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Canis Drainem

Edit

## Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Rumors?" Harvey asked meekly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



situation. Harvey stood on one side of the locker room and stared in awe at the once towering jock.

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

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

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

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

“What did you do to me!?” Wash shouted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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