

Small Brew by DoctorConnie

“Hey, Mike! Grab some bags, would you?”

Brittney stumbled through the front door having just about managed to get it open with her elbow, a paper grocery bag under each arm. Her scarlet hair was a little windswept, but it still framed her cute, slight face quite nicely. “I’m coming, I’m coming.” came the reply shortly after. Mike came out of the kitchen at a slight jog, leaning down and giving his wife a fleeting kiss on the forehead on his way out.

“Get anything special?” he asks, grinning widely. Whenever Brittney went to Whole Foods, she always came back with something interesting. Whether it was some exotic fruit, or a bottle of expensive liqueur, she always seemed to impress. Brittney simply smiled back at him, cocking her hips alluringly. “Oh, you’ll see. If you bring the rest of the bags in.” she chuckled, casting Mike a teasing wink before sashaying away to the kitchen.

Mike was too used to being teased by his wife like this. As shy and reserved as she was to most people, she always opened up and showed off her more sensual side to her husband. Mike shook his head, then went down to the car to retrieve the rest of the groceries.

They put the groceries away together, Mike examining everything to see if he could find the surprise before Brittney put it away. She had evidently thought of that, and stashed it before Mike could get to it. “Go sit in the lounge and I’ll bring you a little something through.” Brittney said, stroking a lock of her red hair behind an ear idly as she waited for Mike to vacate the room. She had a flair for the dramatic, and wanted to conceal her surprise from him until the last moment.

Of course, Mike would play along with this. He left the room and sat down in the living room, unbuttoning one more button of his button-down shirt to show off some more of his hirsute chest, stretching his arms out along the back of the sofa and crossing his legs.

Eventually, Brittney peeked her head around the door, her torso and her hands hidden from view. “Close your eyes...” she said tunefully, smiling like the Cheshire Cat. Mike liked it when she did this; it always led to good things, so of course he would obligingly shut his eyes.

He could hear Brittany stepping toward him, and the slight acoustic difference in the room around him told him that she was stood right in front of him. “Open your mouth, I’m gonna pour something in.” she said, her voice shortly followed by the tell-tale hiss of a glass bottle being uncapped.

He opened his mouth, struggling not to smirk as he shaped his lips to take a sip from the anticipated bottle. Sure enough, his lips were met with the cool rim of a bottle, and as it was gently tipped, a little liquid would flow into his mouth.

The taste was simply gorgeous. It was ale; that much was for sure. Hoppy, bitter, and citrus notes. An oaky undertone... But also... a hint of "Violets". Brittany filled in the gap for him. "Ah... I was wondering what the perfume flavour was." Mike replied, nodding slightly. There was definite surprise in his tone, as he wouldn't have thought floral flavours would go well with beer.

"Can I open m-" "No."

Mike was a little taken aback by Brittany's urgency, but he went along with it. He puckered his lips once again and the cold glass pressed up against them. More of the delectable beverage poured in, savoured, and then swallowed. All of a sudden, he would feel a warm weight in his lap.

He knew it to be his wife's rear - he would know those cheeks anywhere - and he would eagerly move his hands to rest on her hips as he was fed more and more of the violet beer.

He soon noticed that his head was swimming a little, as though he had had four or five bottles, and yet he had only had a few mouthfuls. In addition to this, Brittany was starting to feel a little heavier...

"Honey, can I open my eyes n-" "No! Two more sips, and you can open your eyes."

He shivered slightly. There was something in Brittany's tone, and the way he felt, that was just a little bit off... Against his better judgement, he once again opened his lips to the bottle. He took two more gulps of the beer, fed to him carefully by the woman in his lap.

"Okay; you can open your eyes now." she said, an oddly unsettling playfulness in her voice. Mike hesitated. All the signs were pointing to Brittany being up to something nefarious... Slowly, but surely, he would let his eyes open.

"Surprise!" Brittany chimed, Mike's eyes taking a moment to adjust and focus, as now instead of looking straight forward into his wife's eyes, as he usually would if she was sat in his lap like this... he was looking up at her.

She was definitely sat directly in his lap; he could only feel two layers of fabric between her shapely rear and his lap, so there was no cushion holding her up higher. He was looking up a good four inches into her eyes, the light behind her casting a looming shadow over him and making her seem even more imposing.

"W-wha...?" Mike stammered, looking her up and down. His eyes caught his clothes, which were now definitely looser, his one third unbuttoned shirt looking like it was about to fall off of his shoulders! There was no disputing it; he had definitely shrunk!

"Go on, honey... Drink a little more for me." Brittany said, a new sinister yet sultry tone in her voice. He could hardly say no... Even though he was now probably only a couple of inches shorter than her in reality, her being sat on his lap and looming over him made her body seem statuesque. She could probably force-feed him even

if he refused! So obediently, he would open his mouth and watch as the brown bottle was raised to his lips.

The label was purple and silver, and even upside-down he could read that it read 'Shrinking Violet - Small Brew'. He gulped down a mouthful or two of the beer, and watched helplessly as Brittany seemed to grow a few inches taller. Even as the bottle was taken away from his lips, he continued to shrink; his shirt falling away from his shoulders and sliding down around his waist.

He took his hands off of Brittney's hips and slid them out of the loose armholes. "Look at you..." Brittany laughed. "You're so adorable... I could just pick you up and hold you in my arms." she sighed, leaning down and wrapping her arms around his neck. Her modest B-cup breasts now also seemed larger to him, his face getting all but buried in the soft mounds, the cleavage exposed by the V-neck top.

"Mm... That's enough of that. Now you're gonna be good and drink the rest of this, aren't you?" Brittany asked, leaning back and showing Mike the bottle. It still had about half its contents left in it, and if what had happened so far was anything to go by, he still had a ways to shrink.

He hesitated, still quite unsure whether the effects of this brew were permanent, or only temporary. Surely Brittany wouldn't put him in such a compromising situation without a way out? Regardless, he trusted her implicitly, so as much as he wanted to get back to normal size, he gave a nod. He knew what it was to be shy now. Being towered over by someone so much taller than him made him too timid to speak out of turn.

He reached out and took the bottle for himself this time, the glass vessel feeling far heavier than he was used to. The mouth of the bottle even seemed bigger! He opened his mouth wide and poured a mouthful into his maw, gulping one, then another down.

He could feel a tingling in the tips of his fingers and toes now, a sensation normally indicative of having drunk much more than he actually had. Though considering what was happening, it was probably simply due to his smaller circulatory system. It must just have been affecting him more. Brittany had obviously noticed his abnormal level of inebriation, his pupils quite dilated even though he was looking toward the light. "Hah! Someone's a little lightweight..." she teased, shuffling her rump a little further forward until her groin was pressing directly to his.

Her face was getting frustratingly far away now. He wanted so badly to lean up and kiss her on those beautiful, full lips of hers, but she was easily out of reach now. She tilted her head and gave a sympathetic 'aww' at his plight, before leaning down and answering his prayers.

Her lips seemed so much bigger, plumper, as they danced on his. Her tongue pushed into his mouth easily, and nearly filled the smaller space! He helplessly lapped at the larger muscle, but was unable to kiss her with anything like the vigour with which he could usually manage. She pulled back after a few seconds of

this, a string of saliva connecting her bottom lip to his until it snapped and fell on his bare chest, which was still quite hirsute considering his now child-like size.

Brittany grinned toothily once again, taking the bottle from Mike's loose grip and swirling the remaining contents. "Still got to finish it, dear..." she chuckles, pressing the mouth of the bottle to Mike's lips and slowly tipping it up.

Mike had no choice but to gulp it down, otherwise it would have just flowed up into his nostrils. Gulp after gulp... Inch after inch... Second after second, although it felt like an age.

He looked helplessly down at himself as he diminished even further, until finally the last drop spilled into his mouth. He swallowed, gasped, and then looked up at his trapper. Brittany was still looking down at him mischievously, looming like a giantess over the shrunken man.

She slid backward off of his lap, leaving Mike with his mouth agape with shock. Brittany got to her feet, and started to slowly saunter away. The shrunken man got up out of the sofa, having to slide forward quite a ways to get his feet on the ground, before trying to pursue her.

His jeans and briefs fell loosely to the floor, a rather smaller stiffy than he was used to springing free. Even as his wife walked at her normal pace, he was too slow to catch up. He was unsteady on his feet, the alcohol definitely affecting him more than usual.

He was most certainly sober enough, however, to notice that his eyes were level with the door-handles. The short carpet felt like full shag-pile under his tiny feet, and the slight draught from the open window in their bedroom felt like a brisk breeze. He couldn't have been more than four measly feet tall.

As he finally caught up with her outside their bedroom door, she reached forward, and gently stroked Mike's blonde hair behind his ears. "You're so cute, honey..." she said, frowning slightly. "But... you're a bit too small for me."

Mike watched in horror as the door was closed slowly in his face...