really relaxed into her own.

But now that she was well on her way to looking like a tall, voluptuous goddess, Melissa was finding it easier and easier to breathe life into her own sexuality, and right now, it was all about what she was doing to Steve...how she was teasing him and playfully tormenting him with her body.

"Good morrrrrning, Steve," she breathed into his ear, as her massive hands had their way with his torso, curling and curving themselves down to his stomach. "My *goodness*...you're feeling even *smaller* today! Mmmmmmm, look, I can almost wrap my hands all the way around that teeny tiny little waist of yours!"

Steve had frozen in place, having no idea what to do. At this point, he wasn't aware that Melissa was wearing lingerie and heels. All he knew was that she felt a LOT bigger all over, especially compared to him. His cock tinged and came to life instantly, and started to grow rapidly. He thanked the stars that his pajamas were baggier now than ever.

Melissa was careful not to go too fast; even though her breathing had grown ragged with her own increasing arousal, she held herself steady, continuing to snake her hands down around Steve's upper thighs.

"And your *legs*, Steve, wowwwww!" she whispered, tickling his ear with her full lips, "I *know* they're smaller! Are you still feeling all right, honey?"

It was the first time she had ever called Steve "honey," and the intimacy of that word, combined with her sensual touching, had an immediate effect. Steve's cock got even harder, and he let out an involuntary moan.

"Huuuhh...Melissaaaaa," he whispered, as he started sweat, "P-please..."

"Please what, Steve?" she breathed into his ear. "What do you want?" She was leaning down over him completely, so that her giant tits were now completely straddling his head, hanging far down on both sides of his chest, completely obfuscating more than half of his torso. He could see her full, bare arms lovingly embracing him, and he wasn't able to help comparing them to his own shrunken, skinny little arms poking out of his oversized t-shirt. He looked like an absolute child next to her.

"I tell you what," Melissa whispered, "Why don't you just turn around and tell me what you want, Steve, huh?"

Effortlessly, she spun him around, standing up to her full 6'7 height at the same time. Steve had shrunk down to 4'8 in his sleep the night before, so he was almost exactly 2 feet shorter than her. He turned around and his mouth gaped open. There was Melissa, towering above him, wearing nothing but a pair of black lingerie panties and a matching black bra, positively exuding voluptuous energy. She had her hands on her thick, wide hips, smirking down on him...and she had even taken the time to put on some lipstick and make-up. She looked absolutely stunning, a bodacious colossus of female sexuality filling the hallway.

"Well Steve," Melissa smiled, giving him a full rotation view of her entire form, shaking her huge ass in his face, "Whaddya think?"

It didn't matter now that Steve's pajamas were baggy. His cock was now painfully, fully erect, and it was poking conspicuously up, tenting the thick fabric. He opened his mouth to say something, but Melissa was already ahead of him.

"Hold on Steve, hold on," she murmured, bending down slowly at the waist. "I don't even need you to tell me anything." Her eyes went slowly and deliberately down to his crotch, alighting directly onto the erection tenting his pajamas. She brought her huge face down directly in front of his, her eyes wide and vibrant with excitement. She had been waiting for this moment for a while.

"I think your little guy down there is telling me evvvverything I need to know," she purred in his face, using her best "sexy" voice.

Again, Steve opened his mouth to say something in response, but Melissa shushed him once again, this time not even having to speak. She had reached straight down towards his groin and wrapped her hand tightly around the tent pole of his erection. Steve's eyes were full of fear, but Melissa could tell that it was mixed with desperate, pleading arousal.

"You haven't been honest with me Steve," Melissa began. "I told you to tell me any symptoms you were experiencing!"

"B-But Melissa...I...I," stammered Steve, but she wasn't letting him squirm out of it.

"You're turned-on by me Steve!" she declared emphatically, shaking his cock in her firm grasp. "I knew it! I KNEW it wasn't something else! Admit it, Steve! Admit it!!"

"A-Alright!! Alright!!" he cried, "You're right!! I...I don't know what's h-happening!!"

"Awww well ok," Melissa replied in a softer (but still triumphant) tone, releasing his cock and rising up to her full height above him. "Now we're getting somewhere."

She cocked another sexy pose. "We've got a lot to talk about Steve."

Chapter 5

Steve could do nothing but follow Melissa into the kitchen, watching the twin round orbs of her large ass bounce and jumble up against each other with each step she took. It certainly was understandable why his attention was completely locked onto her: even though her unsteady steps in her heels showed that Melissa wasn't at all used to strutting sexily around, it simply didn't matter. She wasn't wearing anything except a pair of sexy black lingerie and those bombshell black pump heels, which made her a towering 6'7 — and Steve, having shrunk down all the way to 4'8, was having to deal with the mind-boggling sight of Melissa's huge ass shaking around in front of him at *shoulder* height. And what's more, since she had just made a blatant sexual display of grabbing his erect cock through his oversized pajamas, Steve had every reason to think that he and Melissa were about to...get intimate. The thought excited him to no end, but at the same time, his brain was struggling to catch up. Melissa...his former college professor...and HIM!? They were going to...to DO something together??

But of course, Steve knew that he was not the one in the driver's seat, and so, for the moment, he was content to just watch Melissa's massive ass just bouncing around in front of him, slightly below his chin.

'God, I bet her ass weighs almost as much as I do,' he thought. 'Hell, maybe even more!'

But suddenly, his thoughts were interrupted as Melissa stumbled in her heels, right as they hit the smooth kitchen floor. She burst out in a strange exclamation as her big hands shot out instinctively, looking for anything to catch herself on.

"Waaugghhhh!!"

She tripped forward a few paces, until she finally managed to catch herself against the fridge. Steve looked on in wonder — even in her clumsiness, Melissa's feats were incredible, at least to someone his size. He couldn't even reach the top door of the freezer anymore, much less grab onto the top of the fridge itself. And yet there was Melissa, her huge body embracing the fridge, swallowing it up like it was a smaller person. The top of the fridge only reached her shoulders, even when she was stooped down like she was right now.

"Gaaaugh! Haha, whoops!" she laughed at herself, shaking her head as she steadied herself upright again. "Guess I'm not so used to strutting around the kitchen like it's my own personal catwalk, huh?"

Steve could only raise his eyebrows in response.

"Oh right...ehaha ok, so Steve, look," said Melissa, regrouping herself and sitting her curvy figure down into one of the high seats by the kitchen bar, "Let's have some...what do they call it...? Real talk."

“R-real talk?” Steve asked, blinking up at her. Even sitting down like she was, his head only came up to the top of her breasts, which were standing out proudly on her chest. He saw that nipples were erect.

“Yes!” replied Melissa spiritedly. “I think things have gone on like this long enough — we need to get right down to it and lay everything out on the table...uhhh...haha, I’m using a lot of colloquialisms, I know, but I think you know what I’m talking about.”

“Uh...y-yeah...o-ok, yeah, I get it,” Steve said, nodding. ‘God,’ he thought, ‘Melissa can be so weird...she’s acting like she’s not speaking plain English...of *course* I know what she’s talking about!’ He tried to use these thoughts to normalize the current situation in his head, but really, he was still just transfixed by her body...and now that she had gotten him to admit out loud that he was aroused by her, he couldn’t shake the thought that he had let the cat out of the bag, so to speak.

“Ok,” Melissa began, taking a deep breath, inflating her big breasts in the process, “So Steve...*you’re* turned-on by *me*. I don’t know if it’s a byproduct of the vitamins or some natural inclination that you already had that the vitamins unearthed or...well, whatever...all that is beside the point for the moment. The point *is* that...I’m...all of this makes *me* aroused too.”

A long silence followed. Melissa was looking down at Steve from her sitting position, a little smile on her face, almost like she was apologizing to him. But the merry glint in her eye told the real story — the truth was that Melissa had always been a little awkward around sexual matters, but that she had also never been this confident, or felt this comfortable with being forward and expressing her own feelings in a self-assured manner. The fact that she was directing these candid thoughts to her former student was just icing on the cake.

“Sooooo,” continued Melissa after a while, spreading her arms wide as her lips broke into a smile, “Why don’t we...uhmm...ehahaha...why don’t you come over here, Steve?”

“I...c-come...over *there*?” he asked, bamboozled. Was Melissa really saying what he thought she was saying!?

“Or I’ll come over there, whatever,” she chuckled, abruptly standing up out of her chair, rising up a full 23 inches above him again.

“W-woah, woah...uh...M-Melissa, I...I don’t know!” cried Steve, throwing his hands up. But his cock was absolutely raging now. Could it be...could it *actually* be that this...was about to happen?? Right then, staring up into Melissa’s face, Steve saw that her cheeks, like his, were flushed with a sanguine, crimson-red. She was *hot* for him...it seemed crazy to realize, but the evidence was clear — never in his life had Steve seen a woman more obviously aroused and excited, almost in spite of herself.

“Oh but Steeeeve,” she moaned, now taking a step towards him, “Come onnnnn...we both want it, so what’s the harm? And if you’re worried about your fath—”

“I’m...not worried about him!” Steve interrupted quickly. He knew he didn’t want her to bring his dad into this and ruin his own arousal.

“Oh! Haha well I guess that solves that problem,” chuckled Melissa, taking another stride toward him. She was right in front of him now, and, after hesitating a moment, reached down and laced her long fingers through his hair. Involuntarily, Steve closed his eyes and uttered a helpless, aroused moan.

“Mmmm, wowwww!” murmured Melissa, almost to herself, as she continued threading her fingers through his hair. She curved them slightly, and began to scratch his scalp. Steve had shut his mouth in order to stifle yet another moan.

“So you...you really enjoy this, huh?” Melissa continued. She sounded almost bemused, as if she (like Steve) couldn’t quite believe what was happening. But that didn’t stop her from forging ahead with her erotic play. After a few more silent moments of scratching his head, Melissa inhaled through her nose and curled her hand around the side of Steve’s head, palming it easily. Before Steve knew what was happening, Melissa had stepped even closer into him, effectively pulling him in to her big body. His face was suddenly smushed up against the middle of her toned, fleshy stomach, and Steve felt an abrupt heat at the base of his neck, right in between his collarbones. Melissa’s vagina, barely covered by her skimpy black lingerie, was pressing into his neck, and he instantly knew, from the heat and the suggestive, spicy smell, that she was immensely aroused. The curving contours of her bare hips jutted far out on either side of him, seeming to swallow him up. The thick pillars of her thighs were easily as big around as his entire waist...probably even more so at this point. In every way, she dwarfed him and made him feel tiny.

“Heheh even though I’m, like...twice the size of you already,” Melissa continued. Her voice was getting a little throaty now. Steve had never quite heard her talk like this before. If it had been any other situation, he would have thought that she was having allergies, or that something was making her emotional. But now, it just sounded like her voice was thick with sex...with her own nascent passion.

“M-Melissa, I...” Steve began. As soon as he tried to speak, he realized that his throat had gone bone-dry. He closed his mouth and swallowed, trying to recover himself. He wasn’t even sure what he was going to say.

“Are you ok, Steve?” Melissa asked suddenly, taking a step back from him and putting her hands on his shoulders. Even this simple act conveyed how huge she was compared to him — the weight of her hands and arms against his shoulders was almost enough to shove him down to his knees right there on the kitchen floor. But Steve was able to keep his feet, albeit not

without a bit of a struggle. Melissa, though, didn't seem to notice; she was preoccupied with his answer to her question.

"Because I don't...uhm...I don't want to do anything," she continued seriously, "If...you, know, if you don't."

"No!" exclaimed Steve quickly, his face blushing deeper and deeper by the moment, "No, I mean...uhhh...yes! Yes I...I mean, I *would* like to."

Melissa allowed his words to hang in the air. She blinked down at him, keeping her hands on his shoulders. Steve felt them slowly tighten around him, and he couldn't help but feel like he had somehow surrendered himself to her, to this...this vixen who was now slowly tightening her hold on him. But he wasn't lying, was he!? He DID want this!

"Well that's...ahm, heheh, yeah that's...nice to hear," Melissa chuckled, smiling awkwardly as she blushed more herself. She took her hands off his shoulders and stood up to her full height, putting her hands on her hips as she thrust her shoulders slowly back. Steve didn't really know what she was doing, other than registering that whatever it was looked damned impressive. In all her 6'7 glory, wearing only those black lingerie panties, she looked like a veritable amazon. Her big hands on her hips were about as high up as his *chin*, and he had to look way up to even see the underside of her breasts now.

"So you, uh...you think you can handle me?" Melissa quipped.

Steve balked a moment. It was so weird to hear her talking this way. He had never even gone so far as to think of his old teacher as a sexual being, much less a sexual anything that involved him. And yet here she was, looming over him, with that funny little smile on her face, challenging him and indirectly teasing him about their vast size discrepancy. Recently graduated from college, Steve was not a stranger to sexual dalliances, and he felt a new lustful fire flare up in him.

"Well, let's just...let's just see, how about that?" he countered. He grinned up at her, standing up as tall as he could in his pajamas, his erection tenting proudly out of the fabric. Melissa's face spasmed up for a moment and she covered her mouth as her huge body shook; a moment later it was clear to Steve that she was laughing at him.

"Hey!" he laughed, feeling a little offended in her reaction, "I...I mean it, Melissa!"

"Awwww, I...hahaha, I know you do, darling," she replied, nodding her head, "And please don't be upset with me, heheh, I'm sorry, you're just...ugh, you're just so...CUTE!"

Right at the word "cute," something in Melissa seemed to have snapped, and she bent down abruptly, swooping Steve up off his feet with one arm. With the other, she made quick work of his pajama pants, swishing them off in one clean sweep. Steve's naked erection was now

bouncing up in the free air, and before Steve knew what was happening, Melissa had heaved him up into a horizontal position, so that one arm was around his chest, and one was around his lower thighs. He was parallel to the ground, and his surging cock was only a couple feet away from Melissa's parting lips.

"Have you...ever had a *blowjob*, Steve?" she breathed. Her eyes were focused on his cock, going slightly cross-eyed as she honed in on it with absorbed interest. Steve's chest was beginning to heave; not only was Melissa holding him like he was a child, but he could see her flushed cheeks, and the eager pink triangle of her tongue beginning to lick her lips in anticipation. She was about to *blow* him!

"Because I've never actually, uh...haha, given one before," Melissa continued. Her eyes broke away from Steve's cock for a moment, and their glances met. Steve's mouth was hanging open; he had absolutely no clue what to say now. There was literally zero blueprint for how to navigate a situation like this.

Melissa laughed self-consciously, apparently enjoying herself. "Well!?" came her humorous adjoiner, "*Have* you?"

"A...a couple times, yeah," Steve managed to say.

"Hmmm, wellllll..." hummed Melissa, turning her eyes back to his cock, "Let's see how those college girls compare to *this!*"

A second later, Steve was sucking in his breath as Melissa curled his body in her arms up to her face, opening her mouth in anticipation.

HAMPFF

The hungry, aggressive sound of her mouth enclosing itself around his cock echoed out into the kitchen. Steve's erection was suddenly bathing in a warm, tight, fleshy prison that was squeezing and sucking on it from all sides. His eyes widened in shock — he couldn't believe it! Melissa had just swallowed his entire cock like it was nothing! While it was true that he was now only 4'8, he was still sporting a decent-sized cock...and to think that she had never given a blowjob before! It didn't seem possible; she was far too good. The smooth interior of her lips were squeezing and massaging the entire length of his cock, while her tongue busied itself swirling and twirling around the underside of his swollen head. And all the while, she maintained a relentless, passionate suction that wasn't too hard, but also wasn't too timid or gentle, either.

Slllurrrrp *Shhhluuurp* *Shloorrghp* *Shmmmmoorrrllpph*

The loud sounds of her sucking bounced off the kitchen walls, seeming to amplify in Steve's ears. He spasmed and flailed a little in her grasp, an involuntary response to the immense

pleasure he was experiencing. But Melissa held him fast, tightening her grip around his legs and upper body, as she continued to bore down on his cock with her head. After a few irregular attempts at establishing a rhythm, her head and neck became locked into a steady, bowing rhythm, as she thrust her head down onto his cock, came back up with her lips at the tip, and then thrust herself back down again. She was eating him alive, and any moment, he felt like he was going to lose control and spew his helpless load down her throat.

“W-wait!!” he cried, holding his hands up in surrender, “Wait...Melissa!!”

“Hmmm!?” she inquired, his cock still in her mouth. She looked over towards him curiously, half-impaled on his length, as her tongue continued to swirl around and around his head, unseen, behind her lips. Steve felt his eyes starting to roll back into his head from the sheer pleasure, but he willed himself to keep talking.

“I...I’m about to cum!” he panted, still holding his hands up. Melissa opened her mouth, and his wet, shiny cock came popping out of her mouth, gleaming with her saliva in the kitchen lights.

“So?” she asked, sounding a little confused, even as her voice was light and breezy with the playfulness of their encounter. She was clearly enjoying herself. “I thought that’s what was supposed to happen during oral sex. Isn’t that...what a blowjob is supposed to do!?”

Steve forced out a huff of a laugh, even as he struggled to contain his load. Melissa was so inexperienced, so awkward, and so...empirical and scientific in her approach that he had no choice but to laugh a little. But even then, somehow the humor and awkwardness of the situation did nothing to stifle his arousal. But he had managed to stop her in time, and so he continued:

“Y-yeah, but...but not if we wanna actually have sex!”

Melissa’s brow furrowed for a moment as she pursed her lips against his cock, apparently deep in thought for a moment. It wasn’t lost on Steve that this whole time, she was literally lifting him up horizontally off the ground, without any obvious difficulty. After a few moments, her face brightened.

“Ohhhhh I see!” she laughed, rubbing her lips back and forth across his length as she spoke, “Of course! I forgot! You guys have a refractory period after you have an orgasm — if you orgasmed in my mouth, we’d have to wait like an hour before you were ready to go again.”

“Or...you know...twenty minutes,” quipped Steve, still not beyond a bit of prideful joking.

“Oooooo wow, you’re such a young, virile man!” teased Melissa, suddenly twisting him in her arms and lowering him back down to the floor, so that he was standing before her. “Such a manly, testosterone-filled hunk!”

The aim of her teasing was clear: Steve was literally staring straight forward into the middle of her toned stomach, and as Melissa put her hands on her hips and cocked her left one to the side, it was clear to him that he wasn't much bigger than a single one of her legs. Still, though, he was transported by lust now. It was like his cock was speaking for him. His erection bounced up and down in anticipation, causing Melissa to gawk down at it and put a delighted hand up to her mouth.

"Well...?" he asked expectantly.

"Oh my GOD, Steve!" Melissa breathed, her nostrils flaring, "This is all just...just SO hot. Yes...YES I want you to have sex with me. Here! I'll just turn around and...and lean against the counter like this and bend over and..."

Melissa was trying to get into a good position, and all Steve could do was marvel at her gigantic ass. It had always been big, but now that she had gotten thicker, and was standing 23 inches taller than him in those heels...well, he wondered how on earth he was going to satisfy THAT. Even bent down, with her legs spread wide, Melissa's huge backside was just about level with his chest, and looked to be about twice as wide as his entire body. Each one of her mammoth ass cheeks looked like it weighed about a quarter as much as he did. Melissa was so aroused that, as she leaned against the counter, she let out a moan and twerked her big ass cheeks back and forth, back and forth, in expectation.

"Uhhh...I...I think I'm gonna need a step stool," Steve croaked. His throat had gone dry again. The hulking, twerking cheeks of Melissa's ass were incredibly intimidating, especially considering that they were right at his chest-level.

"A step stool!?" snorted Melissa, peering around behind her, "Hahaha, are you serious!? I've got my legs spread and I'm literally bending down so you can reach!"

"Well...look!" retorted Steve, gesturing at her huge, bouncing ass in frustration.

"Aha, I seeeeee," chuckled Melissa, "God you're even smaller than I thought, Steve!"

"And who's fault is that!?" he countered, folding his arms. Steve knew that he must have looked ridiculous, standing there all pissy, in front of Melissa's gyrating, megalithic ass, but even in this moment, when both of them were flushed and aroused, he felt like he needed to stand up for himself.

"Aww you can't stay mad about that forever," teased Melissa, not bothered by his tone in the least. "Now come on, cowboy — are you gonna stand there sulking like a little child, or are you gonna do what it takes to have sex with this big ass?"

Steve stood there for a few more seconds with his arms crossed, before he finally relented with a little huff, shaking his head as the corners of his mouth twitched up into a resigned smile. The

blatant sexual inexperience betrayed by her word choice had a paradoxical effect. She had him — there was no way he could deny that she KNEW what he wanted to do. What good was it trying to pretend it wasn't true?

"Theeeeere we go!" cheered Melissa with great exaggeration. She was bouncing her giant ass up and down now, so that her cheeks clapped together, in mock applause for Steve's decision. Seeing her ass "clap" for him was all the motivation Steve needed. He set off immediately, looking for a step stool. He could feel Melissa's eyes watching him as he searched. He had stepped out of his oversized pajama pants, so that his erect cock was now bouncing out in front of him, leading him in his quest. He glanced back at her, and she stuck her tongue out of the side of her mouth, winking at him.

'God...' he thought to himself, 'She's soooo hot...'

"Maybe try in the pantry?" Melissa suggested, after he had searched around a bit more, "I'm pretty sure there's a fold-up stool in there...haha, I think probably from when you were too young to reach the counter!"

Steve tried the pantry and found that, in fact, Melissa was right. He pulled out the stool (with a little more difficulty than he expected, since he was so small), and dragged it across the hardwood floor towards his awaiting, still-twerking former professor.

"Hey!" exclaimed Melissa, "Don't drag it like that, Steve! You'll scuff up the floor!"

"S-Since when do *you* care about stuff like that!?" replied Steve, confused.

"Haha I don't, really!" laughed Melissa, "It's just...fun to roleplay!"

"Geeez..." muttered Steve, dragging the stool up to her and unfolding it. He couldn't do it fast enough — Melissa's fun, playful attitude, combined with her incessant twerking, was really starting to drive him crazy with desire. He didn't want to lose his load before he even *started*.

But finally, the stage was set. Steve was standing on the stool, his crotch level with those titanic cheeks at last. He bit his lip and reached out his hands towards the immense, gyrating globes before him, and when he made contact, his hands and fingers immediately sunk inches down into the expansive flesh. Melissa arched her head back and uttered another moan.

"Oh yessss, Steve!" came her voice, strained with pent-up lust, "Feel me up...mmrrgghhh...*take* me, Steve!"

He let out a forced exhale as he stared down wide-eyed at the jiggling mass of ass flesh in front of him. His cock was so hard that he felt like his purpling mushroom head was about to explode. Once again, a jumbled mass of naysaying thought flashed through his head like lightning: 'I can't do this...there's no way she'll even *feel* me...I won't be able to even *reach* her

pussy...I'll shoot my load as soon as I'm inside her...I don't have what it takes to fuck her...she's too much, too much for me...I can't...I can't...'

"Mmmmmrrrrgh come on, come on, come *onnnnnnnnn!*" Melissa chanted, bouncing her ass, as her moans became more and more insistent. Steve gritted his teeth, his face on fire, his entire body flushed with lust. He *had* to do it — he was GOING to do it.

"Rrrrrraauuggghh!" he growled, and with all his strength, he pried back Melissa's giant butt cheeks, exposing her bright pink pussy underneath. It was incredible...it was like unearthing a dazzling diamond. Her pussy was so swollen and wet that it was already beginning to drip her pre-cum in little rivulets down her thick legs.

"Yesssss, yessss, yesssssss," hissed Melissa, again turning back around to give him a sultry look that was oozing with desire, "*Do it, Steve...put that little cock IN there!*"

Steve pressed forward with his cock, aiming straight for the pink conch shape of Melissa's pussy. His arms were already getting tired keeping her ass cheeks pried open. When his cock finally made contact with the smooth, slippery flesh of her labial lips, Steve had to grit his teeth even harder to keep from spraying his load right then and there. But he managed to control his orgasm, and a moment later, his cock slipped all the way inside Melissa's awaiting vagina, and his entire length was bathed in a hot, tight, fleshy vice that itself was rippling with pleasure. The sheer erotic thrill of being inside her shot through Steve's limbs like electricity, and his hands relented, moving back, as her twin mammoth cheeks came slapping back together again, crowding up against his upper legs, his groin, and his lower torso, closing his cock into its heavenly prison.

"Oh my GODDDDDD..." groaned Melissa, and she pushed back against Steve's cock, nearly knocking him backwards off the stool. He staggered back, still inside her, but at the last moment she seemed to realize what was about to happen. Her big hand shot out behind, curving around his little ass, spanning its entire length as she cupped it forcefully, preventing him from toppling over backwards. Steve responded by positioning his feet and bracing his legs, to give himself the maximum amount of force and momentum, while gripping the sides of her ass, getting giant handfuls of her quivering ass flesh for balance. He certainly needed all the help he could get.

And then, he started thrusting into her. He pushed with little hips against her colossal structure, and he felt his turgid length sliding in and out, in and out, of her primed pussy. Steve was a little surprised that he was able to actually penetrate her at all, considering the size of her ass cheeks, and he felt glad that he had thought to pry her cheeks open before trying to penetrate. Now that he was inside, she wasn't going to let him go.

Huh *Huh* *Huhhh* Hhhuhh*

Steve exhaled in forced gasps as he thrust into her over and over. He had managed to overcome the first plateau of orgasm, and he was now riding high, every square inch of his skin flushed with crimson lust, as he fucked her. Melissa was moaning out into the kitchen, and when she turned her head sideways, Steve saw that she actually had her tongue out, drooling onto the counter.

“Ohmygod YES, Steve...YES!” she cried, her hair in her face. “I can...uulllgggggghhh...I can FEEL you inside me! Ohhhh it doesn’t even matter that you’re small now....ugggh, I can still FEEL you in there! Mmmmmmmm can you feel me, Steve? UGH can you feel my vagina gripping your penis!?”

“Y-yeahhh,” panted Steve. He sounded like an animal to himself. “Y-yeah I...I can.”

It was true. Steve had no idea how Melissa was doing it, but it felt like, with each passing moment, her pink pussy was squeezing his cock harder and harder, like it was trying to wring out everything he could possibly give. With each thrust into her, he could feel the pressure around his cock building, as Melissa’s vaginal vice tightened and tightened.

“I’m gonna wring you out, Steve,” grunted Melissa hoarsely. She turned around again to look at him; her eyes were wide, and flashing with a wild lust that he had never seen before. “You feel that!? Urrrghh I’m gonna squeeeeeze all that semen out of you, Steve! I can *feel* it! I can *feeeee!* your little balls getting UGH revved up to UURGGH spray your semen into me! COME on Steve, do me harder!! Give it to me harder before my ass overcomes you and you can’t take it anymore and you SHOOT deeeeeep inside me!”

Steve screwed up his face, braced himself again, and did as he was told. He fucked her harder, faster, deeper...penetrating as far as he could into her dripping snatch. Melissa turned back away from him and threw her head up to the ceiling, shouting out in intensified pleasure. Her ass cheeks were beginning to tremble and shake against him in a new way, and Steve could tell that her orgasm wasn’t far off. Then, her giant, meaty cheeks began twerking up and down with renewed insistence, and Steve felt his balls seize up. He was going to cum, and there was nothing he could do to stave it off this time.

This made him fuck her even harder, and Melissa responded by shooting her other hand out behind him. She was now gripping his little ass with both of her hands, and a second later, Steve felt his feet lift up off the stool. He was totally airborne. Melissa was literally holding him up from behind, as she faced forward. And then, with unassailable and overwhelming force, she began mashing his cock into her, thrusting his body backwards and forwards, plunging his cock far deeper into her than he could ever have managed himself. She was using him as a sex toy, and in that moment, Steve had never been so turned-on in his life.

“Waaaauuughhhhhhh!!” he squealed, flailing all his limbs in orgasmic disarray, as he came hard, deep inside her hungry pussy. Melissa had thrust her head up to the ceiling, and only smashed him into her ass faster, in and out, in and out, until her hands and his torso became a

blur. Seconds later, she came too, and her orgasm was so much harder, louder, and longer than his.

“RRRRRAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” she screamed, her entire fleshy body quivering and shaking with astonishing power. In the midst of his own orgasm, Steve was still able to register how much Melissa’s orgasm hit home the reality of their size difference. He was cumming his brains out, harder than he had ever come before, and yet his orgasm seemed like nothing in comparison to hers. The very walls were shaking with the strength and power of her ecstasy.

After what seemed like minutes on end, Melissa’s orgasm finally relented, and she dropped Steve gently down on the floor as she collapsed down into a sweaty, satisfied heap. The kitchen floor was slick with their juices (well, mostly Melissa’s), and the air between them was thick with the spicy aftersmell of their copulation. Both of them were panting hard, staring at each other. After another few moments, Melissa broke into a grin and quipped, still out of breath:

“Well...want me to, uh...to make you some breakfast?”

Chapter 6

The next few days passed by quickly for Steve. The unbearable tension that had been building between himself and Melissa had finally snapped, and now that the secret was out that they were attracted to each other, Steve didn't have to agonize through hiding his erections when he was around her. For her part, Melissa really seemed to get a kick out of Steve's near-constant arousal, and she didn't waste any opportunity to call attention to his horniness, and to tease him about it.

"I mean, I know you just graduated college," she said one morning, smirking down at the blatant erection that was tenting his oversized pajamas, "And that young people have a more voracious sexual appetite...butttt, like...geez louise, Steve, it's like you can't even help yourself whenever I'm close by. Your penis just goes *boing!* when I walk into the room. Hahaha, I'm not exaggerating, am I?"

"No...I...no, you're not," Steve admitted, blushing. Even though the sexual tension had indeed been broken between them, he was still very much getting used to Melissa's flagrant and unabashed sexual teasing.

"Mmmmm, such a little horndog," she chuckled, ruffling his hair with her big hand. Having been previously ignorant of sexual lingo, she had started looking up phrases to use to tease him, and "horndog" was one of her favorites.

"You know it's pretty weird for me to hear you use words like...like "horndog," right?" Steve said, trying to affect some semblance of protest against her flirty, dominating presence. Of course, this was all just part of the game -- the truth was that he loved her teasing, and the way that she had started to lord her body over him. Even feeling her big hand palming the top of his head was enough to pump his cock fuller, tenting his pajamas even more.

"Well, what else am I supposed to call you?" Melissa laughed. She backed away from him and put her hands on her hips. "*You're* the one who's been walking around with that erection poking out of your pants for the past three days!"

"And whose fault is that?" Steve countered immediately, sticking out his chin as he hopped out of his chair defiantly. As he did so, though, the reality of their size difference became even more palpable, and he wasn't able to help matching Melissa's wry and knowing grin with one of his own. He could only pretend to be indignant up until a point. The truth -- that he was helplessly attracted to Melissa's curvy, growing body -- was undeniable at this point.

"Hey, I'm only responding as a woman to the social stimuli I receive!" declared Melissa loftily, straightening her figure more as she rose up above him even higher.

"Oh here we go with all the science jargon," Steve groaned, rolling his eyes.

“And you can’t deny,” Melissa continued, talking over him, “That it is only natural for a woman of my age and reproductive disposition to ornament and accentuate herself in response to overt male sexual attention, regardless of whether or not he is from her primary group. The more success she has, the more she is driven to impress.”

“Translation: ever since we first had sex you’ve been flirting with me, trying to seduce me over and over again, and now you’re totally shameless, as that see-through dress you’re wearing shows,” Steve responded, putting his own hands on his hips. He was quite pleased with how he was faring in his verbal joust with Melissa, but it was hard for her to take him seriously, with his cock pointed up at her like that. She put her hand to her mouth in an attempt to unsuccessfully stifle a laugh.

“Pssshshshahahha ohhhkay, Steve,” she chuckled, “You’re right.” She bent herself down slowly, luxuriously, at the hip, so that she was now staring down directly into his face. Steve felt the hot color rising in his cheeks; just the way she moved, and the way she looked at him now...it was so hot. And she was just so...huge compared to him. Even bending down like this, she was still a good six inches taller than him.

“But it’s working, isn’t it?” she breathed sexily into his face, glancing down in obvious amusement at his erection before bringing her eyes back up to meet his again. “You can be clever all you want, Steve, but you can’t deny that you’ve got the hots for your old teacher...and that I’ve got your cute little body wrapped around my finger...or my big, fat ass, as it happens.”

She then made a point of turning around very slowly, curving her back elegantly as she stuck out her large ass, popping her thick hips suggestively as she did so. She proceeded to jiggle and bounce her heavy ass cheeks suggestively, making them gyrate up and down, up and down, in a teasing and intimidating cadence of erotic display. Steve blinked and swallowed. He had no response to this, of course. Standing in front of her as he was, Steve saw that Melissa’s ass spanned all the way up from the middle of his chest to his neck.

He had already lost count of the number of times they had had sex in the past three days, and their sex usually ended with Melissa backing him up into a wall, suspending his entire body, or smushing him hard into the sofa cushions, or imprinting his torso onto her mattress or...whatever it was -- their sex always ended with his body wrapped around her huge ass, with him holding on for dear life, as she rode him hard down the searing highway of multiple orgasms. And her ass, and her height, and her curves, had only increased since they had first fucked, while Steve’s body had gone in the opposite direction.

Melissa slowly turned back around, arching a playful eyebrow down at him, as she allowed him to once again drink in the reality of the size difference between them. Steve’s shrinking had slowed somewhat over the past couple days, but it was still ongoing -- he had shrunk down to 4’5 now, while Melissa had grown to a towering 6’5 in her bare feet, a full two feet taller than him. She was standing in her bare feet right now, but when she was wearing her sexy black platform heels, she rose up to an incredible 6’11. When she was that tall (as he had

experienced the night before), Steve found that he was looking slightly up at her belly button, with the top of her ass actually being even with his eyes.

“Hmm, nothing to say, huh?” Melissa teased. She winked down at him, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek. “It’s ok Steve -- I understand.”

In these situations, part of Steve couldn’t help but notice how obvious it was that Melissa was “playing sexy” for him. The way she opened her mouth like that, sticking her tongue into her cheek, posing with her hips, winking...it was all a little concocted, a little too obviously performative. But ironically, he was beginning to realize that Melissa’s awkwardness was exactly what made her so sexy...well, that and her knock-out body, of course. Even though she was obviously still a nerdy scientist who didn’t have much sexual experience, the mere fact that she was making the effort to “be sexy” for him made Steve hopelessly hard. It meant that she wanted him...that she enjoyed seeing him get hard...that she loved watching her effect on him. Subconsciously, her behavior was tickling and stroking Steve’s submissive urges more and more every day, and the novelty of her clumsily tenderfooted approach made it all the more arousing for him.

“You know, Steve,” she remarked suddenly, stepping forward and rapidly closing the gap in between them, “I had been meaning to tell you yesterday -- we’re actually pretty close to discovering the shrinking component in that multivitamin I gave you for the trial.”

“What!?” Steve burst out, his head jerking up to look at her. He couldn’t quite see straight up into her face, since he had to look halfway up her stomach and in between the twin behemoths of her breasts, which jutted out high over his head. Even still, he could see Melissa’s entertained expression, chucking down on him. Steve tried to back away from her to get a better view, and to establish a more “normal” setting for this conversation, which had suddenly become quite serious for him. But Melissa didn’t let him; instead, she reached both her arms down, effortlessly seizing both his hands in hers, completely engulfing them as she proceeded to wrap his little arms around her ass cheeks as far as they would go. Steve felt like he was hugging a plush, firm, sweet-smelling tree -- his arms were only able to go two-thirds of the way around her big ass before they were stretched to their limit. In this way, Melissa was “trapping him” around her ass all over again.

“Ohhhh look at how excited you are!” she laughed, staring down at him in between her breasts as she rocked back and forth on her feet, encouraging him to feel the huge slabs of her ass flex and unflex. “But I don’t think you actually heard me, Steve -- I said we were close to discovering *why* you’re shrinking...not *how* to reverse it.”

“Oh,” Steve replied, his heart sinking a little.

“Hey, now!” Melissa exclaimed, affecting a pouty face as she pretended to be hurt, “I thought you *liked* being small, Steve!” She forced him to press his hands deeper into the vast, pillowy

recesses of her ass flesh, and his hands sunk in even deeper, until they were practically invisible. "I thought you *liked* being my little shrunken horndog!"

"I..." began Steve, but he stopped for a moment, closing his mouth. The truth was that his feelings were complicated. He *did* get an unprecedented erotic thrill out of being dwarfed by Melissa, and the way she teased them with her big body, and dominated him during sex was...well, there were just no words for it. It was a sexual dream, a fulfillment of a fantasy that he hadn't even known about. But he was also very far from accepting his current shrunken position as a permanent thing. If he was being honest with himself, the only way he was actually able to enjoy all of this crazy sexual diversion was by assuming that it was fleeting, and that eventually, Melissa and her lab would discover the secret to the shrinking and grow him back.

"It's *okay* Steve," Melissa breathed down at him, interrupting his thoughts as she softly shook and gyrated her body against his forced embrace. "Here, stand on my feet."

"Huh?" asked Steve, puzzled. "What?"

"My feet," Melissa repeated, and here Steve felt her much larger toes tickling the undersides of his soles. "Stand on them."

"L-Look, Melissa, I..." Steve tried to begin. Being reminded of the lack of a "cure" for his shrunken condition had put him a little out of humor, even if his cock was still semi-hard. He didn't really want to be playing any more of Melissa's little games at the moment.

"No, no, come on," she urged down at him softly, as she continued to pry his soles up off the kitchen floor using the force of her bare toes. After a few moments, accepting that there was nothing else for him to do, Steve sighed and stepped up on the tops of Melissa's bare feet. With him still pulled around her ass in a forced embrace, she then proceeded to "walk him" around the kitchen, making sure to take slow, short steps that didn't overstretch his little legs. Even in the midst of his sour mood, this show of power was enough to make Steve hard again.

"I know you're still conflicted about being such a little munchkin now," Melissa said, continuing to walk him around the kitchen as she talked, "And I know that you'd be lying to me if you said that you didn't want to get back to your "normal" size. But we have to work with what we have, Steve. That's how research works. And right now, we're close to isolating the compound in the multivitamin that caused your shrinking....and my growth! Now isn't that exciting!? You're at the forefront of some of the most cutting-edge research of the century!"

"What a thrill," remarked Steve dryly.

"It's amazing that you even think you can pretend you aren't enjoying yourself," shot back Melissa, surprising Steve by suddenly stopping her walk and pushing him off her. He went

reeling back, thumping gently into the refrigerator, and looked up at her in surprise. She actually did look a little...what was it? Hurt? Or was it just annoyed? He couldn't be sure.

"I...it's been good a-and bad," he stammered, in the awkward position of trying to agree that the sex had been good, while also saying that he didn't want it to go on like this forever.

"Hmmm, well," Melissa retorted, swivelling her hip to the side as she copped another "sexy" pose (made all the more alluring by the fact that she *was* quite clearly irritated now), "I'm sorry to break it to you, Steve, but that's just the way life is. It's good, and it's bad. But it's up to you to enjoy the good parts."

And she turned on her heel and stomped out of the kitchen, leaving Steve staring after her huge, billowing ass that was gyrating up and down after her. She made a beeline straight for her office and shut the door. Steve blinked and just stood there for a while, trying to wrap his mind around the exchange they had just had. So he had just pissed Melissa off by...what? Implying that he didn't want to be 4'5 forever!? Her reaction seemed unfair and extreme, but the more he thought about it, the more the answer was obvious.

'She's been having such a good time during sex,' he thought to himself. 'You have too...but you're not acknowledging it enough. She thinks you're taking her for granted.'

For the rest of the day, Steve put himself through the emotional wringer, vacillating between regret and irritation. On the one hand, he didn't want Melissa to feel like he was taking all her sexual attention for granted, but on the other hand, he felt like she was being unfair to him. What did she expect, after all!? He had literally *shrunk down*, and was *still shrinking*, even though it had started to slow down. Surely it was unfair on her part to expect him not to want to reverse it!?

That night, Steve was nervous at dinner. Melissa was a bit standoffish and stiff at first, still evidently feeling put-off from their morning exchange, but gradually she sank back into her laughing, confident, nerdy self, even going so far as to tease Steve a few times by drawing her long finger across his little arm, marvelling at how she could now wrap her finger all the way around his tiny wrist.

But when it came time for bed, Steve found himself in a pickle. The past three nights, he and Melissa had slept in the same bed -- her bed -- after having sex. He couldn't pretend that he didn't want the same thing to happen tonight, but after offending her earlier, he felt awkward bringing it up. Melissa made a point of lounging out sexily on the sofa in her see-through, gossamer nightgown as she read over some biology journals. Steve was trying to focus on aimlessly surfing the web across the room, but every time Melissa arched her legs up, rubbing them against each other as she sighed out, or readjusted her big ass into a more "comfortable" position, he had to fight the urge to instigate a sexual exchange. They ended up going to bed without anything happening.

The same thing happened the next night, and then the night after. At this point, Steve just knew that Melissa was toying with him. With each passing day, she had worn more revealing clothing, until finally, on the third night, she didn't wear anything at all. There she was, lounging her huge, sexy body on the sofa, with her tits out, totally naked, and her giant ass looking even bigger as it smushed and splayed itself out against the sofa cushions. Steve was again sitting across the room from her, gritting his teeth as he tried to control himself. He had shrunk down to 4'4 now, and Melissa had burgeoned up another inch, to 6'6. He felt smaller than ever, but more than anything else, it was the effort that Melissa was putting into teasing him, toying with him. Her smooth skin glistened in the low light, and it took Steve a little while to realize what was going on -- Melissa had actually *oiled herself up*, so that she would look even more tempting and tantalizing to him.

And it worked. After half an hour of silent sexual torment, Steve finally swallowed his dignity and spoke up:

"So...uhm...do you, uhh...do you want to...?"

Melissa casually looked up from her biology journals. She had a pencil in her mouth, and another red-colored one behind her ear. It made for a strange and arresting contrast -- she looked so studious and academic on one hand, but...her huge, naked, oiled-up body couldn't have contrasted more starkly with the erudite aura she couldn't help but give off.

"Hmm?" she asked sweetly, blinking at him.

Steve felt himself sinking a little lower in his chair. She knew. She knew exactly what he was asking, but she wasn't going to let him have it easy. She was going to make him say it out loud.

"Y-you know..." he said deliberately, closing his laptop screen and gesturing pitifully with his hands.

"I know...what, Steve?" she asked, feigning ignorance. "Do I want to what?"

Steve sighed and slumped his shoulders. 'Fine,' he thought quickly, 'She wants to hear me say it -- I'll say it.' He was becoming increasingly desperate; it had been three days since they had last had sex, and his cock was rock-hard just from looking at her.

"Have...sex," he said out loud, almost apologetically.

Melissa blinked at him slowly and took the pencil out of her mouth, tucking it behind her other ear. She arched her eyebrow at him, and a little smirk appeared at the corners of her closed mouth.

“Oh,” she said, the softness in her voice belying the naughty sparkle in her eyes, “I thought you were tired of being soooo small, Steve...living the tiny life...being dwarfed by everything around you. Because, see, if we have sex, it’s just gonna, you know...reinforce those things.”

She stretched her legs out and slapped the undersides of her thick thighs with her hands. Steve watched in awe as the solid flesh jiggled and quivered erotically, their movement accentuated by the oily glisten of her skin.

“Not even sure if you can handle these big thighs,” she continued, with an airy chuckle. She felt up her big boobs, bouncing them up and down. “Or these...” And then she moved her hands down her elegant, curved torso, finally having them come to rest in fists at her hips, right at the top of her ass. “Or these...” She shook her fists against the twin monoliths of flesh, jiggling her hips and causing her excess ass to shake and tremble. One of the sofa cushions fell off, just from this simple action; Steve could tell that, in fact, the whole sofa was moving. He was fully hard now.

“I...I can!” he exclaimed, feeling ridiculous in his response. “I’m...look, Melissa, I’m sorry I, like...offended you a few days ago, but...I didn’t mean to give you the impression that I --”

“That you what?” she cut in, leaning forward with an uncharacteristically hard expression chiseling her jaw. “That you wanted to stop fucking me?”

Steve felt his heart stop. Was she really that mad at him!? But it resumed beating again a moment later when her face softened back into a playful grin.

“Heh...I’m just playing around Steve -- *you* weren’t really the one fucking *me*, were you? Haha, aaaanyway...” She had taken the red pencil from her ear and was apparently doodling something down on a piece of paper. “I know you’d love for us to resume our...previous habits, Steve, but something’s changed.”

“Uhm...what?” he asked, a little desperately. “What’s changed?”

“Well,” continued Melissa casually, not looking up from whatever she was writing, “We found out why you’re shrinking.”

“Y-You did!?” cried Steve, bolting upright in his chair. Melissa glanced up at him and laughed.

“Well yeah...I told you we would.”

“But I...I didn’t know it would be, uh, so soon!” was all Steve could manage to say. He had to remind himself that they hadn’t discovered the cure for his shrinking...just why it was happening. Melissa didn’t say anything; she was still just writing on the same piece of paper.

“So, um...what’s uh...what’s causing the shrinking, then?” ventured Steve.

"I'm so glad you asked!" Melissa chuckled, looking up again, and she proceeded to fold up the sheet of paper she had been writing on into a paper airplane. Very deliberately, she aimed it in his direction and threw it, only to have it immediately nosedive into the floor.

"Damn it!" she muttered, "It would've been so sexy if that'd worked!" She reached down, swiped the paper airplane off the floor, balled it up, and threw it to him. Steve caught it and opened it up. She had written a series of long, complicated formulas down, with all of them eventually coalescing to a final "equals" sign, followed by the phrase: "Steve Shrinks."

"Uhhh..." he said uncertainly, but Melissa was already talking.

"So the sparknotes version, or whatever you college kids call "the gist" nowadays, is basically just this: K⁺ channel inhibition is caused by the inevitable apoptotic stimulation, and the cells struggle through a truncated life cycle, including orchestrating a transfer of ions, specifically potassium. You remember? "K" is the atomic sign for potassium? Anyway, inherent volume regulatory mechanisms, intervention by high external potassium, or inhibition of a specific potassium pathway...all of this helps cells recover. But once the specialized sodium ions in the multivitamin kickstart the apoptotic process to eliminate these cells once they're activated, the inhibition, or overriding the protective volume regulatory response, goes into freefall after a specific critical point, after which the shrinking begins. The higher concentrations of testosterone in your body accelerate the process, because remember, all testosterone really is is C₁₉H₂₈O₂ of course, and the activation of multiple potassium efflux pathways --"

"Woah woah, hold on a sec," interrupted Steve. "This...this is the "easy" version!? You really expect me to understand all that!?"

"I...well no, but it's interesting!" replied Melissa, looking puzzled. Her face brightened after a few moments. "And anyway, it's a research triumph! We figured it out!"

Melissa raised her arms and stood up from the sofa, and once again, Steve could do nothing but gawk. It certainly was impressive that they had discovered why he was shrinking, but right now, what was even more impressive to him was Melissa's 6'6, goddess-like body looming over him, and with her arms spread out like that, she looked even bigger.

"Oh...right," she chuckled, lowering her arms as she reverted from "scientist" back into "temptress." "You reeeeeeally wanna have me again, don't you Steve?"

"Yes," he said quietly, nodding his head.

"Well we could just do that," Melissa mused out loud, striking a variety of sexy poses as she spoke, "OR...we could have a bit of fun with it."

“What do you mean?” Steve blurted out. He didn’t even care that he sounded desperate anymore.

Melissa grinned at him from behind her shoulder, shaking her big ass up and down at him. “You know how I have that pool table down in the basement?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Well...how about I challenge you to a little game of 8-ball?” Melissa asked cheerfully. “If YOU win, I’ll let you do aaaaanything you want to me.”

Steve blinked and had to force his mouth to stay shut. Her body...her curves...she looked absolutely delicious.

“But if I win,” Melissa continued, producing a little clear bottle from behind one of the sofa cushions, “Then I get to make you drink this specialized potassium-ion compound, and shrink you down EVEN MORE.”

“Wh-What!?” cried Steve blankly, his eyes going wide.

“That’s it, Steve,” replied Melissa simply, shrugging her shoulders, “That’s the deal...no deal...no sex.”

“H-How...how much more...would you shrink me down?” asked Steve, trying to keep his voice from trembling.

Melissa shrugged again nonchalantly. “As much as I want.”

Steve fought in his mind, staring forward at his delectable, 6’6 former teacher. He felt ashamed; he *wanted* there to be more of a conflict in his head, but he already knew what he was going to say.

Ten minutes later they were downstairs, chalking up their pool cues in preparation for their game. Steve was still wearing his baggy pajamas, and Melissa was still completely naked, undoubtedly to increase the erotic pressure on her opponent. Whenever they made eye contact, she kept licking her lips and winking at him, throwing her thick hips from side to side, and showing him the full contours of her big ass. Steve was already having difficulty with the pool cue, and Melissa’s lascivious displays caused him to drop it not once, not twice, but three times.

“Heheh, you suuuure you’re up to this?” she teased, looking unbelievably sensuous and powerful as she bent herself down, poising her huge body to break the triangle of balls on the other end of the pool table. The table itself only came up to the middle of her big ass, whereas for Steve, it came all the way up to his shoulders.

“Just...break, ok?” he said, looking down at the floor. He had been previously pretty good at pool, but he had no idea how he was going to fare now that he could barely even reach the table. But right when Melissa hit the cue ball, he remembered that she wasn't very good at pool to begin with. The ball spun wildly away, only ricocheting off the triangle of balls at a glancing angle -- in fact, she very nearly scratched, which would have given Steve the immediate victory.

As it was, though, no balls went in, and now it was his turn. He approached the table, standing on his tiptoes to try and get a good shot off. He was fortunate that the “2” ball was already isolated and very close to an open pocket, and he managed to knock it in. He was ecstatic -- he had drawn “first blood,” and now all he had to do was keep making balls, and he would win! But his reach was so pathetically short that he ended up flubbing the next shot.

“Oh well!” laughed Melissa, coming up behind him and hip-checking him to the side, making him stagger sideways a number of paces before he finally righted himself up against the wall. “My turn!”

“Hey!” Steve exclaimed indignantly.

“Oh please, I barely touched you,” she scoffed. “And anyway, it's not my fault your shoulders are the same height as my hips!”

“It...IS, actually!” retorted Steve.

“Oh, well, whatever,” she laughed, and bent down, concentrating again on her shot, giving Steve a shoulder-high view of her immaculate ass. She knocked the “15” ball in on the next shot, and did a celebratory little dance, causing her flesh to jiggle and quiver sexily.

“Yeeeeeah! All right!” she laughed. “I'm “stripes” and you're “solids -- it's game on, baby!”

Melissa then somehow managed to make two more balls in a row, much to Steve's dismay. Her size and height gave her an obvious advantage, as she didn't have to reach at all to pull off her shots. Steve couldn't believe how tiny the pool table looked next to her, and he could feel himself starting to sweat. Wasn't it always cold down here in the basement? But at that moment he understood: Melissa had turned up the thermostat. She had *planned* all of this -- she had *planned* to be naked down here. He could see the little beads of sweat dripping down her gloriously nude body, and that, combined with the oils she had already applied to her skin, made her look all the more ravishing. Steve couldn't concentrate, and missed his next four shots.

Slowly but surely, Melissa kept knocking the “striped” balls into the pockets. Her progress was slow, since she wasn't a very good player, but it was still much faster than Steve's. He was simply too short to be able to have the leverage and angles to make good shots. Once, he even asked if he could use a step stool, but Melissa shot him down, laughing.

“That wasn’t part of the agreement!” she trilled cheerfully, making yet another ball. “No outside help allowed!”

Finally, after fifteen more minutes, the game had finally come down to the critical point: Melissa had made all her balls, and now only needed to knock in the “8” ball to win. Steve was far behind, having only made three of his own balls. But Melissa had to deal with the final conundrum: if she scratched while trying to make the “8” ball, Steve automatically would win. Fortunately for her, Steve’s last shot was a catastrophe. He actually ended up slipping against the table as he labored to get the right angle, and ended up serving Melissa up the absolute perfect shot, one that she couldn’t miss, even being the amateur she was.

And she didn’t miss. Steve’s heart sank as he watched the black “8” ball drop into the pocket, and Melissa threw her arms up, doing another celebratory twerk, this time right in his face, backing him up all the way to the wall, and pinning him against it.

“Oh yeeeeeahh, Steve!” she laughed, her hulking ass completely dominating his torso as she pressed him up against the wall. “This ass is about to get a LOT bigger from your perspective, hahaha!”

Even though he felt the sting of the loss, a crazy spark of hope rose up in Steve’s mind. Melissa was going to shrink him...he was going to be a lot smaller...which meant that she was going to seem sooooo much bigger to him. How small would she make him!? 4 feet? 3 feet?? 1 foot!!? Or maybe even smaller!?!? She would be a giantess compared to him! And he couldn’t pretend that the thought itself wasn’t more intriguing than any promise of “normal” sex.

Melissa twirled around, facing him again. There she was, her hungry eyes sparkling down at him, as she flashed the little vial of clear liquid down at him. She licked her lips sexily, and in her erotic display, the vial slipped from her fingers and she reached out in a panic and caught it before it hit the floor. She chuckled, shaking her head down at him as she made a “whew, that was close!” face.

“Now...” she mused aloud, pivoting her hips side to side as she faced him down, “How smallllll...how small to make you...”

Chapter 7

“6 inches!?” Steve yelled, throwing his shaking hands up in front of him in a gesture of pleading desperation.

“What?” asked Melissa mildly, cocking her hip to the side as she stood there in front of him in all her nude glory. Having turned the thermostat up to 80, her naked skin was sweating gloriously, and her sweat was mixing with the oil that she had rubbed into herself an hour before. Steve knew this was “just Melissa,” his nerdy, awkward, scientist and old professor, but if he was being honest, she looked like a Greek goddess right now.

“6 inches isn’t even that small,” Melissa continued, grinning down at him. She suddenly bent down towards him, shaking the vial of clear liquid over him. “I mean, I could shrink you down to 6 millimeters...or 6 micrometers, which is one millionth of a meter, or 6 picometers, which is one trillionth of a meter, or ten-to-the-negative-twel—”

“I get it, I get it!” exclaimed Steve quickly, nodding his head as he kept his hands up in the same pleading motion. “B-But Melissa please...please don’t...don’t make me, uh...”

“Smaller, Steve?” Melissa straightened back up and smirked down at him. “I’m sorry, but that was the deal. If you didn’t wanna get even smaller than you are now, you should’ve tried harder to beat me!”

“I—I tried as hard as I could!” retorted Steve indignantly. “But it’s a little hard when the pool table is...is shoulder-height!”

“Wellll, then maybe you didn’t make such a good decision, entering into the deal in the first place, huh?” suggested Melissa mockingly. “Ohhhhh but that’s right...you HAD to take the deal, because you just reeeeeally wanna have sex with me, right?”

Steve tried to respond, but the words died in his throat as he bowed his head. He knew the point she was trying to make – that he had invited all of this misfortune upon himself, only because he was helplessly lusting after her. Of course, she had done plenty to encourage this lust, not limited to striding around the house naked and striking sexy poses whenever she got the chance. If he had been able to control his desire for her, then he wouldn’t be in conundrum right now. But now that he was, it was hard to acknowledge that he only had himself to blame.

He looked up at Melissa, who was staring down at him, an expectant eyebrow raised. Steve blinked and swallowed a lump in his throat, as his cock, which had already been semi-erect for hours, became rock-hard all over again. She was just such a bombshell now...her long, strong legs, her huge, pillowy breasts, her powerful hips...and, of course, her gargantuan ass...she was so, so much bigger than him, so superior to him, that it was difficult to wrap his mind around the reality. And the thing was, the more Steve thought about it, and sank into that reality, the more aroused it made him. He had finally arrived at the realization that Melissa had probably

been trying to encourage for days now – that he WANTED to be submissive to her, that he ENJOYED it, and that he wanted it to KEEP GOING...that he wanted her to assert her dominance over him time and time again. There was no possible way for him to avoid admitting it now.

Staring up at her, he nodded meekly.

“Y-yes,” he said quietly, “Yes I...I do.”

“Mmmm, you DO reeeeeeally wanna have sex with me, don’t you?” Melissa pressed on, clearly getting a kick out of all this. Steve nodded.

“Even if I make you smaller?”

He nodded again.

“ESPECIALLY if I make you smaller,” Melissa laughed, nodding her head in tandem with Steve’s. “Haha I knew it...you just wanna be under my huge, fat ass as I grind it on top of you, making you...uh, what’s it called...uh, oh right! Making you CUM all over my big ass cheeks...yeahhh...that’s what you want, isn’t it?”

As she spoke, Melissa was turning around and shaking her huge, naked ass right in Steve’s direction. Since she was standing on her tiptoes now, her ass was literally shaking directly into his face. Even though the erotic thrill of the image took Steve’s breath away, he instinctively tried to back away from it. It was just so enormous, so huge...he thought that her ass alone probably weighed close to his entire bodyweight by now. But there was nowhere for him to go. Melissa had once again backed him into a wall with her ass, and was now shaking her massive, jiggling cheeks up against his face.

“Well what are you waiting for?” teased Melissa, putting her hands on her knees as she crouched her ass into his face. “Go on, Steve! Put your cock into my ass! Come on, do it! I’ll let you do me in the ass, Steve, if you can reach, haha! Isn’t that all the rage? Having sex in the ass these days? I hear that it’s a big deal when a woman lets you do that. Well Steve, I’m letting you do it to me now! Wait, no...not even that – I’m *telling* you to do it! I’m BEGGING you to do it, Steve!”

Melissa started moaning out in great exaggeration, as she grinded her huge ass into Steve’s face. His cock was so hard now that it was throbbing painfully, but there was no way he could get it anywhere close to Melissa’s ass.

“Mmmmmmmmm come ON Steeeeeeeve!” Melissa groaned sexily, “Please, PLEEEEEEASE fuck me in my ass! Oh my GOD...I NEED it, Steve! You feel how big my ass is?? It neeeeds to be fucked. Please, Steve...PLEEEEEEASE fuck me in the ass!”

But try as he might, there was nothing Steve could do about his raging desire. His entire body was flushed crimson with desperation, and when Melissa finally stepped off him, giving him a respite, his body crumpled to the floor in an exhausted heap, totally defeated by her ass.

“Hahaha oh my god Steve!” Melissa laughed, turning back around. “That was just a little teasing! A little appetizer! Just LOOK at you – you’re a total wreck already! Yeeeeeah, I’m not sure if you’re gonna be able to handle me, especially not when I shrink you down to 6 picometers here in a minute.”

Steve’s eyes went wide and his head shot up, causing Melissa to laugh harder, jiggling all her sexy flesh as she gripped the sides of her hips, bending over slightly in her mirth, and causing her incredible tits to swing underneath her.

“Kidding, kidding!” she laughed, holding up the vial again. “So you’re what, 4’9 right now? How about we start by shrinking you down to a niiiice even 24 inches, huh?”

Steve blinked in silence, his eyes going back and forth between the vial of clear liquid and his Melissa’s smiling face. He didn’t know whether or not she meant to do it or not but he could see her sexy tongue issuing forth, just barely, between her lips, licking them hungrily. He felt completely trapped; he wasn’t really in a position to refuse her, was he? And, in any case, he knew that Melissa was right – he had no one to blame but himself. He was cornered by his own dirty desires.

Bowing his head slightly, Steve nodded. He heard Melissa exhale softly exhale in laughter above him, creating a little blast of air that ruffled his hair.

“Pssshahaha come on Steve,” she chuckled, wrapping her huge hand around his chin and diverting his head back up, so that he was looking straight up into her shining face. “Don’t act like you’re being led to the gallows!”

She glanced down pointedly at his groin, where his hard cock was conspicuously pressing into his oversized pajamas. Her smile widened across her face, and she raised her eyes slowly up his body, until she was staring at him straight in the face once more. Her eyes held his dominantly, and for several seconds, she didn’t say anything at all. Instead, she just kept staring at him, penetrating through to the core of his basest desires. Steve felt like she was stripping him naked with her stare, and he felt smaller than ever.

“Mmmhmm,” she purred knowingly, “You can pretend to be as sad and dejected as you want, Steve...but your little penis can’t lie, haha!”

Melissa abruptly collapsed down on her knees and pressed her big hands into the wall, one on either side of Steve, completely boxing him in. He was desperate to discover that, even on her knees, Melissa was still just about as tall as he was...maybe even an inch or two taller. Still with

her arms trapping him against the wall, she bent farther down, bringing her face close to Steve's crotch. Steve felt a surge of arousal as he felt her lips brush his cock through his pajamas.

"Ohhh yeeeahhhh," she whispered, like she was having a conversation with his cock alone, "We're about to have a LOT of fun together, little guy. Let me take a good look at you while I don't have to squint to see you, haha!"

Melissa swiftly brought her hands down to Steve's pajamas and yanked them down, walking on her knees to close the small space left between them in the process. Steve found himself smushed up against the wall once more, except this time, it was Melissa's big, warm tits that were pressed up on either side of his head. Grinning playfully, Melissa then proceeded to raise herself back up to her full height on her knees, and the effect was that Steve was actually lifted an inch or two off the floor. She was literally pinning him to the wall, suspended in the air, with the force of her huge tits. Now that his legs were dangling, Melissa was able to reach down and whisk off the pajamas crumpled around his ankles. Steve was breathing hard now, as he felt his rock-hard cock pressing into Melissa's soft belly flesh.

"Mmmm, that feels nice!" she cooed in his ear. "You like that, Steve? You like that I'm holding you up off the floor with my tits? Haha, I know you're partial to rear ends...hold on, that's called something, right? Uhhh...oh yeah, an "ass man," haha! I know you're an "ass man, Steve, but my tits aren't too shabby either, are they?"

"N-no..." Steve managed to say. He felt like he was already about to cum, and it didn't help the situation when Melissa grasped him by the hips and lifted him up even higher off the ground, bringing his bouncing cock right in front of her face.

"Yummmm," she murmured, bringing it closer to her mouth as she whispered at it, "I'm almost gonna miss it being this big...gotta kiss it goodbye first!"

Mwah *Mwah* *Mwah* *Mmmmmwwwwaaaah*

The sound of Melissa loudly kissing Steve's cock echoed out into the basement, and Steve grasped desperately at her head, trying to stabilize himself as bolts of pleasure coursed through his body with every kiss Melissa planted on his cockhead. He could feel the cum surging in his balls, and the base of his cock began to pulsate and twitch. He was going to cum...he was going to do it...there was nothing that could prevent –

OLM

Melissa had suddenly swallowed the entirety of his cock and balls into her mouth, and she had wrapped her powerful lips around the root of his genitals, squeezing and constricting them intensely. In a mad moment, Steve realized that she was actually holding his cum at bay...the constriction from her lips was preventing his orgasm. Steve mewed out desperately into the air, totally abandoning any pretense of self-respect, as he leaned down pitifully against her head.

He felt the booming vibrations of Melissa laughing with his cock and balls in her mouth; the vibrations penetrated through every inch of his body, from the tips of his fingers down to the tips of his toes. He felt so incredibly small and tiny – even something as innocent as Melissa laughing overwhelmed him now. In every conceivable way, she was superior to him...dwarfed him.

Pop

Melissa finally freed Steve's cock and balls, but not until she was certain that his orgasm had been denied. She let Steve fall back down onto his own two feet, and he was just able to maintain an unsteady balance as she put her hands back on either side of him, once more trapping him against the wall.

"Uh-uh!" she teased, "*You* don't get to cum yet, mister! Not until *after* I make you smaller. That'll teach you to take sex with your professor for granted!"

Still on her knees, Melissa backed up a bit, giving Steve a little more room, as she once again lifted up the vial of clear liquid and shook it at him playfully. Steve could only blink helplessly as he stared at it. He was certainly scared about getting smaller, but he would have been lying to himself if he tried to say that he wasn't also excited...perversely thrilled, even, to be shrunken down even tinier.

"Alllllright Steve," Melissa smiled, "It's time! Remember what you're drinking?"

"Uh...n-not...not really," he replied.

Melissa rolled her eyes. "Oh come on Steve, I just told you about it like half an hour ago! A specialized potassium ion compound? Remember?"

"Oh...eh, right...right," Steve nodded.

"And you remember *why* it'll shrink you?" Melissa pressed on. Steve had to take a moment and appreciate the ridiculousness of the situation – the 6'6 Melissa, with her knockout tits, giant ass, and goddess-like body, was kneeling in front of him, about to shrink him down to 2 feet tall, and she was actually quizzing him on the biological properties of what was about to happen. Melissa's body had certainly changed, but she was still the same old nerdy scientist who couldn't pass up a teachable moment.

"L-look, Melissa, I...I don't remember all the details, alright?" Steve replied wearily, "Can't we just –"

"Oh my god, you've forgotten already!" Melissa exclaimed. "Come on Steve, this is cutting-edge research we're talking about here! The specialized sodium ions in the multivitamin kickstart the apoptotic process, you know, cell death? Ringing any bells? Haha, anyway...this overrides the

protective volume regulatory response, causing the shrinking. And potassium, like sodium, is an alkali metal, with a similar first ionization energy, but potassium is more volatile, and will result in faster shrinking. Come on Steve, don't you remember anything from Biology 101?!"

Steve could only stand there silently, not knowing whether to be indignant or shamed by her admonition. More than anything, though, he was still reeling from the intensity of having his orgasm so pointedly denied. His heart was still hammering away in his chest, and Melissa's proximity was only fuelling his lust. Somehow, in a bizarre way, having her lecture him on the biological intricacies of what was about to happen made her seem even hotter.

"Can...can we j-just...just get on with it?" asked Steve in a small voice. He understood the implications of what he was saying, and at this point he couldn't even pretend to hide it any longer. He wanted her to shrink him; he wanted her to make him smaller. The prospect of looking up at her gigantic ass, while he was 2 feet tall, was proving far too enticing to resist any longer.

"Ooooo you really DO want me to do it!" Melissa squealed. "Hahaha oh my GOD that's sooooo cuuuute! Okay, Steve, okay, I won't torture you any longer. Here, open up! And don't move around too much – I want to make sure I pour in exactly the right dose."

Steve obeyed, opening up his mouth as Melissa took off the stopper and brought it carefully down to his lips. Even though it was hard not to stare at her body, Steve found himself fixated on her expression. She was biting her lip in concentration, completely and carefully attuned to her task. It was like she was working in her lab, her razor-sharp focus taking precedence over everything else. Again, Steve found himself strangely aroused by all of this – even though his mind couldn't quite wrap itself around the reason he knew, deep down, where it came from: Melissa's care and precision were yet another way that she was superior to him. She had the patience, the grit, and the resolve to be the incredible scientist she was, and Steve knew that he didn't have a chance in hell of matching her in those departments.

'That's why she's there...and you're here...why she looks like *that*...and you look like *this*,' said a little voice in his head. But fairly quickly, his attention was usurped by what was actually happening. The potassium ion trickled into his mouth; it had a slightly bitter taste, but it wasn't altogether unpleasant. Steve wondered whether Melissa had spiked it with some kind of flavored compound, to make it go down easier. It tastes almost like grapes...

But just then, almost immediately after swallowing it, the world around him began to grow. The ceiling, the walls, the pool table, Melissa's big body kneeling in front of him...everything looked like it was suddenly expanding dramatically. The effect was extremely vertiginous for Steve, and he stumbled back into the wall, reaching his arms out to brace himself against the wall. Right about this time, Steve realized that the shirt he had been wearing had almost trapped him up backwards. He glanced down and saw that his shirt pretty much covered his entire body, like a huge gown going almost all the way down to his ankles. Blinking rapidly in surprise, Steve looked back up. Even though he had already known what was going to happen, nothing could

have prepared him for looking up at Melissa, towering above him, still on her knees. Her eyes had gone wide with delighted excitement, and she put her hands up over her mouth, gasping out in utter glee. In a matter of seconds, the shrinking was over. Steve hadn't even felt anything.

"Ooooooo just LOOK at you!!" Melissa cried. "My precious little man! Hahaha oh WOW...look at this, Steve! I'm on my knees, and you only come up to...oh my god, you only come up to the middle of my stomach!"

It was true; Steve was staring straight forward into the middle of Melissa's toned stomach. Even just watching her breathing showed him how immense her body was compared to his – the amount of sheer mass that was moving before his eyes, every time she took a breath, was enough to make him feel smaller than he could have ever imagined possible.

"And you feel ok, Steve?" Melissa asked quickly, reaching down and feeling his forehead with the back of an enormous finger. "Nothing out of the ordinary?"

"N-no...no, I feel fine...I...I m-mean...aside from being two feet tall?" he quipped, trying to grin. In truth, though, he was too distracted by his tininess to smile much. Even the sound of his voice compared with hers was striking. Hers had a booming richness to it, and vibrated through his entire body, whereas his voice sounded waifish and meager...almost mouse-like.

"Yes, aside from being two feet tall," chuckled Melissa, rolling her eyes. "Heheh, still a little jokester, aren't you?"

She suddenly pinched the top of his oversized shirt and yanked it straight up off his head. The task was incredibly easy for her, and a moment later, Steve stood there naked before her. Melissa didn't waste any more time. She swept him up in her hands, cupping them under his armpits as she lifted him up off his feet and held him firmly up against the wall. Her wide eyes traveled hungrily over his naked body.

"A delicious...scrumptious, 24-inch little jokester," she breathed at him. "And you're aaaaall mine, little guy. I get to do whatever I want with you now. Mmmmmm, and this is just the start, Steve...just the start."

For several long moments, Melissa simply held him there, suspended off the ground. It was like she was so excited and thrilled that she didn't even know what to do with him first. Several times, she shifted in place, like she was about to get up off her knees, or cradle him to her breast, or set him back down on the floor. Each time, she balked, and it quickly became clear that she simply didn't want to stop holding him. Her hands felt gigantic as they eagerly massaged into Steve's shoulders and neck...everything about her was gigantic to him now. Steve didn't know what he had imagined it would be like to be two feet tall, but whatever his previous thoughts, none of them possibly measured up to the reality of how tiny, how miniscule, how puny he felt in her grasp.

Finally, Melissa got a devious sparkle in her eye.

“Ohhhh / knowwwww,” she purred at him, setting him carefully down on the floor, “/ know what to do first. Mmmmm, you’ve been such a good little sport, Steve, that I think now is high time to treat my shrunken little ass man to the BEST...uhhm...what do you call it when you shake your butt around? A butt dance?”

“Ahh...ehehaha...” Even in his position, Steve couldn’t help but chuckle at her naivete around these matters. “I think the word you’re looking for is “twerk.””

“T-what!?” Melissa burst out, putting her hands on her hips as she stood up. “*That’s* not a word...”

“Y-yeah...it..it is, actually,” Steve stammered. He found himself gaping up at her, and saw that she was far taller and huger than he had even realized until she stood up. He was staring UP at her knees, which were a good few inches above his head. The enormous pillars of her thighs towered high over him, many times the thickness of his entire body at this point. Her hips (and her giant ass peeking around behind them) looked as tall as the roof of a house, and past that, well...Steve could barely even see beyond the big, twin jutting megaliths of Melissa’s breasts, and he could only glimpse her face because she had taken a few steps backwards. With each step (even though they were light, easy steps), Steve felt the reverberations of her weight shooting through the floor beneath him.

“Sounds like one of those silly words your generation made up,” she chuckled, shaking her head down at him, “But you know what? Now that I think about it, “twerk” isn’t so bad after all...sounds kinda sexy, actually. So tell me, Steve, is this how you do it? Is THIS how you twerk?”

Melissa quickly turned around, bent down, put her hands on her knees, and threw her gigantic ass into a series of...well, twerks. Steve watched, utterly spellbound. From his perspective, it was like there was a colossal ass in the sky, with each humongous cheek at least twice as heavy as his entire body, shaking and gyrating sexily high above him. Steve felt his breath catch in his chest as his cock throbbed and rose up to an almost-painful level of hardness he had never experienced before. It felt like all the blood in his body was rushing down to stuff his cock as full as it could possibly get. He was so aroused that he actually became lightheaded, and had to stumble backwards into the wall to keep from toppling over completely.

“Ooooooh you like it that much, huh?” purred Melissa, glancing around the full, rounded curve of her ass cheek as she squinted down at him lustily. “Having a bit of a hard time standing up, are you, Steve? Haha well maybe I should switch it up a little.”

She straightened up and backed up towards him, standing a few feet away, with her back turned. For a few moments, she didn’t move, allowing the undulating, rippling currents going

through her ass to calm down and smooth out. But then, right as her ass flesh settled down, Melissa started shaking it again, but this time, she wasn't throwing her cheeks back and forth like she was before. Instead, she was just standing there, with her legs fully-extended, shaking her ass crazily all over the place. Steve gaped up at the sheer volume of flesh that was moving above him. He couldn't believe it – and it wasn't just Melissa's ass...the thick flesh of her hips and the oiled, sexy flesh of her thighs were also quivering and jiggling alluringly. It was almost too much for Steve, and he nearly came right then and there, without even being touched. The mere fact that Melissa was putting in so little effort to move such an insane amount of flesh was just...so incredibly humbling for him to witness. He couldn't have predicted feeling this small and insignificant, even if he had had weeks to prepare getting shrunk down. In every sense of the word, she dwarfed him, and his cock was straining, aching, pointing straight up at her ass now, desperate to feel it.

“Hahaha you wanna touch it soooooo bad, don't you?” Melissa teased, peering over her shoulder and winking at him. She briefly slowed down in shaking her ass, honing down on him, still peering over her shoulder.

“Oh my god,” she murmured, her smile falling for a moment as her eyes partially glazed over in lust, “You're sooooo, so small, Steve...I can't...I can't even *believe* it! You look like suuuuuch a tiny little thing down there. I wonder...I wonder if I just...”

And here, she started slowly backing up again towards Steve. He already had his back to the wall, so there was nowhere he could go.

“M-Melissa...” breathed Steve, putting two shaking hands up, partially in fear, and partially in a subconscious begging motion to let him touch her ass. “Wh...What're you d-doing?”

“So short,” she murmured over her shoulder, still looking down at him as she continued to back up towards him, “So small, so tiny...and sooooo, so cute.”

She had stopped backing up. Her ass was now directly over his head. Even though her feet were a foot-and-a-half away from the wall, looking up, Steve could see how Melissa's ass was squished up against the wall, high over his head. She was paused, poised, for a few silent moments, like she was letting him drink in the absolute enormity of the phenomenon above him.

And then, with slow, delicious purpose, Melissa began to bend her knees, lowering her huge ass down toward Steve. To him, it looked like the sky was falling. The primal, protective part of his brain screamed at him to run, but his legs felt like they were paralyzed. The truth, of course, was that another primal part of his brain, the sexual part, was about to have a conniption. He wanted so, so badly to touch Melissa's ass, to feel it encompassing him, squeezing him, compressing him...but that didn't mean that he wasn't afraid.

“Melissa...” he croaked out again, his voice sounding small and weak.

“Yesssss, baby,” she whispered, still peeking down at him over her shoulder. He couldn’t even see her mouth or nose anymore...just her eyes, squinted down in unabashed, ravenous affection.

“Yesssss, it’s coming for you, Steve,” she persisted, the soft, powerful sound of her voice washing over him as her ass continued to descend, “It’s gonna get you, little guy. I hope you’re ready for me, Steve...I hope that precious little cock of yours is ready to DO me, right here, in my *big ass*.”

THHHWWUUMMP

Steve felt all the air go out of his lungs right as he felt the huge, warm, soft weight of her gargantuan ass plop down directly onto his body. The sheer enormity of her expansive flesh immediately pushed him off his feet and thrust him against the wall; and then, after she eased up a bit for just a moment, he slid down onto his back. He moved to get up, but of course Melissa was having none of that. She brought down the megalithic slabs of ass flesh directly onto his chest, once again forcing his air out as her ass surrounded him, overwhelmed him, swallowed him. The only part of Steve’s body not under her ass was his head, which allowed him the barest necessity of breathing, even though that too was labored.

Melissa was still looking down at him over her shoulder, and Steve could see her eyebrows go up, as she fully appreciated the sight of her ass almost completely covering him.

“Mmmmmm, my butt just swallowed you up, Steve,” she cooed over her shoulder. “It just ate you. Is your cock hard down there? Oooooo I bet it is...but I can’t even feel it, it’s so tiny. Mmmmm, maybe if I just...wiggle myself around a little?”

She proceeded to gently jiggle and gyrate her huge ass back and forth, grinding Steve’s poor, hapless body further and further into the floor. He felt like he was underneath a mountain of flesh, and yet somehow, he wasn’t afraid that she would hurt him. Even in the midst of their astounding size difference, Steve knew, in the back of his mind, that Melissa wasn’t going to let anything happen to him. This knowledge did little, though, to prevent him from feeling completely overwhelmed by her. He could barely even see past the giant, rounded contours of her ass now, as she shook it back and forth, back and forth, down onto his tiny body. Somewhere far within the depths of her cheeks, Steve could feel his cock beginning to rise up to a surging fever pitch. It wasn’t going to be long now.

“Oooooo is it about to happen, Steve?” Melissa whispered down at him. “Is your little cock about to spew deep into my ass??” She turned away from him, throwing her head back as she stared at the ceiling, raising her arms above her head triumphantly as she shook and gyrated her ass down on him harder, with more insistence. Steve felt the massive ass muscles beginning to bounce on him, back and forth, back and forth, urging him to cum, insistently begging him to blow his load deep inside her huge, crushing cheeks.

“DO it, Steve!” cried Melissa throatily, calling up to the ceiling, her arms still outstretched over her head. “CUM in my BIG ASS, Steve! Uhhh, yeeeahhhh...cum right in between my GIANT CHEEKS! DO it, Steve! Cum...Cum...CUMMM!!”

“Guuuhhyyyaaaahhh!!” Steve’s squeal was completely ridiculous, like a little pig’s, but he wasn’t even aware of the sound he was making. All he knew was that he was cumming harder than he had ever cum before, deep in between Melissa’s colossal ass cheeks, as she twerked and shook them down on his outmatched little body. The raging fire of his orgasm stormed through his mind, and Steve passed out clean away, unable to withstand the intensity of the pleasure he was experiencing. And through it all, Melissa continued to twerk and grind her ass against him, only stopping when she felt his little body stop shuddering underneath her dominating weight.

Chapter 8

The next few days passed by in a kind of flashing, phantasmagoric reverie for Steve, and the reason why was very simple – Melissa kept shrinking him smaller and smaller. The external world around him seemed to be constantly changing, becoming huger and huger with each little tincture dose of the specialized ion liquid that Melissa had manufactured in her lab. Steve knew, however, that everything around him – the floor, the ceiling, the walls, the furniture – wasn't actually getting bigger. HE was getting SMALLER, but the actual effect of shrinking was so disorienting and crazy that each time it happened, Steve had to remind himself that everything else was actually the same size, but that it all just looked larger.

There was, though, one slight caveat to this rule: Melissa. As she shrunk Steve smaller, she was getting taller, bigger, and curvier. Her growth was less dramatic than Steve's shrinking, but it was certainly still happening, to the point where Steve found himself questioning how much he had actually shrunk.

"Heheh, you're giving me that look again, Steve," Melissa chuckled one day, right after she had shrunk him down to 12 inches tall. She put her hands on her thick hips and bent down at the waist, eying him curiously. "It's like you're still wondering if this is real or not."

Steve felt her shadow completely cover his little body. He couldn't wear clothes anymore, since he was far too small, and in any case, Melissa had said that she preferred him without clothes – with him tottering around naked now, she said that she could always get a nice little view of his perpetually-hard cock, just to remind herself how much he actually enjoyed being small, whatever his apparent protests to the contrary.

"I...I know this is real, Melissa," Steve replied, trying to sound as casual as possible. But at 1'0, naked and hard, standing in front of his bombshell professor, who was now 6'8, oozing with curves, and eying his cock, Steve was finding it difficult to pull off the "casual" tone.

"Well what about THIS, Steve?" Melissa asked suddenly, turning around and treating him to a view of her enormous, hulking ass. "Do you know that THIS is real?" She had recently taken to wearing that same gossamer see-through gown around all the time, even when she was busy working, just to entice and titillate Steve with her burgeoning body, and to soak up his reaction. She especially loved it when she was flashing her big butt down at him – she knew that he wouldn't be able to help gawking up at her mammoth ass, which to him seemed like it was emanating down from the sky itself.

"I uhhm...I-I c...I d..." stammered Steve. What else could he possibly say? There was an enormous, sexy ass twerking down at him from the sky, barely contained in the nightgown that just seemed to be getting smaller and smaller on Melissa's body every day.

With her back still turned to him, as she continued to shake her big ass down at him, Melissa turned her head, peeking at him over her shoulder. Steve couldn't even see her mouth because

of how far down he was, but by the crinkling of the corners of her eyes, he could tell that she was smiling.

“Ohoho, you can’t even *talk!*” she teased, now throwing her huge ass into an even more exaggerated series of bounces, twerks, and undulations. “My fat ass has such an effect on you that you’ve lost the ability to speak, hahaha!”

Steve just gaped and tried to form words, mouthing silently like a fish out of water. It was the strangest sensation, being so overwhelmed like this, and yet, Steve had actually started becoming accustomed to it. Each day, Melissa grew more and he shrank more, leaving him speechless as he contemplated the absurd size comparisons between them now. It was perfectly clear now that one of Melissa’s ass cheeks outweighed his entire body four or five times at least.

“I...I I-like it!” Steve managed to burst out. He realized that he had been moving backwards, and that Melissa had been following him with her ass, until *thunk* he backed straight into the living room wall.

“Mmmm, I *know* you like it,” Melissa purred, now swerving with sexy fluidity down into a crouching position, so that she “only” rose up above him by a foot-and-a-half. And then, backing into him gently, she lusciously rode his body into the wall with her fat cheeks, bouncing them up and down, up and down, forcing Steve’s body this way and that with each lubricious twerk of her cheeks. He had been hard before, but now he was full-mast engorged. However, he was being so thoroughly dominated that he couldn’t even see his cock; it was hidden somewhere in between Melissa’s giant ass cheeks.

“Haha, you know, I bet I could just do this to you for hours and hours everyday,” Melissa happily mused aloud, as she brought an inquiring finger up to her full lips, “And you’d just keep on having orgasms. Generally there’s a refractory period in adult males that lasts anywhere from 15 to 20 minutes, sometimes longer, but hahaha I’ve been observing, Steve, that YOUR refractory period has shortened considerably, the smaller I’ve made you.”

“Melissa...” Steve croaked. He wasn’t able to say anything more. His face had gone beet-red, and he was already approaching his third orgasm of the day – and it wasn’t even noon yet.

“Oh yeah, I think it’s a curious little discovery we’ve made,” Melissa continued, still thinking out loud as she continued to absentmindedly grind her big ass into Steve’s hapless little body. “The smaller the boy, the shorter the refractory period.” She cast a dirty glance over her shoulder down at him, her eyes sparkling mischievously. “Maybe the logical extension of that is...that if I shrink you down to an inch...or to the size of a microbe, then you just won’t be able to stop cumming. Hahaha, your refractory period will be so short that there literally won’t be any time in between your orgasms. You’ll just be so overwhelmed by how huge and dominant I am, and how tiny you are compared to me, that you’ll just cum and cum and CUM, without stopping, over and over, forever. Haha, can you imagine that, Steve? Never-ending orgasmic bliss. Heh,

you'd basically just be living in my ass at that point, going insane from the mindbreak of endless orgasms. Hahaha what a fun little idea!"

"Ggggyyyuuuuuhhh!" whined Steve, his head lolling back and then forward in helpless searing pleasure as he came hard in between Melissa's huge ass cheeks. He fell forward against the soft, firm flesh, feeling it give way slightly as it accepted his body like a king-size mattress. Melissa turned her head back around, arching her eyebrow in wry amusement.

"Oh and look! Speak of the devil, you just came again!" she teased. "God, you are so...umm...gee, what's that term? That term that the young people use, when they, uh...gosh, I knew this at one point! When someone is a sexual pushover, you know? Haha, come on Steve, help me out here..."

"Easy," he murmured into her ass, barely able to muster up the energy to get the word out.

"Huh?" asked Melissa, wiggling herself forward a little so that Steve collapsed down against the wall into something of a sitting position. "What did you say?"

"It's...it's called "easy,"" breathed Steve. "Someone's "easy" when they...when they..."

"Ohhh yeah that's it!" laughed Melissa, nodding. "When they behave like you do whenever you're around me and my fat ass, hahaha!"

"Y-yeah," admitted Steve, utterly exhausted.

"Ok well, anyway, I was only kidding about shrinking you to the size of a microbe," Melissa said, standing up. Steve had cum so often in between her ass cheeks now that she barely even noticed it. "Although..."

"Although...what?" Steve asked a few moments later, feeling uneasy. He wasn't entirely reassured by Melissa's grin as she stared down at him. The next thing he knew, she was brandishing the vial of clear liquid again, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek playfully as she spoke:

"You might look even cuter...if you were only *half* a foot tall..."

Melissa ended up shrinking Steve to exactly that height later on that day, and as the days went by, she didn't stop there. She always teased Steve, but she also always made sure that she was administering the shrinking serum carefully – she may have enjoyed taunting him with the prospect of shrinking down to the size of a bacteria, but of course she was never going to do such a thing. But 2 inches? Melissa could still see him, hear him, and gauge his reactions, and that's all the information she needed.

Two days later, Melissa was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, her gorgeous, curvy 6'9 body in all of its naked glory, as she ran a warm bath for the two of them. Next to her huge thigh, barely noticeable, was Steve, shrunken down to a miniscule 2 inches tall.

"Hmmm, gotta make sure it's not too hot," Melissa murmured, adjusting the faucet carefully. She angled a glance down at Steve, and a smile inexorably crept across her face. At this point, it was impossible for her to look at Steve and not smile. He was just so tiny now...and utterly precious.

"I mean, don't get me wrong," she continued, taking a large swig of a clear glass bottle of sugar-free lemonade that she liked to drink, "I love my baths hot...even maybe a little *too* hot, like over 104 degrees...heheh, at that point a mid-range fever gets induced, which can actually be quite beneficial for the circulatory system at short intervals, especially when combined with the dilating effect on the capillaries and...uh, you don't really care about any of this, do you?"

Steve felt beyond childish, standing there next to Melissa's huge thigh with that sour expression on his face. But even though he had tried to take all of his shrinking in stride, he still sometimes resented the fact that she had basically used his own weakness (aka his sexual attraction to her) against him to force him to shrink this small. He folded his tiny arms across his chest and huffed out, not even bothering to answer.

"Aww you're being a little poota-bear," Melissa teased gently, testing the water again as she took another swig. "You do realize, Steve, that when you pout like this, it just makes you, like...ten times as adorable, right?"

Steve sighed and huffed again, his face reddening slightly at her little tease. He would have been lying to himself if he had said that he didn't enjoy the gentle barbs she directed at him. They made him feel even smaller and punier than he already was, and, despite his brain still not wrapping around the implications of his submissive desires, he wasn't able to avoid feeling aroused whenever she talked down to him like this. The tenderness with which she spoke to him had the paradoxical effect of making her seem even huger and more monumental – she didn't even have to speak in anything other than a murmuring timbre, and her voice still felt like it was clattering and rattling through every atom in his body. And all of this, even with the bathwater roaring down beneath him. From Steve's perspective, it was like he was standing next to a large waterfall.

Melissa paused and carefully poured some of her lemonade into the metal cap that she had kept after opening the bottle.

"Here," she said kindly, bringing the cap down until it was right in front of Steve's face, "Drink some of this."

Steve stared at the cap-full of lemonade, which was wider than his entire body. He looked back up at her, blinking, momentarily confused.

“Go on, drink some!” Melissa persisted, “It’s important to stay hydrated, before, during, and after a hot bath, and to keep adequate glucose levels!” She cocked a wry smile down at him. “You don’t want me to get into the particulars of the body’s glucose processing, do you?”

A minute later, Steve had finished drinking up as much of the liquid as he could. Even still, he hadn’t appeared to make much of a dent in the amount that was still left in the bottle cap.

“That all?” Melissa asked, “You already done?”

“Yeah, that’s...uh...that’s all I can drink,” nodded Steve.

“Awww,” she cooed, her face scrunching up in affection at the sound of his voice, “I get goosebumps just hearing that adorable little voice of yours!” She raised the cap up to her mouth and immediately slurped out all the liquid like it was nothing. And then she raised the bottle to her lips and gulped the rest down, taking a few long seconds to do so. Steve watched, temporarily mesmerized. She had probably just drunk down the equivalent of 10 or 20 times his body weight, and there she sat, just smacking her lips down at him, grinning. She was so huge compared to him, so effortlessly titanic and powerful, that it really was impossible to comprehend. His little cock rose to attention even more than it had already been before.

“Well all right!” Melissa exclaimed just a few moments later, “The bath’s all ready! Mmmmm, I can see that YOU are already all stripped-down and ready to go...haha, in more ways than one, apparently!”

Steve blushed even more and hid his erection behind his hands. His involuntary motion caused Melissa to chuckle even more:

“Oh please, Steve...we both know I’ve been seeing *plenty* of your cute little appendage these past few days. Mmmm, seeing...touching...*tasting*...”

She extended her tongue out of her mouth and flicked at the air, grinning down at him as her eyes went wide with excitement. Steve had to take a series of deep breaths just to keep himself under control. Over the past few days, Melissa had grown more and more sexually forward with him, to the point where she was doing things like flicking her tongue at him like this without even a second thought. She had filled out gloriously into her new and dominant sexual role, and from Steve’s perspective, it made her seem all the more gorgeous and alluring.

“Heheh ok so...guess all that’s left is for me to just...strip down too,” Melissa continued, doing her best impression of a sexy drawl as she cocked her eyebrow down at him. “And then it’s bath time!”

Placing the empty lemonade bottle on the side of the tub, Melissa rose regally up from her sitting position. The only clothing she was currently wearing was a red velvet bathrobe, and

after rising up, she turned away, quite deliberately, from Steve, showing him the large rounded bulge of her ass. He swallowed and stared. At this point, he knew what was coming, but even his foreknowledge did not prepare him for the strip-tease he was about to witness.

“Duh...duhduhduh...Duh...duhduhduh...” Melissa hummed, doing her best impression of whatever she thought “sexy music” was, and as she hummed, she wiggled and gyrated her huge ass back and forth, back and forth, as she slowly, tantalizingly, let her robe down. She made sure it was a gradual process, so as not to rush the “big reveal,” but after thirty seconds of sexy dancing, she apparently got impatient and finally let her robe drop completely down to the ground, revealing her enormous bare ass in all its glory. Steve’s breath caught in his chest, so much so that he had to actually remind himself to keep breathing. Those twin cheeks were so massive now compared to him that he couldn’t even believe it. The mere thought of an entity being strong and powerful enough to move such mountainous megaliths...well, it completely boggled Steve’s mind. And there Melissa was, crouched down low, grinning at him over her shoulder, as she effortlessly threw her ass cheeks up and down and back and forth in a crazy, jiggling series of wild twerks. The comparison made him feel weak in the knees – she was almost like some kind of a goddess compared to him now.

Melissa was enjoying herself so much that she accidentally twerked her huge ass into the bathroom sink, knocking over the hand soap bottle, which spilled out onto the tiled floor.

“Oops!” she giggled, bending down to clean up the mess. In doing so, she gave Steve an even closer view of her cavernous cheeks, and even with her bending over like this, he still couldn’t see too far into her ass – her cheeks were simply too big.

“Ok, ok, enough of all that,” Melissa chuckled, after she was all done cleaning up. “Let’s take a bath!”

Steve made a motion to jump in, but Melissa held up her hand.

“Wait!” she exclaimed.

“What?” asked Steve, confused.

“I think...I think I’d better get in first,” Melissa replied. When Steve looked at her confusedly, she explained. “Heheh, I mean...think about it, Steve – that water looks pretty calm now, but do you think it’s gonna look like that when this big ass gets in?”

She smacked her cheeks loudly with both hands, and Steve saw them shake and ripple crazily in response, making his cock twitch.

“Mmmmm, yesssss,” moaned Melissa, over-doing the sexiness as she slid onto the side of the bathtub and began to get in. “I’ll get in first.” But even though she was obviously overplaying the “sexy” aspect to the whole encounter, she was just so huge and hot that it didn’t even

matter. From Steve's perspective, it was just another little quirky aspect of her personality that made her seem even hotter.

As her huge body entered the water, Steve felt the heat from the steam go up all around him. The water in the tub looked like the ocean in the midst of a violent storm, and he realized that Melissa's idea had been a good one. He certainly did not want to be in the water when it was that rough and choppy. He felt an immense shadow pass over him, and he looked up. Melissa's ass was in the sky overhead, slowly passing over him as she carefully, deliberately, slid herself into the water. Steve had his hands on his cock again, but this time, it was to keep from losing his load. A sky-full of Melissa's ass was enough to push him to the brink with very little lead-up.

After Melissa had settled into the water, with her knees raised up like twin towering islands, the water calmed rather quickly.

"Alright Steve," she chuckled, "Hurricane Melissa has passed – I think it's safe to get in now."

Steve carefully walked to the edge of the tub, standing next to the empty glass bottle (which dwarfed him, standing 6 times his height). Then he sat down and gingerly began to feed his legs off the edge. The water seemed a lot farther down than he had anticipated, the equivalent of 10 feet.

"Haha come on Steve!" Melissa teased, "Don't be scared – come on, get in!"

She reached over and tapped him on the back with her finger. This simple motion sent Steve hurtling headfirst down into the bath, and seconds later he was bobbing up, sputtering and blinking the warm water out of his eyes as he struggled to get his bearings.

"There we go!" Melissa's voice came to him across the water, joining the water in his ears, "Not so bad, is it, Steve?"

Instinctively, Steve doggy-paddled his way over to the closest "island" of one of Melissa's knees, which he reached in about ten seconds, and then held on to, in order to catch his breath.

"Need a breather, huh?" Melissa teased. "Oh well, no worries there...unless there's another storm brewing in the north...uh-ohhhhh!"

She had pursed her lips and was now blowing down on the steaming bathwater, causing a series of ripples to form and travel towards Steve. Watching helplessly as they approached, he cried out in a panic as the ripples, which to him were big waves, crashed into him, knocking him off the secure holding spot of her knee and sending him spinning and swirling around the bath water. His cries quickly became panicked, choking gurgles as he went down under the water. Almost immediately, though, he felt a gigantic appendage rise up underneath him, coming up

from the depths, and the next thing he knew he was sputtering and spitting out in the open air again, all to the sound of Melissa's delighted laughter.

"Hahahaha oh Steve!" she exclaimed, "You should've seen your face just then! You really thought I was gonna let you drown?! Come on...don't you trust me?"

Steve coughed out some more water as he got his bearings, and shot an irritated glance up at her. His response only made Melissa laugh harder, since he was now sitting on the "island" of her palm in the middle of the tub. Her increased laughter made her sexy flesh jiggle and quiver, which made still more waves and sent them lapping up against her hand, splashing Steve in the face once again.

"Hahaha ok, ok, here, let's grant you a little bit more independence, shall we?" Melissa chuckled. She reached over to the side of the tub and picked up the metal bottle cap to the lemonade bottle. Plopping it upside down in the water, she plucked Steve out of her palm and placed him carefully inside of it.

"There you go!" she laughed, "Your own makeshift little boat! All aboard the SS Diminution!"

"Ha ha, very funny, Melissa," Steve replied sarcastically, rolling his eyes. But he had to admit, the bottle cap really did make for a perfect little boat for him. For a few minutes or so he languidly floated around the tub as Melissa washed herself, and he was just beginning to get comfortable when, all of a sudden, a fat drop of water splashed over his head, making his knees buckle, and nearly causing him to fall down. His head jerked up, and he saw, with considerable alarm, that Melissa had her hand held high above his "boat." Her hand was wet, and she was letting water drip from her fingers, right on top of him. He felt the bottle cap beginning to sink – the extra water was weighing it down.

"M-Melissa!" he cried, "Stop! Stop it! You're gonna sink me!"

"Better do something about it then, little guy," she grinned, dripping more water down on top of him. Panicking, Steve cupped his hands and desperately tried to bail the water out. Melissa just responded by laughing some more, and again, her jiggling flesh rippled the water, and caused Steve and his "boat" to rock back and forth, complicating his task. Just as soon as he thought he had scooped out enough water, Melissa let more drip down from her fingers. It was a hopeless task, and within a minute, his exertions had tired him out almost completely.

"Ohhh, all worn out already, huh?" she teased, "Too bad."

She rubbed her fingers together, sending a flurry of droplets down. This proved way too much for the little bottle cap to handle, and it promptly sunk, sending Steve down with it. He was able to stay afloat by kicking his legs, but now he was at the mercy of the rippling waves all around him.

“Better hold your breath, Steve!” Melissa laughed. She had reached over and had fetched the empty lemonade bottle. Steve only had a couple seconds before he realized what she was about to do.

“N-no...no, wait, Melissa!” was all he could say before she had quickly submerged the empty bottle, right underneath him. He felt a powerful suctioning force, and even though he kicked his legs and pulled with his arms as hard as he could, there was nothing he could do. He was sucked into the bottle, along with a rushing deluge of water. He was lost in the violent, bubbly current for a few dizzying moments, but he finally rose up to the surface of the water inside the bottle. Melissa had brought it up out of the water; the bottle was almost full, except for a 1-inch portion at the very top of the neck, where Steve was floating now. She was obviously enjoying herself, and Steve was still trying to catch his breath. He could tell that she had that mischievous look in her eye, and he knew that another stunt was coming any second now. And right before he had caught his breath enough to beg her to let him rest, it happened.

“Think fast!” she giggled, and all of a sudden, she turned the bottle upside down, flipping it so that the neck was touching the water, forming an airtight seal. Steve panicked all over again, finding himself submerged and trapped in the glass bottle, but he was not about to give himself up for lost yet. His instincts took over, and he swam up through the water, finally coming out gasping at the “top” of the bottle (which, of course, was actually the bottom of the bottle inverted), breathing in the hot, humid steam of the air pocket. For a few moments he just floated there, bewildered, unable to grasp that he had literally been imprisoned inside a lemonade bottle, 8 inches above the bath water. But then, he saw something huge darken the glass around him, until finally, a giant eye came into view, peering at him through the glass.

In that moment, an epiphany hit Steve – never had it been more obvious that he had become a mere plaything to Melissa. Her giant eye blinked at him, and she tapped the glass playfully with her fingernail.

“Hello in there, little guy!” he heard her muffled voice say. She was so big that he could easily understand her, but he knew that she wouldn’t be able to hear anything he said in reply. For the next few minutes, Melissa just held him there in the bottle, peering at him closely like a specimen, tapping on the glass and teasing him. She even yawned her mouth open and swallowed half of the bottle in her huge mouth, thrusting Steve’s world into total darkness. Eventually, she laughed and brought the bottle up, breaking the seal and causing the water to come sucking back out into the bathtub, dragging Steve along with it.

For the next half-hour, Melissa continued in her relentless games, which culminated in her trapping Steve in an air pocket in the bottle, turning it upside down, and pinning it to the bottom of the tub with her big thighs. This proved too much for Steve – her power over him was so overwhelming that he couldn’t hold back anymore. Trapped in the air pocket underwater, held there by her mighty thighs, his body spasmed, and he came over and over again, unable to resist giving in to her domination.

Several days later, the morning sunlight was streaming in through the curtains of Melissa's home office. As usual, she was sitting at her desk, an untidy mess of papers surrounding her, all of them covered with complex formulas. She was chewing on her bottom lip, deep in thought as she peered down closely at the sheet of paper in front of her, upon which she had been writing down a series of formulas, only to cross them all out.

"No, no..." she muttered to herself, crossing out the latest formula she had written. "Protein synthesis notwithstanding, the copper ions just make that one impossible...but it has to be some kind of a metal conductor, though...it *has* to be...and copper conducts electricity so well...but maybe if we can create a nano-lithium battery to store up some, uhm...lemme think..."

Something moved underneath one of the papers on her desk, and, extending the eraser end of her pencil, she absentmindedly prodded it, and Steve struggled out from underneath the paper. He was totally naked, and even smaller than he had been a few days before. Melissa had shrunk him down even more, to the point where he was now only a third of an inch tall. She could barely even hear his tiny voice anymore, which was just as well, because she had to concentrate now on finding out the bio-mechanism by which she could grow him back again.

Steve had fallen on his back when Melissa poked him in the chest with her eraser, but he was trying to get back up again. It was hard for him to remain still for so long, even when he knew that Melissa was trying to concentrate on making him bigger again. His movements caught her eye, and she poked him with her eraser again, forcing him back down.

"Hey, quit distracting me!" she exclaimed. "Do you want me to find a way to grow you back or not?"

"Y-Yes!" called Steve up to her. His little voice sounded so puny these days, but he still tried his best.

"Oh my god, I can't believe I didn't think about it before!" Melissa burst out suddenly, running her finger over the shiny metal underneath the eraser. "Silver! It conducts electricity even better than copper! Duh! Haha, ok so...let's see...gotta think, gotta think..."

Sensing some kind of breakthrough, Steve tried to stand up again, but ended up stumbling and falling down into a stack of papers next to him. Even though he was tiny, his little body was enough to disorganize the stack. Melissa glanced down at him and frowned, making a show of displeasure, even though she was not actually displeased. She just liked playing around with him when he made a mess of things.

"Oh my god," she declared, "You just can't help yourself, can you?" She suddenly rose up out of her desk chair and turned around, exposing Steve to the gigantic shadow of her massive ass. Melissa was a full 6'10 now, and her ass had never been bigger. She shook it down at him, slowly making it descend upon him with slow, terrifying force.

“N-no...noooo!” cried Steve. His instincts took over, and he tried to escape the monumental, descending ass. But in his fear, his body felt paralyzed, and he could do nothing but lie there among the papers, a helpless captive to his fate.

“Ohhh yessss!” laughed Melissa, “If my little man can’t behave himself, then I’m just gonna have to smush him with my biiiiig ass, once and for all! Say goodbye, Steve, hahahaha – it’s been a pleasure.”

Steve’s vision darkened, and a moment later all he could see was Melissa’s titanic, descending ass. It was his sky, his world...his everything. Within it she held the power of life and death, and right now, it just about looked like she had finally decided to perform the supreme act of domination and snuff him out for good. Clenching his teeth, he abandoned himself to his submissive destiny, as he felt the soft, yet firm weight of her ass cheek beginning to press into his tiny body...

Chapter 9

A month later, Steve was bent down, sweat dotting his brow as he fought through the burning in his lungs and the acid pain in his muscles. For the last several minutes, he had been busy rolling a long, colorful, plastic cylinder along the smooth wooden desk, towards the huge, indistinct shape that was looming up above him like a mountain far in the distance. He stopped for a moment, putting his foot down underneath the cylinder as he leaned forward against it, catching his breath. Weeks ago, he would have grumbled at the absurdity of such a chore, but at this point he had grown into his new role, and actually relished the thought of doing something useful, however ridiculous.

“NEEAHBEEETHRRRR?”

The deep, rumbling sound of Melissa’s voice thundered through his ears from high, high above, and Steve strained his face forward, up toward the immense mountain of flesh that, to him at least, seemed a quarter mile away. He knew she was talking to him, but she was so gigantic, and he was so tiny compared to her, that sometimes her “normal” voice only sounded like indistinct rumbling. It took the combined efforts of both of them – him attuning his ears, and her doctoring her voice to a higher register – to effectively communicate. And even though Steve felt a stab of humiliation and helplessness at the thought of being too small to understand her, there was also a part of him that was intensely aroused by the thought. She was just soooo huge, so massive, that, for all intents and purposes, it was like she occupied an entirely different realm of existence.

“Oh! Oh, sorry Steve,” Melissa chuckled a few moments later, after seeing his ant-sized body straining forward to understand her. She couldn’t help but laugh to herself, seeing him so incapable of ordinary human exchange. In every way, she had to tailor herself to him; otherwise he would lose all aspects of his humanity. He would be cut off from her, and from everyone else, doomed to live in his tiny ant-sized world. Melissa thought all of this was tremendously cute and entertaining, but she enjoyed teasing him far more than ignoring him.

“I was just asking,” she proceeded, softening her voice so he could hear her, “If you needed a breather?”

“Yes! Yes...a breather, uh-huh!” answered Steve loudly, nodding his head in an exaggerated way. This was the way he naturally talked to Melissa now, because the idea that she could hear him from so far up there was so unbelievable. He was only an inch tall, and she was a monstrous 6’10 – and what’s more, he was all the way over at the far end of her desk. Sitting in her swivel work chair, with her huge breasts squished up against the desk, she truly looked like a mountain range unto herself: her huge boobs were the round, “shorter” mountains, her broad shoulders were the “taller” ones, and her head was the summit. The mere thought of Melissa being able to effortlessly move so much mass and weight was enough to overwhelm Steve all by itself.

“Oh my silly little worker drone!” Melissa laughed softly, bending forward suddenly so that her head hung over Steve, casting him in its shadow, “How many times do I have to tell you? There’s no need to nod and gesticulate like a crazy person – *I can hear you*, as hard as that is for you to grasp. Regular human ears can pick up high-frequency sounds quite well. It’s *your* ears that’ve gone through the change where they can’t process lower frequencies...like MMMYYVBVOIIGGGLSSSHEEE!”

Melissa’s huge smile in the sky widened as she switched from her “Steve voice” to her normal voice, and her eyes sparkled mischievously as she watched the tidal wave of her sound rush over Steve – it didn’t hurt him in any way. It just stunned him briefly, like he had been caught in the middle of a thunderclap. Melissa knew that her two last words, “my voice,” had been garbled in his ears, and she loved watching him stand there, dazed by the mere sound of the normal timbre of her speaking.

“Okay, okay, enough of that,” she giggled, switching back to her softened voice, “I think that’s enough of a break for you, huh? Come on, let’s go! Those M&M’s aren’t going to eat themselves! I need the sugar rush to push through the last stack of these studies here. You DO want me to find the way to reverse your height, right?”

“Y-Yes! I do!!” Steve replied eagerly, and he didn’t need to be told twice to resume his labors. The next moment he had his feet braced against the smooth wood of the desk, pushing the plastic M&M towards Melissa as she watched him affectionately. She made a show of taking big, long, deep breaths that pushed the confines of her black dress, audibly stretching the fabric with her size. This was one of her favorite activities: give Steve tasks to do, and then try to distract him with her body while he struggled to complete them. Most of the time, Steve wasn’t able to finish what he had started, since her body proved too much for him to resist.

“I’m just kidding, you know,” she giggled a little while later, after Steve had pushed the M&M canister a good 12 inches toward her. “I’m not actually working on the height reversal right now.”

“You’re...you’re not!?” Steve burst out, standing up abruptly from his toil and putting his hands on his hips, breathing hard. “But...but you said yesterday that you were –”

“Yes, yes, but you know how I can be,” Melissa cut in, shaking her head (and sending down a gust of wind towards Steve as a result, which ruffled his hair and made his eyes water), “One thing leads to another...one rabbit hole becomes another rabbit hole, and then turns into a fox hole...or, you know, however they say it.”

“I...” Steve began, but he stopped and recollected himself, still with his hands on his hips as he shook his head back and forth. “You know you’re *reeeeally* bad at sayings, right?”

“What?” replied Melissa innocently as she rearranged a stack of papers (10 stories high from Steve’s perspective) filled with complicated formulas to her left. “Isn’t that how I would describe

it? I was researching the conductivity of silver, you know, silver? The element? Gonna be one of the keys to the protein synthesis to reverse-engineer the molecular –”

“YES...silver! I know,” interrupted Steve. He was trying to prevent Melissa from tumbling down into one of her long-winded explanations that totally went over his head, but he knew that he was fighting a losing battle here.

“Aaaaand then I remembered that silver atoms have 47 protons,” continued Melissa, lowering her head even more and rearranging her entire body in her swivel chair, so that her titanic features were now directly in front of Steve. He privately smiled to himself, seeing how his chore to push the M&M capsule all the way over to her had taken care of itself. But he couldn't feel too smug in the face of such a sight – Melissa's enormous breasts loomed over him, from his perspective well over 15 stories high, and the dark line of her cleavage ran down the middle like an alluring fault line. As much time as he had spent around her body this past month, Steve still hadn't gotten used to this sight; he started to get hard.

“Goes without saying, of course, that a dilute solution of silver nitrate could be used as an effective disinfectant, which of course would solve the issue of bacterial blooms in any live culture we'll be testing,” Melissa was continuing, gesturing in the air with a pencil in her hand. Steve marveled at the strength required to do what she was doing; next to him, that pencil would have been as long, as thick, and as heavy as a 50-foot concrete pillar.

Steve suddenly got the fun, cheeky idea to keep pushing the M&Ms even closer as Melissa jabbered on. Grinning to himself, he bent down and started pushing it towards the twin megaliths of her gigantic rack, which was now squished up even more against the desk as she continued talking animatedly.

“And silver nanoparticles would have to be synthesized in the protein-polymer matrices of two different ratios,” Melissa was continuing, now almost talking to herself as she stared out the window, “Given that, at least in theory, UV-visible spectrophotometry will show a single plasmon resonance peak at...ummm...oh what was it...” – She turned through a dozen pages at the top of her stack of papers, until she found what she was looking for – “416 and 418 nanometers, respectively, and...Steve? You're not listening to me, are you?”

“Noooooo, no, uhh...what gave you that idea?” Steve panted sarcastically, smiling forward into the looming breasts that now dominated his vision as he continued to push the M&M canister towards its destination. “It's actually really helpful, Melissa – you know, this, ugghhh...this is hard work, and sometimes, you know, when you're in the middle of a hard task, it's extra helpful to have some white noise to drown out the sound of your own –”

“Ooooo, you little stinker!” Melissa giggled. She didn't even let him finish. Steve felt the sky go dark overhead as Melissa extended a huge hand over him, splaying her fingers out and wiggling them playfully, just to emphasize how tiny he was in comparison. And then, Steve felt the almost-impossibly gentle clamp of her thumb and forefinger around his diaphragm, before she

whisked him up off his feet and brought him up close to her face. Even though Steve had become more accustomed to them playing around like this, he hadn't quite gotten used to the sight of her panoramic face up close – in every sense of the word, she was a giantess compared to him, and in these moments he felt impossibly weak and overmatched.

"You've got a lot of nerve, you know," Melissa teased him, raising her eyebrows wryly, as she shook his little body gently back and forth in her fingers, "Talking to me like that. Generally, when a tiny little shrimp is addressing someone the size of a skyscraper from its perspective, polite respect and humble obeisance are recommended...even encouraged!"

"Obeisance...that's...that's a nice word," Steve replied, kicking his legs in a show of resistance. "Is that giant-speak for "I'm hangry and I want M&Ms?""

"Hahaha whoooooa there little man!" Melissa laughed, delighted by Steve's spunk as she brought him even closer to her eye, "I think you've got everything all mixed-up! *I'm* totally normal – or, well, at least, I'm 6'10, with immense breasts and buttocks that could...well...anyway, I'm a huge person, but I'm not on the .000001% of the standard deviation spectrum like *you* are. Get it right, Steve – *I'm* not a giantess. *You're* the little squirt hanging between my fingers!"

Steve didn't have any immediate response to this; perhaps he was more distracted than usual by the sight of Melissa's huge eyeball in front of him, or by the spectacle of her cleavage far below him, which opened up like an immeasurable valley below him.

"And what's with the cowboy talk?" Melissa persisted. "You mean "hungry," right? Why're you saying it weird all of a sudden?"

"C...ahhhhhahaha, *what!?* *Cowboy* talk??" laughed Steve. He never ceased to be amazed at Melissa's total ignorance of anything remotely related to contemporary culture. "I said "hangry" – it's a term that's a...what's the term...it's a combination of two words."

"Portmanteau," cooed Melissa, tilting her head to the side as she blinked at him affectionately.

"Yes...whatever you just said...and it's a combination of "hungry" and "angry,"" Steve explained as he noticed, with a jolt of heat at the base of his cock, that Melissa's nipples were visibly growing, pressing into her top.

"That's dumb," Melissa declared flatly. "Sounds like a bunch of mumbo jumbo to me. Kids these days..." She shook her head down at him ruefully. Steve had opened his mouth and was about to retort, but Melissa was already one step ahead of him.

"And furthermore," she added, pivoting his tiny body away from her face and turning him around to face the far corner of her desk, "That little tongue of yours is too cute and clever for its own good. I think a certain little miniature someone needs to be reminded HOW tiny he actually is."

As she spoke Melissa moved to the right of her desk, rolling sideways on her swivel chair. To her, the movement was normal, but to Steve, it was like he was on a literal roller coaster. Despite his trust in her, he couldn't help but hold his breath and tense up his entire body in response to the movement; it was like the whole world was rushing around him. But after a few seconds, everything slowed down, and Steve saw what direction Melissa was aiming him. He felt himself become a little excited, even though another part of him inwardly rebelled.

"You see that over there on the corner of my desk?" Melissa asked him, humming out the words with evident relish.

"Mhm," nodded Steve.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's...a dollhouse," Steve replied, not quite feeling like giving her the answer she wanted.

"Noooo, not a dollhouse, silly," she answered softly, bumping him in the back with her nose. It hadn't ceased to amaze Steve how much control over her body Melissa had – her nose was practically the size of an airplane to him, and yet, she could still manage to touch him without overdoing it. The sheer control she had over her own body made him even more aroused than he already was.

"It's a...well, it's...it's *my* house," Steve sighed, resigning himself to the answer he knew she wanted. Part of him had wanted to keep dodging the obvious question in elaborate, creative ways that would make Melissa laugh, but there had already been a jaunty edge to her voice before, and Steve didn't want to do anything to actually irritate her. Sometimes she could get a little moody out of the blue, whenever her research wasn't going so well, or when she felt like he wasn't being appreciative of her, or even worse, taking her for granted. The memory of how she had withheld sex from him for days was still fresh in his mind from a month before. And the things she did to him now, especially with that giant tongue of hers...well, Steve didn't want to put any of that in jeopardy. He wanted to get bigger, yes – but while he was this size, it would be crazy for him to throw away *that* perk, right!?

"That's riiiiight, Steve!" Melissa purred, barely mouthing the words in a whisper, but sounding to Steve like a deep rumble, "It's YOUR house! The house I bought for you once we realized it was gonna take some time to find the cure to grow you back!"

Moving her hand slowly so Steve wouldn't get whiplash, she gently brought him through the air, setting him straight down beside the front door of the house – which was indeed a dollhouse, but not for Steve's purposes. For the last few weeks, he really had been staying in the house, sleeping in the little bed that Melissa had made up for him, and lounging on the chairs inside. It was all totally ridiculous, of course, but in the insane world that he now lived in, where he was

an inch tall, it all seemed to make sense. But there was only one problem with the house, though...a problem both he and Melissa had discovered as soon as they had it delivered.

“Well go on inside!” Melissa urged him. “I can see through the window that you left your bed unmade...*again*. You’ve graduated, Steve – your college days are over! It’s time to cultivate those positive habits that will serve you well in adulthood!”

“Like having a comforter you can bounce a penny off of?” Steve replied, sulking beside the front door. “What good does that do anyone?”

“Haha, I’m pretty sure that if I tried to bounce a penny on your bed,” Melissa chuckled, “It wouldn’t bounce at all – I think it’d bust right through the bed, actually.”

“Yeah, yeah, probably so,” sighed Steve. He knew that Melissa was just trying to get him to go inside to prove a point, but he knew that there was no use stalling, and so he stepped up to the front door to go inside. Even before entering, the “problem” with the dollhouse was obvious – the top of Steve’s head only came halfway up the door. It was clearly far too tall for him, to the extent where he had to stand on his tiptoes to unlatch the handle. He could sense Melissa grinning at him as he struggled to reach the handle, and when he slipped a little on his first attempt, he could actually feel the gusting breeze of her mirth on his back.

Finally, he managed to enter the “house,” and was once again reminded of the problem he and Melissa had discovered once it had been delivered. She had gone all-out ordering the “Deluxe Dollhouse” option, which came complete with a miniature sofa and armchair for the living room, and a table with four chairs for the dining room. The bedroom upstairs was also fully furnished, with a dresser, two nightstands, and a “queen-sized” bed.

There was only one problem: even though the furniture was all doll-sized, it was far too big for Steve. Try as he might, he couldn’t even get close to jumping up on the sofa or the chairs, let alone his bed. All the furniture was made for an 8-to-10-inch doll, and being only one inch tall now, Steve required Melissa’s assistance to lounge on the sofa, or to get into his bed at night. She would have him perch on her finger, and would then gently insert her finger through one of the open windows, allowing Steve to tumble off onto the sofa, or onto his bed. It was all quite humiliating for him, though Melissa took obvious pleasure in his ordeal.

“Come on, come on, up the stairs to make your bed!” Melissa sang out through the first-floor window. Steve knew that this was all part of her ridiculous charade, because they both knew that it was next-to-impossible for Steve to “make” his bed in any real sense. It took him ten minutes every morning to just pull his blanket up to his pillows, and he only went through the motions because Melissa insisted on it. Today, though, he had been too lazy, and hadn’t felt like humoring her antics.

In any case, he had a fun little prank to spring on her. He smiled to himself as he dutifully trudged up the stairs, having to take two steps on each stair, since they were too big for him to

use like normal stairs. Melissa's huge, watchful eye followed him through the window the whole time. Once Steve arrived in his bedroom, Melissa's finger was already there, waiting for him to use it as a stepping stool up onto his bed.

"You're so thoughtful, you know that, right?" Steve declared sarcastically, as he ascended her giant finger and tumbled down onto his bed, staring up at her from his supine position.

"Just taking care of those who can't take care of themselves," she responded, winking at him through the window, "And, of course, part of that is making sure you maintain your adult habits, so that when I grow you back, you won't be stuck in your childish routine."

"God forbid," Steve grumbled, and began "making" his bed. Melissa watched him for a few moments, and then, satisfied that he was doing what she wanted, she turned away, back to her notes. A few moments later, Steve heard her talking to herself again, something about "silver ions" and their "highly reactive moiety," and "binding to tissue proteins," and on and on.

This was the chance he had been waiting for. Moving slowly, so that he wouldn't distract her attention through the bedroom window, Steve pushed a pillow off the far side of the bed and then gingerly let himself down, grasping onto the sheets so that he wouldn't descend too hard. The pillow cushioned his fall, and the next moment, Steve was sneaking out of the bedroom, down the hallway, to the opposite end of the dollhouse. A spool of thread was sitting there, directly beneath the window. Melissa had been using the thread to take Steve's measurements everyday (a process that made him feel begrudgingly aroused), but Steve had concocted a new use for the thread. Opening the window, he grabbed onto the end of the thread and unraveled it enough to reach the "ground" below. Then he tossed the thread out the window, got a firm grip of it, and slowly, carefully, began lowering himself down out of the house. His body was so light that the spool easily countered his weight – it didn't even move as he descended.

Once Steve reached the "ground" (or, in this case, Melissa's desk), he immediately made a beeline for the little fort of office supplies he had made a few days before, at the far end of her desk. He had to do this covertly, hiding behind stacks of books and papers, to ensure that Melissa didn't see him. But she was still absorbed in her work, and he was able to reach his little hut of sticky notes, paper clips, and ballpoint pens without being seen. He slid inside his "fort" and let out a deep sigh, smiling to himself in the darkness. He knew that his little shenanigans were silly, but, for the past month, he had felt a need to hollow out some special space for himself, just to keep his mind grounded. Melissa had more or less become his world, and even though he was helplessly aroused by her, and in constant awe of her intellect, Steve still wasn't keen on her dominating *every* aspect of his life. He lived for these little moments to himself, when he could just sigh out, decompress, and forget that he was an inch tall.

"Ooooo, Steve, get this!" boomed Melissa's voice suddenly, "I knew I was on to something here! When silver ions bind to a bacterial cell wall, they actually *block* the transport of substances in and out of the cell! Hahaha, like...of *course*! How could I forget something so elementary!? This is great news for the development of our new...Steve?"

Steve's heart started beating faster; she had discovered that he wasn't in his bedroom. He felt anxious, yes, but more than anything else he felt excited – he had pulled this kind of prank on Melissa before, and even though she inevitably found out where he was, he took a kind of wild enjoyment out of making her search around for him. It was one of the few things that made him feel like he had just a smidgen of power in their exchange.

What was unnerving, though, was the fact that Melissa wasn't talking. Usually, when he ran off and hid, she would call to him, teasing him with promises of pleasure if he came out of his hiding place. But this time, she was eerily silent. The only sound Steve could hear was the abrupt rummaging of her hand inside the dollhouse. She was lifting up the bed, opening the closet, checking under the chairs...it was only a matter of time before she spotted the thread leading out of the back window.

'But I didn't leave any tracks,' Steve thought excitedly to himself, 'And I've built this little house in secret...she's been too absorbed in her research to notice...and it doesn't even look like a house...to her it probably just looks like a pile of random stuff...she'll never find me...'

But a foreboding silence had descended. And, even worse, Steve felt the depth of a huge shadow passing over his little "fort." Everything was still. He couldn't even hear Melissa moving around anymore.

'She knows I'm here,' Steve thought desperately. 'She's leaning over above me...oh god...I'm trapped.'

The long seconds crawled by, and still no movements, no sound. She was intimidating him. He could almost see the smug grin that must've been on her face. And then, just when he couldn't take the tension anymore, Melissa spoke. Her voice was rumbling with barely-suppressed humor:

"I'd get outta there, Steve...if I were you."

He didn't need to be told twice. His breath came in fast gasps as he scampered out, and not a moment too soon. He was met by the towering, living wall of Melissa's titanic breasts, which completely filled his vision on all sides. She had scooted her chair over, and was leaning over her desk, so that her giant rack was descending down from the sky. Steve only barely managed to escape from his little "house" before Melissa brought down the crushing weight of her warm breasts, completely obliterating his construction with a decisive *CRUNCH.* Steve had fallen backwards, and felt the stunning vibrations of her powerful rack go through his entire body, shaking the entire desk underneath him. It was like he had just watched a parking deck descend down to flatten a single, solitary little tent. When Melissa removed her breasts a few seconds later, his "house" was nothing but a series of flat pieces of paper.

“Clever little guy,” she laughed down at him, cupping her mammoth breasts in both hands and shaking them down at him teasingly. “But not clever enough!”

“Congratulations, you win again,” muttered Steve, still on his back as he pretended not to be in awe of those breasts in the sky. “Maybe you should try switching it up for a change, or you’ll get bored.”

“HmMMMMM...” Melissa mused, putting her hand to her chin as she pretended to think for a moment, “Nope! Not bored yet!”

“Super,” Steve groaned, and he stood up. “So...uhm...what were you saying before? About a...breakthrough you just had?”

“Ohhhhh no no no!” laughed Melissa, shaking her finger down at him as she scooted her chair completely up to her desk. Her breasts stood before Steve, a 15-story wall that radiated heat, and expanded and contracted with each breath she took. “After that stunt you just pulled, you’re gonna have to give me a little treat before I tell you anything!”

Steve looked at her, confused, and in response, Melissa spider-crawled her hand over to the M&M tube that was lying inert on the other side of her desk. Her index finger accidentally bumped it too hard, though, and it rolled off her desk.

“Oh shoot!” she muttered, and shot out her hand to catch it. For once, she actually managed to pull off a physical feat, and caught the tube in mid-air. Melissa’s eyes grew wide, and her mouth shot open. She turned to Steve, and just stared at him, like she was expecting him to break out into applause. Steve was just as surprised as she was, and dutifully broke out into a sarcastic slow-clap.

“Wowwww!” he exclaimed, “The world has turned upside-down, apparently.”

“I’ll turn YOUR world upside-down, you little stinker!” Melissa shot back, and the next moment, Steve indeed found himself hanging upside-down, his ankle pinched gently in between Melissa’s thumb and index finger. He had been expecting something like this, but even still, he couldn’t help but marvel at how effortlessly strong she was.

“Now, here’s the deal, Mr. Shrinkie,” Melissa announced, shaking the tube of M&Ms at him as she dangled him upside down, with the chasm of her cleavage yawning far below him. “You feed me a couple M&Ms...and I’ll tell you why I’m one step closer to growing you back.”