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Canis Drainem

Edit

Chapter 3

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

to well below half his former glory, his cock looked positively puny next to Harvey's hard-on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah. Now that is the question, isn't it?" Harvey mused out loud.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harvey squatted down so low that his ass was nearly touching the carpet, but even dropped low into a Slav squat, Harvey was quite a bit taller than the former titan. “Correct. Your mass isn’t being compressed or anything like that. It’s being broken

down. You're evaporating on the molecular level," Harvey explained with a smirk.

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

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

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

"Y-you're enjoying this!" Wash shouted as he lost a bit more mass.

"And why wouldn't I? It couldn't have happened to a bigger jerk," Harvey replied.

"You say that like this wasn't entirely your fault," Wash said through gritted teeth.

Harvey merely shrugged and smirked. "I don't know about that. This was never the intent. Something went wrong with the gun, but now that is *has* happened..." Harvey mused out loud. His voice trailed off and he glanced down at the shrunken stud's fit

body. Harvey pressed a huge fingertip against Wash's chest and slowly traced a path down the jock's toned pecs and sculpted abs until his finger brushed against the jock's cock. At their current sizes, even just Harvey's pointer finger was thicker and longer than Wash's once prize-winning hog by a good margin. "I gotta say... I'm kinda liking it," Harvey said impishly.

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

"Huh? Don't tell me, you're enjoying this too?" Harvey asked playfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“T-trigger?” Wash yelled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There’s no stopping it at this point. Why don’t the two of us have some fun and see what happens? You can’t tell me the thought doesn’t interest you,” Harvey said as he stroked Wash’s shrunken cock some more.

“F-fuck off.” Wash whined through gritted teeth.

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

“Yeah! You can let me go!” Wash shouted.

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

“Bite me, asshole,” Wash snarled.

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

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

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

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

“Think about it,” Harvey said. “You get out of here and then what? You run across campus while shrinking all the way? In a few more inches you’ll be easy pickings for an owl, and say you do make it to the dorms. What then? Ask one of your lackeys to take you in? I’m sure they’ll be *sooo* much gentler than me. You think they give two shits about you? They only followed you because you were the big man on

campus, and let's face it. You're not a big anything anymore," Harvey teased while still stroking Wash's cock beneath his pointer finger.

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

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

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

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

Wash's head was swimming. His heart was pounding. His thoughts were racing and scattered at the same time. There was so much going on in his head that he couldn't keep track of everything that he was thinking and feeling. His cock was rock hard. He didn't want to admit it, but some part of him was really turned on by his new size, and then there was that smirk on Harvey's face. Was it just a trick of the light? Was it something changing in the back of Wash's

mind? Harvey's smirk no longer seemed threatening. It seemed almost pleasant. Wash had been the biggest, meanest sunnovabitch for as long as he could remember. The idea of being powerless was completely foreign to him. He had never needed nor wanted someone to protect him, but as the world got larger and scarier by the second, the idea of a gigantic protector was starting to sound better and better, and he had to admit, he could do a lot worse than Harvey.

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