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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.

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.