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Canis Drainem

Edit

## Chapter 1

George “Wash” Washington was nothing like his namesake. Wash was an arrogant bully if ever there was one, and his privileged birth coupled with his skill and size on the football field made him untouchable by any of the faculty and staff of Engelmire Private Academy. He ruled the school with an iron fist, and he knew it. Unfortunately for him, there were plenty of people in the student body who wished nothing more than for a way to cut the big bully down the size.

Cecil and Harvey were two such students. They had formed a bit of an odd friendship during their younger years due to both of them being from lower class families. They had gotten into the academy by merit alone, unlike some others who got in via money or legacies. Cecil was a Brainiac if ever there was one. Not only did he ace any exam put before him, but he was constantly creating new oddball inventions.

Harvey wasn't nearly as smart as his nerdy friend, but he had plenty of other attributes that helped him get into such a prestigious academy. Harvey was no slouch in the grades department either, but where he really excelled was in the water. He could cut through water like a warm knife through butter. At all the competitions he constantly lapped his teammates and his rivals, but even though he had medals and trophies galore to line his walls, he never managed to ingratiate himself with the jocks – thanks in no small part to the jocks' ringleader, Wash. Whether because Wash saw Harvey as a rival – or perhaps more likely – didn't see swimming as a real sport, Wash had gone out of his way to make Harvey's life miserable from his first day on campus and had made it his personal mission to see that Harvey forever remained a social pariah around school. Although it seemed like the balance of power was about to shift.

“So here it is,” Cecil said as he gestured to a small device that sat on his desk. Harvey cocked his head to the side as he surveyed the object. It looked like something out of a Looney Tunes cartoon. The vaguely gun-shaped object had a handle, a trigger, and a strange array of disks where the barrel of the blaster should have been. All that was missing was the ACME logo emblazoned on the side.

“So how does it work?” Harvey asked.

“It's very simple really. Check this out,” Cecil said as he picked up the gun and pointed it at a large stuffed bear sitting on a nearby table. “Pull the trigger

until it clicks to generate charge, and once you have enough juice, you pull the trigger all the way and ZAP!” Cecil explained as he did exactly what he described. He pulled the trigger halfway until there was an audible click. Once that happened a small blue ball of crackling energy started to form at the tip of the gun, and then a second later, Cecil pulled the trigger the rest of the way. The small ball of energy traveled from the tip of the blaster and slowly floated over to the stationary bear. The ball made contact with the fluffy bear and then... nothing.

“Was it supposed to do something?” Harvey asked.

“Ssshh. Just give it a second!” Cecil hissed testily.

The two friends waited in silence as they waited for something to happen. Harvey was just about to give up and call this demonstration a bust when he saw it – the bear seemingly dwindled ever so slightly. Had Harvey not been closely watching the object in question he never would have noticed the change.

“Dude... did it just shrink!?” He asked.

“Yep! Given the amount of power surging through it, I’d say no more than maybe 2.4% reduction in overall mass.” Cecil boasted.

“That’s not nothing I suppose...” Harvey mused.

“Not nothing!?! This is revolutionary!” Cecil exclaimed.

“Yeah, but what are we going to do with 2%? That’s barely anything.” Harvey explained.

“It can charge further, obviously, but our goal isn’t to ruin the guy. The trick is to shrink him just enough to throw him off. You know, make him just so slightly smaller and weaker that no one notices the difference, but he will feel it. Have him miss a few passes, fall just short of a touchdown, have him get tackled slightly easier. Think about what it would do to him!” Cecil exclaimed.

“Dude. You are a LOT more devious than I gave you credit for!” Harvey replied with a laugh.

“A whole lot of repressed anger went into the creation of this device,” Cecil replied with a nod.

“Right. So how does this work. You going to zap him soon? Maybe we can get him before the big game. That will really throw him off.” Harvey said.

“No. We have to be smart about this. We need to be sure that no one knows what happened, and I have no chance of getting him alone,” Cecil explained.

Harvey couldn’t argue with that line of reasoning. There was no way in hell Cecil could ever hope to get Wash alone. Wash always traveled this halls with his posse in tow, and if Cecil made any effort to approach Wash in public, not only would he find himself on the receiving end of some for of

punishment, but he could be sure that Wash's goons would be there to laugh the whole time. If Cecil was lucky, Wash would just shove him in a locker, but if Wash was particularly spiteful, Cecil could end up tied to the flagpole in his underoos as had happened more than once before.

There was a moment of tense silence and then Cecil said, "You've got to do it."

"What. Me? But this is your pet project!" Harvey replied.

"But you're the only one who can get him alone. The only time he is alone is in the locker room after he works out. I'd never be allowed in there. His goons patrol the halls. I'd be pantsed before I even got within 20 feet, but you. You belong there. They'd never think to stop you from getting in," Cecil explained.

"He does always stay late..." Harvey mused out loud.

"Yes! He always stays late to practice, and when he is changing afterwards you can zap him!" Cecil replied. Cecil was so giddy at the thought of his perfect revenge finally coming to fruition that he was practically shaking. Harvey was still not 100% on board with this plan, but he had to admit, it'd be fun to see Wash fuck up on the field a bit, and besides... Wash would lose an inch or two at most. This was nowhere near as bad as the kind of retribution the bully truly deserved.

“Fine... I’ll do it,” Harvey said with a shrug.

With that the plan was decided, and events went into motion. The next day at school couldn’t go fast enough. Harvey was strangely excited. He felt like he was part of some super-secret covert op. He had to stop himself from quietly humming the Mission: Impossible theme to himself as he went through his classes, but eventually the evening rolled around and the time to put their plan into action finally came.

Harvey could have gone back to his dorm and waited out the afternoon in relative peace, but he couldn’t stop thinking about the task he had been assigned. He found himself staying on the main campus and lurking around the gym for most of the afternoon. He would occasionally catch a glimpse of Wash and his goons, and every time he saw them, they were up to some mischief. During one particularly intense round of hazing, Harvey sat back and watched in silent rage as Wash and Co. dumped one of the new merit students into the garbage bin. For a brief moment, Harvey was tempted to charge the gun to max and blast the entire pack of bullies at once. He didn’t even know if the gun worked that way, but he didn’t deny that they all deserved to be taken down a peg. Instead, Harvey stood back and silently seethed as he awaited his time to strike.

The afternoon crept by, and eventually practice time rolled around. Harvey went to the weight room and half-heartedly lifted while keeping an eye on the window. From his spot in the weight room, he



could see the football team running their drills. Eventually, the coach it and the team dispersed – all except for Wash himself. While the rest of the team hit the showers, Wash continued to run drills. He ran laps and threw the ball back and forth across the field. On some level, Harvey admired the guy's dedication, but that admiration wasn't enough to dissuade him from his task.

Eventually, the time came to act. Harvey could tell that Wash was finishing up on the field, so Harvey quickly scurried off to the showers. He quickly stashed his clothes in a locker, grabbed a towel, and quickly hurried to take a shower. Not only did Harvey need it after futzing around the gym for over an hour, but he also wanted it to seem natural that he was in the showers at this time of night. It would be suspicious if he just happened to walk in when Wash did.

Harvey timed it nearly perfectly. He was getting out of the shower while Wash was finishing up his own scrub down. Harvey hurried back to his locker, discretely grabbed the gun, and slowly started to dry off.

"What are you doing here?" Wash asked with an audible tone of contempt.

"Just finishing up," Harvey said casually.

"I would have thought you the kind of guy to finish quick," Wash said with a sneer.

"Only when there's a medal for it," Harvey replied.

Wash paused for a fraction of a second. He wasn't used to people shrugging off his attempts at insults. Wash's sneer turned into a scowl. "You watch your ass," he growled.

Harvey had to bite his tongue. He almost retorted with a quick "not so big without your posse," quip, but he knew that would do nothing but cause him trouble in the long run. Harvey knew he needed to play it cool. He wasn't actually there to pick a fight, and the last thing he wanted was for Wash to call in the troops. Even without his troops, Wash wasn't someone Harvey wanted to enrage. Wash stood nearly seven feet tall and was a wall of solid muscle. He looked like something out of a comic book!

There was another tense pause while Wash stared down Harvey. Harvey was a fit guy. His time in the water left him with a toned, shredded physique, but he was a shrimp compared to the titan standing before him. Wash had a foot and a half of height on Harvey and over a hundred pounds of extra muscle! If it came to blows, Harvey wasn't going to be walking away from it. Eventually, Wash quit glowering and stomped back over to his own locker.

Harvey knew this was his chance. Wash's back was turned. Harvey had plenty of time to prep the gun, pull the trigger, and hide the evidence before Wash turned back around, and Harvey began to just that. He pulled the blaster out of his locker, turned to face to musclebound giant, pulled the trigger back halfway, heard the click, and then...

Harvey balked.

It was a moment of panic, but it was enough. Harvey's mind started racing. What if he got caught? Even if it was just a few inches, that would show up during their regular weigh ins. Wash would have scientific proof that he shrunk overnight, and then what? Would they come looking for Harvey? Question him about how he had done it? As Harvey stood their frozen in panic a whole slew of scenarios flooded his mind. He and Cecil being brought before a judge. Cecil's inventions, his pride and joy, being locked up and taken to some government facility. At the very least he and Cecil were sure to be expelled!

Harvey's panicked daydreams were interrupted by an unexpected source. "What the fuck is that?" Wash asked. Harvey could hear the sneer before he even saw it on the bully's face.

"Some kind of water gun? What's it do? Shoot all the piss you wrung out of your pants?" Wash taunted.

"It's... it's nothing..." Harvey stammered and took a step back.

"Of course, it's nothing. It's yours, and you're nothing," Wash jeered. He slowly started to march forward. He seemed to be growing with every step he took. His amazing muscles bulged out even further as Wash flexed them menacingly.

"Look at you," Wash sneered. "Tiny. Pathetic. You're not a real man like me. You're barely even a

boy. Bet if I rip that towel off, you'd have a kiddie dick down there too, huh? Little, baby willie to go with your tiny, baby body," Wash continued. With each comment he made, he took another slow, menacing step forward. The ground practically shook with his footfalls.

Harvey's hands trembled. His grip was so shaky that he didn't even realize that the gun now thrummed with power. The entire time, Harvey's grip had been locked around the trigger. The gun had been generating power for *minutes* instead of seconds.

Harvey felt his back hit the lockers. He had been slowly stepping back while Wash approached and now he was pinned between the titan and the wall. Wash loomed over him mere inches away. Wash glanced down at the gun in Harvey's hands and cackled.

"Too pussy to even pull the trigger," Wash spat. Wash swatted the gun out of Harvey's hands as easily as he would swat a gnat. The small, brightly colored blaster clattered to the floor and slid across the tiled floor.

Harvey was shaking as he stared up in panic at the gigantic, musclebound bully who now loomed over him. Harvey practically pissed himself as he watched the titan ball up one hand into a fist and raise it menacingly to strike. Harvey watched in horror as Wash swiftly brought his fist down. The bully's massive fist was barreling right for Harvey's face. Harvey instinctively shut his eyes and braced for impact. A

sickening crunch sound split the air. The sound was so loud it made Harvey's ears ring, but he otherwise felt no pain.

Harvey slowly opened his eyes. He could see Wash's beefy forearm mere centimeters from his face. The bully's fist had crashed down against the locker door directly beside him, causing the thin metal to buckle like tin foil.

"You are *such* a pussy," Wash sneered. He pulled his fist back and acted like he was about to turn and leave but right when Harvey was about to drop his guard, Wash did a quick feint. He lunged back towards Harvey's face, but this time stopped his fist a few inches before it crushed Harvey's nose.

"Remember this, pussy. You are nothing compared to me. You are pathetic. You are weak. Never forget who the big man is," Wash snarled. Wash then shoved Harvey back against the locker before turning to walk back to his own opened locker across the locker room.

Harvey was in a daze. He hardly even realized what was happening after that. He saw Wash's massive, meaty, nearly nude form strutting arrogantly across the locker room, and then Harvey's gaze fell upon the blaster which now rested on the floor a few feet away. Harvey dove across the locker room and grabbed the gun. He rolled over, pointed to gun, and pulled the trigger all the way back.

Time seemed to slow down as the recoil launched Harvey back against the lockers. The noise was enough to alert Wash that something was up. Wash turned around just in time to see the ball of light from the blaster hit him.

Last time Harvey had seen the blaster used it had fired a tiny pellet of light. The ball wasn't even marble size. It was barely bigger than a ball bearing. This time, however, the burst of light was bigger than a beach ball. The massive sphere was nearly as big as Wash himself!

Harvey barely had time to crawl back onto his hands and knees by the time Wash was once again looming over him.

“What the fuck was that!?” The giant screamed.

Harvey was still reeling from the impact and in no condition to respond, but Wash didn't seem interested in waiting for an answer anyway. He delivered a kick to Harvey's stomach which caused Harvey to once again get launched back against the locker. Harvey crumpled up and groaned in pain, but that just seemed to spur Wash on to attack him even more.

“This what you wanted, huh?” Wash screamed as he kicked Harvey again and again. This wasn't the first time Harvey had had the shit kicked out of him by Wash. By this point, Harvey instinctively knew how to roll with the hits to mitigate the damage, but even so

the blows were sure to leave pretty heavy bruising. Eventually, Wash grew tired of kicking Harvey. For a brief second, Harvey thought his punishment was over, but instead of just leaving him be, Wash bent down and grabbed Harvey by the throat. Wash lifted Harvey up by the throat and pinned him against the lockers.

“Maybe you didn’t hear me the first time. I asked you what the fuck that was!?” Wash roared.

Harvey’s mind was reeling both from the beating he had received and from the truth about the situation. What could he even say? There’s no way Wash would believe him even if he told the truth.

“N-nothing!” Harvey croaked. “It was just a toy.”

“It didn’t look like nothing. What was with all the sparks and the explosion, huh!?” Wash demanded. He slammed Harvey against the lockers once more for emphasis.

“I don’t know! It wasn’t supposed to do that! I think you broke it!” Harvey tried to explain.

“/ broke it!? Think about who can snap your neck like a twig before you start accusing me of shit!” Wash shouted incredulously and slammed Harvey against the locker again.

Wash balled up a fist once more and looked ready to really land a hit against Harvey when suddenly there was a knock on the door.

“What’s going on in there!?” The coach shouted.

“Nothing, coach. Just roughhousing. You know how it is,” Wash replied casually. He then gave Harvey a glare and tightened his grip around Harvey’s throat to indicate that Harvey should play along.

“E-everything’s fine, coach...” Harvey replied weakly.

“Damn right everything’s fine,” Wash scoffed as he let go of Harvey’s throat. Harvey slumped to the ground and coughed as he struggled to catch his breath.

“Look at you down there. You belong down there at my feet,” Wash mocked with a sneer. He brought a big, bare foot down and pressed it down against Harvey’s chest. “You’re pathetic. Weak. I could crush you at any time. Remember that next time you try some shit with me.”

Harvey braced for another kick, but Wash seemed to have lost interest. The brute sauntered back over towards his locker. Harvey could see the swagger in Wash’s step. More than anything Harvey really wanted to take Wash down a peg. He didn’t want to just to just make Wash fuck up a major game. Harvey wanted to completely and totally humiliate Wash. He wanted to make it so Wash had no power over anyone ever again... and then... as if to answer his prayer, the towel around Wash’s waist slipped loose



and fell to the ground. Harvey was given a glimpse of Wash's big, beefy ass.

Wash didn't think much of it. He was so high on power that even his nudity served to give him a rush. He looked back over his shoulder at Harvey who was still crumpled against the lockers and sneered, "You like that? Even my ass is stronger than you'll ever be."

Harvey was too dazed to reply. He could only sit there and stare. It had started. Wash was shrinking!

## Chapter 2

Harvey slowly managed to push himself up from the ground and staggered over to his locker. He tried his best to maintain the illusion of getting dressed, but his real goal was to watch the big, beefy bully from a safe distance. On some level, Harvey was thankful for the pain he was in. The beating he had received gave him a great excuse for taking forever to get dressed. He slowly pulled his clothes out of the locker and set them on a nearby bench, all the while keeping an eye on Wash.

Wash was too smug from his previous victory to really care about what Harvey was up to. He was only vaguely aware that the other guy was staring at him from across the room. Wash was half tempted to throw another jeer at the guy across the room, but he figured he had wasted enough time on that loser.

Instead, Wash gathered up his clothes and began to dress.

Was pulled his shorts on first. Something seemed off about them, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. They didn't seem to quite sit right on his hips, but he didn't waste any time thinking about it. His airy basketball shorts were supposed to be nice and loose. However, when he pulled his shirt on, then he realized that something was amiss.

Wash stared down at his chest and abs. On a normal day, his big, bulky muscles would be straining so hard against the fabric of his muscle shirt that the very shape and contours of his immaculate musculature would be openly on display through the fabric, but today his shirt bunched up awkwardly. His muscle shirt actually hung fairly loose across his chest! Even his abs and thick, sculpted Adonis belt weren't swole enough to pull the fabric taut. He had unflattering wrinkles around his midriff where his shirt clumped up. Wash was left scratching his head. Had his shirt somehow grown while he was getting showered? How could something like that even happen?

While Wash looked over his shirt, he vaguely became aware of another odd sensation. It felt like his whole body was ever so slightly exhaling. He couldn't think of a better term than that. It was like his very muscles had been holding their breath, and now they were finally beginning to relax. Wash had come down from plenty of pumps before. This was not how he

normally felt when he recovered from an intense workout. This was something different, but what that something was was anyone's guess.

Harvey's jaw dropped. He could actually see Wash dwindle away ever so slightly. It didn't seem like Wash was shrinking consistently. Instead, the shrinkage came in sporadic bursts. Wash would lose an inch here or there. Wash hadn't seemed to have caught wind of what was happening but judging by the look on the bully's face as he stared at his ill-fitting clothes, he was starting to figure out that something was up.

Harvey's mind raced as he tried to gauge how tall Wash currently was. The bully had originally been so tall that he towered over the lockers. His big, barrel chest had been so high off the ground that his nips had been about even with the top of the locker doors. That was not the case anymore. The top of the locker doors now came up to about Wash's shoulders. Wash had to have lost half a foot already! This was far more than Harvey had intended to shave off but given the size of the burst that came from the blaster, Harvey could only wonder how much smaller Wash would get. Harvey had to stifle a giggle of glee as he imagined Wash shrinking down to the size of a middle schooler. The former big, bad bully of a twelve-year-old, or maybe even a toddler! ... or maybe even smaller. Something about that last thought caused Harvey to get excited in a completely different way. Before he knew it, Harvey's hand had slipped down to his steadily chubbing cock and began to stroke the shaft.

Harvey didn't even have time to get a good tug going. It seemed like the second his hand reached his semi-boned wang, Wash was glaring right at him. "I knew it!" Wash yelled. Before Harvey even had a chance to try and come up with a counter, Wash was marching across the locker room back towards him.

"Knew what?" Harvey asked. He tried to play it cool, but his nerves weren't doing him any favors. His voice cracked and his whole body trembled as he watched the murderous look in Wash's eyes.

"You showing up here during my personal shower time. You just wanted to jack it to my bod," Wash said. His voice was unnervingly calm. It didn't seem to match the malice that showed in Wash's face.

"What? N-no!" Harvey stammered. He wanted to argue, but his rod wasn't doing him any favors.

"And that light? Forget to turn the flash off? Nice trick making the camera look like a toy gun," Wash said.

Harvey's mind was once again racing. Wash had the situation all wrong, but that didn't help Harvey at all. Now, instead of thinking that Harvey had shot him with something, he was convinced that Harvey was trying to sneak pics for the spank bank. What that meant for Harvey in the long run was anyone's guess though.

Soon Wash was once again mere inches from Harvey's face. Harvey recoiled instinctively and braced himself for what he was sure was going to be another

beating, but oddly enough Wash didn't seem to be preparing to punch.

"There's been rumors about you, you know," Wash said with a sneer.

"Rumors?" Harvey asked meekly.

"Yeah. Rumors I started but rumors, nonetheless. You know. People seem to think you're into guys," Wash said, a malicious grin now spreading across his face.

"So, what? You're going to out me?" Harvey asked. His confusion was audible. He still couldn't quite get Wash's angle. Wash had been spreading the same rumor for years. How was this any different? And Wash's next move didn't help clear things up at all, either. Wash actually started walking away from Harvey. Harvey relaxed for just a moment until he realized where Wash was headed. Harvey's blood ran cold and his heart pounded in his chest as he watched Wash reach down and pick up the discarded blaster.

"Oh, I'm not just going to spread the rumor. I'm going to spread this picture all over school for all to see. You think you can deny it once everyone sees that rod you popped in the locker room?" Wash asked with a malicious chuckle.

Wash turned and pointed the gun straight at Harvey. "Say cheese," Wash said with a laugh.

"Wait!" was all Harvey managed to say before another bright flash filled the room.

“Jesus shit!” Wash shouted. The force was enough to send him stumbling back against the lockers.

Harvey was too dazed to do or say anything. He was still trying to figure out what he had just seen. If there was a god out there, then they must have just interceded on Harvey’s behalf. The gun had exploded in Wash’s hand! Had the large shot from earlier fried it? Had it been the beating the gun had taken being thrown around the room a few times? Harvey had no idea. All he knew was that he had been spared, and Wash was now crumpled against the lockers.

“Ok. That’s it. I was just gonna humiliate you, but I suppose sometimes the old ways are the best ways.” Wash grumbled. He staggered back to his feet and cracked his knuckles menacingly. Yet despite the malice in Wash’s eyes and the obvious show of aggression, Harvey was finding it hard to be too afraid. Part of it was because Harvey was still dazed, but part of it was because Wash was starting to look positively puny.

Wash rolled his neck and loosened up his shoulder like a boxer preparing for a title bout, but right before Wash could begin his stroll back across the locker room, something happened to take the wind out of his sails.

Wash’s shorts fell to the floor with a plop.

There was a brief moment where both guys just stood there and tried to take stock of the

situation. Harvey stood on one side of the locker room and stared in awe at the once towering jock. Meanwhile Wash stood on the other side of the room and now stared down at his own body. His pants had become so loose that they had just fallen off without so much as a tug. This would have left his dick openly on display except for the fact that the lower hem of his shirt now hung down around his thighs. His muscle shirt now looked like a night shirt! He looked like a kid wearing his older brother's clothes!

"What. The. Fuck?" Wash asked. For the first time, his situation started to become clear to him. He looked back up at Harvey to confirm his suspicions and then glanced around the room. Wash was now chest level with the combination locks on the locker doors. Those used to come up to around his crotch. It wasn't his clothes that had grown. It was him that had shrunk!

It was now Harvey's turn to smirk as he walked across the locker room towards his nemesis. Harvey's heart was pounding. His whole body was trembling, but it was no longer fear causing this reaction. It was excitement... and something else.

Harvey couldn't help himself. His hand slipped down towards his crotch and gave him boner a nice stroke as he looked at the shrinking stud. "Hehe. Look at you," Harvey chuckled.

"What did you do to me!?" Wash shouted.

"That should be obvious," Harvey replied. In a few short steps he was standing directly in front of the



shrunk jock. Wash was now shorter than Harvey by a good margin. The top of Wash's head was barely higher than Harvey's shoulders. Wash had lost close to a foot and a half since being blasted. Instead of being a seven-foot-tall titan, he was now a bit on the short side. He was maybe 5'5 at best.

Wash looked around frantically for a moment and then made his move. He balled up a fist and launched it right at Harvey's grinning face. This time Wash had every intention of landing the blow, but Harvey effortlessly blocked the shot.

"Not so big now, are you?" Harvey asked with a smirk.

"I'll show you big!" Wash shouted back. Wash leaned in and rammed his shoulder right into Harvey's gut. It was a move Wash had done many times in the past on the football field, and every time before his opponent had been sent sprawling. This time however, Harvey barely budged.

"Huh..." Harvey mused out loud as he stared down at the struggling jock.

It didn't take long for Wash to realize he was getting nowhere by trying to tackle the now taller guy. He pulled back and stood up to his full height, but he quickly realized his full height was even less than it was before. He was now staring down Harvey's chest. The top of Wash's head didn't even reach the other guy's collar bone.

Wash made another desperate play. He leaned forward as if going for another tackle, but instead he juke to the side at the last moment. He effortlessly ducked around Harvey and bolted for the door. Wash made it only a few steps before he felt his shirt go taut. Harvey had managed to grab the back of Wash's shirt. The sudden pull of the fabric caused his feet to slip out beneath him on the smooth tile floor sending him once again toppling to his ass.

"Where ya going, little guy?" Harvey teased.

Wash didn't respond. He merely glared up at the dude who now towered above him. Despite being stopped mid-stride, Wash was still in a good position. He no longer had Harvey between himself and the door. All he had to do was turn and make a run for the door. He just had to hope that Harvey wouldn't be able to catch him if he did.

Wash unsteadily got to his feet as he weighed his options. His once skin-tight garment was looking more like a mumu than a muscle shirt. It was barely hanging onto his reduced frame. One of the straps had completely slipped off his shoulder leaving the other strap to hold up the entire garment. His outfit was looking like something Fred Flintstone would wear, but size-wise, Wash was beginning to look more and more like Bam Bam than Fred.

Wash took stock of his size once more. He was now staring down the upper row of Harvey's washboard abs. The top of Wash's head now didn't even reach Harvey's nips. Wash's mind was reeling as

he tried to fathom how short he had become. The guy who once didn't even reach his shoulders now stood a good two heads higher than him. Wash had to be nearing the four-foot-tall mark. He hadn't been that short since grade school!

Wash made a few feints like he was about to run, but each time he did so Harvey barely even reacted. The now towering dude merely stared down at the shrunken bully and smirked. Thinking that he had a chance to escape, Wash turned and bolted for the door. Harvey was quick to take off after him, but Wash still managed to reach the door in time. A pit formed in Wash's stomach as he reached the door and pushed the it open. Not only was the handle now chest high, but the door felt so incredibly heavy. If he had lost much more size, he'd never have been able to push it open. This shocking realization once again drove home his situation.

Wash bolted through the doorway and into the weight room proper. "Coach! Come quick!" He shouted, but there was no response.

"Looks like coach clocked out for the day," Harvey replied casually as he stepped through the doorway behind the former titan.

Wash only spared Harvey one quick contemptuous glare before he took off towards the next doorway. Wash now knew he was completely alone. If he wanted to escape, he knew he'd have to do it himself.

As Wash bolted across the weight room, he felt it again – that feeling like he was deflating. He could actually see his vantage shift ever so slightly as he shrunk even further. The workout benches which one second were waist high were suddenly even with his midriff. His shirt felt heavier on his dwindling frame. It was so big on him that it no longer even served as a toga. The lower hem as his shirt now clumped around his shins as he scampered across the carpeted floor. Wash could feel the strap of his shirt sliding off his shoulder, and he made no effort to fight it. Instead, Wash let the strap slide off his shoulder causing his now oversized shirt to plop to the ground at his ankles. Wash tried to quickly shake loose of the shirt as it fell, but his foot caught in the fabric of his muscle shirt sending him tumbling. As Wash fell to the ground, he felt the tarp-like fabric of his former garment roll over him.

Wash was really beginning to panic now. He had become so small that he was now wrapped up in his formerly skin-tight muscle shirt as if it was a giant blanket! Worst of all, this setback was sure to have given Harvey plenty of time to catch up!

Wash thrashed about as he struggled to free himself from the cloth confines of his fabric prison. It only took him a few seconds to shake free, but those were a few seconds he would rather have spent rushing for the door.

Wash shook free of his shirt and stumbled out into the open. He glanced over his shoulder as he

scrambled back to his feet and immediately wished that he hadn't. What he saw made him freeze dead in his tracks. Wash was so shocked that he balked as he tried to regain his balance and ended up once again stumbling to the carpet below. His bare, beefy ass made landfall with the carpet leaving Wash on his back staring up at his former victim.

Harvey was now looming over him like a mountain. Harvey seemed to stretch upwards for miles. Wash stared up and up past his nemesis' toned legs, past his rigid cock, past his tight abs and firm pecs, past his shoulders, and up towards the smug smirk on the giant's face. Harvey continued to smirk and stroke his cock as he raised one giant foot up high and slowly began to bring it down on the shrunken bully.

"Haha. Look at you down there," Harvey chuckled as he slowly pressed his foot down on the bully's chest. Harvey's foot was so massive compared to the shrunken jock that it eclipsed much of Wash's torso. The heel of Harvey's foot pressed down on Wash's gut and the ball of his foot pressed down on Wash's pecs. "You belong down there at my feet," Harvey teased as he ever so slightly pressed down harder on the shrunken jock's body.

The weight of Harvey's foot was incredible. Harvey wasn't pushing down hard enough to really hurt Wash, but even so, Wash could tell that the only reason he didn't have a cracked rib or two was because Harvey was intentionally keeping his weight

on his other foot. Wash was overwhelmed by the sheer size and scale of his former victim, but amidst his own panic, Wash managed to summon forth some forgotten font of strength. He grabbed the giant's foot and used all the years he had spent pumping irons to try and grapple with the massive appendage that pinned him down. Wash felt the pit in his stomach grow as he wrapped a hand around Harvey's big toe and pinky toe. At Wash's size, Harvey's big toe was nearly a handful! It was like trying to grasp a cucumber. Even just Harvey's toe was thicker than Wash's cock, and Wash was no slouch in that regards.

Harvey continued to smirk as he watched the former bully struggle against the weight of his foot. He didn't want to admit it, but there was a definite rush that came with so effortlessly overpowering his former tormentor, and feeling the small guy against the sole of his foot sent a shudder of glee through his already fully boned cock. Pre dribbled from the tip of his rod as he savored the moment, but then something odd happened.

Wash pushed with all high might. He could feel Harvey's foot shifting ever so slightly. Was he doing it? Was he actually managing to overpower the titanic foot? For a fraction of a second a rush of victory flowed through him, but that rush vanished nearly instantly when Wash felt it again. That light-headed feeling. That sensation of deflating. He was shrinking again!

The shift in size worked to his advantage though. Harvey suddenly found himself off balance. He had been balancing most of his weight on his other foot, but even so, the shift of Wash's body underneath him was enough to disrupt his already tenuous balance. Harvey could feel himself stumbling ever so slightly. It wasn't something he couldn't recover from, but he didn't want to put more weight on the bully. There was no guarantee that Wash's shrunken body could handle that kind of abuse.

Harvey quickly moved his foot to the side and brought it down with a thud beside the shrunken jock. Wash only had a brief second to take stock of his situation, but he made the most of it. Wash glanced over at the colossal foot that he had just been grappling with. Seeing it now made him wonder how he ever felt like he had a chance against it, but Wash didn't stop to gawp for long. He was quickly back on his feet and running towards the exit at full speed.

Wash made it to the door in record time. As he reached to grab for the handle, he was overcome by just how huge the door was – or rather just how tiny he had become! The handle was a little over eye level. It was the perfect height to smack him in the forehead if he hadn't been careful. In fact, Wash had seen things before designed to soften the impact if someone managed to walk head-first into a door handle like that, but those were designed for toddlers! Wash was now toddler sized! He had to be around three feet tall. He had lost over half his height, and he was still shrinking! How small was he going to get? Infant

sized? Doll sized? Wash shuddered at the mere thought of being reduced in dimensions to that of a Gabby Gabby doll, but there was no guarantee he'd even stop there. For all he knew he could end up on par with a Ken doll or even smaller! An action figure? A green army man? Wash's mind continued to race as he latched onto the handle and pulled with all his might. The door was impossibly heavy. It felt like he was trying to Indiana Jones his way into an ancient tomb instead of trying to escape the weight room, but as he tugged at the handle, he could feel the door sliding inwards ever so slightly.

Wash was doing it! As he strained with all his might against the door, he could feel his head get light again. His hands shifted around the door handle. He could feel his muscles exhaling once more. These shrinking spurts were coming pretty rapidly, but Wash didn't have time to think about what that meant. All he cared about was getting out.

The door slid open slightly more. Wash could see the gap between the door and the door frame getting wider and wider. Just a few more inches and the door would be open wide enough for him to slip through. He was almost there!

Just when Wash thought he was in the clear, the door slammed shut with such force that he completely lost his grip on the handle. Wash didn't even need to look back to see what had happened. He could see it all in the reflection on the clear glass of the weight room door. Harvey was standing over him with



a hand pressed against the door, effectively sealing it shut.

“Don’t be in such a hurry to leave. I think it’s time we had a *little* chat,” Harvey chided.

### Chapter 3

Wash knew his options were limited. The door was sealed, and Harvey now had him pinned. All Wash could do for now was play along. Wash turned around to face the giant and was once again struck by how much he had shrunk. Just this afternoon he would have towered over Harvey. Wash had stood a full foot taller than the lithe dude that now dwarfed him. Now, Wash was standing eye level with Harvey's crotch. Harvey's rod was pointed right at Wash's forehead. Wash tried to avoid making eye contact with Harvey's cock, but it was tough to do with it staring right at him like that. To make matters worse, glistening beads of pre dripped from the tip of Harvey's cock making it painfully obvious just how much the giant was getting off on this. As Wash stared at Harvey's cock, Wash couldn't help but compare its size to his own. Had Wash been full-sized he would have had Harvey beat

by a few inches, but now that Wash had been reduced to well below half his former glory, his cock looked positively puny next to Harvey's hard-on.

Wash didn't know what to say or what to do so instead he said nothing and did nothing. He stood there and gritted his teeth while he waited for the giant to make his next move.

"Hehe, that's a good little guy," Harvey teased. He reached a hand down towards Wash's head and gave the former bully a playful pat on the head.

Wash was equal parts mortified and furious. Harvey's gesture really brought home how small Wash had become. He was kid-sized and still shrinking! He would be hard-pressed to get any sort of respect at his current size. Wash doubted he'd even be able to get his former flunkies to take him seriously.

"What did you want to talk about?" Wash asked through gritted teeth.

"I think we both know," Harvey commented casually.

"How long is this going to last?" Wash asked.

"How long am I going to treat you like a little brat?" Harvey replied playfully.

"No, asshole! How long am I gonna stay small!?" Wash snapped back. He knew he shouldn't provoke Harvey, but Wash was never a patient person.

“Ah. Now that is the question, isn’t it?” Harvey mused out loud.

“Yes! That *is* the question, and you’re being awfully cheeky for someone whose balls are in boxing range!” Wash shouted angrily.

“Hehe, if you think you’re getting any of your height back, then you are going to be sorely disappointed,” Harvey replied.

“Bull. Shit. I don’t believe you!” Wash spat back.

Truth be told, Cecil was the brains behind the operation, but Harvey had managed to get the gist of it from his friend. He knew at least enough to bullshit an explanation, anyway.

“It doesn’t matter if you believe me. It’s simple physics. You can’t just create matter out of nothing,” Harvey explained.

“But it’s possible to shrink someone,” Wash replied snidely.

“Oh, yes. You see, creating mass is near impossible, but destroying it is easy,” Harvey explained.

“Destroying!?” Wash yelped. Just the mere thought of it turned his stomach.

Harvey squatted down so low that his ass was nearly touching the carpet, but even dropped low into a Slav squat, Harvey was quite a bit taller than the

former titan. “Correct. Your mass isn’t being compressed or anything like that. It’s being broken down. You’re evaporating on the molecular level,” Harvey explained with a smirk.

“So... I’m gonna be stuck like this!?” Wash asked. The true nature of his plight was starting to set in. His shock quickly turned to anger. He wanted nothing more than to punch that smug jerk right in the face. “Y-you turned me into a midget!” Wash shouted as he lunged to deck the smirking giant.

Harvey barely even flinched as the former bully’s shrunken fist collided with his cheek. Harvey merely smirked in reply and said, “The correct term is ‘little person’, and believe me, you are a *very* little person.

Wash was shaking with rage, but as the fury coursed through his body, another sensation settled in as well – a sensation he was getting all too familiar with.

“Y-you’re enjoying this!” Wash shouted as he lost a bit more mass.

“And why wouldn’t I? It couldn’t have happened to a bigger jerk,” Harvey replied.

“You say that like this wasn’t entirely your fault,” Wash said through gritted teeth.

Harvey merely shrugged and smirked. “I don’t know about that. This was never the intent. Something went wrong with the gun, but now that is *has*

happened...” Harvey mused out loud. His voice trailed off and he glanced down at the shrunken stud’s fit body. Harvey pressed a huge fingertip against Wash’s chest and slowly traced a path down the jock’s toned pecs and sculpted abs until his finger brushed against the jock’s cock. At their current sizes, even just Harvey’s pointer finger was thicker and longer than Wash’s once prize-winning hog by a good margin. “I gotta say... I’m kinda liking it,” Harvey said impishly.

Wash’s heart was pounding. His head was spinning, and this time it wasn’t the shrinkage that had him so light-headed. There was a strange sensation that was both familiar and foreign to him. Feeling the pressure from the giant’s fingertip against him once again drove home how tiny he had become. Even just Harvey’s finger was almost as thick as Wash’s wrist! And as Harvey traced a path lower and lower, Wash felt goosebumps forming on his skin. Then, as Harvey’s finger gently pressed against Wash’s cock and balls, Wash felt something that both confused and frightened him. His cock stirred to life underneath the giant’s fingertip. Feeling how Harvey could nearly completely eclipse his cock and balls under just one finger awakened something deep inside of Wash, something Wash was not ready to accept.

“Huh? Don’t tell me, you’re enjoying this too?” Harvey asked playfully.

Wash didn’t respond. He just stood there, his body stiff as a board and his cock slowly following suit.

“It’s for the best you learn to like your new life. This is your reality now, and the sooner you accept that, the better it will be for you,” Harvey said.

Again, Wash didn’t say anything. He closed his eyes and tried to tune out everything around him, but even with his eyes closed he could still see his former victim looming over him and he could definitely feel Harvey’s fingertip gently stroking his steadily swelling cock.

“Well, now this *is* an interesting turn of events...” Harvey mused out loud.

Wash continued to grit his teeth and try to tune out the titan’s teasing, but even with his eye’s shut, he could still see Harvey looming over him and feel the titan’s enormous fingertip rubbing up and down the his now fully-boned cock. “This can’t be happening!” Wash whined internally. How could he be enjoying this so much? Why was he so damn horny! He had never in his life even thought about what it would be like to be the little guy in a relationship. He had been huge pretty much from the day he was born. He had hit puberty early, and once he started growing it seemed like he had never stopped – until today that is.

As Wash’s mind raced, his pulse continued to quicken and his cock continued to harden, and then he felt it once more. The lightness in his head. The experience of something leaving his body like steam from some subterranean vent. Now he knew what it was. He was shrinking again!

“Huh. It seems that’s enough to trigger it again,” Harvey mused as he continued to stroke Wash’s now even smaller cock.

“T-trigger?” Wash yelped.

“Yeah. You haven’t noticed?” Harvey asked playfully. “I’ve been keeping an eye on you since the blast. The shrinkage hasn’t been consistent. It seems to be triggered by moments of intense exertion or maybe just elevated biorhythms.”

Wash thought back to the previous moments, and things suddenly started to fall into place. When he struggled against the doors, when he tried to force his way out from under Harvey’s foot – these were the moments that he had felt the intense shrinkage.

Wash took a moment to take stock of his most recent shrinkage. Even though Harvey was squatting so low that his ass nearly touched the floor, Wash only came up to the titan’s chest. Wash was basically eye level with Harvey’s nipples. Staring Harvey’s chest straight on like that made it clear that Harvey’s torso, from crotch to collar bone, was nearly as long as Wash was tall! In a few more inches, Wash could lie atop Harvey’s abs as if they were an extra-firm mattress. Something about that thought made Wash’s heart flutter a bit. He knew he needed to stop thinking about it, and that meant changing the subject.

“So, if I don’t get worked up, I won’t shrink anymore?” Wash asked.



“I dunno about that. When we tested it on inanimate objects those still shrunk, and I doubt those could really work up a sweat,” Harvey said with a shrug.

“So, at the very least, I can slow it down?” Wash asked.

Harvey shrugged again. “Your guess is as good as mine,” he said. “The end result might be the same either way. As far as I know, all you’d be doing is delaying the inevitable.”

“B-but... there has to be a way to stop it! I can’t keep shrinking!” Wash shouted. He was practically pleading, but his pleas did nothing. Harvey merely shrugged again.

“I mean, I can ask Cecil if he can find a way to stop it, but don’t expect him to get anything done immediately. Science takes time which is something you don’t have.” Harvey said.

Wash felt the pit in his stomach grow larger. He knew that Harvey was right. He had lost over half his height in just a few minutes. He was now so short that the door handle hovered over his head. He was shorter than a preschooler and still shrinking. Worst of all? His cock was rock hard. His heart was pounding in his chest, and his elevated pulse wasn’t entirely from fear. He hated to admit it, but there was something excited about being so small.

“There’s no stopping it at this point. Why don’t the two of us have some fun and see what happens?”

You can't tell me the thought doesn't interest you," Harvey said as he stroked Wash's shrunken cock some more.

"F-fuck off." Wash whined through gritted teeth.

"Oh? Do you have a better idea?" Harvey asked playfully.

"Yeah! You can let me go!" Wash shouted.

"Give it a few minutes, and you'll be able to crawl under the door," Harvey said with a chuckle.

"Bite me, asshole," Wash snarled.

"Ooooh. Don't be giving me any ideas, especially when you're so close to being bite sized," Harvey teased.

Wash didn't reply to that. He just stood there and silently seethed.

"Where would you go if I let you out of here, anyway?" Harvey asked with a smirk.

Wash was silent. He hadn't thought that far ahead. He was so fixated on getting away from the now massive former victim that he had no idea what else he would do.

"Think about it," Harvey said. "You get out of here and then what? You run across campus while shrinking all the way? In a few more inches you'll be easy pickings for an owl, and say you do make it to the dorms. What then? Ask one of your lackeys to take you

in? I'm sure they'll be *sooo* much gentler than me. You think they give two shits about you? They only followed you because you were the big man on campus, and let's face it. You're not a big anything anymore," Harvey teased while still stroking Wash's cock beneath his pointer finger.

"Can't be worse than staying with you..." Wash grumbled. Even as he said it, Wash knew he didn't really mean it. He was quickly realizing the truth of his situation.

"Don't kid yourself. While I believe you got what was coming to you, I don't want any actual harm to come to you. I'm not about to throw you to the wolves – or the wolf *spiders* in your case," Harvey said with a playful smirk.

Wash cringed at the joke, but he couldn't deny it. He was less than two feet tall. A tarantula would be the size of a pit bull to him, and if what Harvey said was true, this was only the beginning. Soon a tarantula could loom over him like something out of a Kaiju flick.

"Face it. You're weak and tiny. You couldn't even boss around a chihuahua at your size. You need someone to look after you," Harvey explained.

Wash's head was swimming. His heart was pounding. His thoughts were racing and scattered at the same time. There was so much going on in his head that he couldn't keep track of everything that he was thinking and feeling. His cock was rock hard. He didn't want to admit it, but some part of him was

really turned on by his new size, and then there was that smirk on Harvey's face. Was it just a trick of the light? Was it something changing in the back of Wash's mind? Harvey's smirk no longer seemed threatening. It seemed almost pleasant. Wash had been the biggest, meanest sunnovabitch for as long as he could remember. The idea of being powerless was completely foreign to him. He had never needed nor wanted someone to protect him, but as the world got larger and scarier by the second, the idea of a gigantic protector was starting to sound better and better, and he had to admit, he could do a lot worse than Harvey.

Wash stole another quick glance at the titan's face. Harvey's smirk now looked so comforting. Wash's heart began to race even faster. His head felt even lighter, and then he felt it again... the feeling of more of his mass wafting from his body as he dropped down even further in size.

## Chapter 4

Wash continued to stare at the titan as he tried to will his heart rate to slow. Harvey, for his part, didn't seem too interested in pressing the issue at the moment. The titan seemed content to just squat there and smirk as he inspected the shrunken stud. Wash wished he could have even a glimpse of what was going on in the giant's mind. It was clear that Harvey was enjoying the reversal of their situation, but there was more to it than that. There was almost a fondness in the way Harvey was now eyeing the shrunken former football star. It was almost as if Harvey was looking down at a pet or a favorite toy.

Somehow the mere thought of being compared to a toy was enough to send a shudder down Wash's spine and up his cock. At the rate he was going he'd soon be Barbie sized. Fortunately, he had

more going on downstairs than Ken, but when you're only a foot tall even a big dick is still only an inch or two, and there was no guarantee it would stop there. Wash could soon find himself action figure sized... or G.I. Joe sized... or green army man sized. At the rate he was going, he might find himself having to bunk with Polly fucking Pocket.

Wash tried to calm himself. He tried to suppress the growling pit in his stomach and the pressure in his cock. The last thing he needed now was to lose himself to wild speculation or fanciful daydreams. If he wanted to hold onto what size he had left, he'd have to keep his cool, but that was much easier said than done. Wash had always been a hothead. His outbursts and outrage had always served him well on and off the field, but now he had to keep them in check. There was something else eating at the back of his mind, though. Wash feared that if he let his feelings come to the surface, he might find some that he wasn't ready to face.

After a tense pause, Harvey was the one to finally break the silence. "Feeling better?" the giant asked.

Wash didn't reply. He mere eyed the titan warily.

"I'll take that as a yes," Harvey said. The titan then did something that really drove home the changes Wash had experienced in the past few minutes. Harvey once again stood up to his full height. Wash found himself staring up... and up... and up at

the now towering dude. Before Harvey had squatted down to talk to him, Wash had been eye level with Harvey's bait and tackle, but now Harvey's twig and berries now loomed over Wash's head like an industrial crane. Wash found himself staring up from below Harvey's thighs. Wash's head barely even reached the base of Harvey's knees! A fact that Harvey was keenly aware of.

"Hey there, little guy," Harvey said playfully as he stared down at the shrunken stud. "Look at you! Knee high to a grasshopper! Why I remember where you were only so tall!" Harvey gestured with his hand well above his head to indicate how tall Wash had once been. Just seeing Harvey's hand looming seemingly a hundred feet above Wash's head gave Wash a sense of vertigo he had never felt before. Staring up at someone his former size would be like trying to stare up at a three-story building, and at the rate he was going, his former football friends would soon be as large as the Statue of Liberty. Just thinking about being so small he could sit on someone's toenail made Wash lightheaded... and lighthearted.

"Man, though... just how small *are* you?" Harvey mused out loud. Harvey scratched his head as he looked out across the empty gym until his eyes fell upon something that once again brought a smirk to his face. "Oh, this is gonna be so much fun!" Harvey said excitedly and suddenly bent down and scooped the shrunken jock up in his arms before Wash could even begin to protest.

It all happened so fast that Wash was momentarily struck speechless. At his reduced size, the trip from the floor into Harvey's arms felt like being launched two stories into the air in a fraction of a second. The sheer velocity at which he ascended made his head spin and his stomach turn, but it didn't take long before Wash's indignation overpowered his vertigo.

"H-hey!" He sputtered as his vision steadily returned.

"Aww. Baby is fussy," Harvey chided playfully as he held the tiny stud up. Harvey had a hand under each of the jock's armpits as if he was holding a toddler, and given Wash's current measurements, the comparison wasn't far off.

"S-shut up!" Wash sputtered as he tried ineffectively to kick at Harvey's face. Harvey's arms were far longer than Wash's legs. All Wash succeeded in doing was flailing about harmlessly in the giant's arms. Although, even if Wash's kick was ineffective, he hoped that his show of indignation would mask the redness in his face, or at the very least, confuse the titan as to the source of the blush. Wash didn't want to admit to himself, and definitely not to Harvey, that hearing another guy call him baby – even in a childish voice – had made his heart beat a little faster and his cock drip a little more.

Wash glanced furtively at the giant's face, looking for any sign of what Harvey was thinking. His glance was greeted by the same playful smirk he had



seen plenty of for the past few minutes. Wash couldn't quite get a read on what was going through the giant's mind, but Wash couldn't help but feel like Harvey's gaze lingered on Wash's fully-boned, dripping cock just a millisecond too long.

"I have babysat my fair share of tykes in my time. I know exactly what to do with a fussy baby," Harvey said suddenly.

Wash didn't have time to ask what Harvey meant. Wash didn't even have time to react, really. Harvey suddenly lifted the shrunken jock to his chest and held Wash against his shoulder.

"Burp the baby!" Harvey said playfully as he patted the jock's muscular back.

Wash was once again overcome by just how massive Harvey was at Wash's current size. Even just Harvey's palm was nearly as wide as Wash's bulging lats. Harvey's other hand nearly eclipsed Wash's meaty, muscular ass, and it wasn't just Harvey's sheer size that was driving Wash wild. Pressed as he was against Harvey's chest, Wash could feel the lean, dense muscle in Harvey's lithe, swimmer's build. Harvey was just so indescribably huge and unimaginably powerful to the shrunken jock that even just trying to comprehend it made Wash feel lightheaded. Wash was so overwhelmed that he let his guard down for just a second, but that second was enough.

As Harvey bounced the shrunken jock in his arms as he would an infant, Wash's rock-hard cock rubbed against the dense muscle of Harvey's sculpted pec. It was a combination of things. Wash was overwhelmed by the sheer size and scale of his former victim. The way Harvey now cradled Wash in his arms made Wash feel strangely warm and safe. Wash had never imagined he could be the touchy-feely type, but as much as he hated to admit it, he rather liked the feeling of the giant's powerful arms holding him. And to top it all off, there was the steady rubbing of his already overstimulated cock against the giant's chest. Wash didn't realize what was happening until it was too late.

Wash's eyes shot open. His body went stiff. "Oh no..." He murmured in shock as he felt his cock give a lurch and shudder of glee. He tried to stifle his own urges. He tried to fight back against what he could feel was coming, but it was too little too late. "no no no... Oh... fuuucckkk..." Wash whined. His whine quickly turned into a low, guttural groan. His whole body trembled from the intensity of his own orgasm. He had never cum like that before in his life. It was so powerful that it took the wind out of him.

Wash was left gasping for breath as he lay against the giant's shoulder. Wash's mind was swimming in a mix of post-coital bliss and existential dread. He had never in his life felt anything like that. He'd been laid before, sure. He'd been with plenty of women over the years, but even the best lay hadn't been even half as amazing as the past few minutes. He

had never imagined cumming could feel so damn good.

Wash was so dazed and winded that he didn't even realize that Harvey had to shift his grip to accommodate Wash's recent reduction. Wash hadn't even begun to come down from the high after his latest climax when Harvey once again shifted his grip and once again hoisted Wash up by his armpits.

Harvey smirked as he stared straight at the now limp shrunken jock. Wash was cute, in a way. In his current, dazed state it was almost as if Harvey was holding a half-sleeping kitty instead of a musclebound stud, and Wash was only going to be getting smaller as the night went on. Harvey tried not to think about it too hard. There was no telling when – or if for that matter – the shrinkage would finally stop. For all he knew, Wash could shrink to the subatomic level, but Harvey had to believe that Wash's size would eventually stabilize. Wash was a massive asshole when he was in his prime, but Harvey was telling the truth when he said he didn't wish any actual harm to befall the guy. There was more to it than that, though. The smaller Wash got the more Harvey's protective instincts got the better of him. As much fun as he was having teasing his former bully, Harvey was also enjoying just having the little guy in his possession and protection. It was like having a little pet – a smoking hot, damn sexy pet which a killer bod and a nice cock but a pet nonetheless – and seeing as how Wash was also getting off on their play, Harvey couldn't wait to push the issue even further.

“Little baby made a mess,” Harvey chided playfully.

Wash was still dazed and basking in the afterglow, but Harvey’s chiding did make him blush a bit and furtively avert his gaze from the titan’s smirking face.

“I guess I’ll just have to clean the baby up,” Harvey said in the same playful tone he had before. Wash didn’t even have the chance to ponder what Harvey had in mind. No sooner had Harvey spoke than the titan hoisted the shrunken stud up towards his face and ran his tongue across Wash’s cum-coated cock.

Wash shuddered with pleasure from the sensation. The giant’s tongue was so huge that it completely eclipsed Wash’s entire bait and tackle and then some. Wash could feel the titan’s nose digging into the cleft between his pecs and as Harvey noisily moaned and slurped up Wash’s cum. Wash couldn’t believe it. Another dude was eating his cum, and Wash was actually enjoying it? The sound of the titan’s moans was music to Wash’s ears. The feeling of the titan’s breath against Wash’s shrunken bod was intoxicating. The sensation of Harvey’s massive, warm, wet tongue slavering against his belly, brick, and balls was incredible. Wash had just came harder than he had ever cum in his life, and his cock was rock hard all over again. Wash was enjoying it so much, in fact, that he accidentally let slip a little whine of dismay when

Harvey finally pulled back and stopped his impromptu tongue-bath.

“All clean!” Harvey said triumphantly as he once again hoisted the shrunken jock up by the armpits. Being hoisted up like this was making Wash begin to feel like Simba in the Circle of Life, but he didn’t have time to protest. Harvey only had Wash hoisted up for but a moment this time before once again pressing the shrunken stud against his chest.

Harvey cooed softly as he gently stroked the tiny stud’s hair. Wash was conflicted. On one hand, being pressed against the titan’s chest like this felt so nice and comforting, but he knew the positioning could not have been an accident. Wash’s face was pressed right against the splotch of still warm jizz that he had just sprayed against the titan’s chest mere moments ago. The scent of the titan’s bare flesh mixed with the smell of Wash’s own cum. Wash could taste his own jizz seeping into his mouth. He couldn’t believe how much of it there was. It was enough to plaster the entire side of his face that was pressed against the titan’s incredibly firm, muscular pec! Wash knew that that climax had been one for the record books, but there had to be more to it than that. He had to have shrunk again, but by how much? It was impossible for him to gauge his size in his current position. He could only really see out of one eye, and that one eye was greeted to a view of Harvey’s other sculpted pec and Harvey’s lean, muscular arm.

Perhaps it was for the best that Harvey didn't keep Wash in that position for long. Wash was still wrestling with his feelings as the giant knelt down and deposits the shrunken stud. Wash was confused at first. He stared up at the titan and was once again floored at just how massive Harvey had become. Wash had obviously shrunken some more, but how much? Wash glanced around to try and get a feel for his surroundings and see if there was anything he could use to gauge his size. He soon realized that there was in fact a very convenient method of gauging not just his height, but his overall mass as well.

Wash stared down in awe at the large, black platform on which he now stood. He had stood here many times in the past and flexed for his admiring teammates as the coach adjusted the old-fashioned weights on the archaic slide. When Wash last stood upon this platform it appeared no bigger than a notebook, but now it looked the size of a mattress. He now stood on the scale in the corner of the gym!

Wash glanced up. His eyes slowly traced a path along the ruled post that stood beside the scale. His gaze continued to drift upwards and upwards as the tick marks stretched on. He used to be too tall for this ruler to accurately showcase his height, but now the six-foot metric now completely dwarfed him.

"Now then..." Harvey said as he slowly dropped the bar on the top of the ruler down lower and lower.

“Let’s see just how small you are,” He finished and flashed the shrunken stud an impish smirk.

## Chapter 5

Harvey dragged out the process of lowering the bar. “Five feet... four feet... three feet...” He counted off slowly as he dropped the bar lower and lower. The anticipation was maddening. With each foot that Harvey announced, Wash could feel himself getting hornier and hornier. Three feet? Three feet!? That was toddler sized, and the bar still loomed over his head like an industrial crane.

“Two feet...” Harvey announced. Wash could actually taste the tension in the air, but Harvey was going to make him wait a little longer. The delay wasn’t purely to make Wash squirm though. Squatting down so low was getting to be uncomfortable, so Harvey once again knelt down before the shrunken stud. Soon Harvey was seated with his feet tucked under him and his bare butt resting between his



calves. Even seated as he currently was, Harvey was quite a bit taller than the now tiny jock. Perhaps even more impressively, Harvey's rigid cock was now pointed directly at Wash's face. The knob of the pre-drooling monster was almost as large as Wash's own head!

Once Harvey was comfortably in position he started counting again. "Twenty inches... eighteen inches..." Harvey counted.

The shift from feet to inches was staggering. Harvey used to measure his cock in inches, and now he was measuring his whole body!? He had a nine-inch rod back in his prime, and now he had an eighteen-inch bod? He was only twice as tall as his dick had been just this morning. Wash could barely fathom what a cock half the size of his body would look like. In fact, he would have been completely unable to process such a thought had he not had a clear view of Harvey's own modest dick. Harvey's six incher would have paled in comparison to Wash's former nine-inch monster, but as Wash's reduced size, Harvey's dick was about a third of his height! Harvey's dick was only slightly shorter than Wash's arms, but the beast was thicker than both beefy biceps combined!

"Sixteen inches... fifteen inches..." Harvey continued to count. Each inch he dropped the bar made Wash's heart race, his head swim, and his cock ache for release even though Wash had just blown the biggest load of his life.

Finally, the bar came to a rest right above Wash's head. "Fourteen inches!" Harvey announced triumphantly. Wash had to take a moment to try and take stock of his size. He had gone from seven feet, a veritable mountain of a man, to a mere fourteen inches! He was barely bigger than a Barbie! He was a sixth of his former height!

"Now that we know how tall you are. Let's figure out how much you weight," Harvey said.

Harvey once again stood up to his full height. From Wash's reduced perspective it looked like Harvey had risen several stories into the air in a mere second or two. The sudden change was staggering for Wash, but it was nothing out of the ordinary for Harvey himself. In fact, Harvey didn't even pay it any mind. He immediately focused his attention on the weights atop the bars of the scale.

"Hmm. This is set to two hundred pounds. You're obviously nowhere near that," Harvey mused out loud.

Wash tried to fathom what two hundred pounds would even look like. He was three hundred pounds of solid muscle at his full size. He had to wrack his brain to extrapolate what two hundred would look like. The best frame of reference he had was Harvey. Wash assumed Harvey to be around two hundred, and Wash was easily a third of Harvey's height so how much did that mean he weighed?

“One fifty...? no... one hundred...? absolutely not... fifty...? Not likely,” Harvey murmured as he slapped the metal weight onto each consecutive notch until the bigger weight was all the way to the side.

Was wasn't too surprised to hear he was below fifty pounds, but there was still something jarring about knowing that he had once maxed out the weight on the scale and now he didn't even hit the first big checkpoint.

Wash could hear the sound of the smaller weight sliding down the scale. Harvey went pretty quickly through the first few brackets. “Fifty. Forty. Thirty. Twenty” Harvey counted off as he slid the weight along the scale. It wasn't until he reached ten pounds that he finally started to slow down.

“Ten... nine... eight...” Harvey announced as he tapped the weight slightly further along the slider with each count.

Wash waited with bated breath. Eight pounds? He was eight measly pounds? That's about how much he weighed when he was born! He was now smaller than he was on his very first day on this earth!?

But it didn't stop there. Harvey kept counting down. “Seven... six... five...”

Was tried to comprehend just how tiny he was now. Five pounds... He'd eaten more than five pounds in a single sitting before. He weighed less than a goddamn pizza!

“Four... three...” Harvey kept counting.

He was still counting? Wash’s mind was racing. Three pounds? How in the hell could he weigh three pounds? That was less than half his birth weight. Sure, Wash could accept that he was about infant sized, but how did he weigh so much less? Babies were all chub and pudg. Wash was solid, sculpted muscle!

“Two pounds...” Harvey said, but then his voice trailed off. “Hmm... well, you’re definitely less than two pounds, but probably more than one...” Harvey mused out loud.

“Probably” more than one!? There was a very real chance that Wash only weighed one pound. One single pound! That’s how much the footballs weighed that he used to yeet across the field at mach speeds mere hours ago!

“This scale isn’t designed for weighing half-pints,” Harvey said. “If we want to get a real measurement on you, we’ll have to put you on a scale more suited for someone your size. Maybe we can use the food scale in the Home Ec lab or maybe the scales in the science lab. Ooh! The chem lab would be the perfect place for you once we need the microscope to see you!” Harvey said.

Wash really couldn’t tell if Harvey was joking. Wash assumed that he was. Harvey never seemed too excited about the prospects of Wash shrinking away to nothingness, but unfortunately, the mere mention of being microscopic caused Wash’s already rock-hard

cock to give a lurch of delight. Wash hoped that Harvey hadn't seen the motion, but the quick glance that Harvey shot in Wash's direction made it clear that something had caught the titan's eye.

"God, you're still rock hard! I know you liked to brag about being able to go for hours, but I thought that was just another boast. It seems you really can keep it hard load after load," Harvey teased.

Wash wasn't sure what to do. On one hand, he felt he ought to try to cover up, but on the other hand, it wasn't like Harvey hadn't already seen everything and also... on some level, hearing the towering guy praise him, even jokingly, made Wash's heart skip a beat.

"You know... I saw the way you were looking when I was kneeling down a second ago," Harvey said as if thinking out loud.

Wash gulped as he waited for whatever Harvey had to say. Wash had no idea where Harvey was going with this, and the suspense was killing him.

"Oh, don't play coy with me. You were checkin' out my dick, weren't you?" Harvey asked playfully.

Wash didn't know how to respond. He almost denied it out of habit. Before today he'd never even give it a second thought, but after what he had seen and felt over the course of the evening, he couldn't deny that the thought and sight of a massive cock excited him, and seeing a specimen that nearly rivaled

his torso for sheer girth left him feeling hornier than ever. He was so hot and bothered that he could barely swallow. It was like he needed something special to slake his thirst, and the steady drip of pre from Harvey's colossal cock which now drooled down for way above Wash's head was driving him mad.

Harvey suddenly squatted down once more. In a matter of seconds, Harvey was once again seated with his butt resting between his calves and his rod aimed directly at Wash's face.

"Come on. There's no one here to judge. Show me what you'd do with my dick if given the option," Harvey goaded on the tiny stud.

Wash's heart was pounding in his chest, and his cock was rock hard. He was so horny that it was dizzying! His thoughts were scattered, and his head felt light. Some part of him wanted to maintain some pretense of his former glory. He wanted to scoff at the invitation but seeing that cock looming in front of him drove him wild. He was staring down a dick the size of a dalmatian, and some part of his mind was silently whispering to him that that amazing cock would just get more fantastic the smaller he got.

As if acting on their own, Wash's hands reached out to grip the massive head of Harvey's humongous cock. Even just the knob of Harvey's cock seemed to be the size of a watermelon in Wash's hands. Yet despite it's overwhelming size, it was surprisingly soft and warm to the touch. Feeling the supple skin against his fingertips caused a moment of

panic in the shrunken stud. He was feeling another dude's dick! ... and he liked it!

After a second, the shock faded, and Wash was once again overwhelmed by the sheer eroticism of the monstrous cock with now stared him down. Wash stared directly down the pre-oozing slit. The narrow crevasse was roughly the same size as his own mouth. Wash's mind raced with the implications of this. He could lean in and kiss the thing if he wanted to! And part of him did want to do just that. He wondered what kind of flavor another guy would have.

Before Wash even realized he was doing it, his lips were already pressed against the tip of Harvey's humongous cock. Wash felt the warm, wet pre slip past his lips and was across his tongue. He could taste the slightly salty tang of Harvey's cock flesh against the tip of his own tongue. It was at the point that Wash realized he wasn't just kissing the cock – he was licking it too!

Wash was so shocked by his own actions, that he almost recoiled. His heart skipped a beat. The split second of mental dissonance was enough to stagger him ever so slightly. For a split second, Wash thought he was literally taken aback, but he soon realized the truth...

He had had another shrinking spell. He had no idea how much he had dropped. It felt intense, but at his size, even losing a single inch was a lot. He could have very well dipped below the one-foot mark. He could actually be smaller than a goddamn Barbie! The

sheer thought of it almost made him cum right then and there!

“Don’t stop now. It’s just getting good...”

Harvey moaned breathily.

The titan’s moans echoed in Wash’s ears. The deep, guttural gasps were like music to Wash’s ears. Wash never in his wildest dreams would have imagine he could be so turned on by the sound of another guy’s voice, but at Wash’s current size, even just Harvey’s voice was powerful enough to reverberate in his very core.

The sound of the giant’s moans drove Wash so wild that he threw himself into sucking and kissing and licking the tip of Harvey’s colossal cock with a fervor he had never felt before. Thinking back on it, Wash realized that he had never before been an active participant in sex. He had always laid back and watched as whatever lady he had scored for that afternoon sucked his dick or rode his cock. Sex had always been about his position of power rather than any actual attraction. Now that that power had been stripped from him, he was finding a side to him he never would have imagine... and he liked it.

“Aww yeah, little guy! That’s it!” Harvey moaned. Harvey was so caught up in the moment that he reached down and pressed Wash’s head against the tip of his own cock. Wash was so tiny his head was little bigger than a sparrow’s egg. Even just Harvey’s palm completely eclipsed the back of Wash’s head!



Despite how hot and bothered Harvey was, Harvey was being careful not to press too hard on the shrunken jock. The last thing he wanted was to hurt Wash, but as the disparity between their sizes continued to shift, Harvey began to worry about just how much the miniature guy could take.

The answer was apparently “a lot.” Having his face pinned against the giant’s cock head just seemed to make Wash even hornier. Wash was actually pushing forward as well! Wash slowly and steadily stepped forward, shoving the titan’s cock upwards every step of the way. It wasn’t long before Harvey’s cock was standing vertical. The rod was pressed flush against his abdomen. Wash had pinned Harvey’s dick to his body as if he was passionately pinning a lover against a wall!

Wash could no longer reach the slit of Harvey’s cock. The lower ridge of Harvey’s glans was now roughly eye level to the shrunken stud, but Wash didn’t slow down for a second. He continued to nuzzle against the soft, puffy ridge along the underside of Harvey’s cock while continuously licking and kissing the shaft.

Wash had never felt smaller nor been hornier in his entire life than he did in that moment. It wasn’t even just a matter of Harvey’s humongous cock anymore. Now that Wash was so close to the titan himself, Wash could no longer tune out how massive everything else about Harvey was. Harvey’s toned abs and dense pecs loomed over Wash’s head. Harvey’s

muscular quads formed a barricade on either side of the shrunken jock. Even Harvey's balls, which now pressed against Wash's legs, were overwhelming huge. Even just one of those hefty orbs was as large as Wash's whole head! Wash's own reduced sack would brush up against Harvey's massive pouch with each thrust as Wash ground his own cock against the base of the titan's enormous shaft.

All this attention that his cock was getting was getting Harvey extra hot under the collar, and seeing how into it Wash was, got Harvey's blood pumping even more. Not to mention, there was some part of him that really enjoyed just how tiny Wash had become. It wasn't just a matter of seeing a former bully reduced from a titanic terror to a two-pound pipsqueak. Having a tiny person who was barely bigger than his cock was hot as hell! Harvey didn't want to admit it, but part of him hoped Wash didn't stop shrinking anytime soon. Just thinking about what the tiny stud would look like when he could be completely eclipsed by Harvey's cock drove Harvey wild!

An idea popped into Harvey's head that made him smirk and his cock shudder with expectant glee. If Wash was enjoying being so small, maybe it was time Harvey really made him feel puny.

In one quick motion, Harvey moved his hand behind the shrunken jock's butt and pinned Wash against his cock. Wash found himself lying on his back against the giant's forearm and his face mashed against the underside of Harvey's cock. He was only

pinned in that position for a mere moment, but it was enough for the stream of pre to seep into his hair even more than it had before. Then, just as soon as it had begun, Wash found himself dumped unceremoniously on the carpet below.

Wash was just about to protest, but as soon as he wiped the pre from his eyes and managed to view his new surroundings, he was struck completely dumbfounded. Wash found himself staring up at the titan which now loomed over him like an IMAX movie screen. Harvey was on his hands and knees and straddling the shrunken jock so that Harvey's abs and chest filled Wash's entire field of view.

Wash didn't have much time to soak in the view. Almost as soon as he caught sight of the titan, Harvey was once again on the move. Harvey's whole body descended upon the tiny jock until Wash was once again face to face with Harvey's cock, only this time it wasn't Wash pushing down on the dick. Harvey's cock was pushing down on him! Harvey's balls completely filled Wash's lap. Harvey's cock completely eclipsed Wash's torso. The underside of Harvey's puffy cock head covered Wash's face.

Wash was completely prone. He was powerless! He had been so effortlessly pinned by just Harvey's cock! And the worst part was, Wash couldn't even reach his own cock to jerk it! Wash was so horny that he almost came again right then and there. He couldn't believe how close to cumming he was. He had occasionally managed to get two good wanks in in an

afternoon, but two powerful climaxes in the span of ten minutes? That seemed almost impossible!

Fortunately, Wash didn't need to worry about his cock. Harvey had him covered, literally and figuratively. Harvey began to rock his hips back and forth, causing his cock to grind against the shrunken stud. Wash was along for the ride, but even though he had to take it lying down, that didn't mean he wasn't going to just sit there and do nothing. Wash grabbed as much of Harvey's cock as he could with his tiny arms. He could barely wrap his arms around the beast! It was thicker than even his yoked torso! His fingers barely touched on the opposite side.

Harvey grunted as he felt Wash's arms wrap around his dick. Wash had a surprisingly firm grip for such a little guy. Feeling the stud's tiny arms stroking his massive cock drove Harvey wild which in turn spurred him on to hump even faster and harder, pinning Wash even firmer underneath Harvey's dick!

Wash was in heaven. With each thrust of the titan's cock, his own overstimulated dick got stroked by the titan's shaft. The piston-like motion of the massive cock also caused the cock to ooze pre all over Wash's face and torso. Wash was soon drenched from head to toe. The warmth of it was intoxicating which was saying nothing of the smell and texture. Being so completely coated in the giant's fluids just served to once again reinforce how tiny and puny Wash had become.

It wasn't long before Wash could feel the titan's cock begin to tremble in his arms. He could tell that Harvey was getting close. Part of Wash wanted the moment to last longer, but a larger part of him was excited at the prospects of getting completely drenched in giant's jizz. Whatever part of Wash's brain that had been holding onto the illusion that he was straight had completely given up the ghost.

Suddenly, Harvey pulled back and propped himself back up on his hands and knees. The motion was so sudden that Wash couldn't even keep his grip on the giant's cock. Harvey's dick effortlessly broke free of Wash's grasp.

Wash stared up as Harvey once again rose into the air above him. Wash wondered what had happened and why Harvey was no longer pinning him down, but the answer soon became apparent. The titan's moans filled the air as Harvey gripped his cock with one hand and fervently pumped the shaft. Wash watched in awe as the massive tool shuddered and the giant's hefty nuts swayed above him.

It only took a few seconds for Harvey to reach climax. His rapid strokes stopped suddenly as Harvey's hand gripped the base of his shaft. His slit was aimed directly at the shrunken jock. Wash didn't even have time to get out of the way – not that he would have wanted to. A massive spurt of thick, sticky spunk erupted from the enormous cock and hurled straight at the tiny jock. The massive wad hit Wash square in the chest with enough force to knock the wind out of

him. It was like being blasted by a high-powered fire hose!

Harvey came a second... and a third time... and even a fourth before his jets of cum began to taper off into weak spurts. He had never in his life cum like that. He knew he was turned on by the current situation, but he hadn't realized just how horny he was! He came so hard and so much that his balls felt pleasantly sore. Harvey was so winded by his climax that he almost collapsed right then and there, but he managed to shift his weight so that he slumped over to the side and collapsed onto his back beside the now tiny jock.

Wash laid there in awe. He was completely coated in cum. Harvey had come so much that the pool of spunk had completely coated his chest and oozed off the sides. The jizz hung to him like a thick blanket of slime. He could feel the sheer weight of it baring down on his chest as he panted from the aftermath of his own orgasm.

Wash glanced over to his side. He was lying so close to the titan that he could almost reach out and touch the side of Harvey's rib cage. The rise and fall of the titan's chest as he gasped and panted was strangely hypnotic. It was like watching a barn that had somehow come to life.

Wash glanced around him some more and took stock of his surroundings. The giant had collapsed in such a way that Wash was nestled into the crook of Harvey's arm. If Wash reached to one side, he could pat Harvey's ribcage. If he reached to the other side,

he could reach Harvey's bicep. If Wash scooted upward just a few inches (or feet from his perspective) he would have been able to reach Harvey's armpit. The notion that he had been penned in by just Harvey's arm was completely fascinating and exciting to him. The giant was already building sized to the shrunken stud. How much larger would he appear when Wash shrank even more? And Wash was going to shrink some more. He didn't know how he knew. Maybe it was just wishful thinking, but he felt for sure, he was not yet done dwindling.

## Chapter 6

Harvey glanced over at the tiny form that lay sprawled out at his side. He was still a little addled from the incredible climax he had just reached and feeling pretty warm and fuzzy from the afterglow, but the post-nut clarity was quickly setting in. It was hard for him to fathom just how small Wash had become in such a short period of time. Wash had been over a foot taller than him just an hour or so ago, and now Wash wasn't even a foot in total!

Harvey's attitude towards the shrunken stud had changed so much as the inches fell from Wash's beefy bod. At first Harvey had taken some level of perverse glee in watching the former bully shrink. As Wash dwindled down to Harvey's size, Harvey couldn't help but feel that on some level the bully deserved to be taken down a peg, and then as the inches continued to melt off the former titan, a mix of



excitement, arousal, and endorphins had taken over. Now that he was coming down from the rush, Harvey could barely believe that he had let things go for as long as he had. Wash still hadn't stopped shrinking! It didn't make any sense. It didn't seem like the gun should have had that kind of power. When Harvey had been practicing with the gun on inanimate objects, a solid zap took anywhere from five to ten percent off the object's size. Now Wash was nearing five to ten percent of his former size!

Harvey knew what he needed to do. He needed to call in an expert before things got any further out of control. If anyone could come up with a plan for how to stop Wash's shrinkage before he got too small, it would be Cecil.

Harvey rolled over onto his side and looked down at the still stupefied, shrunken stud. He was just about to tell his plan to Wash when he heard an unexpected sound from across the room. The unmistakable sound of a lock turning was followed by the sound of the door to the gym creaking open. Harvey quickly sat up and stared across the gym towards the entryway. His heart was pounding in his chest as he saw the portly form of the campus's head coach stride into the gym.

"Damn kids always forgetting to turn the lights off when they're done..." the coach grumbled.

Harvey was running on a fine blend of panic and instinct. Without even thinking he quickly

snatched up the shrunken jock and clutched the stud to his chest as if Wash was a teddy bear.

Wash suddenly felt himself hurtling upwards at a dizzying speed followed by being pressed face down against Harvey's toned pecs. Wash could feel the rise and fall of Harvey's chest and the thud of Harvey's pounding heart. Wash was confused for more reasons than one. He had no idea what had spooked Harvey so, but he also was struggling with his own feelings. Whatever spooked the titan should spook him too but being nestled against the giant's chest in such a way also made him feel so safe and secure. His mind raced and his cock stirred to life. Wash could scarcely believe that he was getting horny again. He had cum so much already. His balls practically ached from being drained so thoroughly, but his cock was ready for another round.

Harvey ducked behind one of the weight racks and peered between the barbells to watch where the coach was headed. So far, the coach had not seen Harvey which was good. Harvey definitely did not want the coach to find him bare-assed naked in the middle of the weight room, but more than that, Harvey did not want the coach to find the now Barbie sized former football star. Harvey wasn't sure how well the coach would take finding out that his star player was now less than half as tall as the trophy he had won last season.

The coach turned towards his office at the back of the gym. Harvey took that as a chance to dart

from behind the weight rack towards the squat rack. He quickly crouched down with his back to the squat rack and peered around the corner to track the movements of the coach. Harvey caught sight of the coach right as the older man started to turn around. Harvey quickly ducked back behind the cover of the squat rack. He was sure that the coach had not seen him, but that didn't stop his heart from pounding or his cock from hardening.

Harvey silently chastised himself. This was the worst time to be popping wood. He quickly added exhibitionism and getting caught to the rapidly expanding list of things that apparently turned him on (the former most recent addition had been watching a former titan shrink to the size of a doll.)

Harvey stayed hidden until he heard the sound of the office door opening. He peered around the corner once more and saw the coach stepping into his office. There was a lot of open ground in the center of the gym between Harvey and the locker room, but at least the windows in the office hid the lower part of the room from view. Harvey took his chances and quickly darted from the squat rack to the far wall. As soon as Harvey made it across the room, he pressed himself flush against the wall and slowly began to creep along the wall towards the locker room. The windowsill to the coach's office was mere inches above his head. Harvey could hear the coach rummaging through the drawers in his office. All that separated Harvey and Wash from discovery was a few inches and a few sheets of drywall.

It didn't take long for Wash to figure out what was happening. By the time Harvey had done a Mission Impossible style dodge roll behind the squat rack, Wash was sure there was someone else in the room, and there was only one other person who would possibly come to the gym this late at night – the head coach! Wash was tempted to try and wriggle free of Harvey's grasp and find somewhere to lay low until the coach left, but where would he go? He wasn't small enough to duck into a mouse hole – not yet anyway, and even if he did manage to escape what then? Stay in the gym alone until he shrunk away to nothingness? The idea of shrinking tinier and tinier had got him all hot and bothered when he thought about doing so in the playful hands of a stunningly hot giant, but to shrink with nothing around him except for dust and potential predators was less exciting. Wash was thankful for the giant's arms around him and the feeling of Harvey's warm, firm pecs against his face. Wash instinctively nuzzled his face tighter against Harvey's chest. Feeling the steady rise and fall of the titan's chest soothed Wash's nerves and hardened Wash's dick.

Harvey duck-walked along the wall towards the locker room. He resisted the urge to stand up enough to peer over the windowsill and spy on the coach. That maneuver was more likely to get him caught than give him any useful intel. All Harvey could do was keep his head down and get to the locker room as quickly as possible.

By the time Harvey's bare feet crossed from the firm carpet of the weight room to the cool tile of the locker room, his nerves were nearly shot. Once he was in the locker room, he stood up to his normal height, and began his victory trot towards his locker only slowing only slightly to grab the towel that had fallen from Wash's beefy bod when the stud had first started shrinking. Harvey paused for a moment to take stock of his surroundings when he reached his locker. It felt like a lifetime ago when he was in here getting his ass handed to him by the titanic terror that was the star athlete at his former full size. As he held the towel in one arm and the shrunken jock in the other, Harvey marveled at how much more the towel weighed than the other.

Harvey was snapped from his reverie by the sound of footfalls entering the locker room. Harvey had no time to think. He acted on pure instinct. In one fluid motion he chucked the shrunken jock into the still-open locker and quickly slammed the door shut. Harvey just barely had time to pull the towel around his waist before the coach rounded the corner.

"Huh. Not who I expected to find," the coach commented in a fairly disinterested way.

"Uh. Yeah... Wash left shortly after you did earlier," Harvey lied. Harvey then awkwardly leaned against the locker to try and hide it from the coach's gaze.

There was a momentary pause where the coach seemed to eye Harvey up and down. Harvey

could merely stand there and squirm as the coach silently stared at him. When the coach's gaze stopped on Harvey's midriff, Harvey's heart began to pound all over again. Harvey's mind was racing. What was the coach looking at? Did Harvey have some cum splattered on his abs? Harvey could only imagine that he reeked of sweat and sex. It wouldn't take a rocket surgeon to figure out he had recently busted a nut, but to Harvey's surprise, the coach's demeanor seemed to soften.

"I'll get you some ice for that," the coach said and gestured towards Harvey's side. Harvey glanced down at his midsection and noticed the large, purple splotch on his side. In all the excitement, Harvey had somehow completely tuned out the bruising he had received. Harvey reached down to touch the bruise as if not believing it was real, but the intense pain upon touching it was enough to bring him back to reality – and make him wince.

"Look. I know Wash is an asshole," the coach said almost apologetically.

Harvey made a gesture with his pointer finger and thumb as if to agree, "Yeah. A little bit..." but as he made the gesture, Harvey was suddenly struck by how the gesture was more literal than he was intending.

"If it's any consolation... guys like that. They don't have much of a future," the coach said.

Harvey was taken aback, but not nearly as much as Wash was. Was could hear everything

through the thin metal door of the locker. In fact, the metal seemed to make the voices reverberate and echo through his head.

“Look. I put up with him because it’s what the board wants. Guys like that. They win games which makes us money, but beyond that...” the coach shrugged before continuing. “That’s the kinda guy the peaks in school. After college, well, he’ll be lucky to get a job selling cars,” the coach said.

“Yeah... Hot Wheels, maybe...” Wash thought to himself as he slumped dejectedly back onto the wadded-up pile of Harvey’s sweaty gym clothes.

Meanwhile, Harvey’s scowl was more noticeably than he thought. The look on his face was even enough to make the coach balk. “You don’t seem so enthused,” the coach commented.

“I dunno... Talking about someone behind their back like this doesn’t sit right with me,” Harvey replied.

“Heh. I know your type. You can’t tell me you haven’t thought about him getting his just rewards,” the coach said.

Harvey averted his gaze. He couldn’t deny it. He had done more than just daydream about Wash getting what he deserved. Harvey and his pal had hatched a plan and even gone through with it, but that felt like a lifetime ago. The Wash that was currently hiding in the locker was not the same guy that had been curbing stomping Harvey earlier.

“Hehe. I knew it,” the coach chuckled. He laid a thick, meaty hand on Harvey’s shoulder and gave him a hearty shake before turning and walking back towards the weight room. “I’ll be back with some ice,” the coach said over his shoulder before leaving the room.

Harvey waited for a moment to be sure the coach was safely out of ear shot before turning and tapping on the locker door. “Hey. Did you hear any of that?” He asked.

Harvey waited for a response. He couldn’t be sure if Wash just wasn’t responding or if he just couldn’t hear it if Wash said something. Whatever the case may be, Harvey eventually continued, “Look... About what the coach said... I guess it doesn’t matter at this point...”

Wash listened quietly as he lay back surrounded by soft fabric and the smells of the titan. Harvey’s voice echoed through the metal chamber Wash now found himself in. Wash had been upset by the coach’s words, but only for a moment. It hurt to hear that the coach thought so poorly of him outside of his skill on the field, but at the same time... it was almost a relief. His career on the field felt like a lifetime ago. At his current size, he’d barely be able to play foosball, and at the rate he was going, he’d soon be too small even for that. Whatever track his life was on this afternoon, he had a different life now.



“So... I guess what I’m saying is, whatever happens. I’ll take care of you, ok?” Harvey’s voice echoed through the locker.

Wash closed his eyes and let the sound of Harvey’s voice echo through the chamber and rumble through the metal. Wash could actually feel the vibrations of Harvey’s voice. On some level, Wash knew he should be upset. His future was taken from him, but at the same time, what future? He had never had any plans after school. He was going to win the next big game and the next one after that. That’s all he had ever done. His planning only extended so far as the next game. The notion of an actual future was a foreign concept to him, but now he had one. He had a giant demigod that was willing to take care of him.

Whatever misgivings Wash had seemed to melt away and smile crossed his lips. His hands crossed his body. One hand slipped down low and grasped his rigid cock. His other hand rubbed his thick pecs and sculpted abs. He was both huge and tiny at the same time. No matter how fat his cock felt in his hand or how swole his muscles seemed, he was now not much taller than an action figure. He was so tiny that even just Harvey’s gym shorts formed a full mattress for him to lie atop. The scent of Harvey’s sweat and cologne filled Wash’s nostrils. The sound of the giant’s voice reverberated through the metal and echoed through the room.

Wash burrowed deeper into the pile of clothes and pulled Harvey’s boxers over him as if it was a

comforter. The fabric of Harvey's boxer briefs was so thick and heavy to the shrunken jock that it felt more like a weighted blanket than a thin layer of cotton. Wash lifted the fabric over his head and buried his face in the front of Harvey's boxers.

Wash had long since given up any pretense of being straight. The scent of Harvey's cum still clung to his skin. The scent of Harvey's cock and balls flooded his nostrils. Every inch of Wash's body – what few inches remained – had been marked with the titan's scent.

Wash was only vaguely aware that Harvey was once again speaking to the coach. Wash couldn't make out the words, but he wasn't particularly interested in hearing it. All he wanted to do was bask in the titan's overwhelming presence. The sounds and scents bombarded Wash's tiny form as the shrunken stud tugged his dick and inhaled deeply the giant's aroma.

Wash was too horny to think. Even as he felt a familiar tingling settle into his already much-reduced body, he could only stroke his dick faster and harder. He wanted to cum. He wanted to cum so bad, but more than that, he wanted to shrink!

As he felt the tingling fully kick in, he let out a low moan. His cock lurched in his hands and thick spunk splattered against the giant's boxers.

As soon as Harvey was sure the coast was clear, Harvey opened the locker and glanced down at the pile of gym clothes. He had a brief moment of

panic where he feared that Wash had shrunken so much that he was no longer visible until Harvey noticed some motion from within the clothing. Harvey pulled back the layers until he found the now panting jock lying amidst his underoos. It only took a quick glance for Harvey to realize that Wash had shrunken even more while Harvey had been chatting with the coach.

Harvey only took a moment to take stock of Wash's new size before he once again steeled his resolve to get Cecil's professional opinion on the matter. Wash's shrinking was still showing no signs of slowing. If anyone could stop it, it would be Cecil.

## Chapter 7

Even as he jostled amidst Harvey's spare change and keys, Wash could still not fully comprehend where he was or how he had gotten there. Sure, he *knew* where he was. He knew how he had gotten there too. He remembered every moment of his steady shrinkage in vivid detail, but even as he looked back on the events that lead to his current predicament, he couldn't quite bring himself to accept that they were real. Even as he felt the weight of Harvey's dorm key against him, Wash knew he should be freaked out, but instead he was merely fascinated and turned on. Harvey's key was now the size of a skateboard to the shrunken stud. Sure, it was still the size of a small skateboard and not a longboard, but that didn't change the fact that a dorm key shouldn't be large enough for him to place both feet on!

Wash wasn't sure if his detachment from the situation was some sort of survival mechanism or if it was something a bit more carnal. He knew that he would most likely never recover the size he had lost. His life as he knew it was over, but at the same time, his dick hadn't deflated for what felt like hours. Even as he bounced and swayed in time with the titan's steps, Wash couldn't get over how hot the whole scenario was. It didn't help that Harvey hadn't bothered to change clothes or even shower after he had finished up in the gym. Harvey's pocket was warm and damp and filled with the smell of sweat and taint and cooled cum. It was like a sauna filled with dripping masculinity instead of just steam.

The smell and the heat were intoxicating – as was the constant reminders of his new, reduced size. It was all Wash could do to keep his hands off his dick. Wash found himself wondering why he resisted so much. He had already shrunken so much – what was a few more centimeters? But part of him already knew the answer. It wasn't enough to just get smaller. He wanted Harvey to see him. He wanted the titan to marvel at how tiny he had become and how much smaller he was getting.

Just the thought of being held in Harvey's hand as the titan stared down and marveled at how tiny he had become, sent a shudder of excitement through Wash's entire body. The shudder was so intense that he had to reach out and grab blindly for something to steady himself against.

His hand reached the side of the pocket, and his fingers slipped through the mesh. It didn't feel like he had shrunk by much, but he had definitely dwindled a little bit more. The holes in the mesh were now so large that they seemed to be the same size as the holes in the wall back at Chipotle when he had been full-sized.

Wash took a moment to once again marvel at his new size. It was too dark for him to see anything, so touch was the only real sense he could rely on to hammer home how tiny he had become.

As he stood there and took stock of his size, his fingers brushed against something that caught him off guard – another layer of the mesh! The mesh wasn't so fascinating as what lay behind it, though. Just a few thin layers of mesh were all that separated him from Harvey's huge bait and tackle. Wash pondered for a moment. Just how huge would Harvey's cock appear to be at Wash's new and reduced size? Wash didn't think he was now so small that Harvey's cock would be bigger than his whole body, but it had to be getting close. Wash had to have been no more than ten inches tall when Harvey had pulled him from the locker. Wash vividly recalled how it felt to be effortlessly lifted by the giant with just one hand. Wash wasn't even shoulder high to a Barbie. How tall would he be now? Eye level with her tits? Her belly button? Was he still taller than an X-Men action figure? Would he have to look up to G.I. Joe?

As images rushed through his mind, Wash recalled a small detail that he had previously forgotten. He had seen Harvey as he got dressed. At the time, Wash was so mesmerized by the sheer size and scale of the titan, that he hadn't paid attention to anything else, but now that he was looking back at the scene, Wash picked up a few details he had previously overlooked.

Harvey's gym shorts had their fair share of wear and tear. Unsurprisingly, the first part of the shorts to start to fall apart had been the mesh that comprised both the pockets and the built-in underwear. There were large gaps around the top of the mesh where the pocket and undies connected to the waistband. The gaps weren't "large" in the overall grand scheme of things. It wasn't like they were large enough to render the shorts unusable. The biggest risk was possibly losing a quarter or two when Harvey dumped change into his pockets, but pockets also aren't usually designed for holding small men.

Wash could scarcely believe he was contemplating this. Just this afternoon he would have scoffed at the idea that he would ever even look at another man's dick let alone touch it, but now he was considering scaling what was akin to a rope wall at a McDonald's play pen for the opportunity to get up close and personal with a cock that rivaled his entire body for sheer size!

Whatever fading protests the last dying embers of Wash's masculinity tried to muster, they

were quickly fading to nothingness. After all, resting against the soft, supple flesh of the giant's cock and balls sure beat getting battered and bruised by the jangling mass of jagged edges that he currently shared a compartment with... right?

Wash's heart was pounding in his chest. He felt dizzy and lightheaded, and the steady swinging and swaying of Harvey's shorts pocket that Wash found himself in wasn't solely to blame. He couldn't believe what he was considering attempting. Even as he grasped the mesh with his hands and pulled himself up rung by rung. This was madness. Wash was completely blind in the dark, dank fabric prison of Harvey's gym shorts. Wash wasn't even sure how deep down in Harvey's pocket he was! In some of these shorts the pockets went all the way down to the knees! At Wash's size, that'd be like scaling a 20-foot wall! Wash was as athletic as they came, but his training had been for the ball field and not scaling walls. Still, he continued to pull himself up inch by inch, and soon he found his hand grasp a large opening in the mesh which could only be the gap he had seen when he had watched the giant changing clothes in the locker room.

Harvey was far from oblivious to the motion in his shorts. It was hard not to notice something the size of a mouse trying to climb the side of his leg, but Harvey had been trying to ignore Wash's antics as best he can. Harvey was dead set on getting back to the dorms so he could get some aid from his pal, Cecil, before things got even further out of hand than they



already were, but when he felt the mouse-sized form of his shrunken former foe climb out of his pocket and into a neighboring pouch in his pants, Harvey was forced to take action.

Harvey was shocked as he felt the small but beefy bod of his former bully rub up against his cock and balls. The feeling of Wash's burly bod against his cock sent a shiver of pleasure up Harvey's body and a twitch of delight through his cock. Harvey had been slightly chubbed this whole time. He had tried to take his mind off of how hot and exciting it was to have a shrunken man in his pocket, but he was not entirely successful. Now that he had said shrunken man smushed against his cock and balls, it was even harder to keep his libido in check.

"What the hell are you doing!?" Harvey hissed at his crotch.

Fortunately, there was nobody else wandering around the campus this late at night otherwise passersby would have thought he was completely insane. Although, if he had tried to explain himself, they would have thought he was even crazier. The sidewalks were deserted, but still, Harvey couldn't risk someone stumbling upon him as he had a chat with the contents of his skivvies.

Harvey ducked behind a building and sat down. He pulled the front of his shorts away from his abs and glanced down at his dick. Harvey's heart skipped a beat as he beheld the shrunken stud. Was Wash even smaller!? Had he shrunk while in his

pocket? It could just be a trick of the light, but Wash looked barely bigger than Harvey's fairly average semi-boned cock. How big was he now? 7? 8 inches? Wash's whole body was now far smaller than just the jock's cock had been mere hours ago.

"How the hell did you get in there?" Harvey asked.

Wash looked up from his perch atop Harvey's nuts and stared up and up and up at the titan. The vast expanse of Harvey's shirt-clad torso was like a sprawling field of cotton. Harvey looked so huge that it made Wash a little dizzy trying to stare up at the giant's face.

Wash said something, but his voice was too quiet to reach. Harvey merely looked back curiously. Wash seemed to realize the issue and cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted. "Keys hurt!"

Harvey merely chuckled in response to Wash's comment. Wash couldn't quite get a bead on Harvey's response. It was too dark to really make out Harvey's facial expression. Not to mention, Wash had a lot of thoughts racing through his mind. It was a strange feeling to be so puny that he had to literally shout to be heard or noticed. There was once a time where his mere presence got the attention of everyone in the room. All he had to do was sneer and everyone would step back and give him the space he deserved. Now, he was crammed inside another guy's shorts! Not that he was complaining about that part, though...

Harvey tried to resist. It was as if his hand was moving on its own but seeing that tiny guy clinging to his cock got him hot and bothered all over again. He reached down, scooped up his entire bait and tackle and fished it out of his shorts. His balls came to a rest on the waistband of his shorts, and Wash was left clinging to Harvey's shaft for dear life.

Watching the shrunken stud clinging to his cock sent another rush of excitement and arousal through Harvey and his cock, but there were some other emotions at play too. Harvey was horny as hell, sure, but seeing how tiny and defenseless Wash had become brought Harvey's nurturing instincts to the forefront as well. Harvey momentarily grappled with his own thoughts and emotions. He knew he should hurry up and get to the dorms. He was so close to Cecil's room already. He just needed to slip his dick back in his shorts and book it, but on the other hand, feeling Wash's small body grinding against his cock and seeing the tiny dude clinging to his dick drove Harvey wild, and judging by Wash's reactions, it was clear the tiny dude was just as excited as Harvey was.

While Harvey grappled with his own thoughts and arousal, his hand seemed to take the initiative. Harvey's hand reached down and wrapped around the steadily swelling shaft of his plump cock. Soon Harvey's fingers and palm wrapped around his rod, effectively pinning the tiny dude against his cock. It wasn't long at all before Harvey's cock was once again rock hard and drooling pre.

Wash found himself pinned between Harvey's hand and cock. Wash's chest and cock were pressed against the puffy ridge along the underside of Harvey's fully-boned cock. At the highest point of Harvey's strokes, Wash was able to catch his breath, but as the steady pumps of Harvey's hand went down. Wash found his face buried against the thick, spongy head of Harvey's cock. Pre trickled down Harvey's cock and quickly coated the tiny stud. It wasn't long before Wash was completely coated in the stuff. The scent and stickiness of Harvey's pre permeated Wash's body and senses. The smell flooded his nostrils. The viscous fluid covered every inch – what few remained – of Wash's body. On some level, Wash knew he should be grossed out by the experience, but he was too far gone to think about that. He loved every second of being coated in the Titan's fluids, and judging by the shuddering of the giant's cock and the moans coming from the titan's mouth, it wouldn't be long before Wash had some new fluids to bask in.

The feeling of his tiny cock grinding against the soft ridge of Harvey's otherwise rock-hard cock felt amazing, but it was the sensations that really sent Wash over the edge. The sounds, the smells, the feeling... it wasn't long before Wash's tiny cock gave a shudder, a lurch, and a spurt. The load felt huge for the shrunken stud, but it was barely noticeable to the titan.

Harvey may not have noticed the splatter of spooge against his cock, but he sure did feel the aftermath. He could feel Wash's body shift and shrink

in the palm of his hands. He could feel Wash's beefy bod dwindle against his cock. Wash had shrunk again! The notion had managed to snap Wash out of his horny trance, but not soon enough. The notion that Wash was now even tinier also awakened some part of his mind that was enjoying the shrinkage on a carnal level. Harvey's cock gave a few powerful lurches. His nuts pulled inward. A wet, watery spurt of jizz arced through the air and splattered against Harvey's shirt and crashed down upon his cock and thighs.

Harvey slumped back against the brick wall and took a second to catch his breath. His head was spinning both with the afterglow and the shame of what he had just done. He was supposed to be getting help! Instead, he had rubbed one out and shrunk Wash even further! Now both he and the shrunken stud were splattered with cum. How could he go face Cecil like this? Yes, at the same time, the other option was to go back to his own dorm and get cleaned up, and there's no telling what would happen if he took a detour...

Harvey glanced down at his own exposed cock and balls and the tiny dude that lay beside them. A quick glance was all it took to tell that Wash was now very nearly the same length as Harvey's chubby. The former seven-foot-tall terror was now only around six inches! He was half a foot tall! That sealed the deal. Harvey would just deal with the embarrassment of being splattered and smelly when he arrived at Cecil's door. There were more important things than his pride.

Harvey scooped the semi-conscious stud into the front pouch of his shorts and pulled his shorts back up and over his crotch and ass. Wash suddenly found himself pinned under Harvey's nuts. Only his head was left exposed. Wash found himself face to face with Harvey's one-eyed monster. Huge droplets of cum dripped from the slit of Harvey's cock and crashed down on Wash's face like some sort of erotic water torture. At Wash's size, even just a drop of jizz was enough to cover his face.

Wash would have been fearing for his life had he not been so damn horny. Somehow, being completely at the mercy of the giant's package was so incredibly hot! Even just Harvey's balls were enough to bully him!

Wash didn't have long to enjoy his spot, though. He soon found himself swinging and bouncing from side to side. Wash was thankful for his new perch for reasons other than just the eroticism of it all. Harvey was now full-on sprinting towards their destination. Had Wash still been in Harvey's pocket, he probably would have been badly bruised by the keys and coins that jangled around with him.

Wash hadn't thought to look around at his surroundings when he was free from the pocket for a moment. He was so fixated on the titan towering over him and the enormous cock and balls that threatened to dwarf his whole body. Had he actually looked around he may have been overwhelmed by just how massive his surroundings were. It was one thing to

ogle a giant person, but it was quite another to see the entire world around him that he once knew transformed into an alien environment. He also may have noticed just how close to the dorms they were. It wouldn't be long now until they reached their destination.

## Chapter 8

Harvey mind was racing as he turned the corner and headed towards Cecil's house. Cecil was fortunate enough to not have to share a dorm with other guys like most people around here. Cecil's family had paid to put him up in a small house off campus no more than a block from the dorms. This was good for Cecil not just because Cecil wasn't the most sociable person, but also because Cecil loved to tinker and experiment. Most of his house had been converted into some form of science lab or another. He had an area devoted to chemistry experiments, and are devoted to robotics, an area devoted to lasers and prisms. If there was some off the wall style of super science you could think of, Cecil had dabbled in it... which was a large part of how Harvey and Wash had found themselves in their current predicament.



Harvey paced awkwardly in front of the door for a moment as he steeled his nerves and tried to figure out how he would explain this to his friend. He was only supposed to take a few inches off the school bully, but now a few inches were all that was left of him! Finally, Harvey worked up the nerve to press the doorbell.

*Ding-dong ding dong* the doorbell chimed.

Harvey stood there for what felt like ages while he waited for his friend to get to the door. Harvey was shaking like a leaf. His nerves were getting the better of him now. How would he explain why it had taken him so long to seek help? How would he explain that Wash was now G.I. Joe sized? How would he explain why Wash reeked of ball sweat and jizz?

Harvey reached out and tapped the doorbell a few more times.

*Ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong* the doorbell chimed repeatedly.

Right as the the doorbell could ding-donged a fourth time, the door flew open.

“Chill!” Cecil hissed from behind the screen.

“Hey. This is an emergency,” Harvey replied in a frantic, forced whisper.

“Why are you whispering? There’s no one else here?” Cecil whispered back.

“So, uh... Thing’s didn’t go as planned...”  
Harvey stammered.

“Oh? What happened? Did you chicken out? Don’t tell me you chickened out,” Cecil whined.

“No! I didn’t chicken out! I zapped the guy. I did it! I shrunk Wash!” Harvey explained frantically.

“So? What’s the problem?” Cecil asked, but as he was speaking, he noticed the darkness around Harvey’s eye for the first time.

“Wow. You look like shit,” Cecil said. “Need some ice for that? Even down a few inches he beat your ass concave, huh?” Cecil added as he inspected Harvey’s bruises.

“What? Oh! I forgot about the bruises!” Harvey said. “Wait. Ignore the bruises. This is important. So, the gun worked.”

“Of *course*. it worked. I made it!” Cecil replied haughtily.

“Yeah, well it didn’t *stop* working.” Harvey explained.

Cecil balked for a moment before asking. “What do you mean it didn’t stop working?” Cecil asked.

“So as expected. The zap hit him, and he shrank a little bit,” Harvey explained. “Then as you said, he ‘beat my ass concave’, but as he was hitting me, he got smaller again!”

“Again? Did you zap him twice?” Cecil asked.

“No! I mean. I don’t think so? It should have just been the once, but then again, he tried to turn the gun on me afterwards, and it exploded in his hands,” Harvey rattled.

“EXPLODED!?!?” Cecil shouted.

“Chill!” Harvey hissed.

“Don’t tell me to chill. Do you have any idea how long that took to make? How many prototypes and revisions I had to go through? That was months of work!” Cecil shouted.

“That’s not important right now. The thing is Wash shrank again. He shrank A Lot!” Harvey explained.

“A lot?” Cecil asked. A devious smirk playing at the corner of his lips. “Please tell me. How much did he shrink? A few inches? No. We expected a few inches. This had to be more than that to constitute “A Lot”. Hmm. A foot? Oh man. Is he *my* height now? That would be so choice. He could probably still whoop my ass since he’s... you know...” Cecil made a flexing gesture almost like a gorilla puffing up its pecs, “yoked.”

Harvey just looked back at Cecil. The silence was deafening as his brain struggled to come up with the words to explain the sitch.

“... say something... this is getting creepy...”

Cecil said after a tense pause that seemed to go on for ages.

Harvey nervously rubbed his shoulder. He could not bring himself to look his pal in the eyes. Cecil was getting more worried by the moment, but Harvey didn't know how to explain.

“Harvey... just how much did he shrink?” Cecil asked nervously.

Harvey fidgeted some more and chewed nervously at his lower lip. Finally, Harvey decided that the only choice was to show rather than tell. Harvey reached his hand down into his shorts but was quickly stopped by Cecil.

“You had better not be doing what I think you're doing. On god, if you tell me you've been keeping him in your pants, I will probably cry,” Cecil whined.

“Why are you so upset? You wanted to see him taken down, right?” Harvey asked.

“Well, yes, but. The plan was to take him down a few inches. That's just enough to mess up his flow. You know, weaken him enough that he's no longer the star jock. You know? A prank that no one would ever figure out because what happened would be physically impossible! But if people find out he's shrunken down to the size of a Ken doll, there's no way we can deny it! Not only will people find out what we did, people will find out what I did! My secrets won't be safe! My

inventions will be revealed to a world that's not ready for them! Can you imagine!? Governments are already way too good at "disappearing" people without being able to tuck them away in their pockets!"

Cecil started pacing back and forth and muttering under his breath. "Well the prototype is destroyed. Hopefully, not enough of it remains to rebuild it, but I'll have to hide my notes extra carefully. I can't let anymore know what really happened here. If no one knows, then no one has any idea to suspect that the gun is anything other than some weird looking sci fi prop. Ok. That's it. I've got it."

Cecil turned and faced Harvey. "Get rid of him." Cecil said flatly.

"What!?" Harvey shouted.

"He's tiny, right? It'll be easy. Just throw him away. Feed him to a raccoon or something. I don't know. Just get rid of him." Cecil said.

"Fuck no! I promised him I'd help him!" Harvey shouted again.

"Why!? Why should you help him? He deserved what he got. It's not like anyone will miss him. If you're that worried, keep him in a hamster cage or something and keep him as a pet," Cecil said, throwing his hands up in disgust.

"No. I need *you* to fix this!" Harvey hissed.

"Fix what? I already told you, there's no fixing it. The shrinkage is permanent. This isn't some Pym

Particle horseshit. The subject crumbles at the molecular level. When the subject gets hit was the ray, it destabilizes their form. Particles break off from the object as the matter restabilizes. The matter is in a state of flux until it manages to rebuild itself. That's how it works! Matter is destroyed in the process!" Cecil spat.

"I know! I know! But even if we can't regrow him, we need to at least stop him from shrinking away to nothing!" Harvey said.

"Shrinking to nothing? That won't happen," Cecil said and began to start to close the door.

"Wait! Why won't that happen?" Harvey asked.

"I explained it all earlier. The beam destabilized the matter. The matter automatically seeks to return to a state of homeostasis. In doing so, excess particles are expelled. That's what causes the shrinkage. Once the matter stabilizes, the process is over. One and done. Get it?" Cecil said.

"But that's the thing. He shrunk. Then he shrunk again. Then he shrunk again. Each time without getting zapped again!" Harvey explained. "It's like every time he got excited, or panicked, of something he would shrink!"

Cecil balked for a moment. His brow furrowed. He eyes glanced upward as he ran the calculations. "But that would mean... hmm... I suppose if the object in question never truly reached homeostasis, but that

would mean... hmm... and if that's the case then... SHIT!"

"What?" Harvey shouted.

"FUCK DAMN! SHIT! MOTHER CUNTING FUCKSHIT!" Cecil screamed.

"I don't speak South Park! Explain it in English!" Harvey shouted.

"You don't get it!" Cecil cried.

"No! I don't" Harvey shouted back.

"The shrinkage is caused by particles being 'burned off' as the object tries to readjust. When used on a static object, this is an easy process, but if you use it on a complex object, such as a biological entity, whose molecular composition is always in a state of flux, there's no such thing as a true state of homeostasis," Cecil explained.

"So what you're saying is..." Harvey murmured as he parsed what his friend was saying.

"Yes! Whatever you did to make the gun explode. It doesn't matter! It was always going to happen like this!" Cecil cried.

"But then why does it seem to happen when he gets worked up?" Harvey asked.

"All that does is speed the process up. Think about it. When you're happy, the body converts chemicals inside it to produce dopamine. When you're scared, the body converts chemicals to adrenaline. The

body is always converting matter from one thing to another. Calories to energy. You get the idea. So the gun made the natural processes of the body unstable. Everything from taking a breath to producing sweat to digesting food. Everything is causing a change in matter, which thanks to the gun, is causing the body to steadily break down." Cecil explained.

"So if the body is always in a state of flux, is there anyway to stop the shrinkage? Can we force it into a state of stasis long enough to let it stabilize? Oh! Cryogenics! We can do that, right?" Harvey asked.

"No no no no. That's no good. The process is still wildly unsafe. We are more likely to kill him than freeze him, and there's no telling what a shock like that to the system would do even if we did freeze him. It might cause him to shrink faster as all the cells freeze." Cecil replied.

"We have to try something, though!" Harvey cried.

"I know! I know! But I don't know what! I have to think! I have to look over my notes! There has to be something I missed. There has to be some way to fix this!" Cecil sputtered.

"What should we do?" Harvey asked.

"For now? You keep him calm. See if you can slow the process. I'll be in my room. There has to be something in my notes than can stop it." Cecil explained.



Before Harvey had a chance to even protest, Cecil quickly turned and charged back into his house leaving Harvey standing on the front porch. Unsure what else to do, Harvey let himself in, and resigned himself to playing the waiting game until Cecil had an answer. Harvey just hoped it came in time...

## Chapter 9

The air around Wash was hot and humid. It felt like he was in a sauna and smelled like he was in a locker room. Yet despite this, Wash's current compartment was a huge step up from Harvey's side pocket where Wash had previously ridden. Wash no longer had to worry about being scraped by the sharp edges of Harvey's house keys or being bludgeoned by the heavy coins that jingled around in Harvey's pocket.

Wash now found himself surrounded on all sides by fabric and flesh. The thick layer of saggy scrotum pressed down upon Wash like weighted blanket. With each step that Harvey took, Wash could feel the titan's massive nuts shift back and forth. Each time Harvey's package shifted, Wash could feel the weight of those enormous nuts threatening to bare down upon him.

Wash was now so small that Harvey's cock completely dwarfed him. Even just one of Harvey's cojones could pin Wash down. In his current predicament, even Wash found it impossible to imagine that he had once been the Big Man on Campus. Wash had been the biggest, meanest, nastiest cuss around, and ostensibly the straightest too. Now he was mere inches tall, nuzzled against another man's nutsack, and loving every second of it.

Some part of his mind knew that this was insane. He knew that he should be at the very least freaked out. He had shrunken even more since Harvey had rubbed one out with Wash along for the ride. Wash was now covered in cock sweat and crusty cum. The smell was intoxicating. The scent, mixed with the hot, humid sauna of Harvey's shorts made Wash light-headed and hard-cocked.

Eventually, the rhythmic swaying of Wash's hammock and Harvey's sausage and eggs stopped. Wash could hear the sounds of heated conversation high above him, but he could not make out any of the words. He recognized one of the voices as being that of Harvey, but Wash could only guess the owner of the second voice.

Wash's heart pounded in his chest. His mind raced with thoughts. It was one thing to be in his shrunken state in Harvey's presence, but Wash wasn't sure he was ready to be seen by someone else. What choice did he have though? It was clear that his shrinkage was showing no signs of stopping. Even

during their journey, Wash could tell he had shrunk even further. The feeling of the soft, supple flesh of Harvey's scrotum getting thicker and heavier as it pressed down upon Wash drove the shrunken stud wild. Wash knew that with each intense shudder of excitement or arousal or fear that coursed through him, he would get smaller and smaller, but despite this, or perhaps even because of this fact, Wash was hard as a rock, and his heart was pounding in his chest.

Wash could not tell how tiny he had become. It was pitch black in the confines of Harvey's shorts, but just the feeling of Harvey's bait and tackle pressing down on him made it clear that he was pitifully tiny. Wash loved every second of it. Yet, even so, some part of him dreaded the future. What was left for him? He could not go back to his old life. Even if Harvey and his friend found a way to stop the shrinkage soon, Harvey had made it clear that Wash was not getting his size back.

Wash gasped in shock. His eyes went wide, but it was impossible to see anything in the dark cloth confines of Harvey's briefs. A loud low moan and a shudder coursed through Wash's entire body, and the weight of Harvey's sack pressed down even heavier upon the shrunken stud.

Wash struggled to clear his mind and catch his breath. As exciting as this was, if he didn't get his libido under control, there'd be nothing left of him by the time Harvey's friend found some kind of solution.

Suddenly light flooded into Wash's prison of fabric and flesh. Harvey's fat cock was staring right down at Wash's face. The slit of Harvey's one-eyed monster was so huge that Wash could have shoved his head into it as easily as he did a polo shirt. As Wash locked eyes with the fleshy eye of Sauron, his mind raced, his pulse raged, his head felt fuzzy, and Harvey's sack bore down on him even harder. It felt like the most intense case of vertigo Wash had ever experienced as he stared up past the titan's fat cock and up towards the giant's abs. It was as if Harvey's body was stretching and distorting before Wash's very eyes, but it was Wash that was transforming.

Wash tried to tear his gaze away from the seemingly endless expanse of man meat and muscle that towered above him. His mind swam with sensations of fear, excitement, arousal, confusion, anticipation, and a whole slew of other emotions. It felt like the whole spectrum of human emotion was running unchecked through his dwindling form.

And then... as soon as it had begun, the light vanished. It was as if Harvey had begun to reach down to pluck Wash from his hiding place but then thought better of it. Immediately afterwards, the conversation between the two titans resumed. Wash was once again trapped in darkness with only the heat, humidity, and musk of Harvey's enormous package to keep him company. The voices from the giants sounded so distant that they may as well have been miles away.

Despite the fact that nearly every inch of Wash's torso and legs were buried under another guy's nutsack, Wash felt incredibly alone. With each shudder and shrinkage, Wash felt his former life drift further and further away. Wash was no longer a "Big Man". He wasn't even sure if he counted as human at his current size. He had no idea how small he even was. The brief glimpse of light was gone before Wash really had a chance to take stock of his size, but he had to be only a handful of inches at this point – a literal handful in this case.

Wash silently chastised himself for his own overactive imagination. The image of being cradled in the palm of a titan made his head swim and his heart pound... as well as caused the butterflies in his stomach to flutter. The images in Wash's head then flashed to a view of Harvey's titanic face staring down at him. As Wash grew smaller and smaller, the world around him grew larger and scarier. The less control Wash felt he had, the more he found himself drawn to the titan to protect him. Almost instinctively, Wash shimmied lower into the hammock of Harvey's mesh briefs, causing the thick, supple flesh of Harvey's loose sack to cover him up to his chin.

Wash was strangely glad that he had no more masculinity left to protect. There was no reason to act tough. There was no need to pretend to be a "Big Man". There was no shame in burrowing under the giant's scrote like a scared child burrowing under his parent's bedding during a thunderstorm. The weight of the giant's balls baring down on him was oddly

comforting. The warmth and weight were soothing in a surreal way. Wash's heart rate steadily began to slow down back to more manageable levels.

Wash focused on his breathing. He had been taught breath control techniques when he was younger, back when his parents had been looking for more constructive anger management techniques for their boy – back before his family had realized that Wash's temper could make him popular and maybe even famous on the ball field. Wash never thought he'd ever need those techniques. After all, he was destined for greatness. He was huge, handsome, and hung. Everyone wanted to either be him or be with him. He was a star. A man of his size and skills didn't need to worry about lesser men... Now however, he was the lesser man. He was the *least* man. A mere few inches tall, buried under another man's nuts, there was nothing left of the former terror. He used to dominate the ball field, and now the balls were dominating him.

As Wash waxed introspective, his mind drifted from what he lost to what he still had left to lose. How much smaller would he get? Would Harvey still want to look after him when Wash was smaller than a dust mite?

Wash's blood ran cold. His breath caught in his chest. His heart skipped a beat. *When!*? Was his reduction to the size of a gnat a foregone conclusion? Was there really no hope for him? His heart once again began pounding. He once again felt light-headed. How

much had he already lost? He didn't know how small he currently was, and he couldn't really recall how big he used to be. He knew he was huge. He towered over his opponents, but he had lost all frame of reference for what it was like to be so huge. He was now the size of a green army man and it had only been mere hours since he had been tazed. How long would it take for Harvey's friends to find a way to stop it? What if it took him days to find a solution? What if it took *weeks!*? Would there be anything left of Wash to save? Would he be set adrift in the subatomic sea, or would his body lose all cohesion as he reached that size?

Wash admittedly didn't understand science. Harvey had given some sort of explanation, but how much of that was real, how much of that was pseudoscience BS that Harvey had spouted to intimidate him? Whatever the case may be, if what Harvey had said was true, Wash was losing mass, but his atoms themselves weren't shrinking – he just had far fewer of them. If he ever reached the atomic scale, the loose collection of atoms would no longer be human by any stretch of the imagination.

For the first time since the shrinkage had started, Wash felt genuine terror.



## Chapter 10

Harvey fidgeted awkwardly for a few minutes while he waited for some news from Cecil. While Harvey paced around the front room, he could hear the commotion from the next room. Cecil was really on a tear right now. It sounded like Cecil was moving furniture or something in there, but Harvey could only guess. He could count the number of times he had been allowed into Cecil's lab on one hand, and that was always during the unveiling stage of the next great invention. Harvey had no idea what happened during the actual research and development phase.

As Harvey paced around the living room, he ran his hands along the various anime and video game figures that lined the shelves. Try as he might to put the current situation out of his mind, he couldn't help but try and compare how big these figures appeared

to be compared to the mass he could feel wriggling under the weight of his own cock and balls. Some of the larger, more detailed figures would clearly dwarf the shrunken jock. There was a large space marine standing triumphantly on a rock with a flag held high. No doubt, Wash would barely reach the figure's knees. What would that put him at then? Five inches? Four? Possibly even smaller...

As Harvey pondered it, his free hand drifted towards his crotch as if it had a mind of its own. Harvey was only vaguely aware that he had cupped his own nuts and was feeling up his own bulge in the palm of his hand. Harvey could feel the firm mass of the shrunken stud pinned between his palm and his own nuts. As Harvey absentmindedly rubbed his package through the fabric of his running shorts, his cock steadily hardened. Harvey had been running at least a chubby for the entire evening. He had cum more tonight than he had any other day in his life. Every time he was sure he must be spent, he got hard all over again.

Harvey continued to pace the room and stroke his bulge. A noticeable wet splotch began to form on the front of his shorts. He was leaking pre like a sieve. He could feel the warm, wet fluids coating his palm and oozing down his package. Wash must be getting more than a mouthful in his current position. How must the little guy feel? Was he enjoying being bathed in a giant's pre? Or was he suffering under the steady drip as if it were some kind of erotic water torture apparatus?

Harvey closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He knew he needed to keep a cool head. He needed to keep Wash calm, and that meant that Harvey needed to remain calm as well.

Harvey walked over towards the couch and plopped down – being careful to keep all his weight towards the back of his booty while he did so. The last thing he wanted to do was accidentally sit on his tiny stowaway, but he had to do something to clear his mind. He hoped that turning the TV on would give him something else to focus on, but as the screen flicked to life and the noise filled the air, he found it to be just that – noise. The images and sounds barely touched the fringes of his consciousness. His mind (and his now hard cock) were still preoccupied by the tiny figure which still writhed beneath his ballsack.

Harvey stared down at the tent in his shorts. The wet splotch had gotten bigger. Wash must now be completely soaked in pre. Wash knew it would be best not to leave the shrunken stud shrunk in his shorts, but at the same time, Harvey couldn't bring himself to free the guy. On some level, Harvey was terrified of what he might find. He didn't think he'd have hurt the guy while shifting around. Rather, he was worried about just how much smaller Wash had become. Worried... and a lot turned on. It was hard for Harvey to reconcile his thoughts. On some level he knew that the tiny figure that wriggled under his nuts was the same guy who had given him the shiner earlier that same night. In fact, Harvey's ribs hurt just thinking about the beat down the formerly massive jock had

given him, and yet... the creature that was now buried under his balls was so small... so weak... so helpless.

Harvey's cock gave a lurch of excitement. There were two conflicting thoughts raging through Harvey's head. On one hand, Wash was a huge jerk and a massive tool, and he deserved to be shrunken down. The formerly monstrous bully being shrunken down to a bug was karmic justice. Harvey was excited to now be the big one. On the other hand, the tiny figure that Harvey now had stowing away in his shorts was so weak and helpless. He needed Harvey to look out for him if he was to have any chance to survive. These two seemingly diametrically opposed ideas – karmic justice and nurturing instinct – somehow worked together to get Harvey so boned he could barely think.

Harvey knew he needed to get Wash out of his shorts, but more importantly, he knew he needed to get *himself* out of his shorts. Harvey shimmied his shorts down past his thighs, causing his cock and balls – as well as the shrunken stud – to flop out. With his cock now free, Harvey reached a hand down and quickly started stroking his rigid shaft.

As Harvey worked his cock with one hand, he glanced down. His dick was not the biggest by any stretch, but seeing it now in its fully-boned glory, it was easy to forget that. Harvey could not imagine ever being harder than he was right now. He watched as a trickle of pre oozed out the tip of his fully, puffed up cock head and coursed down the length of his rigid

cock, across his knuckles, down his nuts, and finally dripping onto the seat cushion below.

Was Wash getting coated in the downpour? Harvey couldn't tell. He glanced down at his cock, but he could not see the shrunken stud. Wash was completely eclipsed behind Harvey's cock and balls. Wash must be truly tiny now. No longer action figure sized, but Harvey knew that much. Wash had been action figure sized when the tiny stowaway had crawled into the mesh pouch of Harvey's joggers. What was he now, though? G.I. Joe sized? Green army man size? Lego man size? Harvey's cock bucked and lurched from the thoughts and the strokes.

Harvey almost dared not look. He was simultaneously incredibly turned on and horrified by his own thought process. On one hand, each inch that Wash dwindled made the shrunken stud even hotter, but on the other hand, each millimeter was like seconds ticking down on a time bomb. There was only so much of Wash remaining. If Cecil didn't figure out a fix soon, it may be too late.

Harvey gripped his cock tightly in one hand and cupped his balls in the other. He clenched his teeth and his eyes. He struggled against himself to keep his wad down. Part of it was because he didn't want this feeling to end, but part of it was he was ashamed of himself for rubbing one out while Wash dwindled.

Harvey's urge to cream abated ever so slightly while he braced his body and soul. Eventually, he had

calmed down enough that he dared to stand up and check the status of his former stowaway. Harvey used the armrests to push himself up, careful not to put any pressure on the front of the couch cushion, and shoved himself up. He staggered to his feet and turned around and stared down at the couch where he had been seated. Perched towards the front of the cushion was the tiny figure that had occupied so much of Harvey's thoughts these past few minutes.

Wash looked positively miniscule from Harvey's position. The couch cushion was only around knee high so Harvey was looking down on the tiny dude from a good three to four feet away, but it wasn't just the perspective that made Wash seem so puny. Harvey's rigid, drooling rod was directly between his eyes and his prize. Harvey had to stare past his own rigid cock to look down on the shrunken stud.

From Harvey's position it was tough to really gauge how small Wash had become. Part of it was perspective, but part of it was also the fact that Harvey was so light-headed with arousal. All he could think of was how hot it was to see the formerly massive jock reduced to a mere handful of inches.

A handful of inches? That was a dangerously literal turn of phrase. The thought, once it took hold, wouldn't leave his mind. Harvey's heart pounded in his chest. His head swam. His cock lurched.

Harvey reached down as if in a daze and scooped the shrunken stud up into the palm of his hand. Harvey's grip shuddered slightly – as much from

excitement and arousal as from fear. He stared down as the pre-coated stud and gasped in awe. Wash fit snugly in Harvey's palm. Wash's shoulders rested on the space between Harvey's thumb and pointer finger, and his toes barely poked out past the lower edge of Harvey's palm towards his wrist. Four inches? As best Harvey could figure. Wash really was G.I. Joe sized.

Harvey covered his mouth with his other hand to stifle a moan. He doubted Cecil could hear him while in researcher mode, but Harvey didn't want to risk it. What would his friend think, if Cecil walked out to find Harvey cranking one out while looming over the shrunken jock... knowing Cecil, he'd probably want to join in.

Without thinking, Harvey's moved his hand towards his cock and began to stroke the shaft once more – this time, with the tiny stud along for the ride. He could feel the shrunken jock pinned beneath puffy ridge along the underside of his rigid cock. He could feel the tiny dude writhe and wriggle in the palm of his hand.

Harvey's breaths came out shorter and shallower. Soft moans escaped his throat. Sweat dripped from his brow. His whole body trembled, and his cock shuddered. Harvey pulled his hand back from his cock. He held his palm upward towards the tip of his shuddering dick, and then the dam broke.

Harvey's cock bucked and lurched again and again. Thick ropes of cum spurted out from his dick and arced through the air, splattering down upon the

couch before him as well as across his palm... and the shrunken passenger who rested there.

Harvey couldn't believe how hard and how much he had cum. As he stared down at his palm, he could still scarcely believe what he had done. Even with the haze of the afterglow clouding his thoughts, he still stared down in horror at the cum-coated mess which lay in his hand. Wash was so thoroughly soaked in white spunk that he was looking like he had just been through the Krispy Kreme machine, but more importantly... he no longer reached the full length across Harvey's palm.



## Chapter 11

Wash gasped for breath. He was coated from head to toe in thick, warm, heavy spunk. He looked like he had just witnessed the defeat of the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man and felt like he was covered in tar. Harvey's wad was so thick and heavy that it pressed down on the shrunken stud like a weighted blanket. Wash could scarcely believe he was struggling so much under the weight of another man's seed, but what shocked him more was how much he had enjoyed the past few minutes.

Wash had been manhandled like he was nothing. Pinned to the underside of a cock that was now nearly twice his size and used like a sex toy. He should be offended. He should be *incensed*! But the whole time he was pinned against the soft, puffed-up ridge of the underside of Harvey's fully-boned cock,

Wash was as horny as he had ever been. Wash had no idea when he had cum or even how many times. The whole experience was a blur of bliss and arousal, but now that he was coming down from the rush, he realized he was now noticeably smaller. His butt was situated in the center of Harvey's palm, and his feet no longer reached the edge.

Wash's mind raced. What did that mean for him? What size was he? Four inches? Probably less than that. Three inches? It's possible. That still put him at slightly larger than a Lego man but not by much. His whole body was a mix of conflicting sensations. His stomach had butterflies from the excitement, and yet there was dread gnawing at his gut. His mind swam in a mix of fear and arousal. His whole body trembled, but not even Wash knew the true reason for it. He didn't have long to ponder his predicament, though.

"Hand it here," a voice came from seemingly miles away.

Wash glanced up. From his perch atop Harvey's hand, it looked like he was staring out across the Grand Canyon. The floor was seemingly hundreds of feet below, and the other side of the room may as well be a mile away. In the doorway on the far side of the room stood Cecil. The short, scrawny nerd now seemed a towering goliath. Had Wash been on the floor Wash's knees would be about even with Cecil's *toenails*! Wash's head wouldn't even reach the titan's ankles! Wash was little more than a bug at his size. In fact, there were several bugs which would now

completely dwarf the tiny jock. Wash's thoughts flashed back to the taunting Harvey had given him earlier that evening.

Time made no sense to Wash now. Was it hours? Was it minutes? He couldn't tell. It was easier to measure the passage of time in inches. Back then, Wash still had a foot or so. He could at least put on a show of being big and tough as he stared up at Harvey's knees. Harvey teased him about how he would soon have to worry about spiders – a threat Wash had only half taken to heart at the time. Now, Wash realized how chilling the taunts truly were. At his size, a tarantula may as well be a woolly mammoth!

Again, Wash's thoughts were derailed by Cecil's words. "Hand it here," Cecil said again. His tone was flat. Cold. Forceful.

"What?" Harvey murmured awkwardly.

"If you want me to look at your new toy, I'm going to need to examine it in the lab," Cecil said. His voice was still distant – almost as if he wasn't paying attention to what he was saying.

"What? You mean Wash?" Harvey yelped in shock.

"Whatever you want to call it. Just hand it here," Cecil said. He stepped forward and held out his hand. He wasn't making eye contact with Harvey nor was he looking at the tiny passenger on Harvey's hand.

"He's not a toy!" Harvey shouted.

“Really? You sure looked like you were having fun playing with it,” Cecil said. His demeanor was still distant, but he now seemed slightly annoyed.

“Look. That’s... I got a little carried away...”  
Harvey sulked.

“Whatever. Just hand me the thing while there’s still enough of it to study and then clean your cum off my couch. It smells bad enough in here,” Cecil said coldly.

“You can’t just treat him like that, ok? He’s still a person,” Harvey protested, but his claims lacked any real conviction. He was like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He knew he didn’t have much moral high ground here – not after he had just jerked it with Wash as a seemingly unwilling participant.

Harvey seemed annoyed and upset at Cecil’s cold attitude, but Wash actually understood the situation perfectly. It could be his background as a bully, but perhaps more so, it was his knowledge of rural life.

A few summers ago, Wash was shipped off to help out his uncle on the farm. His uncle raised livestock – mostly pigs, but there were a few goats there too. His uncle loved those animals. Perhaps, Wash’s parents thought that hard work and bonding with animals would help him be a kinder and gentler person. Who could say at this point, but raising livestock is not the same as having pets. As much as Wash’s uncle claimed to love his animals, they were

still being fattened for the slaughter, and towards the end of Wash's time on the farm, the fateful day arrived.

Wash had never heard such language come from his uncle. "Come on you stupid cunts!" "Get your fat asses on the truck you shit-lickers." The language seemed ridiculous at the time, and Wash had even called him out on it on the ride, but Wash's uncle had a very logical reason for doing so. It dehumanizes them. He had to squelch whatever affection he may have had for the creatures in order to do what he needed to. Wash figured Cecil's clinical tone was a similar sort of coping mechanism. There was a very real possibility that Wash was not getting out of this alive.

In order to keep his sanity, Cecil had to strip any semblance of humanity from his test subject. Wash was no longer a person, in his eyes. Wash was just another science experiment. A rat to feed chemicals to. A frog to dissect. The test subjects rarely survived, but the advancement of science made it worthwhile. At least, that was the prevailing logic, anyway.

"Hand it over," Cecil said, flatly. He was now standing directly in front of Harvey with his hand held out.

Harvey was by far the bigger and stronger of the two, but he was completely cowed. It was a strange sight to see from Wash's vantage point. Harvey seemed to recoil like a kicked puppy, but Wash

didn't have time to contemplate the power dynamics at play. Everything suddenly went dark. In one quick motion, Harvey had closed his fist, completely enveloping Wash's tiny body in his hand. The experience may have excited Wash had it not been accompanied by what felt like several Gs worth of force pressing against Wash's body as Harvey's hand seemingly broke the sound barrier. Harvey's hand moved maybe a foot in the span of a second, but to someone who was only three inches tall, that was like being launched at 20mph. Wash was then sent tumbling ass over teakettle through the air until he collided with Cecil's hand.

Cecil's hand was colder and clammy compared to Harvey's. Wash suddenly found himself wishing to once again be held by the larger of the two giants. Despite everything, he felt safe there. Even though Wash was currently coated in Harvey's cum, Wash still felt like Wash would treat him right. Cecil, on the other hand... Wash wasn't sure what to think yet.

Cecil uttered only a short *tch* and turned and stormed off towards his workstation with Wash along for the ride. Wash bumped and jostled awkwardly in Cecil's bony fingers. It was the most uncomfortable thirty seconds of his life. It lasted half a minute, but it felt like a lifetime. Then, when Cecil finally reached his examination table, he tossed Wash onto the tabletop in the same way he would a set of keys after arriving home from a draining day at work.

Wash tumbled and bounced across the cold, hard, sterile surface. The impact knocked the wind from his lungs and left him dazed and disoriented. He slowly shook his head to try and clear some of the dizziness, and then glanced out at his surroundings.

The table was disconcertingly white. The overhead lights were so bright as to be nearly blinding. Wash couldn't see anything above him. If he tried to look up, he would be staring up into overhead lamps. Wash found himself sweating. He wasn't sure if it was from fear, exertion, or the intense heat of the overhead lamps. He felt like he had stumbled into an episode of the Twilight Zone. He was trapped in some null space like a section of The Matrix that had not been rendered yet. With nothing visible to gauge his size off of, Wash almost felt full-sized, but that didn't really give him comfort. He'd rather be small and safe than... whatever this was.

"Subject: George Washington," Cecil's voice narrated clinically from somewhere up on high. As Cecil narrated his work, a massive, metal ruler slammed down beside Wash. Wash jumped partially out of shock and partially to avoid being smashed by the falling tool.

"Current size... Two inches," Cecil narrated. "... and falling."

## Chapter 12

Two inches? Was that right? That seemed too small. Had he shrunk even more? Was it the jostling on the trip? Was it the impact? The intense heat of the lights?

“Amount of shrinkage seems to fluctuate. Direct correlation between levels of distress and size lost impossible to determine,” the narration continued, but Cecil’s clinical narration was suddenly derailed.

“God dammit. I can’t work like this,” Cecil grumbled.

Hearing the disembodied voice break character was jarring for Wash. For a moment he almost believed he was on an alien spaceship or



something. Not on the desk of some half-baked would-be super-scientist.

Wash was shocked when he suddenly saw a *massive* hand burst through the light. It was clear he had shrunken again since he was riding in Harvey's palm. Wash was now barely the size of the giant hand's thumb! Wash didn't have long to marvel at the size of the disembodied appendage, though. The giant held a large, angular object in his hand which he soon pressed against the shrunken jock.

The object in question was so surreal that Wash couldn't fathom what it was at first. It was like a large slice of cartoon cheese. It was like something out of Tom and Jerry. Except the wedge which loomed before him was far larger proportionally than any cheese wedge Jerry had tried to abscond with. However, once the soft, soggy substance pressed against Wash's skin it became apparent what it was.

A sponge! Wash soon found himself pinned underneath. He could feel the weight of the giant's fingers pressing down on him. The massive foam wedge was being ground against him as the titan struggled to scrub the spunk from the shrunken jock.

Even with the foam providing a buffer, the pain was intense. He felt like the breath was being squeezed out of him like toothpaste from a tube. He could practically hear his bones popping and cracking. Wash tried to cry out in pain, but nothing came. He was sure he was going to be crushed, but just as soon as it had begun, the pressure stopped.

Wash was left gasping and panting. His body ached. His head swam. His eyes refused to focus. His vision was filled with a mix of black and bright splotches. There was a time when he could have snapped this nerd like a toothpick, but that felt like lifetimes ago. Now even just a disinterested scrub threatened to snuff Wash out completely.

“... well now...” came the voice of the titan far overhead.

The voice seemed louder than before. It seemed to rumble through Wash’s entire body. It echoed through his head. Wash’s mind raced. His ears rang.

There was a sudden *thud* as the titan’s hand slammed down on the table beside the shrunken jock. Wash rolled over onto his side and coughed as he struggled to get back up onto his feet. As he staggered upright, his vision began to clear.

Wash’s jaw dropped. He was staring down the side of the giant’s hand. He was now far shorter than Cecil’s thumb. In fact, Cecil’s sidewise thumb now crested at around Wash’s chest.

The clinical narration began anew but louder this time. Although... Wash doubted the increase in volume was caused by a change in Cecil’s voice.

“Most recent shrinkage was almost fifty percent the target’s total mass... Generating hypothesis...”

There was an awkward pause. Wash could hear the thundering footfalls as the giant as Cecil paced around the room, but Wash was still lost in the white expanse of the examination table. Eventually, the giant returned to the table and continued his narration.

“Hypothesis: It is known that during the shrinking process, the atoms that comprise the subject’s matter become unstable and seek to return to a sense of homeostasis. Prior hypothesis assumed that all mass remained the same make-up – just less of it. New hypothesis suggests that matter can transform during this process.”

Cecil suddenly broke character and mused aloud. “Huh. It’s a sort of healing factor in a way. His body pulls mass from other parts to heal damage. I guess that explains how he hasn’t been crushed yet at his size.”

There was an audible “ah!” from the white void surrounding the shrunken stud followed by the resumption of the clinical descriptions.

“Further study is needed.” Cecil said. Despite his attempts at maintaining character there was a certain degree of glee to his voice.

Wash was once again plucked up. Now held between the giant’s thumb and forefinger, Wash was quickly hurtled what felt like thousands of feet to another table across the lab. Cecil was moving fast

even for a full-sized person. At Wash's now miniscule size, it felt like kicking into warp drive.

Cecil flopped into his rolling chair and skidded the last few feet towards his next workstation and quickly deposited Wash onto the next surface. Wash once again tumbled and skid across the flat surface before coming to a stop on yet another alien landscape.

The ground beneath Wash was completely clear. He could see through the floor to the tabletop seeming two stories below him. Between him and the table were some large, black structures. Wash could not wrap his head around what they were. The Avant Garde architecture didn't make much sense to him, but he wasn't given time to contemplate his surroundings much. He soon felt something cold and hard clamp down on his shoulder. Wash let out a cry of pain as whatever grabbed him pulled him backwards and onto his back.

As soon as the claw-like entity pulled back, Wash grasped his sore shoulder and stared up into the sky above. What he saw made his heart pound, his gut lurch, and his cock shudder.

What had grabbed him was a pair of tweezers! He had to have shrunk again. Cecil's careless handling was speeding the process along, but Wash was beginning to believe that that was Cecil's plan all along. The giant seemed to be on the verge of a breakthrough, and that meant he needed more data.

However, as jarring as the tweezers were, the view of what was above him was even more shocking.

Wash stared up at the cold, lifeless lens of a microscope. It made sense now. The weird Avant Garde structures below were the base of the microscope. The clear floor was a glass slide used to hold whatever was being examined. Wash was literally under the microscope!

Wash's heart started pounding. How small was he now? He had just been an inch! That wasn't small enough to be under a microscope, was it? He glanced up at the tweezers which still hovered overhead. He wished he knew more about those devices. What size did they come in? Was this a large pair? A small pair?

"Lay down," came a command from up on high.

The voice was so jarringly loud that it shook Wash to his very core. It was like the voice of God, and given Wash's size, Cecil may as well *be* a God. Cecil now towered over Wash like a skyscraper, and he alone had the power to save Wash... if he chose to. Gods were nothing if not capricious.

Wash laid down flat on his back and stared up at the cold, lifeless eye of the microscope. He waited for a moment for further instructions, but the voice didn't address him directly.

"No. No. That's won't do at all..." Cecil muttered. The tweezer once again flew towards Wash.

This time, the claw clasped down on his ankle and dragged him further to the left.

As soon as the claw let go, Wash cried out and reached down for his sore ankle, but the voice was quick to chastise.

“Be still.” The voice of the god said.

The tweezers pulled back. Wash could hear a strange sound. He could not make heads nor tails of it. It was wet – almost gooey, but he didn’t have time to ponder it. As quickly as the tweezers had vanished, they returned – this time with some pink, rubbery material attached to the tip.

The tweezer slammed down on Wash’s ankle, pressing the rubbery substance against his ankle. Wash tried to struggle but it was no use. Whatever this polymer was that Cecil was using was too strong for his shrunken form.

The tweezers pulled back again and returned again. Another wad of pink polymer pressed down on his other ankle. Wash’s legs were now spread wide. It was equal parts humiliating and terrifying with a hint of exciting. Wash had never felt tinier, and despite the horrifying nature of his predicament, the idea still excited at least *one* small part of his already tiny body.

The tweezers pulled back again came back with another dollop. This time, the towering god used the polymer to pin Wash’s wrist to the slide. As he did so, the rubbery substance came close enough to Wash’s face that he caught a whiff of the stuff. It was

sickeningly sweet and smelled vaguely of strawberry but not real strawberry. The kind of smell that comes off strawberry flavored chewing gum.

Wash was so tiny that he was being effortlessly pinned down with small lumps of bubble gum! He was so shocked he didn't even react as the tweezers returned with a fourth clump and pinned his other wrist to the slide. Wash was now trussed up like the Vitruvian Man! He felt like a hapless carnival goer strapped to the knife-throwing wheel, but instead of knives whizzing towards him, he could hear the loud, mechanical whir of the microscope extending. Was Cecil trying to get a closer look, or did he just need to zoom in because his target got even smaller. Wash had no idea.

“Research note:” Cecil narrated. “Subject is in place. Microscope is calibrated. In order to test my hypothesis, I will need to trigger another event.”

Wash didn't need to speak geek to know what that meant. Cecil wanted to shrink him again... but he was already so tiny? He was already literally under a microscope. If this kept up, the microscope would be the only way to see him! Wash didn't know for sure how small he had become, and part of his dreaded finding out. Yet another part of him – the part that stood straight up at attention even as he lay spread eagle on the glass slide – was eager to know.

Almost as if in response to Wash's internal crisis, the titan continued his narration, “Subject: George Washing. Current size: 16 millimeters.”

The shift from imperial inches to metric was almost as jarring as the actual results. He was too tiny for inches! 16mm? That was a centimeter and a half! That was barely over half an inch! Wash's mind raced as he tried to find some basis for comparison for how small he was. Half an inch... half an inch... screw fitting on Harvey's palm. Wash could now fit on Harvey's thumbnail!

Wash was shocked that his mind had jumped to the other titan. Images filled his head of how majestically massive Harvey would be at his size. Harvey's cock shuddered excitedly as the image of the giant's eye gazing down at the nearly microscopic stud perched atop the titan's fingertip. The titanic eye gazing down upon him was the size of a swimming pool.

Wash's heart pounded. His head swam. His cock shuddered.

*No! Not like this!* He silently chastised himself. Although, the internal monologue was unnecessary. At his size, no one would hear him. It wasn't that he feared shrinking. Part of him craved it. However, cumming while the scientific titan clinically read off the results was a shame that Wash was not prepared for.

He gritted his teeth and clenched his eyes shut. His whole body shuddered as he struggled against his own base desires, and in an instant that felt like an eon, the shuddering passed.



“Current size: twelve millimeters,” the disembodied voice announced.

Under half an inch. He was quickly closing in on a singular centimeter. Forget spiders. There were ants out there that were larger than he, and at the rate he was going, he'd soon be knee-high to a gnat.

Cecil's voice came through again, but this time he lacked the clinical tone he had been using. He was muttering to himself, but at Wash's size, even the soft muttering was coming through loud and clear.

“I wish I had known that was coming. I could have gotten some good data off that... Well, we'll just have to try to force another one...” he muttered softly to himself.

*Shit!* Wash winced silently. The towering god was far from infallible. He had not gotten measurements on the latest shrinkage.

“Now then... let's see if we can get him to do it again...” Cecil murmured softly.

The tweezers once again appeared. This time, however, they had a different substance on them. Rubber caps covered the previously sharp tips. Some kind of clear liquid covered those rubber caps. Wash watched in silent confusion as the tweezers shakily moved towards him.

Cecil's hands were impressively steady. Even the most accomplished surgeon would marvel at how well he handled his tools, and yet at Wash's single-

centimeter size, every otherwise imperceptible shudder caused the tool to shake violently.

Wash continued to watch as the tweezer began to press down on his crotch. It was like he was watching some perverse arcade claw as the titan struggled again and again to grip Wash's tiny dick with the tips of the tweezers.

"God. Shit. Fuck. Dammit." Cecil cursed under his breath. However, at Wash's shrunken, centimeter size, the words echoed through the seemingly endless expanse of the microscope slide.

"Fine! You know what! Fine!" Cecil shouted and tossed his tweezers aside. The mechanical claw vanished so suddenly that Wash was left shaken, however what Cecil said next shook him even deeper to his core.

Cecil laughed. A deep, mocking, menacing laugh. "Oh, god! Oh, fuck! Holy shit! I can't even jerk you off with a set of tweezers!" Cecil cackled.

Wash was too confused to react. This was funny? How?

"What was it? Last week? You and your hooligans pantsed me at the pool? You probably don't remember, but I do. Left me bare-assed naked and unable to even cover up! And! It was COLD as BALLS in that water." Cecil said between giggles.

Wash was still confused, but the trepidation was welling up inside of him. This story was going

somewhere. Cecil was clearly *not* happy about being pantsed. So, why *was* he laughing?

“Tweedle Dick and Tweedle Douchebag were holding my arms. So, I was dangling there unable to maintain my modesty, and you know what you said? I remember. In fact, I’ll probably never forget.” Cecil said excitedly.

Cecil seemed strangely giddy, but there was something menacing in his tone.

“You gave one look at my frozen dick and said, ‘bet you can’t even jack off with tweezers.’” Cecil said.

Cecil was once again howling with laughter, and Wash was starting to put two and two together.

“Haha! You think *my* cock is tiny! What about you? Your whole body is barely bigger than my piss slit!” Cecil roared.

Wash’s heart skipped a beat. The image of a massive cock staring him down like the eye of Sauron filled his mind.

“I guess... ha! I mean... I’m a man of science buutttt... pfft. If there’s such a thing as karma, you just got run over by it!” Cecil cackled.

Cecil was still struggling to stifle his laughter when he spoke once more, “Man. It couldn’t have happened to a bigger douchebag, huh?” he giggled. “I know I said I would find a way to stop this, and I will. I think I’m close. I’m so close to a major breakthrough, but you don’t have to be *that* big to save, right? I can

play with you a little more before I test my hypothesis. Then, we'll keep you in a terrarium like a sea monkey. It'll be fun, right?"

Wash was now terrified. Cecil was completely unhinged, and Wash was strapped down with wads of chewing gum. There was no escape if the titan decided to do something. Wash couldn't even rely on his miniscule size to hide. The giant, unfeeling eye of the microscope was clearly trained on him, but as Cecil's laughter slowly faded, the tone became less and less menacing until it was replaced by an almost sorrowful sigh.

"I hate this..." Cecil muttered under his breath. "I thought this would be more fun. I've got you helpless before me, and I can't even enjoy it. Fucking conscience. Fucking feelings. Fucking stupid-ass goddamn moral compass. I wouldn't be able to face Harvey if that happened. Why is he so *nice!*? Why does he have to care!?" Cecil whined.

A loud *thud* reverberated through the space that Wash occupied followed by a dejected sigh, followed by the telltale click of the push-to-talk button on Cecil's recorder.

"Subject: George Washington. Current size: nine millimeters." Cecil announced half-heartedly.

Wash had shrunken during Cecil's manic episode. Three mere millimeters, sure, but that was a quarter of his size. He was now less than a centimeter! He could sleep on a dime like a king-sized mattress!

Worst of all, the shrinkage had taken away of whatever slack his arms and legs had once had. He used to have at least a little wiggle room, but now he was being pulled awkwardly in all four directions by the chewing gum that bound his arms and legs. He had shrunken so much that the goop no longer grasped his ankles or wrists. Now it was covering his hands and feet, and even then, Wash was stretched so tightly that he was suspended above the glass slide. His butt didn't even touch the surface. It was like he was being drawn and quartered in an old-timey dungeon!

"Now then... Lens is focused... computer simulations are running... vital signs recording..." Cecil announced in a tired voice.

"We just need another event so I can test my hypothesis..." Cecil said.

Wash waited expectantly. What was Cecil's next play. More tweezers? Wash was now even smaller, so he doubted that would work.

"Subject: George Washington. Current size: eight centimeters." Cecil announced.

Wash had shrunk again. Not as much as before, but it was definitely a shrink. That had to count for something. Cecil had to be able to do something with that data, right? Wash's shoulders and hips hurt from having his arms and legs tugged so tightly. At this rate, he'd soon dislocate them.

"Readings are inconclusive," Cecil announced in his exhausted voice.

“Hypothesis: Whether it be the subject’s mental state or something else, he is steadily losing size but at an imperceptible rate. If I am to get data, I’ll need to force a shrinkage... something major...” Cecil announced.

Wash understood. He’d have to lose A Lot of size very fast in order for Cecil to get the data he needed, but he was already so small! Less than a centimeter! He was about as tall as the rubber eraser on a brand new #2 pencil!

Cecil’s tone changed. He was no longer speaking into the recorder and instead was speaking to Wash specifically. “Look, I can maybe get some data if I hurt you. You can heal quickly from bruises and the like, but at your size, I could do much worse. Death is death. If your body stops functioning, no crazy healing powers will help. I need more data, and in order to do that, I need you to shrink. Think of something. I don’t care what. Just think of *something* to work yourself up!” Cecil said. He was speaking in hushed tones, but even then his voice echoed through the null space that Wash found himself in.

Wash was so tiny already. He couldn’t even fathom how tiny he had become, and he could fathom even less how huge others would be at his size. In the surreal, sci-fi- landscape of the world beneath the microscope, it was hard for him to even comprehend how huge the world of humans would be... and he needed to get even smaller.

## Chapter 13

Wash closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. He took a deep breath and struggled to clear his head. He struggled to formulate some sort of image that would get him worked up. At first, he tried to think of something to horrify him. He thought about shrinking away to nothing, but even as the existential dread took him, and he felt the gooey bindings on his hands and feet pull tighter, he knew this wouldn't give him the burst he needed.

“Current size: seven millimeters,” Cecil narrated.

Wash's arms and legs ached. He wished he could scream loud enough for Cecil to release him, but the titan had no idea the pain the miniscule test subject was in, and on some level, Wash realized that he needed to be as still as possible. The worst-case

scenario was that he would shrink a lot but since he had moved out of focus, the equipment wouldn't be able to read it. Then, he'd be even smaller, and *still* need to shrink.

Wash tried again to clear his mind, but there was too much going on to do that, and besides, he needed to think of *something* to get him worked up. He couldn't just passively shrink to nothing. He needed something big. Something *huge!*

As if on cue, Wash conjured up an image of something absolutely massive. A surreal landscape spread out in all directions. It was like something out of a sci-fi movie. Some alien world with dusty brown earth that was covered in pits from which large, long, strands of dark, black foliage emerged.

Wash stared down at the pit before him. Even at this surreal size, he could figure out what this was. This was a belly button! He was staring down a belly button that was the size of a back-yard pool. The shrubbery that tangled around his shoulders was the happy trail leading to this pit. The thick strands of hair were easily as thick as Wash's wrist.

Wash looked behind him. The dense jungle grew thicker and taller as the path stretched on towards the titan's cock. Part of Wash wanted to go that way. He wanted to experience what a cock of that size would be like. Wash had no idea how tall he was. A millimeter? Two? Three? Even three seemed excessive. He had dipped below half a centimeter ages ago, after all.



His eyes drifted upwards, above the dense canopy. He could see the towering mound of the god's soft cock. It wasn't quite Everest but scaling that beast would be an impressive task. The enormous cock looked to be the size of a large, sprawling palace. It would take him hours to climb the beast at his current size... Although, there was no telling how small Wash would be when he got there. It was like that old riddle. If you approach your destination, but each step only takes you halfway there, would you ever reach your goal? Wash couldn't tell. For all he knew, he'd shrink to the subatomic level long before he made the mile-long journey to that massive cock.

Wash turned his gaze the other direction. He stared past a seemingly endless expanse of abs. On the far side, seemingly miles away were two massive mounds of the titan's pecs. Somewhere beyond those was the titan's face.

Wash had to brace himself as the Titan began to move. Even just a small shudder of the monolithic man was enough to send Wash toppling sideways like an extra on the bridge during a Star Trek shootout. Wash braced himself on his hands and knees and craned his neck so he could see up past the titan's chest once more.

As the titan slowly sat up, Wash slid backwards. He found himself having to grasp for the dense underbrush of the titan's treasure trail to keep from plummeting the seemingly thousands of feet below. Fortunately, the strands of hair were thicker...

or rather, Wash himself was smaller! He was still steadily dwindling.

Slowly the face of the titan came into view, but Wash knew the identity as soon as the dark, curly locks started to come into view. It was Harvey! Wash's heart raced and his cock shuddered as the smiling face of the titan slowly came into view.

Wash was less than a tick on the titan's body. He was barely even a louse. There was no way his god could see him, right?

As if to answer his question, Harvey smiled down at the shrunken stud. He reached an impossibly massive hand down and plucked the miniscule man from the tangled hairs of his happy trail.

Wash was too tiny to be grasped between Harvey's thumb and pointer finger safely. Instead, the titan placed a fingertip down towards the shrunken man so that Wash could crawl up onto the shelf of the titan's fingernail.

Nestled amidst the grit between the titan's fingertip and nail, Wash stepped forward and placed with hands and forehead against the warm flesh of his titan. This was his whole world now. His whole planet. Wash had shrunken away to nearly nothing, but at least for now he was safe. Harvey would make sure of it.

In a moment of intense euphoria, Wash's entire body shuddered. He was less than a louse. He was less than a speck of grit underneath the titan's

fingernail, and yet he had never been happier. Wash let out a long, low, contented moan, and his cock bucked and lurched as ropes of cum erupted forth.

This was one for the record books even though no one would ever be able to see it had he not been under the microscope. The cum splattered against his belly and coated his chest, but no sooner had the orgasmic bliss taken him, than the intense pain wracked his body.

His arms and legs felt like they were being pulled out of their sockets! Wash cried out in pain as he shrunk smaller and smaller and smaller still. His mass pulled inward, and the gum pulled outward. He felt for sure his arms would be ripped clean off, but something strange was happening. Whether because he was too tiny for the gum to hold onto or because the gum had become too dry to be pliable, Wash's hands and feet began to slip out of their bonds.

It felt like Wash's arms and legs clicked back into socket, and as they did so, an intense wave of vertigo washed over him. The dizzying sense was so intense that he nearly threw up. Wash curled into the fetal position and grasped his head as he tried to stop the world from spinning and spinning. All the while he felt like he was hurtling downward into the abyss.

Far, far above – a distance that felt like thousands of miles – Wash could hear Cecil's voice. It was so loud that it caused Wash's very cells to shake.

“Subject... George Washington... Current Size...  
Uh... Well, shit...”

The announcement was followed by an intense slam followed by more slams which seemed to travel thousands of miles further with each thud. Then Wash heard the roaring voice of Cecil coming from impossibly far away.

“Harvey! I think I’ve figured it out!” Cecil shouts, but then his voice faltered as he added, “... but you’re not gonna like it...”

## Epilogue

“Ok. Ok. I see him! I see him!” Cecil shouted excitedly.

Through the lens of the microscope, he could see the miniscule form of the formerly massive bully. Wash was now wandering through the dense brush of Harvey’s bush. Eash pube towering over him like a palm tree.

“Vital signs... normal... atomic structure... stable...” Cecil narrated as he looked over the readings. “We did it! The transfusion was a success!”

Cecil hopped down from his perch atop the microscope and almost fell over in the process. Operating this apparatus was proving to be a huge challenge when you weren’t even a third of its height. Still... Cecil had fared much better than his friend.

“Jesus fuck. How did I let you talk me into this!?” Cecil said excitedly towards the tiny figure on the glass slide under the microscope.

Harvey, now barely a centimeter high, was seated cross-legged atop the slide. The lens of the device focused intently on his crotch.

He cupped both hands to his mouth and shouted up towards his comparatively massive friend. “You said there wasn’t enough of me to save him, so you offered yourself!”

“Damn fuck right I did!” Cecil shouted back. “You woulda killed yourself to save him!”

“Hey! All’s well that ends well!” Harvey shouted back.

“All’s well that- Oh, for fucks sake. I’m THREE INCHES TALL! How is this ending well!?” Cecil cried.

“We can grow back!” Harvey shouted.

“We can gro- Like fuck we can! Do you have any idea how terrible the exchange rate is? It took BOTH of us to save your crotch mite from oblivion!” Cecil roared.

Harvey merely shrugged and stuck a finger down into his bush. After a moment of rummaging around, he pulled his finger back up with a tiny passenger standing atop it.

Wash was so tiny that even just the tip of Harvey’s pointer finger was as wide as a kiddie pool.

He shouted up at the miniature giant, but it was obvious that Harvey could not hear him. He'd have to crawl into Harvey's earlobe if he ever wanted to be heard.

"So, what now?" Harvey shouted up at his friend.

"For now? We wait for my brother to get here. I hate to say it, but he's almost as smart as I am. If nothing else, we need someone large enough to handle the equipment as I continue my research, and I'm like 87% sure he *won't* keep us as pets," Cecil explained.

As he said this, the sound of a deadbolt unlatching and the door creaking open erupted from somewhere seemingly miles away.