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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.

Wash 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.