

All Dried Up Part 2

A line of footprints flattened the carpet from Dave's pacing. He'd been unable to find any form of rest in the last few hours and his anxiety only grew with every passing minute. There was no sign of Issabelle since she left the apartment that morning. With darkness on the heels of the early summer twilight, his mind ran rampant with worry.

Dave pulled out his phone. The battery was nearly empty after hours of calling and texting. Tapping redial for yet another time, he watched Issabelle's contact photo pop onto the screen. It pictured her in a bikini from several years prior fighting off his squirt gun. The scene was one of his favorites for several reasons. When the call went to voicemail again, he found himself hoping there would still be more memories to be made.

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

Rapid taps at the door made Dave gush with relief. Thinking Issabelle had simply forgotten her keys, he opened the door in a flurry.

"Issabe--"

It wasn't his lover, though a familiar redhead stood in his doorway. The two sisters looked so alike it was almost painful given the situation.

"Oh, Anna..."

"Oh, excuse me! Nice to see you too, Dave!" Annabelle entered the apartment with an air of determination. *"Did you find her?"*

"No! And she's still not answering her phone! I feel like--"

Dave momentarily lost his train of thought when he took a moment to inspect Anna. A blouse and a pair of jeans hugged her hourglass figure with an effort several sizes too small. Immodest gaps between her shirt buttons revealed the plump lines of her breasts meeting in the middle. It was never a dull moment with either of the sisters around.

"Did I call at a bad time...?" Dave asked, blushing and glancing away.

Annabelle looked down. *"Oh! Sorry about that. You're fine; it was just a hot day and I ran into some car trouble."* Trying to pull the front of her shirt closer together, she explained, *"This is what happens when you're stranded for a few hours with no AC and it's ninety degrees outside with a body that soaks up heat like a sponge. Haven't quite cooled down yet..."*

An awkward silence came over them as Dave pondered how to respond to such a statement. His mind was spread too thin with worry to think straight.

"So where is my sister?!"

"I-I don't know! She was supposed to pose as a model for an art class at the college this morning, but she never came home! I called the faculty office and they said there are no weekend art classes!"

Dave stared at his phone and the twenty unanswered calls.

“I’m worried about her... She’s always been good at communicating. This isn’t like her.”

Anna tried to console him. “Well, you know how she tends to get into trouble. Water chases that girl like it’s out with a vengeance. Should we go out looking for her? Usually all you have to do is go outside and look for the giant naked redhead hugging the nearest high-rise for cover.”

Dave shook his head. “I’ve already looked around. Twice. I’m starting to think something might have happened... Her phone goes straight to voicemail; I think that means it’s not even on.”

“Get your shoes! Looking again wouldn’t hurt, and she can’t stay dry forever. For all we know she’s hiding in an alley somewhere because she blew out of her clothes.” Annabelle worked to maintain a positive attitude. Opening the door, she suggested, “Let’s get Mr. Wiggles on the case; he and the water gods seem to be in cahoots to destroy every piece of clothing Issabelle--”

Anna looked down at her feet and fell silent.

“What is it...?” Dave inquired, pausing his shoe tying.

“I-I found her...”

At Annabelle’s feet stood a tiny redheaded woman. Shivering, naked, and wrapped in only a sock for protection against the elements, she reached no higher than six inches. Dirt covered her legs, arms, and face as if she’d spent a week crawling through a jungle. In every way, Issabelle looked like a lost Barbie doll returning home.

“Guys...” she squeaked. “I need help...”

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“*SHE DID WHAT TO YOU?!*” Anne roared.

“I-I-I don’t know!!!” Issabelle wrapped a dishtowel tighter around her body as she sat on the dining table. “There were a lot of fancy machines... And some kind of ray gun! And this *massive* hose...” She shivered at the image. “S-She filled me with water until I didn’t think I could possibly get any bigger... Then, after I absorbed every ounce and grew way, way too big, s-she somehow shrunk me down! She kept going on about ‘stealing me size!’”

Dave and Anna listened in disbelief as Issabelle continued.

“After that, while I was tangled up in a pile of my own clothes, she took out a smaller handheld ray gun... It looked like she’d charged it with whatever she took from me... A-And then she made *herself* bigger.”

Annabelle blinked. “Like she *stole* your ability to grow?? How the hell can that be possible??”

“I don’t know!!!” Defeated and not feeling like herself, Issabelle groaned and buried her face in the rag. “Can I please just have some water?? I’m tired of being a doll!”

Dave was ready before the request left her lips. Returning from the kitchen with a plastic bowl of steaming water, he placed it on the table. “Right here! Soak it up.”

A loving hand helped lift her over the brim and into the water. It was an odd sensation feeling her tiny naked body against his fingers. Even stranger was her lack of curves. Issabelle’s figure resembled more of a twig-like gymnast than the curvy woman he remembered.

“Once you’re a little bigger, we can throw you in a bath and get you back to normal.”

“Normal or giant, I don’t care! So long as I’m not small anymore!!” Issabelle declared as she slipped into the water.

Dave stared at his girlfriend’s body sitting under the surface until an elbow poked his arm.

“Hey,” Anna whispered with a sly smile. “You thinking about all the sexy stuff she could do at that size?”

“What??” he hissed.

Annabelle bounced an eyebrow. “You know... Like a tiny little stripper... Dancing on a big *throbbing pole*. She’d look petty cute in a little Barbie bikini, don’t you--”

She stopped as Dave blushed and looked down at Issabelle. The shrunken redhead scowled at her mischievous sister and found it difficult to see Anna’s face from under her ample chest. It wasn’t often she felt dwarfed by her sister.

“S-Sorry...” Anna said, giggling. “Just trying to lighten the mood! You’ll be back to normal any minute now; I gotta tease you while I can!”

The trio waited with bated breath as Issabelle swirled the warm water around her. Unwelcomed suspense enveloped them.

Anna spoke first. “...Well? She’s usually got a leg going through a wall and boobs lifting the roof by now, doesn’t she?”

“Yea... Usually...” Dave hummed, chewing on his lip. “I was expecting to throw that bowl away by now...”

Growing equally impatient, Issabelle stared into the water. It was warm and comforting, though not as she remembered. None of the familiar tingling sensations were there. Just taking a shower was enough to make her feel brimming with energy and enhance her figure to fantastical levels. Sitting in water up to her shoulders should have sent her absorption into overdrive, but instead, all she felt was disconnected from the water, as if she were being shunned by an old friend.

“It’s... It’s not working...” Issabelle whispered before exclaiming, “*Why aren’t I growing?!*”

SPLASH!

Water jumped out of the bowl when she stood up in a fit and grabbed her chest. The A-cups against her palms were far from the F-cups she rightfully owned and were lightyears from the weighty water balloons they should have been by this time.

“*Why won’t my body absorb any water?!?! What did that damn scientist do to me?!*”

Hoping to ease her panic, Dave knelt down to put himself at eye level and held a hand out. “C-Calm down! It’s going to be alright! Maybe we just need to--”

A fit of terrified sobbing was quickly taking control. Scrambling out of the bowl and falling onto the table, she rushed to Dave’s hand and hugging his wrist.

“*She really took it from me! That woman actually took it!!*” Issabelle looked at Dave through bleary eyes. “*I can’t absorb water anymore, Dave!! I-I think I’m stuck like this!!*”

He rubbed her back with a finger and spoke in a calm tone. “We’ll figure something out.” Gently lifting her into his hand, he wrapped a small dishtowel around her before holding his girlfriend against him. “That’s part of who you are, and nobody can take that away from my Issa.”

The small jolts of shrunken cries and hiccups traveled through his chest. “W-What if I never grow again? What if I’m stuck as this six-inch twig??”

“I won’t let it happen. If your power was able to be taken away, then it can be taken back!”

Issabelle looked at him with wet eyes. “You really think so...?”

“We just need to find that scientist! Do you have any idea where she went? What she planned on doing?”

“N-No... Half of what she said didn’t make sense or sounded insane. For all I know, she could be out of the country by now.”

Annabelle hummed, reminding them both of her presence. “Uhhhhhmm... Don’t bet on it.” She looked away from her phone with wide eyes to turn on the living room TV.

A breaking news story flashed on the screen. Behind a reporter standing in the middle of downtown looked to be chaos torn straight from a sci-fi movie.

“*Crystal, I’m here in the town square where tonight’s situation continues to evolve and raise more questions than answers!*”

They stared at the TV in disbelief.

“What the hell...?” Anna whispered.

Issabelle shivered and hugged Dave as best she could.

The screen showed downtown in a flurry of madness. A famous pendulum art installation swung in dangerously wide circles like a rogue wrecking ball. Batting at the thirty-foot-tall art piece was a kitten the size of a two-story house. Purring ran through the ground like an earthquake, shaking nearby people off their feet as they ran to escape its car-sized paws.

The reporter did her best to stay upright and a safe distance away from the feline. “*I-It appears a giant kitten is terrorizing the area! Reports are coming in of it matching the likeness of a rescue that was stolen from the humane society several weeks ago! It’s unclear if this is some kind of elaborate publicity stunt, however the mayor is urging citizens to not approach the animal and make no sudden move--*”

SHOOOOM!!!!

A beam of purple light flashed through the background before vanishing into a throng of people.

“Aahhhh!!! Oh my God!!!”

The reporter turned toward the cry of distress. Seconds later, the mob dispersed as giant limbs bloomed from the center. A woman was left helplessly outgrowing her work suit. In mere seconds she was left in a state of panic as the ground soared away from her. Clothes exploded from her body like paper until she stood naked in the square at a towering fifteen feet tall. Her hands couldn't decide which areas were most important to cover as cameras began flashing from below. Interested viewers ogled the woman from their office windows behind her as she pressed her butt against the building.

“Are you getting this?!” the reporter awed. *“A-A woman seems to have just outgrown her clothes after being struck by a--”*

SHOOOOOM!!!

SHOOOOOM!!!!

“Aahhhhh!!!”

“Jason, I think it hit me!!! I-I feel weird!!”

“My clothes are ripping!!”

Panic ensued as beams of purple light rained upon the square. Women could be seen blooming into titanic figures in every corner. Their naked forms heaved in gigantic displays of fright and embarrassment at their sudden growth spurts. In the distance, a streetlight stretched into the twilight sky until it rivaled a nearby skyscraper. A sandwich exploded from an abandoned cafe table to engulf half the square like an emergency life raft sensing danger.

SSHOOOOOOM!!!

WOOF!!! WOOF!!

A Saint Bernard turned mammoth raced by the reporter in a storm of slobber. Its owner clung to its fur for dear life as the dog engaged the kitten in a world-record game of chase.

“I'm receiving word that the chief of police has just issued a--”

SHOOOOOM!!!

Dave, Issabelle, and Anna jumped when a beam of light illuminated their TV screen and struck the reporter square in the chest. She stood stunned, unable to process what had just happened.

“Oh no...” Annabelle whispered, already seeing the reporter's breasts shifting.

“W-What was that...?” she stammered. *“Mike what the hell was that?!”* Upon looking down to see her blouse stretching across two swelling orbs, the reporter dropped her microphone.

SSSTTRRRRTCH

Aching stitches sounded off through the TV speakers. Frantic, the reporter clutched at her breasts as they heaved and swelled. A solid snap shook her bust when her bra ruptured.

“Mike!! M-Mike! Turn off the camera!”

SSSSTTRRRRTCH!!!!

Her mammaries ballooned. Flesh crept out of her collar like rising dough and pushed into her sleeves. Stuffing her shirt like two watermelons, the watchers of the nightly news were graced with a healthy view into the reporter's cleavage as it bulged between her trembling buttons.

"M-My chest!! What hit me?! Why is it...growing?!" Panting and hugging herself for dear life, the reporter felt her clothes failing. *"Cut, MIKE!! CUT!!! BEFORE I--"*

POWPOWPOWPOWPOW!!!!

SHHRRRIIPPP!!!!

A storm of buttons attacked the camera. There was only a glimpse of the reporter's engorging chest as she surpassed overinflated beach balls in size before the cameraman stumbled back in a stunned stupor from the force of her bursting shirt.

CLATTER!!!

The camera fell to the ground. Part of the screen caught a portion of the reporter as she succumbed to her own weight and collapsed to her back. A rising, jiggling mass slowly crept into view as she flailed her legs not caring if the camera saw up her skirt.

"MIKE!! MIKE WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! GET BACK HERE AND HELP ME!!! THEY'RE STILL GROWING!!!"

SHOOOM!!

SHOOOM!!

SHOOOM!!

There was no end to the growth-inducing rays of energy. Having fallen just right, the camera was able to glimpse the source from atop a distant office building before the reporter's breasts blocked the view completely.

"What do you think of me now???" a maniacal voice laughed. *"Am I still CRAZY?!"*

A crazed Zoe stood against the sky with hair blowing around her face. Reminiscent of a giant attacking woman from a cheesy 50's movie, only a tattered fabric canvas covered her otherwise naked form. It did little to provide any sense of mystery as it blew and whipped in the wind.

Booming laughter left her lips with squeals of insane delight at the chaos below as she fired her ray gun in every direction. It glowed with a sinister purple aura. Issabelle watched with rising rage. Knowing it was her own power making it glow was maddening, but seeing it be abused in such a way made her tremble with anger.

"Is that her?" Anna huffed.

Issabelle nodded. "That's her."

"What should we do?" Dave asked, not having blinked since the TV turned on. "She's huge! It's not like we can just--"

Anna interrupted with a growl. "Bring me an electric blanket, hairdryer, and a space heater. I think someone needs to teach this scientist a lesson or two she missed in school."