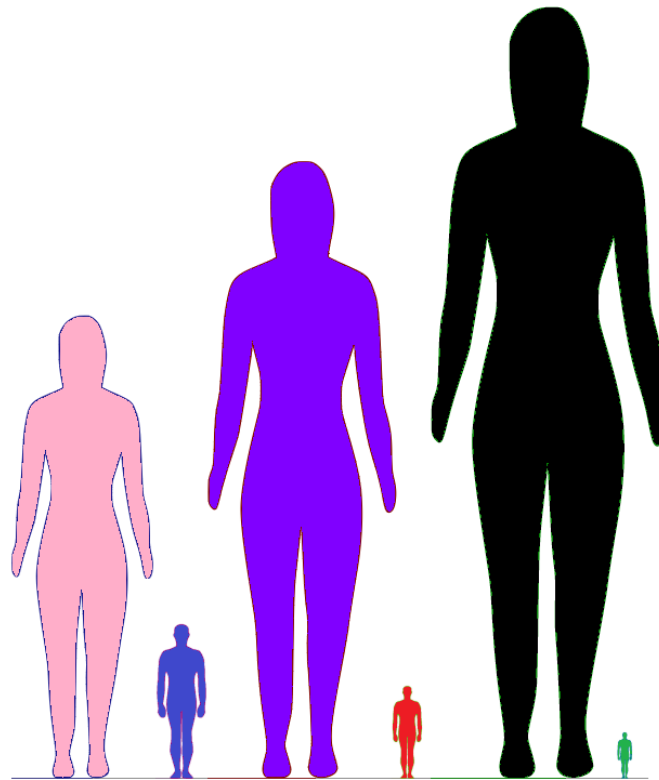


MULTI-SIZED

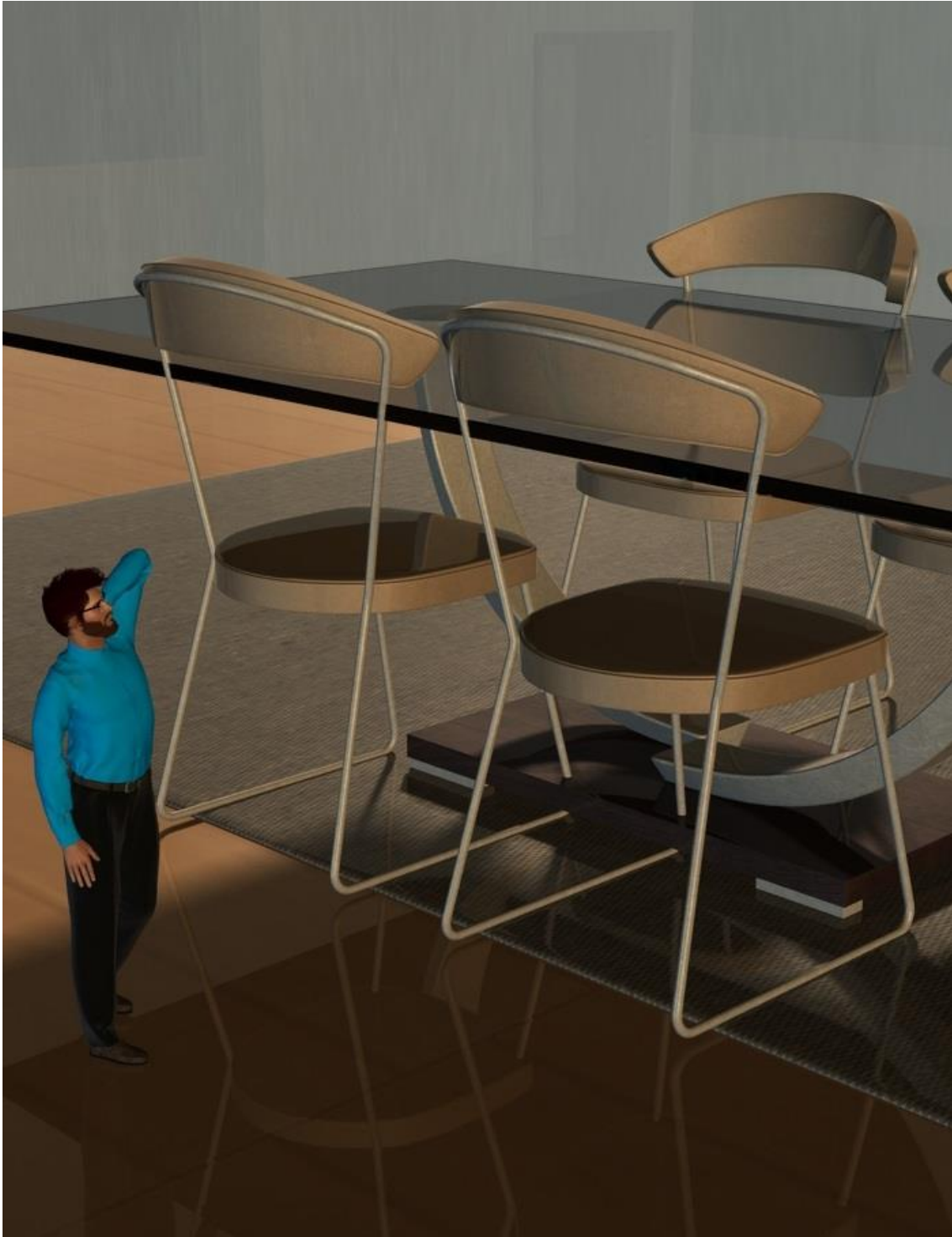
FAMILY



(CHAPTER 3)

By ERelator

MULTI – SIZED FAMILY
By ERelator



Tom was still trying to get used to the gigantic furniture in his new house. He still felt a big groggy after the wonderful night in Monica's arms, lulled to sleep like a baby: a threat to his masculinity, yet an amazing feeling of protection. He walked unsteadily into the kitchen.

MULTI – SIZED FAMILY
By ElRelator



He admired from behind the amazing body of his future wife, colossal yet so graceful.



Monica's legs were a perfect, endless specimen of flawless flesh...but...wait...were they longer? He remembered that Monica was incredibly tall; but, apart from the heels, she looked even taller that morning.



Tom tried to sneak up on her, but he froze on the spot when he had a glimpse of Monica's underwear reflected in the spotless kitchen floor. He got immediately aroused. This woman had an incredible power over him.



He looked at her from the bottom, gazing intently at the paradise, only thinly veiled by her panties. Monica towered over him, like some sort of monument to feminine splendor.



"Yes, she has definitely grown" thought Tom, realizing he didn't even reach her knee, while before he had prided himself on his height.



"Tom! You made me jump!" exclaimed Monica startled, catching a glimpse of her tiny lover looking up at her.

"S... Sorry Babe, I...I was just admiring you..." he stuttered, wondering if he'd ever be able to get used to her size and beauty.

"But... Why do you look smaller?" she asked, confused "Did I have a growth spurt or you just shrunk?"



"I... I think you've grown, honey..." he said with a weak voice.

"I've read about this phenomenon... Apparently, when a big woman and a small male sleep together, if she gets excited she can grow... Scientists are studying it" she explained.

"Well, then I guess this little man had an effect on the mood of this gigantic lady, after all..." started Tom.



"Hahaha... Come here... Wow! You look much lighter too" she confirmed, picking him up.

"M....Maybe you've gotten stronger too!"



“Well, and you won't you say anything about my new dress?” she asked, posing for him “I'm wearing it for you, little one...”

“Haha! Monica, you look great in it, as usual!” he said.



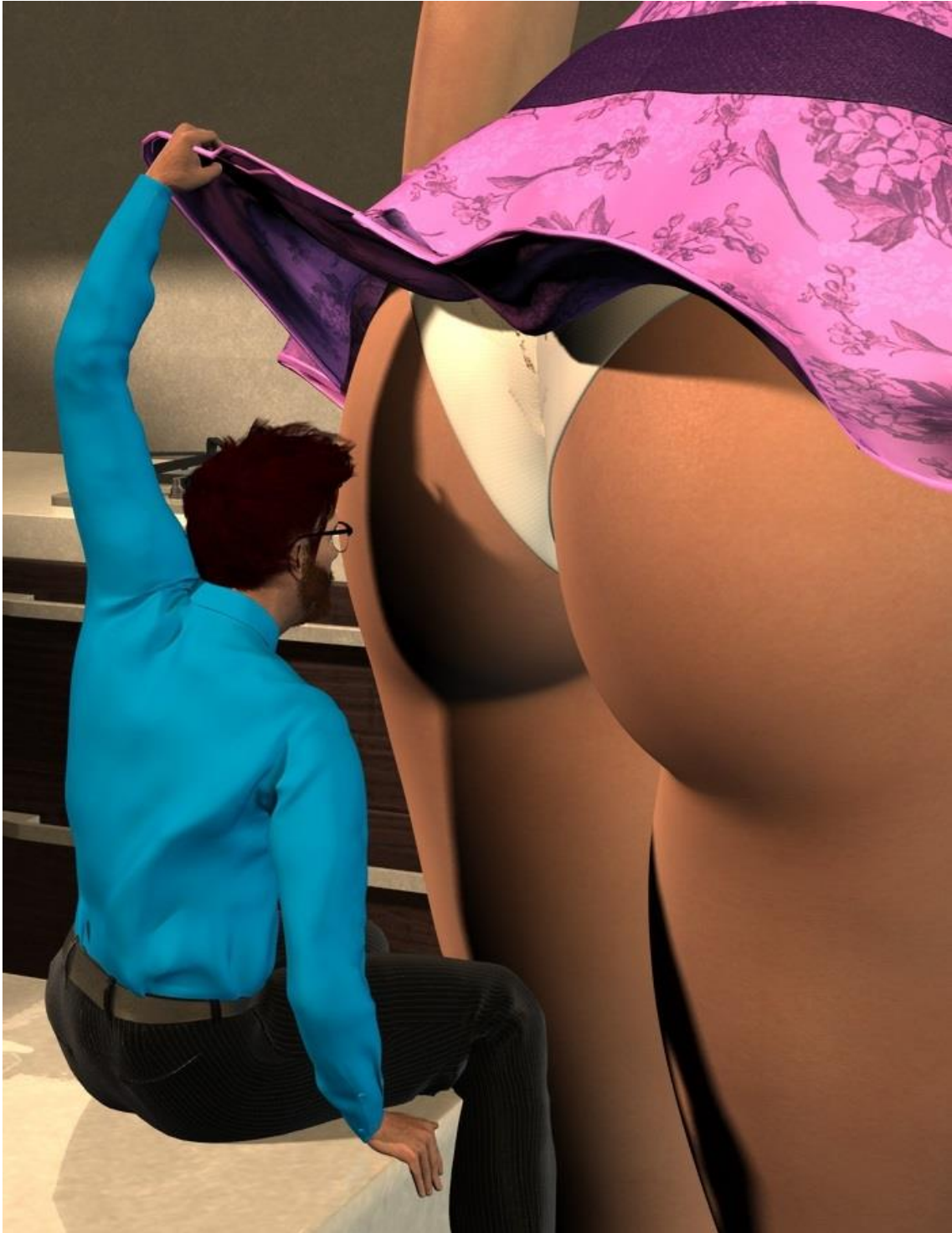
"Awww... You are so sweet... thanks!" said she, ruffling his hair.

"Could you please turn around for me to admire you?" he inquired.

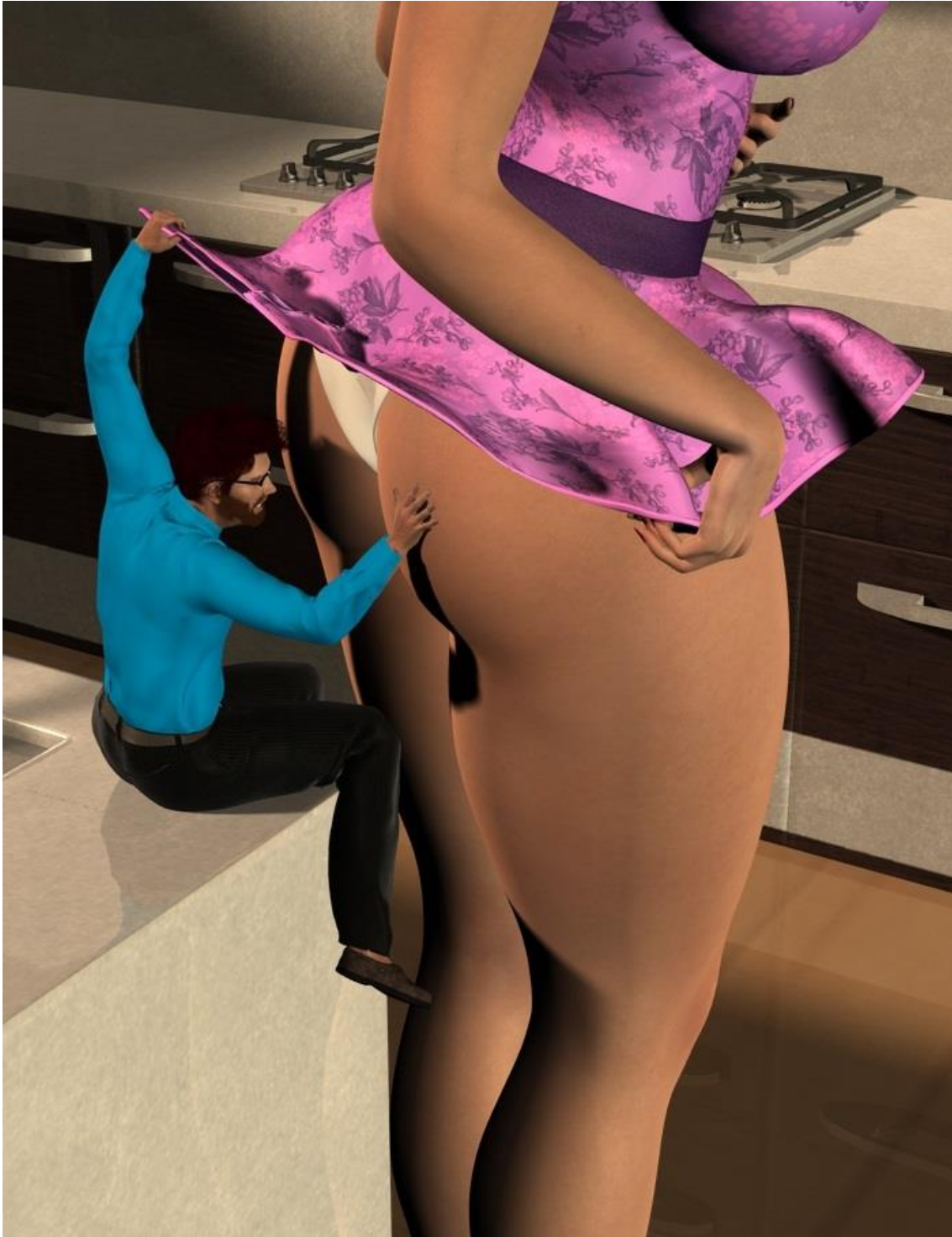
"Of course!"



But Tom wasn't satisfied with just looking. The certainty that he actually had power on her gave him a huge boner, and he got bold enough to fumble under her short dress.



He then lifted it and admired the amazing wall of toned flesh. His lover was such a mountain of femininity. His heart pounded in his chest as he got turned on.



He couldn't help placing a hand on the warm butt cheek.

"Hey! What are you doing, pervert?" she giggled.



"Seems like you didn't have enough last night!" she said, turning around.

"I'll never have enough of you, Monica... you are so...you are so...much!"



"Your ass is like a miracle..." he exclaimed, mesmerized by her glutei...
"You make me feel so tiny, Monica"

"Awww... I'm sorry, honey..." she pitied him, realizing how insignificant he was compared to her body.

"Don't be! I'm in Heaven right now!"



"Tom started kissing her butt in total adoration, enjoying the warmth of her body"

"Hey! I'm up here! Don't you think we should do something instead of...well...instead of you hiding under my skirt?" she giggled, as Tom actually disappeared under it.



"If only I could stay all day under your skirt...rubbing my body against this spectacular butt of yours..."

She laughed as she felt his little hands tickling her thighs.



“Well, who says this won't happen?” she smiled. “But not now, Tom. Before, we must have a very filling breakfast. Come on, I'll take you to my favorite place in town!”

“Ok” accepted Tom reluctantly but happy, realizing she had taken charge, and that he was hungry, too.



When Zack heard his dad and Monica leaving home, he got up and went to the kitchen too. He wasn't sure he was happy about the situation. Nadia was amazing and his dad seemed happy but...he wasn't so comfortable feeling dominated by women, and these females were really something he hadn't expected. As usual, when he felt nervous, he started lifting weights, as to reconfirm his masculinity.



As his muscle flexed, he felt some peace returning to him. He was strong, after all.



His body was perfectly built and it had never let him down in a confrontation.



Suddenly, Nicole walked in and found him lifting weights on the carpet.



"Hey shrimp, what are you up to?" she said amiably, approaching him.

"Don't call me that!" he growled, not willing to let Nicole tease him again.



"Don't take it so hard, shrimp. I think it's just useless for you to do put such an effort in something so useless on a Saturday morning!"

"Hey brat, I told you not to call me shrimp! And lifting weights is not useless!"



"Of course, it's useless! You can lift your weights and do your pull ups, but you'll always be as tall as a toad! You'll always be a shrimp" she giggled maliciously.

"Now take it back, or I'll teach you a lesson!" he threatened, the veins of his head and neck pulsating with rage.



"You will teach me a lesson?!" she cracked in peals of laughter, looking down at him.

"Be careful, little girl..." he said, trying not to show fear.

"Haha... Little?"



Then she kneeled down and stroke his small face. "Remember what happened the last time you got all cocky, tiny smurf" she whispered, sweetly.



"You may have forgotten, shrimp, but last time you ended up kissing my panties and begging for mercy" she said, gazing at him, and enjoying his fear.

Zack couldn't reply, he was mad but the young girl's blue eyes were hypnotical. He scared him and turned him on at the same time, being so powerful yet so feminine. Her voice was soft, but also threatening.



"L... Last time you just caught me off guard" mumbled Zack "I c...could spank your ass anytime..."

"Sure... Why don't you teach me a lesson now, smurf? Wanna fight me?"

"I'm a guest here..." he said, clenching his teeth "and I don't fight girls..."



"Of course... aren't you the perfect little gentleman" she scoffed, caressing his head. "And you are cute, for being a shrimp..."

"You must think you are so funny.." he said sarcastically



"You are the funny one... training with these heavy, heavy weights" she mocked him, picking up his dumbbell with 2 fingers.

"Hey! What are you doing?!"



"I think mommy's lipstick is heavier than this dumbbell of yours" she giggled, getting up.

"Give it back to me! Now!"



"Why, can't you just take it from me, shorty?" she teased him.

Zack felt powerless and humiliated again, as Nicole held the dumbbell out of his reach.



Then she slowly turned around and started moving towards the kitchen counter.

"Give it back to me! Nicole, I'm not joking!" continued Zack, running after her.



"I think I'll leave it here, unless you admit my superiority and beg me to give it to you"

Zack glared at her, but didn't say a word.



"Come on, shrimp...let's hear those words..."

"Never!" he replied, defiantly.



"If you don't give me my dumbbell back, I'll...I'll..." Zack started spluttering.

"Well, good luck retrieving it" she stifled another peal of laughter "Bye..."



As she headed towards her room, Zack grabbed her calf.

"Where do you think you are going?! I'm serious, Nicole!"



"So, you do want physical confrontation after all!" she laughed.

Zack started regretting what he had done, but his pride prevented him from letting go.

"I'm... I'm not afraid of you"



In a matter of seconds, Nicole had freed herself from his grip, turned around and pinned him against the counter's side with her foot.



"So, what are you gonna do now, shrimp?"

"Hmphhfff!!! Hmphf!"

"What? I can't hear you! Louder, please"

Zack could only try in vain to push away her foot which pressed strongly against his face.



While struggling, nevertheless, he started getting excited about the whole situation...the younger girl teasing him, her beautiful body and even her sole on his face...her smell was addictive. Some kind of feminine scent surrounded her warm soft skin, and he just couldn't help liking it.



He peered through her toes and saw her amused face. He was excited.



He stopped struggling and she released the grip, rubbing his face with her toes, very softly.

"There's a good boy... See? If you are submissive, I can be very nice to you..." she whispered sexily.

"I'm... I'm not sub... missive..." he said, still fighting against a growing arousal.



She kneeled down and caressed his chest "Why can't you just admit your inferiority? Is it that hard for a man?"

"You...you...I..." he started stuttering, rage overwhelming him.



"Nope. Remember who the boss is..." she said calmly, playfully pressing him against the counter.

Zack tried to move her hand away, using all his strength; but it was useless. She was so much stronger than him.



"You are tough, I'll give you this" she considered "it's so funny, watching you struggle and growl like a caveman, with your tiny muscles getting harder... And you can't even move my hand an inch... that must be so frustrating for you..." she said in a sexy voice.

"Let me go! This is not funny!" he shouted.



"Why? Don't you like being a toy? she said, squeezing the muscular quadriceps under his jeans.

"I'm n... not a toy! What are you doing now?!" he protested.



All of a sudden, she grabbed his ankle and lifted him, letting him dangling upside down.

"WHOOAH!" could only shout Zack, taken aback "YOU BITCH! PUT ME DOWN OR I SWEAR I'LL..."

"Hahaha... This is so funny... I could hold you like this for hours and you couldn't do anything about it" she laughed.



"Maybe I was wrong when I called you shrimp...you look definitely more like a carp...or a cod!"

"Nicole... I...I'm getting dizzy.. Please! Put me on the floor!" He begged.

"Ok... I'll put you down, but you must kiss my panties again, and admit I'm superior to you"



Zack obeyed submissively, kissing her panties and enjoying again the warmth of her feminine body.

"Y.. You... You're" he stuttered "You are superior to me..."

"Awww, thanks sweetie.... You make me feel like a Goddess"



Then Zack kept kissing her panties without being requested to do so. He just surrendered to her.

"What are you doing, little male? I just told you to kiss once..."

"You... You are a Goddess, Nicole..." he said, extremely excited.



That very moment, though, they heard the front door open and their parents coming in.

"Whoops! Mommy is here!"



"NICOLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SHAME ON YOU!" boomed Monica, flabbergasted "Put him down immediately!"

"Mom...please...don't be angry...we were just...!"

"H... Hi dad..." said Zack, feeling ashamed.



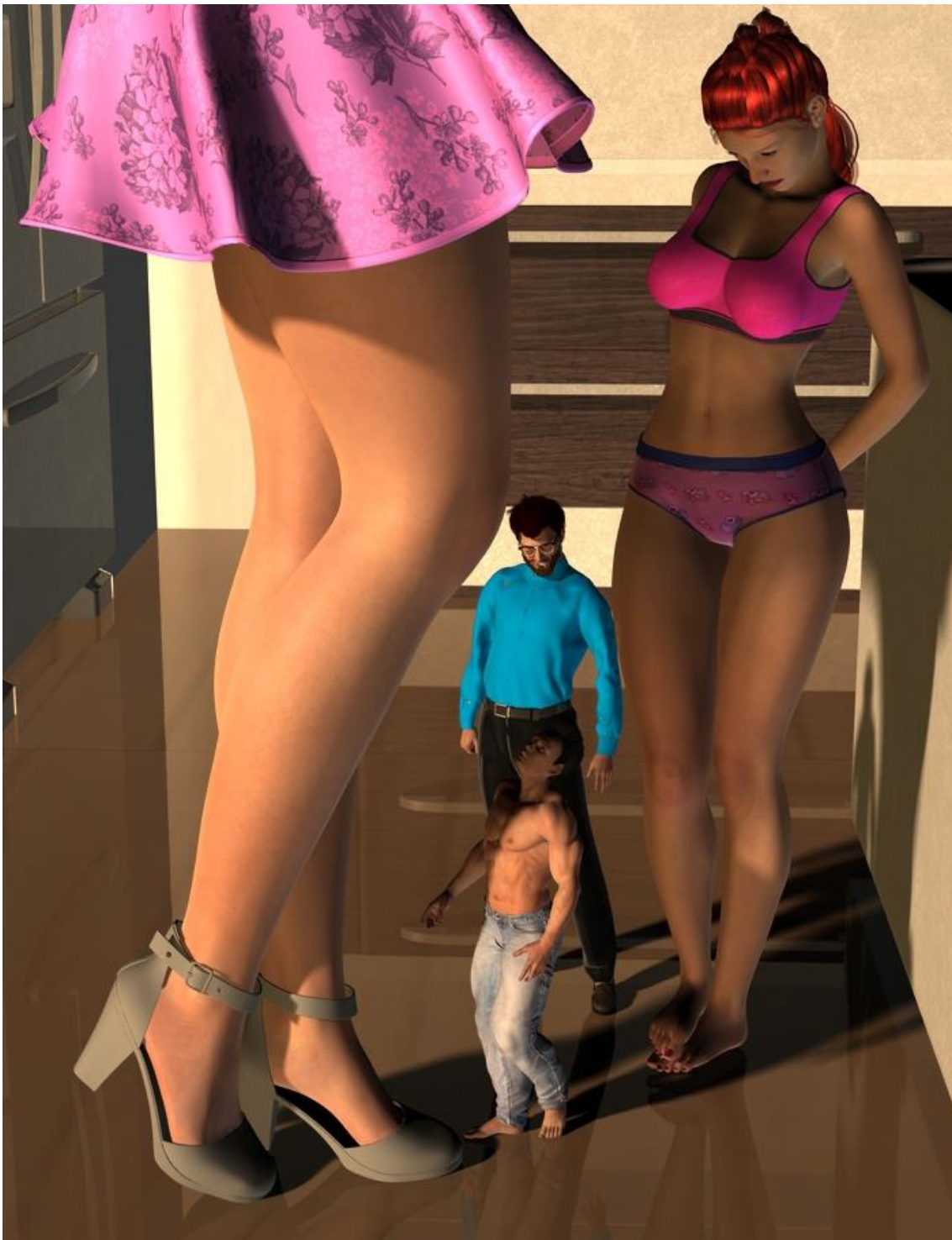
“What happened here! And don't you dare act all innocent with me, missy! I know your tricks!”

“M... Mommy, you look taller! Have you grown?” tried to say Nicole, for whom the vision of her angry mother was nearly as impressive as it was for the two men who looked up at her.



"Don't change the subject, Nicole... Why were you bullying Zack?"

While she was frowning at her daughter, in fact, she looked terrifying for the two tiny men who, nevertheless, enjoyed the view of her amazingly long legs which ended up in her crotch caressed by her immaculate undies.



"I...I just came here to work out, as I usually do in the morning, Nicole took my dumbbell and wouldn't give it back" intervened Zack at last, breaking the spell.

"Oh! Poor little thing... Don't worry, sweetie... Where's your dumbbell now?"



"She placed it up there and I can't reach it!" said Zack, pointing at the countertop, while Nicole was trying to avoid her mother's glare.



"This time you won't get away with it, miss!" threatened Monica... Making fun of smaller people is not a nice thing to do...

"I...I was just teasing mum! I didn't mean any harm..." pleaded Nicole.



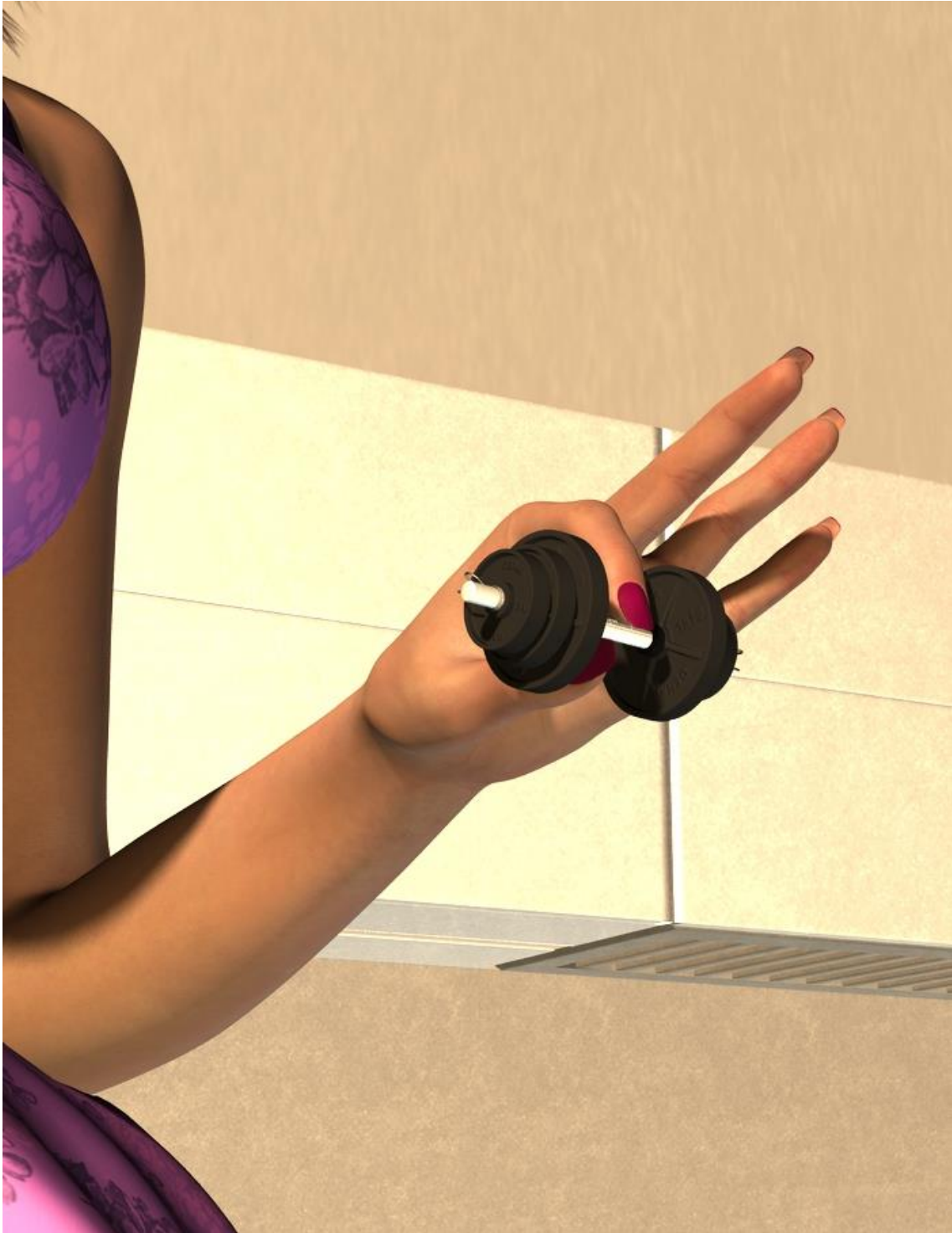
"Poor Zack! Come here, you little pretty thing" she said, picking Zack, who flinched, reluctant.

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By ElRelator



"Is this your dumbbell, sweetie? Awww, so cute!" she said, picking it off the counter.

"Y...yes, thank you!" could only say Zack, feeling ridiculously tiny.



He couldn't help noticing how incredibly small and light his dumbbell was in Monica's hand. That was emasculating. He had been saved from a girl by a woman, and that woman was holding his dumbbell with her feminine fingers as if it weighed nothing.



"There you go" she said, as if she was talking to a child.

"T-thank you Mada.. I mean, Monica" he said, hoping his boner wouldn't be noticed by the lady who was holding him in her hand



Zack decided to go back to his room, still humiliated but aroused by the whole situation.

"Nicole, you are grounded for a week! Go to your room, NOW!"

"But mommy!" she protested.



"Monica, darling, let me just say this... your Nicole might be naughty but Zack is not a saint either! He's been sent to the principal so many times already for bullying...he's a hothead. I'm sure they were just playing!" added Tom, sounding very reasonable.



“Awww, thank you! I’m so happy that you’ll be my new daddy” said Nicole, picking him up, as if he was some kind of teddy bear.



“Mmmmm...okay” said Monica, not very convinced, “But next time you have your differences, you come either to me or to Tom, and we’ll talk about it. I don’t want to see any physical confrontation under my roof!” she added sternly.

“Alright, mum” said Nicole, holding Tom in her arms as if he was a toddler.



"Thanks, Tom" she added, tenderly kissing him on the cheek. "I promise I'll be a good girl!" she added childishly, happy to be able to get away with it again.

"Hahaha... It's fine, princess... I know you'll be..." Tom said.



CHAPTER 4 COMING SOON!

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