

The Shrink, Ch. 1-14

By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

"Well, be that as it may, Rhea," James was patiently saying to one of his longtime student-clients, as he leaned gently towards her from behind his desk, "You have to really, really try not to cross that line again. Because if you get into another fight, it's likely you'll be expelled, and then...then I'll be very sad."

"I knowww, Mr. Cooper, I knowww," sighed Rhea, rolling her eyes as she brushed her short black bangs out of her eyes and kicked her feet back and forth in the air. "I'll try harder this time...seriously, I promise." The chair she was sitting in was normal-sized, but, measuring only 4'11, Rhea's shoes didn't quite touch the ground.

James returned her sigh with one of his own, and leaned back in his chair. He couldn't help but smile at this goth little sparkplug of a sophomore. She certainly knew how to stand up for herself, that was for sure. But she really had to learn how to diffuse situations, or at the very least control her anger. That was what she and James had been working on for weeks. As the only official school counselor for Lowland University, James sometimes felt like he was fighting losing battles with his clients, and more than a few times he had been forced to deal with his clients dropping out, or being expelled. But he was still holding out hope for Rhea.

"I'll do that ten-second rule thing you mentioned," she said, hopping off the chair to leave, "Whenever I get angry."

"And if you get *really* angry?" James asked, arching an eyebrow up at her. At only 5'6, and relatively skinny, James wasn't in the habit of feeling big around people. But whenever Rhea came in, things changed – even sitting down, he was nearly as tall as she was.

"The hundred-second thing," smirked Rhea, the silver chains rattling on her black clothes as she put her hands on her slight hips.

"There we go," grinned James. "See you next week, alright? Take care."

"Byeeeeee," Rhea sighed, with good-natured self-deprecation, as she turned to leave. James caught sight of her large, shapely ass that was pressing through her black jeans as she exited through his office door, and he made sure to avert his eyes back down to his desk. As a college counselor, James had gotten quite used to being around young adults, but sometimes his eyes couldn't help but linger for a moment or two. Somewhere in his subconscious, the fact that he was single, and the fact that he wasn't too old himself, encouraged his gaze to wander. But James was a professional with integrity, and he always checked these subliminal instincts without too much trouble.

He glanced down at his planner. There was only one more student appointment today..."Jessica Hinson." Someone new. James leaned on his elbow as he looked down at his notebook to jot down his notes for Rhea's appointment. Jessica Hinson...that name sounded a bit familiar. Where had he heard it? Under Rhea's name in his notebook, he began writing: "Talked through anger-management techniques. 10-sec, 100-sec rules, breathing exercises, yoga, better sleep, etc, Strategies for less screen time. Reminded her small stature doesn't have to mean she compensates by being aggressive. Hadn't heard of the Napoleon Complex before."

"Holy...*shit!*"

James's head snapped up from his notes. Rhea's voice...in the waiting room behind his closed door. What was she still doing here!? For a moment he was afraid that she was about to start some kind of a fight, but he quickly realized that she hadn't raised her voice in anger – really, she just sounded shocked. James became concerned and rose up from behind his desk, and was in the process of walking towards his door when he heard his secretary, Bonnie, say, with a tad bit of chuckling humor in her voice:

"Alright, Ms. Hinson, Mr. Cooper will see you now."

James was halfway in between his desk and the door when it opened, and he froze. The biggest woman he had ever seen was filling up the space of the doorway. A pair of tight jeans was barely adequate to contain her immense, curvy thighs and hips, which were as high as the middle of James's chest. A huge, wavy white blouse topped off her simple, stylish wardrobe, and although it was loose-fitting, James could see the unmistakable double-bulge of her large breasts, and the full, strong contours of her bare arms. Most of all, though, James couldn't help but stare up wide-eyed at the gorgeous face smiling down at him, framed by a luscious spill of long blond hair, still wet from a recent shower, that perfectly complimented her deep blue eyes, and ruby-red lips. Her head was several inches above the door frame, and she was in the process of ducking under it when James noticed, with a shot, one last aspect of her outfit: a monstrous pair of tall, black platform heels.

"Hi...Mr. Cooper," she smiled, blinking down at him as she successfully ducked under the doorway. Her right hip brushed against the side of the door frame, and even still, James saw that there wasn't too much room on the left side either. He swallowed and adjusted his posture, trying to stand up straight. It didn't do anything to make himself feel larger, however – it just made him feel even smaller. Standing at his full height, he was eye-level with her breasts...maybe even a little shorter.

"H-Hello! Ms...Ms. Hinson," he managed to say. He backed away and retreated behind his desk, pretending to look down at his ledger to get her first name. He knew it was "Jessica," but his instincts told him that it wasn't ok to just stand there gawking up at her, and, uncharacteristically, his mind had gone completely blank. "Uhm...Jessica, right?"

"That's me," grinned Jessica, turning to close the door. Just like with Rhea, James found his eyes drawn to her ass, but this time, he was only able to wrench his eyes away when he could

tell Jessica was about to turn back around again. An incredulous voice pounded in his head: 'Are you *kidding* me!?'

"Sorry for being your last client of the day," Jessica was saying, turning back around and striding across the office towards the chair in front of James's desk. "This was the only time that would work for me today."

"Hey, no problem at all, I'm glad you could make it in," James replied, sitting down. The sound of his calm, collected voice brought him back under his own control, and he took a deep breath, relaxing a little. "Busy schedule, huh?"

"God yes," Jessica sighed, rolling her eyes good-naturedly as she sank down into the chair. It was ridiculous – the chair itself wasn't small, and yet she filled it up completely, to the point where her thighs were as high as the armrests, and her towering form made the back of the chair disappear entirely. A hefty rustle followed, and James saw that she was putting down her gigantic bookbag on her left, and a large gym bag on her right.

"That's actually the whole reason why I decided to come here in the first place," she continued, crossing her massive, shapely thighs as she interlaced her fingers together. James subconsciously registered that she had long, red, manicured nails, and a glinting silver bracelet on her left wrist. "My friend had had it up to here with me whining and moaning about being so stressed all the time, so she told me to come here to see someone about it."

"Well, you've certainly come to the right place," James nodded, crossing his own hands in front of his face as he leaned in on his elbows. "College can be...well, the opposite of a cakewalk, and by the looks of those two bags there, I'd say you've got a lot going on!"

"Oh my godddd, *too* much," Jessica exhaled, her brilliant blue eyes growing wide. She opened her mouth to continue, but then seemed to catch herself, and closed her lips sheepishly before leaning back into her chair and taking a deep breath. She folded her arms over her huge crossed leg, and, even though her legs, hips, and ass were the most noticeable aspects of her figure, James couldn't help but realize how big her arms were...easily dwarfing his.

"Sorry, I mean...is it okay if I kinda just, you know, launch into it?" Jessica asked with self-effacing humor. "I don't really know how this works, so..."

"Oh yes, please!" James replied, nodding encouragingly. "There's no ceremony here, Jessica. Tell me what's been going on." Again, he felt almost proud of how natural he was sounding, in the midst of his private discombobulation. But he didn't have time to indulge in this feeling, because Jessica was already talking.

"So classes have really been kicking my ass lately," she began, sighing as she leaned forward again, clearly eager to unload. "I thought at the beginning of the semester that it would be a great idea to take seven classes, because...uhm, I mean, I'd been doing well so far and thought I could handle it."

"Seven classes – goodness!" James exclaimed, his eyebrows going up.

"Mhm, and you know, at first it was fine," she continued. Her slightly-wet blond hair served to underscore her chaotic state of mind, oddly seeming like a deliberate fashion choice...and it was working. "I was on top of all my assignments, nailing the labs, breezing through the presentations, you know...just like I thought it would be."

"But then..." James offered.

"But then the NCAA tournament started," chuckled Jessica, shaking her head, "And then all of a sudden, instead of feeling like I was in control of everything, I've been feeling like...bit by bit...uhm, like everything's just been slipping out of my fingers, if that makes any sense."

"You feel like you've been gradually losing control," nodded James, "Nothing dramatic, no big 'disasters,' just...a kind of a slow, steady sense that you're not in the driver's seat."

"That's...yes!" Jessica exclaimed, her blue eyes fixed on James, impressed. "That's *exactly* what I mean! And a car is the perfect analogy, actually – I'm still in the car, and it's going...ohhhh man, it's going all right, but I'm not the one driving anymore."

"Who is driving?" asked James.

"Nobody!" laughed Jessica darkly, spreading her hands out. Even in proportion to how huge she was, James was amazed by the size of her hands, and the length of her fingers. "And I think that's why I've been so stressed lately. There's this tremendous sense of speed, you know? I'm hurtling forward, but I'm not in charge of the direction, or how fast the car is going. But I'm still a passenger, right? And so..."

"And so it's totally natural to feel stressed out," finished James. "Absolutely." He leaned back in his chair, and let a few seconds of silence pass between them. He was in his element now, his momentary bamboozlement almost forgotten. "So...I'm hearing that everything was going fine, balancing everything, your classes, your sport, which is...?" James had a pretty good idea of what the answer was, but he didn't want to assume. Jessica was probably sick and tired of people asking whether she played basketball or –

"Volleyball," she replied, grinning. "You're shocked, I know."

"Heheh, well..." James laughed, inclining his head down to acknowledge the obviousness of her massive size. But then he kept pursuing his main point. "So you were balancing your heavy course load with volleyball, and it was all going great...but then the NCAA tournament started."

"Mhm," nodded Jessica. "And now it feels like no one's driving the car anymore."

"So what changed?" James asked, leaning forward and clasping his hands together on his desk. "What did the tournament change?"

"Well see that's the thing!" Jessica replied, speaking expressively with her big hands. The silver bracelet danced slightly on her wrist, but couldn't go down very far, owing to the size of her forearm. "Before the tournament we were doing two-a-days, practicing in the morning *and* the

afternoon, lifting weights four times a week, doing cardio, the whole pre-season shebang. But now that we're in the middle of the tournament – and I actually calculated this – I'm spending 8 hours *less* per week on volleyball, since we're not doing morning practice or cardio anymore. So shouldn't I be more in control, not less?"

"Hmmm...but are you taking into account more than just time?" James asked. "I mean, maybe you're technically spending less time on volleyball, but how about just...energy in general?"

"What do you mean?" asked Jessica. "Energy in general?"

"I mean, so you're in the middle of this big tournament, right?" James continued, "And...last I checked, the Bulls are doing pretty well."

"Raging Bulls all the way, baby!" chuckled Jessica, making the two-fingered "bull" sign with her index and middle fingers. James's eyes lingered on them...god, they were *so long*.

"So the longer the tournament goes on, and the better you all do," James persisted, "The more pressure there is on you, I imagine?"

"Oh well...sure, I guess," Jessica replied, shrugging her shoulders. "But I enjoy that kind of pressure. Makes me play better, I think."

"Mhm, that makes sense," said James. "Tell me, how often are you thinking about volleyball these days?"

"These days...oh, constantly," Jessica laughed. "Even when I'm in the middle of a bio-chem lab, I'm still thinking about the drills I'm gonna put the girls through for pre-game the next day."

James arched an eyebrow, and Jessica quickly added: "Heheh, oh, I'm the team captain, so...maybe should've led with that."

"No, no, it's fine," James responded. "It's clear that you naturally take on a leadership role, and probably have for a while, so you don't think much of it."

"Well...haha, yeah, I guess it does kinda come naturally to me, for some reason," chuckled Jessica. "Was the team captain of my high school team too, and the science olympiad team, and the debate team...uh...heheheh..."

They both shared a laugh, with Jessica blushing a little.

"I'm noticing a trend here," James smiled. "You take a lot on yourself, because you can clearly handle it. Your team's doing really well, and...how are your classes going?"

"Oh I mean, grade-wise I'm fine," Jessica replied, brushing her hand to the side almost like it was a given. She paused, searching through her brain to come up with the best way to verbalize what she was thinking. "But if...if I was graded based on stress, I'd...I'd have a D."

"Hmm, so not quite failing," James began, but Jessica cut him off.

"D is failing," she countered. "I only give myself a D and not an F because I haven't totally lost it yet."

"Mhm, yes, okay, I see," James nodded appreciatively. He let another few seconds of silence pass by before asking: "So what are you doing in your free time, Jessica?"

"Excuse me?" Jessica was clearly joking. "Free time!? What's that?"

"Well I only ask," James replied, smiling at her joke, "To suggest that perhaps...you might need some."

"Oh, you mean take a break?" Jessica asked. She sighed and turned to look wistfully out the window. "I wish I could, Mr. Cooper...I really wish I could." James let her sit in her thoughts for a few moments. He had comfortably settled back into his professional role, but even now, he wasn't able to avoid fixating a little on her face. She was just...gorgeous...and, in spite of her predicament, and their positions on opposite sides of his desk, she radiated a degree of confidence that was very, very unusual for someone her age.

"But, you see, I've gotten this far because of my ambition," Jessica continued after her long pause, turning back to look James squarely in the eyes. "And if I let up now, well, I'll...I just can't. There's too much going on."

"From what it sounds like to me," James declared, knowing that this was going to be the climax of their exchange, "You need to let up a little bit. You need to give yourself a little break."

Jessica blinked and stared hard at him, and for the first time, James felt that her glance carried a kind of challenge with it. Despite his position, he felt slightly intimidated.

"Heh, you say that," she chuckled, "But where on earth am I gonna find the time for it?"

"You'd be surprised what you can manage if you go through your schedule with a new eye," James offered. "If you prioritize giving yourself a little time off each day."

"But...but I don't need *time off*," Jessica resisted, shifting her weight in the chair, which groaned out in protest. "I'm...I'm doing *fine* with what I have going on right now."

"Then...why did you come here?" James asked quietly. He made sure to ask this question gently, so as to not sound accusatory or challenging, and yet, his question certainly was a challenge. Jessica opened her mouth, then closed it, opened it again...and then closed it again. For a few moments, it seemed like every instinct in her was bent on retaliating with some protest, but then, after a few tense seconds, her shoulders sank down and she heaved a great sigh and looked down at her lap. The thick curves of her body began to shake, and, for a moment, James actually thought that she had started to cry. But a thankful second later, Jessica was looking back up at him, and a broad smile had spread across her face. She was laughing.

“Ha! Hahahaha...you got me there, Mr. Cooper!” Her blue eyes were dancing in self-deprecating humor. “I guess I’ve just been telling myself over and over that I’ve got this, I’ve got this, you know? And...maybe I don’t “got it,” heheh...”

“Or,” offered James, “Maybe you DO “got it,” but all you need to do is to prioritize giving yourself a little break every day, or...if not every day, then every other day. Some routine time that you can make for yourself when you don’t think about school, you don’t think about volleyball, you don’t think about any of your responsibilities – when you just can kick back, relax, and unwind.”

“God that sounds soooo nice,” Jessica murmured. “You can’t understand how much I’ve wanted that for so long...”

“Well if you think of that kind of time not as a *luxury*, but a *necessity* for your wellbeing,” James replied, “Then I think you can make it happen.”

“Yeah...yeah...” Jessica muttered, obviously thinking hard. She looked back up at him. “You know what, Mr. Cooper, I think I can.”

“Yeah?” he asked, smiling. “You think you can do it?”

“Yes! I loved what you just said about prioritizing that free time,” she said, “About thinking of it as something I need. Haha, I’ve never really thought of it that way before.”

“And as a high-achiever,” James smiled, “You were never content to allow yourself the luxury, since you felt like you had to just achieve, achieve, achieve.”

“Oh my god you’re so right!” Jessica exclaimed, shaking her head. She glanced at the clock on the wall. “So...speaking of which, I don’t wanna take up more of your time, since it’s been half an hour already – geez, time flies when you’re having fun, right!? Heheh...but...can I...can I make another appointment to come back? Next Monday, same time, maybe? This has been SO helpful.”

“Of course, absolutely!” James replied. The next moment, he stood up, extending out his hand. He wasn’t accustomed to this kind of farewell, but with this young woman...well, it just seemed natural. Jessica rose up out of her chair, beaming, and shook his hand. James felt the warm expanse of her palm totally encompass his, as her fingers easily wrapped around. Her hand swallowed his up completely. But even more than that, James was once again reminded of how massive this girl actually was – with her sitting down, even though she still looked huge, the reality of her height wasn’t as strikingly apparent. But now that she was again standing before him, James couldn’t hide his amazement. He had never felt so small, so *dwarfed* by anyone in his entire life. At 5’6, he was used to feeling a little short, but never, ever like this. His eyes were actually slightly *beneath* the middle of her breasts. Jessica seemed to share in his amazement, and her full lips pursed up in a humorous smirk as their hands came apart.

“I u-uh...well...thanks so much for coming in,” James said shakily, briefly losing his composure as he stared up at this behemoth goddess of a woman.

“No, thank *you!*” Jessica replied, pointing down at his chest. “You told it to me like it is, Mr. Cooper, and I really appreciate it! I’ll look forward to next week, then! And I’ll make it a *priority* to take a little time for myself!”

“Yes, you do that!” James agreed, nodding, “And I’ll look forward to it too!”

“Bye now!” Jessica smiled, and turned back to duck under the door frame as she left, her huge ass gyrating behind her as she exited. James blinked as she left – her ass...it was crazy...almost as high as the middle of the door frame! He shook his head to himself, sitting down to write down his final notes of the day.

‘Jessica Hinson,’ he began writing, ‘One-of-a-kind...’

Throughout the ensuing week, James went about his day-to-day activities as usual, though he did find his mind darting back to Jessica every now and then. This often happened with clients, but never quite like this. Multiple times a day, he found himself thinking about her, even imagining her gigantic form standing next to his door frame, or filling up the chair in front of his desk. And more than any other client he had ever had, James looked forward to seeing her again. Although he was careful to avoid mentally fixating on her, he told himself that his feelings were normal and natural, and not to worry too much about them...but just to be mindful.

‘It’s not a stretch to say that most people probably react to her in the same way,’ he reminded himself. ‘Just stay professional and you’re fine.’

The next meeting with Jessica went well, with her recounting her attempts to carve out some rest time for herself. Although she hadn’t quite managed to do it yet, she was making progress, and, to James’s delight, brought up her desire to meet with him regularly each week to chart her progress. James was pleased with her ambitions to feel better, and also with his own professional promise to himself to not let his admiration for her beauty and her figure affect their interaction. Even still, he had been struck again by how...*huge* she was today. Those were the same heels she was wearing before...had she gotten a few inches taller? James had laughed these thoughts off, but when they were both standing up, shaking hands, something threw a wrench into the placidity of the exchange. Jessica didn’t immediately turn to leave. Instead, she stood there, in those same huge platform heels, looking James carefully up and down. Her extended gaze made him aroused, and James tried to mask the creeping red blush in his neck and cheeks, and the hammer of his heart, with a lighthearted chuckle.

“Heheh, uh...everything alright, Jessica?” he asked.

“Yeah, it’s just...” she said, cocking her head to the side as she kept looking him up and down, “I can’t help but think...”

“What?” James asked. “Hit me with it, Jessica – safe space, remember?”

“Hahaha yeah, safe spaces,” laughed Jessica, “The college utopia...” She paused, her face becoming serious again as she fixed him with those penetrating blue eyes. “Mr. Cooper...I think you got shorter.”

Chapter 2

For a second, James was completely rooted to the floor, staring up at Jessica as he blinked blankly. A new kind of blush was rising in his face. He had already been struggling to hide his nervous embarrassment when Jessica was looking him up and down, but now that it had become clear why she was looking at him that way, he felt even more self-conscious. In all his years of practice, this feeling was unprecedented – he had never felt so exposed or anxious in the presence of one of his college clients. But he quickly reminded himself to breathe, and to remain calm. Jessica had just made a simple observation...that was all.

“You...think I got shorter?” he asked, tilting his head slightly to the side as he smiled up at her, not knowing what other expression to react with.

“Mhm,” Jessica nodded. She shifted her weight to one hip, which only accentuated her already-voluminous curves. Those form-fitting volleyball shorts certainly didn’t leave any bit of her hips or thighs to the imagination. James swallowed, his eyes briefly arrested by her shape, before he looked back up at her face. Jessica was smiling at him steadily – not a teasing or mocking smile, but a calm one, curious, tinged with a bit of concern...and maybe...James wondered...the slightest hint of amusement.

“I mean, I’m wearing the same heels as last time,” Jessica continued matter-of-factly, lifting up a huge leg behind her, briefly posing, before lowering it back down to the floor with a thud that James felt through the floor. She pointed down at his feet. “And you’re wearing the same shoes you were before...”

“Huh...” muttered James, looking down at his feet, “Good eye, heheh...”

“But you definitely look shorter to me,” Jessica concluded. She put her hands on her hips, again, not as an intimidation, but rather as a way to emphasize that her thought was finished. And although James knew that she hadn’t meant to intimidate him by her pose, he couldn’t help but feel even smaller. Just the way her big arms augmented the wide curve of her hips, and the way she seemed to spread out before him – she was *huge*. And suddenly, like a shot, he realized that Jessica was right. She had been huge the week before, but this week, she definitely looked even bigger...and apparently it wasn’t because she was wearing taller heels.

James cleared his throat, not quite knowing what to do with this new information. He didn’t want Jessica to leave his office, but he was beginning to feel some anxiety about how to continue the conversation. She didn’t seem to have this anxiety, as she was just standing there, still looking him up and down, with that same calm smile on her face.

‘Is she...checking me out?’ James thought suddenly. The notion was incredibly arousing, but, since he was not in the position to get visibly aroused, he searched around desperately for something to say to ease the tension he was feeling.

"Well! Ahem...eh, haha, maybe...maybe it's not me getting shorter," he chuckled, suddenly arriving at a new and intriguing idea. "Maybe you actually got a little taller, Jessica!"

She immediately shook her head. As strange as it was to realize in this moment, James was impressed by her easy self-confidence. He already knew that she was a precocious and brilliant young woman, but to see her confidence in action was quite something, especially given that her face was well over a foot-and-a-half higher than his.

"Nope," she smiled, still shaking her head, "I know I haven't gotten taller. They had to measure us two days ago for the official NCAA stats, and I'm still the same height."

James blinked again, and opened his mouth...but then closed it. This kind of behavior was so unusual for him, all this second-guessing himself and awkwardness. He had been about to ask Jessica how tall she was! How ridiculous! It wasn't any of his business! And surely, in the context of their counselor-patient relationship, such a question would have been inappropriate. But then Jessica's smile broadened, as she seemed to read his mind. And far from taking offense at his curiosity, she took her hands off her hips and spread her arms widely, making herself look even huger, as she reached up and palmed the ceiling above.

"Still 6-foot-4-point-7, baby!" she laughed, running her palms over the ceiling as she stared down at him playfully. James could now detect something of a blush in her cheeks as well. Was she...was she getting *excited* by all this!? The prospect made James even more aroused and nervous, but he tried to mask it by laughing:

"Haha, wow, so that's...heh, so I guess that's off the table. That's strange, you know, maybe I should go get a check-up or something, uhh, to make sure everything's okay with me and all."

"Mhm, I think you should," nodded Jessica, again surprising James by her matter-of-fact confidence. "I'd really hate it if my favorite counselor just...shrank down into nothing." She paused, her words seeming to hang thick in the air, before adding, in a slightly higher voice, almost like a playful afterthought: "But you know...it'd be kinda cute if you actually started shrinking."

James swallowed another lump in his throat and chuckled out a quick response, again to hide the arousal that was now threatening to wash over him: "Ehahah, well...I, um, it'd certainly be inconvenient for me. All the new clothes I'd have to buy! Ohh...well, ahem. So yes, thank you Jessica, for pointing that out. No girlfriend to look after me, so no one notices these things!"

He inwardly winced at his last words; he had definitely overstepped his mark there. But Jessica just responded by laughing, a beautiful, musical, genuine laugh:

"Hahaha! Well I'm happy to do the honors," she teased. James had no idea how to continue the exchange, and was grateful that Jessica then turned her huge form towards the door. There was an unspoken acknowledgment between the two that she had been the one to end the

exchange. The whole time, she had been in the driver's seat. It was quite the inversion for James, who was used to feeling in control in his own office.

"So same time next week?" she asked, opening the door and starting to duck her head to leave.

"Same time," nodded James, leaning back slightly on his desk from mental exhaustion.

"I'll want an update on that whole "getting shorter" thing," Jessica grinned, "That is...if it's not obvious as soon as I see you."

"Aha! Yep, yep..." James replied, smiling from ear to ear while suffering from an entirely blank mind. Jessica flashed him one more knowing grin, ducked out of the doorframe, and closed the door behind her. James audibly exhaled, staring down at the floor, wondering what on earth had just happened. But then, his attention was drawn to his khakis, which actually were looking a little baggier than usual. Could it be...that Jessica was right?

That same afternoon, James went to the doctor's office on campus, and his world was turned upside down. It turned out that, in fact, he WAS shrinking...and that he now stood only 5'4. The doctor had informed him that, against all odds, he had contracted *hupostolephasia*, an extremely rare disease that was poorly understood in the medical literature. Thankfully for James, the disease wasn't painful, and carried no risk of life-threatening complications, but the scary thing for him was that the doctor couldn't confidently tell him when the shrinking would stop, only that it would happen proportionally. Some people had lost 6 inches of height, some a foot...and some multiple feet. One person had reportedly even shrunk down under two feet tall, from an original 6'0 height. Since James had started off at a relatively-short 5'6, his prognosis wasn't the best, but the doctor assured him that he would be okay, and told him to prepare to make the necessary lifestyle adjustments.

Throughout the next week, James tried to let his startling new diagnosis sink in without it disrupting his job. He still had to help all his college students deal with their own issues, and so he did his best to keep on moving without losing too much sleep over his condition. The strange thing was, now that he was aware of himself slowly getting smaller each day, he wasn't reacting at all like he had expected himself to – after recovering from the initial shock, he actually was realizing, more and more each day, that his diminished size was intensifying his appreciation for the size and curves of the women around him. James already had a particular penchant for tall, curvy women (he couldn't help but think of Jessica, in particular, as the paragon of his type), and now that he knew he was getting shorter and smaller, he found himself noticing the difference between himself and the women he encountered out in the world.

All of a sudden, in the matter of a couple weeks, every woman looked noticeably taller and curvier to him, to the point where James had to remind himself not to stare in the line at the grocery store, or when he was out walking. The fact that he lived on a college campus, where he was already surrounded by young, attractive women (many of whom were quite athletic as well) made it all the more challenging for James to play it cool. Even still, he was confident in

himself. James knew that he was experiencing all these feelings, and having to make all these mental adjustments, because he was getting smaller, but it was still odd in a thrilling, dysphoric kind of way, to experience a social reality that was seeming to literally grow around him. His next appointment with Jessica loomed especially large in his mind – it was only a few days away, and he had already shrunk down to 5'3. It would be plainly obvious to Jessica that she had been right all along, that he *had* gotten smaller, and James couldn't help but wonder how she would react.

The night before her appointment, as he sat at home in his reading chair, he found himself fixating on the moment she would walk in...how much huger she would look now that he was smaller...and what her expression would be as soon as she saw him. As he thought forward to this moment, he began getting unambiguously aroused, and he felt so taken by this wave of lust that he nearly surrendered and masturbated to the thought of Jessica...of her huge, sexy body, her thick, powerful legs, her immense, curvy hips, her long, strong arms, her massive hands...and, of course, her gorgeous face framed by her long, wavy blond hair, smirking down at him playfully.

'She likes how much bigger she is than me,' he thought suddenly, sitting up slightly in his chair. 'She *likes* it.'

He felt another rise of aroused excitement grow within him, and again he had to take a deep breath and remind himself that she was a client, not a friend, and *definitely* not a potential dating interest. He even managed to chuckle out loud to himself.

'Look at me,' he thought, turning to smile at himself self-consciously in the mirror that hung on the wall. 'Literally blushing just...just thinking about her.' He resolved to return to his book, and not to think about the impending encounter anymore.

The next day, though, despite his deliberate attempts to calm himself, James's heart was beating much faster than usual when he heard the telltale sound of Jessica's heavy heels outside his office doorway. Even though he was sitting in his chair behind his desk, he knew that he obviously looked a good deal smaller than before – that morning, he had measured himself, and found to his shock that he was only 5'2. The next moment, his door opened, and Jessica came striding in, this time wearing a tight white top and form-fitting jeans that showed off every inch and contour of her voluptuous curves. She was wearing a pair of 6-inch platform boots, which her lower legs filled out impressively, and made her an astonishing height...definitely a significant amount above the doorframe. James tried to speak a greeting, but he ended up just swallowing a lump in his throat instead.

"Hey hey there!" Jessica smiled, wrapping her big hand around the top of the doorframe and ducking under her head under it. James tensed his cheek muscles to prevent from gawking at the sight of her walking in through the doorway. It was incredible – she was so huge that she literally filled the entire doorway up, so that there was hardly any room on either side. But

James quickly blinked away his incredulity and did his best to adopt his usual “counselor” demeanor.

“Hello Jessica!” he exclaimed, allowing his natural, genuine happiness at seeing her to come through in his voice. “Nice to see you again!”

“Same, Mr. Cooper!” Jessica grinned, putting her heavy-looking bookbag down on the floor next to her chair. James felt the thudding vibration of her bag hitting the floor, and privately registered how easily and casually she had held it the air with one hand before putting it down. “I’ve actually been doing a really good job this past week, you know...doing the things we talked about, making sure that I make time for myself, being intentional with the breaks I take in between homework and volleyball practice.”

“That’s wonderful to hear!” James replied, taking some notes as he answered. He found himself feeling grateful that this was a professional setting, and that he could just inhabit the counselor role. If they had been having this conversation in a park, or a restaurant...then James might have felt nervous about his ability to hide his obvious attraction to her. Sitting in front of him there, her thick, strong body squeezed into that chair, her massive legs crossed casually in front of her, with that cheerful smile framed by the long tresses of her luscious hair, Jessica was nothing short of *stunning*.

Jessica stretched her arms up over her head, leaning back slightly in her chair as she sighed out. Her breasts, which were already quite large, suddenly became even more prominent. James was fairly certain that if he had stood up next to her and raised his own arms up, that he wouldn’t have been able to reach as high as she was now.

“I’ve started taking really long, hot baths,” she announced proudly, with her arms still over her head.

“Ooo, nice!” nodded James appreciatively. “Nothing like a good hot bath...though not too hot, I hope?” He mentally chastised himself as soon as this comment had come out of his mouth. Who was he, her dad?!

“Oh *totally* too hot,” Jessica giggled, reaching her arms back and placing her hands behind her head. Her biceps popped; James had never seen such a combination of strength and grace in his life. Her arms...they were huge...and yet, completely proportional, and utterly feminine.

“I really like bringing up my body temperature, almost to the point of discomfort,” Jessica explained, “So that I breathe slower, deeper, you know? It’s like breath training, and I think it helps calm my mind at the same time.”

“Heheh, well it sounds like you’ve got it figured out!” laughed James.

“Mhm, and I’ve made a whole little ritual out of it,” Jessica continued eagerly. “I found this awesome epsom salt brand at the pharmacy that’s chamomile-scented, and...well, ever since I was a little girl I’ve just loved the smell of chamomile, and now I just scoop two cups of this mixture into my bath and it’s...it’s just perfect! And I light a candle and everything.”

“All excellent self care!” smiled James approvingly.

“And then I lay out on a towel in my bedroom, you know, like, totally naked,” Jessica continued, grinning a bit at her own openness, “And then I just let myself air-dry while I do some deep stretches...aaaaand *then* I lotion myself all up, so my skin doesn’t dry out!”

“Goodness!” blinked James, trying not to focus too hard on the image in his mind, “You’ve really got this down to a science, haven’t you?”

“Haha well it’s all been thanks to you forcing me to look at things differently,” Jessica declared, pointing a long finger directly at him.

“Well, eh, haha, I don’t...I didn’t *force* you to do anything, Jessica,” James chuckled. “All I did was offer a little advice – this is all you!” He paused, and a thought flashed through his mind, and then, without even thinking, he said it: “And, haha, even if I *wanted* to, I don’t think I could force you to do anything!”

Jessica’s eyebrows went up, and for a second James was afraid that he had made a mistake. But her mouth curled up into an amused smirk, and he knew the next moment that he had touched on something they both shared – they were on the same wavelength.

“Yeahhhh I don’t think you could!” Jessica giggled softly. She tilted her head slightly sideways as she slowly, deliberately, scanned his body with her eyes. James did his best not to squirm in place under the erotic pressure of those deep blue eyes.

“You’re smaller,” she murmured softly. “You’re...*definitely* smaller, Mr. Cooper. Even more so than last time.”

“Mhm, well, uhh...y-yes, yes I am, as a matter of fact,” he replied, uncharacteristically stammering a bit in response to the cool, curious calmness in Jessica’s voice. “After you mentioned it last week, I went to the doctor, and –”

“It’s *hupostolephasia*, isn’t it?” Jessica cut in. James stared at her, wide-eyed, and this time he wasn’t able to keep his mouth from gaping open.

“H-How...how did you know!?” he managed to ask.

“Well I just...I hope you don’t mind,” Jessica began, reddening a little (in embarrassment, James wondered, or something else!?), “But after last week I was...I was kinda thinking about you, and

I started doing a little research, and learned about this rare shrinking disease, and...you've got a lot of the distinguishing characteristics."

"What, you mean the shrinking?" James asked, trying to deflate the excited tension he felt with a little humor.

"No, silly!" Jessica laughed, swiping towards him with her big hand (James felt the wind current), "I mean the other things – you started out shorter than average, around 5'6 I think, and around the median weight for that height...maybe even a bit under it...and from what I read the disease seems to strike smaller guys a lot more often, except that one case where a 6'0 guy shrank all the way down to –"

"To two feet, yeah," James nodded, completing her sentence, "The doctor mentioned that to me – wow, Jessica! I...haha, I don't know what to say! I'm impressed!"

"Oh but James...uh, I mean Mr. Cooper!" Jessica exclaimed, her face turning to concern, as she ignored his compliment, "I'm so sorry you have to deal with this! Are you doing okay with everything?!"

James was touched by the force of her genuine concern, and felt a swoop of excitement go through him when she had accidentally called him by his first name. For an odd moment, he felt a powerful desire to be held by her. But he kept his head above water, and answered honestly:

"Heh, well, it was...it was a shock, to be sure, when I was diagnosed, and it's...you know, it'll be a challenge, having to adjust. But as far as diseases go, this one isn't all that bad! It's not painful, not terminal...but it's just...haha, well, we'll see how small I get, before I say how easy or hard it'll be to adjust to everything!"

Jessica sat there, her big, intense blue eyes taking in James's reaction. She blinked rapidly a few times, and for an instant, James actually thought she was about to cry. If she was, though, she recovered herself instantly, and answered in a soft, deliberate voice that was strikingly measured:

"Wow...Mr. Cooper, that's...that's one of the most inspiring things I've ever heard."

"What? Aww, you're too sweet, Jessica," James smiled, shaking his head.

"No, really," she responded seriously, her huge body leaning forward in her chair towards him. This simple action of leaning forward made her look even more gigantic. "I mean it. Most men who got that diagnosis would absolutely *dissolve*...like, they would just melt away, knowing that their masculinity was gone forever. But not you. You have true masculinity...you're a *real* man."

James opened his mouth and closed it again, blushing helpless at Jessica's deadpan compliment. He tried to quickly think of something funny or casual to say to diffuse the...what

was it...erotic tension between them...or was he just imagining it!? He had no idea. All he knew right now was that he had never been complimented like that before...and he took it straight to heart.

"Heheh I'm sorry," Jessica chuckled sheepishly after a few seconds of silence passed between them, "I don't mean to drag you into my own...my own struggles."

"Oh no need to apologize, Brooke," said James, "I appreciate the kind words, really I do. But what do you mean?"

"I just..." Jessica began, looking down at the floor, and then she paused and looked back up at him, that same sheepish smile on her face. She was blushing too. "Sorry, I'm kinda just pivoting back to all my own stuff, when we were talking about your diagnosis."

"No, no!" laughed James, "This is your session, Jessica! I really appreciate your concern, but...I mean, after all, this is all about you!"

Jessica paused, pouting slightly, even though she nodded in response to what James was saying. "Mhm, yeah I know, this is my "session," heheh...but I still want to hear how you're doing...but, I guess...just to segue into a problem I've been having. All this stress release has helped me realize a few things that had been buried, you know?"

"Mhm yep!" James said, nodding his head. "When you're not weighed down by all that stress, it can help you stand up taller...I mean...uhhh..."

"Haha now do I really need help with that?" laughed Jessica, sitting up with impeccable posture in her chair.

"Haha no you do not!" exclaimed James, "But I meant...uhm..."

"Yeah, yeah, totally," said Jessica quickly, "Like it helps to clear the air, and when you're not stressed, you can actually be introspective for a change."

"Exactly," said James.

"Well I've been thinking lately," said Jessica, after a short pause, "About...how hard it's been to date men."

"Oh?" James asked, raising an eyebrow as he looked down at his notepad. He was confident that he could remain professional, but it would have been a lie to say his heart hadn't skipped a beat.

"Yeah," Brooke nodded, pursing her lips as she inhaled through her nose, thinking of how to express herself. She clasped her hands around her crossed knee and sighed out again, in a

kind of wistful irritation that James was trying to place; she wasn't angry or sad, just more annoyed in a kind of longing, dreamy way that made her maturity that much more evident.

"It's honestly been pretty frustrating," Jessica continued, finding her words and leaning forward slightly in her chair (which creaked audibly, despite being brand new). "I've always been a bit of a...heh, what do you call it...a go-getter when it comes to dating."

"Just like you are with everything else, it seems," James observed.

"I sure am consistent!" laughed Jessica self-deprecatingly. "And yeah, I don't know...it's like, if I see a guy and like him, then I'm gonna go up to him and let him know, right?"

"Mm, right, right," James nodded, looking down at his notepad, scribbling down some notes. He wanted to make eye contact with Jessica, but he didn't feel like he'd be able to take it. He had to stay professional, he *had* to...and those big blue eyes of hers...if he looked into them, he'd get lost. And she'd know.

"But the problem is," Jessica went on, "That every guy I'm interested in either just runs away from me, or tries to make it work but in the end gets totally wigged out by my size and can't deal with it."

"Oh man...yeah," James replied. He heard the twinge of pain in Jessica's voice and looked up at her. Their eyes met. She had allowed herself the freedom to look disconcerted, and now the sadness was coming through in her face. He felt so bad for her.

"I can't even imagine how frustrating that feels," James added genuinely. "Especially when you're the one trying to instigate things and just keep getting rebuffed."

"I mean, I can deal with the guys who just run away!" Jessica exclaimed, clearly encouraged to continue by James's sympathy. "It might suck in the moment...heh, like get this, I saw this cute little guy at a party this weekend, right?"

"Right," James nodded. He was thankful that there was a desk in between them so he wouldn't have to cross his own legs to hide the erection that was growing against his will in his pants.

"Like...*super* cute," Jessica was saying, gesturing with her big hands. "I mean, he probably only came up to about riiiiight...here on me." James did his best to try and maintain his apparent nonchalance; Jessica was chopping her hand right around the middle of her breast.

"And I'm talking like, the *top* of his head," Jessica continued. "I went straight up to him at the punch bowl...uh, you know, it was that kind of party..."

"Mhm, I'm familiar," James chuckled. Jessica cracked a smile at him as she continued; she had been immersed in her story, but James's little aside brought her briefly back into the present.

James was fairly sure at this point that Jessica thought he was cute...and maybe that she had some sort of other feelings for him. But he knew he was in the thrilling, torrential midst of an interaction with her, so he reminded himself not to draw any conclusions and just to go with the flow.

"And so I come up to this little guy," Jessica went on, "And his back's turned to me, and I stand close to him and tap him on the shoulder...a-and...hahaha, oh god...he turns around and he's staring straight into my upper stomach!"

"Oh...wow!" James exclaimed. He was just gonna let her keep talking...that was the safe thing to do. His cock was almost fully erect now. This kind of thing had never, ever happened to him before in his office. But this young woman was just different.

"Yeeeah...and I'm wearing this crop top," Jessica giggled, "So he's got this full view of my abs." She paused for a moment and looked at James, almost sheepishly, as she put her hand on her stomach. "And, you know, being an athlete and all, I've...I've got some abs..."

"I bet you do!" James laughed. Just the way that Jessica had said it...she wasn't even bragging. It was so cute.

"And so he's staring right into them," she sighed, shaking her head ruefully, "And then I see his eyes start to travel up...and he has to look up at my, uhm...my breasts..."

"Mhm," nodded James. He wasn't even bothering to try staring down at his notepad anymore. He was pretty certain that the red flush in his cheeks was visible to her, but at this point he just didn't care. Jessica was opening herself up like this in a beautiful, carefree way, and so the least he could do was just relax a little.

"And then he finally makes eye contact with me," Jessica continued, "And I just...I get this feeling..." Again, she stopped and looked at James. With a little interior throb, he realized that *she* was definitely blushing. Noticing that helped him relax even more, as he reminded himself that he was here to help her.

"You don't...mind if I get a little explicit, do you?" she ventured. The way her big blue eyes were looking at him...James halfway thought that she was just teasing him, testing to see what his response would be. But she was so genuine that a little teasing touch only made her that much more alluring.

"Oh, no, please!" James replied, spreading his hands, "You can talk about anything you want in here."

"Okay...thanks," Jessica answered with another self-conscious grin. "It's just that I've never really told anyone about this feeling I get sometimes, when I'm around shorter guys."

“Shorter guys?” asked James. He sounded appropriately calm, right?

“Well, yeah, unfortunately taller guys just stride up to me and think I’ll swoon over them just because they’re as tall or taller than me,” Jessica remarked, abruptly changing her tone and rolling her eyes. “It’s been the same ever since I was 6’0 in the sixth grade, and the older I get, the more obnoxious it becomes.”

“Oh, is that right?” asked James.

Jessica nodded, shaking her head again, but this time in wry humor. “It was already old in seventh grade and it’s *definitely* old now...I’m actually kinda mean about it sometimes, but some of these guys need to get used to hearing the word “no” and learn how to deal with it.”

James didn’t know quite how to answer, and so he gave an appreciative shrug as he nodded his head, clearly impressed with her attitude.

“I know that probably sounds harsh,” Jessica added, wincing at herself, “And it’s not all tall guys, just...most of them, heheh...but anyway, so this short guy!”

“Oh yes, the short guy!” laughed James.

“So he’s staring waaaaay up at me, past my tits...I mean breasts, heh, and I just get this feeling, you know...*down there*.” She spread her hand out and circled it around her crotch.

“Huh...so you got aroused?” James asked.

“*Super* aroused,” Jessica replied, her eyes widening at the word “super.” “And like I said, this kind of thing’s happened before. It’s this...heat, you know? That starts all around here and spreads out to my entire body.”

“Woah, so you, you get really aroused, then?” James remarked. He knew he was just repeating stuff she had already said, but he knew that he had to somehow indicate that he was following along in the conversation.

“It’s *crazy*,” Jessica answered, barely above a whisper now. “I feel like my whole body’s on fire.”

There was a brief pause, and their eyes locked. There was no question about it now – James could tell her cheeks were flushed, and he *knew* she could see that his were too. And even though Jessica was telling a story about someone else, James was fully aware that she understood the connection that was going on, the mutual attraction, between the two of them. She blinked and turned her head slightly to the side, angling it downward while keeping her eyes locked on him – the effect was that her eyes became that much more penetrating.

‘She knows exactly what’s going on,’ James thought. *‘Exactly.’*

“And then...” she continued finally, after blinking away the shared intensity of their exchange, “I can tell that the little guy is super-intimidated, and I try and lighten things up by saying ‘Hey there cutie, wanna pour me a cup?’”

“Oho...a-and, and how did he react?” James asked, grateful that Jessica had taken the initiative to continue.

She gave a regretful smile, in which James detected a bit of a self-deprecating smirk.

“He opened his mouth to say something, but...nothing came out,” she replied, sighing. “And after choking on the air for a little bit, he turned around, tried to run away, tripped over his own feet, aaaaand...face-planted straight into the punch bowl.”

“He didn’t!” James cried, putting his hand over his mouth.

“He *did*,” Jessica laughed, nodding her head emphatically. “And that’s my problem James...err...Mr. Cooper. Haha damn, why do I keep doing that?!”

“You can call me James,” he answered, almost immediately. “I’m not really much for lording my seniority over my, uhm...my clients.” At this point, it felt strange to him to call Jessica a “client,” even though that’s exactly what she was. He already felt like they shared something more. But again, he breezed by all these feelings in his head, determined to keep the interaction normal.

“Mmm, okay...*James*,” grinned Jessica, “Like I was saying, that’s my problem! Almost all the tall guys are obnoxious, and the ones who aren’t are still scared of me, and the tiny guys who I’m really into...like, uhh...like my little punch bowl sweetheart...they can’t even exist around me without tripping or falling or choking or trying to run away. And that’s so frustrating!”

“Yeah, I hear you, Jessica,” James nodded, “I totally hear you. That really does sound frustrating. But you know, even though it seems tough now, you’re not doing anything to sabotage yourself. I know it sounds hard, but you’ve just gotta give it some time.”

“Ugh, you’re right, I know,” Jessica sighed. “Right now it just seems like there’s...there’s no one. No one who wouldn’t freak out if I showed any interest in them.”

“You know, it’s kinda like the self-care you’ve been doing,” James observed, “You’ve given yourself the time to care for your needs, right?”

“Mhm,” Jessica nodded. She had crossed her legs again and had put her big hands in her lap, clasping them together. James thought he saw her knuckles getting white...was he imagining that!? He had to keep pushing; he had hit upon a nice idea to try and make her feel better.

"So maybe...see this challenge as another opportunity to give yourself some time," James continued, making sure his voice was gentle and understanding as he spoke. "In a different way."

Jessica was silent for a moment. She stared off through the window for a few seconds, and then looked back at him. The afternoon sun was coming in through the blinds, reflecting in golden spangles off her blond hair. But even through the bright glistening light, James could see those bright blue eyes trained on him. He could tell that she was impressed.

"You know," she murmured, "I never would've thought of it that way. Giving myself time."

"It might be kinder to yourself to think of it that way," James smiled, "And a little more...you know, empowering, active, and I know how you like to feel active. Rather than "waiting" on some guy to get his act together, you're just *giving* yourself time...and...and maybe giving some...short little guy some time too to get his head on straight."

Jessica's mouth cracked open in a broad smile, and she suddenly leaned back, bursting out laughing, so that James saw the pearly white horseshoe of her upper teeth. She slapped her knees with both hands, sending a loud double "smack" across the office. James had never seen her laugh like this, and it warmed him to his toes. She was adorable...she really just let herself go, laughing. It was precious. And *he* had made her laugh like that.

"Ahahaha!! Ohhh...oh James...yes! Yes, exactly that!" Jessica burst out, leaning forward in her chair, again making herself look that much bigger. "You have no idea...this is sooooo helpful to me! You really have a gift, helping me see things new ways."

"Well I'm so glad I can help," James replied. "And just know that I'm not saying all this to blow smoke up your you-know-what."

"Ohhhh, so *modest*," Jessica teased, baring her long, manicured fingers and clawing the air towards him.

"Heheh always," James chuckled, "But I mean, really, like I said, just give it time. I *know* that there are guys out there who will not only accept you *despite* your size, but will actually be...*attracted* to it."

"You think so?" Jessica asked. James didn't know if she was being coquettish or authentic, or some combination of both.

"I know so," he stated emphatically. He knew that he was caught between a rock and a hard place, trying to reassure Jessica while not outing himself. It was very difficult for him to hide the fact that he was exactly the type of guy he was talking about. The silence between them deepened, and Jessica blinked slowly...lusciously toward him, her mouth twitching upwards in a close-lipped smile.

"Well," she said softly, glancing up at the clock. "I think my time is up."

"Oh is it?" James asked. "Haha that's my bad, I totally forgot. Same time next week?"

"Same time."

Jessica stood up, lugged her book bag onto her back and stood by her chair. Still sitting in his chair, James was again blown away by how gigantic she looked. She almost seemed to fill up the entire office. And then, he saw Jessica hold out her hand. He quickly jostled himself in his chair, hoping that his erection was pointed down his leg enough to not be obvious...he knew what Jessica was doing...she hadn't done this last time...she was making him stand up, making him stand in front of her.

"Thank you so much, James," Jessica said warmly. "I hope you don't mind, I just...I wanna shake your hand. I feel so much better already."

"Of...of course, Jessica!" stammered James. He got up out of his chair and ambled over to her, reaching out his hand as well. The closer he got, the huger she seemed...until he found his hand enclosed in the soft warmth of hers. She squeezed, her hand totally encompassing his, making it feel tiny, minuscule, totally overpowered. James was looking straight ahead at the middle of her taut stomach. Through her tight white shirt, he could make out the sexy outline of her abs; her massive thighs towered like pillars beside him, going all the way up to his shoulders. Each of them had to be almost as thick and wide as his waist. And then he averted his eyes, staring up at her breasts, which hung over his head. Jessica gave a soft chuckle high above him and took a step back, still clutching his hand, so that she could see him.

"Wow," she giggled. "You're smaller than my little punch bowl sweetheart."

James forced out something like a croaking laugh and shrugged. In that moment, he couldn't speak.

"You know," Jessica breathed down at him, leaning over slightly so her golden hair spilled out over her shoulders, "I'm sure you're aware of this, but...*hupostolephasia* patients can benefit from weight training. Improved prognosis for osteoporosis complications."

"Uh-huh," James nodded, finding his voice. "I had read that somewhere, I think."

"Mmmm, well, I work out Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays at the Rec Center," Jessica said, finally letting his hand go after squeezing it tenderly one last time. "Around 3pm."

"Oh you...you do?" James could hardly believe what he was hearing.

“Yeah,” Jessica said gently, tenderly...but with a little spice of something thrown in there. High above him, James could see the glint in her blue eyes, before she turned and gave him an eye-popping view of her gigantic ass, shoulder-high to him, as she left his office with a few parting words:

“Just thought I’d mention it...ha, who knows, maybe we’ll run into each other!”

Chapter 3

Over the weekend, James did his best to go about his business without focusing too hard on the dramatic life alterations that were looming before him. With this *hupostolephasia* diagnosis, and the inherent uncertainty of having such a poorly-understood disease, all James could do was live out the positive, proactive habits that were associated with a better prognosis. He made sure to get a good night's sleep; he ate a caloric and protein surplus every day; he went on walks that got his heart rate up. He even (though feeling slightly ridiculous) followed through on a suggestion in an academic paper he had read, performing hanging grips on a horizontal metal bar in his garage, three sets of 45 seconds each afternoon. This exercise actually hurt his hands, and was very difficult, but there was some indication in the paper that habitually stretching out the spine and the body's tendons correlated with a more positive prognosis...aka, less shrinking. But being 5'6 initially – already on the shorter side for men – James knew that, whatever he did, it was likely that his prognosis wasn't what he'd like it to be. He was well aware that it was a real possibility that he would shrink down at least 1 foot...2 feet...and possibly even more. By the end of the weekend, he had already dwindled down to 5'0 even, and had lost some more muscle tone as well. He knew that he had every right to feel angry, depressed, and discouraged about what he now faced down the road.

And yet, strangely, James couldn't even pretend to feel sorry for himself. The truth was that he didn't actually feel bad at all – yes, his shrinking was an inconvenient annoyance when it came to reaching things, adjusting his car seat, finding new clothes, and trying to predict how far in advance to buy smaller sizes. Doors were heavier...everything was heavier. He had to take more steps going around the block, and walking to his car. He had to take more trips with the grocery bags. But aside from these minor aggravations, James was feeling...almost giddy. The sun seemed to be shining brighter, and everywhere he looked, whether it was at random people shopping, the grass, or the trees swaying in the breeze, the world itself seemed more colorful, richer...gladder.

James was under no illusions why he was feeling this way. It was all because of one person: Jessica. Ever since their most recent meeting in his office, James was having a difficult time thinking of anyone, or anything...but her. He had decided that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever met – ever *seen*! And not just that, but she had the absolute best figure, the best body, that he had ever encountered. Before laying eyes on her, he hadn't even thought it was possible for a woman to look that sexy. The fact that she was nearly 6'5 was only the beginning. Those *legs*...the way they moved when she walked...it was like the perfect combination of sheer size, strength, and feminine flesh. One of her thighs easily had to be nearly the size of his waist at this point...maybe even bigger. Her hips were gargantuan and thick, the perfectly-sculpted shape to support her monumental figure. Her ass...oh my god...James couldn't even think of it without getting hard. To think of all that squeezed into those tight volleyball shorts!? How on *earth* was anyone supposed to pay attention to anything else!? To say nothing of those massive breasts...good grief. It was almost absurd to think of how perfect her body was.

But James couldn't even claim that Jessica's body was her main selling point. The best thing about her was...well, just...*her*. She was amazing! Surpassingly intelligent without the toxic ego, hardworking, self-deprecatingly humorous, fun-loving, lighthearted, and...*caring*. He couldn't get that look on her face out of his head, when he had told her about his diagnosis, and how he planned to meet the disease head-on with a good attitude. Those big, blue eyes of hers had almost gotten misty...he still wasn't sure if she had been about to cry or not...but what he did know, without a doubt, was that she cared about him. Even beyond the question of physical attraction (which he knew they shared mutually, just from the feel of the eye contact in his office), James found himself fixated on how much this big, tall, gorgeous young woman cared about him. It was quite disarming and discombobulating. As a well-adjusted adult who worked in a professional, respected occupation, he wasn't at all accustomed to feeling so staggered by one person, especially one of his college-age clients. But Jessica Hinson was different, in every way.

There wasn't any question about it at this point: James knew that Jessica was attracted to him. After all, she had straight-up told him that she was aroused by shorter guys, and that she was literally waiting for one to come her way who wasn't intimidated by her size. And then – the real kicker – right before she had left, she had told James exactly when and where she worked out, clearly with the intention of encouraging him to “run into” her out in the world. That was what had really done it, in his mind. Whenever James tried to convince himself that Jessica wasn't really into him, and didn't really want him to pursue her, he would think back to that moment, in his office, when she stood there looming over him, her massive hand enveloping his, as she bent down and stared straight into him, smiling and winking at him as her golden hair spilled over her shoulders. And the way she had purposefully turned to give him that view of her ass...!

'Yeah,' James thought, 'There's no doubt...the attraction's mutual.'

The longer the weekend dragged on, the more James thought about her. It got to the point when, Sunday night, he fell asleep and dreamed all night about Jessica...he was in a field that lay in the shadow of a huge mountain range with snow-capped peaks, and the field was covered in the most beautiful expanse of red poppies. James had been picking the flowers, snipping them in the middle of their stems and fashioning them into a gigantic bouquet. There was a strange, shadowy breeze that swirled against his face, which sometimes blew thick clouds over the sun, threatening rain. But each time he began to grow afraid, a ringing, rumbling female laugh would echo out across the sky, from somewhere beyond the mountains, where James couldn't see. He knew it was Jessica...and every time she laughed, the dark clouds instantly dispersed, melting away at the sound of her voice, and revealing the shining sun behind them. James was beginning to sweat as he picked more and more poppies, swelling the bouquet to absurd proportions – as big as him...bigger than him! He wanted to make sure it was enough. But then...

THUD...THUD...THUD

The earth beneath him began to shake. He knew that she was coming. But he wasn't ready for her yet! He didn't have anywhere near as many poppies as he wanted for her! But there didn't seem to be anything he could do.

BOOM...BOOM...BOOM

The heavy footfalls grew closer, resounding out in booming roars, and the earth shook even more, knocking James off his feet as he fell on his back in the poppy field. And then, from his supine position, he saw the golden blond crown of Jessica's head appear over the top of the tallest snow-capped peak...and then her blue eyes, squinting down at him affectionately, and then her long, elegant, elegant, alabaster neck, and then those gigantic breasts. The booming footsteps stopped, but that sound was soon replaced by another, even louder sound – Jessica was leaning slightly forward between the two tallest peaks, their summits even with her chin, as she put her gigantic hands down on both mountains and gripped them eagerly. The mountain tops crumbled like dust under the strength of her fingers, sending avalanches down either side.

"For MEEEE!?" Jessica asked ecstatically, and James knew that she was talking about the 6-foot-diameter bouquet that was smaller than a grain of sand to her.

"All for you!" James cried up to her, standing up and spreading his arms wide. His world darkened as Jessica reached down into the valley towards the bouquet, her cheeks visibly blushing with delight high up in the sky. But James suddenly grew afraid again...it was too dark...her hand was too big...the avalanches were getting closer...the earth was rumbling again. Was it raining!? Jessica was laughing, and he was caught up in a whirlwind of flowers, warm flesh, and jagged ice.

James shuddered awake, lying there staring up at his bedroom ceiling in the dark. For several minutes James just lay there, breathing hard, trying to sort out exactly what the dream had meant.

'It didn't mean anything,' he told himself, trying to calm down. 'Just that...she's been on your mind.' After half an hour or so he managed to curl back up and go to sleep again. At this point, it seemed like a foregone conclusion that he would be going to the gym to seek Jessica out.

But when Monday came, there was still something holding him back from going to the gym. As someone with professional integrity, James didn't feel entirely right trying to meet up with Jessica in the real world. There was something unethical about it. As her therapist, he occupied a position of power over her, and pursuing any kind of a romantic relationship from that high position was a breach of –

'Oh please,' he thought to himself, shaking his head as he sat in his office chair. 'Quit kidding yourself. I'm not in a position of power over her!' Yes, he had helped her through some difficulties, and yes, he had offered her some useful advice, but there was no way he could pretend like he had *any* power over this young woman. If anything, she was the one who had

taken the reins and openly hit on *him* during that last session. Still, though, as long as he was seeing her in his professional capacity, he didn't feel exactly comfortable chasing this bombshell genius student-athlete.

James glanced at his clock – it was 2:30 pm, 30 minutes before Jessica would be at the gym. He had purposefully seen all his Monday clients earlier in the day, and he had the rest of the afternoon free. Looking down in his lap, James was reminded that he was wearing gym clothes – just in case, he had dressed like this before coming in today. The short warm-ups and t-shirt fit him perfectly, as he had bought them only yesterday to fit his newly-shrunken frame.

'Oh come on,' he thought to himself. 'You're dressed for it...you've planned your day around it...just go do it!'

It was hard, though! He was afraid – afraid of shooting his shot and missing, afraid that Jessica was going to think he was ridiculous, afraid that she was going to see him going out on a limb and draw back. Sometimes earnestness could be perceived as unattractive, after all.

But James couldn't sit there for long. After five more minutes of agonizing, he stood up, sent his secretary home early, locked up his office, and headed straight for the gym. Since it was relatively close to his office, he got there at 2:50. James had never been to the college gym before, and so he was a bit confused, swiping his ID card to get through the turnstiles. But after a couple of failed attempts, the screen glowed green and he was beeped inside. There were already a good number of people inside, lifting weights, doing the rowing machines, bouncing medicine balls, and running on the ellipticals. James felt slightly intimidated, especially since the majority of these people were college-age men...the majority of them clearly athletes who probably played college sports. But, looking around, he saw that there were also plenty of young women too. It was probably a 65-35 breakdown between the genders.

'Geez,' thought James. 'Everyone looks good here.'

There was no sign of Jessica, though. James didn't need to look around for long to decide that she wasn't there yet. She had a way of sticking out, so to speak. Even the tallest, biggest guy there was probably "only" 6'3, 240 or 250. Jessica probably weighed at least 250...and maybe more. She was so strong and thick...

'Okay, quit standing here like an idiot,' thought James. He was here to see Jessica, yes, but of course he should be working out too, right? It was good for his prognosis. But he hadn't lifted weights in a while, and felt a bit scared to start cold like this. He had to warm up, anyway – and so he got on one of the treadmills and turned it on to a light jogging pace. After a couple minutes, he started to warm to his task, and actually began to enjoy the fact that he was working out again for the first time in forever. The only thing was that the treadmills faced away from the gym entrance, and so he had no way of knowing when Jessica came in. A couple times, he looked over his shoulder to see if she was there yet, but each time he didn't see her. An idea suddenly struck him:

'She might be looking for me when she comes in,' he thought. 'And if she sees me and wants to talk, she'll come up to me. So...now that I'm here...the ball's kind of in her court.'

His anxiety was slightly assuaged by this thought, but it was still hard to jog in place with his back turned to the entrance. His heart was beginning to beat faster, and not just from his warm-up. Any minute now, she would be walking in. Jessica was the type to be on time, especially when she had told him exactly what time she'd be there.

'But she's not *meeting* me here,' thought James to himself as his eyes focused in on the treadmill animation, which was rather close to his face since he was now only 5'0. 'We didn't actually agree to *meet up*...she just told me what time she'd be here, that's all. Maybe she's gonna be running a little late. Or maybe she's already seen me and is regretting telling me about her —'

But James's thoughts suddenly vanished like smoke when he saw, out of the corner of his right eye, a huge, sleek thigh step onto the treadmill next to his. A giant thigh, in tight black spandex, almost even with his chest...his eyes traveled upward instantly, and he turned his head.

"Hey, hey there!" Jessica beamed down at him. Her brilliant blue eyes looked even brighter outside his stuffy office, and the wavy spills of her blond hair seemed to throw the sunlight off itself in sparkles. James was smiling stupidly from ear to ear, taking in the fact that his eyes were now just below Jessica's huge breasts, which pressed out from her big chest into a black spandex sports bra. That was it — that was all she was wearing: a sports bra that barely contained her giant breasts, a pair of spandex that was stretched to the limits by her ass, hips, and thighs, and a pair of spiffy workout shoes that gave her an extra 1.5 inches. She was almost 6'7, and the sight of her incredible body was too much to take in all at once — James focused on her face.

"Hi!" he practically squeaked out, or so he thought. He had no idea how he sounded; it was impossible not to feel small next to her. She had already started her own treadmill, and was walking at a slow, steady pace, slower than James's light jog.

"I wasn't sure if I was too upfront in your office," Jessica smiled, her huge ass, hips, and thighs all jiggling insanely as she slow-walked on the treadmill. "But obviously I wasn't!"

"N-No! Haha, uh...no you weren't," stammered James. He hadn't been breathless a minute before, jogging casually on the treadmill, but now he certainly was. Being this close to Jessica out in the world was enough to take his breath away. But...her *outfit*...James couldn't even wrap his mind around her body. His eyes were scanning over her exposed stomach now, and with a weakening, syrupy-sweet jolt, he realized that she had *abs*...a whole six-pack...that was somehow perfectly etched into her fleshy, voluptuous midsection. Something glinted at him from her belly button...a silver piercing...good grief. She was still slow-walking, grinning down at him, and for several moments James was incapable of saying anything more. He knew that

he was making his astonishment – and attraction – blatantly obvious, but he simply could not disguise how blown away he was.

“Well I’m sorry if I seem a little chipper,” Jessica said brightly, her huge, manicured hands gently holding onto the treadmill rails, “But I really wasn’t expecting to see you here, and when I glanced over in the corner...” – she tilted her head downward and flashed those beautiful blue eyes knowingly down at him – “I just *had* to come over and join you.”

“Yeah, ahaha...yes,” nodded James, having no idea what to say as he continued struggling to take her in. But the words came soon enough. “I mean, it was...I was thinking about it over the weekend...what you said about how exercise, uhh...”

“Correlates with a better prognosis?” offered Jessica graciously. It was clear that she knew exactly what was going on, and was enjoying it. But it was also clear that she didn’t want to lord herself over him too hard.

“Exactly,” said James thankfully. Strangely, even though he felt like he was absurdly outmatched and outclassed by Jessica, the more he talked with her, and the more eye contact they shared, the warmer he felt, and the more he felt his courage grow. Even though Jessica unquestionably radiated power and confidence, whenever she was talking to him, he didn’t feel the intensity of her aura directed *at* him. Rather, it seemed to envelope him...to caress him, to pull him closer.

“So what’d ya plan on working out today?” asked Jessica cheerily, filling in the silence that James had left.

“Oh! Ha, I...you know I hadn’t actually thought that far ahead,” laughed James, reddening slightly with embarrassment. He knew that he was basically admitting that the main reason he was there was to see Jessica...but, of course, she knew that already, didn’t she?

“Thought you’d just wing it when you got here, huh?” quipped Jessica, sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek as she reached out, beeped her screen twice, and started to jog on her treadmill. James knew that she was being gracious, not wanting to embarrass him by pointing out how obvious it was that he had come to the gym just for her. But he was again having trouble formulating coherent thoughts now that Jessica’s voluptuous, feminine bulk was now shaking and jiggling with extra urgency, now that she was actually jogging.

“Yeah I don’t really have any idea what to do here,” chuckled James, “Now that you mention it.” He noticed that his setting was “3/20,” and that, despite the ease of his pace, he was already beginning to tire. Glancing over to Jessica’s screen, he saw that hers was already set at 7/20. She had only beeped twice...which meant that, at her easy walking pace, her treadmill had been set at 5/20. Faster than he was going now...and yet she had just been leisurely walking, like it was nothing. James suddenly became aware that he was very aroused, even though, in

the back of his mind, that had been a given as soon as Jessica had joined him. But he was actually aware of it now.

“Oh don’t you worry about that,” Jessica declared happily. “I’ll be your trainer!” She cleared her throat, affecting a serious tone of voice, even though the twitches at the corners of her mouth gave away her self-mockery. “My credentials are: I’ve been working out seriously for 5 years, I’m a Division I athlete, and I was the Junior female state champion in the squat and deadlift.”

“W-Wow...!” was all James could manage to say through his laughter. He knew Jessica was being silly, but he was also impressed with her accomplishments. He also had a sneaking suspicion that Jessica had ulterior motives in divulging this information. She wasn’t one to brag, and that wasn’t the tone she had – no, she was telling him these things because she knew it would excite him, that it would turn him on. And she was right. “Well then I know I’m in good hands.”

“It’s only fair, isn’t it?” Jessica observed. Her screen now said her speed was 10/20, but to James she looked like she was still barely even jogging. “You helped me get my mental health straightened out, and I help you work out! Makes total sense.”

“Total sense,” nodded James. Jessica had now increased her speed to 15/20, and for the first time he got a good look at her actually...in action. She was truly running now. The voluminous, meaty flesh of her body jiggled and bounced around, crazier than ever, and yet, at the same time, she looked totally streamlined and purposeful, running with perfect form, pumping her strong arms back and forth as her long, huge legs worked like a machine beneath her, never skipping a beat. James had to turn off his own treadmill, since he was already out of breath, and for the next minute or so he just watched Jessica running there, reminding himself not to gape. She was just so impressive, so competent, so in charge of herself. He had the vague understanding that a lot of other guys in the gym were staring at Jessica...and then staring at him too...a few of them with something like disapproval in their eyes. James understood – to them, he was this 5’0, slight, skinny man, new to the gym, who was just unabashedly staring at the bombshell D-I amazon who came to the gym all the time. From their perspective, it was bad manners, or...something else. James really didn’t know. The thing was, though, that he simply didn’t care. He knew Jessica *wanted* him to watch her.

“There we go!” breathed Jessica after another minute or so, slowing down her pace. Her face was now the slightest bit flushed and rosy...if it was even possible, she looked even better. “Just a little warm-up before we do our squats!”

“Squats?” asked James, blinking.

Oh yeah,” Jessica grinned down at him, stepping down off her treadmill and putting her hands on her hips, facing him. “Squats.”

James was still standing on his treadmill, which gave him an extra 4 inches, but he was still staring straight into Jessica's nipples. They were clearly erect, pressing through her tight sports bra. He blinked again and looked up at her; their eyes met. They both could tell how aroused the other was...and they both reacted by smiling stupidly, nearly breaking out into laughter.

"Haha I can barely even tell I'm standing on something," James chuckled, gesturing to the treadmill before looking back up into her face. "I...uh y-you have a way of making me, uhm..."

"Feel small?" smirked Jessica, arching her eyebrow. She beckoned with her big hands, and the next thing James knew, she had wrapped them around both of his upper arms, easily going all the way around with room to spare, as she gently pulled him off the treadmill. "Here," she said softly, "Let's see how you measure up to...oh..."

Now that they were both standing on the floor, on even ground, the truth was clear: James was staring straight forward into the upper part of Jessica's exposed stomach. He saw her abs ripple and flex as she took a series of deep breaths, her huge breasts inflating above his head. He felt her giant hands slowly, lovingly caress his upper arms, remaining there for long moments...far longer than any normal, flirtatious touch. She was going straight in for him; and he was here for it. In this moment, James thanked his stars that his workout pants were baggy.

"How...how tall are you now?" asked Jessica throatily, finally letting his arms go with a final, sensual caress. James took a step back so he could see her face above her breasts. Her cheeks were even more flushed now...not from her warm-up, James knew.

"I'm 5'0 even," he replied, his own voice sounding almost alien out loud. It was ridiculous how aroused he was right now...how aroused they both were. Jessica's mouth twitched up into a smile, and she blinked rapidly a few times. There was a sort of caring sadness in her eyes, but at the same time, something exciting to James – she looked almost...hungry. And far from frightening him or making him feel uneasy, it fuelled his own fire that was burning in his loins. If there hadn't been anyone else in the gym, he was sure that they would have started making out.

"5'0..." Jessica murmured, nodding slowly. She brought her massive hand down gently on top of James's head, palming it completely, and softly threading her big fingers through his hair. "Yeah...I knew you looked shorter."

But this treatment only lasted a few seconds. Jessica was sighing out and taking her hand away from his head just when James began to close his eyes and enjoy it.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" she laughed, wringing her hands out in front of him. "I just...I can't keep my hands off you, James. You are...the cutest, most adorable thing I've ever seen."

"And you're, uhmm..." James began to answer immediately, but the words caught in his throat. What on earth was he supposed to say!? Especially after Jessica was this up-front with him.

‘Just be honest,’ he thought to himself suddenly. ‘If you’re honest with her, nothing can go wrong.’

“And you’re the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen,” he heard himself say.

Jessica blinked, and her mouth opened in surprise as she put her hand up against her chest, above her huge breasts. She looked genuinely touched.

“Awww, Jamessss!” she exclaimed, her eyebrows creasing upwards as she bent down towards him. “You make me feel so good. And you are...*precious*.” She extended out a long, manicured finger and touched him on the nose. He wrinkled it up, feeling almost like a child, and they both laughed as she straightened back up.

“Okay! So!” Jessica announced, changing gears and taking charge as she rubbed her hands together. “Squats!”

For the next fifteen minutes or so, Jessica helped James with his form, since the last time he had squatted was in a high school PE class. She made sure he warmed up well, starting with the bar only, then with two 25-lb plates on each side. For reps, she had added two more 10’s on each side, so that he was squatting 115. James knew this was very light, especially compared to all the weight the big male athletes were squatting around them. One particular guy, with straw-blond hair, who looked quite tall and ripped (and who had looked over at Jessica more than a few times) was squatting with four 45-lb plates...on each side of the bar! But James reminded himself that none of this was important – the only thing that mattered was him and Jessica and their weight rack. What had he told all those clients he had before, who were struggling to adopt a workout routine? The gym is a place for internal encouragement, not external discouragement...or something cheesy like that. But it was true, though.

“Gooooood!” clapped Jessica, after James had finished his third set of 115, repped 5 times each. “You were barely even straining there at the end! And you kept your knees from bending inward – nice work!”

“Thanks,” breathed James, his heart hammering away like a drum in his chest as he stepped away from the racked bar. “But I think that’s it for me today. I can already feel like I’m gonna be feeling this tomorrow.”

“Oh you definitely will,” chuckled Jessica, leaning on the weight rack. “We’ll have to make sure to get plenty of fluids into you. Oh, and a good night’s sleep too!”

“Definitely,” panted James. “So, uh...aren’t you...uh...aren’t you gonna lift too?”

“Sure am,” Jessica grinned. “But first, I’ve gotta ask, James...just out of curiosity, what’s your weight now?”

"Right now?" he asked.

"Not to make you self-conscious!" Jessica said quickly, holding up her hand. "I was just...you know, curious."

"No, no, haha, it's fine," he said. "And, uh...let's see, I weighed myself this morning. You know, doctor's orders, keeping a journal of my size and all...I was...117, actually."

"Wow, 117!" Jessica said, impressed. "So you just basically repped your body weight for 3 sets, and you haven't squatted in years! That's great, James!"

"Y-yeah, well..." he chuckled, still panting a bit. He saw that Jessica was taking the smaller weights off both ends of the bar, and dropped the plates down beside the rack, like she was going to use them again. Then, quite effortlessly, she grabbed a 45-lb plate and slid it onto one end, and then did the same to the other end...135 pounds.

"Wait," James said, "Aren't you...I mean, gonna warm up too?"

Jessica had been expecting the question, and her grin was telling.

"This *is* my warm-up, James."

She busted out 10 reps like there wasn't any weight on her back at all. When she racked the bar, she wasn't even breathing heavily.

"Just slowly working my way up," she said, winking down at him, before sliding two more 45's onto the bar. 10 more reps like she was simply standing up and going back down, without any hint of strain or effort...and then she slid on two *more* 45's.

"315!?" James gaped.

"Just gonna rest a minute before this next set," Jessica smiled at him. "I think I'll do one set of 6 with this, and then take it on up to 405 for 3 sets of 7." She was speaking casually, but she had her eyes carefully trained on James's face. After a few seconds, her full lips were smirking down at him.

"You like hearing that, don't you?"

James thought that he would have grown somewhat accustomed to Jessica's up-front flirtation, but she had caught him off-guard again.

"I...y-yeah," he stuttered, smiling up at her sheepishly. "I do."

"Mmm I like saying it to you," Jessica hummed. "Watching your reaction." She smacked her thighs playfully, sending them shivering and jiggling, despite the deep, meaty thudding sound they made. James privately wondered how much a single one of her legs weighed. Maybe even close to his own bodyweight. How much did SHE weigh!? He wanted to ask her, but couldn't quite work up the courage at this point. He knew she wouldn't mind, and would probably enjoy it, but he...he was still developing his own cadence around her. He didn't want to rush anything. He wiped his brow, which was already slick with sweat.

"Remember, hydration is important!" Jessica said. Realizing that James hadn't brought a water bottle, she pointed over toward the bathrooms. "There's a water fountain right over there – go get yourself a niiiice deep drink."

"Okay, yeah!" nodded James, "Thanks for reminding me!"

"Of course," smiled Jessica, squinting her eyes down at him. "Cutie."

James felt like he was in a daze as he walked to the water fountain. Again, he perceived other people watching him, maybe even whispering about him, no doubt because he was "the guy" with Jessica, but once more, he hardly even cared about any of that. So Jessica was coming onto him. *Hard*. There was no question about that now. And he was one hundred percent receptive. The only question now was how he was going to ask her out to lunch, or dinner, or...whatever it was going to be. Asking Jessica Hinson out on a date....a week ago, he would have looked upon this situation with professional disapproval. Dating a client!? No way. But a lot had changed since then. And, in any case, hadn't Jessica used the past tense when describing how he had helped her? If she didn't come to any more appointments, then she wasn't his client anymore.

All these thoughts were swirling around in his head as he got a deep drink of water, just like Jessica had told him to, and as he walked back to their weight rack. But then, he nearly stopped dead. That tall, muscled guy with the straw-blond hair...was talking to Jessica. He was standing there by her weight rack...*their* weight rack...leaning against it, with his arm held up, obviously showing off his big bicep. This guy was good-looking...*very* good-looking, and *huge* – he looked almost as tall as Jessica, maybe exactly as tall, and even though her legs, hips, and ass were a LOT bigger than his, he had the slight edge over even her upper body. James swallowed a painful lump down his throat. This dude just oozed "alpha energy," and all of a sudden, those happy plans in his head of asking out Jessica were vanishing in the air like smoke. He didn't have a chance against a guy like this. There was just no way...

But James brushed all this aside. He wasn't just going to stand there staring at them speaking to each other. If anything, Jessica was a friend who he was working out with. He had to at least act normal. But as he approached, the guy's confident, masculine voice jarred his ears:

"...know that it's hard finding people who can keep up with you, haha! Trust me, I understand. How about you come out with me to dinner tonight? We'll turn a bunch of heads, you and me."

“Haha I’m sure we would,” laughed Jessica good-naturedly, showing absolutely zero discomfort. “But I’m already going out to dinner tonight...” – she pointed straight to James – “With *this* man.”

Chapter 4

Later on that night, James lay in his bed, staring straight up at the ceiling. His head was spinning with the events of the evening, and, in a way, he was grateful for this moment of calm and stillness that allowed him to actually process what had just happened. Brooke had essentially...well...taken him out to dinner. James had to chuckle at himself, thinking back to earlier in the day, when he had been stressing about how exactly he was going to ask Brooke to lunch, once it had become clear that she was hitting on him...hard. But it turned out, true to Brooke's form, that James didn't have to make the first move – she had been the one to ask him out...and right in the middle of being hit on by some gym stud! Her confidence had been striking; she hadn't even "asked" him out. She had just announced to the guy, straight-up, that she was going to dinner later, with James.

'Heh that's just...that's just Brooke's style,' James thought to himself, smiling up at the ceiling in his bed. 'She doesn't really beat around the bush.'

Dinner had been a lovely affair, and, somehow, strangely casual and relaxing. James would never have thought that he could have been so easygoing on a "first date" like this one, particularly a statuesque bombshell like Brooke, who, in her 6-inch platform heels, stood at nearly 6'11, nearly two whole feet taller than his 5'0. He had been eye-level with the middle of her stomach as she led him in, arm-in-arm, making sure to walk slowly so that he could keep up with her. That bright silver dress she had been wearing...and the way it matched with those blood-red platform heels and the long, elegant, voluminous spill of her wavy blond hair...James had made sure to dress up smart in his khakis and a nice shirt with a collar, but he couldn't help but feel utterly outclassed and outmatched by Brooke. She looked stunningly, almost fearsomely gorgeous. But she was so relaxed, and so happy, and so effortlessly natural in her conversation with him, that James had soon forgotten that Brooke was "out of his league." It was obvious that she liked him, so if she felt that way, that was good enough for him!

They had spent the time chatting animatedly, cracking jokes, talking about James's job, and Brooke's classes, and her volleyball, and even some about James's condition. Brooke was careful to show the appropriate amount of concern and respect for the difficulty he was in, considering his recent hupostolephasia diagnosis, but by the end of the night, it had become clear to both of them that, despite the condition's seriousness, they felt a kind of strange attraction to their size difference.

For one thing, several times during dinner, Brooke had actually made a point to compare herself to James. One time, in the middle of their conversation, she had simply reached her huge hands across the table, taken James's hands up, and compared the size of her palms to his. The difference had been staggering, with her fingers rising at least 2 full inches above his...and she had made a point to hold the comparison like that for a few seconds, as her eyes sparkled down on him with delight. Staring up at his bedroom ceiling now, James could still hear her sexy, deep feminine voice:

“Oh my god...James...just look at that! Hahaha oh wowwww...look at how much bigger my hands are! And, haha, not just my hands – look at how tiny your forearm is compared to mine!”

Brooke had seemed to take a special pleasure in these comparisons, and, far from putting him down or making him feel bad about his small stature, James felt strangely invigorated by her particular attention. There was nothing negative about the way she was comparing herself to him – no, it was more like...a way of expressing tenderness for him, a way for her to communicate that she was paying attention to his body...and that she liked what she saw. For James, it went without saying that he liked what HE saw. And Brooke knew it too. One time, right before dinner was over, she caught his eyes traveling down to her huge ass, which easily covered her seat, and then some, actually spilling over the edge on both sides.

“You ogling my ass?” she had teased him, winking playfully, before extending her hand and giving her left butt cheek and almighty smack. Several people in the restaurant had turned to look, but Brooke couldn’t have cared less; she had just been trying to get a playful rise out of James, and she had succeeded – his mouth had dropped open when he saw the massive ass cheek shaking and jiggling in response to the smack...the rippling movement made her ass look even huger.

“Uhh...y-yeah,” James had laughed, shaking his head as he stared down at her ass shamelessly, “I was...and now I REALLY am.”

Lying in his bed, James remembered how Brooke had leaned back and laughed, a deep, musical, playful laugh, a laugh that communicated that she didn’t care who was watching them or what they thought – the only thing that mattered was that she and James were enjoying each other.

“I can’t remember...” James suddenly muttered aloud to himself in his bedroom, his eyes still staging up at the ceiling, “When I’ve ever felt this...natural...with someone. And to think...she’s a freaking college student...who was one of my clients! Goodness gracious.”

He had told Brooke that if they were going to keep seeing each other, then he couldn’t see her in a professional capacity anymore, for obvious ethical reasons.

“Well...” Brooke had smiled down at him, standing outside her dorm room, right before James dropped her off at the end of the night, “That’s fine...as long as you promise to still lend an ear of comfort when I’m crumbling under the pressure of my craaaaaazy college life.”

“Of course, Brooke!” he had laughed. “I...I mean, I’ll...I’ll always be there to lend an ear. Whenever you need. That is...uhm...”

He had suddenly started blushing. It wasn’t like James to get this nervous – he never really had trouble with confidence, but something about standing there next to this gorgeous, vivacious, brilliant young woman, after a wonderful date, staring slightly UP at her breasts as she loomed

over him...it had all hit James at once, and it had suddenly occurred to him that maybe she had wanted him to kiss her before she went into her dorm. But Brooke, smirking down warmly at him, had seemed to know exactly what to do.

"That's all I needed to hear, James," she had breathed down at him, snaking her huge hand around his chin, directing his face up as she had gracefully bent slowly down, parted her lips, and planted the most luscious kiss on his lips that he had ever experienced in his life. And she hadn't broken away from it quickly, either – for several long, voluptuous seconds, she had held the kiss, softly, tenderly massaging her plush lips into his, easily dominating his mouth, but in a curiously delicate way that wasn't overbearing, but still unquestionably dominant. When she had finally parted and stood back up to her full height, James's eyes were practically fluttering as he stood there, completely enveloped in her towering shadow, intoxicated by her in every way.

"Goodnight James," she had smiled warmly down at him, "And...you're gonna come to my game tomorrow?"

"Of course I am," James grinned, recovering himself enough to answer. "I wouldn't want to be anywhere else! I'm so excited to see you play!"

"Well I'll make sure to reserve a seat in the front row for you," she winked down at him, turning to leave. "Just so you can get a nice up-close view of me."

And with that, she had turned and sauntered into her dorm, with James gaping at her thick, sexy legs, her swerving hips, and her bouncing ass that quivered and shook with each step she took.

"Jesus, James..." he muttered again out loud to himself, later on in his bedroom, as he finally turned to the side and closed his eyes, "What've you gotten yourself into? Can you handle her!?"

James had been so excited and aroused all day long that now, at the end of the day, he was totally exhausted. As often happens with new romances, however, he found that it was difficult to fall asleep. Images of Brooke's warm, smiling, gorgeous face kept popping up in his mind, bigger and bigger; he thought over and over about how huge her hands had been compared to his, about how massive her wrist and forearm were...both lengthwise and just in general thickness. He thought about her long, strong legs, her big breasts, and, of course, her gigantic ass. Her deep, feminine voice, somehow light, chatty, and girlish while being profoundly sexy and erotic, kept echoing in his ears. She was double-majoring in nutrition science and biology, with a minor in French...taking seven classes a semester...good grief and that wasn't even considering that she was captain of the Raging Bulls volleyball team, which was top 5 in the national rankings...the game tomorrow...James actually started getting nervous – he really wanted her to do well! He had never been to a sports event at Lowland University, even though he had been a counselor at the college for years. But he knew enough to understand the enormous amount of pressure placed on the team, and on Brooke in particular. She had her own ESPN profile, with dozens of articles written about her. And somehow, in the midst of all her

classes, in the middle of the huge NCAA tournament, she had decided to start dating this little 5'0 man who had this bizarre shrinking virus. In a matter of months, or maybe even weeks, he would probably be 4'9, or even 4'6 if the disease progressed quickly.

In the dark of his bedroom, all these thoughts coalesced in James's mind, beginning to swirl in on themselves. Even though he was a trainer counselor and therapist, he could feel himself beginning to get overwhelmed with everything. It was easy, in the midst of all the craziness, to concoct a narrative in which Brooke gradually lost interest in him as he got smaller and smaller.

'I mean, just think about it,' he thought to himself, turning over on his pillow, 'She's basically a 6'5 bombshell...star athlete, obviously brilliant...she can get anyone she wants. So why me?'

But even as he noticed this negative, nagging voice in his head, James just kept coming back to Brooke's beautiful face, and the way she smiled at him. And as a more mature man who had been through several long-term relationships, he found that it actually wasn't too hard to brush off that naysaying voice. Brooke was so warm, so...genuine. If he really thought about how she behaved around him, James couldn't even pretend to doubt her affection. For someone who was only 20 years old, it was almost unbelievable how mature and self-assured she was. Even though he was twice her age, there was no doubt as to who was "leading the dynamic," who was dominant.

'She already liked me a lot,' James thought, finally beginning to feel himself slipping towards sleep, 'But when she learned I had the shrinking condition, instead of it turning her off to me, it kind of...well...yeah! Turned her on. Even more. And I'm just going to be getting smaller, and at dinner, the look on her face...like, she was concerned yes, but there was also something else there in her eyes. An excitement. She's going to look so huge. My god, what's it going to be like around her when I...when I shrink all the way down under four feet and...and...'

But his thoughts had been softly swept away in a river of forgetfulness as James finally drifted off to sleep. His dreams were full of dark, foreboding shapes condescending around him, constricting him, filling him with a sense of anxiety, and even dread...but at some point, he had realized the presence of something far off on the horizon, an immense shape...a feminine presence, and a warm glow emanated from her, dispelling all the shapes crushing in on him and filling him with a tender warmth. He had tried to look up at her, whoever it was, but she had become so radiant, like the sun, that he had to turn away. And then, in his ears, like huge golden bells, rang the sound of deep, female laughter.

James woke up feeling slightly groggy, which had become the norm ever since his condition had manifested. The sunlight was already streaming in through his blinds...Saturday...when he didn't need to set an alarm. He lay in bed for a few minutes, the sound of that huge, feminine laughter still ringing in his head; there was no doubt where it came from, who it was.

"I'm going to her volleyball game today," James spoke out loud to the ceiling, chuckling and shaking his head to himself. He could still hardly believe that all of this was happening.

Everything had moved so fast. But he had to remind himself that the whole “relationship,” if he could even call it that yet, was still in its infancy. He just needed to take each day as it came, and not let it totally dominate his thoughts. And so the first thing in his routine was...measuring himself, per doctor’s orders. Standing up against the height chart a minute later, James felt a bit of a throb go through him when he turned around to see that he was now 4’11. So it was official – he was under 5’0 tall, maybe forever. But strangely, despite the obvious distress that this new measurement should have caused him, the only thing he could really think about was that Brooke was going to look one inch taller to him. And far from being insecure or unhappy about that, he found himself feeling excited.

Brooke’s game was at 2 in the afternoon, so James had plenty of time to shower and eat a late breakfast before heading down to the volleyball court, which was in the indoor arena in the middle of campus. Feeling a bit silly, James had made sure to dress himself up a bit, and to “spritz” himself with some cologne, even though he knew that, in all likelihood, Brooke wouldn’t even have time to talk to him. But he wanted to look good for her, despite the fact that his khakis and polo shirt were noticeably looser on his slight frame.

‘Brooke won’t care,’ James reminded himself as he looked up and down his figure in the mirror. ‘She’ll probably actually think it’s cute.’

About half an hour later, James was walking into the arena, and even before he had gone inside, he had felt himself starting to get nervous. He hadn’t quite realized how big of a deal the Lowland University Raging Bulls volleyball team actually were; he had known that they were ranked within the “Top 5” in the nation, but he had never actually been to a game before, to witness what that prestige meant. He could see it all now. Hundreds of people were tailgating outside the arena, with popped-up canopy tents dotted all about. There was so much energy in the air – people were laughing, drinking, playing beer pong, and animatedly discussing the upcoming match. Pregame coverage blared out on dozens of portable radios, and more than once James caught the mention of “Brooke Hinson,” which of course made his ears perk up. Her name was thrown around by the announcers more often than anyone else’s, and actually...as James looked around...he realized that a number of people were wearing their replica volleyball shirts in support of the team. Some had the name “Rodriguez” plastered across the back, a few had “Gable,” and a few others had “Mitchell.” But by far the most common jersey name that James saw was “Hinson.” By the time he walked into the arena, and saw the thousands of people who were already filling the arena seats, chanting the team’s songs, he felt perceptively anxious.

‘She’s a star,’ he thought to himself, staring around in amazement as he watched the arena fill up, and felt it pulsating more and more with expectant energy. ‘She’s like...big time...who the hell am I to be sitting courtside for her?’

James knew that these kinds of thoughts were just insecure naysayings, and so he tried to put them out of his head. After all, Brooke had chosen to reserve him a seat, right? Speaking of which...how did that work, again? He felt his heart beating a bit quicker as he walked up closer

to the court, sidestepped the Raging Bulls mascot (who was also wearing a “Hinson” jersey, and was on a ladder, doing an impression of one of Brooke’s spikes over the net), before an official-looking woman with an earpiece came striding up to him. She wasn’t that tall, around 5’8...but to James, she looked quite big.

“This is the courtside exclusive area, sir,” she said, not quite rude, but certainly with an edge to her delivery. “Unless you have a seat reserved I’m gonna have to ask you to keep it moving.”

“Oh...oh yes, I’m sorry,” James replied, smiling sheepishly, digging into his pocket for his phone, and then pulling up the e-ticket Brooke had sent him. “Just kinda...you know, a bit overwhelmed with the energy of this place.”

“Mhm, it certainly gets rowdy,” the woman said, leaning down to examine his ticket (which included the words “Hinson VIP”). She blinked and looked James up and down for a moment, almost as if she was now realizing that he was, in fact, a well-dressed middle-aged man.

“Hinson VIP,” she said, nodding as her eyebrows went up. “Best seat in the house. You ever been to one of these before?”

“No, it’s my first time!” laughed James.

“Well, you’re in for a treat today,” the woman declared, her serious-looking face breaking into something of a grin. It was almost like she had realized what was going on...had Brooke mentioned him to her?

“Here sir, let me escort you to your seat,” the woman said, beckoning him to follow her. Less than a minute later, James was sitting in his reserved courtside seat, his feet swinging a little in the air, feeling decidedly nervous as he realized just how close he was going to be to all the action. He was...right there. The court’s touchline was no more than six feet away. And all around him, the seats were filling up more and more, with people getting louder and louder, as the expectant tension built up inside the arena. James had to laugh at himself a little for how anxious he was, for Brooke, mainly...just imagining how much pressure she must have been feeling at this moment. It was one thing for her to talk to him about the demands of being on a “Top 5” NCAA volleyball team – it was quite another for him to witness firsthand the craziness of an actual game environment. James found himself thanking the stars that he never had to work under this kind of pressure; he felt like it was enough to break him.

And, just then, the away team was announced (the “Mountain State Golden Eagles”) came jogging out onto the court, to pronounced boos from the crowd. The young women lined up on the touchline as their names were called, and even though they were on the other side of the court, James could see how tall they were. The tallest one, according to the stats on the big arena screen, was 6’7, more than 2 inches taller than Brooke – but unlike Brooke, she was quite skinny.

A minute later, the announcer ramped up his voice and introduced the Raging Bulls team, and the noise in the arena rose to a steady, roaring din as the home team ran out onto the court, except this time, it was one by one, with each girl running through a tunnel of her teammates before standing on the touchline right in front of James. They were...quite large, with many of the girls well over 6 feet tall. Even the ones around 5'6 or 5'7 looked strong and well-built, the smallest of them easily outweighing James by 40 or 50 pounds.

After the first six girls were announced, James realized that Brooke's was probably going to be the last name called. Everything seemed to be building up to her, and when the announcer exclaimed "Brrrrrrrrrooooooke...Hiiiiiiiiinnnnnsooooonnnnnnn!", the noise in the arena rose to hitherto unprecedented levels. James found himself standing up and clapping energetically along with everyone else, but when he saw Brooke run through the tunnel of her teammates and out onto the court, he felt himself go slack-jawed. This was the first time he had ever seen her decked out in her red and black volleyball uniform, and the effect was striking. All the girls on the court were obviously athletes, and obviously in fantastic shape. But even though James was no athletic expert himself, he could tell that there was something different about Brooke.

To begin with, she was one of the taller ones on the court, with only two or three players standing higher than her...and even then, not by much. But Brooke was just...bigger...bigger than everyone out there. Her legs were thicker, her arms looked bigger and stronger, and her ass put the rest to shame. And since many of the other players had smaller breasts, Brooke's huge rack stood out even more. Her uniform was so tight that it almost looked like her glorious body was about ready to burst straight out at any moment, making it so that every movement she made came with an eye-popping, fleshy bounce and jiggle all around. And as the cherry on top, in a fashion choice that made James unexpectedly even more enthralled, Brooke had braided her long spill of blond hair into cornrows, which lent an aggressive sharpness, an edginess, to her appearance.

'She's so huge,' thought James, as she jogged towards him, clapping her hands to the crowd, soaking up their energy. 'So...fierce!'

It was remarkable how confident she looked, how energetic and assured in her movements, and James could tell, even from a distance, that for Brooke, the 20,000 people inside the arena were nothing to be afraid of – instead, they were a weapon...a weapon she was going to wield against the other team. Before joining her teammates on the touchline, she went to the center of the court and did a few slow turns, hyping up the crowd with her arms, and they responded instantly, yelling and cheering even louder. After the noise levels had reached her desired levels, Brooke nodded, smirking, and strode over to the touchline, joining her teammates right at the end of the line. At first, James thought that there was no way that Brooke was going to acknowledge him in the midst of such a crucible of noise and lights, but he felt his heart jump into his mouth when Brooke looked directly at him, sticking her tongue out to the side in between her teeth as her smile widened, and pointed straight at his chest. James managed a little smiling wave, which Brooke returned with a very slow and deliberate kiss, which she blew in his direction. A couple of her teammates turned and looked back at him, obviously intrigued,

and when they saw him, they bent their heads together, talking amongst themselves and looking back at him a few more times. But it was difficult for James to pay attention to anyone else but Brooke, as she strode straight up to the touchline, six feet away from him, and turned her back, joining her teammates for the national anthem.

James was certain that it was no coincidence that he found himself staring right into the middle of the number “5” on Brooke’s back, with the white “Hinson” sprawled out more than half-a-foot above his eyeline. She had to have known exactly where he’d be sitting. This is what she wanted – to treat him to a prolonged view of her backside, right in front of a packed arena, while she stood there, towering over him. When the national anthem was over, Brooke huddled up with her team, giving them an animated pep talk before starting the team cheer that broke out with a resounding “BULLS!” The substitutes went over to the bench, and Brooke, who was taking the first serve, walked over toward James, gesturing to the referee, who was about to climb the stand in front of the net, for the ball. The referee looked to be an average-sized man, around 5’9 or so, and the black and red ball had looked normal in his hands. But when Brooke caught it, the ball suddenly looked a lot smaller. Standing close to James, she palmed the ball effortlessly, her huge hand easily covering half the ball’s surface area, as the crowd cheered her on behind him. Clearly this was all part of her pre-game routine, designed to further energize the crowd. James was watching her, admiring her charisma, and he was suddenly shocked when, in the midst of all this, Brooke stepped up to him and bent down low, so that her face was only a foot or so away from his.

“You like my necklace?” she asked, her voice somehow rising up over the raucous sound of the arena. James hadn’t noticed it before, but his eyes were now drawn to something gold and glinty dangling between her breasts. There was a little trinket on it, and James felt his mouth open as he realized what it was: a little man...a tiny little golden man.

“Y-yeah...” James breathed up at her, nodding. “Yeah...I like it.”

“Mmmm it’s you,” Brooke grinned, tickling the underside of the “man’s” feet with her fingers, making him bounce around in midair, before straightening back up to her full height, still palming the ball. “Get comfortable, James. I’m gonna put on a show for you.”

Chapter 5

James could do nothing but gape as Brooke winked down at him, her immense form towering high above as she straightened back up, the tiny golden man trinket glinting playfully in between her enormous breasts. The 20,000-person arena vibrated with raucous noise and energy, anticipating Brooke's first serve of the match, but to James, with Brooke standing there smirking above him, palming the volleyball as she cast him completely in her shadow, time seemed to slow to a grinding halt. Even all the chants and cheers seemed to blend together in one amorphous, dissonant blob. All that mattered in this moment to him was Brooke. James hadn't even thought that she would notice him there in his courtside seat, or, even if she did, that she would acknowledge him. But she was doing far more than that right now. Everyone in the arena was waiting for her to serve and begin the game, and yet here she was, purposely delaying the first serve, just so that she could loom above James and soak up his awe.

Slowly, with deliberately erotic intention, Brooke brought the little golden man trinket on her necklace up to her lips, and, staring directly down at James, she kissed it.

"For good luck!" she chuckled down at him, letting the tiny man fall back in between her big breasts as she bounced her eyebrows up and down at him. The next moment, James was staring straight at her gigantic ass as she turned on her heel and strode confidently up to the touchline, where she held the ball up, letting the crowd steadily build up their "Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa" chant before she finally served the ball over the net, with the crowd finishing up with "Rage!!" which James recognized as a play on the "Raging Bulls" mascot. Brooke's serve was fast and powerful, and the opposing players from Mountain State were unable to field it cleanly. The ball bounced off a Golden Eagle's hands and shot off into the crowd. The crowd roared as the referee blew the whistle, signaling a point for Lowland University.

James clapped hard, absolutely delighted with Brooke's display of power. The way that her body shook and jiggled with her movements was absolutely mesmerizing as she took the ball again in one hand, smirking, clearly used to getting points directly on the first serve. James watched as Brooke served again, and this time he hardly even noticed that the poor girl in the opposing team's corner was knocked on her ass by the power of the incoming ball – he was too busy focusing on Brooke and her every movement. Just the way that she gave a slight hop when she served, the way her strong arm flexed as she brought it hammering against the ball, the way that her boobs seemed to dance underneath her tight uniform...it was all almost too much for James, and he could tell that he was already starting to blush, just from watching her.

He thanked his stars that his pants were a little oversized, now that he had shrunk down to 4'11 – otherwise, his erection might have been clearly visible to the players, to the crowd in the arena, and to the many people watching the game on TV (since, of course, it was being filmed). As it was, his roomy khakis hid his erection, so James felt free to fantasize about Brooke as she continued in her impressive show of dominance. It wasn't until she had scored 7 points for her team directly off her serve that the Golden Eagles finally managed to handle what Brooke was

dishing out, as they wrestled a point back, much to the chagrin of the crowd. Apparently, from what James could gather from overhearing some people behind him, Brooke had once won an entire set on her serve alone, an almost unheard-of occurrence at this level of college volleyball. But Mountain State had a good team, since Brooke “only” managed to score 7 points in a row on them.

“I think she’s regressing!” joked a fan behind James.

“Yeah, why are we not starting this game a set up like usual?” laughed another.

The more side talk James heard from the crowd behind him, the more he realized that Brooke’s dominance, which was plain to see in this game, had actually been MORE pronounced in other games.

“Yeah, but Mountain State’s in the top ten,” explained one fan behind James to someone else, “So of course she’s not gonna be able to run the whole set...7 straight points on a single serve is embarrassing enough for them!”

As the game went on, James almost thought that he enjoyed watching Brooke defend more than attack – it was incredible to see her huge, lithe, strong body poised, with her thick thighs bent as she crouched down in anticipation near the net, only to leap up in a forceful, dynamic display of power as she blocked shot after shot from the opposing team. Her form was impeccable, and James was in awe of how gigantic her hands truly looked when she spread her fingers wide to block the shots.

But whenever James thought that he preferred Brooke’s defense, so would remind him what his favorite move of hers was: the spike. It was clear that the Raging Bulls had a strategy when they were receiving the ball: lay it up for Brooke whenever possible. And James (and the rest of the arena) would watch in awe, everyone holding their breath, as Brooke seemed to move like a huge, agile cat up to the line, performing an impressive leap while thundering her hand down directly into the ball, sending it screaming down, inevitably scoring a point. James could literally feel the deep, vibrating smack of Brooke’s hand hitting the ball, and when it hammered down onto the court, he could feel the impact rippling through his feet.

‘She’s a force of nature!’ he thought, realizing that his mouth had gone dry from hanging open for so long. ‘She’s just...no one else moves like her! Someone that big shouldn’t be able to move like that...it’s *nuts!*’

In what seemed like the blink of an eye, the Raging Bulls won the first set, 25-5. James gathered that this was quite a lopsided score, even when compared to the high expectations of the crowd. The arena was positively buzzing with energy, and James could see that Brooke seemed to be soaking it all up, using the crowd’s excitement to fuel her own performance. It was incredible to him that someone who was so obviously self-confident and, just so...*in*

command of her surroundings, could have struggled with stress to such an extent that she had actually sought out HIS help.

‘But come on, James,’ he thought to himself, having to adjust himself a bit in his chair so that his erection wasn’t pressing up against his leg, ‘I mean...she’s a human being, after all! It’s not like she’s a...a *goddess* or something!’

But as he continued to watch Brooke during the second set, James found himself sinking more and more into a fantastical reverie, where he really was thinking of Brooke as a goddess....and a GIANT goddess at that. Or, more specifically, he was fantasizing about shrinking down, down, down, far smaller than he was now, and what she would look like to him *then*.

‘Because I might actually get that small,’ he thought, watching Brooke powerfully spike another ball that landed with a thud on the opposing team’s court, right on the line, impossible to defend. ‘Since I have this condition, I might actually shrink down as small as that little trinket man between her breasts...oh my god...!’

He began to vividly imagine what it would actually be like, if he did indeed shrink all the way down to two inches or so, and what it would be like if Brooke attached him to her necklace, to wear as her living, breathing “good luck charm” for her games. He could only imagine how hot her breasts were, now that they were a good half-hour into the match. All the girls were sweating, even Brooke...but, even though she obviously had the most impact on the game, she seemed to be sweating less than everyone else. James could just make out little dark dots of sweat on her tight jersey. He thought about what it would be like to actually dangle from her necklace, right in between those plump breasts, getting hotter and hotter with the intensity of the competition, and what it might feel like when she leapt up in one of her signature spike moves. He could feel the powerful thud of her arm impacting the ball NOW, at his current size...

‘But just think how intense it would feel,’ he thought, awestruck, ‘If I was *two inches tall*, in between her breasts, when she did that...it would be earth-shattering!’

The second set was a bit more difficult for Brooke’s team than the first set, simply because the Golden Eagles had quickly adopted a strategy where they would have three of their own players mimic Brooke’s every movement, to try and prevent her from completely taking over the game. But even still, after only a few minutes, the score was already 10-4 in the Raging Bulls’s favor.

“They’re trying to stop her!” laughed a fan behind James, “You’ve gotta give em’ props! They’re trying!”

“Pssssh yeah,” retorted another fan in response, “But trying is the first step to failure. They’ve got no shot at stopping Hinson. She’s too strong!”

James had to agree – even though Brooke wasn’t scoring as many uncontested points in this set, there was no doubt that she was still dominating the game. Even when the opposing

team's game plan revolved around stopping her, and her alone, they just couldn't make it happen. They even put their towering 6'7 center blocker on Brooke, to try and somehow stifle her strong spikes, but even though this girl was a couple inches taller than Brooke, she was decidedly less athletic, and couldn't jump nearly as high. Time and time again, Brooke simply spiked the ball over her head, to the delight of the crowd. And every time her team scored a point, Brooke spread her big arms out in celebration, striding to the middle of her team's court as she led her team in a quick "group-hug" that was more like a rallying gesture, to keep the energy up. Often, right after this gesture, Brooke would glance directly over at James, grinning broadly, one time even lifting her arms up and flexing them, as if to say, 'Enjoying the show, little man?' All he could do was smile back from ear to ear, feeling a bit silly as he enthusiastically gave her a thumbs-up sign.

As the second set went along, it was increasingly obvious that Brooke's team was going to win the whole match. It was 18-6 before James even thought to look at the score again. He was too busy enmeshed in yet another fantasy...only this time, his shrinking hadn't stopped at two inches.

'What if I...just kept getting smaller and smaller!?' he thought, becoming more and more excited. 'Until I was even smaller than a tiny ant?'

It was easy to get totally lost in this fantasy, and James felt himself becoming even more aroused as he thought about how colossal Brooke would look if he were *that* tiny. He would be clinging to her tight shorts, no bigger than a couple millimeters, essentially invisible to anyone who didn't bend down and look closely in exactly the right spot. At that size, Brooke's thigh alone would have been like a skyscraper, millions of times heavier than him, and its movements would have felt like the entire earth itself was shaking, even if she was just walking. James felt himself longing to be that small, to be nothing more than a tiny little speck of a man on Brooke's volleyball shorts, clinging onto her as she made spectacular play after spectacular play. The TV cameras wouldn't even pick him up – no one would notice him. Even after the game, when Brooke would no doubt be interviewed on national TV, the reporters and viewers wouldn't even know that he was there. But Brooke would know...and, true to her playful self, she would tailor-make her comments to tease him, all without anyone knowing.

'What keeps me so dominant?' she would laugh in response to the interviewer's question, glancing down at her thigh and winking down at James clinging there, before smiling back at the cameras. 'Oh, simple...I've got a good luck charm! My own little secret...and he keeps me going.'

'He?' the interviewer would laugh. 'Who's this "he," Brooke? You're about to break a lot of hearts right now, I can tell you!'

But she'd just close her eyes and shake her gorgeous head, those fierce-looking cornrow braids tossing left and right, as she put a long finger up to her lips and gave another wink, this time to the camera.

“Oh shit, look out!!”

The fans behind James were suddenly yelling, jerking him out of his daydream. He shot his head up, just in time to see Brooke diving towards him, her huge body arcing gracefully in the air, before reaching a huge arm out to make a spectacular save, directly in front of him. Her teammate volleyed the ball back over the net, scoring a point, and the arena burst into applause at Brooke's athletic play. James, though, was momentarily paralyzed. Brooke lay stretched out on the court, almost at his feet, and when his eyes found her face, he saw that she was smiling up at him knowingly. He almost expected her to say something up at him, some sort of funny quip...it would have been just like her, in the midst of all the adulation in the arena, to crack a joke to him.

But Brooke didn't say anything – instead, she elegantly folded her massive body up into a sitting position in front of him, and then, slowly, majestically, with stunning, regal confidence, her eyes never leaving his face, she rose up to her feet, towering over James a moment later as she stared down at him, her face nearly expressionless. And then, she brought those huge hands up and put them on her hips, positively looming high above as she copped a very public pose for him. Her serious face was all part of the presentation for him, and James knew it – she was wordlessly saying: ‘Well, what do you think, little guy? Are you impressed?’

It was an incredible display of power, Brooke just standing there like that in front of James, hands on her hips, staring down at him. The seconds ticked by, and all the other players on the court (and the entire arena crowd) had eyes on Brooke, waiting for her to stop whatever it was she was doing and move back into position so the next point could begin. But she just made them wait – for ten whole seconds – as she posed for James...and then, suddenly, her face blossomed into a bright grin as she speared her tongue into the inside of her cheek, smirking, almost like she was saying, ‘Yeah, that's right...at a loss for words, huh?’ before bending down towards him and very obviously blowing a kiss in his direction.

The arena crowd now noticed what had been happening, and reacted, some cheering, some booing, and others merely discussing. James, for his part, felt totally exposed and embarrassed, but that feeling only lasted for a few seconds – a bright epiphany had suddenly popped into his head, and he realized that he couldn't feel intimidated or scared, not even around all those people, if Brooke was there. She was his amazon, his giantess, his...goddess...and as long as she was with him, he literally didn't care what anyone else thought about him. Even still, though, he couldn't help but notice what some people behind him were saying, and again, the different voices all seemed to blend together in his ears:

“Did she just...oh my god, she just blew a kiss at that little man down there!”

“Are you kidding me!? That's her boyfriend??”

“Oh come on, get real, no way that’s her boyfriend – she’s just teasing with him, playing with him!”

“What a lucky little bastard!”

“Why doesn’t she blow a kiss at me!? Hey Hinson! Hinson!! I’m heeeere!”

“Are they...together!?”

“That’s impossible.”

“No, I mean, like, she’s been looking at him all game! And she actually went over to him at the start of the match! I think there’s...I think there’s something going on between them...”

“Ha! In his dreams!”

James registered all these different voices, his face burning red from all the attention at first, but once he had his epiphany, he felt beautifully light and unconcerned, almost like he was floating above the proceedings, out of the reach of anyone who might be envious of him, or who didn’t think it was possible that an amazonian bombshell like Brooke could date someone like him. It was easy for him to keep his eyes fixed on Brooke, watching her crouch in place like a huge, elegant cat waiting to pounce.

The match only lasted five more minutes; the Golden Eagles simply had no answer to Brooke’s domination, and the game was over, in a thumping climax, when Brooke rose up high over the net, her strong body curved in an elegant arc as she reared backward and slammed her hand into the ball, spiking it powerfully down on the opposing team’s side of the court. The ball bounced into the crowd, and the game was over. James found himself jumping to his feet and joining in the raucous, thunderous applause as the home crowd cheered on their team, and, of course, their hero, Brooke. She was in the middle of her team’s celebratory group hug, easy to spot even amidst all those other tall, athletic girls – Brooke was just in a class of her own. James watched as the Raging Bulls shook hands with the other team, and was intrigued when several of the Golden Eagles players seemed to hand Brooke something...what was it? A...black marker? He didn’t understand until Brooke cheerfully took the cap off and started signing their jerseys.

‘Wow...’ he thought to himself, ‘She’s such a big star that even the opposing team wants her autograph!’

Just a few moments later, Brooke was striding towards him, her arms high in the air as she soaked up the crowd’s adulation, thanking them for their support. She seemed to be making a beeline straight for James, but right before she reached him, a TV camera crew got between them, and a reporter (a middle-aged man who couldn’t have been shorter than 5’8) with a microphone began to ask her a series of questions. James realized that his seat happened to

be where the post-match interview was done for the “player of the match,” who was, of course, Brooke. Standing so close to the interview, James could hear every word; and even though this reporter looked pretty tall to James, next to Brooke he looked absolutely tiny. James couldn’t help but think how much smaller HE looked next to her.

“And of course it’s no surprise that we have Brooke Hinson here,” the reporter was saying to the camera, “Once again the player of the match. Tell me, Brooke, how do you do it!”

“Oh well, it’s not just me, you know,” Brooke replied, smiling graciously, her clear, powerful voice contrasting strikingly with the reporter’s. It wasn’t even that he had a weak or high voice – far from it. But compared to Brooke’s voice, it certainly seemed small.

“This is a team sport, and if it was just me out there I’d lose every set – I need my girls all around to support me, to support each other, and that’s the only way that we’re successful. We work as one unit, covering for each other, communicating well, and not letting up each set until the job’s done.”

“You’ve won more player of the match awards this season than any other woman in the entire NCAA,” the reporter continued seamlessly, clearly intent on pushing a certain narrative, “Do you worry that the committee will play politics with the Player of the Year award like they did last year, when almost all major analysts agree that you were robbed of the award?”

“Honestly, with all due respect to the award, I couldn’t care less!” laughed Brooke, spreading those giant hands out in front of her. “I didn’t care last year, and I don’t care this year. I’m focused on one thing, and that’s to win the National Championship. If I take home Player of the Year in the process, great – if I don’t, and we win that championship, I’ll be completely happy.”

“Spoken like a true team player,” chuckled the reporter, “Uh, one last question, Brooke – just a few sets before the end there, right after that spectacular save you made, let me just say...heheh, uh...you paused there for a good long while, and everyone was wondering what you were doing? Can you enlighten us now?”

“Oh I was just showing off,” Brooke chuckled, now turning, in the middle of the interview, to look directly at James. “For a little special someone.”

For the second time that day, James turned red. The reporter and the cameraman both actually turned in the direction Brooke was staring. They weren’t even looking at James, though – instead, they were searching the crowd behind him, no doubt looking for some tall, muscled, handsome young man who was bound to be Brooke’s love interest.

“Oh?” asked the reporter, his eyes darting around the crowd behind James. “A special someone? Heh, I know I’m not supposed to ask, but could you point him out to us? I know lots of people will be dying to know who one of the country’s top athletes is dating!”

James stood there, frozen. It was crazy how close this scene actually was to the daydream he had just been having. Of course, he wasn't smaller than an ant, but the whole interview, with the cameras and everything else, was eerily similar to what he had been imagining. But the next moment, his mind had snapped back to what was going on in the present. Brooke had strode up directly to him, smiling broadly as she bent down, snaked her big hand up under his chin, and, in full view of the cameras and the entire arena, kissed him deeply on the lips. James was shocked by how blatant her show of affection was, but he had already had his epiphany – no matter what, if Brooke was there, nothing could harm him. So he closed his eyes, as his cock twitched in his (thankfully) baggy pants, and he kissed her back, feeling like he was melting into her embrace as all the arena sounds seemed to coalesce, for the third time that afternoon, into one amorphous blob in his ears. James again registered that some people were cheering, some were booing, and some were just laughing or talking loudly. But none of it mattered...none of it. All that mattered was him and Brooke, right here, right now.

"Mmmm, thanks for that, sweetie," Brooke breathed down tenderly at him, breaking the kiss a few moments later. "I was just so *horny* all game, looking at you sitting there with your little legs swinging off that biggggg chair there."

"Heh, uh, big for me, at least," James chuckled, which caused Brooke to smile even more tenderly down at him.

"So is...is THIS the man of the hour!?" the reporter's incredulous voice popped up from behind them.

Brooke reacted instantly, with such speed and skill that left James in awe. Spinning around to face the cameras, she put her arm around James, pulling him into her hip. If there had been any doubt about the true extent of the size comparison between them, it was now put to rest: James's 4'11 form was absolutely dwarfed by Brooke's towering, voluptuous 6'5 (6'6-and-a-half with her sneakers on) body, and the way she had pulled him into her left no one in doubt as to who was the alpha in the relationship. And James loved every moment of it.

"Yep, this is my boyfriend!" Brooke announced brightly, straight to the camera, before pointing a long, threatening finger directly at the lens. It suddenly occurred to James that all of this was actually being broadcast on national television.

"So all you other girls better keep your hands to yourselves!" Brooke growled, in a humorous parody of a jealous woman. "You got that? Hands off my man!"

A couple weeks later, James felt like the hoopla around him and Brooke was finally starting to die down a little. Sure, he still got plenty of comments tossed his way whenever he was on campus (most of them congratulatory, but not all), but the news of their budding relationship could only stay in the headlines for so long.

‘And...it literally *was* in the headlines,’ James thought to himself, strolling down the sidewalk as he made his way to a local cafe to meet up with Brooke for lunch. He cast his mind back to the day after the volleyball game, where images of Brooke smirking and towering over him had been broadcast all across the country...across the world, actually. Brooke had already been a nationally-renowned superstar, but when she had openly proclaimed that James was her boyfriend, the press converged on her tenfold. Headline after headline splashed across the sports world, exhibiting the uneven pair, calling attention to the dramatic size and height difference. Newspapers and websites knew what got “clicks,” and they all piggybacked on the initial interest in the Brooke-James relationship by publishing even more articles that analyzed the nuances of this unexpected union. Some commentators wrote lengthy diatribes about how this relationship was a microcosm of “declining standards of traditional masculinity,” though these more negative takes were drowned out by a flood of favorable commentary, with content creators, opinion columnists, and sociologists alike all praising both Brooke and James for flouting conventional gender expectations and doing what made them happy. In a matter of days, their relationship became a touchstone for all kinds of cultural discussion.

All of this, understandably, had initially made James uneasy – since he hadn’t expected Brooke’s public announcement of their relationship, let alone the voluminous response afterward – but Brooke had let him know, in no uncertain terms, that he was safe with her...that she had his back...and that no amount of publicity and talk could get between them and their feelings for one another.

‘That was all she needed to tell me,’ James thought as he rounded a bend in the sidewalk, heading for the cafe on the corner. He could still feel the warm, easy pressure of her huge hands as she had grasped his, gently kneading and massaging them as she stared reassuringly into his eyes. That beautiful, deep blue of her eyes...it was impossible for James not to lose himself in them. It had barely even been a month that he had known her, but already there was not a doubt in his mind that he had fallen deeply in love with her...with everything about her. She was absolutely brilliant, far quicker and smarter than him, even though she was still only a sophomore. It was actually uncanny how mature she was, and even though James had initially felt a bit hesitant to jump straight into the relationship, the more time he spent with Brooke, the more comfortable he felt with the idea of dating this 20-year old. The power imbalance that would have been there between himself and most other young women simply did not exist with Brooke. In fact, if there was a power imbalance, it was most certainly in the opposite direction.

But it wasn’t just Brooke’s high-powered mind that James had fallen in love with. It was her whole persona...the wide, incredible expanse of her personality. He had never met anyone who had been able to reconcile such apparent distincts with such ease: she was imposingly dominant, and liked doing things her way, but at the same time, she was amazingly kind, generous, and tender with him. She was clearly very aroused by power imbalance between their two bodies, and loved to openly tease James and “play” with the power dynamic of their relationship, but she also was very protective of him, and always took extra care to make sure that his newfound publicity – and *hupostolephasia* diagnosis – weren’t giving him too much trouble.

And, of course, on top of it all, she was...what other phrase was there for her!?

'She's an amazonian queen,' James thought to himself, walking up to the cafe front door. 'A 6'5, 260-pound amazonian queen who gets off on how much bigger and taller she is than me...and she's the most beautiful young woman on campus...how did I get so lucky!?'

Of course, James knew that his luck in landing Brooke was a bit tempered by the fact that he had still been diagnosed with *hupostolephasia*. But, even though he had now shrunk down another two inches (to 4'9) in the last few weeks, he was increasingly beginning to see his illness not as an impediment, but rather as an opportunity, particularly in his relationship with Brooke. They were already incorporating light aspects of "size play" into their intimate time, where Brooke would compare her huge legs to his, or line up her forearms next to his, or make him compare hands with her, laughing in delight at how much her body dwarfed his. And as James continued to slowly shrink, he imagined that this size play would only intensify. Already, now, when the two of them stood face-to-face in their bare feet, James was staring at the underside of Brooke's breasts...and whenever she wore her 6-inch platform heels (which she did often), he would find himself looking directly into the middle of her stomach.

'Maybe I was a little freaked out by all that before,' James thought, now entering the cafe, 'The idea of being so dwarfed...' He started getting hard, just thinking about it. 'But now...especially with the way Brooke plays around with it all...I'm totally here for it.'

His face had brightened into a broad smile, because there, standing in the back of the line at the counter, was Brooke, grinning down at him. As usual, she was wearing her platform heels, and, together with her skimpy jean shorts and white crop top, she cut quite the figure in the small cafe, towering over everyone, male and female alike.

"There he is," Brooke purred down at him, grinning in kind as she spread her arms out to receive him. The next moment, James felt his face smush up against the warm, smooth flesh of Brooke's exposed stomach as she hugged him to her, spanning her huge hand across most of his upper back.

"God, do you know how adorable you look in those khakis?" she giggled down at him after he stepped back so he could actually see her face above her jutting breasts.

"Heh, well I'm glad you think that super-baggy looks "adorable" on me," chuckled James, his cheeks brightening in a blush of pleasure. He raised up his arms, showing how loosely his long-sleeves hit his diminished arms. "I don't know how much longer I can wear these, though..."

"As long as I say," Brooke quipped, winking at him before both of them laughed together. A few people in the cafe had whipped out their phones and had started snapping their picture, but

Brooke just cheerily ignored them, and James followed her lead, feeling totally safe and secure with her there.

“So...” Brooke hummed, staring up at the menu as they moved forward in line, “We both know that I’m gonna be ordering two whole footlong subs for myself...the usual...but the question is, are you small enough now to be ordering the kid’s combo meal?”

“Hey!” James exclaimed, feigning indignation, even though he loved being teased by Brooke this way, “I’m not *that* small yet!”

“You’re around the size of a 12-year-old boy,” Brooke shot back, raising her eyebrow knowingly as she smirked down at him, “So you’re riiiiight on the cusp...mmmm, shrinking into backwards puberty...I love it.”

But their conversation was interrupted by a special news report that had just come onto the TV in the corner, and the cafe owner had turned up the volume, causing everyone to turn and absorb the new story. The reporter’s voice sounded out into the restaurant:

“And so based on these fresh reports from the National Institute of Health, the CDC has concluded that the hupostolephasia virus is far more prevalent in the adult male population than had previously been thought. And while the Surgeon General has stopped short of declaring the virus a pandemic as of yet, he has urged local governments to begin funneling increased resources toward their public health sectors, as a marked increase in new cases is expected to continue, at least for another month or two, and possibly for much longer.”

Brooke pursed her lips and started nodding slowly, casting a glance down at James as she arched her eyebrow in that way she always did when she was amused at something.

“Well...” she began, “How about that? More *hupo* infections...what did I tell you, huh?”

“Heh...guess you were right,” chuckled James, who didn’t quite know what to think about this news. He was just amazed at how preternaturally intelligent Brooke was – just two days before, she had casually predicted that the virus was lying dormant in a lot more men, and that it would likely make the news sooner rather than later.

“And what else does this mean?” Brooke asked, putting her hands on her hips as she loomed over him. James blinked up at her, momentarily entranced by how huge and gorgeous she was, but he was finally able to remember what she was getting at.

“Oh...right,” he murmured, his cheeks starting to redden again as he felt his cock hardening even more than it had been before, “The...shrink spikes...”

“Mhm!” Brooke nodded slowly down at him. “More infections in the general male population means that your viral load is higher than the doctors thought, which means that you actually ARE susceptible to those shrink spikes.”

James had known about this aspect of *hupostolephasia* ever since he had been diagnosed, but, as of yet, he hadn’t experienced the fabled “shrink spikes,” which were acute instances of rapid shrinking, generally two or three inches, that happened whenever an infected man with a high viral load experienced a particularly intense episode of neurohormone excretion, particularly oxytocin during sexual arousal. James had been plenty aroused these past few weeks, but so far, no shrink spikes had occurred, despite Brooke playfully attempting to induce them several times. The spikes didn’t happen with normal arousal – it had to be unusually powerful.

Brooke was eying James curiously, and there was a knowing, dominant gleam in her eye that he had never seen out in public before. He suddenly realized what she was about to try on him, and part of him resisted, hardly believing that she would do something like this in a cafe. But the craziness of it didn’t cause his arousal to go down – instead, her determination only made him harder.

“You’ve got a head start on all these other men, you know,” Brooke began, her soft voice belying her sultry, dominant tone. “Which means that as they start shrinking, you’re just going to keep getting smaller...and smaller...and *smaller*...at a faster pace.” With each “smaller,” Brooke placed her hand lower and lower on her body, going down to her lower stomach, then to her waist, and then *below* her waist.

“Brooke...” James whispered, his throat suddenly going dry.

“And with these shrink spikes now in play,” Brooke murmured, spider-crawling her huge hand behind his head and beginning to tenderly scratch his scalp with her long fingernails, “Who’s to say that you’ll stop shrinking at the current record, just under two feet tall?”

She shook her head slowly back and forth down at him, and James was now fully erect. His heart was racing, and his face was beet-red.

“No...” she smiled softly down at him, “No, I don’t think you’re gonna stop there, James...you like being small too much for that...you know what I think? I think you’re just gonna keep getting smaller and smaller, past two feet, one foot...mmmmmm, smaller than the sandwiches I’m about to eat...you’ll just keep shrinking. You’re going to keep shrinking until you’re the smallest little man in the entire world...until I have to carry you around in a little jewel on my earring...”

“B-Brooke...” James rasped. He started feeling strange...a sudden sensation of pins and needles all across his body. Was he about to pass out!? A wave of fear coursed through him, but it quickly subsided. Brooke was there. He was safe.

“Or maybe I should get my bellybutton pierced,” she giggled, “So I can put you in a little golden trinket and hand you there, so you can always have a full view of my stomach...which I knowww you already *love* looking at.”

James opened his mouth to speak again, but nothing came out. It suddenly seemed that Brooke's face, and her huge tits, were retreating further from his view, shooting higher up out of his reach.

“The smallest, tiniest, sweetest little speck of a man in the entire world,” Brooke purred, her gorgeous, deep blue eyes going wide with pleasure. “Aaaaaaall mine!”

“Gggguuhhh!” James burst out, an involuntary exclamation as, quite suddenly and abruptly, he shrank three whole inches, his body tingling with liquid warm pleasure immediately afterward. The next thing he knew, he was staring slightly UP at Brooke's bellybutton. His clothes, which had already been baggy enough, were now practically hanging off his body, and he had to reach down and grab his waistband to keep his pants from falling down.

Brooke had been speaking to him so quietly that no one else in the cafe had realized what had happened. But she knew. Staring far up beyond her breasts, he saw her dazzling face come back into view, as she arched her head forward to be able to see him again. Her cheeks were flushed, and James could smell the sweetness of her breath that was coming forth from her open mouth as she breathed heavily, clearly aroused. Very tenderly, she cupped the back of his head again with her huge palm, caressing him with her long fingers.

“James...” she whispered down to him, almost in a moan, “Oh my god...it just happened!”

Chapter 6

A couple weeks later, James was hurrying down the sidewalk, glancing at all the street signs as he kept looking back down at his phone, trying to make sure he was actually going in the right direction. A cool, fresh autumn breeze kicked up, scattering the colorful dead leaves all around him in a festive, rustling whirlwind of red and orange. Stopping briefly at a crosswalk, James sighed out, enjoying the feel of the breeze on his face as he reminded himself that there was no reason to rush. For the first time, he was actually going to visit Brooke in her own apartment, and even though they had been dating for about a month now, he still sometimes could get nervous whenever he was about to do something new with her. The previous week, for example, he had actually felt anxious about the prospect of going to see a movie together – there was no real reason for his anxiety, other than the fact that he hadn't done any of these "dating things" in over a decade, and felt like he was in over his head with Brooke. Of course, she had recognized his nerves instantly, and had assuaged them by slipping her huge hand directly into his lap in the movie theater once the lights went down.

"Now make sure you pay close attention to the movie, James," Brooke had whispered in his ear, before lashing his earlobe with her tongue and biting it, "Because I'm gonna be focused on...other things...and I want you to tell me evvvverything that happens, okay?"

"O-Okay!" James had croaked, as he felt Brooke's long, strong fingers slide underneath the loose waistband of his khakis and circle like pythons around his rock-hard cock. It had been a 2-hour move, and, needless to say, when it was all over, James couldn't recall a single thing that had happened onscreen.

Back in the present, James smiled to himself as the light changed and he began to walk across the intersection. Brooke was over 20 years younger than him, but no matter what the situation, she had a way of effortlessly exerting control, not in a domineering, authoritative way, but rather in the most natural, easy way possible – it was like she wasn't even trying. Domination just came naturally to her, and, considering her 6'5, 260-lb stature, James was in no position, and had no inclination, to resist her.

Reaching the other side of the street, James double-checked on his phone and walked up to one of the townhouse-style units that lined the walkway in front of him. This was one of the nicer parts of campus, where a lot of the athletes lived, and, as James was fully aware of now, there was no bigger star athlete on campus than Brooke. Ever since it had become public knowledge that the two of them were dating, he hadn't been able to walk around without eliciting comments from strangers, mostly congratulatory, though some were of the 'what a lucky bastard!' variety. James was almost starting to get used to it, though, as a natural introvert, the attention still rattled him from time to time. He only got addled whenever he was alone, though – whenever he was out with Brooke, he felt completely invulnerable.

"Let's see...uhhh...Number 7..." James muttered to himself, making sure that he was going up to the right place. The tall red door at the top of the steps was emblazoned with a shining gold

“7,” which was directly in the middle of a huge autumn wreath of intricately-woven twigs. Glancing up at the windows, James noticed, through the open blinds, a series of large plants hanging in jute rope baskets, with their green tendrils dangling elegantly down.

‘That’s just like Brooke,’ James thought, nodding to himself as he began to ascend the stairs, ‘The wreath, the plants...heh, she probably wove the wreath herself...and the plant baskets too!’

Right as he got to the top of the steps, before he rang her doorbell, he caught the tail-end of a conversation between two people who had just walked by him on the sidewalk below...and their words made his ears perk up:

“Don’t even know why you’re being like this, Charles...seriously, what guy isn’t infected these days!?”

James turned on the stoop and looked down at a man and a woman walking quickly by, clearly in the midst of some kind of argument. The young woman, looking put-out, was splaying her palms outward in the universal “come on!” gesture, while her apparent partner, a young man, was stomping huffily beside her, his hands buried deep in his oversized pants, looking thoroughly irritated. James immediately registered that the man was about half a foot shorter than the woman.

“Easy for you to say,” Charles grumbled, “It just plain sucks...nothing fits anymore...this isn’t right...none of it is!”

“Honey’s it’s just...it’s just the way things have gone,” replied the woman, obviously trying to comfort him, though sounding like the charade was already starting to grate on her. On a whim, James saw her glance up at him, making eye contact. She swiftly pointed up to him.

“See?!” she said blatantly. “Look at that guy – he’s way smaller than you! His clothes fit – he seems to be doing fine!”

The man stopped, gaping, pointing up at James, who was just standing there, blinking, not particularly enjoying having become the focal point of this couple’s argument.

“Him?” burst out Charles, gesturing aggressively, “*Him!*? That’s James Cooper, Melanie...he’s dating Brooke freaking Hinson! Of COURSE he’s doing fine!”

“Well *excuse* me if I don’t keep up with all the latest celebrity gossip!” Melanie shot back, turning away from James now that her attempted point had been foiled. “The point is that you just need to make peace with the whole thing and remember that the infection isn’t terminal and that there are other ways that we can...”

Her voice faded away down the sidewalk, and James uttered a sigh of relief. He turned back towards the door, just in time to see the upper portion of the blinds in the side window moving slightly. James felt a familiar jump in his cock, even as his heart warmed...Brooke...she had been watching the whole thing...of course she had. She was making sure that he was okay...that no one took advantage of him, or bullied him, or was mean to him...not on HER doorstep. Now that he was significantly smaller (4'4 measured this morning!), even for a man infected with *hupostolephasia*, James could sometimes feel vulnerable in public, an unfamiliar sensation for a middle-aged man like himself. But again, whenever he was around Brooke, that feeling of vulnerability evaporated completely.

Half-expecting Brooke to answer the door straight away, James turned in place, bouncing back and forth on the balls of his feet as he eagerly awaited her greeting. But the seconds ticked away, and she hadn't opened the door. He didn't even hear any movement behind the door at all. A bit puzzled, James looked for the doorbell, but, not finding one, glanced up at the door and saw, just below the autumn wreath, a stylish golden knocker. James reached up his arm, standing all the way on his tiptoes, but, try as he might, he couldn't quite reach it. He thought about jumping, and was about to gear himself up for a leap when he looked down at the concrete floor of the stoop, and stopped. There was a little wooden step-stool, all folded out at the base of the door, that he hadn't even noticed.

James felt himself getting even harder, as his cheeks flushed and a warm, bubbly sensation coursed through him. This had been Brooke's plan all along. She knew exactly how tall he was...and how tall her knocker was – she hadn't invited him over until she knew he couldn't reach it! And, just to poke fun at him, she had left out her little step-stool as a tongue-in-cheek gesture at him, a gesture that James knew was teasingly sexual. Grinning to himself, he stepped up on the stool, grasped the heavy golden knocker, and let it bang against the door. Instantly, he heard some heavy commotion behind the door, and prepared himself, with a pattering heart, to see the door open up to Brooke's huge, magnificent form.

But the door didn't open – instead, James heard a heavy, pressing thud against the other side of the door, and, even though the door was deadbolted shut, he actually saw the thick wood of the door bow slightly outward from the weight that was now being pushed against it.

"Helloooooo?" came a deep, amused, feminine voice from behind the door, far up above James's head, even though he was standing on the step-stool. "Who iiiiiiis it?"

"It's me, Brooke!" called out James, standing on his tiptoes for no apparent reason, other than that he was excited and eager to see her. He knew that she was playing with him, and again, he expected the door to open up swiftly, to Brooke's face laughing above him. But, once again, the door remained closed. James heard a 'pffffffftttt' sound above his head, and he realized that Brooke was leaning her full weight against the door, slowly sliding herself up and down. Even though he couldn't see her, just the sound of her body moving like this was enough to make him even more aroused.

"Huh...that's weird," Brooke hummed from behind the door, "I'm looking out...and...hmmmm...I can't see a thing!"

James looked up past the knocker and saw, near the inside-top of the fall wreath above his head, that there was a peephole...which, of course, was far too tall for him. He stretched his hand up as high as he could, waving it desperately. He was well aware that this was all part of Brooke's game, but he still wanted to get along with it so he could see her.

"Look! See!?" he called out, waving his hand wildly as he stood on his tiptoes, "I'm waving! Can't you see me??"

A few moments of pregnant silence passed. Still waving his hand, James looked up to see if his reach was tall enough for Brooke to notice at least *something*.

"Uhhhhh...sorry..." Brooke's voice issued from behind the door, sounding confused. "I can *hear* a little something...a tiny voice, maybe, but I can't see anything...how strange! I thought James was coming to see me. Oh well..."

James's face dropped as he heard Brooke's body come up off the door, with her heavy footsteps beginning to tread away from the door. He actually began to wonder if Brooke was being serious – that she couldn't see him at all, and that his voice was faint enough that she could barely hear him. This was, after all, a big, tall, thick door, and he had gotten soooo, so small. A sense of panic seized him, and he stood on his tiptoes again to grasp the knocker, letting it thud back onto the door as he hammered on it with his little fists.

"Brooke!" he called, "Brooke! No, w-wait! I'm here! It's me!! Don't go!! I'm –"

But just then the huge deadbolt suddenly snapped open, and James nearly toppled off his step-stool as the massive door swung open to reveal the thick, towering pillar of Brooke's body. James's mouth dropped open – he hadn't really known what he had been expecting, but...she looked absolutely out of this world...her curvy, powerful torso was barely contained inside a bright red crop top which showed off her abs, and, of course, her gigantic breasts that looked like they were about to bust out. A skimpy pair of tight black soffes were wrapped around the huge, thick pillars of Brooke's thighs, with her jutting crotch level with James's upper chest. Even though he was standing on a 4-inch step-stool, James still couldn't even see her face. The 6'8 door frame was too low for her, and, looking down, James saw that was because Brooke had on a striking pair of rainbow-colored high-top sneakers, which gave her 6'5 frame a 4-inch boost. His heart thumping like mad in his chest, James's eyes slowly traveled back up the magnificent, powerful physique before him, his neck craning upward as he struggled in vain to catch a sparkling glimpse of those gorgeous deep blue eyes he had come to know so well. Instead, he only saw a golden, glinting wink of the afternoon sunlight reflecting off something hanging down from her neck, and nestled in the middle of her voluminous cleavage...the tiny little shrunken man trinket that Brooke now wore with her everywhere.

“Awww, I’m sorry, sweetheart,” came the deep, rich, female voice that washed over James like a warm, soothing wave, “I just *had* to tease you a little...”

Brooke’s huge body shifted slightly as she leaned down towards him, jiggling the immense flesh of her hips and thighs, and James finally saw those deep blue eyes twinkling down at him playfully as they emerged over the colossal rack of her breasts above him. The next moment, her huge hand reached out, a collection of gold and silver bracelets clinking a light, metallic chorus on her strong wrist, as she effortlessly palmed the top of his head, playfully ruffling his hair. Her bright, loving smile was the next thing to appear as she leaned farther down toward him, her eyes crinkled up in the corners from the tender, playful affection.

“It’s...heheh...it’s okay,” James chuckled, now feeling a bit silly for freaking out. His eyelids drooped as Brooke’s sharp, white-manicured nails began to scratch his head. It felt sooooo good. “I just...I felt really small there for a second, standing on this stool here, and, you know...still hardly able to reach anything.”

“Baby...” cooed Brooke, now cupping his little face in both of her huge hands as she stared down at him, her gorgeous face melting him, “That’s because you ARE really small...” – and here, her eyes deliberately, slowly scanned up and down his body – “Like...my *goodness*...I know you told me you were 4’4 now, but reading that in a text and seeing it up close are two completely different things!”

She let his face go and stood back up to her full height, drawing a line from the top of his head to where he came up to on her body.

“I mean, just LOOK at this, James!” she laughed. “You’re standing on a 4-inch stool, and the top of your head is *still* below my boobs!”

“B-But...hey!” James exclaimed, pointing down to her shoes, smiling, “You’re cheating! What are those, like, 4-inch sneakers!?”

“Good eye,” smirked Brooke, taking a step back and throwing her left leg back in a parody “glam” pose, “I saw these online a few days ago and *could not* resist!”

She crossed her feet and put her hands on her hips as she stared down at him, grinning ear to ear, obviously enjoying the spectacle of him on the step-stool.

“You had all this planned out, didn’t you?” James ventured, blinking up at her as the corner of his mouth curled up in a knowing smirk. “Just waiting until I got down to 4’4...and only then did you invite me over...” He stepped off the stool and turned back to look up at the door knocker, before turning back to her, unable to suppress that adorable little smirk. “You measured it all out...didn’t you?”

Brooke put her hands up over her mouth, which had opened in delight upon seeing how short he was now that he had stepped off the stool (his eyes were even with the thick curve of her upper hips). With her face reddening behind her hands, she nodded. James couldn't help but think that, despite her immense size, Brooke looked positively adorable and...yes...*cute*, standing there like that, blushing behind her hands like he had caught her red-handed.

"You know me too well!" she laughed, putting her hands up in mock-surrender, before spreading her arms wide open to him. James responded instantly, taking a running leap straight at her. The next moment, he was completely encompassed in her big arms, her big tits squishing out on either side of his head as she laughed and pivoted her body left and right, left and right, so that his dangling little legs swung back and forth in tandem with her leading movements. He closed his eyes, reveling in Brooke's easy power and strength as she lifted him up like he weighed nothing at all. He felt almost like he was literally melting into the warm, soft curves of her huge body, being absorbed by her larger, dominant organism...a willing victim if ever there was one.

With a gentle jolt, Brooke stopped winging him and hiked him up a little higher, so that his boob-framed face was now staring straight up into hers. Blinking tenderly, she lowered her face down until her lips were an inch away from his. Her striking eyes held him captive, an ocean of deep blue.

"Hi," she whispered down at him, her lids heavy as she batted noses with his, before her eyes rolled back as she opened her mouth and completely engulfed his mouth in hers. The warm, sweet, syrupy pressure of her lips against his made James even harder than he had been before, as her much-larger tongue gently probed into his mouth, batting his tongue aside as she lovingly lapped at the inside of his cheeks. James could literally feel her heartbeat speeding up as she moaned into him, her eyes still shut as she hugged him harder. For more than a minute, she held him in the air like this, his little feet dangling 15 inches off the floor, as she brought him deeper and deeper into her soft, passionate embrace. When she finally parted lips with his, James was so overwhelmed with the sheer weight and power of her love that eyelids were fluttering.

"Well...uhm...welcome to my apartment!" Brooke chuckled down at him, smiling brightly before setting him back down on his feet and spreading her arms wide. "I assume you want the full professional tour, yes?"

James was still recovering from the kiss, and merely nodded, his mouth slightly agape as he caught his breath. Brooke looked very pleased with the overall effect, and smirked down at him as she put her hands on her thick hips, giving him the time he needed to adjust.

"Sorry..." James managed to say a few moments later, after taking a deep breath and re-focusing his gaze around Brooke's apartment. "I just...yeah...had to collect myself there for a second."

"I saw," Brooke grinned, "I think it's so cute whenever you get overwhelmed. And, you know, I've noticed it's been happening more often recently...the smaller you get."

"Huh, yeah," James chuckled, "Everything's just kind of that much harder to take in...and around you, I mean...it's especially hard."

"Aww, do I make things more difficult for you, honey?" Brooke pouted down at him, stepping closer so that his chin was brushing the waistband of her black soffes. She brought her big hand down, and her long fingers tickled the underside of his chin as she gently inclined his head upward, arching her head over her big, jutting boobs so that she could actually see him.

"That's...not exactly how I'd put it," James managed to say, and the two of them shared a knowing laugh.

"Well, so this is it!" Brooke proclaimed a few seconds later, stepping away from James and sweeping her hand out through the air in a faux-grand gesture, "This is where I live! What do you think?"

"It's actually a lot like I thought it would be," James replied, looking around, "Very clean, of course..."

"I've got you to thank for that!" Brooke laughed, putting her hands on her head and tussling up her blond hair before shaking it out again. "Before I came to see you for therapy, it was a total wreck in here! Clothes lying all over the place, books and papers everywhere...ugh! But you helped me compartmentalize all my tasks and, yeah, a clean space is soooo much easier to relax in!"

"You definitely took my advice to heart," James nodded, continuing to look around, as his eyes were drawn to a poster on the wall...a poster that was a recreation of the "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" movie poster, except that, instead of the original giant woman straddling a highway, it was Brooke, dressed in her volleyball uniform, straddling a volleyball net as the opposing team scattered in fear beneath her. Brooke noticed that James was staring at the poster, and she started blushing.

"Oh yeah...that," she giggled, striding over to it as James followed, "That was something the university athletic department cooked up before our big rivalry game last month, and I...I kinda loved it."

As James stared at the poster, he felt his cock suddenly getting harder in his pants. One thought had risen up in his mind, as he stared at all those tiny people fleeing in giantess Brooke's wake: eventually, HE would actually BE that small compared to her. And as he pondered that thought, he felt Brooke's big warm hand slide onto his back, gently going up and down, up and down, as she stared at the poster too, looking straight forward as James looked straight up.

"We're thinking the same thing, aren't we?" she murmured after silent moments, glancing down at him. James swallowed and stared up at her, nodding. They didn't even need to say anything more about it – they both were on the same wavelength...they both knew.

"God," Brooke whispered, her cheeks now blushing for an entirely different reason, "That's so hot...just imagine, James...when you're that tiny..."

"I...I *am* imagining," he croaked out, his mouth suddenly dry. For a second, as she stared down at him, it seemed like Brooke was about to hoist him up, press him against the wall, and take him for herself right then and there. But then her lips curved into a furtive smile, a clear indicator that she didn't want to break the sexual tension yet.

"Hey, so speaking of making you look even smaller," she hummed, stepping towards her bedroom, "I wanna show you something...a, uhm...collection of sorts."

"A collection?" asked James, still trying to think straight with his cock so hard as he followed her huge, gyrating ass into her bedroom. "What sort of collection?"

"Oh, you know, just a little guilty habit of mine," Brooke replied airily, affecting nonchalance as she strode into her bedroom, making a beeline straight for the open door of her darkened walk-in closet. She paused at the entrance, her long finger on the light switch as she smiled down at James with evident self-deprecation.

"Promise you won't judge me?" she quipped.

"I...promise," James replied, blinking up at her, wondering what on earth she could be talking about. The next moment, though, she flipped the light switch, and he quickly understood. High heels...platform boots...platform sandals...stilettos...dozens and dozens of pairs...were standing in neat pairs on a series of shelves all throughout the closet. Brooke had plenty of clothes too, but it was her platform and high heel collection that really stood out.

"Oh god..." James uttered, feeling even more turned-on than he had been before.

"Yeeeah," Brooke chuckled, "I've got a bit of a problem."

"But these boots...all these heels...!" James exclaimed, walking by them all as he did a little loop around the closet, with Brooke watching him, amused. "How...I mean, they all look really nice...and fancy, wow! How did you, uhm..."

"Afford them all?" Brooke finished, correctly guessing the rest of his question. "See, that's where I get a little embarrassed. I know there are probably better ways I could spend my money, but...like I said...I've got a major problem. 6'5 just isn't tall enough for me. And now that the NCAA finally allowed us to market ourselves as athletes..."

“Oh riiiiight!” James replied, nodding, “I forgot about that!”

“Yepppp...” Brooke hummed, stepping into her closet along with him. Suddenly, to James, there seemed to be a lot less room. Brooke’s huge body just filled up so much space. “And actually, you know, I was thinking...remember that costume party I mentioned to you? The one happening in a few weeks?”

“Yeah, I remember,” James answered, distracted by how thick and massive Brooke’s thighs and hips looked. The limited space of her closet just made her seem even huger. “The one where you wanted to go dressed up as a Greek goddess?”

“That’s the one,” Brooke grinned. “Well, I wanted to see what you thought about a special pair of high heels I just bought, exactly for that occasion. You mind if I model them for you?”

“I...heh, of course I don’t mind!” James laughed. He knew she was playing with him, purposefully drawing out the scene to titillate him, and he loved it. They had only been together for a couple months, and she already knew exactly how to press the right buttons.

“Mmm I didn’t think you would,” Brooke winked down at him, before abruptly collapsing down into a sitting position on the carpeted floor. Even though he had already seen her athletic feats up-close, James was always still amazed by how quickly Brooke could move her enormous limbs. She was so big, and yet so coordinated and fluid with her movements, that they almost looked surreal. And even sitting down, the top of her head was at James’s eye level. The next moment, James found himself staring at Brooke’s colossal bare feet – she had kicked off her platform high-tops and taken off her socks as well, and James saw that she had painted her toenails a beautiful white. A golden anklet sparkled up at him, completing the picture.

“I really like that color,” James observed, feeling like he had to say something. He hadn’t often seen Brooke’s bare feet, since she always seemed to be wearing some kind of platform boot or sneaker, so this felt like a special treat.

“That’s ‘Kyoto Pearl White,’” Brooke smiled up at him, reaching for something on her shelf, “And I’m glad you like it! I know it sounds odd, but I’ve been wanting to show my toes off more recently.”

“I’m all for it,” James chuckled, as Brooke laughed with him, turning back from where she had been reaching. She suddenly extended her foot up to his face, showing off her effortless flexibility as, from a sitting position, she stroked his cheek with her big toe.

“Your sweet little face, my god...” she whispered to him, her eyes studying his.

“Uhm, Brooke...?” asked James, his cheeks rapidly going very hot.

"Mmhmm?" she breathed, still stroking his cheek with her toe as her golden anklet glittered beneath his chin.

"How...I mean...uh, what size are your feet?" James's question had come out in a kind of quiet croak, and both of them knew exactly what was going on...the temperature in the closet seemed to rise.

"13 inches long," Brooke replied, her voice carefully measured and soft as her cheeks reddened as well. "So that's a men's size 17 EE...and a woman's size 19."

"Wow..." was all James could say, as the sole of Brooke's enormous foot lovingly continued to pet his face.

"Yeah," she murmured, tilting her head slightly to the side, like she was truly taking in the size comparison between her foot and his face, "Even for my size, I've got some biiiiiig feet."

For the next few seconds, neither of them spoke, as Brooke continued to tenderly pet James's face with her foot, her big toe even brushing his hair out of his face, as the sexual tension within the closet threatened to reach a breaking point. James was so hard he was actually worried that he might just spontaneously ejaculate in his pants.

"Which is why," Brooke smiled, her foot brushing off his face as she lowered her leg, maintaining the tension yet again, "It's so hard for me to find shoes and heels that fit...not like you'd know that looking around this closet, I know, but...it took me ages to find all these!"

"An impressive...achievement," James breathed out, loving how expertly Brooke could tease him.

"You're so bad, you know that?" Brooke smirked at him, reaching back to the shelf she had been going to before, "Enabling my addiction. You should be telling me I have a problem!"

"Hey, I don't see a problem anywhere," James replied, purposefully slipping into his "therapist" mode, "All I see is a young woman who is confident about her size and is indulging a perfectly harmless fantasy of being even bigger, as a self-soothing mechanism that helps her detach from the stress of taking a full load of advanced classes AND being a nationally-renowned athlete."

"You're too much," giggled Brooke, "You know that? Self-soothing...pssssh...so silly! I just wanna tower over you! That's all there is to it!"

"Well we could debate the four C's of your intrinsic motivation," James continued humorously, enjoying their banter, "But it remains to be said that you...uhm...that you want to...uhhh..."

His words suddenly tailed off, and the reason was very simple. Brooke had brought out a pair of towering, golden platform gladiator heels, with criss-crossing tendrils designed to be tied up

around the wearer's calves. The heel on these was extremely pronounced, more so than on any of Brooke's other heels that James had seen.

"I'm sorry, you were saying...?" Brooke inquired, arching an amused eyebrow at him.

"I...nothing," finished James, staring in awe at the golden platform heels. "I was finished."

"Mmm you just wanna see me put these on, don't you?" Brooke purred, beginning to lace them up her huge, shapely legs, her hands moving quickly and skillfully, indicating that she had already done this plenty of times before. James nodded silent as he watched her continue to intertwine her golden laces, and in less than a minute she had laced them up completely.

"Okay, ready?" she smiled up at him.

James nodded again. His heart was racing.

"You say you're ready," Brooke smirked, "But these have an 8-inch heel, so I'm gonna be 7'1. Let's see how ready you actually are..."

Slowly, with smooth, voluptuous purpose, she rose up out of her sitting position, her calves and thighs flexing impressively under her weight as her flesh gently jiggled with her movements. James's mouth dropped open as she ascended, up and up and up, blocking out the closet light as the top of her head nearly scraped the ceiling. It was incredible – her knees were now just above his belly button, and the swerve of her huge hips was above his eye level. He was literally looking UP at the waistband of her black soffes, with the creamy flesh of her exposed stomach extending up like a wall high above him.

"Brooke..." gaped James, his voice coming out as a tiny gasp, "I...y-you..."

"Shhh," she whispered, her giant ass sticking out as she bent forward, reaching down a huge finger and tenderly laying it across his lips. "Just take a second...I know it's a lot."

James could see that her cheeks were fully blushing crimson now, and, even though she was still clearly directing the exchange, he sensed that even she was beginning to lose control. Her words came in carefully-measured murmurs, and even then, she apparently had trouble getting them out.

"So you think I can pull off the Artemis look?" she asked, her voice warmly infused with arousal as she braced her palms against the ceiling, striking a one-footed pose with one heel kicked back. "You know that she was the goddess of the hunt, right? Wild animals, nature, vegetation, and...chastity."

“Well, uhm...I think you’ve got the first few covered just fine,” James replied, somehow finding his voice before his towering goddess of a girlfriend, “But the, uh...the chastity bit? Not so much...”

Brooke dropped her foot back down, inhaling in a huge deep breath as she put her hands on her hips. Her magnificent breasts swelled high over James’s head, obscuring her face from his line of sight. But as she exhaled, and her face came back into view, James beheld an even hungrier, more dominant expression on her gorgeous face. Were they going to have sex, right here? In her closet? He was ready...or rather, as ready as he could have ever been.

“I’ve...I’ve got something to show you, James,” Brooke said mechanically, sounding almost like she was forcing herself not to seize him, press him up against the wall, and take him. She strode past him out of her closet, ducking her head, and James followed her, blinking up in astonishment at the meaty, juicy ass cheeks bouncing and gyrating back and forth just above his eyes. She led him back into the living room to her coffee table, where there were a few magazines with Brooke on the cover, leaping up to spike a volleyball in one of her signature moves. But James barely even noticed those, because he was instead looking at something he hadn’t even noticed before: a model city, about two square feet, sitting there on the table, complete with miniature skyscrapers and little roads with tiny streetlights.

“I built it myself,” Brooke explained, lowering her hand down to James’s head, gently palming it as she threaded her fingers through his hair. “You know how much I love tiny things...”

“Yeah, I...I know,” James breathed. The touch of her huge hand on his scalp, and her long, strong fingers through his hair...it was almost too much.

“Look at this,” Brooke intoned, her deep, feminine voice now positively brimming with sexual energy. She bent down, carefully scooped up the model city in one hand, and gently pushed James into a sitting position on the sofa with her other hand. Then she placed the model city on the floor and lifted up her heel, before bringing it down with an emphatic stomp directly next to the city. She hadn’t even stomped that hard, but James could feel the vibrations going through the sofa, and the rest of the furniture in the room visibly shook. The model city likewise trembled, with all the buildings shivering with the force of her step. James gawked at the comparison – her 8-inch heel was more than twice the height of the tallest skyscrapers. Without hesitation, his mind went directly to the future.

‘One day,’ he thought, his heart beginning to race in his chest, ‘I’ll be that small...I’ll be so small that this model will seem like an actual city to me...and Brooke...she’ll really be THIS big to me.’

His eyes traveled up to hers. She was staring down at him, the cool, deep blue of her eyes burning with an intense, hungry fire.

“One day, James...” she cooed down at him, and she lifted her foot and brought her huge heel down again, shaking the room, the city, and James all over again. “One day...”

“Brooke...” he breathed out, beginning to tremble on the sofa, “I...I can’t wait.”

That did it. The next moment she was upon him. In an instant, she had whisked off his pants, torn hers aside, and sat on top of him, her immense thighs straddling him on either side as she guided his cock into her hot, dripping pussy. James actually felt several thick, hot drops of her lubrication dot his torso, before he was suddenly sucking his breath in as he felt the all-encompassing, steamy pressure of her pussy squeezing around him, sucking his cock in completely. She began to ride him, grasping the top of the sofa frame as she rhythmically pistoned herself into his midsection, over, and over, and over again. James came almost instantly, but Brooke was only just getting started...and, of course, there was no way James was going soft inside her...not a chance.

But something else was happening. With each piston thrust of Brooke’s massive hips, James felt her weighing heavier, and heavier, and heavier upon him. Her gargantuan ass, which he couldn’t even fit his arms around anymore, felt like it was growing, swelling, in his shaking grasp. Her thighs appeared to be thickening around him. And her beautiful face, staring down at him in its lusty glow, was looking farther and farther away.

“B-Brooke...” James gasped out, his voice barely above a whisper as he came inside her again, “I’m shrinking...”

“I knowwww, James,” she answered back, her full, purring voice beginning to morph ever so slightly into a deep, erotic growl, her words echoing out in time with the liquid movement of her enormous hips as she rode him down, down, into the sofa cushions. “I know...I know...”

Chapter 7

The next couple weeks passed by in a blissful kind of blur for James – after their intense sex on Brooke's sofa, he had experienced a “shrink spike” that had seen him diminish from 4'4 all the way down to 4'1. Within the span of half a minute, he had shrunk a full 3 inches, and it had all been because of the intense, searing submission he had felt as Brooke rode him from above, her huge, sexy body shaking and jiggling all around him, her enormous ass too big for him to fit his little arms around anymore. He had known all about the expected symptoms of the *hupostolephasia* virus, but that still didn't stop him from feeling totally surprised and overwhelmed by how tiny he had become.

After their amazing sex, when she had finally risen up off him, Brooke had wordlessly curled her long finger, indicating that he should stand up next to her and compare. She had been wearing those 8-inch golden gladiator platforms, which made her a staggering 7'1, and as James slowly, shakily stood up, he couldn't believe how small he now felt in her presence. In her platforms, she was now a full 3 feet taller than him, so that the very top of his head was even with the thick swell of her hips, a few inches below the pant-line of her tight black soffes. He stared high up at her gorgeous face and saw her mouth open in shock. He was about to say something, but then Brooke suddenly had taken a step forward, so that the meat of her strong, thick thighs gently pressed into his face. With the sofa directly behind him, he had nowhere to back up to, and was forced to stare straight up, to try and get a glimpse of her face. But with her standing so close, all he could see was the underside of her huge, protruding breasts, which pressed tightly into her t-shirt and jutted out high over his head. If they had been outside, and it had been raining, James wouldn't have gotten wet at all.

“Oh my god...” Brooke had breathed, her deep, feminine voice infusing her apartment as it shook slightly. James couldn't see her speaking, and that somehow made her voice even hotter. It was obvious how aroused she still was, even though they had just finished having wonderful sex. “James...I...I can't believe it. I'm standing right up against you and...I can't even see you.”

“Y-Yeah,” James breathed. He hardly even knew what to say at this point. Their size comparisons just seemed to go from extreme to extreme, and his recent shrink spurt had only intensified their already-insane size difference.

“And you know what?” Brooke had continued, taking a step back again as her huge frame flowingly bent down towards him. Her huge hands wrapped lovingly around his shoulders, and her beautiful face came shining back into view, getting huger and huger in his vision until her nose was inches away from his. She was staring at him straight in the face, and her deep blue eyes were shining with excitement and promise.

“Wh-what?” James had chuckled, reddening bashfully. Even though he was 37 years old, and Brooke was only 20, it was impossible for him not to feel shy and self-conscious in such a big, powerful, gorgeously vivacious presence. But already, he was learning to just run with his

bashfulness and let Brooke steer the ship – that’s how she naturally gravitated anyway, and it seemed perfectly natural to James that he would defer to her. She wasn’t just physically gigantic compared to him; her energy and personality were unequivocally “alpha” and dominant, even though she was never mean to him, never pushy, and never overbearing. She understood exactly where the power lay, and how to use it to tease and titillate her adorable, shrinking boyfriend.

“This is just the beginning, James,” she breathed at him, her giant hands lovingly rubbing and massaging his shoulders. “You’re already sooooo small compared to me...”

“I...I know...” he whispered, barely even able to get the words out. It was crazy – they had just had some of the most intense sex of his life, and he was still so aroused he could barely speak.

“But this is nothing, nothing...” continued Brooke, her deep blue eyes never leaving his for a moment, “Compared to what it’s going to be like.”

“What do you mean?” James managed to ask, blinking at her submissively. The truth was, he had a good idea of what Brooke was getting at, but he was so turned-on right now that he wanted to actually hear her say it. They were in the midst of some after-sex power dynamics, and James just couldn’t get enough of Brooke’s slow, cool domination. It was so easy for her, so effortless, like it was the most natural thing in the world for her. He felt like she had been born to dominate him, just like he had been born to submit to her.

Their eyes locked, and they both knew exactly what the other was thinking. Brooke’s full lips curled into a mischievous smile as her hands fell off from his shoulders and she rose up, up, and up to her full height. She took a step back so that she could actually see James’s face, and so that he could see that knowing, smirking smile on her red lips.

“I know it’s early in your shrinking journey, James,” Brooke declared, “And I know the doctors say they aren’t exactly sure how small you’ll get...but I just have a feeling...”

“A feeling?” James asked. He was almost trembling under her gaze now, and his cheeks were burning like they were on fire. “What...what kind of feeling?”

“That you’re going to get a lot smaller,” Brooke replied simply. Her voice was calm and sweet, like syrup, but James could see the flare in her nostrils as she spoke, and the lustful flash in those blue eyes. “And not just under four feet tall, James...I just have a feeling that you’re going to keep shrinking...and shrinking...and shrinking.”

“Oh yeah?” James smiled, trying to swallow but failing because his throat was so dry.

“Ohhhhhh yeah,” persisted Brooke, nodding her head slowly, emphatically. “I can just *feel* it, James. Your little body...it WANTS to get smaller. And it WILL get smaller.”

"I...I know it will," James replied. He was trying to take deep breaths, just to keep himself under control, but with the towering behemoth of his girlfriend standing there, radiating THIS kind of dominant energy, it was difficult for him to keep it together.

"Smaller and smaller and smaller," chanted Brooke softly, echoing her previous chant, though now in a deliberately tender tone, "Until you shrink down to the smallest, littlest, tiniest man on earth!"

James opened his mouth and closed it again. What could he say to such a statement? Part of him, the old remnant of his former self, resisted this idea. The smallest man on earth?? How small would that actually be? A foot tall!? UNDER a foot? Mere inches? Or...even smaller!? How could he possibly handle such an existence? How could he hope to keep his statuesque, voluptuous girlfriend if he got so tiny? A streak of fear shot through him, but it was immediately mitigated by the cool blue stare of those steady eyes. Brooke would stay with him; Brooke would always stay with him, no matter how small he got. In fact...the more he stared up into her eyes, the more James felt that she actually WANTED him to get that tiny.

"W-We'll...we'll see how it goes, I guess!" James managed to croak out, chuckling, not knowing how to respond to Brooke's confident prediction.

"Mmmm yes we will," Brooke grinned down at him softly, "It's just a hunch, James...but I hope I'm right."

Things seemed to progress steadily for James the next couple weeks. Any lingering headaches and body cramps that he was suffering from the *hupostolephasia* virus were beginning to subside, which was to be expected from a more advanced infection. He was losing, on average, an inch in height every 3 days, which was a slight decrease in the pace of his shrinking on its own. The thing was, though, that James wasn't just shrinking in this steady pace. His diminishment was being punctuated more and more by the "shrink spikes" that had previously only happened twice before, in the sandwich shop and at Brooke's apartment on the sofa. And each of these "shrink spikes" brought him down another 2 or 3 inches in a matter of seconds. It was difficult to predict when they would happen, since James always felt aroused and submissive around Brooke, no matter where they were or what they were doing. Generally, he was more likely to have one if she was wearing some of her extra-tall heels or platforms, since she invariably loved to hold him up against her body, just to show him how short and small he was in comparison as her big hand tenderly turned his face into the firm flesh of her big thigh, or even into the pillowy plushness of her huge ass cheeks.

James was especially vulnerable to this kind of gentle domination, specifically if they were in public, and Brooke provoked three more public shrink spikes over the ensuing two weeks, once by whispering dominantly down to him as she flexed her strong thigh over and over in his face while they waited in line for coffee, and then once more in a dance club by pinning him up against the wall with her huge ass, bouncing her cheeks left and right against his entire head to

the beat of the music as she forced him up on his tiptoes. But as much as she and James both enjoyed it, Brooke didn't want to go overboard with the public teasing.

"I'm playing the long game, sweetie," she told him with a knowing wink. "I already told you what I think is gonna happen...and I'm in no rush to get there."

"You'll let it happen...organically, then?" James asked, smiling back at her.

"Exactly!" Brooke laughed, ruffling his hair. "I'm not rushing the process – the whole ride is just so crazy and wonderful...but sometimes I just can't help myself!"

Since James was now officially on paid leave with the college due to his illness, he had lots of free time. He was more or less staying at Brooke's apartment now; she had absolutely insisted on it, as James periodically experienced dizzy spells and some mild brain fog, and Brooke had declared in no uncertain terms that she was not going to allow James to hurt himself on her watch.

"I mean, just imagine how that would reflect on ME!" she told him, shaking her head down at him in loving determination, "Leaving my sick boyfriend to live all by himself as he gets smaller and smaller – no, no I'm not going to stand for it, James. Sorry, but you're just going to have to accept this, because it's final."

"Ah...o-okay!" he had replied, staring straight forward into the top of Brooke's big, powerful thighs straining her jean shorts to the extreme. "I, uh...I guess there's no use arguing, huh?"

"No use at all," smiled Brooke sweetly, reaching down to take his tiny hands in hers, which swallowed them up completely. She proceeded to lead him in a joyous little dance around her living room, taking care to lead in short, small steps so that he could keep up with her. Of course, James had no objection at all to living with Brooke, and was in fact delighted by the prospect. But he still thought it was hot how "pushy" she was being...and, from the twinkle in her eye as she smirked down on him, she knew exactly what she was doing.

However, even though James was now staying with Brooke, that didn't mean that he got to see her constantly. As an extremely engaged Top Ten volleyball captain who was also taking SEVEN classes at the same time, Brooke was often gone all day, which meant that James had to spend lots of time alone. He had at first tried to catch up on his reading, both professionally (The Gift of Therapy, etc) and pleasurably (The Count of Monte Cristo), but the virus still often made him feel tired by midday, and he found it difficult to concentrate sufficiently for more than a couple hours here and there. Even though Brooke usually didn't come home until evening, James still felt surrounded by her – her plants, her posters, her things lying around, her sweet scent that permeated her space...James just loved it all, but he was often left feeling a bit forlorn when he couldn't see her all day.

‘What’s with me?’ he thought, having a bit of a laugh to himself as he shook his head. ‘It’s just a few more hours before she comes back...why am I getting all bent out of shape!?’

James barely even had to ask himself this question before he knew the answer (he was, after all, a therapist, and a very good one at that!), and it really boiled down to two very simple things. First, his body was still adjusting to the fact that he was chronically shrinking, so there was bound to be some physical and mental discomfort around that which could easily manifest as anxiety. But second, and most importantly, James knew that he had fallen deeply in love with Brooke. He was well aware that it had only been a few months since the two of them had even met, but James had never been so sure of anything in his entire life – this feeling, this sensation, a kind of sweet throb, almost like an ache in his heart, was love...and love of the most potent and profound kind. James had dated plenty of people through the years, but he had never, ever felt anything close to what he was feeling now. And the truly remarkable thing, which distinguished this relationship from all the others he had experienced, was that he KNEW that Brooke felt the same way about him. He wasn’t taking her love and affection for granted – far from it – but James didn’t have any other way to explain how he felt. He just knew that Brooke reciprocated his feelings...that she loved him back.

Oftentimes, whenever James was a bit lonely, and feeling the lag of the day upon him, he would go out for a walk. He already knew that this kind of light physical activity was good for him, even if he hadn’t had this virus, but for *hupostolephasia* patients, the benefits of a daily walk were especially potent.

“Now it says here in this study,” Brooke had told him one day, peering over her glasses at a lengthy peer-reviewed article on the British Medical Journal website, “That daily physical activity like light walks or swimming can really, really help with the dizzy spells and brain fog...” – and here she had glanced up at him, grinning – “But sorry James, no more weight training for you. They say here in the article that lifting weights can cause dangerous spikes in blood pressure for *hupo* patients, so you’ll just have to leave all the heavy lifting to me, I’m afraid.”

“Oh, but I thought I was already doing that,” quipped James, remembering the eye-poppingly heavy weights Brooke had been squatting that first day all those weeks ago, when she had announced to that guy hitting on her that she was going out to dinner with James. His self-deprecating humor caused Brooke to playfully land her huge, bare, 13-inch foot in his lap. It was so enormous compared to him that, with her heel gently nestled on top of his hardening cock, the tip of her big toe went all the way up to his collarbone – and her foot wasn’t only as long as his entire torso, it was plenty wide compared to it as well...easily about half. It was plainly evident from that smirk on Brooke’s face that she was enjoying the ridiculous size comparison, soaking it up just like she did whenever she compared her height with his, or hands, or arms, or legs.

James felt her wiggle her toes against his collarbone, and he was unable to hide his arousal. It was just crazy how big her feet were compared to his dwindling little body, and there was something about the casual yet dominant way Brooke teased him with her feet, and with her

toes, that drove him almost wild with desire. Her golden anklet winked up at him from down below. James swallowed, realizing that Brooke's ankle was almost as thick as his thigh, and the anklet only served to emphasize the reality of her size.

"So no weight training," Brooke hummed at him sexily, kneading his cock with her heel as her toes smoothly drummed on his collarbone, "But promise me you'll at least go on a walk every day? I mean, look...I'd take you with me to class in a heartbeat, but..."

"I'd be too distracting for you," James finished, smiling as he tried to stay focused on the conversation. It was difficult, though, with Brooke's big toes going at him like this. He noticed that she had rings on her pointer and ring toes, one gold and one silver, and they made her already-immaculate toes seem edgy...and even sexier.

"Exactly," Brooke nodded. She scrunched up her eyes affectionately at him as her toes flexed, shoving him backward into the pillows on her bed. "So since – completely against my will – I'm not gonna be around all day to mother you, you really need to promise me that you'll at least walk around the block a couple times a day. Pinky promise?"

She extended out her pinkie toe, wiggling it under his chin as she arched her eyebrow at him. James pursed his lips together in a faux "serious" expression and locked his pinkie finger with her pinkie toe, shaking it.

"Pinky promise," he declared with weighty stoicism. Brooke couldn't hold back anymore and pressed her foot down on his chest, forcing him all the way onto his back on her bed as she rose up into a looming sitting position above. Even though James knew she was playing, he wasn't able to avoid feeling a bit overawed by the sheer size of her body above him. He was cast completely in her shadow, and when she put her hands on her thick hips, her shadow extended far out beyond his body on both sides.

"I'm holding you to it," she proclaimed gravely. "A pinkie promise is a serious thing!"

And before James could think up a clever way to continue the jocular exchange, Brooke had dug her toes deep into his armpit, wiggling them around as she bit her tongue at him playfully, while he howled with laughter.

Now, a few days later, James had remembered his promise and was going out for a daily double-orbit around the block of Brooke's apartment building. He enjoyed these jaunts, for one thing because it forced him to get out of the apartment and stretch his legs (which ended up giving him more energy as it cleared away his brain fog), but there was another reason too: even if his walk was only 15 or 20 minutes long, that was more than enough time to take in just how much the world was changing. Everywhere he looked, signs of the new world order were becoming more and more apparent.

For one thing, it had become quite rare these days to see a man who was still “normal-sized.” Almost all men had been infected with the *hupostolephasia* virus, and during the last couple of weeks it had become increasingly obvious that the average height difference between men and women had swung in the complete opposite direction to what they had previously been. Before, the average man was around 5’8 or 5’9, while the average woman was around 5’4 – now, the average woman’s height was the same, but the average male’s height had plummeted all the way down to 5’0...and that was just the average. Plenty of men had shrunk down a good deal under 5’0. James, of course, was one of the smaller men, and actually, the more men he walked by, the more he realized that he hadn’t seen anyone who was quite as short and small as he was.

‘How tall am I again?’ he thought to himself, as he passed a cute young college couple strolling past him on the sidewalk, approaching the intersection. The man, slender and handsome, with dark curly hair, looked quite large to James, but next to the woman he was clearly shorter...and not just shorter, but noticeably smaller as well. The woman, with her blond ponytail bouncing friskily with each step, had a beautiful, cheerful face, and she was in the middle of saying something that evidently amused her. James had just covertly taken stock of how his eyes were even with the lower part of her stomach before he caught the middle of their conversation.

“Well that was BEFORE you shrank down to 5’1, silly,” the young woman was laughing, “Just because you’re still taller than *most* guys doesn’t mean that you’re any match for ME!”

The couple had stopped at the intersection, and James actually slowed his walk and turned to wait, like he had been planning all along to cross as well when the light changed. In reality, of course, he just wanted to catch more of this couple’s conversation. He whipped out his phone (which was now huge in his little hands) and pretended to scroll through some stuff, just to make his attention seem a bit less conspicuous.

“Hey I...I think I could still take you!” laughed the young man, putting his hands on his hips, throwing his shoulders back, and sticking out his chin as he stared up at the young woman, who was obviously his girlfriend. “You might outweigh me, but –”

“Uhm, excuse me!?” she cut in, mirroring his hands-on-hips pose, and in the process hitting home just how much thicker and wider she was in comparison, “Did I hear that right? I MIGHT outweigh you!?”

“Well...you...you might,” muttered her boyfriend, unable to think of a good comeback.

“Correction – I DO outweigh you,” she declared cheerfully. “Jesus, just look at us next to each other. Oh my god, look at those narrow little hips! It’s not even close.”

The young woman abruptly shifted her glance down to James, and he felt her eyes go over his body, taking stock of just how short and tiny he was in a split second, before doing what she had planned to do before.

"Hi there," she said sweetly, "Sorry to rope you into this, but we need an objective point of view – here, look, my boyfriend and I, standing side by side."

She reached out and wrapped her hand around her boyfriend's shoulder, tugging him into her as the two of them giggled when he stumbled. James felt his heart warmed by their playful energy. They were both obviously students, probably around Brooke's age, and seemed to be taking this whole world-changing-virus-thing in stride.

"Come on, stand up straight!" laughed the woman, "As straight as you can – you've gotta give yourself the best shot!" They both straightened up, and then she returned her gaze down to James, who was very much enjoying this whole scene. "Now then," the woman continued, addressing James, "Obviously I'm taller than him, but...what do you think? You think I weigh more than him too?"

James couldn't suppress a bit of a smirk as he stared up at the couple. It occurred to him that, despite being almost twice their age, if he had just been single, and walking out in the world while he was this small, he would have felt intimidated and nervous around them. All the maturity and "mindfulness" in the world wouldn't have been able to overcome the sheer insanity of being stomach-height to this young woman, and not much bigger compared to her boyfriend. But James wasn't intimidated...not one bit...and the reason was simple: he was dating Brooke. Even though she wasn't there with him, he still felt protected by her. Her aura was so powerful, and so all-encompassing, that he really did feel like she was "there" with him, enjoying this fun little situation. And while this young woman certainly seemed quite big from his perspective, even huge, her stature and size were nothing compared to Brooke. He may have been staring into the bottom of this woman's stomach, but this morning, when Brooke had been standing before him in her tennis shoes, he had been staring into the middle of her thigh. Plus Brooke probably was two-and-a-half times this woman's weight. Having such an immense, curvy, strong girlfriend, James felt almost invincible. It was so strange, and a bit humorous, for him to realize how invulnerable he felt, despite being so small. He'd have to mention this to Brooke later when she came home.

"I'm sorry man," James chuckled, cracking a wider smile as he shook his head up at the boyfriend, "But she's got you beat, every which way."

"Every which way!" laughed the girlfriend, tightening her hand around her boyfriend's shoulder and shaking him playfully. "I love that! See!? I told you!"

"Yeah, yeah, so you're bigger and taller than me," acknowledged the boyfriend, rolling his eyes (though James could see that he was enjoying the exchange), "But I could still pin you!"

"Oh is that riiiiight?" asked the girlfriend, raising her eyebrow, and the next moment she had him in a headlock, giving him a noogie as he fought to free himself. But James could plainly see,

from the way her arms dwarfed his as they flexed into his body, that he had no chance of escaping.

“All right! All right!!” laughed the boyfriend, tapping his girlfriend on the forearm, “I give! I submit!!”

“Mmmmm you submit...” purred his girlfriend, relinquishing her hold as she winked down at James. “I like the sound of that...new world order indeed!”

The couple was a bit out of breath, and as they regained their composure, both of them couldn't help but look down at James, eying him curiously. It was clear that both of them were absorbing just how unusually small he was, and wanted to ask him about it, but didn't want to put him in an awkward position. So James, not feeling awkward at all, simply obliged and broke the ice for them.

“Yeah, no need to feel self-conscious,” James smiled, making eye contact with the boyfriend, “Like she said, it's just the new world order...may as well get used to it, right!? I mean, it's not like I have any choice!”

He gestured down to himself, and the couple chuckled appreciatively, their eyes freely going over his body now that he had implicitly given them permission to stare.

“You *are* really small,” the girlfriend murmured, her brow furrowing a bit as she realized just how small. “Like...woah...actually, I don't...uh, I don't think I've seen anyone smaller...”

James felt himself getting hard, and he was relieved that his pants were oversized, to disguise his erection. He heard Brooke's deep, cooing voice in his head: ‘You WILL get smaller...I know it...smaller and smaller...until you shrink down to the smallest, littlest, tiniest man on earth!’

“Yeah, I'm on the shorter end of the *hupo* spectrum,” chuckled James amiably. “And the doctors said I'm probably going to get even smaller...a lot smaller, actually.”

“Oh my god, really!?” the girlfriend exclaimed, her eyes going wide. “That's...heh, I'm not gonna lie, that's kind of amazing!”

“Holy shit!” exclaimed the boyfriend suddenly, pointing at James. He had been squinting at James's face, and then his expression lit up in recognition. “I knew I'd seen you somewhere before! It was on TV! You're the guy who's dating Brooke Hinson!”

“No he's not,” his girlfriend countered, now bending down to look closely herself, “He's not small...uhm...not small...enough...oh...oh damn, wait...”

James just stood there, his hands on his hips, thoroughly enjoying this exchange, as the girlfriend's eyes grew wider and wider. The traffic light had long since turned red, but the three of them were too distracted by their conversation to notice.

"It IS him!" she burst out. "You were right, babe! Haha oh my god I'm sorry, I didn't realize! I thought he was too big to be Brooke's boyfriend."

"Because I looked so tiny compared to her?" James offered. He was doing everything he could to keep his own arousal under control, and he managed to do so by reminding himself that he was going to tell Brooke this whole delightful story later.

"YES!" laughed the girlfriend. "And I can see you don't mind at all...which is AWESOME, by the way...like, obviously you're very small, but the way you looked on TV next to her..."

"Yeah, she definitely dwarfs me in a...special way," James nodded.

"You jealous of him?" cracked the girlfriend, giving her partner a playful hip-check as her blond ponytail bounced genially.

"I...uh, I was about to ask you if you were jealous of Brooke!" the boyfriend replied earnestly. All three of them laughed, with the girlfriend reaching her hand to grab the back of her boyfriend's head, making it go back and forth.

"Good answer!" she giggled. "And I gotta say...a little bit...I'm a little bit jealous. This guy looks like the perfect snack! No offense, of course."

"None taken," James smiled, holding up his hands.

"Not to be nosy," she persisted curiously, "But...how tall are you, exactly?"

"Uhm..." James replied, having to think back to the morning, when Brooke had measured him before she left for class, "I'm...yeah, I'm currently 3'8."

"Three-foot-eight!?" exclaimed the girlfriend. "Damn, that IS tiny!" She turned to her boyfriend, a naughty smile spreading across her face. "Look, I'm not saying that you're gonna get QUITE that small, babe, but..."

"But what?" he asked, giving James a pseudo-humorous "worried" look.

"But maybe we can get you down to 4'6 or so?" she suggested, drawing her hand right into the middle of her big boobs. "So your face would be right there, right in between them? You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Before the boyfriend had a chance to answer, his girlfriend had seized his hand and started to cross the street, as the light had gone through another cycle and had turned red again.

“Thanks for the inspiration!” she called back to James, dragging her boyfriend in tow, who was stumbling to keep up with her long, powerful strides. “Come on babe, let’s see if we can get a shrink spike out of you!”

James gave them both a thumbs-up sign, and the encounter was abruptly ended, though in a way that seemed perfect and appropriate.

‘Brooke’s gonna have a ball listening to all that,’ James smiled to himself, and just then, his pocket buzzed, and he took his phone back out. A text from Brooke!

“You didn’t forget our pinky promise today, I hope?” it read. James immediately typed back, a bit slower than usual because his fingers were so small:

“Of course not! I’m out walking right now!”

Brooke’s response was nearly instantaneous – James had seen her text, and he didn’t know how she could get her huge fingers to move that fast:

“Mmmm that’s good to hear sweetie...but you better get your tiny butt back to the apartment, because we’ve got our date tonight at Mangiano’s! I’m almost home, so I get first dibs on the shower!”

Their date! James had nearly forgotten – what with his mind wandering, and the encounter with that couple – that they had a date planned that evening at the fanciest Italian restaurant in town. Brooke had insisted on treating him, for no other reason than that she explicitly said she wanted to be seen out in public together more often. It wasn’t like they rarely went out together...far from it, actually. But Brooke wanted them to do it even more.

“I want us to be an ITEM, okay?” she had told James, staring deeply into his eyes.

He was thinking about all this as he turned and hurried back toward Brooke’s apartment...toward home, and it was hard for him not to get too aroused just thinking about what Brooke was going to look like tonight – what outfit she was going to wear, what her makeup was going to look like, what heels she was going to choose, and so on. Brooke had always loved “doing herself up,” but recently she had really been taking it to the next level. James had a feeling that tonight would be no exception.

He arrived back at the apartment, and instantly knew Brooke had beaten him back. Her sweet scent was strong and fresh in the air, and her enormous backpack had been tossed haphazardly onto the sofa, with several gigantic textbooks spilling out of it. The euphonious sound of melodic female humming found his ears, and James realized that Brooke was already

in the shower, singing and humming along like she always did. He felt himself warmed down to his toes, just hearing her voice, knowing that she was near. For fun, he went up and tried to lift one of Brooke's enormous textbooks (Advanced Organic Chemistry) with two hands, and barely managed, having to drop it back down on the sofa after only a couple seconds.

'And she carried this – and five others just like it – in her backpack,' he thought to himself, 'Without even breaking a sweat.'

He once again got lost in thought, imagining Brooke's arm flexing as she lifted her backpack, imagining her interacting with her classmates and professor, imagining her striding through campus, getting recognized everywhere...

"Okay, now your turn!" came Brooke's voice from her bedroom, as she shut the door without giving James a chance to see her. He knew exactly what she was doing – she was increasing the tension, the anticipation...and he loved it. He would only get to see her when she was completely ready to go out. His little heart pounding with expectation, he jumped in the shower, and had to smile when he saw that Brooke had drawn a gigantic heart in the condensation on the wall, spanning the entirety of the wall itself. James could feel his cock hardening as he stared up in awe – with his own arms raised up as high as they could go, he couldn't even reach the middle of the heart Brooke had drawn.

He showered quickly, dried himself off, and then spent a bit of time deciding what to wear. In addition to a dark magenta dress shirt, he chose the pair of khakis Brooke had gotten him only two days before – they had been a bit too small then, but now they actually fit him perfectly. His belt, his socks, his shoes...everything was new, and fit him quite nicely. In a strange moment, James realized that if he stood there, only looking at himself and not looking around and comparing himself to anything else in Brooke's apartment, he actually felt "normal-sized." His perfectly-fitting clothes could maintain the illusion, but only until his eyes wandered and registered that everything was twice as big as it should have been.

But James wasn't really focused on any of that. He migrated to the living room, hopped up on the sofa, with his legs dangling, and waited for Brooke to come out of her bedroom. Even though he knew he was being a bit ridiculous, he just couldn't help it – the more time went by, the faster his heart beat in anticipation. She was taking a while, longer than usual...which meant that she was doing something special. To pass the time, James managed to wrench open the Organic Chemistry textbook. He was about ten minutes into the foregone conclusion that, despite his psychology PhD, this subject was way over his head, when he heard Brooke's bedroom door crack open.

"Stand by the coffee table," Brooke said simply, her voice just above a purr as it came through the cracked door, "And close your eyes."

Giddily, James hopped off the sofa and did exactly as he was told. A moment later, he smelled an intoxicating aroma – one of Brooke's delicious-smelling rose perfumes – infusing the air. The

sound of the bedroom door closing was immediately followed by the slow, purposeful cadence of very heavy steps towards him. The very floor beneath his feet was trembling with each step Brooke was taking, but, because of the carpet in her apartment, it wasn't clear what kind of heels she had on. Then the footsteps stopped, quite close to him, and for a solid minute there was complete silence. High, high above him, James could hear her breathing...deep, slow breaths, savoring what she was seeing, and what he could not see. As the silence deepened, and the minute turned into two minutes, James felt his cheeks flushing hotter and hotter, as his cock got harder and harder. This was the essence of her domination over him – she could turn silence into the sexiest, most erotic thing he had ever experienced.

'Oh my god...' he thought thrillingly, 'If she just keeps standing here without saying anything...I...I think I might even cum without being touched!'

But he wasn't able to test out this prediction, because almost as soon as it popped into his mind, Brooke's deep, feminine voice rang out with authoritative simplicity:

"Open!"

James opened his eyes and saw, just below his eyeline...a knee. Two knees...huge and powerful...anchoring two colossal thighs that spread out far beyond him on both sides, and far above his head. But the knees and thighs weren't bare – they were wrapped tightly in shiny black leather, so tightly that James could make out every detail of her legs, and the leather went all the way up to the middle of the thick pillars of her thighs. James felt his mouth drop open as he continued to crane his head up, up, up, to see the tight black dress that was hugging every inch of Brooke's curves, sparkling in the late-afternoon sun with every movement she made. Her nails were long, sharpened, and midnight black, matching the alluring, dominant mystery of her black lipstick and heavy eye shadow as she stared down at him seriously over her huge breasts. Brooke had always been gorgeous, but this new "goth" look, together with her "serious" demeanor, made her look positively fearsome. James had never seen anything so strikingly sexy, so irresistibly seductive, sensual, and intimidating, in his entire life. And, as if all that weren't enough, he looked down at her feet and saw that her tight leather boots were connected to a pair of 8-inch platform heels, which, owing to her familiarity, Brooke could navigate with ease.

"I'm 7'1 in these, James," Brooke breathed down at him, her long, strong fingers gently squeezing the enormous curves of her thick hips as she spoke down to him over her breasts. "I can barely see you down there."

James's breath was coming in rasping gasps now. He...he just couldn't handle her. She was too huge...too tall...too big...too hot. It just didn't even seem possible that she existed at all, let alone that she was HIS girlfriend. A helpless ecstasy began engulfing James, and he just stood there, trembling, mouthing up at her with no words escaping his lips. Brooke's serious expression morphed into her characteristic smirk, her eyes twinkling humorously, seeing how

awestruck he was. But almost immediately, she was bending down, her hands still on her hips, as she got a closer look at James by peering over her big breasts.

“James...” she whispered, “Baby...”

“I...I know!” he squeaked back. It was all he could say. They both had realized what was happening: he was getting smaller, shrinking right before her eyes. His perfectly-fitting clothes were getting looser and looser by the second, and the towering pillars of her gigantic legs appeared to be growing. The protrusions of her knees in the tight black leather were steadily climbing in his vision, neck-level, chin-level...and still he continued to shrink.

“Baby...” Brooke continued to whisper, “Baby...baby...baaaaaby...”

She had taken a step towards him, making him back up, and again...and again, until his back thumped up against the wall in her living room. Slowly, tenderly, but with enough firm pressure to make her intentions clear, Brooke extended out her right knee, bending and lowering it so that it gently drove directly into his chest. She was pinning him against the wall with her knee, and for the next minute-and-a-half, she simply stood there, both hands still on her hips, as she kept James pinned in exactly the same position. After 30 seconds, he felt himself rise up on his tiptoes, and after a minute, his feet were completely dangling in the air. Only after the shrink spike was complete did Brooke let him down, and James felt the floor unsteadily beneath his feet as he tried to stand up straighter.

But...he WAS standing up straighter. As straight as he possibly could. And the top of Brooke's knee was now slightly ABOVE his eye level. Her breasts were like distant mountains; he couldn't even see her face anymore. His shoes felt cartoonishly big on his feet, and his clothes now hung loosely on his body. He had to hold his pants up now with both hands, to keep them from falling down in a crumpled heap at his feet.

Something inched down in the right periphery of his vision – a measuring tape. He gasped out again. Brooke had planned the whole thing. She had done herself up like this EXPECTING a shrink spike. And it had indeed happened...it had happened like never before, without her even touching him. James was still breathing heavily, staring forward into Brooke's knees, when her voice came rumbling down to him like a brewing thunderstorm from beyond her breasts.

“James...baby...you're 2'10...”

Chapter 8

“So you’re sure you’ll be okay all by yourself?” asked Brooke sweetly, putting her huge hands on her thick thighs and bending down low over James. They were standing outside his therapist office, with the door open. Aside from the telltale step stool that had been thoughtfully placed by the large, plush black chair behind his desk, James’s office appeared unchanged from how it had looked a couple months ago, before the roller coaster ride of his *hupostolephasia* diagnosis had begun, and, of course, before his dream romance with Brooke had begun as well.

“Oh yeah...yeah, I’m sure,” James nodded, blinking up appreciatively at his gigantic girlfriend. His shrinking had “stalled” the last few days, so that he was “only” 2’8 now. But somehow, he knew that this period wouldn’t last, and that it was only a matter of time before he started shrinking again...and fast. In the meantime, though, he had decided to go back to his therapist job at the college. There were definitely certain upsides to spending all day in Brooke’s dorm – namely that he was always surrounded by her things, her sweet scent, and so on – but James had a feeling that he wasn’t going to be able to work a normal job for much longer, and he felt the need to go back and get the most out of his work before he had to permanently call it quits.

As usual, Brooke had been very supportive of him, praising his integrity and work ethic, while still holding some residual concern for his well-being. He still sometimes suffered from dizzy spells and brain fog, even though those symptoms had become milder as the disease progressed. But James was determined to go back and give the best effort he could, for as long as he was able. It wasn’t about desperately holding on to the last vestiges of his “dignity” – thanks to Brooke, he actually felt more dignified and confident than ever before. Rather, going back to his office was a reflection of his own desire to keep helping out, and doing his part. These past few weeks, he had been thinking about some of his patients, and had been regretting his inability to help them.

“And, after all,” James added with a smile, “I won’t actually be alone – right, Bonnie?”

He glanced between Brooke’s legs (with her at 7’0 in her platform heels, James was essentially eye-level with Brooke’s knees) and waved at his secretary, the 30-year-old blond sitting at her desk, typing busily away at her computer. At 5’5, Bonnie was tiny compared to Brooke, but to James she was enormous. She had always been diligent and cheerful – a great co-worker – and she had been delighted to see James return.

“Oh absolutely!” Bonnie replied brightly, nodding down at him before turning her eyes up to Brooke, “And don’t worry Brooke, I’ll make sure to keep an eye on him. Plus I’ve got your number here, so I’ll call you immediately if he has a dizzy spell, or just starts feeling bad.”

“Aw thanks Bonnie,” Brooke said amiably, straightening up and turning around to face the secretary. As she did so, James was treated to the eye-popping sight of Brooke’s colossal ass quivering high above his head, far, far out of his reach. A short red skirt was wrapped tightly around Brooke’s thick hips and ass, barely containing both cheeks, with the huge, alabaster

pillars of her massive thighs towering high overhead. From his vantage point, James could see the jet-black of Brooke's panties...the panties HE had slipped on her that morning as she lay on her bed, smirking, enjoying how hard he had to labor to hitch the tight fabric up around her curves.

"I really appreciate it," Brooke was saying to Bonnie, "I know I can't shelter him too much, but it's just...it's hard to leave him out in the world like this, even if it IS in his own office."

"Oh, I totally get it," Bonnie chuckled, gesturing down to James, "Look at him! I mean, my husband's getting pretty small these days too –"

"Like all the rest of the boys," laughed Brooke.

"–like all the rest of the boys," repeated Bonnie, chuckling, "But my husband's 5'0 even...like, he used to be 6'2, but...I mean what I'm saying is..."

"Oh yeah, yeah – my little guy is a special case," Brooke finished, winking down at James.

"Mhm, that's right..." said Bonnie, "I mean, no offense, James. You're totally precious, but just as far as size goes, you're very, very small."

"No offense taken," smiled James, "Don't worry, I've already accepted that I'm in that one percent of *hupo* patients who shrinks under two feet."

"Under!?" exclaimed Bonnie, not able to hide her alarm, "But...but James, didn't you tell me that you're 2'8 now?"

"Uh-huh," James replied, exchanging a humorously knowing look with Brooke, "But let's just say that I'm not really expecting to stay this size for long."

Bonnie just sat there staring down at James from behind her desk, clearly not understanding the implications of what he was saying. After a few seconds, Brooke leaned over towards her, cupping the side of her mouth with her huge hand, and whispered (though her voice was purposefully loud enough for James to hear): "...Shrink spikes..."

"Oh..." Bonnie replied, her eyebrows going up, and then, after a few more seconds to process Brooke's answer, she added "Ohhhhhhhhh...", her mouth blossoming into a knowing grin as the realization hit her.

"Exactly," Brooke intoned, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek as she glanced back down at James. And even though he was smiling, James could feel himself starting to blush. Shrink spikes only affected a minority of *hupo* patients – the ones with high viral loads, the ones who were generally much, much smaller than the rest. But even though they weren't a common occurrence during the pandemic, the media sensationalism around shrink spikes was such that

most people already knew what they implied: heightened, uncontrollable arousal. James had only meant to indirectly reference the shrink spikes to Bonnie, but, of course, Brooke had been a lot more forward. James felt embarrassed and bashful, yes, but even more than that, he was reminded how hot it was that Brooke would just unapologetically mention these things to other people; she was proudly advertising how much she turned him on.

“All right,” said Brooke, turning back down to James, bending down once more, and giving him a slow, sensual kiss on the cheek, “I’ve got to run off to class – don’t let all your patients flirt with you, now! I know they’re going to, seeing as you’ll be the cutest little thing they see all day.”

“Aheh...I’m not too worried about that,” James smiled up at her, “And actually I think I’M the one who should be telling YOU to ignore all the dudes who’re gonna try and flirt with YOU.”

“Oh it’s not just the dudes, James,” Brooke smirked sexily down at him, putting her hand on her hip, “It’s the dudettes as well!”

“I...uh...then...” James stammered, flushing again, aroused by Brooke’s playful confidence, “...Then I guess I should be twice as worried then, huh?”

“Pssssh you know I’m just kidding,” Brooke giggled, shaking her head, “They’re all way too intimidated by me, especially the dudes...*especially* now...and anyway...”

She pointed to the tiny golden man trinket on her necklace, glinting in between her huge breasts.

“They all know that I’m taken,” she purred, threading the tiny man in and out from between her long fingers, before quickly blowing him a final kiss and turning on her towering platform heels, waving goodbye before her enormous form ducked out of the office door, and was gone. James stared after her, nearly following her swift stride out of sheer reflex. He knew that she had to get to class, but had there been something almost...rushed in the way she had just left? No, surely not...surely he was just second-guessing everything and dealing with some early struggles as he re-adjusted to the normal pace of everyday life. But as he turned to go into his office, Bonnie piped up:

“You know she’s on your patient list today, right?”

James turned, staring at her. “What?” he asked blankly, “You mean Brooke?”

“Mhm,” Bonnie nodded, “She sent me a private notice this morning, and wanted me to squeeze her in at the end of the day...something about wanting to talk about some anxiety she’s been having.”

For a few seconds, James didn’t know what to make of this information. His first instinct was to worry about Brooke, and then to worry about their relationship. But almost immediately, he felt a

reassuring lightness as the understanding dawned on him. He knew Brooke was fine; he knew that THEY were fine. But even though she had access to him all the time now, and could talk to him about anything, Brooke had actually been missing out on the “therapy” that had helped her out in the first place. She missed the formality of actually going into an office and speaking to a qualified professional about her problems. And, even though they were dating now, she was still choosing to come to him, not as a girlfriend, but as a patient, as a client who needed his expertise.

As he went into his office and closed the door, James couldn't help but feel a wave of excitement. HE had been missing all of this too. For weeks and weeks he had been taken care of, indulged, even coddled, by Brooke – and while all of that had certainly been enjoyable, it hadn't offered him many opportunities to feel useful or helpful. But now that he was back in his office, all of that could change. And Brooke was signaling her support not only by letting him go, but by actually signing herself up to see him!

‘She really is something else,’ James smiled to himself, ‘And she's so confident...but she was still too bashful to tell me she had signed up...must be her way of demarcating the exchange.’

He stepped up on the stool and sank back into his old chair. Even though he had already made sure to adjust the seat to the highest possible level, when he sat down in it, his head barely even came up above his desk – he was essentially eye-level with it.

‘Huh, guess I'll have to just sit ON the desk, then,’ he thought, carefully pulling his body forward and then, with effort, managing to propel himself up onto the top of his desk, but not without having to kick his legs a bit to get up. It flashed through his mind that Brooke probably wouldn't have wanted him trying to pull off these stunts alone, and he made a mental note to be more careful going forward. Booting up his computer, he typed in his old password, feeling a strange throb of nostalgia for a time long past, and then looked at his clients for the day. Sure enough, at 4 pm, there was “Brooke Hinson.” James smiled, also feeling a kind of encouragement that Brooke was going to finish up his day. Any nervousness he had been having was gone.

‘Oh boy...’ he thought, his eyebrows going up at his eyes went back up to the top of the list, ‘My first client today is Jessica. That sparkplug. The last time I saw her was right before I met Brooke...god, seems like ages ago. Heheh...I wonder how her anger management's going?’

He didn't need to wait long to find out, because, less than ten minutes later, Bonnie announced Jessica through the intercom, and in she came, stomping with her characteristic heavy step in a pair of 8-inch black platform goth boots. Jessica was “only” 4'11, but those boots easily made her above-average height, at least for girls these days. And what she lacked in natural height, she made up for in her spunk and her edgy appearance. She still had those same black bangs, and all those silver studs winking out from her ears, sparkling in the mid-morning sunshine streaming in through the open window. He had never before seen Jessica dress in anything but all black, and today was no exception – black boots, black stockings, black leather skirt, black t-shirt, black bracelets, black hair, black lipstick, black everything. And yet, still, when she saw

him, Jessica's eyes seemed to flash with a colorful gleam, and she put her hands up to her mouth, visibly shocked...and delighted.

"They...they didn't TELL me!" she cried. "Mr. Cooper! You're...y-you're...!!"

"I know, yes, Jessica," he chuckled, immediately feeling in control of the situation, "As it turns out, I'm one of the one percent."

"Yeah, no kidding!" she exclaimed, dropping her hands from her face. "I...I mean, no offense or anything..."

"None taken," replied James for the second time that day, "I know the size difference can be a bit startling at first, so, you know...take all the time you need."

"No...no, I—I'm good!" Jessica said quickly, promptly plopping her butt (which looked distinctly bigger to James) down in the client chair, as if to prove that she wasn't going to be immature about the whole thing, "I...I just...wow..."

Despite her best efforts, Jessica simply couldn't help herself. James knew that she wore her emotions on her sleeve, which could be a good or bad thing depending on the circumstances. He didn't mind in the least that she was this shocked to see how small it was, and made a private note to tell Brooke; he knew that she would get a real kick out of it.

"Mhm, yeah, just take a minute to get settled," James smiled, adjusting himself into a cross-legged position on his desk. It certainly wasn't the most official-looking pose, but he actually thought this was a good thing, particularly with Jessica. She responded well to a more casual environment. But even so, a flash of self-consciousness flared through his mind when he realized just how tiny he looked, sitting cross-legged on his desk like this. He was no bigger than a t*ddler. Taking a deep breath, James reminded himself that it was completely natural for him to feel these waves of dysmorphia, of unreality, and that both he and Jessica were struggling through the same sensation, though from opposite ends of the size spectrum. He actually heard Jessica take a deep breath of her own, and he looked at her. They locked eyes, and both smiled at the same time.

"Whew! Okay!" Jessica laughed, slapping her thighs (which jiggled noticeably in response), "I'm good, I'm good! I just felt like I kinda had to, uhh...rewire my brain there for a sec."

"You and me both," nodded James amiably.

"All right, SO —" Jessica began, clapping her hands and leaning forward, launching into her spiel, "I've actually been doing really, really well keeping my temper under control."

"That's great!" James exclaimed.

"Yeah, those breathing exercises have been SUPER helpful," she continued, "And, so I've been letting my guard down more, actually letting people approach me, rather than just, like, scowling at them."

"How's that been?" James asked.

"Eh...fifty-fifty," Jessica replied with her typical honesty, extending her hand and jostling it back and forth (causing twinkling glints of the sun's reflection on her many rings), "I'm not gonna lie, there's a lot of times when I'd rather just, you know...stonewall."

"So it's still a gradual process," nodded James, helping her along, "Which is to be expected, of course."

"How'd you mean?" asked Jessica, leaning forward in her chair, suddenly looking worried.

"Well look at it this way," James explained, "You've spent the last...how many years...in a completely different mindset. And remember, I'm not saying "better" or "worse" – it was just different. With very few exceptions, you didn't want to engage other people out in the world, and preferred to keep everything internalized. This was fine, of course, until..."

"Until someone really pissed me off," chuckled Jessica, "And I went apeshit on them."

"Mhm...apeshit," nodded James, "The scientific term." Jessica burst out laughing, and James laughed along with her. He truly did enjoy interacting with her in this casual way, but he also knew that it had an important therapeutic component. If Jessica got too uptight or flustered, she would shut down, sometimes even going completely nonverbal. These little moments were important for keeping the exchange lubricated.

"Anyway, what I was saying," James continued, getting the last chuckles out before switching back to his genuine seriousness, "Is that you weren't happy with how you were feeling before. You were *tired* of all the internalization, all the pent-up energy with no place to put it, and so you've been making a conscious effort to, you know, come out of your shell a little."

"Mhm yeah, I have," agreed Jessica, beginning to hammer her fists on her thighs in that way she did whenever she was trying to make an emphatic point, "But it's not EASY to, uh...what's the word I'm looking for...TRAIN! It's not easy to TRAIN myself to let my guard down and have, uhm, I guess, like...natural interactions with people."

"That's exactly what I was saying!" said James brightly, "It's absolutely normal that you're feeling this way, Jessica. You're going through a very real, deliberate shift in the way that you're approaching other people. This isn't something that's just going to all click into place overnight."

"So it's okay that I still kind of, uh...like, tense up sometimes when some guy tries to talk to me?" Jessica asked, "Or, I mean, when *anyone* tries to talk to me?"

“Of course it’s okay!” James smiled, “You said it yourself months ago – because of certain things that happened in your past, you have an aversion to interacting with people you don’t know, and now that you’re actively making the choice to open up to more people, you’re running up against these deep-seated emotional habits that you’ve had for years and years. To be honest, I would have been surprised if you *weren’t* still feeling that residual tension a lot of the time.”

“Really?” exclaimed Jessica hopefully, “A LOT of the time still?”

“Absolutely,” replied James confidently, “Remember, it’s only been a couple months since you told me you wanted to make this change.”

“But a couple months is suuuuuch a long time,” Jessica whined, correctly judging that this was a safe space to express that kind of vulnerability.

“Tell me about it!” James grinned, spreading his little arms and indicating down to himself, which earned another loud laugh from Jessica as she nodded her head in understanding.

“Compared to the years and years of mental habits you had built up, though,” James continued, “A couple months is just a drop in the bucket. These kinds of transitions take time, Jessica. And an important part of the transition, which is really easy to overlook, is to give yourself that grace, you know? To remind yourself that you’re not a robot – you’re a human being. And even if we say we want something – especially something big and multi-faceted like this – it takes a lot more than just that initial desire to make a change.”

“Ugh, oh my god, TOTALLY,” Jessica nodded emphatically. “It just takes, uhm...shit, I’m bad at words...what was that one you kept using before...?”

“Intention?” James suggested.

“*Intention*, yes!” Jessica cried, smacking herself in the head, “Duhhhh! So yeah, it just takes *intention*, and...well...I guess, *time*...right?”

“You hit it on the head,” smiled James. “It might not be what we WANT to hear when we’re in the midst of change, and we want to see immediate results, but ultimately it’s what we need to keep telling ourselves, because otherwise we’ll get burned-out and discouraged real quick. Just think of yourself as – now bear with me here – one of those big battleships, you know? It takes a long, long time to turn those around in the middle of the ocean, just because there’s so many moving parts, and the sheer scale of the enterprise is so vast that the admirals have to budget in a lot of time, sometimes hours, just to pull off the maneuver.”

“Oh my god...” said Jessica, putting her hands on her thick hips as she sat upright in her chair, “I...LOVE the image of me as a battleship.”

"I thought that one might speak to you," said James.

"Ugh, but really, that's so helpful to hear," Jessica continued. "I really want my social anxiety to just disappear overnight, but this isn't some small little change I'm making."

"Not at all," agreed James.

"And so I really just need to keep chugging on," she said, "Going bit by bit, and eventually I should start to see some results."

"Exactly!" replied James, "Although I'm betting you've already started to see SOME kinds of results, right? Even just some subtle shifts, maybe? I'd love to hear about it!"

He had been picking up on a sly smile that had appeared on her face, and as he asked this last question, her smile had only gotten wider. He felt warmed and encouraged – already, despite all the obvious size distractions and her general tension, Jessica was relaxing into the exchange. She really was exuding positive energy, which was a distinct and dramatic improvement from how she had been when she first came to see him.

"Welllll..." Jessica grinned, clasping her hands together in a strangely-ladylike post, "Actually...there's been a lot more than a "subtle" shift recently."

"Oh?" James asked.

"The thing is..." continued Jessica, obviously enjoying the process of narration, and drawing it out to increase the fun, "I actually...have a boyfriend now."

"What!?" cried James happily, "You've got a boyfriend?? And here you were, coming in, acting like you had barely made any progress!"

"I know I knowwww," laughed Jessica, "But I really meant it! Like, I still have a lot of work to do, but....yeaaaah! I found someone."

"Well congratulations!" James said heartily, "And of course I'd love to hear all about it, if you feel like sharing."

"He loves my boots," Jessica said flatly, extending her right leg out, showing off her big, black, industrial platforms. James couldn't help but marvel at how that 8-inch platform was almost one-third his entire height, but thankfully he was used to Brooke wearing even taller heels, so Jessica's didn't really phase him.

"Oh, and, uhh...like, he loves me too," added Jessica awkwardly, blushing. "Ugh, that sounded so bad – like, he's not just with me for my boots or anything, but..."

"No, no, it's okay," said James soothingly, "Remember, Jessica? Safe space. I'm not gonna be judging you. The boots were the first thing that jumped to mind, no problem!"

"It's just that, well...he's really small, right?" Jessica giggled, nodding with relief, "Although, I mean..."

"Not as small as me?" James finished, again helping her out.

"Yeah," she said, "Not even close....but still...ugh oh god I'm sorry, there I go again, I – but you said it's fine, you said it's fine..." She had put her hands out and had morphed into talking to herself, like she was reminding herself that she wasn't screwing anything up.

"It's COMPLETELY fine," James said, "Look, I know I'm reeeeeally, really small. It's not going to bother me if you point it out. Really, Jessica, don't worry about it."

"Okay...right, yes, it's like you said, just gotta trust that you're being honest," Jessica nodded emphatically, taking a deep breath before continuing, "So – yeah, Drew – that's his name – Drew is 4'2, right? So NINE inches shorter than me, even if I'm barefoot."

"Definitely a big difference!" James said. He had to remind himself that his "size situation" with Brooke, even in the midst of this new world order, was highly unusual. Barefoot, she was FORTY FIVE inches taller than him.

"And before a couple months ago, I'd never, like, even THOUGHT about what it would be like to date someone who was shorter than me," Jessica went on, gesturing down to herself. "I mean HELLO, I'm 4'11 – NO guys were that small before!"

"And then everything changed," James said.

"Everything changed," she nodded, "And, like, all of a sudden, pretty much EVERY guy was either my size or SMALLER...so I kinda had to really do a 180 on my uhh, I don't know...just how I thought about everything."

"Mhm, it's certainly been an adjustment for everyone," nodded James, and, seeing that Jessica was looking like she wanted to delve in and ask him about himself, he kept talking, wanting to keep her on track, since she could get easily distracted, "So tell me about that "180" – did it happen before Drew, or after you met him?"

"Well that's just the thing!" exclaimed Jessica energetically, obviously eager to tell the story, "I think it happened literally as soon as I met him. So I was out at a sorority party, right? Not that I usually go to those, but I've been trying to get out more and, well...you know. Long story short I went and got a drink and was kinda just, like, standing in the corner awkwardly with a solo cup in my hand, sorta regretting that I had even tried to go. I didn't even know anyone there, and they were having some kind of, I don't know, "dance-off" or something, and I hate dancing so

that wasn't gonna happen, and I was this close to just downing my drink and splitting, when I heard this little voice rise up above all the noise. I don't even know how I heard him, but I did, and he said – get this – he said: 'I love your boots.' And I was, like, staring around, trying to see where the voice was coming from, until I looked straight down, and there he was: this tiny, skinny, adorable little guy, staring up at me with these biiiiiig blue eyes. I'm talking like gorgeous SKY blue, okay? Like they took my breath away."

"Wow!" said James appreciatively.

"And he was shorter than my fucki—I mean freaking SHOULDER!" Jessica laughed. "I'm not even kidding – his eyes were literally even with my upper stomach, right? Like BELOW my breasts. And look, I mean, I'm not gonna lie – I may be "short" for a girl, but I'm not tiny! I've got curves, ya'know? Got some real meat on my bones!"

She reached down and grabbed two handfuls of her thick hips and shook them, and the crazy jiggling of her flesh was testament enough to what she had just said.

"Yep, absolutely," James nodded genuinely, "You're right."

"And THIS guy..." Jessica said, pausing for emphasis as she leaned her head forward, "Mr. Cooper, Drew isn't just SHORT, you understand? I mean, he's tiiiiiny. Like, THIN. I'm talking my ARM, see?" – and here she held up her forearm, which was thick, firm, and strong-looking, and made a fist, hardening it even more – "Is about as thick around as his LEG, okay?"

"Uh-huh," said James. He was beginning to feel the slight pings of something in his brain, perhaps a warning sign of sorts. He had always thought Jessica was quite pretty, but he had never entertained any erotic thoughts about her, what with her being his patient and all. But now that she was openly describing her size compared to her boyfriend's, James felt the tiniest hint of something beginning to stir. He readjusted his legs slightly as she went on.

"And I was like, 'Oh you like my boots, huh?' all of a sudden just knowing exactly what to say," Jessica went on, "I've never experienced anything like it before. I just KNEW how to, uh...how to talk to this guy. I KNEW what he wanted...what I wanted. And so I just drained my drink, tossed away the cup, put my hands on my hips, and bent down over him. Like, LOOMING, okay?"

"Right, right," James nodded. He was suddenly very grateful that his pants were already quite baggy on him.

"And I just said, straight-up, 'You're the cutest little thing I've ever seen,' right?" Jessica continued, obviously exciting herself by recounting the story, "And he blinked up at me with those...UGH, those GORGEOUS eyes, and...I don't know how this came out of my mouth, it was like a movie or something, but I was like, 'You wanna get out of here? I'll take you back to

my place, sweetie.’ And he just nodded, and...I’m not even kidding...I literally bent down and swiped him clean off his feet and walked out of there!”

“My goodness!” James exclaimed. There was no denying it now – he was starting to feel the telltale signs of a shrink spike coming on. The strange combination of Jessica’s vulnerability as a client in this situation, even as she was telling this story about her being unabashedly dominant, made her somehow seem more unrestrained, more animalistic, more commanding and powerful. James was not at all used to contending with these reactions to a client, and he found himself struggling to maintain control. The last thing he wanted was to start shrinking right there in front of Jessica, but the more she went on, the more graphic she became. Jessica had never been shy about sharing her feelings with him, but this was on a completely different level:

“And I’m not gonna lie, Mr. Cooper...I took him back to my dorm. I took him back...and I FUCKED him. For HOURS. Don’t worry I, you know, made sure that he wanted it and everything, of course...and he did and I just went AT it. It was RIDICULOUS. Again...it was like a movie. I literally RIPPED his clothes off and I just started GLUCKGLUCK, like, deepthroating his cock, right? And I mean, Drew’s a tiny guy, but his cock isn’t, heheh...but it wasn’t something I couldn’t handle. Seriously, I just SWALLOWED him. DEEPTHROATED him. Over and over. Until he couldn’t take it and just totally BUSTED down my throat, and...Mr. Cooper, this was, like the cuuuutest thing ever – he started crying.”

“Crying?” asked James, feeling hopelessly unprofessional as his face just got redder and redder. He felt like he was losing control. But Jessica was caught up in her story and didn’t appear to notice.

“Yeah! But in a good way – the BEST way. He was just so overwhelmed and...you know...totally overpowered, and it was such a release for him. Like, no one had ever done that to him before.”

“I...bet not!” smiled James. He was trying his best to maintain the “normalcy” of the interaction, but he was starting to get a little dizzy, and, much to his consternation, his baggy clothes were now starting to feel even baggier.

“He hadn’t even had SEX before!” Jessica laughed, “Like, EVER! That was his first experience!”

“Oh my...well I can...I can see how that might have been intense for him,” James said appreciatively. There was no doubt about it now – he was starting to shrink, but Jessica still hadn’t noticed anything.

“Mhm, and I made sure to comfort him a ton...you know, uhm...oh god, what’s that word? Where you’re taking care of someone after –”

“Aftercare?” offered James, thoroughly red-faced at this point. He desperately hoped that Jessica would transition into a less steamy segment of the story, since he figured that maybe he could somehow get a handle on this shrink spike and stop it before it got too obvious.

“THANK you, geez!” laughed Jessica, again smacking herself in the forehead with her palm. She had a habit of doing this. “So obvious, I don’t know why I always draw a blank! But anyway, yeah, aftercare...oh god, as crazy as it sounds, this part was almost better than the blowjob! Because it was so...*sensual*, you know? I gathered him up in my arms, and sat back against the big pillows on my bed, and just...like, *held* him there. I played with his hair, I massaged his little shoulders, I squeezed his tiny arms...ugh and he just *melted* into me like a little pet or something.”

“Wow!” James managed to force out. His voice sounded smaller and strained in his ears. But Jessica was on a roll, and she kept on going, still unaware of the fact that his clothes were looking baggier by the second.

“It was like, a totally eye-opening experience for me!” she exclaimed, “I had no idea that I could be this turned-on and...and, I don’t know...*m*therly* at the same time. It was crazy! I could literally feel my body responding to how small he was. I’d never realized how hot the comparison...the CONTRAST...could be. Maybe it’s just because all the guys have gotten really small now, but...yeah, I don’t know. I think maybe I was always like this, and it just took this special, special little guy to finally show me. And this was all just the beginning. We’ve been together ever since, and I couldn’t be happier. And look, I’m not gonna lie – I’m the dominant one in the relationship. But I like it that way...no...I LOVE it, actually. I’m already so much taller, bigger, and stronger than him, but I don’t hold back. I wear these boots around him CONSTANTLY, and I even have a pair of 10-inch platforms. TEN INCHES. They make me 5’9, and at that height Drew is literally staring straight into the middle of my stomach.”

James couldn’t even bring himself to respond now. He was getting dizzier and dizzier by the second, and he knew that, at this point, his face must have been beet-red. He could feel himself getting smaller and smaller. It was only a matter of time before Jessica noticed, surely. But for now she just kept plowing forward.

“He loves it,” she laughed, sounding sexily haughty, “He’s hard around me constantly. And I don’t hold back from teasing him, even in public. And I don’t mean that in a bad way, right? Drew is such a little sub, oh my god, he just...he can’t get enough of it. I compare myself to him all the time. Like we were standing in line to get coffee the other day, and he was right in front of me, and, without even saying anything, I just slowly positioned my leg next to his body. And I’ve got those 10-inch platforms on. The top of his head doesn’t even come up to the BOTTOM of my boobs. And I just thread my hand through his hair and bend down and whisper in his ear: “Look at that Drew...just LOOK at that. My thigh is thicker than your TORSO” – and as I’m whispering this I can see his little chest starting to rise and fall really fast, because he’s getting all hot and bothered of course, and then I put my other leg next to him and I’m like, “When we get home, I’m gonna put your cock between these biiiiiig, meaty thighs, and then I’m gonna...” –

and here I just started, like, slowly pistoning by thighs against his body, right? And hahaha oh my god I thought he was gonna blow right then and there, in the middle of the coffee shop! I think one of these days I might actually try to make him....Mr. Cooper? Mr. Cooper...!!"

Jessica had jumped out of her chair in alarm, because she had finally noticed that something was wrong with her therapist. James was leaning back on his hands in his sitting position, his face completely flushed, as his breaths came in quick, labored gasps. Most conspicuously, though, was the fact that his white dress shirt and khaki pants were now obviously too big for him. Jessica had some experience of these "shrink spikes" with Drew, but, considering her alarm, she certainly hadn't been expecting her therapist to have one in front of her. She stood tensed up in front of her chair, her hands halfway extended out toward him in a gesture of uncertainty.

"I'm sorry...I'm sorry!" James finally managed to pant, shaking his head as, with great effort, he pushed himself back up into a sitting position and wiped his moist brow with his hand. He was relieved to realize that the shrink spike had already passed, but the panicked helplessness he had been feeling was now being quickly replaced by a sense of crushing embarrassment. The whole reason he had come back to the office, to his work, was because he knew that he didn't have much time left before he couldn't work any job whatsoever, and that he wanted to try and make himself useful for at least a little while before that time came. And now here he was, with his very first client, totally unable to keep it together. Worse still, there was a decidedly sexual dimension to what had just happened. At this point, everyone knew that shrink spikes came about during a period of intense arousal. To have one in public was embarrassing enough, but to have one in front of a *client*...well, that was something completely different. James was mortified.

"It's okay, Mr. Cooper!" Jessica said quickly, quickly recovering from the initial shock. She hurried forward and snaked her hand behind James's back, helping sit up straight. She put her other hand on his shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly. When James looked up into her face, he had been expecting her to look confused, embarrassed, or at least unsettled, so he was surprised to see her dark eyes blinking down at him with steady, assured kindness and understanding.

"I...Jessica...I..." he stammered, trying to catch his breath as he kept shaking his head. But she only shushed him and squeezed his shoulder harder, shaking it for emphasis.

"No, no...Mr. Cooper...please," she interrupted, "There's nothing to apologize for. Seriously, I get it."

"You...you get it?" he asked, bewildered. She nodded her head emphatically, patting him a few more times and making sure he was steadied before carefully and respectfully withdrawing her hands.

"*Totally*," she replied genuinely, "Look, I'm not, uh...I don't have any illusions about what this virus has done to you guys. I should've been a little more, you know...what's the word...what's the word...prudent! Yeah! I should have been more prudent in what I was saying about me and Drew."

"But Jessica...no," James said, recovering himself enough to correct her, "No, this is not on you at all, okay? You weren't doing anything wrong! I just...I don't know, it just started happening so fast, and –"

"Hey, hey!" Jessica exclaimed, suddenly bursting out laughing as she put her hands on her thick hips, shimmying them from side to side playfully as she stood in front of her chair, "You don't have to explain yourself, Mr. Cooper! I KNOW what I was saying was hot! I mean, come on, right!? The shit I say to Drew is SEXY! Not to mention the shit I DO to him, my god...ugh, but there I go again! I'm just so excited and happy about our relationship that I can't help myself. But no, no, really...Mr. Cooper, you've gotta believe me here, I don't mind that you just shrank. AT ALL."

"You don't?" James asked, hardly believing his ears. Jessica's face was so bright and happy with sincerity that he could actually feel himself starting to relax a little bit.

"God no!" she laughed, "You know what it tells me, Mr. Cooper? It tells me that my dynamic with Drew is hot as FUCK and that even my own therapist can't pretend like it isn't!"

She kept laughing, and now that it was clear to her that James was okay, she was obviously getting a real kick out of what had just happened. It took another minute or so for James to fully recover, and once Jessica had repeatedly and vociferously assured him that everything was okay, he actually managed to join in her laughter. The rest of the session was positive and productive, with their exchange charged by the energy of what had just happened. James was still very much embarrassed that he had lost control, but he was thankful that Jessica didn't seem to mind in the least, and that, actually, she had viewed his shrinking as a funny kind of positive affirmation of her relationship with Drew.

It was only after they said goodbye and Jessica left that James began to feel the true weight of what had happened. Jumping down off his desk and hurriedly measuring himself up against the wall with a tape measure, he was grateful that he had "only" shrunk 4 inches, to 2'5, but the reality of his baggy clothes was plain to see. More importantly, he was now seriously questioning his ability to see clients for the rest of the day. What if he lost control again!? He had several female clients booked, all of them quite attractive. What if he just couldn't handle them?

'But no...no,' he thought to himself, 'Jessica is...she's a special case. She's always worn her heart on her sleeve and doesn't have the usual, uhm...filter that most people have. No one else is going to be that graphic about their sex life, surely. I mean, maybe Brooke will be, but –'

He felt his little body seize up. Brooke! She was going to notice that he had gotten smaller! There was no way he was going to be able to hide it. His diminished form essentially yelled “I got super-aroused when you weren’t here!!” He was going to have to explain himself to her. James leaned against the wall with his hand, bracing his shrunken body as he reminded himself to take deep breaths. It was going to be okay. Brooke would understand. She wasn’t the jealous type...heck, she’d probably even think it was funny or cute. But these reassurances – which James knew were true – didn’t stop him from feeling a new wave of embarrassment. Brooke had cheered on his idea to get back into the office, but now she would inevitably raise the question of whether he had overextended himself.

‘And she’d be right to do so,’ James thought to himself sadly. ‘Maybe the time really has come when I just...can’t handle what I used to be able to handle...when I need to just accept my condition and hang up the whole “functional adult” thing once and for all.’

He knew that he was feeling vulnerable right now, and that, in the midst of this kind of vulnerability, it was easy for his mind to start spiraling and catastrophizing everything, so he got himself a drink of water, steadied his nerves, and decided that he was just going to try and push on through at least today. Everything else could be decided later.

First things first, though – he had to tell Bonnie what had happened. He knew that this was the right thing to do, just from a safety standpoint, and he also knew that Brooke would legitimately be upset with him if he kept his shrink spike to himself the rest of the day, until she got there. She had made sure to have Bonnie assure her that she would be called if James had any dizzy spells, or...well, what had actually happened, which was even more noteworthy. Brooke would NOT be happy – either with him or with Bonnie – if this shrink spike went unreported.

“She’ll want me to call her,” Bonnie said definitively from behind her desk a few minutes later, after James had come out and explained everything, and after Bonnie had made sure that he really was okay.

“Yeah, that’s...mhm, that’s a good idea,” James nodded, feeling a slight sinking feeling in his stomach. He had been hoping that a simple text might have sufficed, but as soon as the words had come out of Bonnie’s mouth, he knew she was right. “I’ve just got another client coming in here in a couple minutes, though – do you think you could just reassure her, for me, that I’m totally fine and that I really think I can keep working today?”

“Sure, I’ll make sure to let her know that,” Bonnie nodded, before giving him another close look. “You sure you’re okay?”

“Absolutely!” James smiled, stretching his arms up over his head before lowering them into a makeshift “double biceps” pose that made Bonnie chuckle. “I’m feeling completely fine!”

"Hmmm...alrighty," Bonnie replied, "I trust you, James. But I'm still gonna have to poke my head in the door after each client, just to make sure. That's not going to bother you, is it? You understand it's not a matter of trust, it's just a matter of...well..."

"Making sure I haven't had another spell and passed out, or something?" James offered.

"Yeah...exactly," Bonnie nodded, almost apologetically.

"No, no, I...yeah, I totally get it," James said quickly, "It won't bother me at all, Bonnie. You're just looking after me, is all!"

Almost unexpectedly, and much to James's delight, the rest of the day (before Brooke's appointment, that is) passed by without incident. James had been a bit worried that Brooke, upon hearing about his shrink spurt from Bonnie, would put her foot down and make an executive decision that he wasn't going to be working anymore. It certainly would have been in character for her to take charge like that, if she thought that his health was in danger. But Bonnie informed him, after the next client left, that she had told Brooke what had happened over the phone, and that she was apparently okay with everything.

"Oh really?" James asked, slightly surprised, as he adjusted his loose clothes while he sat on his desk, "She was just...good with everything?"

"Well I had to answer some rapid-fire questions," laughed Bonnie (her curves jiggling as she did so), "But after she realized you weren't in any distress, or feeling dizzy anymore...yeah, she was fine. She trusts you."

"That's...okay, yeah! Great!" James smiled. He almost felt silly that he had been worried about Brooke's reaction. It certainly felt good to be reminded of her trust, and this reminder fuelled a gratifying rest of James's day. The rest of the morning, and into the afternoon, he saw four more clients, and all the sessions went very well, his diminished size notwithstanding. James was able to help all of them through their various issues, and even though there usually wasn't hard "resolution" during the meeting, he knew that wasn't his function as a therapist. His job was to help his clients mentally frame their problems in a way that made them solvable, and that showed them the agency they actually had in improving their own lives and reaching their academic, professional, and personal goals. It was work that James truly enjoyed, so much so that by the time 4:00 came around, he had almost forgotten that he was now only 2'5.

As soon as Brooke walked in, though, it was impossible to forget. The rest of his clients, three women and one man, had all seemed huge enough (the girls had all been around 5'5 to 5'8, and the guy, a recent *hupo* infection, was 5'1), but, of course, Brooke was on an entirely different level. Before today, James had spent most of the last few months around Brooke, but even a few hours with other "normal-sized" people was enough to underline the immensity and grandeur of his girlfriend. She was absolutely gigantic. A full 7'0 tall in her platform heels, she had to duck way under the door frame to his office as she came in, her wavy blond hair spilling

gorgeously over her wide, strong shoulders as she did so. But it was the fact that it looked like she almost had to *force* herself through the door opening that really made James's eyes pop. He knew how big she was, how thick and powerful and curvy, but he still hadn't gotten used to watching those wide hips and giant thighs navigate themselves through these "normal" openings. Her boobs squished up against the side of the door frame as she grimaced playfully, looking down at him as she finally managed to wrest her body into his office, her curves shaking all over with the aftershocks of her effort.

"Oh honey...come here," Brooke murmured quickly, her eyes full of care as she crossed the space between the door and his desk in one stride. The next thing James knew, he was engulfed in a plush but powerful embrace. He felt the warm, soft kiss of her lips against his cheek, which lingered for a few insistent seconds before withdrawing with an audible smooch.

"So you're okay, then?" Brooke asked, backing up slightly so that she could get a good look at him. Her huge hands began busily groping about his body, testing his arms for size, wrapping around his shoulders, and even his legs. Her hands could easily go all the way around his thighs now, even with the added bulk of his pants.

"Y-yeah...yeah I'm okay...really," James replied, already out of breath just from the weight of Brooke's attentions. He could feel himself becoming aroused all over again. The tiny golden man trinket, which was hanging from her necklace, winked at him from between her big breasts, glinting in the late-afternoon sun streaming in through the blinds.

"Oh baby..." Brooke said, her voice so tender that it almost sounded like she was apologizing for what had happened, "Look at you..."

"I, uh...yeah, I'm a little smaller...just a little, though!" James chuckled.

"We're gonna need to get you some new clothes, pronto," Brooke hummed, clearly letting her usual caregiver self take over for a moment as she fussed with his baggy shirt, "I mean, I'm not saying that there's not a certain charm to the roomy look, since it makes you seem even smaller but..."

And here she paused, looking down at him, and her mouth curved up into a self-conscious grin as she lifted her hands away from him and backed herself up into the client chair, squishing her colossal curves down into it and making the chair groan as she sat down.

"I'm sorry!" Brooke giggled, waving her hands at him in the "hands off" motion before settling them into her lap, "I know I'm the "client" here, but I...I just couldn't help myself, James. Just had to make sure you were okay."

"Totally...understandable," James laughed, returning her grin as he took a deep breath, steadying his own arousal, "And really – I am."

"I believe you," Brooke nodded genuinely, before putting her hand over her heart, "And I solemnly swear not to m*ther you for the next hour."

"Okay, deal!" James chuckled. He paused, wondering maybe if he owed Brooke some kind of an explanation for the fact that he had shrunk, but she was one step ahead of him, leaning forward to answer his uncertainty before he even expressed it.

"And no need to explain what happened right now," she said, her beautiful blue eyes blinking at him with the slightest hint of lascivious enjoyment, "Bonnie told me all about it, and...we can talk about it later. Just know that I'm not upset, and that, when I heard about it, and after I knew you were okay...I actually got turned-on."

"Oh...really?" James asked.

"Really," Brooke said, before slapping her thighs and sending them quivering anew, "But anyway! Back to business."

"Yes, definitely!" James nodded, noticing how, even in his office, Brooke was the one who took charge. It just seemed like the natural state between the two of them. "So what brings you in here today?"

"Well I know that the two of us can talk about anything at home," Brooke began, "But, well... "A" I wanted to support your decision to come back into the office –"

"Very sweet of you," James smiled.

"And "B,"" Brooke continued, "I actually thought that it might be good for me to come back into the "clinical" setting to discuss some of my issues. Like, just as a kind of shake-up to the routine, you know?"

"Oh I totally get it," James replied, nodding, "It's still just me and you as is, but with the added benefit of this setting to help us out. It's almost like we're both roleplaying the therapist-client dynamic, but not. It's both at the same time."

"Of course you get it," Brooke smiled broadly, before clasping her hands in her lap and taking a few moments to recollect her thoughts. "Okay, so...everything's going great on just about every front – school, volleyball...boyfriend... – but lately I've been a bit stressed."

"Mhm," James said, privately relishing that he got to help Brooke in this way, since she already did so much for him, "Tell me more about that. When you say "stressed," what does that mean?"

"Well...I guess the more accurate word is "worried," actually," Brooke said after a few moments of pondering. James loved how her long, strong fingers intertwined themselves together when

she was thinking hard. He had to remind himself not to lose focus, and that, in this moment at least, he was acting as Brooke's therapist.

"Since 'stressed' usually is just an inexact word to describe general uneasiness," Brooke continued, "But I know what I'm stressed about, you know...worried about. So I guess I should've led with that."

"No, it's okay, you're just talking it all out," James said kindly. "So what are you worried about?"

Brooke's long fingers continued to twist around themselves in her lap as she looked down at them, with her golden hair hanging down over her face. Even though James had reminded himself to keep this exchange as professional as he could, he just wasn't able to avoid marveling at how beautiful Brooke was in this moment. She was absolutely stunning...and her vulnerability – especially the fact that she had *chosen* to be vulnerable with him – made her all the more striking. Her slow movements paradoxically accentuated the sheer size of her limbs, and even though she was just moving around very slightly, the chair groaned out under her 260 pounds of curves. Despite his best efforts, James felt himself getting hard again.

"I'm worried about the sudden attention our relationship is getting," Brooke replied straightforwardly, looking up and brushing her golden hair out of her face so that her deep blue eyes could see him clearly. Her long, red manicured nails sparkled in the sunlight, and a metallic tinkling sounded out as Brooke's silver bracelet moved a little on her wrist...but not too much; it didn't have any more room to go down her arm, since her wrist was so thick and powerful. It flashed through James's mind that Brooke had playfully pulled that same bracelet *all the way up* his leg just the other day. His cock was getting even harder, and he had started to sweat.

"You are?" he asked, inwardly fighting to keep his mind on track. It helped that what Brooke was saying concerned their relationship. "But we have each other – isn't that all that matters?"

"Of course it is," returned Brooke warmly, though her worried expression hadn't changed, "Which is why my worries aren't truly troublesome in the grand scheme of things...but still, I thought it would be a good idea to just sit with the little...uhm, I don't know, petty worries...and give voice to them, just so they don't really get their roots into my subconscious without me realizing it."

"I think that's very sensible," James said, trying not to focus on how tightly Brooke's thick thighs and giant ass were squeezed into the chair. What was wrong with him today!? He had been doing fine after that little loss of control with Jessica! Now that Brooke was in the chair, though, everything seemed different. It was very hard for him to concentrate on anything except how huge and gorgeous she was. But he hunkered down and kept trying, because he knew Brooke needed him right now.

"So yeah, these aren't, like, earth-shattering concerns," Brooke continued, smiling a little, "But they've still been on my mind." She paused to gather herself again, and James could tell that she was searching for the exact right words to describe her feelings. He was hoping that this brief pause would allow him to "reset" his own mind and body.

"So I know that everything's changed because of the virus," she said after a few moments, "For everyone, right? I mean, at this point, there's no one that hasn't been affected in some way or another. It truly is a new world order that we're talking about here."

"It sure is," James agreed. Something about the phrase "new world order," and the softly emphatic way Brooke had just said it in her deep, feminine, sexy voice, made him even more aroused.

"But I want to be realistic, James," Brooke said, looking at him square in the eyes. "I'm under no illusions that you're one of the one percent, and that, in all likelihood, you're going to get much, much smaller...smaller even than you are now."

"Yeah, I uh...I think that's a safe bet," he replied. His throat had gone dry, and he could feel the heat rising up in his face again. It was the same feeling he had experienced with Jessica earlier, except this time it was much more intense.

"Of course I love every aspect of your body, James," Brooke persisted, "And will continue to even as you get smaller and smaller...ugh god...*especially* when that happens..." And here her eyes sparkled with a glint of that telltale lascivious glee that James was so taken by. Seemingly unconsciously, she fingered the tiny golden man-trinket in between her breasts. James was trying to take long breaths in through his nose to calm his arousal, but Brooke certainly wasn't making it any easier for him.

"But my worries aren't about that at all," she continued, returning to her serious demeanor, "They're about the public nature of our relationship. Like, not to be over-dramatic, but we're already something of a "celebrity couple" around here."

"We are, yeah!" James chuckled, nodding. His cock was nearly full-mast now.

"And as much as I enjoy all the attention with you," Brooke said, "I'd be lying if I said it didn't wear on me in some ways."

"Can you talk a little more about that?" James asked. He wanted to hear about what Brooke had to say, really he did. But this was also part of a strategy to try and get a-hold of himself. He had reached a point where, if he spoke more than a sentence or two, it was going to become very obvious that he was struggling to maintain control. He briefly considered stopping the session and telling Brooke what was going on, but he really wanted to try for her, to see if he could keep it together.

"Well for starters," Brooke replied, "I really miss going out to dinner with you and just, you know...being left alone. But nowadays we can't go out for coffee or a sandwich, or even a walk down the street – let alone a nice dinner – without all these people coming up to us and snapping pictures and asking us questions and...well, you know."

"Mhm, yeah, it's certainly been a change," James nodded.

"And look – it's not that I hate the attention or anything," Brooke said, gesturing meaningfully with her big hands, "To be honest I think it's super-hot, actually."

"Yeah, yeah I do too," James smiled.

"I know you do," she said quickly back, as she kept on her roll, "But more and more, as the attention around us grows, there's a big part of me that just wants to...get away from it all. To go somewhere with you where no one can bug us and we can just, you know, BE together."

"Well let's do it then," James said bluntly. He was still struggling, yes...struggling mightily. The afternoon sunshine was catching Brooke's blond hair just right, and her blue eyes were dazzling, and her hands and arms were huge, and every movement she was making in the chair made it groan out even more, and...James was losing control...*fast*. He could feel another shrink spike coming on. But even in the midst of all this, he could see a solution to his girlfriend's worries.

"Huh?" Brooke asked blankly, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, let's go somewhere," James replied, wiping his brow as he tried to sit up a little straighter. His shirt was beginning to feel even more loose than it had been for most of the day. "On a vacation."

Brooke opened her mouth for a moment and then closed it, tilting her head to the side as she appeared to consider his proposal. But the next moment she was exhaling out and sadly shaking her head, laughing a little.

"James...oh god...I really wish we could," she sighed, "But I've got like three exams next week, and then we have a big game against the Cornhuskers the week after and, UGH GOD it would be soooo nice to take a week or two and go somewhere, but –"

"I'm not talking about a week or two," James cut in, "We can do that over Christmas Break. I'm just talking about a *day* or two. A nice weekend trip somewhere. Something we plan out in advance and just...you know, go for it."

Brooke blinked at him silently for a few seconds more. At first, James thought that she might have noticed that he was starting to shrink again, but her next words showed that it hadn't yet come to her attention.

"I...you know what, James?" she said, beginning to laugh, "This sounds so silly, but – I've always thought of a "vacation" in terms of weeks, not days...like my family and I never took a vacation that was shorter than a week, since Dad always worked really long hours, and saved up a lot of PTO and then we all just took a big old vacation and..."

She stopped, blushing with joyful embarrassment.

"Is it really that simple?" she asked, her voice uncharacteristically self-conscious, even as she was grinning at him.

"It's really that simple," James returned, smiling at his success in helping her, despite what was going on. It was only a matter of time before Brooke realized. Again, it flashed through his mind that he should probably tell her, but she was having such a nice moment that he wanted her to have it for as long as she could.

"Oh my gosh," laughed Brooke, shaking her head, "I really can get stuck in some very...uh, elementary mind loops. Like, it's the most obvious thing in the world that we could just take a day or two and go somewhere – just you and me. Oooo, we could pop on down to the beach for a quick little trip if you wanted, or...or if you weren't feeling that, maybe we could go on a hike in the mountains! There's actually a suuuuper cute little cabin that I was reading about – one of those special "couples cabins," you know? Maybe I could book it for next...uhhh...oh god...oh my god...James...it's....it's happening again...!"

Brooke's blue eyes had suddenly gone wide as she realized that James was in the middle of a shrink spike, and she moved to quickly stand up out of the chair. But her ass and hips were so big that she was lodged in place, which meant that her sudden movements exerted a devastating force on the already-tense piece of furniture. With a loud, splintering crack, the chair split down the middle and fell off her ass as she rose up above James, reaching out her hand to support his back as he dwindled down into his clothes.

"Baby...it's okay...I've got you," Brooke cooed, ignoring the broken chair as she focused all her attention on making sure James didn't hit his head, should he faint. After several more seconds, the shrink spike was over, and James was sitting in a pile of clothing that was so loose on him now it was like he was covered with blankets. He was now only 2'1.

"I'm sorry, oh god...I really was trying," James breathed, catching his breath, "I don't know what came over me, Brooke...you were just...just sitting there in the chair, and you...ugh, I don't know. You just looked so hot and..."

"Hey, hey, calm down," Brooke cooed at him, lovingly petting his back with her massive hand, "Deep breaths. You don't need to make excuses for thinking I'm sexy. And, actually..." – and here Brooke winked down at him with a teasing smile – "As far as I'm concerned, you owed me that after shrinking WITHOUT me in front of that little goth bitch."

For a split second, James thought that Brooke was being serious, but he could immediately tell, from the playful glimmer in her eye, that she wasn't. After another couple seconds, he managed a humorous riposte in his best "therapist" voice:

"Well, I'm sorry, Ms. Hinson, but my sessions with other clients are strictly confidential, so –"

"OHO! You little rascal," she purred, gathering him up in her arms. The next moment, she had flipped off James's "shirt," and he was standing there before her, completely naked, still totally erect. Brooke's lips parted in amazement, and, for the next full minute, she just silently felt him all over with her huge hands, her clinking bracelet the only sound in the office. She wrapped her hands lovingly all the way around his thighs, she felt up his arms, she palmed his entire back and chest. It was like she could barely believe how small he was, and that she was taking in every minute detail of his shrunken body, giving it attention, and loving it.

"James...oh my god, you're so small!" Brooke exclaimed softly, "Look at this...LOOK at this!"

She planted her hand by his foot, and measured up her forearm against his leg. Not only was her arm longer and thicker than his leg, but it was thicker, in its largest part, than his entire torso. And with her hand planted this way, James found himself staring into the middle of her bicep muscle. Her single arm was taller than him, thicker than him, heavier than him, stronger than him.

"B-Brooke...!" he choked out, and then, quite suddenly, all in a rush of heat, he began to shrink again, even faster than before.

"James! Oh god, oh god...James!" Brooke cried, not in a panic, but in a sheer outburst of arousal, "Come here, come here!"

She seized him in one hand as he continued to shrink, with her hand wrapping all the way around his waist, and then, the next moment, she carefully but swiftly deposited him down on the floor, directly next to her 7-inch platform heel. James found himself gawking up at the titanic, statuesque majesty of Brooke...HIS Brooke, as she loomed high over him, watching him get smaller and smaller and smaller. It was the hottest thing she had ever done – that anyone had ever done – for him. Right there, in the midst of a shrink spike, she had put him down on the floor, right next to her huge platform heel, just so he could stare up at her as he shrank.

"Look up at me, James," Brooke boomed, still speaking softly, though her voice had now taken on an intense new kind of resonance to James's diminished ears, "I want to look into your eyes as you get smaller."

This was all so unbelievably hot to James that he actually whimpered out in sheer lust, leaning against Brooke's colossal heel as he continued to shrink. The 7-inch platform had been about even with his shins before, but now it was up to his knees...now the middle of his thighs...now

his waist...and he just kept shrinking. Breathing even heavier now, still staring up at Brooke, he began to hump her gigantic heel, unable to resist the animal impulse any longer. Brooke watched him the whole time, her nostrils flaring high above him, as her deep blue eyes flashed in the late-afternoon sun, her head framed by that shimmering crown of blond hair. She looked like a goddess, and to James, at this point, she WAS.

“Guuuuyuuuhhhh!” he gasped out, helplessly painting Brooke’s platform heel with his cum. Rope after rope of his seed came leaping out of his cock, in wave after wave of offering to his goddess. When he was finally done, the shrinking had ceased. Breathless, he came to his senses and saw that he was leaning against Brooke’s huge platform, and when he stood up, he couldn’t believe it. The top of her 7-inch heel was even with his upper chest. The next moment, he heard a metallic tape measure unfurl, and, turning around, he found himself staring just above the 9-inch mark. Then Brooke’s voice issued out, seemingly from the heavens, a rumbling tide of power, whose deep, shaking timbre proved she was just as aroused as he was.

“10 inches, James...you’re 10 inches tall.”

Chapter 9

One week later, James was sitting on the soft, carpeted floor in Brooke's bedroom, looking up at the news on TV as he waited for her to get ready for their outing. Several days before, Brooke had arranged for them to meet with Christina, her agent, and ever since then they had both been struggling to contain their excitement about the meet-up. Brooke had told James that Christina was a brilliant strategist, and a specialist in "global branding," but aside from that, she had been coquettishly mum about what the meeting would entail.

"So you're not gonna tell me more?" James had asked a couple days before, lounging on Brooke's pillow as she lay next to him, propped up on her side so that she could softly pet, tease, and tickle his naked, 9-inch body (he had shrunk an inch the previous few days) with her long, manicured index finger. "You're just gonna keep teasing me about your plans?"

"Mhmmmm," giggled Brooke, nodding with slow exaggeration as her wide eyes hungrily drank in the sight of his body's fruitless, twisting protestations. It didn't matter how much he struggled against her finger – she was so much stronger than him that she barely even noticed him trying to repel her. And, of course, she knew that his attempts at "escape" were only playful pretenses: at this point, his cock was pretty much permanently erect whenever she was close by. It was obvious that he was utterly smitten with her...worshipful, even...and helplessly aroused by the size difference between them.

"I'm just gonna let your imagination go WILD," Brooke continued, her eyes opening even wider at the word "wild" as she used her other fingers to gently tickle along James's little ribs. He burst out in laughter, unable to contain himself as he struggled against the inexorable force of her fingers against his little body. He already knew that the variety of stylish gold and silver rings she wore were wider than his arms – Brooke had demonstrated this a day before, taking one of her rings off and slowly drawing his hand through it, up his forearm, past his elbow, and all the way up his bicep, only stopping at his shoulder. She had stared at him hard, wiggling her ring around his shoulder with her mouth slightly open, like she could hardly believe how small he was.

"And I know how much you just lovvvvvve fantasizing," Brooke had continued, finishing off her tickling spree with a decisive smooch on his forehead, which left a large lipstick mark that was one of several splotched all over his body, "So really, you should be thanking me for giving that adorable little brain of yours another opportunity to cook."

"To...cook!?" James had laughed, staring up at his gorgeous girlfriend, "I'm sorry, is that...uh, is that some kind of new lingo the kids are using these days?"

"Hey, careful there, mister millennial," Brooke had chuckled, curving a threatening finger over his prone stomach, "It's not my fault you're playing catch-up with the latest trends. Here's an idea – how about, instead of mocking them, you remember your place...which is UNDERNEATH ME!"

Without giving James a chance to respond, Brooke had plopped her huge tits directly down on top of him, cheerfully grinding him into the bed as she stared with dominant humor into his eyes, his little head the only part of his body that she had spared from the hot, fleshy press of her tits.

And now, a few days later, James could only smile to himself as he thought back to how effortlessly Brooke had manhandled him. In between then and now, it certainly hadn't gotten any harder for her – he had shrunk down another couple inches, so that this morning, Brooke had measured him at a mere 8.2 inches. “Smaller than my hand!” she had laughed, lining up her palm with his body to show how her fingers towered over him by more than an inch. She had wiggled her middle finger down at him, arching its “head” to pretend like it was talking to him.

“Hey shorty...” her “finger” had said, with Brooke adopting a silly voice, “How'd you get soooo tiny!?”

James's head was full of these kinds of vignettes as he sat on Brooke's floor, watching the news as he waited for her to get ready. He could have easily picked out a dozen little stories similar to the ones he had just been thinking about, all of them some variation of Brooke playing with his tiny body, teasing him as they both soaked up the reality of how much bigger she was than him, and how easy it was for her to dominate him. It had only been a week since the last shrink spike, but already, James was identifying a pattern with Brooke's behavior: the smaller he got, the more dominant she acted around him. And he didn't mind it one bit.

“And Jill, let me just say,” a female news presenter was saying on the TV, “That the CDC has officially confirmed today that they fully expect that, within the next two months, all men will shrink down to six inches or less.”

“Excuse me, Dana...” Jill responded, feigning surprise, “Can you say that one more time for the listeners?! Just to make sure we all heard you right...”

“ALL men will shrink down to SIX INCHES or less,” Jill repeated, grinning at her co-anchor before turning back to the camera, “Within the next TWO months...so the CDC reported today.”

“My goodness!” Dana exclaimed, “And the CDC is confident in this prediction!?”

“Their prediction carries 99 percent certainty,” Jill responded, nodding, “And the CDC director hastened to add that the 1 percent uncertainty was due to the epidemiologists being unsure whether men would be getting EVEN SMALLER.”

“Well! Certainly a lot to look forward to...er...a lot to think about,” chuckled Dana, winking at her co-anchor and sharing a knowing laugh before turning back to face the audience, “So stay tuned – after the commercial break, we'll be interviewing a woman who says that she's found the perfect solution to her shrunken husband not being able to reach the doorknob – pet doors! Yes, you heard that right! More on THAT...after this break.”

James took a deep breath, trying to digest the news that the *hupostolephasia* virus was actually more widespread – and more virulent – than he had ever expected it to be. It was one thing to look around campus now and see that the world had so obviously changed; that much was apparent. But it was an entirely different thing to anticipate a world, in the not-too-distant future, where NO MAN would be taller than six inches! It was certainly a lot to take in, but, in the past few months, James had become accustomed to dramatic, momentous changes, so he had learned to take these kinds of shocking revelations in stride without missing a beat. The confidence and assurance of having Brooke by his side certainly helped.

Speaking of which...James's attention had been caught by a movement high up towards the ceiling, and out of the corner of his eye. Still sitting on the floor by the foot of Brooke's bed, he glanced up, and saw, peeking out of Brooke's closet, a long, elegant hand, sparkling with those gold and silver rings he had been thinking about just moments before, the sharp, sexy red manicured nails drumming suggestively against the top paneling of the closet door. James instantly felt himself get hard, and he jumped up from his sitting position, excited to see what Brooke was wearing. The next moment, his breath caught in his chest, and he saw her emerge from her closet, her huge, thick body wrapped up in a bright pink spaghetti-strap dress that hugged her curves, showing off the voluptuous swerve of her hips and the weighty, creamy goodness of her full breasts. The gorgeous spill of her long blond hair shook as Brooke ducked under her 6'8 door frame, and James realized that she was wearing a stunning pair of 10-inch pink platform heels, which made her a gargantuan 7'3. James could hardly breathe as he beheld her, the entire frame of her body jiggling imperiously as she stepped out into the bedroom. She was an absolute pillar of power and femininity, her long, strong fingers sparkling with gold and silver rings, her right ankle glittering with a golden anklet that winked out underneath her pink dress. And, of course, she was wearing her "tiny man" golden trinket around her neck, which twinkled playfully down at James from between her enormous breasts.

"James?" called Brooke, looking around her bedroom, "Sweetie? I'm ready!"

James felt his heart speed up as he practically bounced on his toes, eager to tell her what he had just heard on the news.

"I'm here!" he called in response, waving up at her. But she didn't make any sign that she had heard him. Instead, her brow furrowed, and she started looking around the bedroom.

"James?" she asked, a bit of concern beginning to creep into her voice, "Honey? Where are you?"

"Down here!" he shouted, raising his voice and waving both hands this time. But it still didn't seem to help, since Brooke had started walking around her bedroom, checking her nightstand, looking under her pillows, and so on. At first, James felt a bit alarmed, worried that he wouldn't be able to get her attention, but when her gaze scanned directly over where he was, and she didn't react, James realized what she was doing – it was another one of her little games.

“Sweetheart, I KNOW I left you in here somewhere,” she said, her voice heavy with faux-concern, “And you’re soooooo small that it’s just so EASY to misplace you...”

“Come on, I’m down here!” James yelled, jumping up and down and waving his arms back and forth, playing along. He was wearing a tiny pair of shorts, a little t-shirt, and a pair of miniature shoes, all of which Brooke had ordered, custom-made, from a special company. In the two days since the clothes and shoes had arrived, though, James had shrunk more, so even though everything was tiny, it was all still too big for him. His shirt and shorts were baggy, and, as he jumped up and down, James could feel his shoes slipping slightly off his little feet. Together with Brooke’s playful game, all of this made James feel even smaller, and he felt his cock stiffening harder as he watched his gigantic girlfriend striding around her bedroom, her immense curves bouncing with activity as she “searched” for him.

After another few minutes of this game, Brooke “discovered” James right after she landed her colossal, 10-inch platform heel down only a pace or so away from his body. Even though James knew that she hadn’t almost stepped on him, it was difficult to remain composed with that towering, bright pink platform heel stretching high up above his head. If he had raised his arms and jumped as high as he could go, he still wouldn’t have gotten close to touching the top of it.

“THERE you are!” Brooke smiled warmly, skillfully arching her giant body down toward him, showing off how flexible she was in the process. She gently wrapped her big, warm hand around his body and lifted him carefully up, straightening her body with slow purpose, so that James wouldn’t get too disoriented from the sudden change in height. She spied the little tent in his shorts – despite their bagginess – and narrowed her eyes at him.

“Now take it easy there, tiger,” she warned, her full red lips curving up into a knowing smirk, “We decided this morning that your next shrink spike would be AFTER our meeting with Christina, not BEFORE.”

“I know, I know,” James laughed, trying to collect himself as he took a series of deep breaths, “But you don’t, uh...you don’t make it any easier for me, you know.”

“Whaaaat!?” Brooke exclaimed, pretending to be offended as she brought her free hand up to her chest, her golden bracelets jingling out into the air, “I’m SURE I don’t know what you’re talking about. I wouldn’t DREAM of forcing you into a shrink spike out of turn.”

“Oh of course not!” James nodded sarcastically, “Never EVER...I’m sorry for even suggesting such a thing!”

“But seriously, though,” Brooke giggled, reverting back to her normal voice as she stared into her boyfriend’s face, “Keep a lid on it, mister. This is a self-control exercise for both of us, remember? I’ll do my best not to tease you too much...”

"You're really knocking it out of the park so far," interjected James dryly. He already knew that, to a certain extent, Brooke just couldn't help herself around him. But he was certainly going to tease her back.

"ANNNNND YOU will do your best not to tempt me!" she finished, reaching out and gently pinching his hand between her thumb and index finger, shaking it chidingly. "Anyway, I'm sooooo excited for you to finally meet Christina! She's been working with me ever since...well..."

"Ever since you became the most marketable college athlete in the country?" James suggested, grinning at Brooke as she held him like an action figure in front of her face. She blushed and rolled her eyes in response to his compliment, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek.

"Oh now, I wouldn't go THAT far," she replied.

"Geez, I would," James said simply, looking down at himself very deliberately, "Though I have to admit, as "marketable" as you are already, the fact that you're dating ME...it just multiplies everything by three or four."

"Now THAT is true!" Brooke laughed. She closed her eyes and brought James up to her face, nuzzling him gently with her nose, and covering his body in soft, tender kisses. James closed his own eyes in response, his skin rising to attention in goosebumps as he soaked in her affection. It didn't matter that she had kissed him all over thousands of times already – it hadn't gotten old, and he didn't think that it ever would. At the same time, however, James was cognizant of his own erection, which had just gotten harder and harder the more Brooke kissed him. He knew that she wasn't trying to cause a shrink spike, but he also knew that he was more susceptible to her soft, pillowy lips than she realized...and, the next moment, he felt the telltale warning sign of his balls beginning to tighten as a searing heat started to build at the base of his little cock.

"Okay...oKAY...!" James exclaimed, his tiny hands sinking into Brooke's lips as he tried to push them away, "I...i-it feels great, Brooke...but you...you gotta at least give me a chance!"

"Awww, sorrrrrryyyy..." she smiled sheepishly, finally giving him a respite as she ceased her kisses, "It's just...UGHHHH it's so hard to keep myself under control around you!"

"Well, you and me both," James chuckled, breathing a sigh of relief as the hot tension in his groin began to subside. "It's a team effort – a, uh...mutual ride-or-die!"

"Mmmmm yes it is," Brooke nodded, drawing her long finger lovingly across his chest, teasing around his nipples with the pad of her finger before she withdrew it quickly, almost like she had caught herself absentmindedly stimulating him. The silver and gold bracelets on her strong wrist tinkled out into the air, and the rings on her fingers glinted in the mid-morning sun coming in through the windows. "And look at you, using that modern Gen-Z-speak! Who taught you that one!?"

“Uhhh...might have been Jessica,” replied James, thinking back to his contumacious patient. For a brief moment, he wondered how she was doing, and then figured that, considering her happy relationship with her tiny, submissive boyfriend, she was doing just fine.

“Uh-huh, yep, that would make sense,” nodded Brooke, winking down at him playfully, in a kittenish reminder of how he had lost control around Jessica in his office, “But speaking of “ride or die” – something exciting got delivered this morning that I’ve been SO looking forward to trying out with you!”

“Let me guess...is it a pair of 12-inch rainbow-glitter platform heels?” asked James.

“Noooooo, silly!” laughed Brooke, pretending like she was about to flick him with her index finger (which, of course, she would never actually do, as it would be quite painful), “I’ve already got a closet-full of heels to strut around in....no, no, this is even more exciting!”

Still holding James, she reached down with her free hand and rummaged around in a cardboard box on top of the dresser (which James hadn’t even seen before because it had been up so high), and, the next moment, she had brought out a stylish, crossbody white purse, seemingly the perfect size to fit James inside. He instantly realized where this was going, and he felt a fresh jolt of arousal shoot through him.

“It’s a Kate Spade New York Madison!” Brooke exclaimed happily, rotating the purse around as she held it up by its strap with her index finger.

“Oh...! Is it, huh?” James managed to say blankly, causing Brooke to laugh.

“Not that that’d mean anything to you!” she giggled, “Sorry, James, I just couldn’t help myself – I was looking for nice bags that could fit cute, tiny little boyfriends inside, and this one came up, and...yeah, I just HAD to get it!”

“Well it, uh...yeah, I bet it’s...comfortable inside...” James mused.

“It sure is!” Brooke beamed, “One hundred percent cotton interior! I made sure that it’d be super-soft for you!”

“So I guess you’re going to be carrying me inside the –” James began, but Brooke was already one step ahead of him, lowering him down carefully into the new purse. A sweet scent of rose petals and chamomile came wafting up...Brooke’s signature scent.

“I sprayed a bit of my perfume inside,” Brooke cooed down at him, laying his body gently down inside the soft interior, “Just so that you wouldn’t get lonely when I close you up inside there with my phone, keys, and chapstick.

“W-Wait...close me up...inside!?” James said, as he pivoted sideways to avoid Brooke’s phone and chapstick as she stuck them in her purse next to him. Her keys jingled out as she shook them playfully down, winking at him – James could tell from the movement of the ceiling and the sudden swing of her purse that they were on the move.

“Yes, of course!” Brooke smiled simply, slipping on her stylish Anthropologie sunglasses as she stepped out of her apartment into the morning sun, shutting her door behind her and locking it smartly. “I can’t have you falling out of my purse on accident, can I? Noooo, no, I’d never forgive myself if something happened to you, James. I’m under no illusions, sweetie – part of my job as your girlfriend is protecting you, and so that’s what I’m gonna do.”

She smoothly nestled her keys down in her purse next to him, and James had no choice but to accept what happened next: with a decisive motion, after checking carefully to make sure his hands and feet were clear, Brooke zipped her purse closed. James had expected to be shrouded completely in darkness, but actually, there was a little mesh opening in the side, an inch or so wide, where some light could get through. James crawled over towards it and put his face right at the opening, just in time to see Brooke raise her purse up to her face, so that her brilliant blue eye was looking directly at him.

“Yaaauuugh!” cried James in surprise, starting back from the striking, close-up view of her eye. He heard Brooke laughing as her eye crinkled up affectionately at the corners.

“Mmmmm good, you found it!” she said, “I wanted to make sure that you had plenty of fresh air too – just don’t stick your little fingers through the mesh. I don’t want them getting jammed on anything!”

“O-Okay, I won’t!” James called back to her. The next moment, he felt his organs squishing together briefly, like he was on a roller coaster, and he realized that Brooke had lowered her purse back down to her hip-level, where it set off bouncing gently against her curvy, voluptuous flesh. The initial discomfort of the sudden descent passed quickly by, and James found that he was actually cozy and comfortable in Brooke’s purse. The rhythmic, bouncing drum of her footsteps was more soothing than anything else, but even still, James couldn’t help but admire how powerful those footsteps felt against the sidewalk. He could feel the deep vibrations of her 10-inch platform heels rippling through her body, and, by extension, his body too.

‘I really am just like...a tiny extension of her, after all,’ he thought to himself, nestling into a sitting position against the mesh opening of her purse. As Brooke strode down the sidewalk, James was able to peer out and get a good sense of the outside world. All around the Lowland University campus, the effects of the *hupo* virus were plain to see: nearly all the men he saw were no taller than knee-height to the women, with the tallest man only reaching the mid-thigh of the young woman he was walking with. It was truly incredible how quickly everything had changed – and James wasn’t sure if he was just reading more into what he was seeing, but it seemed to him like all the young women were strutting around with an entirely new kind of confidence, flaunting their size next to the men.

'And even compared to the other guys,' James thought to himself, as Brooke stopped at a crosswalk, 'I'm still a midget – I barely even come up to Brooke's ANKLE...even when she isn't wearing heels!'

"Oh my god...!" he heard an unfamiliar female voice say, close to Brooke's purse, "It's Brooke Hinson!"

Several other voices joined in exclamations of excitement and surprise, with the original female voice saying: "Out on the town and all dressed up without your man, Brooke!?"

"Oh I've got him right here!" Brooke chuckled, and James felt his world go sideways as Brooke tapped her purse with her finger. He could see, through the mesh, an attractive young brunette woman, probably around 5'10, who had spoken, next to a slightly shorter dark-haired other girl and a couple of their guy friends (all at the women's knee-level). They were all gaping at Brooke's purse, and both of the women put their hands over their mouths when they saw James looking at them through the mesh.

"Holy shit! There he isssss!" squealed the brunette through her hands.

"Oh my god LOOK at himmmmm!" her dark-haired friend gushed. A couple of female passersby had glanced backward, with one of them looking befuddled, and the other one looking...well...it was difficult for James to gauge her expression. Was she...jealous!? She was holding the hand of what looked to be her boyfriend, whose hand was raised above his head just to clasp onto hers. But he didn't get a good look at them, because, once again, Brooke was on the move, crossing the street. He could feel the deep vibrations of her chuckling at the two young women, who followed them for a block or so before Brooke's long, powerful strides left them in the dust.

"You're a hit, honey!" Brooke laughed, playfully circling the pad of her index finger around the mesh opening, "Here, I miss you...gimme a little kiss!"

James was only too happy to oblige, planting a firm, passionate kiss right on Brooke's finger. She hummed out in a smooth, sexy purr:

"Mmmmm...your little lipsss..."

From James's perspective, the world was rushing by rapidly, even though Brooke wasn't moving quickly at all – she was simply so big compared to him, and her strides were so long, that it seemed like everything was rushing by. Even still, he was able to notice a couple billboards as they passed. One of them was a huge picture of what looked like a booster car seat, with the simple message:

"Hurt pride or hurt husband? You choose, ladies – make him RideSafe!™ "

Another billboard for men's luxury clothing showed a grinning middle-aged man in a sharp suit, standing in front of an immense female form wrapped up in a stylish dress, with her hands on her hips, visible only from the waist-down. The man's head barely came up to her knees.

"Look your best," read the billboard, "No matter your size!"

There were many other billboards just like these, but James wasn't able to absorb them in time – Brooke had suddenly turned right, and the next second she was going through a series of double doors into a marble-floored lobby. James had been in these kinds of buildings before, the kind where you could instantly tell that everything inside was fancy and high-class. Brooke's platform heels echoed authoritatively through the high ceilings of the polished lobby, which James could see clearly thanks to the bright light of the huge dangling chandeliers. After exchanging a few words with the lobby attendant, Brooke was shown through another series of double doors, which led to a long marble hallway. Here, to James's surprise, Brooke actually opened up her purse and took him out.

"Wh-wha!?" James stammered, blinking under the bright chandeliers, "What's going on!?"

"I want you to be walking next to me when we meet Christina!" Brooke smiled, gently setting him down on his feet on the floor. "Just so it's obvious that we're in this together, and that I didn't bring you here by force!"

"Well...you kinda did, though," James teased, but of course he didn't mean it. Brooke smirked at him and gave him a "don't even try it" look before straightening back up and walking up to the nearest door on the right, which had a sleek brass sign on it that read:

"Christina Berkely, Elite Athlete Management, NBPA Certified Agent"

With a knowing smile down at James, Brooke knocked on the door, and for the next few seconds they stood there, waiting. James was standing directly next to Brooke's gigantic 10-inch pink platform, and he had to make an effort not to fixate on it, since doing so would have aroused him more than he was comfortable with in this situation. Thankfully, he didn't have to resist temptation for long, because, through the marble floor, he was already feeling the clacking vibrations of heavy footsteps. The next moment, the door opened, and there stood a stylish young woman in a dress and heels, with short-cut black hair, about 5'6, looking positively smitten.

"B-Brooke Hinson!" the young woman cried, reaching out to shake Brooke's hand, "Oh my goodness! I was so excited when Christina told me you'd be coming in today!"

"Hi there Emily," Brooke chuckled, her huge hand effortlessly encompassing the young receptionists', "Christina told me that you'd be here to greet us."

"I'm a HUGE fan," Emily said quickly, her full cheeks rosy with embarrassed excitement, "Seriously – I make sure to watch all your games...you really lay down the hammer on everyone, haha!"

"The only way I know how to play!" laughed Brooke amiably, her bracelets jingling around as she mimed spiking a volleyball.

"Well let me take you to Christina's office," Emily said, before glancing down around Brooke's knees and then looking back up, her brow suddenly a bit furrowed. "But I thought...uhm..."

"What is it?" Brooke asked patiently.

"It's just that...Christina told me you'd be coming here with James," Emily said, now glancing a little behind Brooke's thick hips, just in case they were obscuring her view. James saw her 3-inch shiny black heels pivot a bit as she straightened back up. It was incredible – even though Emily was "only" 5'6, with her heels, he was still only barely taller than her ankles.

"Oh but I did!" Brooke laughed, gesturing down next to her, "Didn't you see him?"

Emily blinked up at Brooke, not understanding for a moment, and then she peered back down, this time looking more carefully as she put her hands on her knees. The next moment she gasped out, her eyes going wide when she spotted James standing there next to Brooke's platform heel.

"Aaaahh! Oh my godddd!!" Emily cried, bringing her hands up to her mouth (just like the other women on the sidewalk) before carefully reaching her hand down to him. "I'm soooo sorry, James – I didn't even SEE you down there!"

"It's...totally fine!" he called back up to her, "shaking" her index finger with his hand before she rose back up to her full height. Emily still hadn't gotten over the surprise, because her eyes were still wide with wonder. She clearly hadn't seen a man as small as James, confirmed by what she whispered up to Brooke, though loud enough for James to hear:

"I...I didn't know they GOT that small!!"

"Mmmmm well he's not done shrinking yet," smirked Brooke, obviously enjoying the receptionist's shock. James suddenly realized that this was her way of "showing him off," and he loved it.

"H-Here, let me, uh...let me show you in to Christina," stammered Emily through a smile, glancing back down at James for a few more seconds, like she was trying to absorb the unreality of his tininess, before turning and leading them down another hallway. Brooke grinned down at James, gesturing out in front of her with her huge hand.

“After you...” she chuckled, bouncing her eyebrows down at him, and James stepped out “first,” appreciating the absurdity, as he followed Emily down the hallway to Christina’s office, with Brooke’s huge, heavy, clacking footsteps echoing out behind him.

Chapter 10

After a short double-knock on the door at the end of the hallway, Emily stood waiting, smiling up at Brooke before glancing way down at James, who was standing by Brooke's colossal 10-inch pink platform heel. The smooth mass of the platform felt gigantic next to his little body, and, sensing that the all-too-familiar weakness of arousal was beginning to overwhelm him, James glanced upward toward the top of the heel, a full 2 inches above his head. This was just her heel...her platform heel. It was already so much bigger than him. Looking past the heel itself, James saw Brooke's golden anklet winking down at him, as if to teasingly say: 'I'm just her anklet...and you couldn't reach me even if you jumped!'

As he continued to look up, up, up, James could see the towering skyscraper of Brooke's luscious body, squeezed into that skimpy bubble-gum pink dress, looming over him, her face barely visible beyond the overhanging cliffs of her breasts far beyond his head. His eyes caught the sparkling array of something high up, and he blinked, realizing that it was the golden rings on her fingers as she flexed and unflexed her fists, shaking out her excitement through her long, manicured fingers. Even this slight movement sent rolling waves of her sweet scent wafting down to him, ruffling his hair and filling his nostrils with her aura. James gulped, taking a few deep breaths as he lowered his eyes, trying to steady himself. Already, Brooke seemed like a goddess to him, and he wondered if it was possible to be any more enamored with her.

James leaned against Brooke's heel, a bit tired-out from the long walk down the hallway, but even in the midst of his physical exhaustion, James couldn't avoid the adrenaline rushing through his body. They were about to meet Christina, Brooke's agent, the woman he had already heard so much about. And all of this was about...what again? Some sort of nebulous "plans" that Brooke had hinted at, with that playful, knowing, sexy smile of hers. That's all James had to go on now – but it was more than enough to get his heart pumping, especially since Brooke, for all her poise and self-control, was obviously VERY excited for whatever was about to happen.

"Is that who I think it is, Emily?" came the full-throated waltz of a feminine voice from behind the doorway. James immediately felt himself relaxing a little, even as his heart started beating quicker. The voice seemed so pleasant and good-natured that any anxiety he had about meeting this new person was instantly quelled, and yet, at the same time, she just sounded so...big and confident.

"Yes it is!" Emily responded, smiling broadly at Brooke.

"Send them in, send them in!" sang the voice behind the door, and the next moment, Emily cracked the door and pushed it open, ushering Brooke and James into a large, sunlit office that was full of expensive-looking mahogany furniture that glowed pleasantly in the light streaming through the large windows. But it wasn't the furniture that James was focused on. A huge, curvy young woman was pirouetting around the large desk in the center of the office, her long, lush auburn hair framing a smiling face that somehow managed to look both joyous and authoritative

at the same time. She was older than Brooke, obviously, but probably younger than him, even though the size difference clearly did not bear that out. Christina was quite tall, 6'0 in her bare feet as a matter of fact, but, of course, she wasn't barefoot. Instead, she sported a pair of stylish, 6-inch blue heels, which matched perfectly with the white dress that clung tightly to her thick curves. Her thighs especially looked quite powerful, and James couldn't help but wonder how much Christina squatted...surely not as much as Brooke, but then again, who did? It was clear enough that Brooke's agent cared about staying in shape, which only contributed to the authority of her presence as she came swinging around her desk to meet them.

"Brooke...goodness, girlie," Christina laughed, stepping quickly over to embrace her client in a big hug (to James it looked like two mountains meeting), "I've seen you a thousand times and...the bubble gum pink always just takes my breath away. How tall are you in those heels!?"

"7'3," replied Brooke proudly, stretching herself up to her full height, just for fun.

"And here I am thinking that at 6'6 I'd be the head honcho in the office," laughed Christina, shaking her pretty head, "Not with Brooke Hinson in here, Jeeeesus."

She suddenly broke off and peered down toward Brooke's feet, staring directly at James, who couldn't help but cower a bit under her gaze. It wasn't that he was unaccustomed to being around huge, towering, assertive women. It was just that, as an 8-inch-tall man, he wasn't able to help feeling cowed in the presence of a new giantess. For a moment, he clung tightly to the side of Brooke's heel, but then, after seeing Christina's warm smile and reminding himself that everything was safe, he stepped forward and reached up his little hand.

"Hi Christina!" he called up to her, "I'm James – very pleased to meet you!"

"And likewise," Christina returned, glancing up at Brooke, as if to say 'oh my god how did you bag the cutest man on earth!?' before looking back at James, reaching down her hand, and "shaking" his with the gentlest pinch of her thumb and forefinger.

"Brooke's told me about some, uhm...plans that you've been cooking up," James continued, even as he registered how huge Christina's fingers were compared to his hand. He was able to keep up a pretense of normalcy, however, since he had been getting plenty of practice with someone much bigger. "And I've been trying to get her to say more, but she's been playing her cards pretty close to the chest."

"Oh that's not like Brooke at aaaaaaall!" Christina exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she straightened back up, winking at Brooke before going back around to the other side of her desk, "Feeding you little bits of info to keep you hooked, drumming up the drama, letting the intrigue build and build, just to tease you!? No way, you must be talking about some other 7-foot genius D1 bimbo."

“Heyyyy I’m not a bimbo!” Brooke shot back, “Would a bimbo have squished herself into a short pink dress that barely fits without her boobs and butt spilling out, with matching 10-inch bubble gum heels...oh wait...”

“Of course, I’m only needling your girlfriend,” Christina laughed, appreciating the self-deprecating humor, as Brooke gently cupped James in her hand and lifted him up onto Christina’s desk. He instantly realized that he was standing on a huge array of outsplayed papers arranged in an orderly fashion. It looked like Christina had prepared them specifically for this meeting. Were these...the plans that Brooke had been talking about!? Glancing down, he caught sight of a series of professional-looking drawings that seemed to depict a variety of necklaces, anklets, and rings, adorned with a colorful variety of gemstones. He felt his heart quicken a little as he started to get even more excited.

“I don’t blame her,” Christina continued, lowering herself into her chair, as Brooke plopped her giant ass down on the side of the desk, completely taking up about a quarter of the available space, “The stuff we’ve been cooking up together...it’s best presented to you all at once, for maximum effect.”

“So...what’ve you two been planning?” James asked, trying to keep his voice calm as he settled into a sitting position close to the immense, jiggly boulder of Brooke’s left ass cheek. He suddenly felt the hot, gentle weight of something huge on his back, and he turned up to see that Brooke was lovingly petting him with her thumb, an excited smile on her face, as the golden rings on her other fingers sparkling in the sunlight. James gulped and tried to smile back at her, realizing that he could put his leg through any of those rings, with plenty of room to spare.

“Well James,” Christina began, leaning down on both hands as she posed dramatically behind her desk, “Ever since you and Brooke started to date, the two of us have been talking about special your relationship is, and when Brooke mentioned that it was a near-certainty that you were in the one percent of hupo patients that will shrink under two feet...”

She stopped, and her mouth curved upward in a knowing grin as her pretty eyes flashed mischievously. Her enthusiasm was infectious, and, even though James felt a little nervous for whatever was coming next, he couldn’t avoid bouncing a little on his hands.

“...Yes!?” he asked eagerly.

“Mmmm you were right,” Christina chuckled, looking up to Brooke, “Your little guy’s a keeper, alright.” She took a deep breath in through her nostrils and looked back down at James before resuming.

“I’m about to lay a couple of VERY momentous facts down, James,” she said, “So buckle up. Number one...” – and here she unfurled her long, elegant finger, counting on it...James noticed that her blue nail polish matched her heels – “As an agent to a number of, shall we say,

influential high-ups, Brooke here being one of them...I have access to some very interesting inside information about the progression of the hupo virus through the male population."

"Oh...really?" James asked, his heart rate increasing.

"Mhmmm," Christina nodded slowly, drawing out her tongue to briefly wet her full lips before continuing, "I have it on good authority that the CDC's true estimates for men's sizes in the not-too-distant future are not being reported to the public."

James blinked at Christina, then turned to look up at Brooke. Her huge, powerful torso loomed high over him, but James could see up past her enormous breasts – she had her gaze fixed on him, and as their eyes met, their eyebrows went up in tandem. He could tell that she had been itching to tell him this new information, and now that it was out in the open, she could barely contain her excitement.

"That's...interesting," James replied, still looking at Brooke, before turning back to Christina. He knew that this was just the beginning of her spiel; she was feeding him the information slowly, so that he could digest it without being totally blindsided and overwhelmed. It was obvious that she was about to drop a huge bombshell.

"So, uh...what...what are the estimates that aren't being reported?" he heard himself ask.

Christina's smile had slowly morphed into a smirk, and she bent down close towards him, her wavy auburn hair sending fruity currents of air wafting over James's face as his breath caught in his chest, waiting for her answer.

"By the time the pandemic fades," Christina replied slowly, her rich voice infusing the air of her office, "within the next three to four months...every man infected with the virus – which of course means all men – will have shrunk down to one inch...or smaller."

The office was silent, except for the distant hum of the cars down below on the street.

"What?" James asked, deadpan, a few moments later.

"I know, right!?" Brooke chuckled, tapping all five fingers close to him on Christina's desk, so that it felt to James like the earth was rumbling beneath him. "That was exactly what I said when she told me!"

"But...but how could they possibly keep that information hidden!?" James blurted out. "Why aren't they telling everyone??"

"It's such a pivotal and historic paradigm shift," Christina explained calmly, "Not just in the scientific world, of course. On a worldwide, societal scale, there is no equivalent to this in human history. The taming of fire...the Industrial Revolution...the invention of nuclear

weapons...all of those things pale in comparison to the way our society will be completely upended. Can you imagine the chaos that would ensue if such an announcement was made?"

"I, uh...it's hard to imagine," James admitted. He hadn't even realized it, but as Christina continued speaking, he had reached out to hold onto Brooke's forearm, with her huge fingers continuing to tap excitedly on the table. It wasn't exactly that James was scared of what he was hearing. He was shocked, to be sure. But it was such an insane bit of information to have dropped on him so suddenly, and, without his brain even understanding himself in the moment, his body recognized that he needed the reassurance of Brooke's warm touch. And as James leaned gently into her forearm, with his own arm wrapping slowly around it in a subconscious gesture of vulnerability, Brooke felt the slight tremble of his touch and bit her lower lip, silently sucking in her breath through flared nostrils. She knew that this wasn't a moment to indulge in her own arousal, especially since she wanted to be completely present for James as he heard this earth-shattering news. But she privately filed away how hot James's subconscious vulnerability had been.

'Oh you don't have to worry about a THING, sweet one,' she thought, a fierce tenderness suddenly flaring up within her. 'Not...a single...thing.' Ever since the two of them had started dating, she had always relished the sense of responsibility she felt toward him, but what she was feeling now was an entirely new level of protectiveness. As the goosebumps rose up on her arm at the touch of James's little hands, she could not have imagined feeling more up to the task.

"And, you know, I don't work in public policy," chuckled Christina, "So I don't know exactly what their rationale is, but I imagine that the higher-ups figure that it's going to be easier to just organically let the virus run its course, rather than issuing apocalyptic warnings about the end of society as we know it."

"And the beginning of a new society," Brooke added with a grin. James detected a new kind of depth in her voice, a new kind of meaningful timbre, that was truly threatening to turn him on. But he couldn't quite give into those feelings right now. He was too busy processing the head-churning reality of what he had just heard.

"Exactly," nodded Christina, with that telltale sparkle in her eyes.

"So I guess they figure," James offered, having realized that he was holding onto Brooke's arm, but not doing anything to change his position, "That the effects are going to become clear soon enough, so...uh, why throw everyone into a panic, right?"

"Right!" Christina exclaimed. "At least, that's essentially what I figured. But aside from the craziness of THAT bit of news, James...are you ready to hear something even MORE intense? For you, anyway."

"I...I can't imagine anything more intense than what you just told me!" exclaimed James, looking up and sharing a laugh with Brooke.

"Can you not?" smirked Christina, as she took out a thick binder and began flipping through the pages. "Well then, take a deep breath James, because I'm about to blow your mind."

She paused, studying James closely, and he understood that she was quite serious. His little heart had already been drumming away in his chest, but now it kicked into an even higher gear. He gripped Brooke's forearm a little tighter, and she gently drew a long, reassuring finger down his back.

"About a month ago," Christina began, "Brooke provided me with your medical records. I believe she mentioned that to you at the time, yes?"

"Uh...I...yeah, I seem to remember you mentioning that," he said to Brooke. "Something about your agent needing it to do some research on mixed-sized couples. I consented, of course."

"Mhm yes, well..." said Christina, still thumbing through the pages in the binder, "Just a couple days ago, I heard back from the medical specialists I had hired to provide me a detailed portrait of both of your medical records. Brooke, as it turns out, is in the top 99.999% of just about every conceivable physical category."

"What a shocker that is to hear!" exclaimed James, causing both Christina and Brooke to laugh. It was nice to have at least a moment of levity in what otherwise felt like a very serious and significant conversation.

"But you, James," said Christina, slowly and meaningfully, "Although you're in perfectly good health, the short-term side effects of hupo notwithstanding, of course, it's been discovered that your infection is...well, there's just no other way to say it. It's a special case."

"A...special case?" asked James. It felt like everything was suddenly grinding to a halt. What on earth was she talking about!?

"And I want to emphasize, straight away," continued Christina, "That, as I said before, you're perfectly healthy, and there's nothing for you to worry about, health-wise. You're not in any danger."

"Okay, that's...yeah, good to hear," nodded James slowly, "But...the special case?"

"The researchers found a unique anomaly in the way that your mitochondria respond to the hupo virus," Christina said, putting on her reading glasses (which made her look even more authoritative...and therefore even hotter) as her eyes moved carefully over the page, just to make sure she was getting all the details right, "Particularly regarding the physiological changes

related to oxidative stress, hypoxia, endoplasmic reticulum stress, and dysregulated calcium homeostasis.”

She paused, taking off her glasses as she stared down at James.

“Now I know that might all sound a bit alarming...” she began.

“Mhm, just...just a bit,” agreed James, eliciting a comforting hum from Brooke as she took it upon herself to wrap her huge, tender hand around him, lift him up off the desk, and plop him comfortably down in the middle of her warm lap. Even though this gesture was quite reassuring, it communicated to James that the real kicker was about to drop.

“But, health-wise, as far as your organ function, and so on...you know, as far as your general well-being is concerned, there’s nothing to worry about,” Christina said. “But all that technical stuff I just said, James...the real result of that anomaly in your mitochondria, is that you’re going to shrink down...a LOT more than all the other men.”

“Oh...ohhhhh!” laughed James, feeling a sudden wave of relief, forgetting that Christina had already mentioned this fact before, “You mean I’m in the one percent! The percentage of men who will be especially small – yeah, I already knew that!”

“Uh-uh, James,” said Christina, shaking her head, “You don’t understand.”

“She’s not talking about the one percent thing, sweetie,” Brooke said softly down to him, kneading his shoulders with the pads of her fingers.

“I’m talking about you having an entirely unique mitochondrial anomaly as an immune response to the hupo virus,” Christina said bluntly, “One that, in several month’s time, will result in you shrinking down to become the smallest man in the world.”

The office was quiet again, except this time, James didn’t hear the cars down below in the street. Christina and Brooke didn’t say anything, letting James take some time to digest what had just been said. Brooke continued to gently knead James’s shoulders with her fingers in a silent show of support. After about twenty seconds, he turned to look up at her, and he felt a sudden warm wave wash over him as he beheld the sweetest, tenderness smile he had ever seen on her face...and that was saying something. Before, his mind had almost been blank, with no idea how to feel about this new information. But now, as he stared up at Brooke, her warm, loving smile told him everything he needed to know: she was going to be by his side every step of the way, it was all going to be okay...and actually, it was going to be MORE than okay. It was going to be transformative, metamorphic, in the most glorious and sexy way. Despite how overwhelmed he was feeling, James started to get hard.

“You okay honey?” came Brooke’s deep, gentle voice, as she delicately squeezed his torso in her hands.

“Y-Yeah...yeah, I’m...I’m actually good,” he replied, his voice shaking a little, before he looked back up at her with a smile on his face. “I always knew I was special...”

“I always knew that you were too!” laughed Brooke, with Christina chuckling appreciatively at James’s lighthearted quip. It was clear that she was quite impressed with his attitude.

“So, um...how small are we talking?” James asked a few moments later. “Were they able to pinpoint a...you know, a specific size?”

“They were, actually,” Christina responded, not even having to consult her notes this time. “Because of the incredibly high accuracy of their predictive mitochondrial models, they were able to conclude, definitively, that you’ll shrink all the way down to one sixteenth of an inch.”

“One...sixteenth!?” James hadn’t intended his voice to crack like that; that’s just how it came out.

“Or, put another way, 1.588 millimeters,” Christina added fastidiously. “Either way you look at it, it’ll be...that small.”

She had brought out a ruler and was pinching her thumb and forefinger together by the “0 inch” marker. The space between them was so minute that, from his vantage point, it looked like Christina’s fingers were touching. His brain started doing backflips. He was going to shrink down THAT SMALL!? How was he going to interact with Brooke when he was that tiny?? How was he going to do anything safely, without the risk of getting squished!?

“I know what you’re thinking,” Brooke said sweetly, “And I’m just gonna stop you right there, before you start...uhh...what was that word you taught me?”

“Catastrophizing?” asked James blankly, realizing that was exactly what he was doing.

“Yeah, catastrophizing!” Brooke laughed, “Ugh, great word! Anyway – before you start going off the deep end worrying about how we’re gonna be able to interact, know that these same researchers have developed a special...oh god, now I’m forgetting everything...”

“Not very like you,” chuckled Christina.

“I know, I know, I’m just all excited and frazzled!” laughed Brooke, spreading her long fingers wide and shaking her hand next to her head. Her rings sparkled again in the sunlight.

“The tungsten-alloy coating solution...” offered Christina helpfully.

“Oh right, right!” Brooke proceeded brightly, “Those researchers got working on a special solution – I mean, literally, a liquid solution, you understand...that you submerge yourself in,

once you've reached your final size, and the special tungsten alloy, like, seeps into your skin and basically protects you from accidents."

"With no side effects," Christina added, "Other than the fact that your skin may have a slight metallic taste for a few days after administration."

"Which of course I'll handle with grace," remarked Brooke, bouncing her eyebrows down at him as she flicked her tongue out at him playfully. James hadn't stopped being aroused, even in the midst of all these stunning new revelations, and Brooke's raunchy playfulness only made his little cock harder as he continued trying to process this tidal wave of information.

"They've already tested it on identical-sized stand-in models," Christina continued, "And it works like a charm. The prototype is called 'NanoShell,' but the formula's already been bought by a major company, since it's gonna essentially be an inelastic good for every man on the planet in a couple month's time. I think the company's gonna end up calling it 'TinyTitan,' which of course is waaaaay cuter. Guess it pays to have a marketing department, huh?"

"Oh totally," Brooke nodded in agreement, "So the point is, James, that neither of us will have to worry about you getting hurt."

"Geez...well...that's, uhh...that's a relief!" James laughed, finding his voice and shaking his head as he heaved a couple deep breaths. "Man, I just...I don't know what to say. But it sounds like all the bases have been covered..."

Brooke and Christina looked at each other, and James could sense that the furtive excitement they had both been containing was about to spill forth.

"You don't even know the half of it," Christina grinned at him, "And that leads us perfectly into...well, the final part of our 'great reveal.' I would ask you to buckle up again, but it's already clear that you're safely along for the ride, James. I love your attitude. Seriously, it's so impressive. I've already said it, Brooke...but you picked a good one."

As she was speaking, Christina was reaching under her desk, briefly disappearing from view. She reemerged a moment later with a large cardboard box, which she placed on her desk with a clattering thump. James could hear lots of metallic things clinking around in the box, and his interest grew even more intense. The box was so large that he couldn't see much inside, but he was able to catch sight of something shiny...something golden. He wondered if it was possible for the THIRD reveal to be as intense and mind-boggling as the first two.

"Your girlfriend," said Christina, "Is a personal agent's dream..." – and here she started rattling things off on her fingers – "talent, consistency, communication, trust, professionalism, drive, emotional stability, work ethic...you name it...your girl's got it all."

"Don't I know it!" smiled James.

“Oh you two...” Brooke said, trying to be dismissive as she waved her hand, even though she was blushing.

“But two other crucial traits she has,” Christina continued, “Are marketability...and clarity of vision.”

“Yep, yep, she sure has those too,” agreed James. He shifted slightly in Brooke’s lap, and she gently prodded him over to the side with her huge hand, so that he could sit on the massive, voluminous squish of her left thigh. Even though her flesh felt soft and pillowy, it barely gave way at all under his weight. James knew that the thigh muscle underneath had to weigh at least 10 times his entire bodyweight.

Christina paused and stared long and hard at him, a slight smile on her face. James wondered if she was just relishing the tension, or if there was another reason for her interlude.

“James,” she said presently, her voice even and pleasant, almost like she was talking about the weather, “As I know you’re already well-aware, Brooke is a star...a national star.”

“Oh I know,” James chuckled, “She gets recognized constantly. And I’m sure it would be the same if she went to other cities too. She’s very...uhm...recognizable.”

“Uh-huh,” nodded Christina, “Exactly. And it won’t be long, James, before YOU are just as recognizable as your girlfriend...albeit a lot harder to see. You understand what I’m saying?”

“Yeah, I...I guess that makes sense,” James replied, feeling odd acknowledging it out loud.

“And that’s where that marketability and clarity of vision I was talking about before come in,” Christina said. “A month ago, that same day Brooke came to me with your medical records, she also came with the germ of an idea. Nothing fleshed out, right? But an idea. Your girlfriend already had a hunch that there was something special about the way you were shrinking...don’t know how you smelled it out, Brooke...”

“Sixth sense,” Brooke advised with a wink, tapping one long index finger to her temple as she petted James’s back with the other.

“Well however you did it,” Christina continued, “Your prediction proved quite prescient, and a good thing too, because I took your initial idea and ran with it, and here we are now, with a big cardboard box-full of prototypes.”

“Whoa, okay, hold on,” said James, putting up his hands, “What...um...what was Brooke’s initial idea?”

"It's very simple," smiled Christina, her eyes going back and forth between Brooke and James, "Based on your shrinking pattern, she had a feeling that you would end up being one of the smallest men in the world. She felt a bit guilty for being so famous and successful, just because she had a 6'5 powerhouse of a body, so she wanted to see if there was a way for me to cook up a marketing strategy that wasn't just centered around her, but YOU as well."

"Me...?" asked James, not understanding. "But...why me? Brooke's the star – I'm just the boyfriend!"

"Wronggggg," countered Brooke, shaking her head down at him, "Pretty soon, you're going to be the smallest man on the planet...just as famous, if not MORE famous, than I am!"

"But I...uhh...okay..." was all James could muster as he tried to make sense of all of this in his head.

"I've spent the last few weeks designing a potential bedrock for...and I'm not being hyperbolic here...your media empire together."

"Media...empire!?" James gaped, staggered.

"If things go as planned," nodded Christina confidently, "Big Brooke and Tiny James will both be household names...always spoken together."

"So, you mean...market us together?" James asked, "As a couple?"

"Precisely," replied Christina, "It's the perfect time to take advantage of the Great Resizing. We've got everything we need for a smashing success. We've got the most important thing: a genuine, loving relationship between the two of you, and, if I may say, two easygoing and sensible personalities that won't be warped by the ensuing fame. And we've got the special insider info to give us a head start. AND, of course, it goes without saying that we've got the limitless potential of a 6'5 blonde bombshell 20-year-old D1 athlete dating her 37-year-old little sweetheart who is one sixteenth of an inch tall. And they both adore each other. Organic. Compelling. Sexy. It's perfect."

"Wow, this is...wow," James managed to say, staring wide-eyed up at Brooke, who returned his look, as if to say, 'I know, crazy, right!?'

"So...what have you been working on?" James asked, turning back to Christina. "I mean, how do you plan to market us?"

"I'm so glad you asked," Christina grinned, and the next moment, she had reached into the box and started to lay out an impressive array of products: golden necklaces with amulets, gold and silver anklets, all with a single jewel attached, either deep red rubies, profound kyanite blues, and vibrant green emeralds. There were all manner of rings as well, each of them sporting

unique jewels of their own: shy aquamarine, lusty rhodochrosite, proud diamond...the list just went on and on.

"These," said Christina, "Are all just prototypes, but they're a good idea of what we're going for."

"They're all so pretty!" James exclaimed as Brooke gently set him back down on the desk. He walked up to the jewelry, which was obviously made with Brooke in mind, so it was all huge compared to him – the anklets were like hula hoops as he stepped among them.

"So...what's the angle here?" James asked after a few more moments, stopping with his legs spread apart, with one foot in the middle of each anklet. Brooke put her hands up to her mouth, blushing from the sheer cuteness of the image. She knew he wasn't trying to be funny, which made his pose all the more adorable.

"Hmm?" asked Christina, "What do you mean?"

"Well these are all really nice," James said, gesturing around, "But...I mean, only Brooke can wear them, obviously."

"Look closer," smiled Christina. "Pay special attention to the gemstones."

Puzzled, James bent down and studied the ruby on one of the anklets. It really was a lovely, deep red, but there was something off about the color. He couldn't quite put his finger on it as he crouched down to examine closer. The gemstone was about the size of his foot as he took it in his hands...and he suddenly realized, as he picked it up an inch off the desk, that it was a lot lighter than he expected. His brow furrowing, he peered closer into the ruby's depths...and then, it suddenly hit him.

"It's...hollow," he said out loud, even though he had meant to say the words in his head.

"Yes..." said Christina meaningfully, her eyebrows going up at him as her smile widened, "It is."

James opened his mouth, but no words came out. He looked up at Christina, who was slowly nodding, and then up at Brooke, who was beaming down at him with that inimitable and shining smile.

"You mean..." James began, unable to speak without a halt in his speech as the pieces all came together in his mind at once, "B-Brooke will be wearing these...and I'll...I'll be inside!?"

"Bingo," Christina smirked. "Just look at them all, James – all those amulets on the necklaces, all the jewels on the anklets and rings...I know they look small now, but in a few months...they'll be the size of living rooms to you."

"And didn't you say that most of these products will be designed for one-inch-tall men?" asked Brooke, as she watched James continue to navigate all the prototypes, his cheeks blushing redder with each passing minute. She knew he was getting very aroused, and she was right there with him, relishing the slow warmth spreading through her loins. She had asked Christina the question just to try and cool herself off a little bit.

"That's right," Christina nodded, "Since that's the size most of the men will be...but, of course, we'll make special accommodations for our little 1.5-millimeter man...maybe even some miniature furniture bolted to the gemstone floors."

"This is unbelievable!" James was muttering to himself in wonder, looking at all the gorgeous jewelry, trying to wrap his mind around the prospect of being carried around inside an anklet as it hugged Brooke's shapely leg, or an amulet nestled cozily in between her colossal breasts.

"You like the idea?" Christina ventured.

"Like it!?" James exclaimed, stopping in place and turning to look up at them both, "I LOVE it! It's...it's genius!!"

"Mmmmm I knew you'd be on board," Brooke hummed sexily, making no secret of her own arousal now as her voice seemed to drop an octave, "That's why I kept the secret for so long...I wanted to build it up for you, sweetie."

"It's just...it's all just incredible!" James said in awe.

"And we'll put you two up everywhere," Christina said, obviously heartened by James's response, "Billboards, online ads, TV commercials...you guys will be all over. Annnnnd, you know...the brand won't be limited to jewelry. Check this out, James."

Christina reached back into the box, and the next moment she had pulled out a pair of sexy black stiletto heels. She set them down next to James, so that they towered over his head by several inches.

"Check out the heel," she advised him, and James crouched down again, this time peering closely at the thick black heel.

"Oh boy..." he began, his heart truly racing now as he saw what she had intended him to see, "That heel looks hollow too..."

"Another perfect little home for a tiny man!" laughed Christina. "Just imagine, a world of women strutting around, with their dads and husbands and boyfriends hitching a ride in the stiletto-ends of their heels!"

“Amazing...” breathed James, positively buzzing with arousal now. The mere thought of this becoming the norm was enough to get his engine running, but to then imagine that he and Brooke were going to be the dual FACE of this new world, the prototypical couple, and that HE was going to be the SMALLEST man on EARTH...it was all almost too much for his aroused brain to handle. His cock was rock-hard now, and tenting his pants.

“There’s a lot more to show,” Christina said, “But how about I just show you one more thing for now, since you probably need a little time to process...”

She reached her hands into the box, and brought out something that James couldn’t see at first, since it was so high above him. But then, a second later, Christina had carefully set it down in front of him, and James beheld...a model house. It was a nice-looking 2-story model, about 14 inches high in total, with a 3-inch front door. For a bizarre moment, James’s vision was completely taken up by the panorama of the house itself, and, in that moment, he felt like a giant.

“Now, you’re far too big for this model right now,” Christina was saying, “But in a week?”

“It’ll be perrrrrfect for you,” Brooke said warmly, reaching down her fingers to gingerly pinch the doorknob and open the front door. “See James? Fully furnished and everything! Sofas, a little bed with sheets, sinks with running water that gets cleaned and reused through a special filtration system in the walls...”

“I...I don’t know what to say!” James blurted out, his chest heaving. He felt so overwhelmed, so loved, and so aroused all at once that he was afraid that he might pass out or something. He walked over to the front of the house and gently leaned on its facade, listening to the house groan and creak a little under his weight.

“Hey careful there, big boy,” Christina teased, “No demolishing the prototype...heh, just kidding...and anyway, it won’t be long before you need...this one.”

She had brought out a replica of the same exact house, except it was a third the size, barely over four inches tall.

“Uhh...” was all James could say. His cock was so hard. His heart was beating so fast. Brooke’s gigantic, beautiful hand was spider-crawling across the table toward the smaller house, rearing up to loom over it like an immense monstrosity, casting the house completely in her hand’s shadow.

“And then...this one,” Christina giggled, bringing out another replica house that was only an inch tall, setting it by his feet.

“Then THIS one!” she finished, laughing harder as he brought out the smallest replica yet, barely even half an inch tall.

"And still," she said, "This smallest one will seem like a MANSION to you, James...eventually."

James was so aroused and overwhelmed with the craziness of what was being presented that he was actually starting to panic, and he suddenly felt the warm weight of Brooke's hand against his back. She had immediately sensed his distress, and was bending down to coo softly in his ear:

"It's okay baby...I've got you...I know it's a lot. We can take a break. Here, let me hold you."

"I'm...I'm good," gasped James, not wanting to ruin the incredible moment, even as he acquiesced to the warm, calming weight of Brooke's touch. He was still standing up, though now leaning slightly back against her palm, gratefully using it for support.

"What, uhh...so this...this brand?" James said a few moments later, trying to keep the "normalcy" of the interaction going, "What's it going to be called?"

"Oh, now, that one was easy," replied Christina proudly, straightening up to her full height as she put her hands on her thick hips. "I knew what it was going to be almost as soon as Brooke popped the idea." Her eyes went up to Brooke, who had let James stand on his own two feet as she too rose up from her sitting position on the desk. James watched as she rose and rose...and rose...high, high up above his head. Christina was amazingly sexy and impressive, no doubt, but no one would have disagreed that Brooke was in an entire league of her own.

"You wanna tell him what the brand name for everything is?" Christina grinned up at her. Brooke nodded softly and, staring down at her boyfriend, an imperious glint in her eyes, she reached up her hands and easily palmed the 9-foot ceiling of Christina's office. James stared up at her, waiting, his body a coiled spring ready to snap, as his face turned beet-red.

"GODDESS," came Brooke's deep, purposeful intonation, her voice infusing the office in a new way, making the walls shake. The next moment, James's mouth was gaping open, as Brooke and Christina, already towering high above him, appeared to be receding from view. He gasped out, reaching his arms upward in an uncontrolled flailing motion, but Brooke had already bent back down and engulfed his body in the comforting tube of both hands. She seemed to have anticipated exactly what was happening, and watched as James's head slowly but surely dipped below the fingers of her top hand, so that she only needed one hand to comfortably hold him in place as he swayed. Christina had looked alarmed at first, not having anticipated what was happening, but she quickly understood that Brooke had it all under control. It was clear, after all, what was happening: James was having another shrink spike.

"Deep breaths, baby, deeeeeeep breaths," Brooke purred down at him as he continued to shrink in her hands, "I've got you...I've got you...I'm not gonna let you fall...here, close your eyes, just center yourself on my voice. Yeah, that's it...in through your nose, out through your mouth...that's right...thaaaat's right...no, no, eyes closed sweetheart. It helps with the

dizziness. That's it. Mmmmmm you hear my voice all around you? Yeah...just melt into it, honey. Christina doesn't mind. I told her this might happen....mmmmm no shame, sweetheart, no shame...think of it as the two of us getting closer to the "Goddess" launch. Yeah. Ooooooo you shrank out of your clothes. Perfect. Oh god...James...your sweet little body...I love you...I love you...I lovvvvvve youuuuu..."

Brooke had whispered all these words to James in the deep, purring way only she could, and when the shrinking finally stopped, and Brooke was nuzzling him with her nose, James finally opened his eyes. Christina was sitting at her desk, already working at her computer, apparently unbothered by what had just happened. All the jewelry, the heels, and the model houses were still laid out on her desk, and all of them suddenly looked a good bit bigger. Most conspicuously, though, was the single huge hand that was wrapped around his naked body. Brooke's hand was sideways on the desk, in the shape of a fist, with him in the middle...and only his head, his neck, and the very tops of his shoulders were clearing her palm. He felt a huge, powerful thumb lovingly nudge his head, and the next moment, James was staring at a ruler that Brooke had just whipped out, holding it next to his body.

"Four inches, James..." Brooke breathed. "Four inches..."

Chapter 11

Half an hour later, Brooke was depositing James onto the soft pink comforter of her bed. They had left Christina's office soon after his most recent shrink spike, since Brooke usually wanted to make sure that James was in a calm environment after such a drastic change in height. From her perspective, of course, the change hadn't been so dramatic – James had “only” shrunk from 8 inches down to 4 – but she knew perfectly well that from HIS perspective, the change had been monumental. After ironing a couple more quick details out with Christina, Brooke had swooped James up in her hand and left, with both of them in an elevated mood, with the future full of promise.

On the car ride home, though, James understood that Brooke had left with him so quickly for an additional reason: she was very...VERY...aroused. His most recent shrink spike had affected her in a particularly intense way, and he could tell, from the flush in her cheeks, and from the intense, charged way that she kept looking at him, that she was eager to embark on a marathon session of “teasing and pleasing,” as she affectionately called the drawn-out scenes of lascivious size play she enjoyed with him. Brooke was always very calm and in control of herself, but, as she parked her car next to her apartment, James could tell that she was having to put in extra effort.

“There you go, sweetheart,” she breathed down at him, her voice almost trembling with arousal, as she set him softly down into her thick, pillowy pink comforter, “Wait for me there. I’ve gotta get changed.”

James did as he was told, relaxing down into a sitting position as Brooke disappeared into her spacious closet, having to duck her head a little so that she would actually fit under the door frame. He sighed out, wrapping his hands around his legs, wondering what on earth he could have possibly done to deserve a girlfriend like Brooke. As he listened to her moving around in her closet, he wondered what impossibly sexy outfit she was going to be putting on this time. Looking around to distract himself a little, he was struck by how expansive her bed seemed, now that he was only 4 inches tall. For the last several weeks, everything around him had started to seem bigger and bigger, but this was the first time when he was truly gobsmacked by how enormous something as ordinary as a bed actually seemed. Brooke's pink comforter looked like a veritable pink sea, stretching before him almost to the horizon of his vision. It would have probably taken him about five minutes to walk all the way around the perimeter of her bed...FIVE MINUTES! And this was just Brooke's bed! True, her bed was king-sized, to accommodate her huge frame, but still...he could hardly believe how gigantic it was compared to him.

The next moment, though, all of his thoughts instantly turned back to Brooke. She had emerged out of her closet, ducking her head again under the doorway, and she stood there before him, her hands on her thick hips, a determined, intensely sexy smirk on her face. She was dressed only in a bra and panties – both a matching creamy white – and for a solid minute straight, she just stood there, silently staring down at James, who had struggled to his feet, staring up at her,

completely transfixed by the majesty and power of her pose. He opened his mouth to say something – a compliment, a worshipful word, anything at all – but nothing came out. Words simply failed him. There was nothing that he could say that could encapsulate the august supremacy of the voluptuous vision that towered before him.

Still not saying a word, Brooke slowly turned around, putting the full glory of her huge ass on display. She was already thick and proportioned all over, as an especially thick 6'5 star college athlete, but Brooke's ass...well...even on her impressive frame, it looked absolutely enormous. There was simply no corollary to it that James had ever seen, either in person or online. He felt, quite literally, that he was in the presence of a goddess. As usual, Brooke seemed to be able to read his mind, and she started slowly twerking her fat ass, first twitching her cheeks slightly left and right, left and right, and then gradually transitioning into a more energetic and aggressive flurry of crazy jiggling and bouncing. James's eyes popped as he gaped up at the insanely sexy display. He had seen Brooke twerk for him more times than he could count, but this...this was somehow different. She had reached a new level of sexiness. And whether it was because she was doing something different, or because he was now only half the size he had been earlier that day, James didn't know. All that he really knew was that she looked stunning.

Brooke didn't give him much time to worshipfully meditate on her twerking ass cheeks, though, because, a few seconds later, she sensuously strode backwards towards the bed, still twerking the whole time. James backed up a bit, more as a primal impulse than anything else, but the next moment, Brooke brought her bouncing cheeks down onto the bed, not close enough to James to truly scare him, but close enough that he felt the "floor" beneath him bend and tremble. She was now sitting on the bed, two feet away from where he stood, but even at that distance, James's little body could not withstand the cratered curve in the comforter that her ass had created. He lost his footing, and found himself sliding inexorably down the slope towards her ass cheeks, which continued to bounce and jiggle high above his head. A couple seconds later, he had rolled smack into her left ass cheek, and James heard the soft, booming silver of her laugh high above as she watched him tumble down into her flesh.

She wasn't going to stop there. Now that James was trapped in her "ass crater," Brooke didn't slow down her twerking. Instead, she only intensified it, grinding her cheeks harder down into the bed, just barely managing to feel her tiny man's body flailing against the bare meat of her cheeks. Her white panties, which were big enough to serve as a bed-sized comforter for James, were just barely managing to wrap around her colossal ass – they were so tight and skimpy that most of her ass flesh remained uncovered, which meant that she got to actually feel his little body struggling up close against her skin.

Neither of them had spoken since Brooke had set James down on the bed, and, for the moment, words were entirely unneeded. Brooke's ass was doing all the necessary communication, and every bounce and grind that her cheeks thrust into the bed made James's little cock harder and harder. He was helplessly flailing against her left ass cheek, with his arms and legs spread as wide as they could go. At first, he had thrown his arms and legs out to catch his fall, and to prevent him from smacking face-first into the side of Brooke's ass cheek. But

now that he was being taken on a grinding ride to heaven, he kept his limbs spread out, just so he could touch and grab and worship as much of Brooke's mammoth ass as he possibly could. She was looking down at him from on high, those brilliant blue eyes of hers narrowed above her shoulder in lusty focus...she knew exactly what she was doing. Even with James as small as he was, Brooke could still clearly see the tiny, diamond-hard appendage between his legs, which kept getting squished up against her ass cheek each time she twerked and ground it into the bed. And she didn't let up – not for one second. Seeing that James was essentially trapped against her ass, with nowhere to go, she simply bounced her ass harder and harder, faster and faster, into her mattress.

Now that it was clear to James that he was trapped on the "Brooke Ass Express" until the end, he actually threw caution to the wind and just started humping his entire body into the side of her ass, as hard and as fast as he possibly could. James had constantly been horny around Brooke as of late, totally overwhelmed by her size as he continued to get smaller and smaller every day. But right now, his lust was something totally unchecked, something so completely consuming and transporting that James hardly even knew what he was doing. His body was just pistoning itself as fast as it could go, moving in tandem with the immense bouncing ass flesh all around him. He and Brooke's ass were locked in a tight, inescapable embrace, a liquid, vibrating dance that only got faster and faster, and more and more intense.

"Brooke..." James managed to choke out, his cock suddenly seizing up as he sensed the all-too-familiar signs of an impending shrink spike, "B-Brooke...I'm...I'm gonna..."

"You're gonna WHAT, James?" Brooke teased, grinding her ass even harder into the bed, so that the entire lower half of his body, sprawled legs and all, was trapped underneath her cheek. Despite her transporting lust, though, she was very careful not to overdo the pressure on her little man. It was juuuust right, not enough to hurt him, but just enough to tease him and trap him underneath her.

"Are you gonna *cum*!?" Brooke continued, her eyebrow arched teasingly as she stared down at him behind her shoulder, "Or are you gonna shrink? Which is it, my little ass man, hrrmmmm?"

"Ob...obbbbo...bo..." James stammered, his face now a deep shade of red as his entire body seized up, his arms and legs going completely rigid.

"Huh?" Brooke giggled down at him, taking immense pleasure in rendering him mute with her ass, which was still grinding away at the bed, "I didn't quite catch that, sweetie. Bo?! What does "bo" mean?"

"B-B...Both!" James forced out, and, upon hearing this, Brooke raised her eyebrows and widened her eyes, putting her hand up to her open mouth as she stared down at him in faux-surprise. That was all James needed to push him completely over the edge. Brooke's huge, gyrating ass would have been more than enough, of course – but the way she was staring down at him, the way she had put up her hand to her mouth, with a teasing, coquettish flair of

dominance...it just drove James wild with desire. He wouldn't have been able to hold back his orgasm now, even if his life had depended on it. With a gasping, sputtering spasm of total lust and devotion, he came, spattering the underside of Brooke's huge ass cheek with the gooey white little pearls of his cum. It was absurd how pitiful and inadequate his load looked compared to the tight, extensive expanse of her skin, the sheer hulking volume of her ass flesh, but even though James's cumshot seemed laughably meager, bouncing around in front of him on the shaking ass, Brooke was humming and moaning out like he had just shot a gallon of white-hot cum deep inside her pussy.

"Oh Jamesssss...!" she moaned out, encouraging a further few spurts from his cock as she continued to speed up her gyrating ass, "That's it...thaaaaat's it! Give it to me! Uggghh, YES! Give it ALL to me. Give me ALL that cum! Paint my big ass, sweetheart! Cover me in your cum! Mmmrgggh, yesss...more. More! I want you to drowwwnnnn me in it!"

The patent absurdity of Brooke's libidinous commands only underscored the size difference between them. The idea that James could "cover" Brooke in his cum, much less "drown" her in it, was so ridiculous that her words came off more as a gently teasing taunt than anything else. James would certainly have covered Brooke in his cum if he could, but as it stood now, his most explosive, brain-breaking efforts could only dot one little bit of her gigantic ass cheek in the merest hint of pearly white. But even though Brooke was teasing him, James knew that she appreciated and cherished his little dots of cum, as was evident from the lusty flush in her face while staring down at him. She hadn't slowed her ass down, and her gorgeous blue eyes had narrowed even further, clearly fixated on his body as she watched closely for signs of another shrink spike.

"Awww, I don't knowwww," she said a few moments later, tilting her head to the side as she raised an eyebrow, "Maybe my ass has just gotten a lot bigger, James, but...I could swear you look smaller."

"I...I am...!!" was all he could squeak out in response, and right then, Brooke brought her ass cheek down upon him completely, flattening him into the pillowy pink comforter, so that only his head was showing. She was very careful to do this in such a way that he wasn't crushed, or even uncomfortable, but she also wanted to make sure that he couldn't move.

"Oh god, I can FEEL it," Brooke purred down at him, lowering her head down further so that she could stare deep into his eyes, "I can FEEL you shrinking under my ass!"

His arms and legs, totally immobile under Brooke's ass, were spread-eagle, open out against her flesh as wide as they could go, as James felt himself getting smaller and smaller beneath her weight. It seemed like her ass was literally pressing the size out of him. And as James gaped up at the huge, angelic vision of Brooke high above him, he knew that she had purposefully left his head exposed, just so that she could soak in the sight of his sweet little face while he shrank smaller and smaller beneath her. He had been 4 inches tall when she had gently but firmly rendered him immobile under her ass, and now, as she stared down at him with

a loving, thrilling intensity, she watched him shrink down to 3.5...then 3...then 2.5...all the way down to 2 inches within a single minute.

"You were already such a tinyyyy little thing," Brook whispered, finally lifting her ass up from his body, plucking him off the bed, and dangling him in front of her face, directly above her cleavage, "But James...oh my god...I think you literally halved your size just now!"

"I...I think I did!" he nodded, still out of breath from the shrink spike, from the hefty weight of Brooke's ass, and also from the sudden flurry of motion as he was taken on a roller coaster ride all the way up above her creamy tits.

"Like...look at this!" Brooke breathed out incredulously, lining up her long index finger next to his body, "I mean, I know I've got super-long fingers, but...this...this is crazy!"

James could do nothing but gape at the comparison. As a 6'5 D-1 superstar athlete, Brooke's fingers were indeed much bigger than average – her index finger alone was just over 4.5 inches. James already knew this, but nothing could have prepared him for the sight of actually looking to the side and seeing that huge, towering finger lined up next to his body. Brooke had made sure that the bottom knuckle of her index finger was precisely even with his feet, so that the measurement could be exact. James couldn't believe it – looking sideways, he was staring straight into the first joint of her finger. The top crease of the joint was actually ABOVE his head. And, of course, that wasn't even counting Brooke's sexily-manicured nails, which were painted a beautiful, creamy white, and added an extra half-inch to her finger.

"Y-Your..your finger...!" gasped James, not knowing what else to say.

"Kind of leaves you a bit lost for words, huh?" Brooke laughed softly at him, playfully curling her finger down into an "L" shape so that the pad of her finger was even with his face.

"There we go!" she laughed, playfully pressing the pad of her finger up against his cheek, "She had to bend down a lot, but now that she's stooped to your level, that means she can give you kisses! Muah! Muah! MuahMuah!"

She proceeded to have her index finger "kiss" James's face all over. Even though he had just endured an explosive orgasm, which had resulted in a shrink spike, James couldn't help but stay hard throughout this entire playful treatment. Everything Brooke did just seemed designed to keep him aroused, to gently, sexily call attention to how tiny he was compared to her. The "kisses" from her finger made him feel especially tiny, since it was clear that her index finger was not only over twice as tall as him, but over twice as thick too. As it "kissed" him, James wrapped his arms and legs around her finger in a bear-hug, fully making out with the soft pad of flesh. He was doing this partially to play along with her, but also because it just seemed like the most natural thing to do. Despite his recent orgasm, he continued to be transported by lust, and wanted to wrap and squeeze and press as much of his little body as he could around her.

In the midst of his eager adorations, James felt his hair ruffled by the sweet breeze of Brooke's impassioned exhale. With her 2-inch boyfriend firmly wrapped around her finger (both literally and figuratively), Brooke had taken advantage of the fact that she had a free hand and had reached down in between her thick thighs to feel herself up. Her fragrant exhales became more and more pronounced as James continued to squeeze and hump himself into her finger, and it was only another 30 seconds before Brooke was groaning out in the drawn-out, ardent sigh of an orgasm. The whole time, she was staring deeply into James's eyes, drinking in the sight of his reverential embrace of her finger. Even amid the searing current of orgasmic fireworks in her brain, Brooke felt an intense, powerful pleasure in the control she had over the entire situation. Even though she was cumming, she was very careful not to tremble too hard, or to make any sudden movements that might cause James to tumble down off her finger. Despite the waves of ecstasy coursing through her, she remained fully in charge, completely dedicated to her little man's safety. This realization alone made Brooke's orgasm even more intense than it had been before, as it developed into a full-body incandescent warmth that made her skin stand up in goosebumps, and that shone through the carnal gleam in her eyes.

"Mmmmmm, okay...okay..." Brooke breathed after a bit, as her orgasm finally waned. She chuckled as she watched James continue to hump her finger, a motion that was only halted when Brooke gently plucked him off and dangled him over her cleavage. For a couple seconds, though, even after she had pulled him away from her finger, James continued his humping motion in midair, stretching his arms and legs out towards her finger, desperate to continue.

"Trust me, James," Brooke smiled gently down at him, "I'd let you keep going all day, except...I have some other plans for you."

Her free hand had reached down to pick something up from the nightstand, and the next moment she was dangling it playfully in front of James's face: a thin piece of black thread. James blinked, not quite understanding what Brooke was getting at, but it didn't take him long to figure it out. While she smiled tenderly down at him, Brooke had started carefully wrapping the thread around his upper arms, first looping it several times around his left arm, then going behind his back and doing the same to his right. Once she had finished doing this, and had tied the free ends of the thread together around her own neck, it was obvious what was going on. James couldn't avoid gaping in awe as Brooke stepped over to the mirror on her wall. He was facing forward in the same direction as she was, his arms extended outward from the thread, and his back pressed against Brooke's warm chest. He was suspended in the air, his toes dangling over the imposing squish of Brooke's breasts, and, as he hung there, James could literally feel the booming thud of her mighty heart behind his head. He was looking at the reflection of a strikingly gorgeous young woman, huge, curvy, and stately, her chest graced by a necklace, from which hung a tiny, living ornament...him. It was hard to believe that he really was that small compared to her now.

"Look at us, baby," Brooke whispered, staring in awe at their reflection. She was just as astonished as James was, looking at the size comparison between them. Even though she had planned all this out with the necklace, she was still blown-away by what it actually looked like

when she turned her little boyfriend into a jewelry appendage. She put her hands on her thick hips, copping a sexy pose as she shifted her weight slightly to one side, tilting her head in the process.

“Just a couple months ago, you were just another little guy,” Brooke said softly to the mirror, “A cuuuute little guy, of course. But, you know...just small in the same way that everyone else is small compared to me.”

“And...and just look at us now,” James breathed.

“Look at us now,” Brooke repeated, slowly nodding her head. “I could never have imagined this, James...not in a million years.”

“What, dating your therapist?” James quipped, taking a break from his awe with a little humor.

“*Former* therapist,” Brooke giggled back at him, making James’s whole body vibrate with her laughter, “I’d hate to compromise your ethical integrity, sweetheart...mmmm, but no, I mean, when we first started dating, you were already such a tiny little guy from my perspective. And I just loved it, James. I LOVED how short and skinny your arms were compared to mine, how tiny your hands were, how...you know...GIGANTIC my legs looked next to yours.”

“Yeah...” James said, beginning to feel the lustful heat creeping back into his face. His cock had never softened, but he could feel it starting to pulsate again.

“And in my favorite heels,” Brooke continued, now lifting her arms up above her head to drag her fingers across the ceiling, as they continued to stare at their reflection in the mirror, “Forget it – in my bare feet you were already a shrimp compared to me, but in those heels...”

“I...y-yeah, I was staring at the underside of your breasts,” James said.

“Seems like such a long time ago, doesn’t it?” Brooke sighed wistfully. “We were both so turned-on by the size difference THEN...just imagine what we would have thought if someone had told us that we’d get to THIS point.”

“I-It’s...it’s pretty crazy,” James agreed. He could feel Brooke’s booming heart beating quicker and quicker behind his head, and this only made him more and more aroused. Surely it wasn’t going to happen again...surely he wasn’t going to go through yet another shrink spike...!?

“Mhm...but you know the REALLY crazy part?” Brooke whispered, lowering her voice in such a way that made her next words all the more poignant and seductive, “As insane as this change has been, James....this is STILL only just the beginning.”

"I-I know!" James burst out, his face now completely red. He could see the color of his face change in the mirror, even from this distance. Their hearts were beating together, faster and faster, his like the tiniest little snare, and hers like an enormous, booming bass drum.

"Before too long," Brooke purred, recognizing that James was about to lose himself again, and still choosing to plow forward with her provocations, "You're gonna think that your current size is absolutely gigantic..."

"Y-Yes..." James gasped, on the verge of yet another orgasm, as he gaped at the enormous, rich background of Brooke's chest against his tiny body, and the yawning plushness of her cleavage beneath his feet, threatening to swallow him whole.

"Maybe I should make a replica doll of you now," Brooke mused, scratching her chin, "At 2 inches tall...so that in a month or two, when you're waaaaay smaller than an inch, I can march it out and compare it to your itty bitty little body. Wouldn't that be hilarious?"

James nodded. He was on the brink of another mind-shattering orgasm, so much so that he had lost the ability to speak. His face was red-hot, and his entire body was trembling with the explosive pressure of pent-up submissive energy.

"You're sooooo tiny already," Brooke breathed, her sexy lips parted in wonder as she stared at him in the mirror, "But just think about it...you're about to get SO much tinier. The tiniest, cutest, most adorable little Speck in the whole, wide world...MY little Speck."

"Y-y-yyyuuuuuuahhh!" gasped James, his eyes crossing slightly as his vision temporarily misted before his eyes. He was cumming again, this time totally without any contact on his cock. It didn't matter that he had cum just minutes before. Somehow, his little body had still found a way to build up a substantial reserve, plenty more for an impressive, milky spurt that shot straight out of his spasming cock and arced in a rapid parabola directly down onto Brooke's huge, soft breasts. Her soft, dominant laughter echoed in his ears as he vaguely saw, on either side of him, her huge hands spread out before him, palms-up, all ten of her long, powerful fingers wiggling and curving themselves toward him, as if to silently say 'Yesssss, yesssss, give me more...give me sooooo much moooooore...!'

And then, James suddenly felt it again: the telltale sign of another shrink spike. Before his orgasm was even finished, he felt the now-familiar tingling all throughout his body, spreading rapidly out from his midsection, to the top of his head and the tips of his toes. He didn't exactly have an easy reference point to assess how small he was getting, since he was totally naked, and since Brooke was already an absolute giantess compared to him...or, at least, he THOUGHT he didn't have an easy reference point. A few seconds later, as James was staring hard at the mirror in front of him, trying hard to figure out how small he was getting in the midst of his mind-melting orgasm, he suddenly felt himself beginning to slip down the warm, smooth skin of Brooke's chest. For a moment, he panicked, not understanding what was going on. When he saw Brooke's mouth drop open in delighted surprise, though, James realized what

She lowered her hands from the ceiling and brought both forefingers down, so that they were framing both sides of James's head. Then, very gently and carefully, she started petting his cheeks with the pads of her fingers, taking special care not to press too hard or make him uncomfortable. The gesture was so loving and tender that, for the next couple minutes, neither of them spoke. They both just stared at their reflection together, drinking in the sight of how they looked. James was overwhelmed and enthralled with just how gloriously curvy and powerful Brooke looked, standing there in only a bra and panties, her voluptuous body on full display. At first glance, he couldn't even tell that he was staring at himself in the mirror as well. It took a few long moments of squinting to even see the tiny speck of his head sticking up within the creamy sea of her breasts.

Brooke just stood there, gently petting the sides of his tiny face with her fingers, her full lips barely parted, as she took in the sight of them together. The more the silent seconds ticked by, the more intimate it felt between the two of them. They both knew what was going on; neither of them had to say a word. They were taking stock of how good they looked together, how aroused they both were, and how incredible it was that this unlikely union had even come to pass. Yes, the outside world was basically going crazy, with the *hupo* virus running rampant, and everything was about to change in drastic, unprecedented ways...but right now, none of that seemed to matter. All that mattered was that they were right here, together. They could weather any storm. They could deal with anything that came their way. And the earlier meeting with Christina, with all the exciting, elaborate plans, had made them even more excited for the future than they had already been. And so, for several long, charged minutes, they just stared at their reflection, basking in the size difference, savoring the dual arousal that seemed to emanate from them, surrounding them like an invisible fog, making the air feel hot and heavy.

"I knew you were gonna get smaller tonight," Brooke said softly, breaking the silence as she plucked James out from her breasts, gently dangling him before her. Her huge, beautiful blue eyes went slowly up and down his body, barely having to move to take him all in. "But not THIS small...my goodness...I...I just can't believe how tiny you are now!"

"I'm...probably just, like, an inch now!" James peeped out. His voice alone caused Brooke's eyebrows to come together and go up, as she sighed a sweet exhale onto him. It was like she was about to melt from how cute he was. Wordlessly, she bent down to fetch a miniature 6-inch ruler from her nightstand and held it up to him. James turned to the side, actually having to look slightly up at the "1" above him.

"One inch..." nodded Brooke slowly. "One inch exactly."

James didn't even have time to process this crazy new information before Brooke was suddenly whisking him away from the mirror, toward the far corner of her bedroom.

"I wasn't sure when to introduce you to...the "Speck Spot"..." Brooke said, her deep voice clearly quivering with arousal, "But now that you're only one inch tall, James...mmmmmm, yes, I think it's time to officially admit that you're in "Speck" territory, and to act accordingly."

James didn't really know what Brooke was talking about, but he knew, based on the tone of her voice, that whatever it was had to be hot. A moment later, once Brooke had reached the corner of her bedroom, everything became perfectly clear. James found himself staring down at a huge red "S," surrounded by a bright red circle, that had been emblazoned on the carpeted floor. He hadn't noticed this before, but then again, that made perfect sense, since he was so small that even conspicuous things like this "S" sign were basically invisible to him, unless Brooke was literally holding him directly over it, like she was doing now.

"Here it is, sweetie," Brooke smiled, lowering him down and placing him right in the middle of the "S" on the floor, "Your Speck Spot!"

"My...Speck Spot!?" James asked, a bit dazed as he stared up at the towering monolith of his girlfriend as she straightened all the way back up to her full height.

"Mhm!" Brooke nodded, once again stretching her hands up to touch the ceiling, which made her look monstrously tall from James's perspective, "Now that you're only one inch tall, honey, it's important that we establish some basic safety precautions. I mean, of course, Christina's NanoShell...or no, wait, it's gonna be called TinyTitan...haha, much better...anyway, I ordered that for you earlier – it's that tungsten-alloy coating solution, remember? That'll make that adorable little body invulnerable?"

James nodded, his head spinning. He couldn't deny that it was going to do wonders for his peace of mind when he didn't have to worry about falling from a high place or accidentally getting crushed. Nothing could have prepared him for being THIS small. If he hadn't completely trusted Brooke, he would be petrified with fear right about now.

"Well we should be getting that tomorrow," Brooke continued, winking down at him, "So no worries, James – we'll get you all protected before you REALLY start shrinking. But even once you're all alloyed-up, that still leaves us with the problem of just how teeeeeny you're going to be. I mean...I can see you just fine right now. With a magnifying glass that is, heh...But imagine when you're a quarter the size you are now. Or an eighth. Or a SIXTEENTH!"

"I...uh, it...it might be easy for me to get lost!" James called up to her. He was finally starting to understand what she was getting at with this "Speck Spot."

"ExxxxACTLY," Brooke smiled, nodding knowingly, "I can't have my sweet little Speck getting lost, even if he can't get crushed or hurt. So here's the solution, James – in the coming weeks and months, no matter how small you get, you can always find your way to THIS SPOT, right here, right where you're standing, and your Giantess will always know to look for you here."

"I like it!" laughed James, feeling incredibly aroused that they were even having this conversation right now, "It's so simple...and easy to remember!"

"No need to complicate things," Brooke said, putting her hands on her hips as she grinned down at him, "Plus, I just gotta say...there's something soooooo hot about us literally having to designate a special spot for you. Don't you think so?"

"I...y-yeah...can't you tell?" James laughed, gesturing down to his rock-hard cock. Brooke's eyebrows creased together in concentration as she reached over to the dresser to fetch something. The next moment she was bending down towards him, a huge magnifying glass in her hand.

"Oh...OHHHH NOW I can see it!" she laughed, her face brightening suddenly, her huge blue eye blinking down at him through the magnifying glass, "I needed a little extra help, though!"

James was so overwhelmed by the striking sight of her enormous, magnified eye staring down at him that, even though he was laughing right along with Brooke, his mind had gone completely blank. He was already completely naked, of course, but something about Brooke looking at him through that magnifying glass made him feel even more naked, even more exposed and vulnerable. Once again, he understood that the sensation would have been completely frightening if it wasn't so insanely arousing.

Brooke's laughter died away as her eye went over him, top to bottom. She seemed to understand the awe James was experiencing, and had obviously decided to channel it into a dominant persona. Her lips, which had been curved up in a tender smile before, suddenly morphed into expressionless dominance as she lowered the magnifying glass and stood way, way back up, towering above him at her full height.

"Stay right there, little Speck," she ordered, pointing down a long, commanding finger down at him, "It's time for me to finally try on an outfit that I've been saving for this."

She turned and boomed away in her bare feet, the bedroom floor shaking so much under her weight that James nearly fell down. He watched as her colossal, curvy form strode into her closet and disappeared. For the first time in what felt like a long time, James was left alone. Of course, he wasn't actually "alone," but his recent shrink spikes, plus the fact that he was standing by himself on the floor of a bedroom that was made for "normal-sized" people...well, all of it combined to make James feel especially tiny and exposed, isolated in his little "Speck Spot" in the midst of an enormous new landscape.

He took a deep breath and surveyed the bedroom that stretched all around him. This was the same room he had been sleeping in for months, but, at his new 1-inch size, everything seemed brand new. The bed looked like a gargantuan warehouse, looming up above him and extended out as far as his eyes could see. The nightstand was the size of a 15-story building...and the chest of drawers looked like a towering skyscraper, so tall that James actually got dizzy craning

his neck all the way up, trying in vain to see the top. Even the carpeted floor was totally different at his size – James wasn't even really standing ON it...instead, it was more accurate to say that he was standing IN it, since he sank down into it, all the way up to his lower shins.

'And just to think,' he mused to himself, feeling the strange thrill of this new reality washing over him, 'That very soon...within the next few months...every man in the world will be this size, or smaller. This right here...it'll be the new normal...this is just...just absolutely crazy!'

He didn't have any more time to ponder this brave new world of tiny 1-inch men, though, because Brooke had suddenly emerged from her closet, in a grandiose entrance that completely took James's breath away. She was decked out in a Greek Goddess costume, a tight, skimpy toga gracing her delicious curves, perfectly complimenting the cascading waves of her blond hair that tumbled down over her shoulders. James immediately felt his gaze drawn to her feet, and he saw that she was wearing a pair of 6-inch, open-toed, golden platform heels, which made her an incredible 6'11, plenty tall that she had to duck under her doorframe as she made her grand entrance. Her white toenail polish sparkled in the soft bedroom lighting, and, with each slow, deliberate, sauntering step she took towards him, James could feel the floor shaking more and more.

Brooke had her arms up, and was slowly dragging the palms of her hands across the ceiling as she bore down on him, showing off her height. That same dominant, expressionless look was on her face, as her gorgeous blue eyes flashed down at him. James knew that she was in full "roleplay mode," and, from the rapid increase in his heart rate, and the throbbing of his little cock, he was one hundred percent "here for it."

"I can sense the presence," she boomed out, her voice even deeper, more dominant, and more goddess-like than James expected, "Of an incredibly powerful...but TINY...devotion."

In just a few more earthshaking steps, she had crossed the bedroom, and was now slowly circling around the "S" spot, her palms still dragging along the ceiling, so high above James that he couldn't even see her hands and arms clearly – to his eyes, they were fuzzy and indistinct, since, from his perspective, they were as high up as a 50-story building.

"Now the only question," continued Brooke in that same booming, goddess-voice, "Is where it could be? I'm sensing it around here. It's somewhere...somewhere verrrrrry close by. I can feel it."

James jumped up and down, reveling in this roleplay, loving that he could completely cut loose and act out as her worshipper.

"I'm here!!" he cried, waving his hands frantically, "I'm right here, Goddess! All the way down here!!"

“Hmmm, I can feel it getting strongerrrr,” Brooke mused, furrowing her brow, as she bent down at her hips, pretending to scour the floor all around him, “It’s definitely here SOMEwhere...but whatever it is, it’s soooo tiny.”

“Here!!” called James again, continuing to wildly jump up and down and wave his little arms with abandon, “Down heeeeere!!”

Brooke looked over and around him a few more times before finally “discovering” him, locking those big blue eyes of hers onto his body. She didn’t smile, though. Instead, her expression appeared to harden even more intensely, and even though James knew all of this was part of the roleplay, he couldn’t help but feel cowed and overawed in the presence of such colossal, imperious beauty. He didn’t even have to try and play his part as the “Goddess-worshiper” – he just behaved naturally.

“There you are,” breathed Brooke, stretching her huge body back up to its full height as she put her hands on her hips. James noticed that she was wearing tight golden cuffs on her wrists...cuffs that would easily fit dozens upon dozens of his tiny body inside. James felt his heart quicken even more, and his breathing accelerated almost to the point of hyperventilation. He was realizing that Brooke may as well be a Goddess to him – she was positively glowing.

“And just what,” Brooke continued, staring down at him severely, “Is your business, sneaking into a Goddess’s private chambers?”

“I-I...I want to worship her!!” James called up. It was truly amazing how dramatically his tiny, squeaky little voice contrasted with the booming, powerful purr of hers.

“Mmmmm of course you do,” she responded, “What else CAN someone like you do around a Goddess like me? BOW DOWN, little speck!”

James instantly obeyed, dropping down to his knees and then splaying out forward on his arms, his face partially burying itself in the carpet.

“Yessss...I think it’s time that you worship your Goddess properly, speck,” Brooke’s voice boomed out above him, “And to do that...you must ascend HIGHER.”

The most powerful, booming thud yet startled James out of his “worship” pose, and he struggled to his feet. Brooke had just brought the towering weight of her golden 6-inch heel down right next to him. James couldn’t believe it – Brooke’s heel alone was as tall as a telephone pole. For a few moments he just stood there, stunned at the size, wondering how on earth she expected him to “ascend higher.” There was no way he could climb such a sheer, smooth structure!

But then he saw them – tiny indents that had been lovingly notched into the side of her heel, absolutely perfect for someone exactly his size to use as climbing tools. James slowly

approached the heel, his breath coming in short spurts, as he struggled to keep his heart rate under control. All of this was too much...too hot...too unbelievably sexy. He reached her heel and looked into the first notch, which he could already tell that Brooke had carved out herself. There were tiny little handles inside the notches, perfect for his hands to hold onto, and right next to this first notch, Brooke had carved a perfect, tiny little heart, with a big “G” in the middle, and the tiniest little “s” underneath it. James got goosebumps all over – he knew that “G” stood for “Goddess” and “s” stood for “speck” – she had planned all of this out.

“Well?” boomed out Brooke from high above, her face so far away that he could hardly even read her expression. “I’m waiting.”

James heard a mighty series of drumming thuds above him, vibrating through the golden heel in front of him, and, looking up, he caught sight of the underside of Brooke’s bare toes, wiggling on the very roof of the platform heel. He inhaled the wafting, luxurious scent of her lotioned-up feet, a delicious, milky sandalwood, and the next moment he was already climbing, eager to ascend and worship his Goddess’s toes.

Chapter 12

Climbing Brooke's monumental golden heel proved tougher for James than he anticipated, despite the fact that she had custom-made it specifically for him, with those carved-out grooves in the side, complete with little handles inside to grab onto. James would have marveled at just how long it would have taken Brooke to do all this intricate work herself, but he didn't have time – he was desperate to ascend her 6-inch platform and worship her toes...and once he got started climbing, he realized just how high up her heel actually went. From his perspective, his body freshly-shrunk down to only one inch tall, Brooke's heel looked like a three-story building, and even though he had a ready-made ladder available, James was rather winded after the first "story" of his ascent, which was really only a two-inch climb.

He felt the solid immensity of the golden heel tremble and shake, and James panicked for a second, holding on for dear life. What was happening!? There was a heavy, rhythmic drumming going on, high overhead, and it felt like he was clutching onto a tower that was about to topple over...but then James suddenly heard the deep, calm rumble of Brooke humming from high above. Looking up, he saw, impossibly high beyond him, his girlfriend's gorgeous face, which he could only see because she had leaned her head over her shoulder to stare down at him. It wasn't hard for James to pretend like she was a goddess – he didn't even have to pretend. As far as he was concerned, she just WAS...and his Goddess was now staring down at him with an impatient look on her face.

"How long is my little Speck going to keep me waiting, hrrmmm?" Brooke demanded, and her words were immediately punctuated by a resumption of the heavy drumming that shook and shivered through her heel. In a flash, James understood where it was coming from – it was Brooke's TOES! And she was literally drumming them impatiently into the sole of her heel, waiting for her little Speck to worship them! The fire of James's passion flared up again, and he resumed his climb at twice the speed, even though he was already winded. He was desperate to get to the top. Brooke seemed to see how fast he was going now, because James heard the soft, effervescent chuckle trickle down through the air into his ears. It was amazing how she could change her voice in a split second, from imperiously demanding to playful and soft...but all with the same immense power and depth underneath, no matter what her tone.

Another minute later, James finally reached the top of Brooke's heel, and it wasn't hard for him to find the energy to lug himself up over onto her insole. A majestic sight had just opened up to him: Brooke's toes, sitting there before him in all their glory, five immense, creamy boulders of increasing size and length, with perfectly-painted white nails. James pulled himself up, and all five of Brooke's toes erupted in a kind of excited dance, wiggling up and down and back and forth, like they were celebrating his efforts. A moment later, though, they were motionless once more, and James understood. They were now waiting to be worshipped. He had been going over this sexy idea in his head, where he would start with Brooke's pinkie toe and then slowly work his way up, but now that he was standing before her foot, he just couldn't help himself. Her big toe just looked so...juicy. Without even thinking, he was already stepping up to it, his tiny chest rising and falling with awestruck excitement. The closer he got, the more

overwhelmed he became by the luxurious aroma of the sandalwood lotion she had applied...just for him.

“Mmmm that’s it,” Brooke purred down from on high, now arching her head to peer down at him over the immense cliff of her protruding breasts, “Approach my big toe, Speck. See how you measure up.”

A moment later James was standing directly before the creamy flesh of her big toe, and he couldn’t believe it – he knew that her toe was gigantic before coming up this close, but now that he was right next to it, he realized that it was nearly as tall as he was. Standing up to his full height, arching his back and squaring his shoulders as much as he could, James still figured that he was only a smidgen taller than her toe. And as for weight...well...that wasn’t even close. Her toe probably outweighed him by at least ten times, and probably a lot more even than that.

“Look at that!” Brooke giggled, briefly breaking character by winking down at James, before resuming her “serious dom” persona, “You’re juuuust barely taller than my toe, Speck...and we both know that won’t last much longer. Before long, you won’t even be able to give it a proper hug. So there’s no time like the present – wrap your little arms around my big toe, Speck! Give it a biiiiiig hug. Do it while you still can!”

James didn’t need to be ordered twice, and he practically fell forward into the firm yet squishy behemoth of Brooke’s big toe, extending his arms out as wide as they could go as he hugged and squeezed with all his might. Her toe stirred at his touch, lifting itself up slightly from the sole of Brooke’s platform heel, and, to his astonishment, James felt himself actually go up on his tiptoes, then go completely airborne for a few seconds. It was incredible – he was wrapped around her toe, hugging it tightly, and just by moving her toe up a little, Brooke was literally lifting his entire body up in the air. She wiggled his body back and forth a few times as she laughed softly above, just to show him how easy it was for her, before lowering her toe back down and allowing him to throw himself headlong into worshipping her.

Brooke’s powerful display, her sheer hugeness, her intoxicating lotioned scent, her soft laughter high overhead...all of it combined together in James’s head and fuelled a worshipful lust that was more intense than anything he had ever experienced before. With his girlfriend’s enormous body looming over him, James fully laid into his adoration, hugging her big toe tightly as he covered it with devotional kisses. He rubbed his face up against the plush, cushy, rounded part of her toe, right in the middle, breathing hard from his efforts. From the moment Brooke had walked into his office all those months ago (it seemed like years at this point!), James had noticed that she smelled uncommonly good, even for a woman – she just had this sweet, overwhelmingly pleasant aroma...a kind of rich, “creamy” smell...that was unusual for its subtlety. But now that he was standing on her platform heel, worshipping her toes, the “subtle” creaminess had transformed into something absolutely mind-melting. As far as James was concerned, he was inhaling the ambrosial aroma of a literal deity. In the back of his mind, he

still knew the two of them were just “roleplaying” right now, but it was the easiest thing in the world to completely play the “role.” Nothing felt more natural, more appropriate, more...right.

“That’s it, my little sweetheart,” boomed Brooke from far above, her huge head nodding its assent in the upper distance, “Spread your arms wide...wiiiiide, as WIDE as they can go! Squish me! Squeeeeeeeze me! Mmmmm come on, harder! I want to really FEEL your tiny body trying to make a dent! C’mon, is that really as hard as you can go?”

“I’m...uggggghhhh I’m trying my best, Goddess!” called James, his face reddening from the effort. Brooke’s big toe was warm and plush, and yet was so dense and heavy and firm that James couldn’t help but feel like he was hugging a gigantic boulder...except this boulder was alive. He could literally feel the mighty pulse of her heartbeat thudding through her feet, through her toes, as he squeezed. Once again, he was overcome by a powerful, almost desperate lust, and he hugged tighter, whining and moaning out involuntarily as he resumed his worshipful kisses.

“This is your rightful place,” Brooke continued, her huge, soft, feminine voice washing over him like a waterfall, encouraging him in his efforts, “Right here. Wrapped around my toe, kissing it, worshipping it, devoting yourself completely to my adoration. Does it feel right, my little toe-man? Hmmm? Tell me, does it feel right to you?”

“Y-Yesss!” cried James, surprising himself with how emotional he suddenly sounded. And...was he tearing up a little!? He felt a slight wave of embarrassment at his reaction, but this embarrassment quickly fizzled away, a relic of his bygone life trying to assert itself in one last dying gasp. Of course, there was no need at all to feel embarrassed. Why shouldn’t he feel emotional, feel overcome, in the midst of such an intense scene? And what did it matter that they were roleplaying? The size difference was real. And the power dynamic between them – Goddess and worshipper – felt just as real. Those tears in his eyes...they were tears of happiness, of gratitude, that someone like Brooke wanted HIM as her own.

“I’m sorry, little Speck,” Brooke hummed, “I thought I saw your itty bitty mouth opening, but I could only hear a tiiiiiny squeaking, and even then I had to strain my ears. Here, let me get a little closer.”

At first, James didn’t notice any difference in his surroundings as he stared straight into Brooke’s toe, but then he felt a sudden fragrant breeze flutter through his hair. A shadow had fallen over him...over Brooke’s entire foot...and James turned around to look up, and froze. Brooke’s radiant face was hanging down low, only a couple feet away, smiling at him upside-down. Without even moving her legs, she had arched her back and bent her torso down, showing off her impressive flexibility. James had never forgotten that she was a world-class athlete, but moments like these were just an added reminder.

“Now, let’s try that again,” Brooke giggled down at him, obviously delighting in talking to him in this contorted, upside-down pose, “I asked you if you felt at home with my toes, my sweet

Speck. Do you? Does this all feel like the natural order of things, with the tiny, shrunken man worshipping at his Goddess's feet?"

"Yesssssss!!" James called, cupping his mouth with two hands and belting out his answer as loudly as he possibly could. But Brooke's ears were still several feet away, and she furrowed her brow after theatrically inclining her ear down towards him. James was sure she could hear him – she had to have been able to! There wasn't any ambient noise in the bedroom. And yet, either through playacting or a genuine inability to understand him, she didn't seem to register his answer. After a few seconds of "listening," Brooke shook her head, still upside-down, and said:

"HMMMM, I heard the squeak a little louder that time...still not registering any actual words, though. Awww poor little thing, I know you're trying! But Goddess's ears are just tuned to a different frequency. Here sweetie, let me get even closer."

Without skipping a beat, Brooke fluidly wrapped her huge hands around the bases of her platform heels to steady herself (so expertly that James didn't feel any trembling or shaking at all), and then, with slow, liquid luxury, she pulled herself down, down, down...even further...bending directly at her waist as she essentially folded herself in half. Before James even knew what was happening, he was staring straight into an enormous ear that was at least three times as tall as him. As she had lowered herself down into the impressive stretch, Brooke had turned her head to the side, inclining her ear toward James, so that he could literally speak directly into it. Her gorgeous blond hair was hanging down, spilling all around onto the floor like a shimmering, golden ocean beneath him. Again, James couldn't help but be transfixed by her show of power. It was one thing to be as thick and curvy and athletic as Brooke was – it was entirely another to be so flexible that she could literally touch the crown of her head to the floor, while the immense pillars of her legs remained perfectly straight and still. Her body control was immaculate, and it was yet another reminder to James that his Goddess was completely in control.

"It...i-it IS where I belong!" he called out into her ear, eliciting an immediate upside-down head nod and pleasurable purr from Brooke, "Right here...in front of your toes...worshipping them, kissing them...I...I've never felt like I've belonged somewhere more in my entire life!"

"Mmmmm at last I can hear you clearly," Brooke intoned, turning her head back around so that James was treated to the striking image of her huge, brilliant blue eyes blinking at him, upside-down, "And of course you feel at home in between my toes – just look at you! Look at how your tiny body just...meelllts into them. Go on, little Speck. Continue your worship. I want to watch you up-close."

James dutifully turned back to Brooke's big toe, embracing it once again in a full-body hug as he covered it with a fresh flurry of worshipful kisses. This time, though, he knew that Brooke was watching him directly. It felt so crazy to imagine her huge blue eye fixed on him, upside-down...it gave an otherworldly feel to everything, almost like what was happening wasn't real. For a few moments, James actually felt a wave of anxiety pass over him. Was he doing a

good enough job? Was he worshipping her the right way!? Knowing that her huge, penetrating eye was directly behind him was intense enough to make him nervous, even though he knew that they were just roleplaying. He really did want to impress her as much as he could.

“There we go...good job little one,” came Brooke’s huge, soft voice from behind him. It was almost like she had sensed his anxiety and had decided to calm his nerves with the power of her voice. It worked. James could literally FEEL Brooke’s voice wash over him – he was so small, and she was so huge, that he could feel the soundwaves hitting his skin, which rose up to attention in shivering goosebumps. He shuddered out in pleasure once, and then again as he felt a new, soft, exotic tickling sensation on his back. Without even turning around, he knew what it was – Brooke had leaned in even closer to him, and was lovingly blinking slowly, smoothly, purposefully...caressing him with her eyelashes.

“Now, little Speck...” she whispered, her sweet breath cascading over his little body, “I want you to kneel in front of my pinkie toe and give it some love.”

James’s heart skipped a beat. He had been so focused on Brooke’s big toe this whole time that he had completely forgotten that there were four other creamy, juicy, delicious toes just waiting to be worshipped. He nearly tripped over himself as he staggered sideways toward Brooke’s pinkie toe, which elicited the gentle thunder of a humorous chuckle from Brooke, who was still bent all the way down, closely watching his movements. When James knelt at her pinkie toe (which was just about knee-height to him), she started rubbing her thick, shapely legs up and down, up and down, like she was barely able to contain her arousal. And when James actually bent down, prostrating himself, and started kissing her pinkie, Brooke let out a blowing huff of arousal as she swiftly unfolded herself back up into a straight stance, reaching up to palm her bedroom ceiling in her ecstasy.

“Mmmmppppffffff I can barely TAKE it, James!” she cried out, pressing her huge hands hard into the ceiling, so hard that she actually felt the drywall groan out a little. She giggled silently, reminding herself to keep it all under control, and to not bring the ceiling down in the midst of her lust. And so, instead of pressing harder with her hands, she stamped her other heel hard on the floor, sending powerful but harmless shockwaves through James’s body as he continued kissing her pinkie toe. Brooke’s behavior made him feel good – apparently he was doing something right.

James didn’t know how much time passed. All he knew was that it was spent in pure bliss, hugging and kissing and worshipping his Goddess’s huge, fragrant toes. Brooke told him when to switch positions, and what to do, and how to do it, and James had dutifully obeyed her every order. Sometimes Brooke would lift her toe up, playfully wiggling it against his body, or even “wrestle” with him a little, before inevitably “winning” the match by pinning him down. But finally, after a long marathon of worship, Brooke finally told James to lay back and relax...and he could tell, from the change in her voice, that the roleplay was over. He lay on his back next to her toes, on the huge sole of her golden platform heel, his little chest rising and falling as he tried to catch his breath. Far above him, he could see only the huge, dark underside of Brooke’s

enormous breasts, but suddenly he saw her hand descend, as a long, strong, elegant finger stretched down towards his body. A single white-painted fingernail gently scooped him up, and the next thing James knew, he was going up, up, up, not fast enough to bewilder or frighten him, but still – he held onto the thick, curved nail for dear life. Not a second later, he was staring directly into the gigantic panorama of Brooke’s shining, smiling face. For several long seconds they just gazed at each other, feeling the intensity of their shared love blend and mingle in the space between them.

They both silently understood that there was no turning back now. Even though their “roleplay” was finished for the night, its reality remained – Brooke really WAS his “Goddess,” and, more and more every day, he was becoming her little “Speck.” Her huge red lips blossomed into a flowering pucker, and Brooke brought her finger up closer, planting a full-body kiss on him, even darting out the very tip of her tongue to tease his midsection a little (just for fun) before withdrawing it back in between her lips. Her eyes were shining with pleasure, and with the promise of the future, and James couldn’t help but feel, despite his disease, and despite all the difficulties it entailed, that he was the luckiest man on earth.

“Welcome to your new life!” Brooke beamed at him, her beautiful blue eyes dancing, “And the best part is, James...that it’s just beginning!”

The following morning, as she lounged on her bed (taking a rare few hours off, dressed casually in her black soffes and a tight white t-shirt), Brooke got a notification on her phone that a package had just been delivered to her doorstep. James was basking in between her breasts as they watched an old “Saturday morning” cartoon on her phone, and when the notification popped up, the two of them shared an excited, wide-eyed stare.

“That should be it!” Brooke exclaimed, and less than a minute later they were in the kitchen, with James standing on the table and Brooke carefully opening the package with her fingernail. Her face brightened into a knowing smile, her big blue eyes averting down to James, as she pulled out a large, solid, expensive-looking jar that seemed to be made of some kind of industrial-strength metal. But it was the label that clearly described what they both already knew it was:

TinyTitan™

Micro-Integrated Tungsten Matrix Premium Grade | Personal Defense Coating

- **Total Immersion Protection:** 100% protection from:
 - High altitude descent, up to and including terminal velocity for any subjects weighing 10 lbs or less
 - Pressure up to 16,000 psi
 - Extreme thermal gradients up to 3,422°C, the melting point of tungsten
 - Fluid hazards

- **Nanoflex Tech:** 100% mobility retention
- **Lifetime Warranty:** Guaranteed permanent protection after one immersion.

"This all looks about right!" grinned Brooke, setting the jar in front of James and then turning it around so that he could read the back:

DIRECTIONS FOR USE

1. **Preparation:** Place the subject in a dust-free environment.
2. **Application:** Using the provided micro-pipette, fully submerge the subject in the **TinyTitan™** solution. Ensure full coverage of all extremities.
3. **Curing:** Expose to 365nm UV light for 10 seconds using provided black light. The coating will transition from a liquid state to a flexible, high-density tungsten-carbide lattice.
4. **Acclimation:** Allow the subject 2 minutes to adjust to the new weight-to-power ratio.

"Well, uhm...yeah this looks pretty straightforward!" James nodded after reading the label. It was crazy – all morning, he had been a bit nervous about getting this special "invulnerability treatment," but now that he was staring at the product itself, the whole thing seemed almost...anticlimactic. He felt that there HAD to be some kind of special catch, some sort of complication that would make the administration of the treatment more dramatic. Brooke, of course, picked up on his general state of mind, and held out her hand to him, wiggling her fingers affectionately, encouraging him to step on.

"It all kind of seems like a dream, doesn't it?" she smiled, "Almost like it shouldn't be this simple?"

"Heh, I mean...yeah," nodded James, stepping gingerly onto the fleshy warmth of her palm.

"Well, of course we'll test it and everything," reassured Brooke, "But I fully expect it to work like a charm. Remember, this has Christina's personal seal of approval."

As she spoke, Brooke lifted James up to her face, giving him a playful and exceptionally gentle nuzzle with her nose. She then held him out a couple feet from her face, so that she could see him clearly.

"And anyway," she added, "This TinyTitan is going to do WONDERS for our mental health. Like, oh my god...I won't have to constantly stress about something bad happening to you, or making sure that I don't squeeze you too hard, or drop you!"

"Yeah," James agreed, though his trepidation was still apparent, "I know...But it's, uh...you know, I think a little "fear of the unknown" thing..."

"Well then let's get this show on the road!" laughed Brooke, petting him with her thumb, "So that it's not so unknown anymore!"

The whole treatment, per the directions on the back of the jar, didn't take more than ten minutes. Brooke had slowly and carefully submerged her naked boyfriend in the solution (which was a thick, silvery fluid, somehow pleasantly warm) for a few minutes, making certain that he was completely covered all over, and then she had "cured" him with the special black light flashlight for a full two minutes, just to be extra-sure that the tungsten coating was fully soaked in. After a few extra minutes of "acclimation," James was ready to go. From the outside, he looked completely unchanged.

"And you really don't feel any different?" Brooke asked, staring down at him closely as he stood on the kitchen table, still completely nude.

"Nope," James replied, shaking his head, "I kinda expected some sort of tingling sensation or something...but I really just felt...warm, and now even that feeling is going away. I just feel normal!"

"Wonderful!" Brooke exclaimed, leaning back down in her chair, putting her hands over her head and smirking, "So now I guess the only thing left to do is...test it out."

They both looked at each other in silence for a few moments, and it was clear that there were a few jitters on both sides at this point. But Brooke, true to form, was the first to get things moving. As she playfully bit her tongue, she slowly inched her index finger closer to James, and then, rearing it up like a snake above him, she tapped him sharply on the chest. James staggered back a couple paces, but kept his footing.

"You good?" Brooke asked, raising her eyebrows.

"I'm...good!" James nodded. They both looked at each other, thinking the same thing. There was no way Brooke would have ever tapped him that hard before. She slithered her finger back up to him, reared it back, and then did it again, except this time she tapped much harder, sending James flat on his back a few inches away.

"Still okay?" she asked, doing her best to keep the anxiety out of her voice.

"Still good!" James exclaimed, getting back up and starting to laugh. If he hadn't been feeling confident before, he sure was now – before the treatment, that tap would have broken a few bones in his chest, for sure.

"All righty then," Brooke grinned, "Time for the big one, then – better get ready..."

This time she didn't rear up her finger; instead, she pulled it back against her thumb and then flicked it hard, straight at his chest. James flew back a full two feet, and was only stopped by Brooke's other hand as she shot it out to arrest his momentum.

"Y-yeah, that was...wow...!" James laughed, standing back up on his feet, "Ten minutes ago, that would've broken every bone in my chest!"

“And now?” ventured Brooke carefully, studying him closely.

“And now I just feel like you just sent me on the world’s shortest roller coaster ride,” smiled James, “Seriously, the motion itself was kind of a surprise – the speed of it, I mean...but it didn’t hurt at all!”

“Oh good!” Brooke breathed out, only now showing how anxious she had been before, “I’m so glad! Yeah that was...it was really messing with my head, the prospect of actually having to TEST all of this. The thought of hurting you is just...it’s worse than unbearable.”

“Well it doesn’t seem like you need to worry about any of that anymore,” James said happily, “Because...oh...”

As James was talking, Brooke had lifted her hand up, looming it above him, before bringing her palm down directly on top of his body, forcing him to lie down on his back on the kitchen table. She had a naughty, playful smile on her face.

“All right, I’m gonna start pressing,” she hummed down at him, turning her head sideways so she could look him straight in the face, “And you let me know IMMEDIATELY if anything hurts, yes?”

“Go for it,” James replied, now feeling very confident, “Do your worst!”

Brooke giggled and then set to work, slowly increasing the pressure of her palm against his body. She started slow, but then gradually sped up the rate of tension as it became clear that James wasn’t hurting at all. Harder and harder she pressed, until the veins in her hand were standing out, and the muscles in her arm were bulging. In a moment of inspiration, James actually pretended to yawn.

“That really all you’ve got?” he teased, causing Brooke to burst out laughing.

“I’m TRYING!” she panted, before smacking her hand down on him hard a few times and giving up.

“I guess you’re just not strong enough,” James continued casually, lounging on the table as he propped his head up on his little arm, smirking up at his titaness girlfriend. Brooke stuck her tongue into the inside of her cheek, spearing it over and over, obviously enjoying his sassy little show.

“How the tables have turned,” James persisted, having some more fun with his newly-invulnerable body, “This morning I was just the tiny little Speck who had to be coddled and protected, and now I’m –”

But he didn’t get a chance to finish his snarky sentence, because Brooke had suddenly snatched him from the table, abruptly stood up, and then held him out at arm’s length, dangling

him upside-down from her fingers. The next moment, she had dropped him, letting him fall straight down onto the floor. James couldn't help but yell out in alarm, before –

Ploomp...ploomploomp

He smacked into the hardwood kitchen floor, bouncing a couple times, before coming to a stop. A shadow fell across him.

"All good still?" Brooke asked, leaning down to examine.

"All...good..." James nodded, breathless from the surprise of the fall.

"Sorry sweetie," giggled Brooke playfully, "You were running that big fat mouth of yours, and so I just had to..."

"Ha! You think a little fall is gonna take me down a peg or two!?" James laughed defiantly, rising up to his full one-inch height as he put his hands on his hips, sticking out his chin to the giantess looming over him, "Well think again, because now that I'm invulnerable, that means that I...uh, Brooke...Brooke...BROOKE!?"

He was reacting to what was happening above him. As he had been jabbering, Brooke had straightened herself back up and then swiftly turned around, dropping her soffes and panties, exposing the deliciously creamy flesh of her ass cheeks. The next moment, before he could even begin to run away, she had suddenly dropped down, collapsing the enormously jiggly weight of her colossal bare ass directly on top of him. James only had time to put his hands up above his head before –

THHUMMMMP

He was buried in oppressive, total darkness. But any fear that had spiked in his brain immediately dissipated, because not only was he obviously unhurt, but he could also breathe just fine. Sure, he couldn't budge an inch under Brooke's weight, but knowing that all that heaviness, that warmth, was her ASS...well, it was somehow not so bad. And when Brooke stood up a few seconds later, James was still stuck to her right ass cheek. Humming pleasantly, Brooke peeled him off with her fingers and held him up to her sexily smirking face.

"I'm sorry..." she cooed at him, seeing that he was obviously okay, "You were saying?"

"I was saying, uhh..." James stammered, delightfully overcome by her power, "I kinda forget."

"Mhm," Brooke purred at him, delivering a full-body kiss, "And don't you ever forget that, however invulnerable...you're ALWAYS going to be my Little Speck."

"Yes I am!" James laughed, before noticing that Brooke was smacking her lips a little, and looked at her inquiringly.

“Sorry,” she giggled, “Just a bit of that metallic taste Christina warned us about. Should be gone in a few days...or a few hours, if I suck on your body hard enough.”

SchluckschluckschluckSchluckschluckschluckSchluckschluckschluckSchluckschluckschluck

Her cheeks puckered as she made a series of lewd sucking noises, those hungry blue eyes of hers going wide. If James hadn’t been totally hard already, he sure was now.

“Mmmm maybe I should cover your body in extended-release green apple flavor!” she said brightly, “Then I can just go to class with you in my mouth and suck on you all day like my own personal everlasting jolly rancher!”

“I...th-that...that sounds amazing,” James breathed, hardly daring to believe that such a thing was now actually possible.

“Mhm yeah, but it’ll have to wait,” Brooke sighed, “Because I’ve gotta go to volleyball practice in a few minutes.”

“Ohhh...right...” James said, feeling almost comically devastated that he would have to spend a few hours away from her.

“Awww no need to be so crestfallen, sweetie,” Brooke smiled. She was shaking something in her other hand, holding it up to him, and James turned to see a silver necklace chain sparkling in the sun, attached to a golden locket (with a see-through front) that was perfectly-sized to fit a one-inch little man.

“The other girls have just been dyyyyying to meet you,” she grinned down at him, “And so you’re coming with me!”

Chapter 13

“W-wait...no way am I gonna be able to remember all those names!” James exclaimed, tucked away in the see-through golden locket of the elegant silver necklace that was swaying sideways and bouncing up and down with every swift step Brooke was taking down the sidewalk. She had just rattled off the names of her six teammates who were going to be at volleyball practice, counting them in front of James with her long fingers.

“Aww don’t worry, pookie,” Brooke said warmly, “It’s not like they’re gonna be able to hear you, anyway. Uh-uh, that privilege is reserved for ME.”

“Oh...right...” James nodded. In his nervous, anxious excitement to meet Brooke’s teammates, he had completely forgotten that the locket he was inside had been equipped with a special microphone (another one of Christina’s clever ideas) which was connected via bluetooth to a miniature hearing aid in Brooke’s ear, so that she could hear his tiny voice loud and clear. On top of everything else, it actually turned James on so much to know that Brooke needed to use special technology to hear him now...at least, whenever he wasn’t literally standing or sitting next to her ear itself. That’s how huge she was compared to him now; that’s how small he had become. And the best part was, he was only going to get smaller.

“And anyway,” Brooke added, her voice suddenly business-like (though James could hear the teasing humor beneath the surface), “I hope you realize that this practice is **SERIOUS BUSINESS**, mmkay?”

“Serious...business?” James asked, before realizing that, even though he had been to one of Brooke’s games, he had never been to a practice. The Lowland Raging Bulls were a D-1 volleyball team, the highest and most prestigious division in the country, **AND** they were ranked number 1. He had seen how intense and high-octane the actual game atmosphere was, but if he knew anything about the psychology of sports (and, being a seasoned college psychotherapist, he knew a good deal), James was anticipating that this practice would in some ways be even more intense than the actual games. He had seen these girls in action, and they were *fierce*.

“You know it!” sang Brooke, rounding a 90-degree turn in the sidewalk and heading straight for the immense campus gymnasium building up ahead. “Look, I know that, as my personal “loket therapist,” you’ve been reminding me recently that I need to carve out some “down time” for myself. I knowwww, I know, you’re right. But, see...you weren’t watching our last game and even though we won in three straight sets, we lost **EVERY SINGLE** extended rally!”

“Unacceptable,” declared James, folding his arms and shaking his head, despite the fact that Brooke couldn’t see him. He found it amusing to behave as if they were having a normal conversation, except, of course, that there was nothing “normal” about it at all. The locket was dangling about 5’5 off the ground – since Brooke was a towering 6’7 with the added 2 inches of padding from her volleyball court shoes – and James was in the unusual position of being eye-level with a number of young women who were passing by on the sidewalk. He could see

them all turn to look up at Brooke in wonder, with many of them shyly showing that they recognized her. A few of them even appeared to notice that there was something special about Brooke's locket, and slowed down to get a closer look, craning their heads to the side as Brooke passed. Despite the fact that he was wearing a specially-tailored t-shirt and pair of shorts, James felt immaculately exposed, and he would have been more embarrassed if he wasn't already so used to being shown off this way in public by his titanic girlfriend. The two of them were officially an "item" now, so much so that James actually caught a couple girls poking each other and whispering loudly enough so that he could hear:

"Oh my godddd look!! She's got him in her locket!!"

"No way – seriously!? Holy shiiiiit you're RIGHT!!"

"That's soooo hot, I've seriously gotta get one of those for Jim!"

"Uhhh I don't think he'd fit, though!? That thing's like two inches tall, tops."

"Well maybe he'll fit in a few months once he shrinks down to a –"

James wanted to hear more, but the girls' voices faded away as the distance increased between them and Brooke. In the midst of his intense and intimate dynamic with Brooke, it was easy to forget that the rest of the world was going through a cataclysmic shift. The *hupostolephasia* virus was now officially a pandemic, causing mass shrinking in the male population around the world. It was noteworthy to James that everyone who passed at eye-level with the locket was a woman...everyone. There were no men left who were above 5'0, and many of them were now below 3'0, or even 2'0. Apparently this "Jim" was on the tinier side, since that woman had momentarily thought that he could fit in the locket.

'But he's not smaller than me,' James thought, a strange pride welling up in him, even as he moved to cross his legs and hide his erection from public view, 'No one is smaller than me...and I'm just gonna keep getting smaller and smaller. It's like Brooke said...I'm gonna be her Little Speck.'

"You heard those girls back there, talking about you?" Brooke's voice cut in, startling James out of his size-fueled fantasies.

"Uhh yeah...heh, yeah I did," James chuckled.

"Mmmmmm it turned you on, didn't it?" Brooke hummed, her deep voice vibrating through James's body, like a massage from the inside out, "Hearing them talk about how tiiiiiny you are?"

"Uh-huh," James replied. His throat had suddenly gone dry as Brooke stopped at a crosswalk, the last one before they got to the gym.

"Yeeeahhh I know it did," Brooke laughed softly, and James saw, out of both sides of the lock, that the immense, creamy weight of her protruding breasts were jiggling with her laughter. "I bet you even had to adjust yourself, because that delicious little cock of yours is soooooo hard that you're afraid everyone can see it!"

"B-Brooke...please," James begged, his voice a whispered plea as he felt the heat creep up his neck into his face, "Don't embarrass me! I'm about to meet all your teammates!"

"Not ALL of them," Brooke corrected, beginning to walk again, towering over everyone else as she crossed the street, "Just the girlyies who need extra work on the extended rallies. It's only six of us today, remember?"

"Oh...uh, well...anyway, even if it's just a few of your teammates," James replied, "I...I don't wanna be all aroused around them. They might, you know, get the wrong idea or something."

"What wrong idea?" Brooke teased, going through the main entrance and scanning her card at the turnstile, "That my Little Speck boyfriend has a size fetish, and that being around me and my hot 6'0-plus giantess teammates – who are all in AMAZING shape by the way – will make him uncontrollably aroused?"

"I...the...what?" James blurted stupidly. He hadn't exactly known what he was saying before, and, as usual, Brooke had pounced on his uncertainty and turned it back on him in her inimitably playful way.

"Relax, sweetie," Brooke giggled, striding through the gym towards the volleyball court, waving at a few "tiny" 5'10 female passersby, who looked strong and built, like they played softball, "I'm only playing around with you. Look, they already know we're together, and they also know that, whenever you're around me, you sorta...well...you let it SHOW how much you appreciate me."

"Oh god...so they think I'm a tiny little horndog or something!?" James groaned.

"Pssssh maybe," Brooke chuckled, "Or, put a better way – they're all JEALOUS of me for having such a sweet, doting boyfriend, who isn't afraid to show his appreciation."

"They really all think that!?" James asked.

"Well, without getting into too much detail," Brooke said, pausing at the gym door, with her huge hand reaching up to absentmindedly fiddle with the wood of the 6'8 door frame, "Let's just say that a lot of their boyfriends are going through some pretty trying times right now. It's a huuuuge adjustment, James, for everyone. Not every guy has taken this pandemic as gracefully as you."

James paused as he looked through the clear glass of the lock, and also through the rectangular plexiglass in the middle of the gym door, into the volleyball gym itself, where he saw Brooke's teammates warming up. It was strange – he registered all of them in an instant, and how big and tall and athletic and impressive they looked – but in this moment, his brain was somewhere else entirely. He had been so happy and overtaken with the beauty of his

relationship with Brooke that he hadn't even really been thinking about the societal ramifications of the pandemic. Millions...no, billions...of men, young and old, had all been stricken. In the span of only a few weeks, their lives had been turned upside down, to the point where the power dynamic between themselves and their wives, their girlfriends, their female friends, everybody...was completely flipped on its head. James could only imagine the difficulties, complexities, and anxieties that doubtlessly accompanied such a cataclysmic change, but somehow, between himself and Brooke, it actually felt like the pandemic hadn't changed all that much between them. Of course, it had intensified their bond, and created a whole host of new, sexy scenarios to play with...but when it came down to the true essence of their relationship, the pandemic had only served to underline what was already there. And, just like that, James understood why things had been easier for them both.

"You know," he ventured, as Brooke remained paused at the door to the volleyball gym (almost like she had known he was thinking, and was going to respond to her), "I think it's been a lot easier for me to adapt, uh, to use your word, "gracefully," to the pandemic, because...even though I'm a lot smaller than I was when we first met, you were always just...so much bigger than me."

"Oh gosh," murmured Brooke, her huge hand paused on the gym door as she let James's words sink in, "You're so right about that!"

"I mean, of course it's been a huge transition for us both," James continued, "Since I can't really take care of myself now and need a permanent caretaker and, uh, you know, cutting-edge technology to protect me and all that...but when it comes to the actual power dynamic between us? You were the dominant one from the get-go. And size-wise, even before I started shrinking, you were, what...11 inches taller than me?"

"Mhm, and probably about 120 pounds heavier," chuckled Brooke, "God you were soooooo cute – don't get me wrong, you're BEYOND adorable now, of course – but after seeing you that first day in your office, with that precious little bowtie and your tiny khakis and your little haircut and...ugh, yeah. I had to go outside and take some deep breaths when we were finished."

"Oh wow, so you really were that into me from the start!?" James laughed. He wasn't insecure, and had a mature self-respect about himself, but even then, it was pretty incredible to hear that Brooke had been THAT taken with him in the beginning. She was just so tall and huge, so gorgeous and brilliant and...well...everything – that she could have easily had any man she wanted. And she had chosen him?! James was flattered, of course, but sometimes it almost didn't seem real.

But it was times like these when Brooke seemed to know exactly what to do. In a swift flurry of motion, she had reached down, gripped the locket in between her thumb and forefinger, and flipped it around, lifting it up to her face, so that James now had a full-on view of her huge, beautiful blue eyes. They were blinking softly, lusciously, with a sudden seriousness that only Brooke could pull off without looking intimidatingly scary at that size. Without even thinking,

James rose up to his feet, his hands pressed up against the glass so that he could be as close to her as possible.

“James,” she said softly, looking squarely at him in the locket, “I fell for you the moment I laid eyes on you. Even at 5’6, you were the cutest little thing I had ever seen, and that was before you even opened your mouth.”

James could do nothing but stare at her, blinking, his tiny hands on the glass.

“And when you DID open your mouth,” Brooke continued, “I couldn’t believe it – you showed that the inside matched the outside – that you were the sweetest, kindest, wisest, most empathetic man I had ever met.”

She paused for a moment; her voice had become a little strained at the end, almost like she had been about to start crying before she pulled up. James didn’t know what to say. His heart had started beating fast for all sorts of reasons – Brooke’s sudden, serious words were a surprise to him...he had never been so flattered...he suddenly felt that Brooke was going to cry, and didn’t want her to...he felt overcome by how lucky he had been – all of these swirling thoughts coalesced in his mind, just as he saw that Brooke had puckered her full, red lips. Before James realized what Brooke was about to do, she had already done it. The enormous plush oval of her puckered lips advanced suddenly towards him, getting bigger and bigger the closer they came, until...

MWWWAAHH

They pressed up against the glass of the locket, covering it completely in a long, soft, slow, powerful kiss. Without even realizing it, James pushed himself up against the glass, again wanting to be as close to Brooke’s lips as he possibly could, as he too puckered his lips to “return” her kiss. He felt the thin glass immediately warm against his skin as the heat from Brooke’s body rapidly transferred through the glass to him. It was incredible – he was standing there, a 1-inch-tall man, pressed up against the 2-inch-tall pane of glass that was completely covered by Brooke’s lips. There were only tiny pinpoints of light coming in through the corners, but they allowed him to see the giant expanse of Brooke’s plush lips all around him, like they were about to envelop him, engulf him, swallow him up. It was insane how much bigger she was. Now, more than ever, James saw that she could have effortlessly popped him in her mouth, swished him around...or even gulped him down completely. Staring forward, he found himself looking straight into the black hole of her mouth, inscrutable, mysterious, terrifying, and yet somehow also inviting, beckoning...and thrilling.

When Brooke finally pulled away, the border of the glass locket was splotted all around with ruby-red from Brooke’s lipstick. It was like she had painted a permanent border onto his world, so that he could never forget what she had just said to him. James felt so out of breath from the intensity of their no-contact kiss that it took him a few seconds to see that her blue eyes were pooled with tears, and as she blinked, one of these tears went trickling down her cheek.

"I...Brooke...you don't need to –" James began, holding out his hand toward her, concerned. But then he saw that she was shaking her head, and that she was smiling.

"Shh, shhhhhh," she whispered to him, "These are HAPPY tears, honey."

And then, wiping her tears away with her hand, Brooke took a deep breath in through her nose and let it out again, fogging up the glass for a few seconds before her grinning face emerged back into view.

"All right, enough with the sap," she chuckled, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek as she winked at him, "Time for practice."

James didn't even have time to emotionally transition from this extremely touching exchange, because the very next moment, Brooke had flipped her locket back around and her huge hand was pushing the gym door open. James took a few deep breaths himself, amazed at Brooke's impressive ability to compartmentalize her emotions, as her volleyball teammates came rapidly into view. Even though he was with Brooke, quite obviously and securely tethered to her in every way, it was difficult for James not to feel intimidated. All of these girls were TALL. The women they had passed on the sidewalk had looked big enough around the "normal" heights of 5'5, 5'6, 5'7, and 5'8...but these girls were a LOT taller. None of them looked like they were under 6'0, and a couple of them looked almost as tall as Brooke herself. And they weren't just tall – they were all obviously strong and powerfully-built...maybe not as thick and curvy as Brooke herself (and, after all, who was!?), but certainly full and athletic in their own right. Even at his old height and weight, James would have felt like he was surrounded by giantesses.

"There she is!" exclaimed one of the girls, a hazel-eyed brunette who looked like she was about 6'4, nearly as tall as Brooke, "I've been warming the girls up, Brooke!"

"Excellent," Brooke nodded, setting down her bags on the sideline before striding up to the other six girls. James could tell, just from the way they all had stopped what they were doing, and from how they gathered up around Brooke, that she was the clear leader of the team. "Now that I'm here, we can officially kick things off with some mobility warm-ups, but first..."

James hadn't understood what the pause was for, but he rapidly saw that all six of the girls had shifted their eyes straight down to him. Brooke had clearly just looked down at her locket, with a knowing grin on her face.

"There's someone I'd like you all to meet," she finished. James's heart was now beating quite fast again, and he started blushing as all the girls quickly crowded up around the locket, bending down to get a good look at him.

"Oh my godddd...!!" gasped an energetic, fierce-looking girl with pixie-cut brown hair, flushed through with vibrant purple streaks, as her striking brown eyes widened in delight, "That's *James* in there!?"

"Sure is!" Brooke smiled, "James, that's Clara – she's the shortest one...6'1...but she's only a freshman so who knows how tall she'll be in a few years!"

"6'1-and-a-half, actually," Clara corrected Brooke, rising up to her full height and putting her hands on her hips as she stuck her chest out. Even though her breasts weren't that big, her whole frame was quite full and muscular. James figured that, at her height, she probably weighed at least 200 pounds.

"Oooo gettin' up there, girl!" nodded Brooke approvingly.

"My friend who's in med school says I'm in the middle of a late growth spurt," Clara continued proudly, "And that I'll be at least 6'3 when it's all said and done."

"Mhm, I can't wait," Brooke chuckled. James could tell that she got a good kick out of Clara's spunk. Clara bent down even closer, so that her face was only a few inches from the locket.

"He's so tiny, Brooke!" she exclaimed, her face alive with girlish glee, "Oh my godddd...I mean, all the guys are small these days, but...holy *shit*..."

"He's my little ornament," Brooke replied sweetly, pivoting over to the next two teammates, who James quickly realized were identical twins. They both looked about 6'3 or so, with long black hair tied up in elegant ponytails, which contrasted beautifully with their green eyes. They were leaner than Clara, probably around 200 pounds just like her, but they also somehow looked older and more measured.

"And this is Riley and Rowan," Brooke continued, indicating them one at a time using her long finger, "You can tell them apart because Riley wears hoops earrings and Rowan wears studs."

"Except when we decide to switch it up, just to fuck with you all," Rowan laughed along with Riley.

"Wait, so...did you...?" Brooke ventured, unsure.

"No, no, not today," Riley grinned, before she and her sister both bent down low and smiled warmly at James through the glass.

"Nice to meet you, James," Riley said sweetly.

"We've heard sooooo much," Rowan added, winking up at Brooke. "Your girlfriend can't keep her big fat mouth shut about you."

"I mean...can you blame me?" Brooke asked innocently.

"Nope," Rowan said emphatically, shaking her head as she drank in the sight of James, "Not one bit. He's adorable."

“WAY too adorable,” added the 6’4 hazel-eyed brunette, who seemed to be Brooke’s “second-in-command.” “Can you take him out, Brooke? I wanna get a good look – it’s hard to see him through the lipstick splotches.”

“Of course...heh, sorry,” Brooke giggled, catching the locket up in her warm palm and unlatching it, “I just got a little carried away, I guess.”

“Carried away!?” exclaimed Clara, “If I had a boyfriend like that I don’t think I’d be able to STOP kissing him!”

“Well it’s a challenge not to, sometimes,” Brooke acknowledged, now flipping open the glass. James felt a rush of fragrant breeze against his face, so much so that he actually stumbled backwards a little, right into Brooke’s awaiting thumb. He could immediately smell the sweet, aromatic varieties of deodorant the girls were wearing, mixed with the ambrosial and floral scents of their haircare products. Even though they were top-tier athletes at practice, they all apparently took their appearances quite seriously, and had put in a lot of time. Their make-up, their manicures, their hair...it all looked so good...and quite apart from those things, James was so overwhelmed by their beauty that he didn’t know what to do. Instinctively, he turned back and glanced up at Brooke, who, seeming to enjoy his momentary loss of words, bounced her eyebrows up and down at him suggestively.

“Quite the bunch, huh?” she smirked.

“Yeah...” breathed James, and when he turned back around, he found himself surrounded by six eager faces, all pressed in together to get the closest look at him.

“He’s even more adorable up close!” cried the hazel-eyed brunette.

“That’s Aspen,” Brooke said down to James, “She’s my little captain-in-training.”

“Meaning – she kicks our asses when Brooke isn’t here!” added Rowan, eliciting giggles all around. James couldn’t believe how big and gorgeous they all were, and, with their faces this close-up, it was one of the more intimidating circumstances he had been in so far. But the warm, even surface of Brooke’s palm steadied him. Even at one inch tall, surrounded by these enormous, strong, athletic women, he didn’t actually feel the least bit scared.

“And this is Melanie,” Brooke finished, pivoting James to a short-haired, blue-eyed blond, “And Anna,” turning James to the shy-looking, green-eyed brunette on his far left, “They’re both new to the team – we nabbed em’ through the transfer portal. Total steal. They’re both 6’2 and eager to learn.”

“Nice to meet you James,” Melanie said, blushing.

“Yeah, hope we don’t embarrass ourselves in front of you,” Anna added sheepishly. “We’re both super-new...not really up to the Raging Bulls standard yet.”

“Oh psssh you girls are gonna do great,” Brooke said dismissively, waving her free hand and snaking it reassuringly onto Anna’s shoulder. James was amazed – even though Anna was gigantic by any normal metric, her shoulder, and her frame in general, looked almost small and slight compared to Brooke’s huge hand on her shoulder.

“And anyway,” Brooke added, “Don’t be intimidated by James being here with me – he’s a fully licensed psychologist, you know, so he understands all the challenges we face as student athletes.”

There was a ripple of murmuring and head-nodding among the girls, who all seemed very impressed with James’s credentials, even as their eyes lingered on his body, going slowly up and down as they savored the sight of him. James felt like he was in the strange position of being admired and envied and objectified all at the same time...and with the bright, buoyant energy of these girls, he didn’t mind any of it one bit.

“Besides,” continued Brooke, taking James and gently shutting him back up inside the locket (eliciting a disappointed “Awww” from Clara), “I didn’t bring James here to make anything harder – I brought him here to inspire us!”

She cleaned her lipstick smudges off the locket and then held it aloft, above her full breasts.

“Because I’m officially designating him the new team mascot!” Brooke finished, “Our Little Lowlander!”

Her announcement was greeted by the loud and enthusiastic whoops and cheers from the rest of the girls, and James couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride as Brooke held him up, even though the prospect of being a mascot carried a touch of humiliation with it as well. But this humiliation was playful, and it turned him on. Brooke knew exactly what she was doing.

“All right!” Brooke said, clapping her hands emphatically, “Now let’s jump right into it – warm-ups!”

For the next 15 or 20 minutes, the girls went through a series of structured exercises to get their muscles loose: some light jogging around the gym, followed by high knees, butt kicks, lateral shuffles, sumo walks, lunges with rotation, leg swings, arm circles, and shoulder openers to get the blood flowing. The whole time, James was bouncing around between Brooke’s breasts in the locket, high enough where he could see everything happening. He had seen the light and playful side of the girls in meeting them, but now that they were actually practicing, he could see that they could become quite serious and focused. There was still some light cutting-up between them, since it was still warm-ups, but when Brooke transitioned the practice to actual live-ball exercises, there weren’t any more jokes. Clearly there was work to be done, and, as captain, Brooke was instrumental in setting the tone. James began to actually forget that he was the “mascot” and the “boyfriend,” and just sat back and admired the practice itself.

“Okay, time for three-on-threes!” Brooke called out after another 15 minutes of quick footwork patterns, approach jumps, block jumps, and defensive shuffles. She pointed with her long finger, directing the girls with well-practiced, effortless authority. It was easy to forget that she was just a sophomore, and that everyone except Clara was actually older than her. “Aspen, Rowan, Melanie! You three on that side. Clara, Riley, Anna – you three on the other side. We’re gonna do pepper variations – one setter and two hitters per side. Melanie and Rowan, I want you to be the hitters first. Same with Clara and Anna on the other side. We’re gonna be working on foot placement and COMMUNICATION, guys. Those are the two things we struggled with the most last game. All right Aspen, you start us off!”

Brooke went over and sank down into a chair on the sidelines, her huge ass completely hiding the seat of the chair itself as she leaned forward, her hands in between her knees. In this position, James was dangling in the locket directly above Brooke’s massive breasts, which were lightly heaving up and down from the exertion of the warm-ups.

“Platform flat! Elbows locked, shoulders to the target – don’t swing at it!” she called out as the girls began their extended rally practice. Even with his limited knowledge of volleyball, James could see that all these girls, on top of being very athletic, had a high “volleyball IQ.” Even still, though, he could also see that there was some uncertainty in their movements, particularly with Melanie and Anna, but also the twins as well. Even Aspen and Clara had a few times when they looked confused or out of position. The whole time, Brooke continued to call out a series of encouragements and advice:

“Let’s go, hands high on the set, Asp – give us a clean, hittable ball. No drifting!”

“Step and plant on your approach, Melanie! Don’t jump from your heels!”

“Softer contact on the hit, Anna! Remember, this is an extended rally!”

“I wanna hear you call that LOUD, Riley! Say “MINE!” Short and sweet, short and sweet!”

“There we go Clara! Better! Now angle your body to the setter! Make it easy for her!”

“No need to rush it, Rowan! Breathe and reset after every contact. Stay composed!”

James was impressed with Brooke’s ability to project authority and to correct her teammates’ performances without seeming too critical. Even though almost everything she said was some kind of a critique, she was able to keep the tone positive throughout. The girls seemed to respond quite well to Brooke’s encouragement, and another 15 minutes into the practice, James could tell that they were already playing much better.

“Seems like they’re doing pretty well, huh?” she murmured down to James, who was caught a bit by surprise at her addressing him.

"Oh! Oh, uh – yeah. Yeah, actually they seem to be doing better!" he replied, "Not that I know anything about volleyball, but...they seem to be working together better, you know? As a team."

"Exactly," Brooke smiled, "Except...I'm thinkingggggg...we need to add one more element to this practice. Something that'll help them a bit with their foot awareness, that'll keep em' all on their toes a bit."

"Hmm, what's that?" asked James curiously, but the next moment he had his answer. Brooke had popped the locket back open and dumped him down into her palm. When he turned around, her huge face was filling his vision, and she had an impish smile on her face.

"Would you mind," she ventured slowly, "Helping me out with this special drill? I call it...micromovements."

"Uh...yes...?" James replied, immediately feeling intimidated again, even though he had no idea what Brooke was planning. "What do I, uh...what do I have to do?"

"Oh it's easy," Brooke smiled, "All you have to do is scamper around the court randomly, going back and forth, zig-zagging around, looping, doing figure-8's, whatever you want...and the girls have to try and avoid stepping on you."

"I...oh," James replied, feeling VERY intimidated now, "I'm not sure, Brooke."

"Remember," she said gently, "You're totally invulnerable."

"Right, right," James nodded. It was easy to forget that, even if one of the girls DID step on him, he wouldn't feel a smidgen of pain. Remembering this helped his fear dissolve away, even as he felt some residual nervousness at the prospect of running around in between a forest of giantess legs.

"You don't have to do it if you don't want to," Brooke said kindly, "I just thought the girls could use an extra wild card this practice – I think they're getting too comfortable. Plus, let's not kid ourselves...you'll enjoy it, won't you? A tiny little speck of a man in a sea of huge, powerful legs? C'mon James...I know you."

James couldn't hide his grin.

"You sure do," he chuckled, "Okay, let's go for it!"

"Mmmmm you're the best," Brooke hummed, bringing him up to her lips and planting a full-body kiss on his front, "And don't make it easy on em', okay? Go right for their legs."

"You got it," James winked.

“All righty! New drill!” Brooke announced, swiftly standing up and angling her mouth purposefully up beyond James so that his ears wouldn’t vibrate too much with her call, “We’ll continue the pepper variations, except this time –”

And here, very deliberately, she dropped James down on the court from her breast-height. He cried out, first in surprise, then in sheer abandoned enjoyment as he flew through the air, like he was in an impromptu roller coaster, before bouncing down a couple times on the springy floor, coming to a stop near the net. The girls had obviously all heard of the TinyTitan treatment, because none of them seemed alarmed at what Brooke had just done.

“You have to try and AVOID stepping on James!” Brooke finished. “Now don’t worry, of course, you all know that if you mess up and DO step on him, he’s totally indestructible. But each team will start with ten points – we’ll score the game as usual, except you’ll be DOCKED a point each time you step on him. James will be running around on both sides of the net, so you’ll all have to pay EXTRA attention to your surroundings, and to your foot placement! Got it?”

“Oh man...this is genius!” laughed Aspen.

“Ugh this’ll be soooo hard!” Riley complained, “Look at him down there – I can barely see him!”

“What happens if I step on him on purpose?” Clara asked, rubbing her hands together.

“Then that’s TWO docked points,” laughed Brooke, “Okay seriously now – let’s get started! James...you know what to do.”

Brooke clapped her hands, and James immediately took off running, heading straight for Riley and Anna. Clara served the ball, and he suddenly felt the gym floor shaking under him. All six girls were shuffling, pivoting, running, and jumping, a stunning show of huge, shapely, sequoia-sized legs all around him...and he was heading right into the thick of them.

Chapter 14

“Okay Anna, let’s go! Rally! Rally!”

Brooke’s authoritative voice boomed out across the volleyball court, and, from James’s one-inch perspective, the world thundered to life with immense, shapely legs, each of which seemed at least a few hundred feet tall, and as thick as large trees. Even though he knew he was completely invulnerable to getting smushed or crushed or hurt in any way, his mind was still yelling at him, telling him to turn back, rather than making a beeline straight for Riley and Anna like he was doing now. But James had already been getting used to being so tiny, and now that he was permanently safe with the TinyTitan coating Brooke had applied, he actually felt free to channel his brain’s primal fear into sheer, adrenaline-fueled excitement. Brooke’s orders had been simple: run directly at the girls’ legs, and make it as difficult as he could for them to not step on him. He figured that this drill was good for their body awareness, forcing them to be extra-conscious of their footwork, and where exactly they were putting their feet.

“Pivot, Riley!” called Brooke, “That’s it! Don’t second-guess yourself! Already know where you’re gonna go!”

James was still a ways away from Anna and Riley – or, at least, he thought he was – but he could already FEEL the leg-induced air currents whipping around him. Twice, these currents were so strong that they literally blew him down, laying him out as he skidded harmlessly across the volleyball court. He actually laughed out loud as these wipeouts happened, and used the momentum to roll himself back onto his feet and continue running.

“Good recovery, sweetie!” he heard Brooke yell out to him, and he was unable to repress a grin as he bore down on Anna, whose legs were bent and poised in a crouching “readiness” posture. He had decided to go straight for her, just because she was on the side closest to where he had started off from...and also because she seemed, between her and Clara and Riley, to be the lightest. James knew that he was invulnerable, but that didn’t stop him from at least trying to steer clear of the especially big girls. At 6’4, Riley was massive, and even though Clara was “only” 6’1-and-a-half, she looked so built and strong, at least 200 lbs...plus James had a sneaking suspicion that Clara would “accidentally” step super-hard on him, and he wanted to avoid that if possible. She had an edge to her that made James feel a bit concerned, but it was easy to dismiss these feelings. Brooke was totally in charge out here. He was totally safe.

‘C’m on,’ he thought, hyping himself up in his head, ‘You’ve got nothing to worry about – go for the big girls! Brooke’ll love it!’

He turned suddenly in his path toward Anna and made a beeline straight for Clara, who, like Anna, was crouched low, her hands poised and ready, as she pivoted with impressive agility to knock a ball up for Riley to spike.

“Good set, Clara, good set!” called Brooke, “But watch your feet!”

Clara glanced down just in time, because James had been trying to anticipate her footwork and had correctly guessed that she'd be stepping down a little behind where she had been before. His heart thudded with nervous excitement as he saw her enormous purple-sneakered foot come booming down on the floor, mere inches from his body. James felt the mighty swish of displaced air knock him clean off his feet, and he tumbled forward, rolling toward the underside of Clara's shoe as it came down.

"Gaaaagh!" Clara cried out, literally having to tiptoe away from James's body, just managing to do so without stepping on him, but no sooner had she avoided him than the ball came whizzing back from the other side. Aspen had blocked Riley's spike, and Clara had been too distracted by James to respond in time. The ball landed by her other foot.

"Aaaaaaah damn it!" Clara yelled, looking over to Brooke and spreading her hands out, like she had been trying and failing to keep track of everything, "This is hard!"

"Told ya!" Brooke laughed, giving James a wink and a thumbs-up, "It's meant to be hard! No worries Clara, next time, next time! Okay Rowan, you serve to them now! Keep it up James!"

For the next several minutes, James continued to run amok, going straight for Riley, Anna, and Clara's feet, but they actually did a pretty good job avoiding him. All three girls seemed reluctant to step on James, and more willing to give up "regular" points, rather than the "special" points they would have lost if they had stepped on him. It didn't take Brooke long to adjust the game accordingly.

"Okay new rule!" she called out, "Both teams still start with ten points, but now you're docked a point if you step on James...OR if you lose a rally! No prioritizing now, ladies! I see you!"

"Ah shit," sighed Riley under her breath, "This is gonna suck..."

It was definitely a lot harder this way, since the girls really had to battle for each point now. The other team of Aspen, Rowan, and Melanie weren't going any easier on them, and two rallies later, it finally happened. Clara had just blocked a spike from Rowan, and Riley had set the ball up perfectly for Anna. James was perfectly positioned to see her green eyes light up for the spike she was about to lay down on the opposition, and he made his move, bolting close in to where he anticipated she would land. He was already close enough to pull this off, and, sure enough, Anna jumped up in an impressive arc, her 6'2 form elongating swanlike in the air, and snapped her arm forward, delivering a powerful spike down onto the floor across the net. The only problem was that she had lost sight of where James was, and the next moment, her leading foot came straight down on top of him.

PLLLLMMMMMPPPPPP

James's world instantly went dark as he felt the mighty pressure of Anna's body pancake him into the underside of her shoe. The sound had been odd, the undramatic sound of his little body stretching out under the pressure. For an instant James saw only pitch-black, and the primal fear flared up in his mind once again. But it was gone just as quickly, because he wasn't in pain, and he heard the muffled exclamations of the other girls in the distance. A second later his eyes were flooded with light again, and he was looking up into a tilted vision of Anna's face, her green eyes wide with concern. She had lifted her shoe up and was staring down at him.

"Oh god, oh god, James...!" she exclaimed, "I-I'm so sorry! I lost sight of you!"

"No...problem...at all!" grunted James, finding it a bit difficult to speak in his "pancake" form. He marveled at TinyTitan's ability to completely protect him, even if his literal physical shape changed.

"Aw what a shame, Anna!" called Brooke encouragingly, "That was a MONSTER spike...but you flattened poor James, so the points cancel out, I'm afraid!"

"H-How do I...?" Anna was saying, still standing on one foot as Riley and Clara gathered around her, staring down at James on the sole of her shoe, "Do I just...like...how do I get him off?"

"Just peel him off and toss him back on the floor!" laughed Brooke, surprising the girls with her humorous nonchalance, "He'll be fine!"

Uncertainly, Anna reached down, pinched James on the left foot, and very carefully started to peel him off her shoe. For his part, James felt like the whole process almost tickled, and he couldn't help but laugh inwardly at the insanity of what was going on.

"C'mon Anna!" Brooke called out, whipping her hand around in a "hurry up" motion, "Let's get a move-on! Just rip him off like a bandaid – trust me, he'll be okay!"

Anna didn't look convinced – if anything, she looked like she was afraid that she'd rip James in two, but apparently she trusted Brooke enough to overcome her own doubts.

Rrrrrriiiiiippppppp

James came off as cleanly as could be, and he saw Anna's face brighten up with delight (and relief) as she saw his body almost immediately regain its shape. Clara and Riley likewise looked impressed, as did Rowan, Aspen, and Melanie, who were watching from the other end of the net.

"Geez Brooke...you weren't kidding!" laughed Anna as she tossed James back down on the court, "That new technology...TinyTitan, right? Damn...it's incredible!"

“Sure is,” Brooke agreed, “And we’ll have it to thank for the survival of all our little men! I was just lucky enough to nab one of the first prototypes! You all good, sweetie?”

James knew that Brooke’s question to him was actually meant for the rest of the girls, just so they could all see that he was okay. He stood up to his full one-inch height, stuck his chest out, and raised his arms up in a double-biceps pose.

“Better than ever!” he shouted back confidently, thought his voice was of course nothing more than a little chirp in the girls’ ears. But they all heard him, and put their hands over their mouths as they blushed at each other, overcome with how cute he was.

“Of course you are,” Brooke nodded with a sweet smile, before hardening her expression back into “practice” mode, and calling out: “Okay girls, next rally, let’s go!”

The drill lasted another half-hour or so, with James switching sides a few times, just to make sure all their girls had to contend with him scurrying around their feet. Some of the girls were better than others at avoiding him. Aspen and Clara both actually managed not to step on him a single time, though Clara got close a few times, just as she had before. The twins, Riley and Rowan, didn’t fare too badly, with Riley partially squishing him once with her big toe and once with the back of her heel. Rowan only failed once, but it was a big one – she totally forgot to check under her foot as she geared up for a spike and she stomped down on him HARD, flattening him completely against the underside of her shoe.

“And...you’re sure you’re okay!?” asked the normally-tough Rowan as she stared down in awe at James after she had peeled him off her shoe.

“Didn’t feel a thing,” James grinned up at her, paradoxically feeling powerful, even in the face of the 6’4 titaness. But, of course, he knew that all of his power stemmed from Brooke – it was an extension of her own.

Anna and Melanie had a bit of a tougher time, and both of them ended up squishing James three times. But, in the end, the points more or less evened out across both teams. Brooke was encouraged by the drill, especially considering that the girls started to do better and better the longer it went on. Eventually, though, James had run himself ragged, and the girls were getting tired as well, so Brooke blew her whistle and called an end to the practice.

“All right, gather around, everyone!” she called cheerfully. James was bent over in the middle of the court, his hands on his knees, breathing heavily, feeling wonderful despite his exhaustion. He hadn’t gotten in a good cardio workout like that in ages. The reason, of course, was simple: until yesterday, he hadn’t been able to do much without the risk of serious injury, but now that he was totally protected, he felt like he could do just about anything...or, at least, anything that didn’t involve lifting anything heavier than a single AA battery.

In the midst of his wandering thoughts, though, James suddenly found himself in shadow. Or more accurately, in shadows. Straightening up, he realized that all the girls had gathered around him, forming a circle with him in the middle. His eyes found Brooke's, and she winked down at him, silently letting him know that everything was fine. Even still, though, he didn't exactly know what they were all up to, encircling him like this.

"Okay guys, listen up!" Brooke called out, clapping her hands and bending down in the middle of the circle, so that all the other girls did the same, effectively enclosing James within a makeshift female cathedral, "GREAT practice! You worked hard and gave it your all, and that's all I can ask for!"

The girls all nodded and enthusiastically murmured their assent.

"Just one more thing, though," Brooke added, her gorgeous blue eyes twinkling as they traveled down to James, "All through that last drill, my sweet little boyfriend was running around your feet...sometimes UNDER your feet, heheh...and that should serve as a reminder to ALL of you. To James, and to men in general at this point, all of you look like absolute GODDESSES."

She pointed down to James, who had just swallowed a lump in his throat. He tried to focus his energy on not getting so hard that he had a shrink spurt right there in the middle of the volleyball team. But Brooke was turning him on...big time.

"Soon," Brooke continued, still pointing down at him, "All men will be just as small as HIM. You think you look like giantesses just to James now? Before long, you'll look like that to ALL men. So let that be a lesson to you – to half the planet you're GODDESESS, and that's just going to get more and more pronounced as time goes by. So PLAY like it! PLAY like the GODDESSES you are!"

"YEEEEAAHHHH!!" yelled the girls enthusiastically.

"Aspen!" Brooke exclaimed, "Lead us in our chant!"

Aspen immediately stepped forward and started clapping her hands in a rapid, energetic rhythm, before launching into an aggressive chant:

"Lowland! Lowland! Raging Bulls!
We charge the court, we break the rules!
Dig it deep and set it high,
Spike it hard across the sky!"

Then the other girls all joined in, their rich, powerful, feminine voices uniting together in a lively, raucous chant that shook through James's body, enveloping him in a wall of vigorous sound:

"Rage! Rage! Raging Bulls! Lowland U – we hear the call!"

Rage! Rage! Raging Bulls! Lowland U – we rule them all!”

The girls all stomped their feet in rhythm at the words “Rage,” and at the end of each line. James did his best to remain standing, but with the combined weight of all the girls stomping around him, it was hopeless. The power of their chanting and stomping shook him to his core, and he found himself flat on his back at the very end of the chant. All the girls laughed and clapped their hands, cheering, and Brooke lovingly reached down, picked him up, kissed him tenderly, and held him aloft in her hand, as the new official team mascot, the “Little Lowlander.”

[ONE MONTH LATER]

Brooke could barely contain herself as she put the finishing touches on her latest outfit. She had been keeping this one a secret from James for a while, which wasn't too hard, since "keeping a secret" just meant hiding her outfit away in a high place where he could never, ever hope to see. She took a deep breath, feeling the warm arousal already coursing through her, as she stepped out of the closet, aiming straight for the "Shrink Spot" where she knew James would be standing.

BOOM...BOOM...BOOM

Brooke strode straight over to the Shrink Spot, fully decked-out in a gorgeous, short, hot-pink dress that showed off the extent of her thick, delicious legs. And even more conspicuously, she was wearing a pair of matching hot-pink platform heels that absolutely towered over James's 1/4-inch form. Brooke's heels alone were 8 inches high, totally huge, and were like gigantic buildings from his perspective.

"Hellooooo there, my little Speck," Brooke cooed down, bending her thick hips low down and squinting her beautiful blue eyes in an effort to see him clearly, "Are you down therrrrre? I can baaaarely even see you!"

James no longer even felt like he was roleplaying these days. His legs trembled and turned to jelly as he watched her enormous, graceful strides effortlessly cover what seemed like miles to him.

BOOOOOM

The monolithic pink platforms came down with authority directly in front of him. James waved his arms and jumped up and down, fully and shamelessly letting his enthusiasm out in front of her. At this size, he needed to gesture extravagantly to be noticed, but the best part was, none of it was exaggerated. He truly did feel this excited to see Brooke in her new dress and heels.

"Oh my god...Brooke!" he cried out, "You look incredible! These are my favorite heels yet!!"

Thanks to the special nanotechnology that Brooke had installed in both her and James, she could actually hear what he was saying without him having to literally stand next to her ear and holler. Even still, the technology couldn't change the humorous high pitch of his miniature voice, and so his tininess was on full display, both in his appearance and in his voice. Brooke preferred it this way – from her perspective, it just made James that much cuter, more adorable, and more precious.

"Mmmmmm these are your favorite heels yet, huh?" she chuckled sexily, pivoting in place back and forth, towering above him, "Well that's sure saying something, Little Speck – considering how craaaazy you were about those golden gladiator heels, or those rainbow platform heels that had you drooling. But I knew you had a special weakness for pink. Whaddya think? You think these make me look like a giant, Goddess Bimbo Barbie?"

Brooke giggled and struck a series of poses in front of James, turning sideways and throwing one heel up behind her, so that she was deftly standing on one foot. She would have never tried these kinds of poses before the TinyTitan treatment, since she was posing dangerously close to him in heels that were the size of 20-story buildings.

"You always look like a giant Goddess!" he exclaimed in response, "And I don't know what it is, since you couldn't be a bimbo if you tried, but...the pink actually does suit you!"

"Mmmmm I love hearing that from my Little Speck," Brooke purred, copping a few other poses before lowering both heels back down onto the floor with another thundering, trembling *BOOM*. To her, she was just putting her feet back down, but, of course, from James's perspective, it was like two enormous towers had crashed down on the ground, directly in front of him.

"Now then..." Brooke continued, licking her lips, before opening her mouth and pointing inside it, "Even just SEEING my Little Speck down there is making me soooooo hungry to TASTE him. Would you like that, my sweet Speck? To have your Goddess taste you? I won't swallow you, I promise...I just want a...tiiiiny taste..."

"Do you think I could even register on your taste buds at this point?" James laughed, breaking their little roleplay for a moment, even as he felt a fresh flush of arousal go through him, "If you think we have time! But...don't we have somewhere important to be tonight?"

But before James could react, Brooke had swiped a huge hand down and swept him completely up off his feet. She hadn't even had to bend her knees – that's how athletic and flexible she was. The next thing James knew, he was staring straight forward into the colossal blue orb of Brooke's right eye. She was holding him in her palm, eyeing him sexily, drinking in the sight of his tininess as he cowered before her gaze. James knew he didn't have anything to fear from his Goddess, but it was impossible not to be cowed when he was looking at Brooke this close up. She was just so ENORMOUS...and BEAUTIFUL.

"We sure do have somewhere important to be!" she chuckled, "Which is why you need a quick bath – in my mouth!"

She yawned her mouth open and engulfed James completely, and for the next minute or two she swirled him around and around inside her mouth, only popping him out after she had tasted the salty spray of his cum.

"Mmmmm deeeelicious!" she smacked, winking at him, and giggling at how he was breathing heavily, "Okay let's get you bathed and ready for real!"

She then proceeded to give him an actual bath in her sink, lovingly cleaning him off, and only ten minutes later, James was all dressed up in his spiffy suit, custom-made just for him.

"You are...absolutely...ADORABLE," Brooke exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she stared down at him, standing in her hand, "Very dapper! Now, I'm wearing an anklet, a bracelet, a necklace, and two earrings...ALL of these have special hollowed-out places that are the PERFECT sizes for little specks like you. The only question is...which one do you want to travel in!?"

James put his chin in his hand, considered his options. The two of them had been through this same kind of roleplay countless times before, and neither of them quite knew which way it was going to go. That's why it kept being so exciting.

"Well, you knowwww," James mused aloud, "I just love your new heels so much that I think it wouldn't be right unless I got to spend the evening as close as I could get to them."

Brooke tilted her head at him and grinned, arching an eyebrow.

"Oooooo, then you're in luck, James!" she giggled, "Because these platform heels are custom-made...and they include..." – and here she lowered him down to her right heel – "A special little compartment, right in the base of the heel...for tiny sweethearts who are obsessed with their Goddess' platform heels!"

"Oh you totally knew I was going to say something like this," James laughed, "So that's why you kept this a secret from me, huh?"

Brooke winked at him, smirking down with those full, gorgeous lips.

"Mhmmmm," she nodded slowly, "I know you, James...I was prepared for you to choose any one piece of my jewelry – and I'll get to show them off at the function, in any case – but I knewwww you were going to be obsessed with these new heels, and so I saved the best part for last!"

She bared her long, powerful fingers in a clawlike motion towards him, like a cat, and playfully growled at him, making him flinch for an instant before they both laughed.

"I knowww, I know – I'm such a tease!" Brooke cooed at him, nuzzling him with her nose, "But I just can't help it when I'm around you!"

"You...you just GET me, Brooke...I guess you always have!" James smiled. But then he paused, still standing on Brooke's hand, and seemed lost in thought. Brooke seemed to know what he was thinking, and waited patiently for him to speak up.

"You know, I was just thinking," James began, "As much as I love those heels, this is gonna be, like...a BIG gathering, right?"

"Ohhhh yeah," Brooke smirked, "The biggest we've been to yet. The Goddess Gala, to celebrate the success of our new "GODDESS" brand!"

"And Christina will be there?" James ventured.

"Of course!" Brooke nodded, "Christina and all the other executives – plus the whole volleyball team...that goes without saying. They wouldn't wanna miss this for the world. Plus a bunch of A-list celebs, a whole slew of bigwigs from the fashion industry, a ton of influencers and digital creators, our brand partners and ambassadors, media and press heavyweights, C-suite execs, investors, corporate sponsors, retail partners...I could go on..."

"Mhm...I get the picture," James chuckled, shaking his head. Sometimes it was hard for him to believe that he and Brooke were even living this life now. But he had learned to go with the flow, and follow her.

"Well since everyone's gonna be there," James mused, "And since it would be hard for them all to see me if I am inside your platforms...is there a way for you to show me off while still keeping me down below? Like, maybe...a toe ring?"

Brooke was now positively animated with glee as she opened her mouth to say something, but then she apparently decided that showing was better than telling. The next moment, she had put James down on the floor, unlatched her right heel, and then loomed her huge foot over him. She spread all five of her toes wide, and James was awash with the sweet, creamy smell of her lotioned feet. There, above him, on the toe next to her big toe, was a golden ring...which appeared to have tiny windows in it.

"Oh...you mean...THIS toe ring?" Brooke chuckled like thunder above him.

James basked in the sweet, refreshing scent of Brooke's lotion washing over him as he grinned up at her. He had known about the toe ring all along, but this playful, drawn-out roleplay was one of the ways that he and Brooke flirted with each other now. Their games had become so naturally enmeshed in their everyday interactions that it was easy for them to seamlessly start and stop, at the drop of a hat. Both of them were always down for more fun, and it never got old.

"Oh god...this is PERFECT!" James exclaimed, "It'll be the perfect statement piece for you to wear around everyone!"

"Mmmm I agree," purred Brooke, wiggling her five toes above him before lowering her bare foot down to the floor, and posing it toes-down so that James could actually see the toe ring up close. He stepped forward, going straight to the shiny clear pink gem at the top of the ring, which, like the rest of it, had tiny little windows.

"Looks like the perfect spot for me!" he laughed, pointing to the gem.

"I knew you'd recognize your spot!" Brooke hummed down at him, and she gently picked him back up, opened the little hatch to the gem with her fingernail, and then deposited him inside, lovingly shutting the door behind him.

"And you can still hear me, yes?" she asked, straightening back up, just making sure that the auditory nanotechnology was working as it should, "Christina said it shouldn't matter whether you were inside hollowed-out sapphire or not."

"Loud and clear!" James responded, "I can hear you AND feel you...every time you talk I can literally feel your voice going through my body. "

"Gooooood, sweetheart, goooooood!" laughed Brooke, intentionally drawing out her words in that sexy, deep way she always did, just to make the tremors of her voice vibrate through his body even more, "And even though I certainly can't feel your voice, I can hear you just fine! Are you excited for the Goddess Gala!? I know I am – and not to have a big head about the whole thing, but you and I are gonna be the STAR attractions!"

"I'm SO ready!" James responded enthusiastically, again hardly daring to believe this was his actual life now, "There's nobody that will hold a candle to you! I'm so excited just to add a little sparkle to what you bring tonight!"

"Oh sweetheart," whispered Brooke, "You're more than a sparkle...you're the tiniest, brightest, most luminous little star in my universe!"

She wiggled her toe with tender affection, loving how that trembling gem on top housed her precious little Speck. James felt her deep, rich words seep into him, and he knew that he didn't need to say anything more. Brooke strung her purse around her shoulder and strode out of the house, choosing to walk rather than drive to the Gala. It was a short distance, in any case, but Brooke wanted to show James off to passersby on the sidewalk, and on the road as well. Whenever they went out these days, they were often surrounded by admirers of all kinds. The two of them had essentially become "size celebrities." True, the Great Resizing had already taken place, but Brooke and James had already been a celebrity couple before the resizing had happened, so they were in perfect position to capitalize on the event. It certainly helped that

Brooke was especially huge, tall, and thick compared to other women...AND her partner just happened to be the tiniest man in the whole world. The size contrast was irresistible, but the success of the "GODDESS" brand, more than anything else, rested on the genuine love the two of them shared for each other. People could see it in the pictures, in the commercials, in every piece of media that came out, planned or unplanned. In the midst of the most cataclysmic and dramatic social change in human history, the two of them had emerged as THE model couple, as the inspiration for both men and women alike. They showed that, despite the Great Resizing, true love could still prevail.

And the best part was, as they both knew full well, James wasn't even done shrinking yet.