



CHELSEA'S GAME

Part II
KRYPTON
Eelskin

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"I... I was just playing, you know, I..."

Alice had been ten feet tall just for a few minutes, but had gotten used to it very quickly. Now, suddenly, she found herself having to re-adjust to her new situation, and Chelsea wasn't making it easy. The room, Chelsea's fingers gripping her, and the distance to the floor were all strangely familiar yet so alien at the same time.



"Wh-what are you going to do?" Alice asked, far more timidly than she'd wanted to.

"You know, I haven't even decided yet. I've had a bit of time to think about it, waiting for you to wake up, and I've got a few ideas."

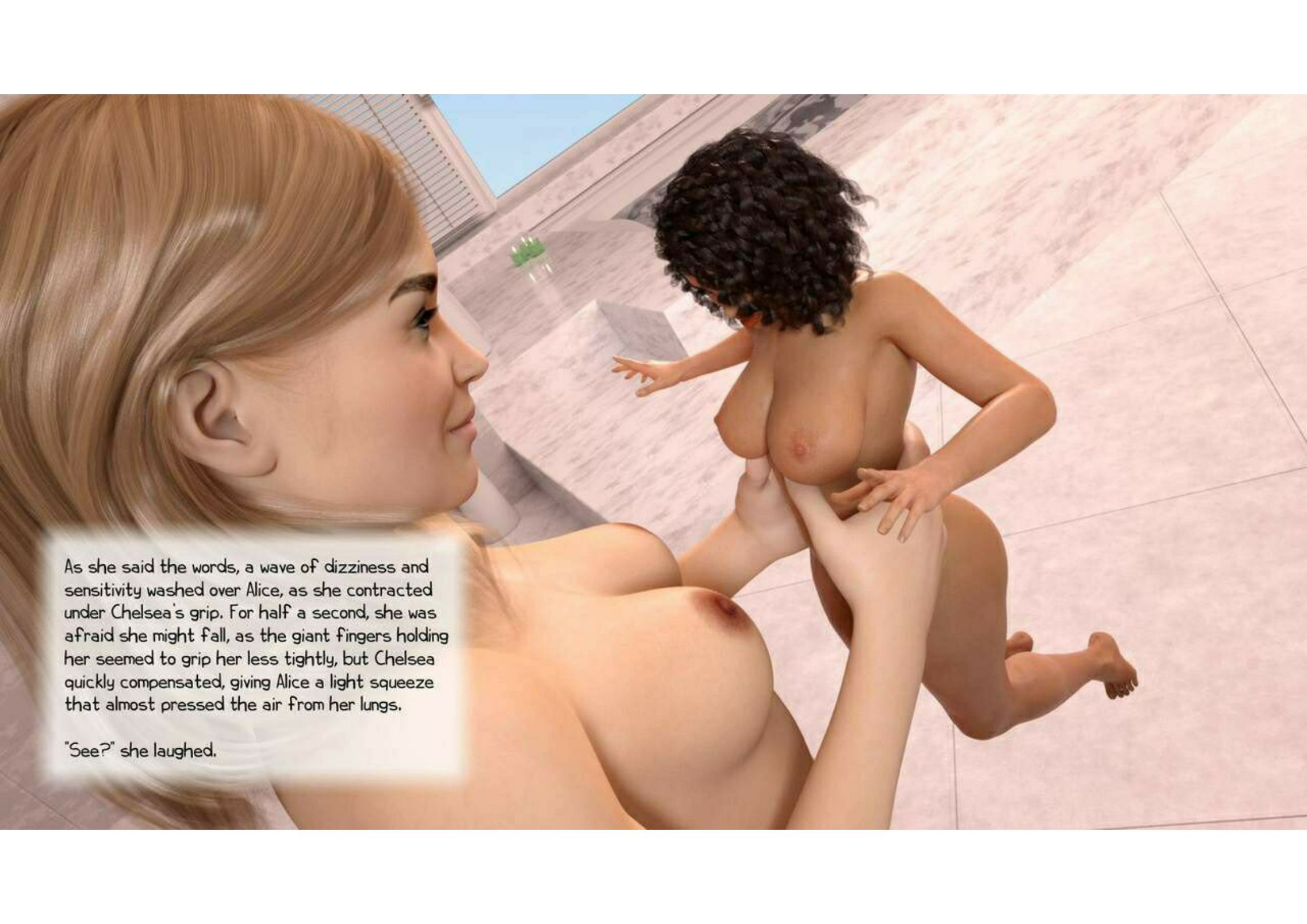


Chelsea paused, and drummed her fingers gently along Alice's skin. Each finger landed heavily on her back.

"For a minute, though... I'm just going to watch you shrink."

Alice gaped. "Wh- you're going to shrink me more?"

Chelsea smirked. "You haven't even stopped from the vials you drank before."



As she said the words, a wave of dizziness and sensitivity washed over Alice, as she contracted under Chelsea's grip. For half a second, she was afraid she might fall, as the giant fingers holding her seemed to grip her less tightly, but Chelsea quickly compensated, giving Alice a light squeeze that almost pressed the air from her lungs.

"See?" she laughed.



Jason groaned and Alice twisted herself around to look at him. He was shrinking too; she watched him shift against the floor tiles. He looked up at Alice, then, fearfully, at Chelsea, then back down at his own dwindling body. From above them came Chelsea's voice, seeming louder by the moment.

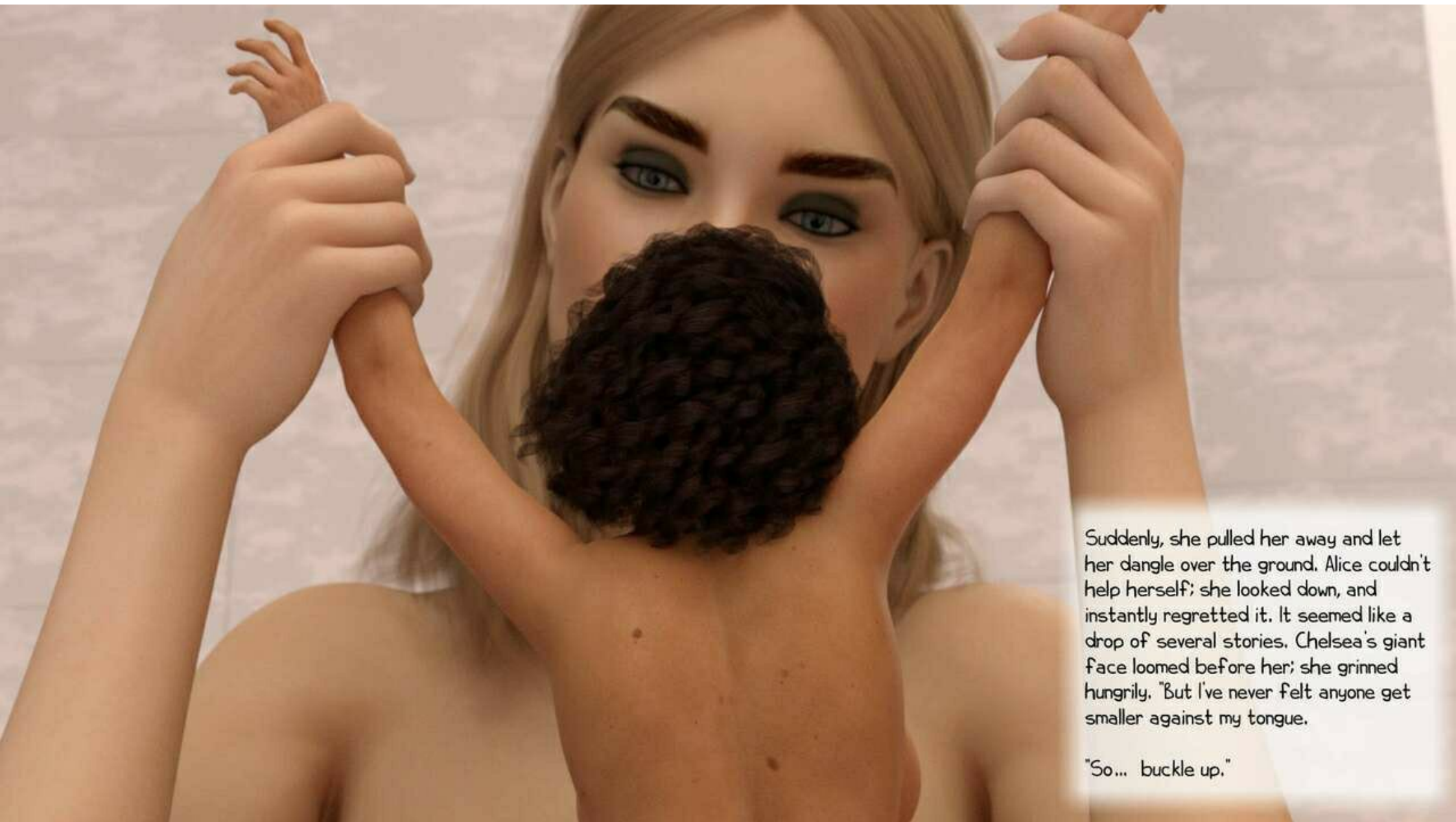


"You both swallowed a fair amount of serum, but it looks like you had more, Alice. I don't even know how much you're going to shrink. You might get as small as my subjects. Maybe even more."

Jason watched the world around him stabilize. His shrinking spurt seemed to be finished, but Alice's was still going strong. He decided not to draw attention to himself by speaking up.

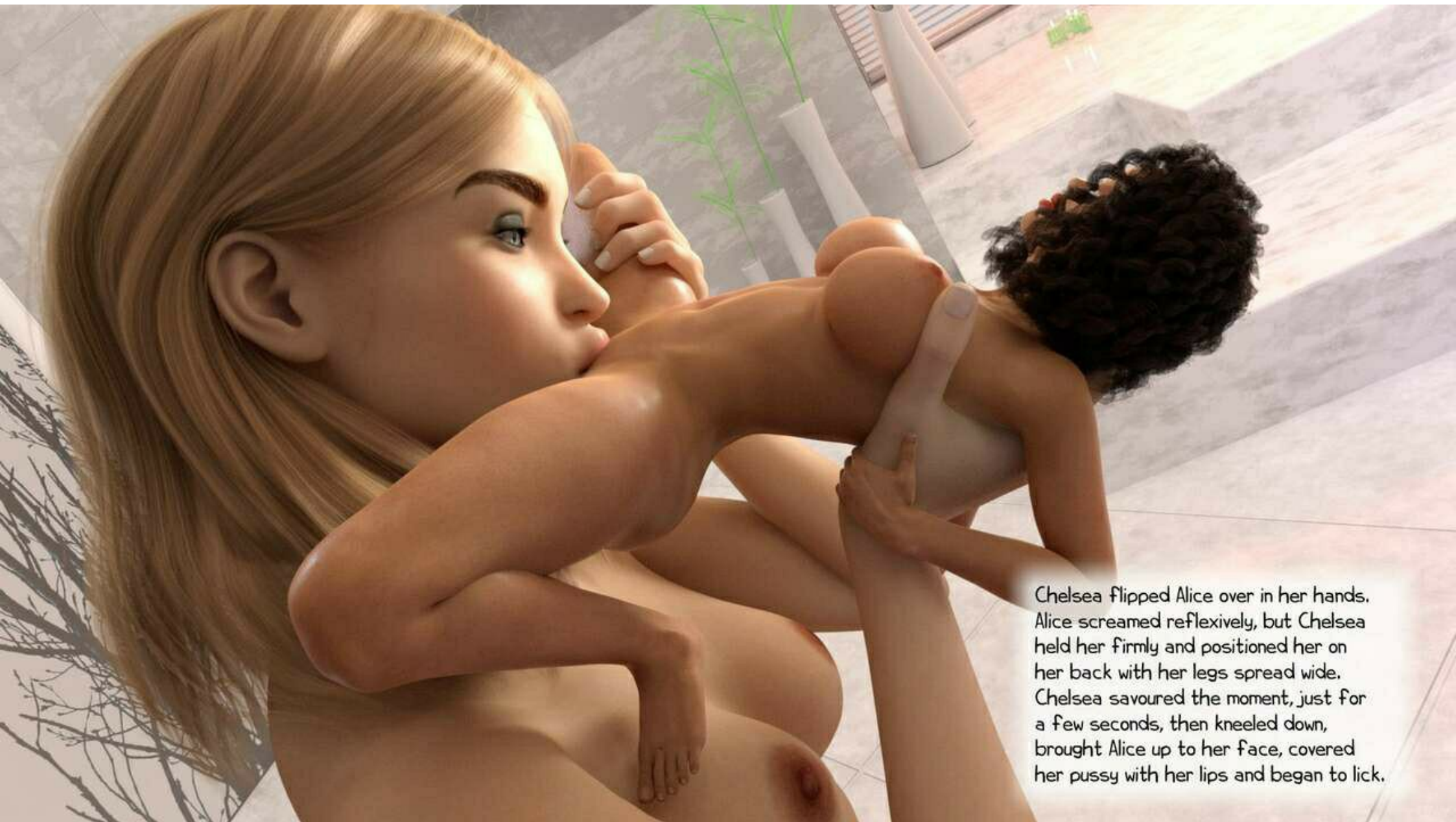


"Oh god, do you know what I *love*?" asked Chelsea. "This." She pressed Alice's rapidly contracting body against her own and held her there forcefully. Alice squirmed to try and get away, but she had no weight to speak of. Chelsea gasped. "Oh, yeah, that feels *so good*. I *love* feeling you get smaller against my skin."



Suddenly, she pulled her away and let her dangle over the ground. Alice couldn't help herself; she looked down, and instantly regretted it. It seemed like a drop of several stories. Chelsea's giant face loomed before her; she grinned hungrily. "But I've never felt anyone get smaller against my tongue."

"So... buckle up."



Chelsea flipped Alice over in her hands. Alice screamed reflexively, but Chelsea held her firmly and positioned her on her back with her legs spread wide. Chelsea savoured the moment, just for a few seconds, then kneeled down, brought Alice up to her face, covered her pussy with her lips and began to lick.

The sensation of Chelsea's giant mouth working her cunt, her tongue snaking its way around her legs and crotch, was like nothing she'd ever experienced. Chelsea flipped her over again, grabbing her by the legs and letting her head dangle.

Jason watched, mesmerized. Alice continued to shrink as she moaned and gasped in pleasure from Chelsea's cunnilingus. He wasn't even sure she was aware of her continued transformation.



He didn't know what to do; his head was spinning in confusion and frustration. He was afraid of what Chelsea was going to do to them; she hadn't hurt either of them, but she clearly had no problem with killing people, and was enjoying her position of dominance.

And watching Alice shrink while Chelsea ate her out was incredible. It was hypnotically sexual, how Chelsea had to continually shift her hands to maintain a grip on her.



And finally, he still felt like he might be able to grow, himself. He wanted to be the biggest one. Desperately. He thought back to watching Gabrielle shrink before him and how it was one of the most highly erotic things he'd ever experienced. He wanted that again. He considered trying to find some more serum, but the show before him was too good to turn away from...



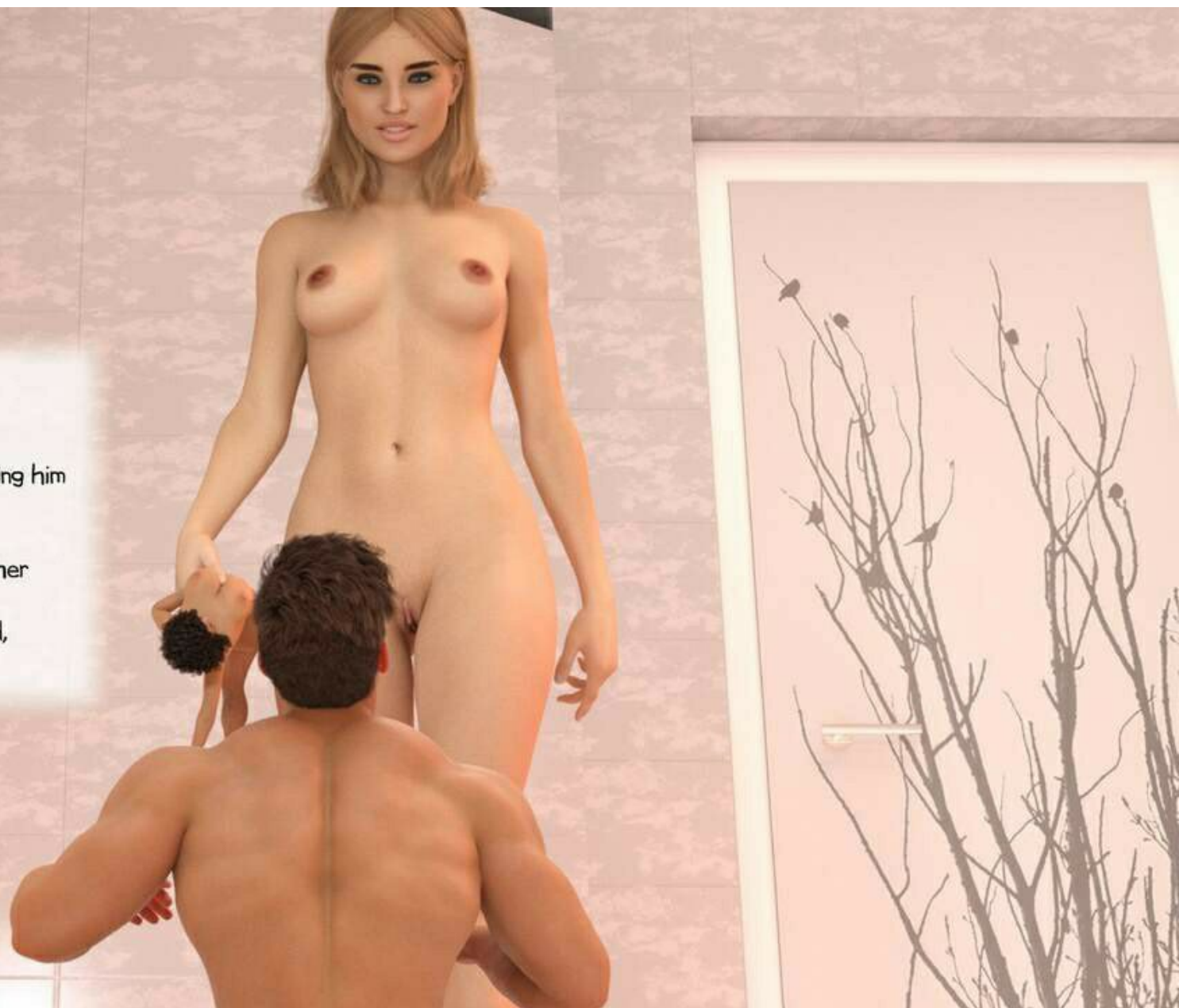
Chelsea pulled Alice away and brought her face to her breast. Alice, dazed and disoriented from being flipped upside down and rightside up so casually, and more highly aroused than she could ever remember being, struggled to fit her mouth around Chelsea's erect nipple. She ran her tongue around it as best as she could, but she was trying to lick a nipple that seemed the size of a small orange.

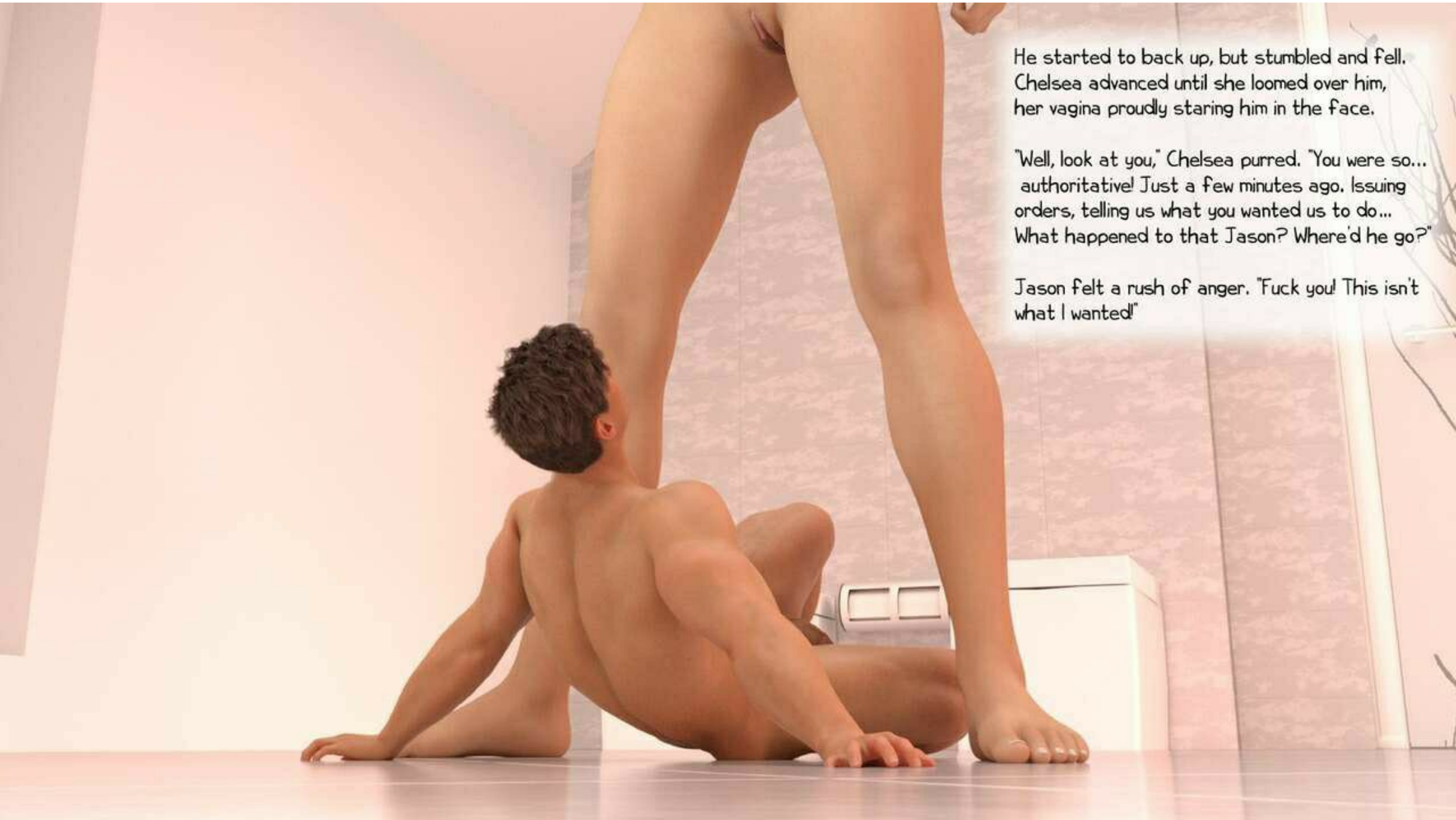


"Oh, dear," Chelsea said, interrupting Alice's nipple play.
"We're being rude."

Jason looked up at Chelsea to see that she was watching him watching them. "Jason, you're being left out."

His heart started to race. Chelsea stood up, dropping her arms to her sides, letting Alice dangle like a doll. Alice screamed briefly as she thought she might be dropped, but only for a moment. Jason froze.

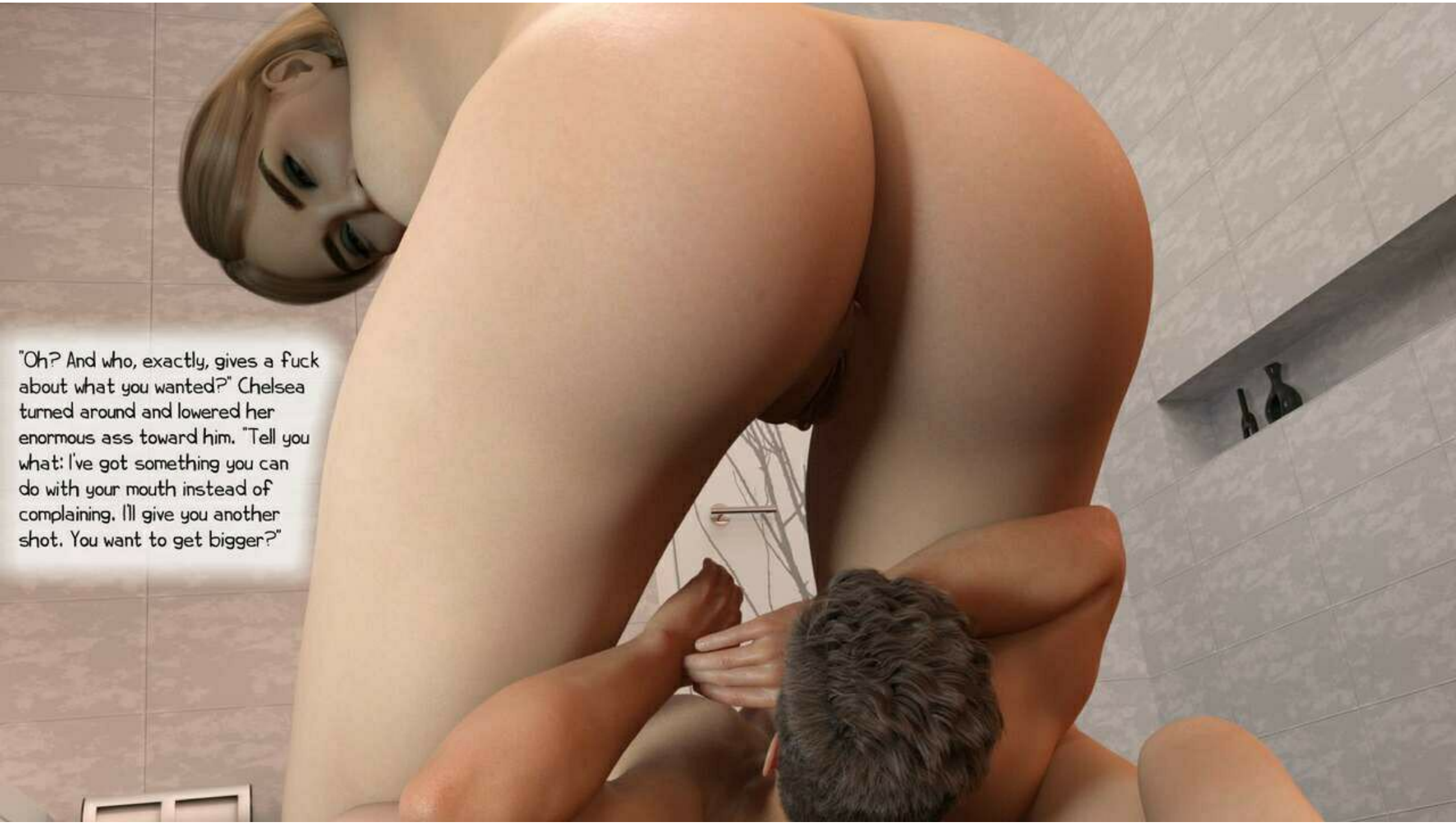




He started to back up, but stumbled and fell. Chelsea advanced until she loomed over him, her vagina proudly staring him in the face.

"Well, look at you," Chelsea purred. "You were so... authoritative! Just a few minutes ago. Issuing orders, telling us what you wanted us to do... What happened to that Jason? Where'd he go?"

Jason felt a rush of anger. "Fuck you! This isn't what I wanted!"

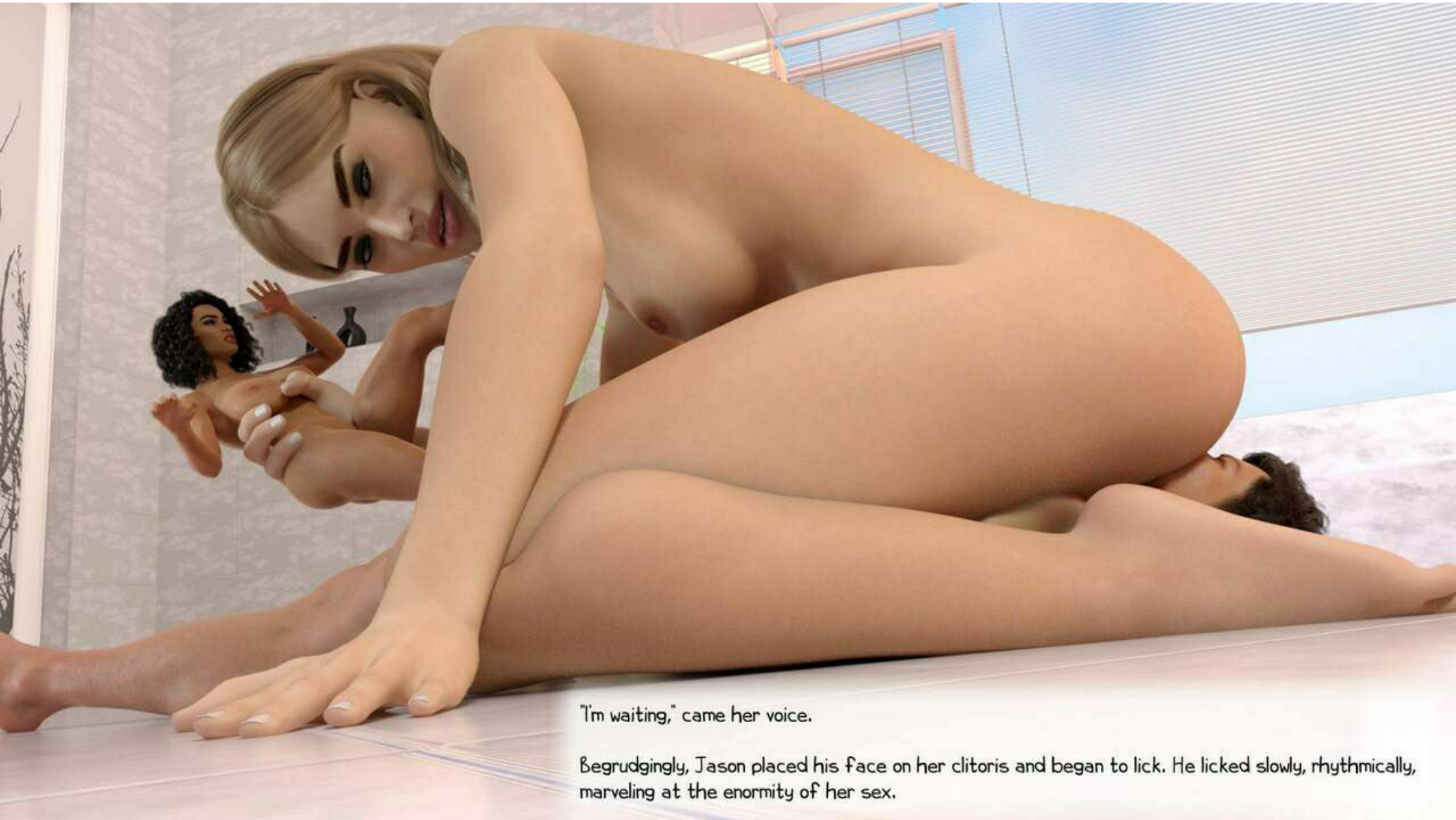


"Oh? And who, exactly, gives a fuck about what you wanted?" Chelsea turned around and lowered her enormous ass toward him. "Tell you what: I've got something you can do with your mouth instead of complaining. I'll give you another shot. You want to get bigger?"



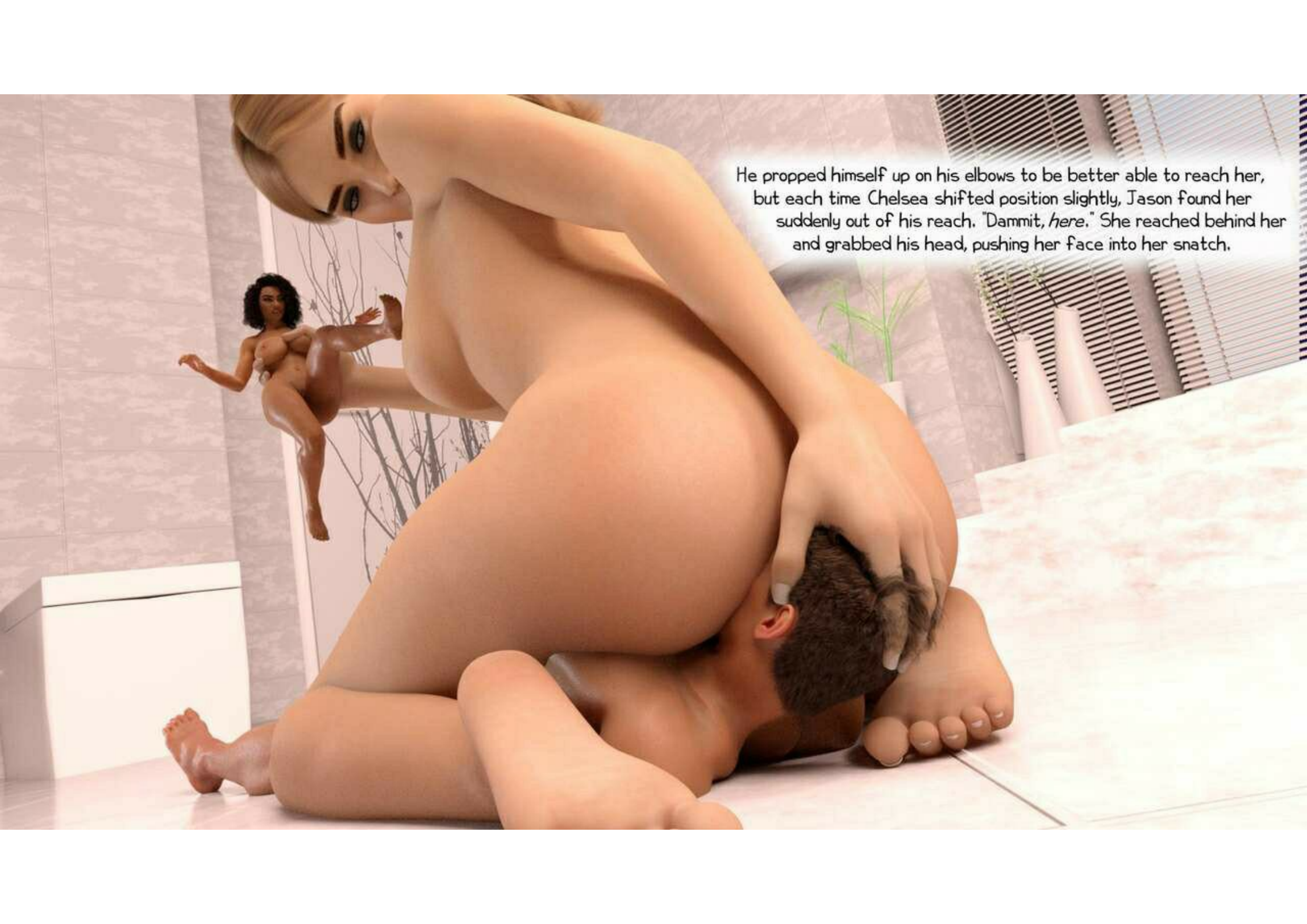
"I've got another vial I've got lots more, actually, and I'll give you one if you can make me come. Right now. Let's see if you can do it before I get bored."

Jason, angry, indignant and frightened, closed his eyes. He felt a wave of body heat and smelled her arousal first, then re-opened his eyes to find that his entire field of vision occupied by her dripping, pulsating cunt.




"I'm waiting," came her voice.

Begrudgingly, Jason placed his face on her clitoris and began to lick. He licked slowly, rhythmically, marveling at the enormity of her sex.



He propped himself up on his elbows to be better able to reach her, but each time Chelsea shifted position slightly, Jason found her suddenly out of his reach. "Dammit, *here*." She reached behind her and grabbed his head, pushing her face into her snatch.



Alice struggled against Chelsea's grip, but her fingers were far too heavy and strong to budge. She may as well have been pushing against the trunk of a tree for how much good it did.

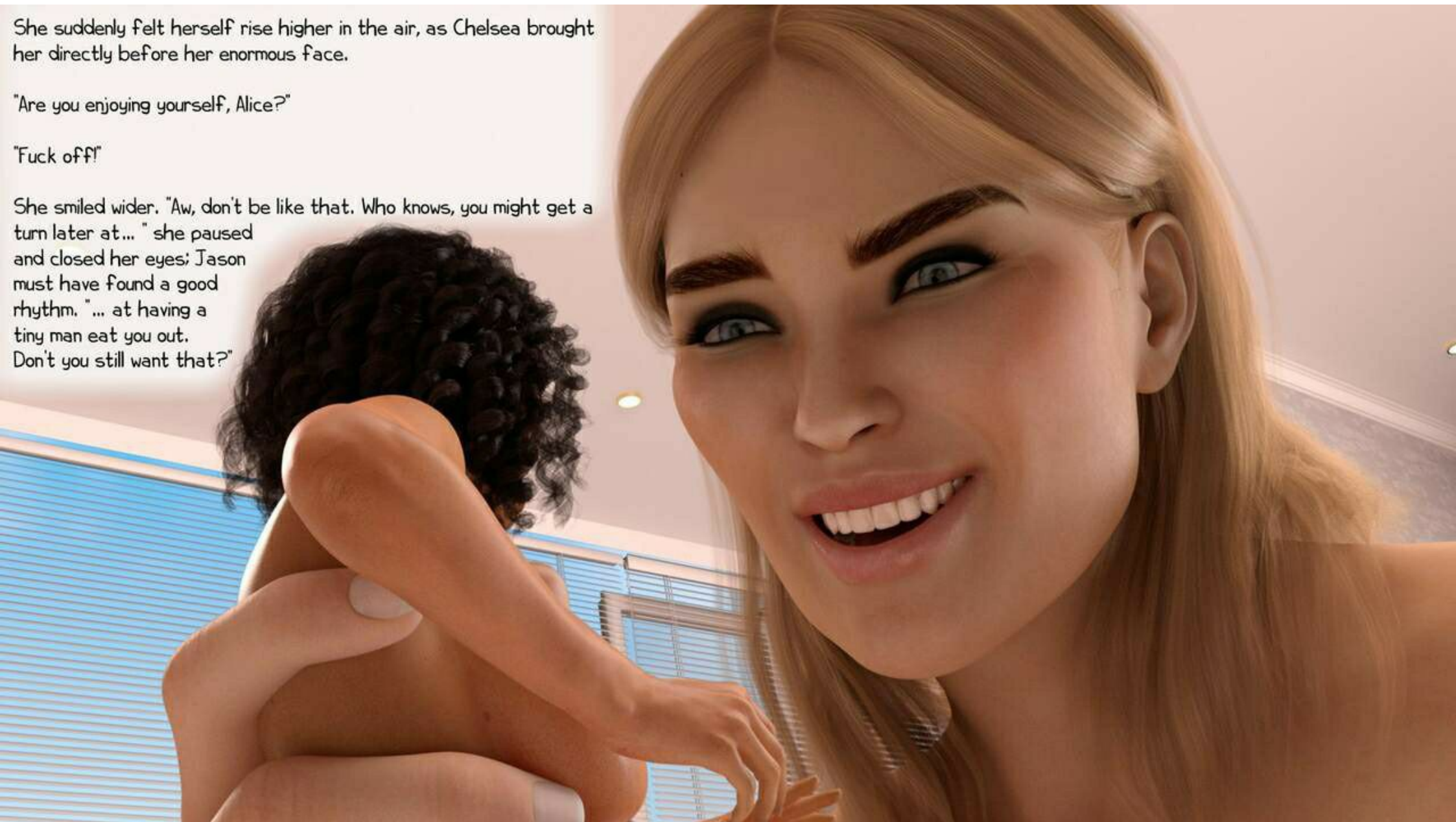
"Son of a..." she muttered as she kicked, to no avail.

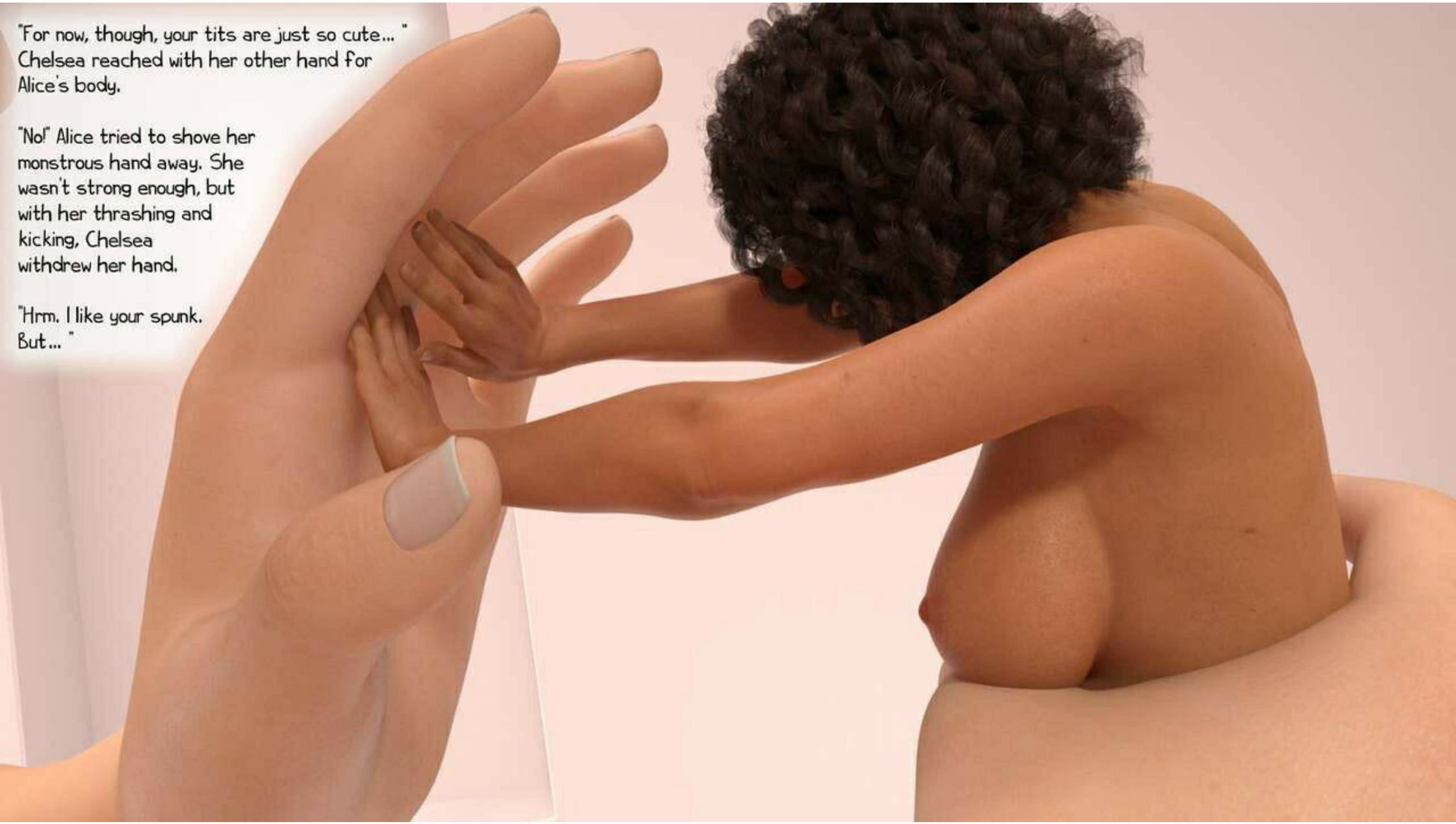
She suddenly felt herself rise higher in the air, as Chelsea brought her directly before her enormous face.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Alice?"

"Fuck off!"

She smiled wider. "Aw, don't be like that. Who knows, you might get a turn later at..." she paused and closed her eyes; Jason must have found a good rhythm. "... at having a tiny man eat you out. Don't you still want that?"



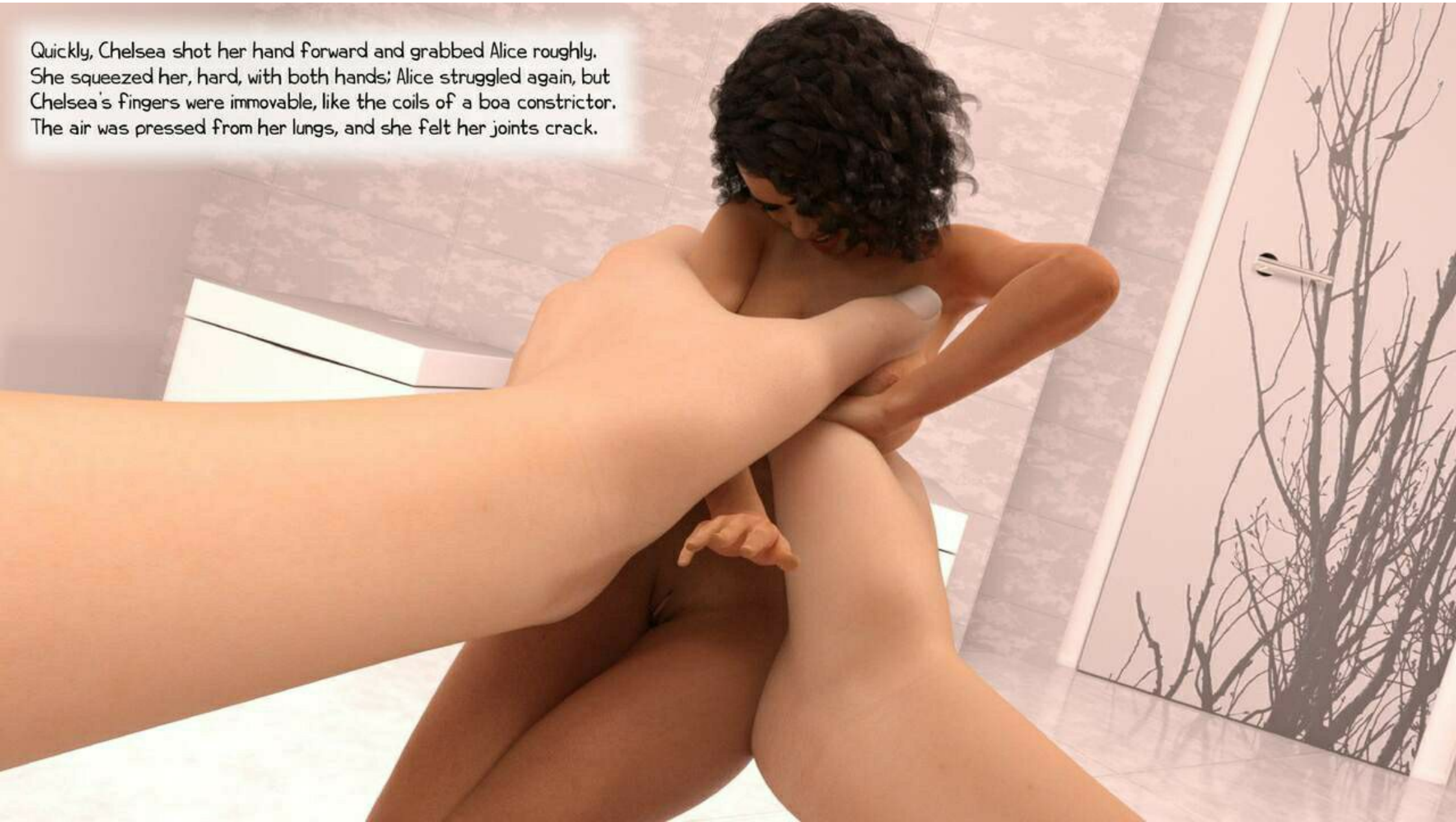



"For now, though, your tits are just so cute..."
Chelsea reached with her other hand for
Alice's body.

"No!" Alice tried to shove her
monstrous hand away. She
wasn't strong enough, but
with her thrashing and
kicking, Chelsea
withdrew her hand.

"Hrm. I like your spunk.
But..."

Quickly, Chelsea shot her hand forward and grabbed Alice roughly. She squeezed her, hard, with both hands; Alice struggled again, but Chelsea's fingers were immovable, like the coils of a boa constrictor. The air was pressed from her lungs, and she felt her joints crack.





Jason continued to eat Chelsea out, half-listening to what was happening above him but focusing his attention on pleasing the giantess sitting on him. Her juices, viscous and slippery, dripped down his face and ran down his neck, coating his skin. He ignored it as best as he could, speeding up his rhythm and hoping that she would come soon.

After several minutes of licking, though, Jason's tongue started to cramp and the muscles in his neck started to ache. He tried to push forward, but he couldn't continue. He let his cunnilingus lapse while he rested his tongue.

Chelsea grunted in frustration. "What's going on down there?"

Jason's muffled, panting reply came from between her legs: "Just... gotta rest for a minute."





"Ugh. That's disappointing." Chelsea rose and dropped Alice unceremoniously on the ground.

"Ow!" Alice shouted, rolling over. "You bitch!"

"Hey!" said Jason. "I was just about ready to keep going!"

"No, that was your chance. Next time, show some enthusiasm or something. Too bad for you."



"Now... what am I going to do with this?" she reached on top of a shelf and produced a vial, holding it delicately. "I guess I'm just going to have to drink this myself," she said, a touch of music in her voice.

"You said I could have it!" protested Jason, trying to sound impressively angry, but failing. "It's my turn!"

Chelsea shrugged. "Tough shit." She upended the vial, swallowing the contents.

Alice and Jason looked up, rooted to the spot, watching, waiting for the growth they knew was coming with an awful and confusing combination of jealousy, excitement, fear and arousal. They couldn't have run away even if they'd wanted to.



Chelsea took a deep breath, and her eyes lost focus.
"Oh, *yeah...*" she breathed, speaking to no one in particular.
Slowly at first, she began to rise.

Jason watched her face, looking higher and higher above them.
From his position, it was impossible to gauge just how much taller
she was than he was, but it hardly mattered; the difference
was changing quickly.



Alice was focused on her legs. Her eyes were just about level with Chelsea's knees, but as Alice stared, her knees rose higher and higher until they were out of her reach. Her growth sped up, and Alice had the urge to just walk over and touch her leg. She stood still, unable to tear her eyes away from the spectacle before her.



Chelsea suddenly rose higher in a surge that made both of them gasp. They soon noticed that Chelsea wasn't simply getting taller, but was growing in other ways as well. Her breasts swelled, and her arms and legs bulged out, subtly at first, becoming rounder and firmer as her muscles grew. Jason's breath caught in his throat as he beheld the woman in front of him become more and more powerful.



Chelsea smiled down at the pair. "You like watching me grow?" she asked. "That's good, because I like growing. I can tell that you like my muscles, too..." she lifted one arm to flex her bicep, "and I bet that that hits you hard, Jason, knowing that this could have been you." Jason didn't answer. "You seem like the kind of guy who always wants *more*."





"God, I feel good. And you two just look so... ah..." She thought for a moment, contemplating, but never finished her sentence. Alice and Jason looked up at her and Alice started to back away slowly, the mesmerizing spell of her growth now broken. "Don't move," Chelsea grinned. She lifted her foot suddenly.

Alice scrambled to get to her feet, but stumbled in her panic. Jason was frozen in place. Chelsea brought her foot down hard, with all of her strength and increased mass, and narrowly missed Alice, who tripped and fell. Chelsea laughed.

"What are you, scared?"

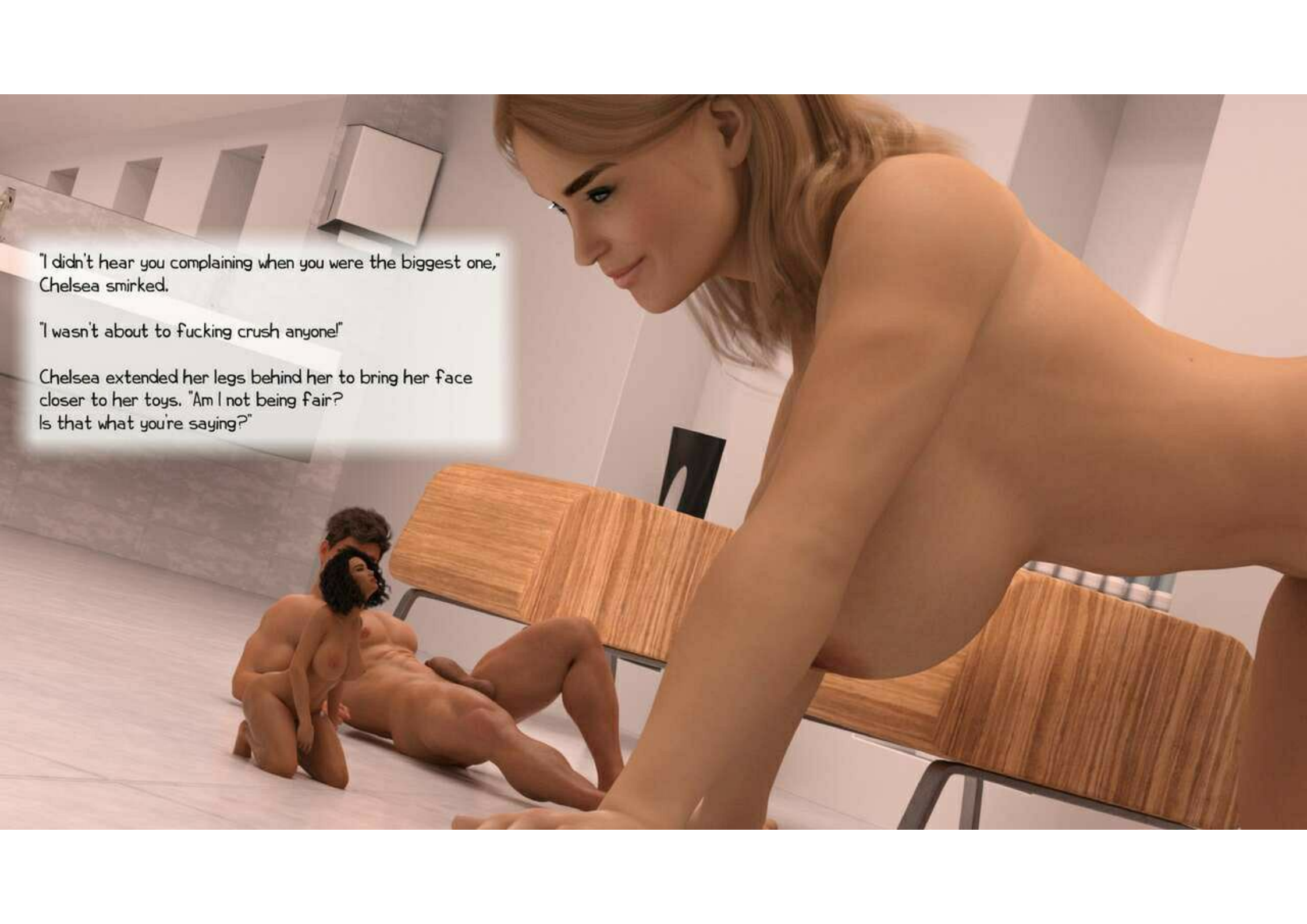
She wasn't trying to hurt us, thought Jason. She's just... playing with us.



"What the fuck, Chelsea!" Alice screamed. Her fear and anger had built up to the point that she couldn't contain it silently any longer. "What are you doing!" she shouted at the giantess before her. "This isn't fun anymore!"

Chelsea crouched down, her gigantic body throwing her shrunken playmates into shadow.

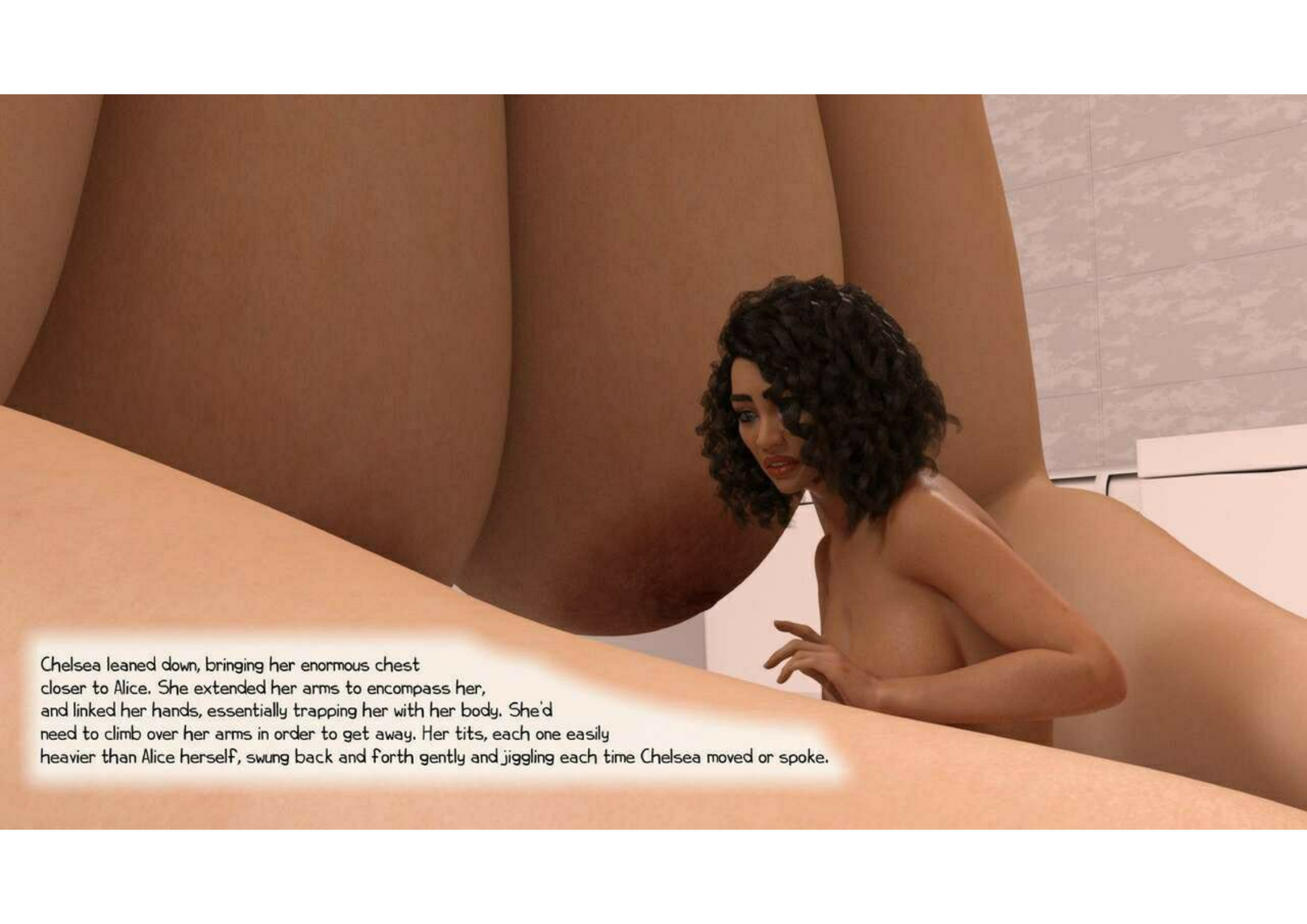


A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white top, is leaning over a wooden bench in a gym. She is looking down with a slight smile. In the background, a man and a woman are sitting on the floor, looking towards her. The gym has a light-colored floor and walls with some equipment.

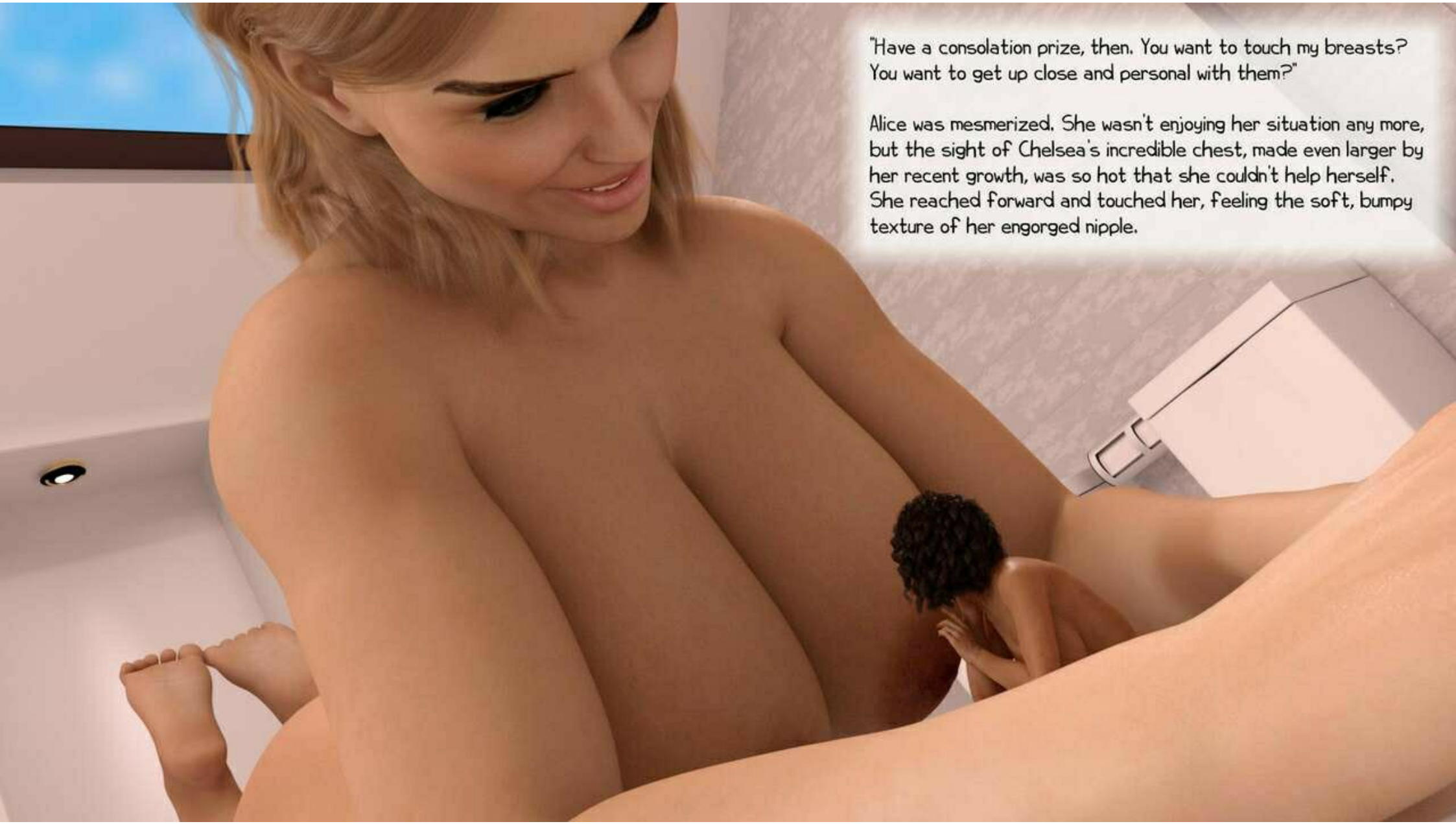
"I didn't hear you complaining when you were the biggest one," Chelsea smirked.

"I wasn't about to fucking crush anyone!"

Chelsea extended her legs behind her to bring her face closer to her toys. "Am I not being fair? Is that what you're saying?"

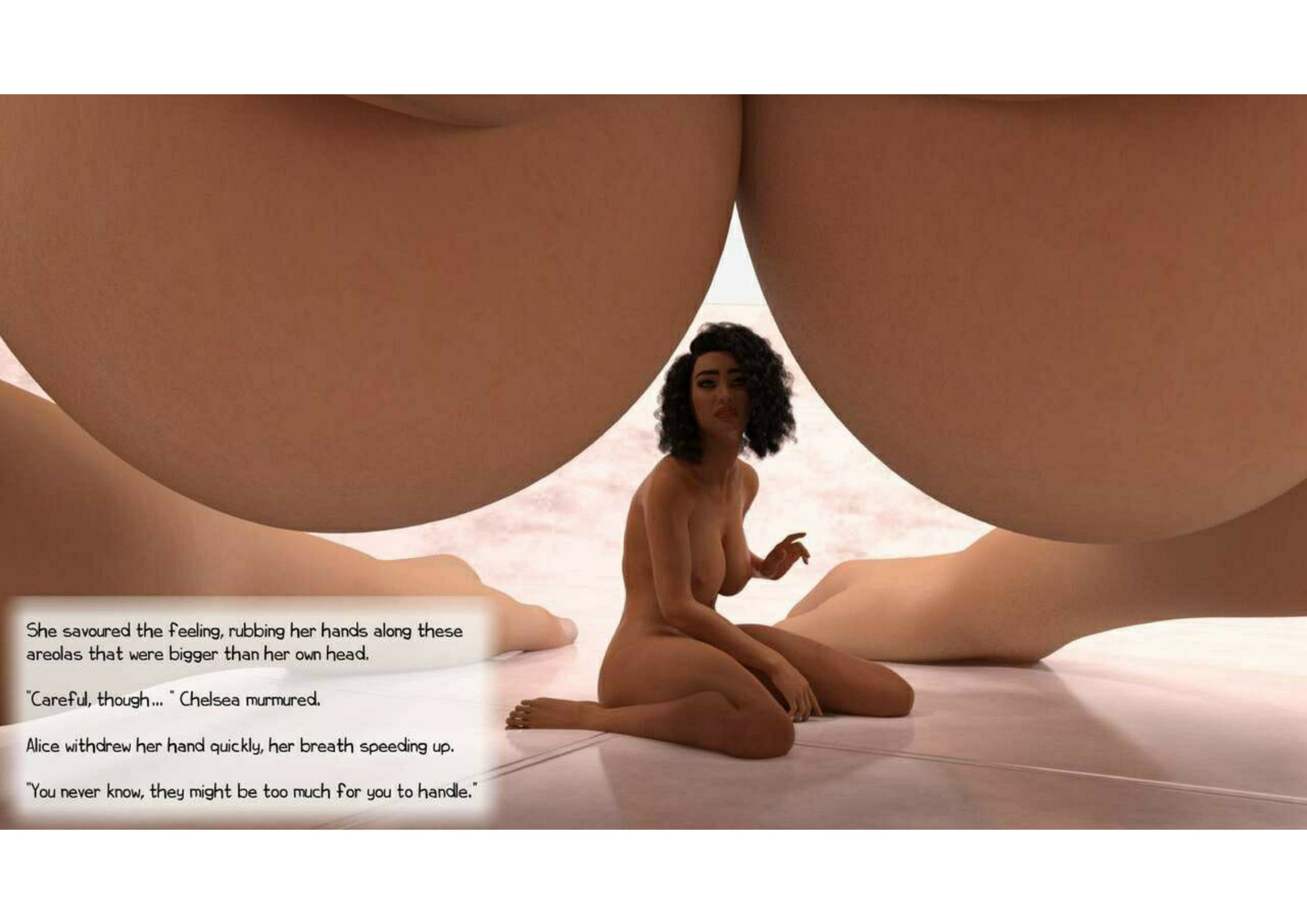


Chelsea leaned down, bringing her enormous chest closer to Alice. She extended her arms to encompass her, and linked her hands, essentially trapping her with her body. She'd need to climb over her arms in order to get away. Her tits, each one easily heavier than Alice herself, swung back and forth gently and jiggling each time Chelsea moved or spoke.



"Have a consolation prize, then. You want to touch my breasts? You want to get up close and personal with them?"

Alice was mesmerized. She wasn't enjoying her situation any more, but the sight of Chelsea's incredible chest, made even larger by her recent growth, was so hot that she couldn't help herself. She reached forward and touched her, feeling the soft, bumpy texture of her engorged nipple.


A woman with dark, curly hair is sitting on a white floor between two large, realistic-looking breasts. She is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The scene is lit with soft, warm light, creating a sensual atmosphere.

She savoured the feeling, rubbing her hands along these areolas that were bigger than her own head.

"Careful, though..." Chelsea murmured.

Alice withdrew her hand quickly, her breath speeding up.

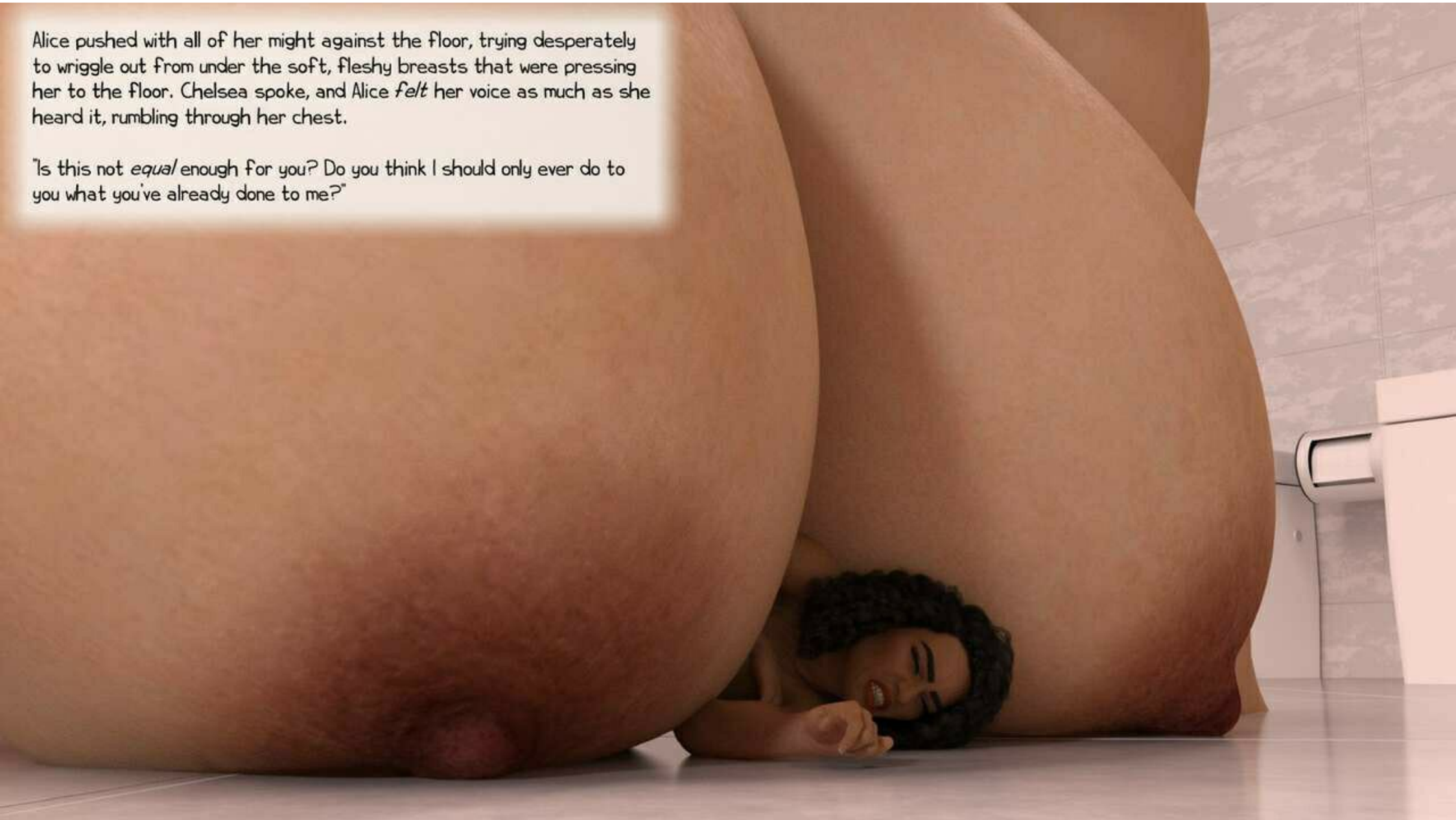
"You never know, they might be too much for you to handle."

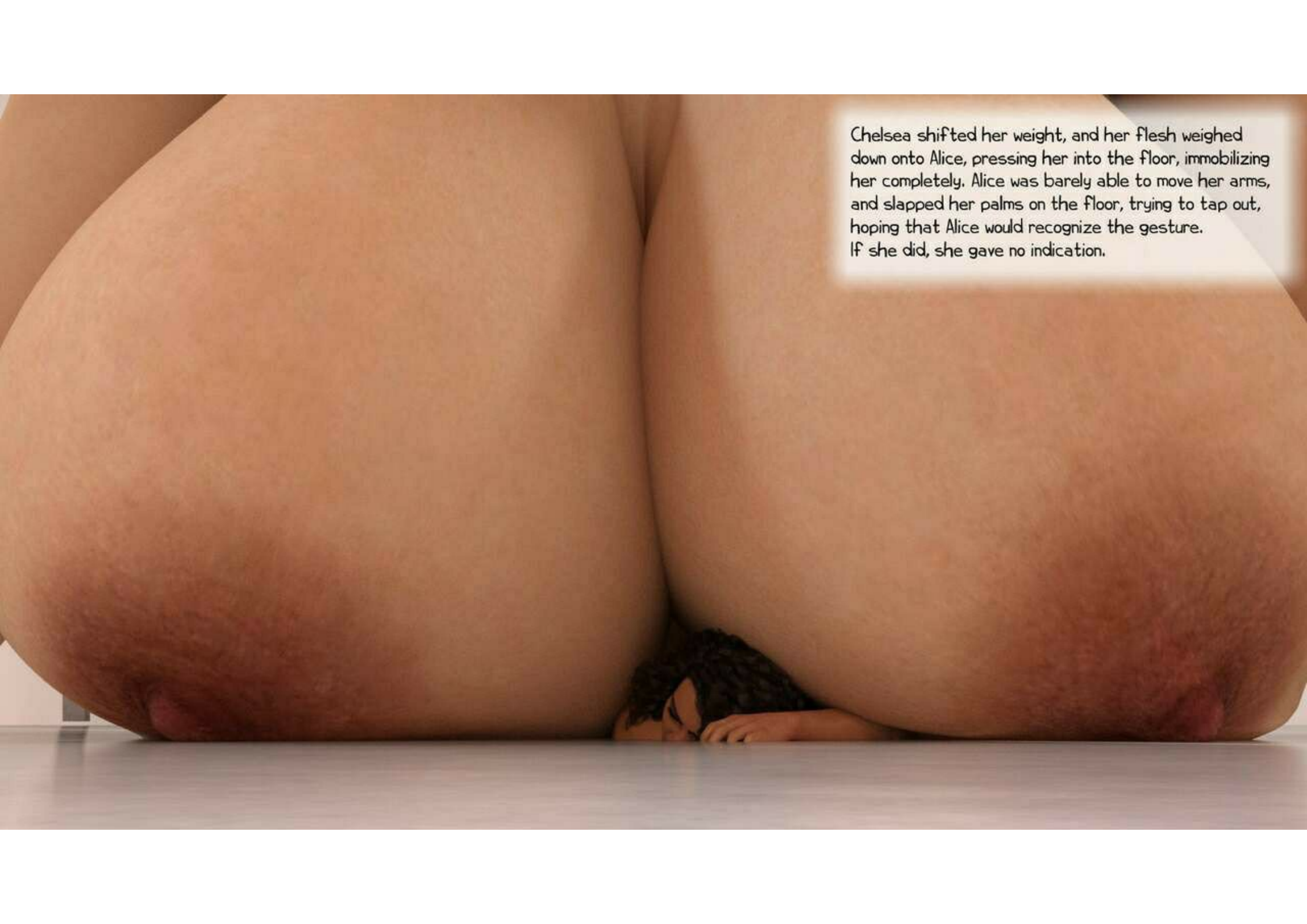


Chelsea, more quickly than Alice would have thought possible, brought her entire upper body down onto her. She was knocked to the ground more roughly this time by the incredible weight of Chelsea's tits, each one the size of a car, and much, much heavier.

Alice pushed with all of her might against the floor, trying desperately to wriggle out from under the soft, fleshy breasts that were pressing her to the floor. Chelsea spoke, and Alice *felt* her voice as much as she heard it, rumbling through her chest.

"Is this not *equal* enough for you? Do you think I should only ever do to you what you've already done to me?"



A close-up photograph of a person's large, rounded buttocks and thighs, which are the central focus of the image. The skin is a light brown color. In the center, between the two buttocks, a smaller person is lying on the floor, their head and one arm visible. The floor is a light-colored, smooth surface. In the upper right corner, there is a white rectangular box containing text.

Chelsea shifted her weight, and her flesh weighed down onto Alice, pressing her into the floor, immobilizing her completely. Alice was barely able to move her arms, and slapped her palms on the floor, trying to tap out, hoping that Alice would recognize the gesture. If she did, she gave no indication.

Alice stopped struggling to escape, but now just get air into her lungs. The weight pressing down on her was overpowering and unyielding, and it was all Alice could to just to draw breath. Chelsea moved back and forth slowly, moaning, rubbing her huge nipples slowly against the floor.

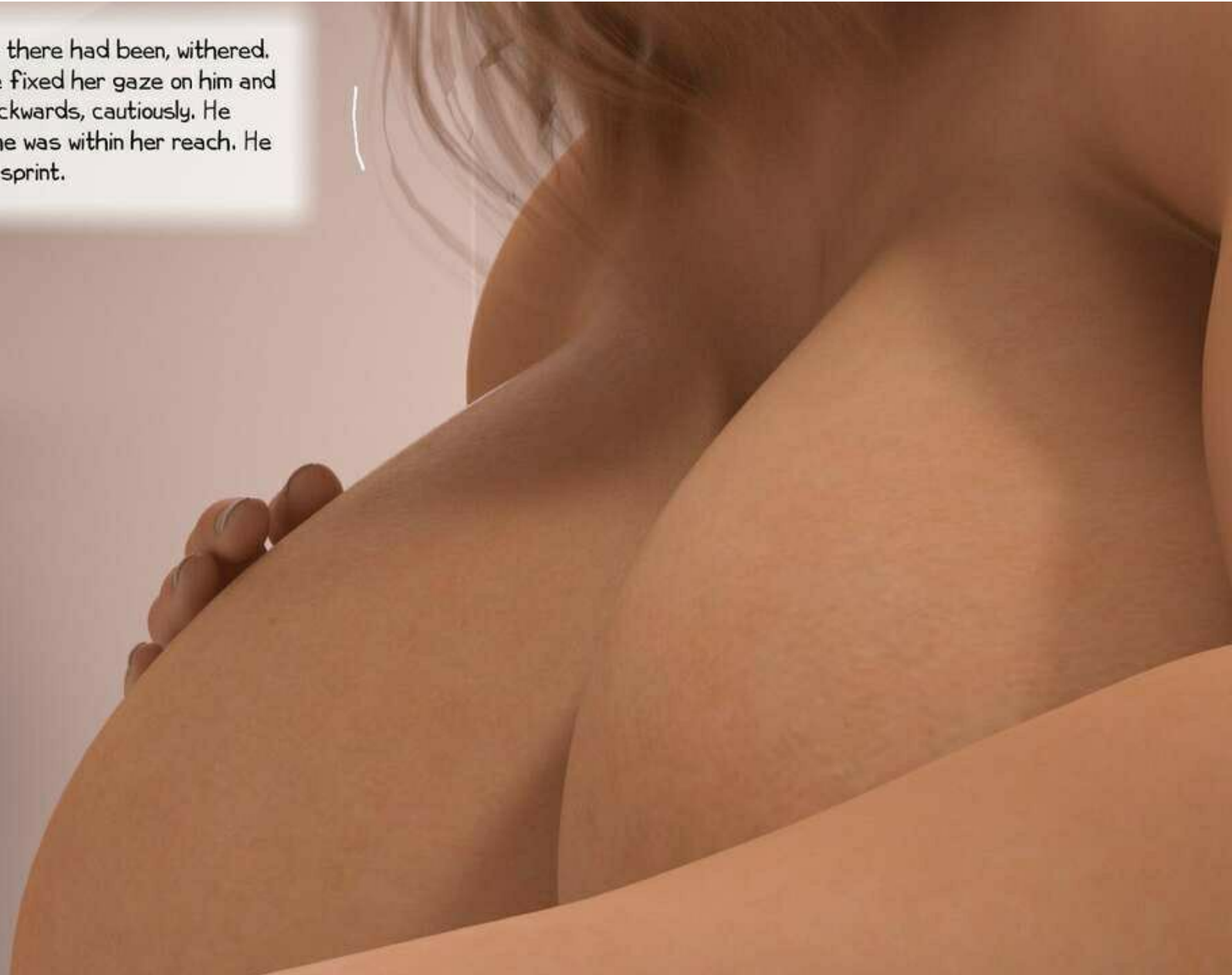
Alice thought suddenly about playing with those nipples just a few days before.

"You're crushing her!" shouted Jason suddenly. Chelsea looked over to him in surprise. "You can't do that!" He had a look of panic on his face; his outburst was less a strong rebuke of Chelsea and her torture of Alice, and more a scared, pathetic whine.

Still, thought Chelsea. That won't do.

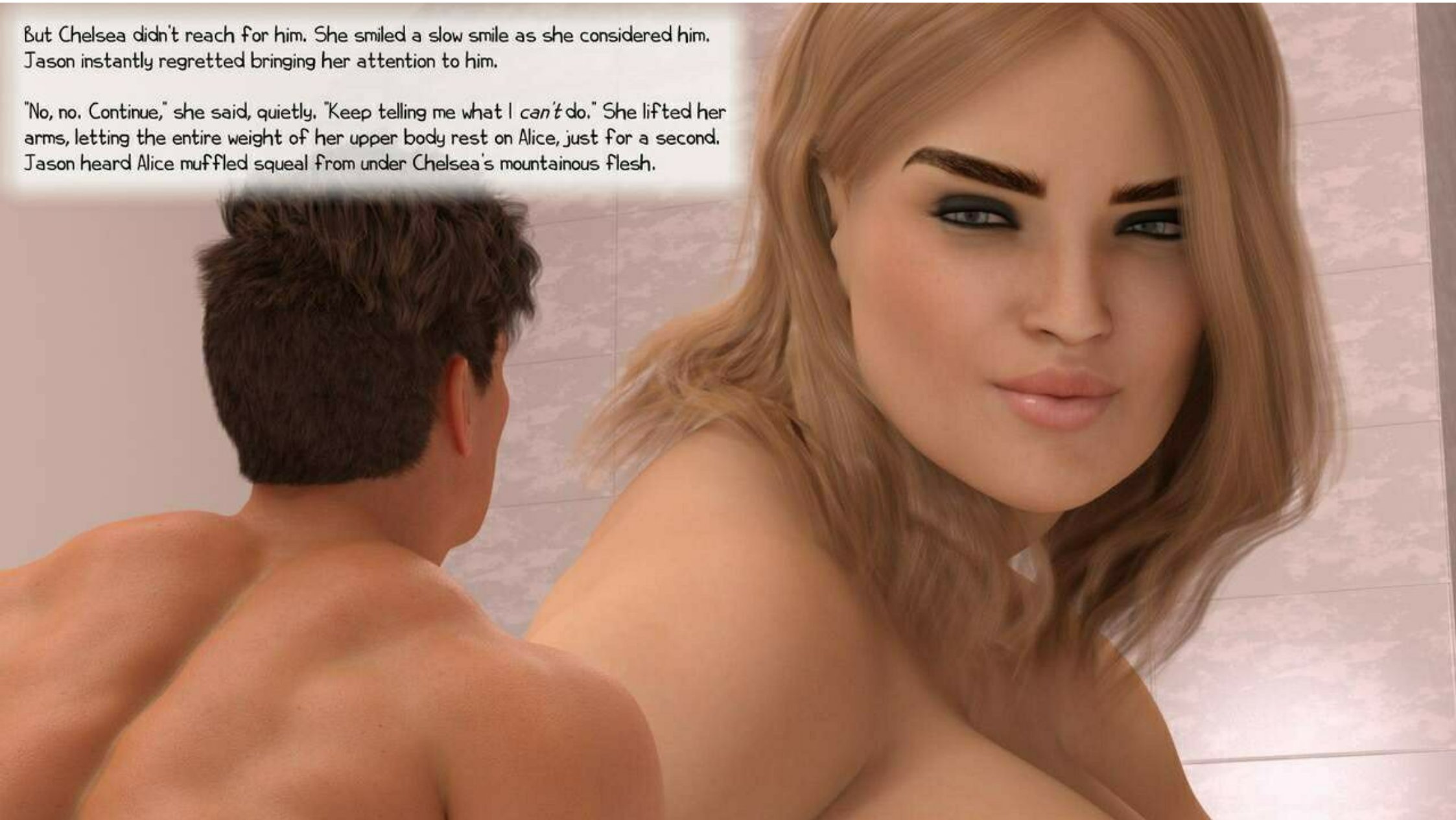


"I mean... you..." Jason's confidence whatever there had been, withered. Chelsea didn't even have to say anything. She fixed her gaze on him and his breath quickened. He started to step backwards, cautiously. He glanced at her arm, trying to gauge whether he was within her reach. He shifted his weight, getting ready to turn and sprint.



But Chelsea didn't reach for him. She smiled a slow smile as she considered him. Jason instantly regretted bringing her attention to him.

"No, no. Continue," she said, quietly. "Keep telling me what I *can't* do." She lifted her arms, letting the entire weight of her upper body rest on Alice, just for a second. Jason heard Alice muffled squeal from under Chelsea's mountainous flesh.



"I was gonna play with Alice for a while longer, but if you really wanna play with me instead, we can do that. Come here."

Jason froze. He felt her fluids on his skin, which had begun to cool and harden in the open air.

Chelsea narrowed her eyes. "Come here. Unless you want to get small enough for Alice to swallow you whole."

At that, Jason's eyes widened.


Oh no, he thought. Please no.





Jason complied immediately, and Chelsea, grinning ear to ear, pushed herself up off of Alice, who coughed and gasped as the pressure was lifted off of her and she was able to breathe again.

Chelsea looked down at her. "You can take a break. Catch your breath. You're gonna need it later. For now, I'm gonna play with Jason."

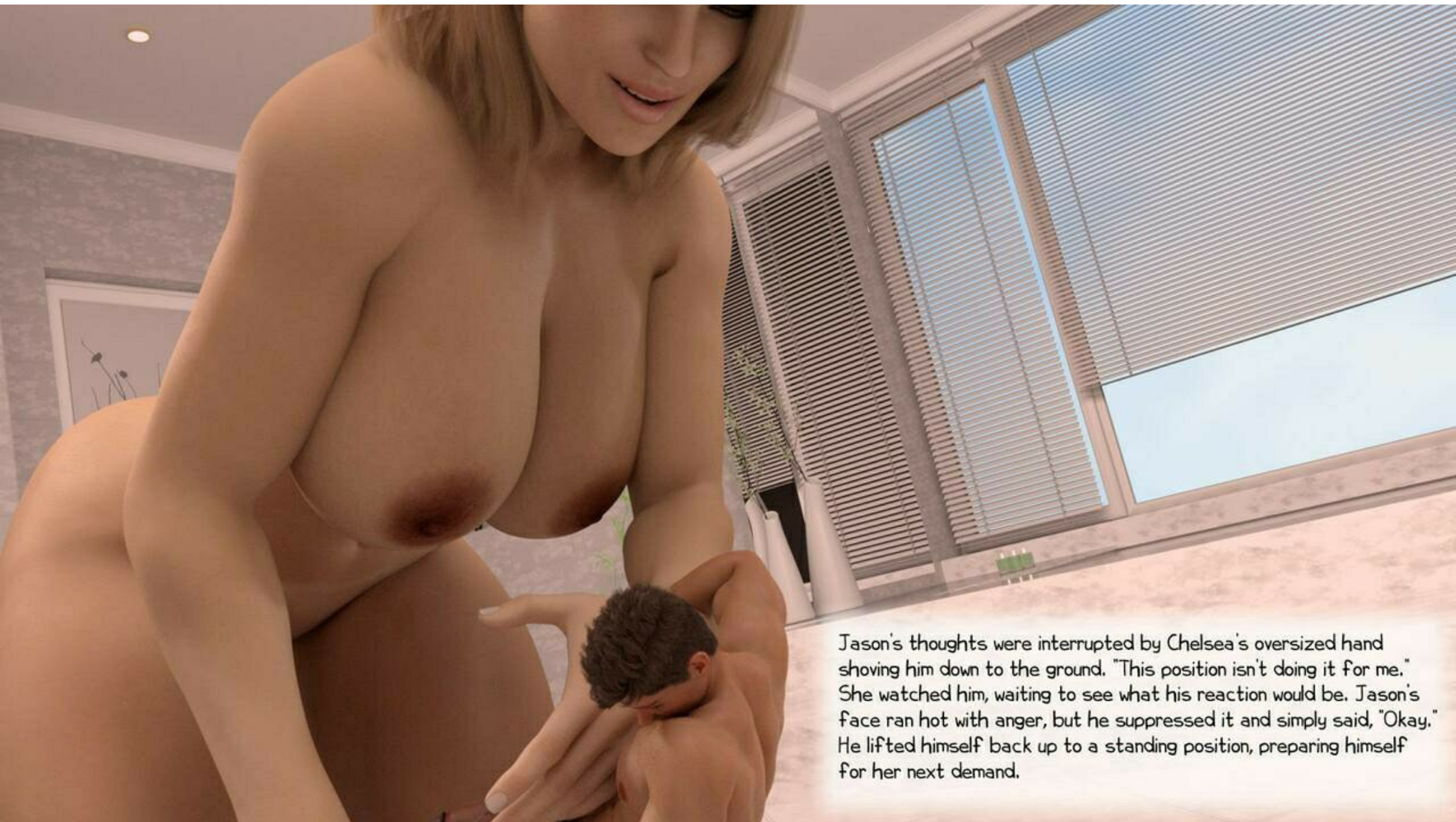
A 3D rendered scene depicting a woman with exceptionally large, prominent breasts. She is standing in a room, looking down at a man who is kneeling or crouching in front of her. The man's head is visible, and he appears to be looking up at her. The room features a window on the left and a set of blinds on the right. The lighting is soft, and the overall aesthetic is that of a digital illustration or game cutscene.

Jason took a step back involuntarily as Chelsea rose to her knees. She pointed to her crotch and raised an eyebrow. Jason moved forward almost immediately, and Chelsea smiled at how quickly he obeyed. *That didn't take long at all, she thought. I'm actually a little bit disappointed. I thought he'd be tougher than Alice.*

Jason licked and sucked, trying to make up for his earlier failure. He thought back to what Chelsea had said to Alice about how she could have a turn at having a tiny man eat her out.

I don't want that, he thought. I want to be the bigger one. He redoubled his efforts. If I make her come, she'll make me bigger.





Jason's thoughts were interrupted by Chelsea's oversized hand shoving him down to the ground. "This position isn't doing it for me." She watched him, waiting to see what his reaction would be. Jason's face ran hot with anger, but he suppressed it and simply said, "Okay." He lifted himself back up to a standing position, preparing himself for her next demand.

"You two are an interesting pair of playmates. Both of you are surprising me." Chelsea got down on her hands and knees, her enlarged breasts hanging pendulously before Jason. "Alice over there won't stop cursing me out, despite everything I've put her through. We'll just have to wait and see how long that lasts. You, on the other hand, seem to have learned your place very quickly."



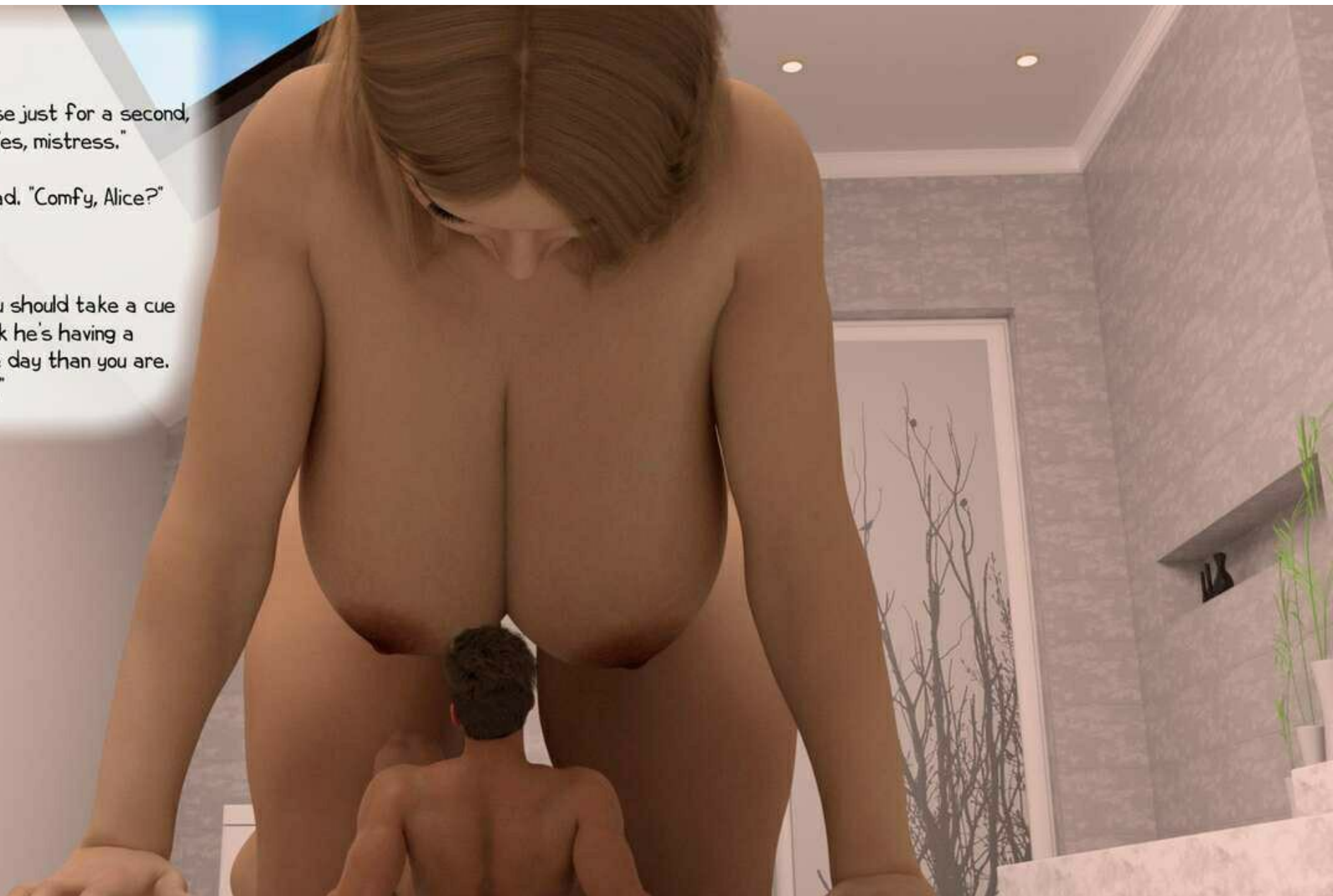
"Call me 'mistress.'"


Jason paused in surprise just for a second, before saying, loudly, "Yes, mistress."

Chelsea turned her head. "Comfy, Alice?"

"Bite me, bitch."

"I may yet. You know, you should take a cue from Jason here. I think he's having a much more comfortable day than you are. Hey Jason, rub my tits."

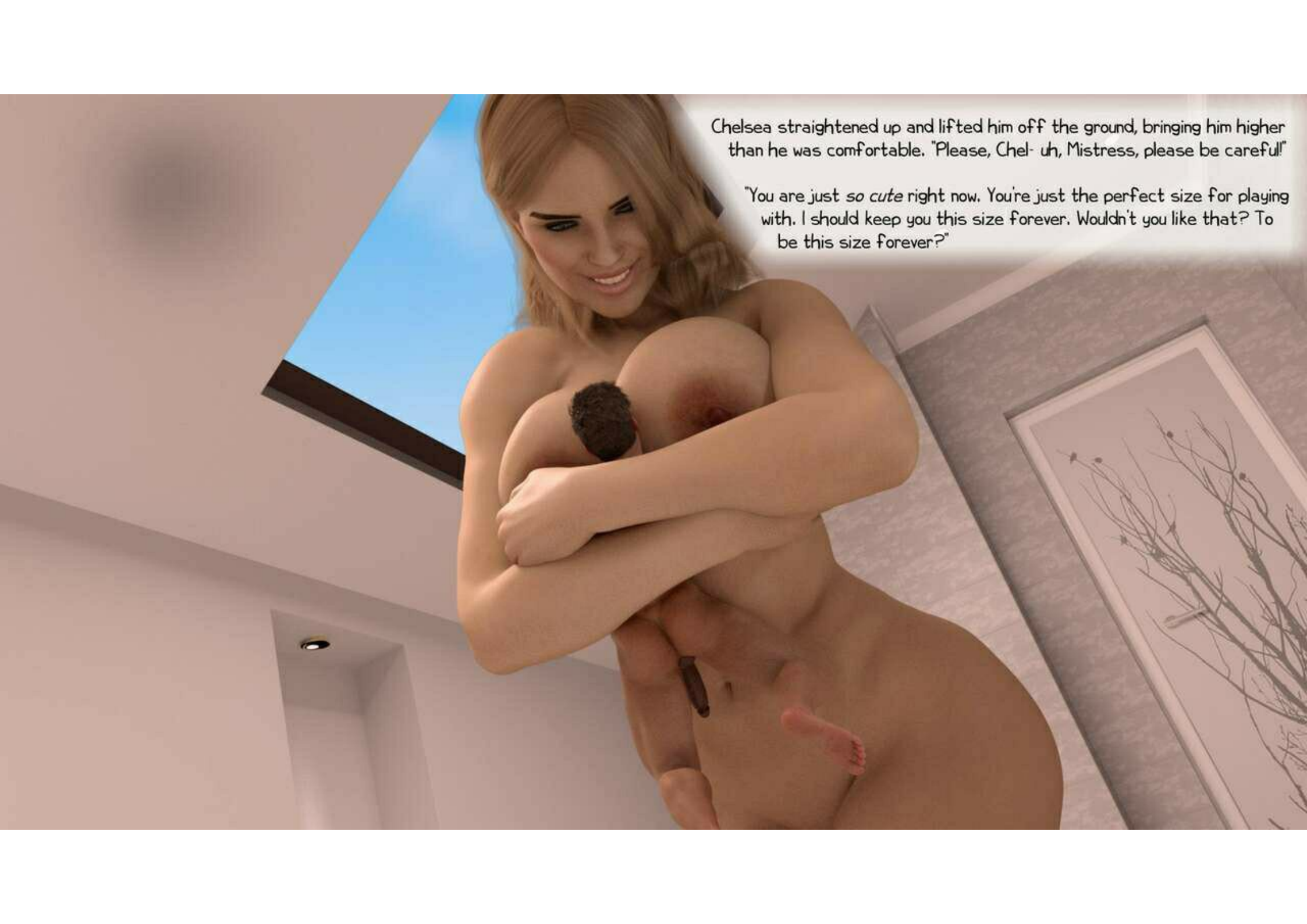


A young man with dark hair is shown from the side, shirtless, touching a woman's breast. He is looking up at the breast with a focused expression. The woman's body is mostly out of frame, with only her breast and part of her torso visible. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Eagerly, relieved that Chelsea had ordered him to do something so gentle and pleasant, Jason ran forward and began rubbing his hands on her hanging breast, kissing, licking and caressing it lovingly. Chelsea moaned and looked down at him. "That's right, keep - aah - keep doing that. Like a good, obedient boy."


Jason spent several minutes massaging first one breast, then the other. Chelsea closed her eyes and relaxed, but soon, with a grin, reached down and wrapped her arms around his body, holding him tightly. Jason froze, not knowing what to do, but there was almost certainly nothing he could have done anyway.



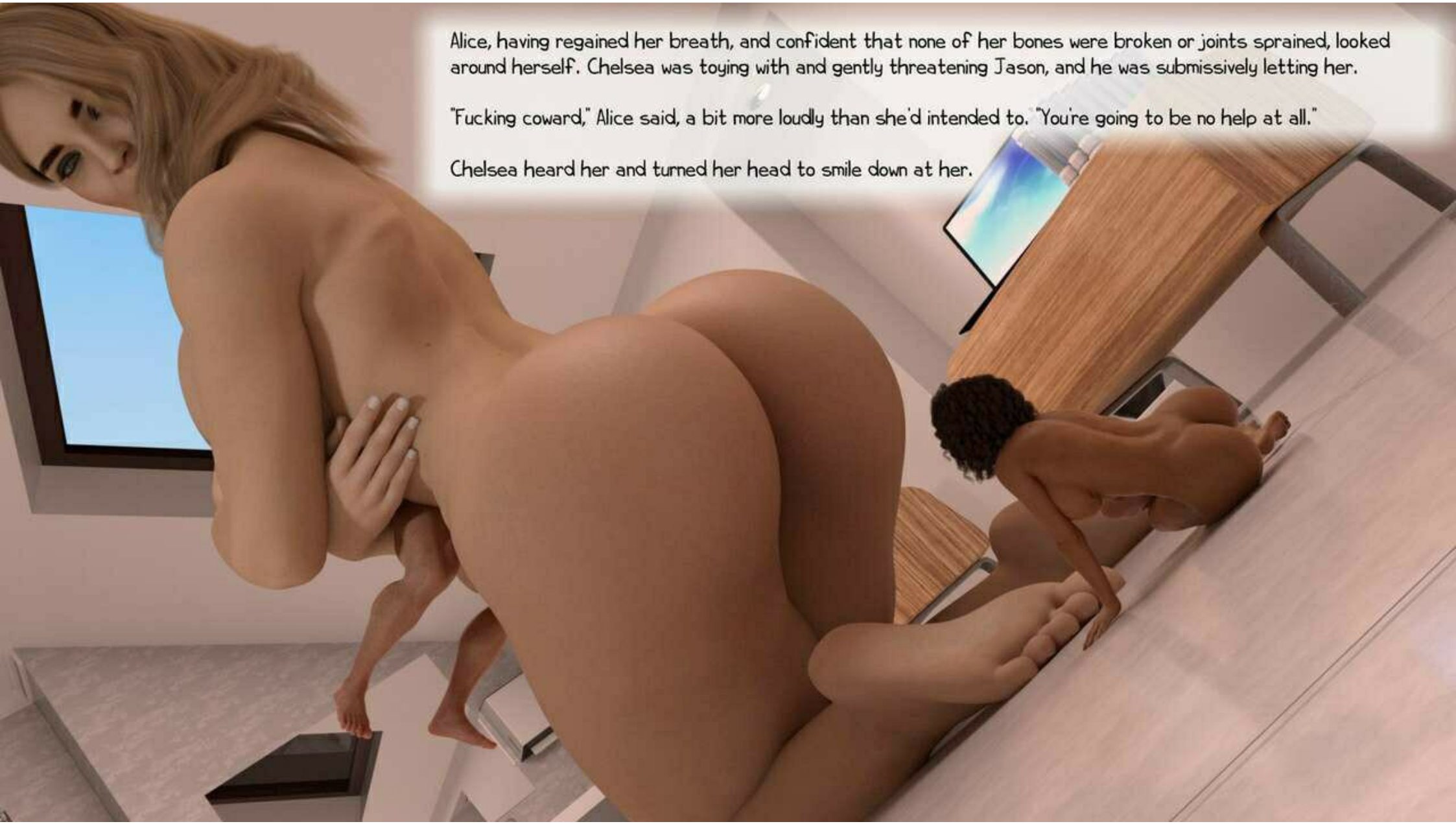


Chelsea straightened up and lifted him off the ground, bringing him higher than he was comfortable. "Please, Chel- uh, Mistress, please be careful!"

"You are just *so cute* right now. You're just the perfect size for playing with. I should keep you this size forever. Wouldn't you like that? To be this size forever?"

A close-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair, smiling warmly as she embraces a man from behind. The man's face is pressed against her chest, and his hands are resting on her breasts. The scene is set in a room with a white wall and a recessed light fixture visible in the background.

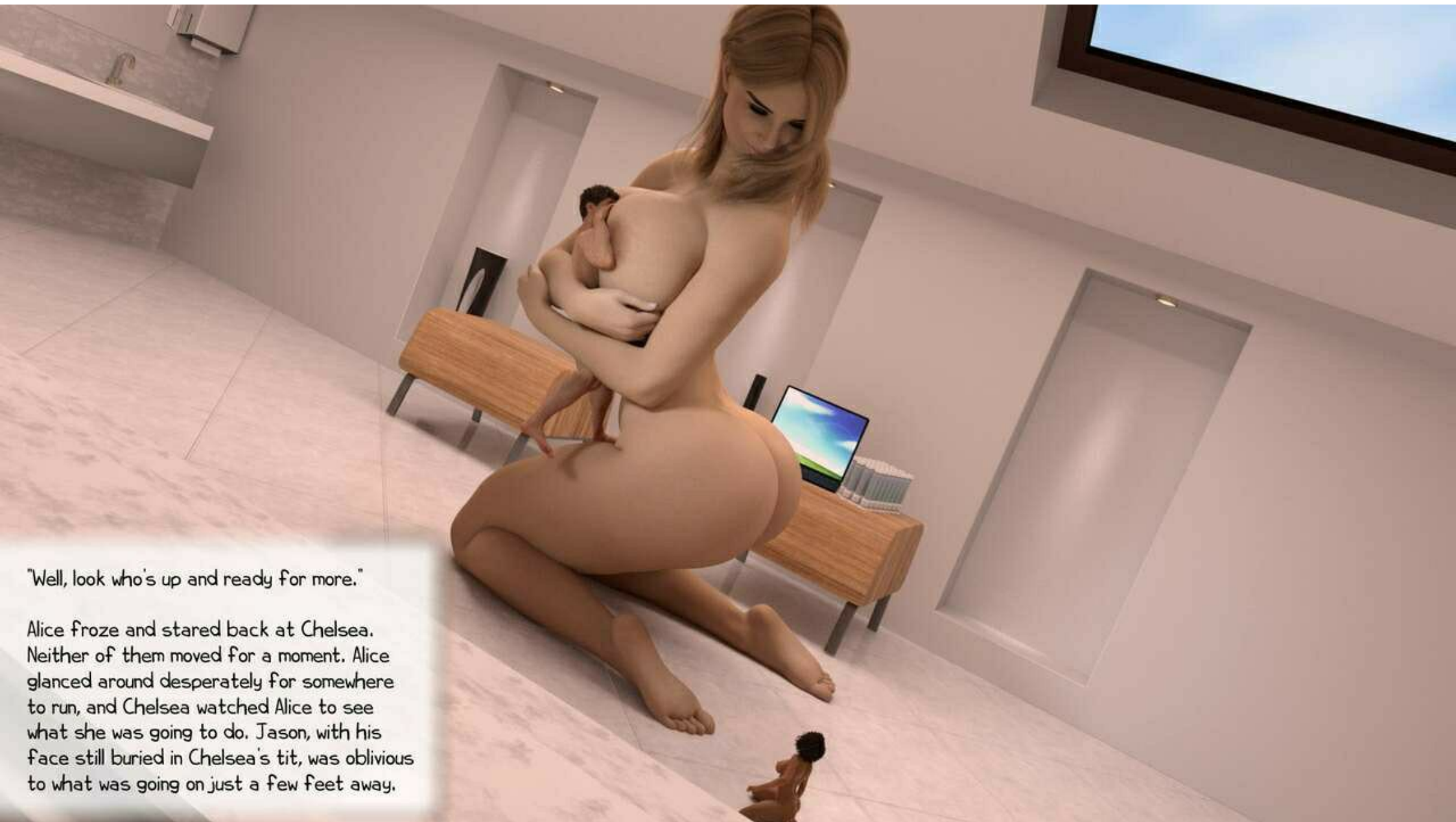
"Uh-" Jason wasn't sure how to respond. *Is that even possible? Can she do that?* He thought. But it was clear that Chelsea wasn't actually expecting him to answer at all. She tightened her embrace, squeezing his face against her breasts so that he couldn't speak. He tried to push himself away, but his hands just sank into her sweaty, pillowy flesh.



Alice, having regained her breath, and confident that none of her bones were broken or joints sprained, looked around herself. Chelsea was toying with and gently threatening Jason, and he was submissively letting her.

"Fucking coward," Alice said, a bit more loudly than she'd intended to. "You're going to be no help at all."

Chelsea heard her and turned her head to smile down at her.



"Well, look who's up and ready for more."

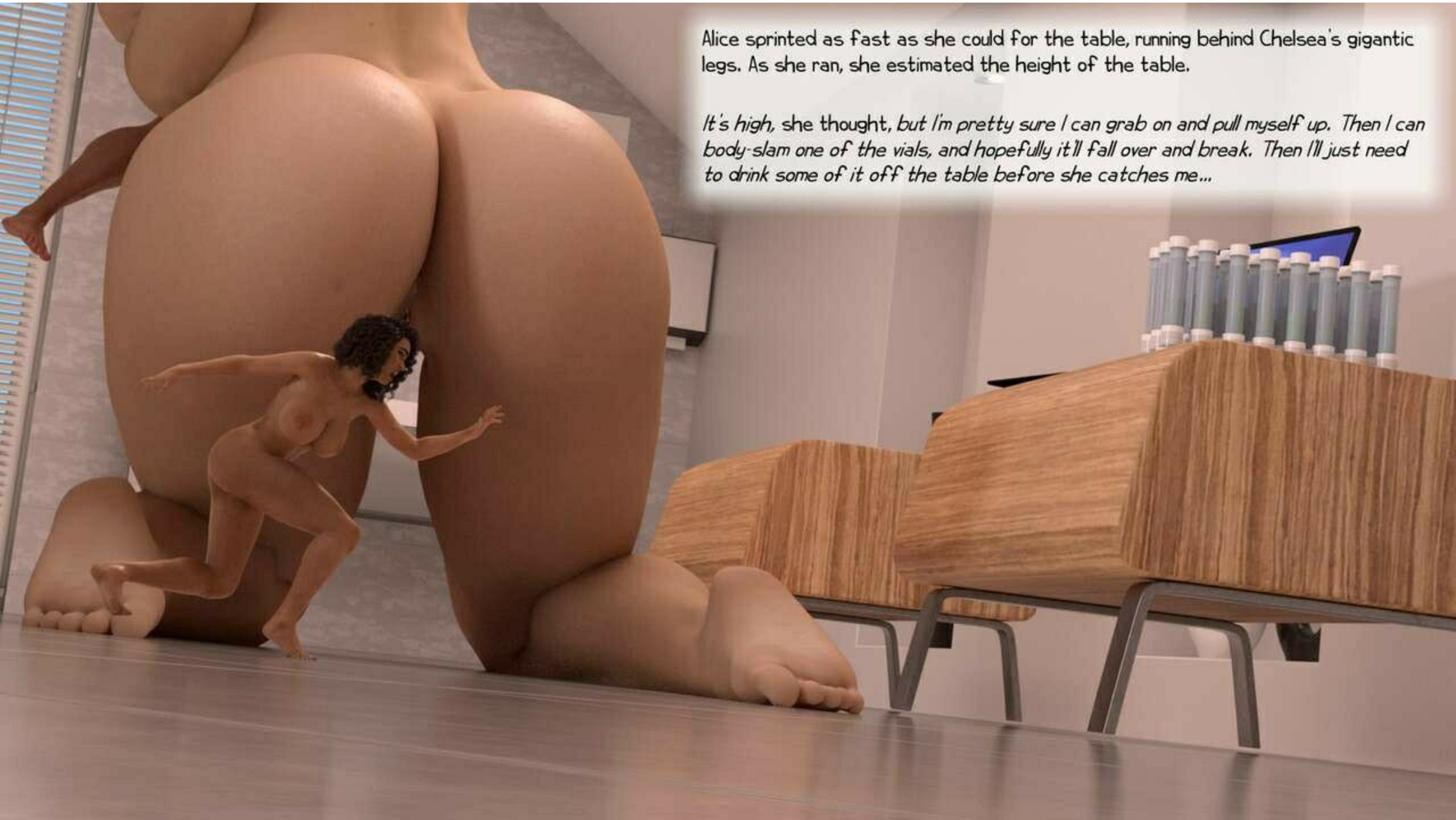
Alice froze and stared back at Chelsea. Neither of them moved for a moment. Alice glanced around desperately for somewhere to run, and Chelsea watched Alice to see what she was going to do. Jason, with his face still buried in Chelsea's tit, was oblivious to what was going on just a few feet away.

A woman with dark, curly hair is shown in profile, looking towards a wooden table. On the table, there are several vials with white caps. The scene is set in a room with a light-colored wall.

Alice's eyes eventually landed on the vials on the table.

Should I? She thought. Last time, that didn't work out so well for me. But... what other option do I have? This bitch is probably going to kill me sooner or later unless I do something, and I don't want to wait to find out for sure.

Alice made her decision quickly.



Alice sprinted as fast as she could for the table, running behind Chelsea's gigantic legs. As she ran, she estimated the height of the table.

It's high, she thought, but I'm pretty sure I can grab on and pull myself up. Then I can body-slam one of the vials, and hopefully it'll fall over and break. Then I'll just need to drink some of it off the table before she catches me...



She never got close. A shadow and a rush of air passed over her head, missing her by a hair, as Chelsea launched herself over Alice and landed directly in her path, her enormous body making the floor tremble with the force of her landing. Alice stumbled and stopped, looking up at the naked giantess before her, blocking completely her only hope of escape.



"Alright Alice," she smiled, "your turn to get, ah, acquainted with my cunt. And if I like what you do, then you might get bigger than Jason again."


"Fuck you" spat Alice. "Why should I believe you?"

Disappointed, Chelsea frowned. "I guess I can't make you believe me. But if you don't do it, I'm going to shrink you until you're too small to see. And you'd better believe that."



Alice took a moment to think through her anger. *The serum is temporary, she thought. At the end of this, you'll be your full size again. If she doesn't kill you.*

She stared at the gigantic pair of labia before her, Chelsea's thighs like walls on either side of her, and started to step backwards, almost involuntarily.



"Nuh uh. Come on." Chelsea reached down with her hand and cupped Alice's back. "I'm not actually giving you an option. Stop procrastinating." She pushed Alice along the floor until she was directly in front of her pussy, until she could reach out and touch it. A huge drop of viscous liquid dripped onto the floor, and the musk she exuded washed over Alice, making her eyes water.

"Go ahead. You know what to do."

Hesitantly, Alice moved forward, and approached the giant pussy. She knelt down and inserted her hands through her warm, slippery labia, and felt the walls of her enormous orifice.

Chelsea moaned and bit her lip, enjoying the sensation of Alice massaging her from the inside.

After a few moments, Alice started to feel odd in a way she couldn't quite put her finger on...



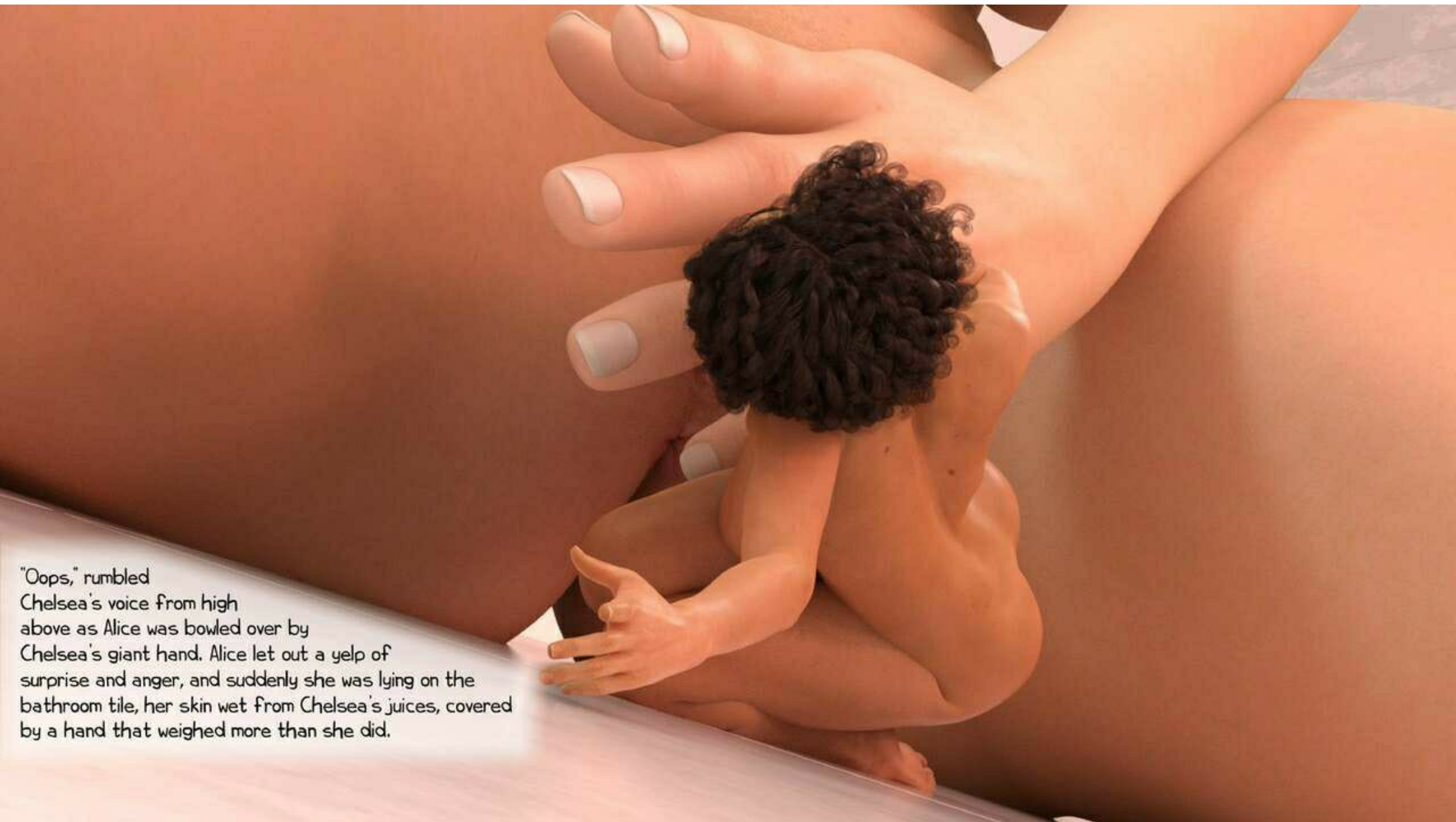
She suddenly became lightheaded, a feeling that was becoming more and more familiar, and the massive vagina before her seemed to balloon outward. She gasped and pulled her hands out, as though she'd been stung.

Chelsea laughed. "Are you still shrinking? Better hurry, or I won't be able to feel you at all."

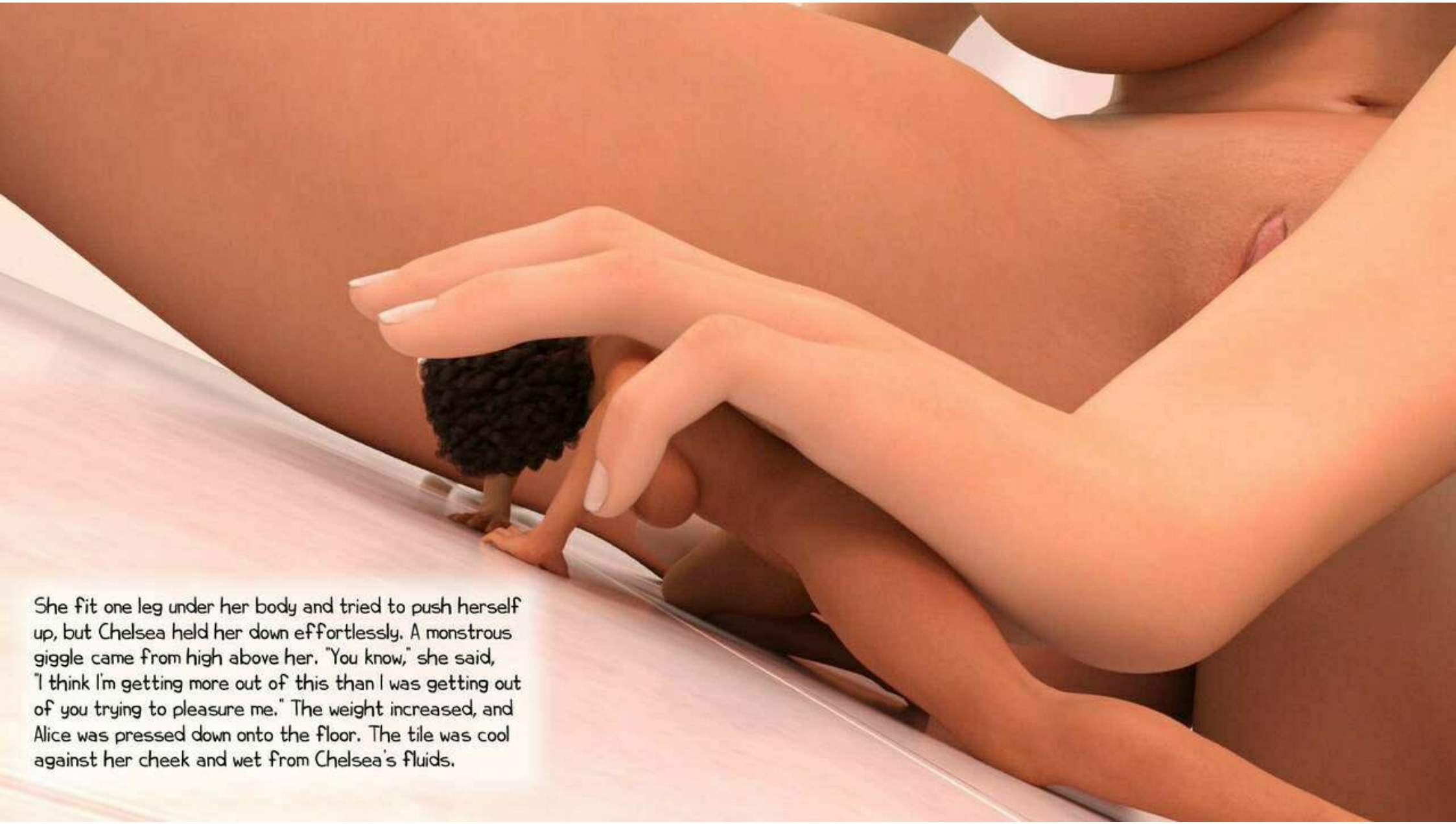


Alice watched the flesh surrounding her on all sides continue to grow higher, and quickly reached back in, inserting her arms all the way up to the elbow. She wanted to stop shrinking, and she knew that, at least in her present situation, Chelsea was the only person who could make that happen. She pressed her palms against the throbbing, hot flesh of Chelsea's cunt, and Chelsea cooed in response. The pungent smell of her sex was strong enough to make Alice dizzy, and she stopped massaging her giant cunt just for another second.





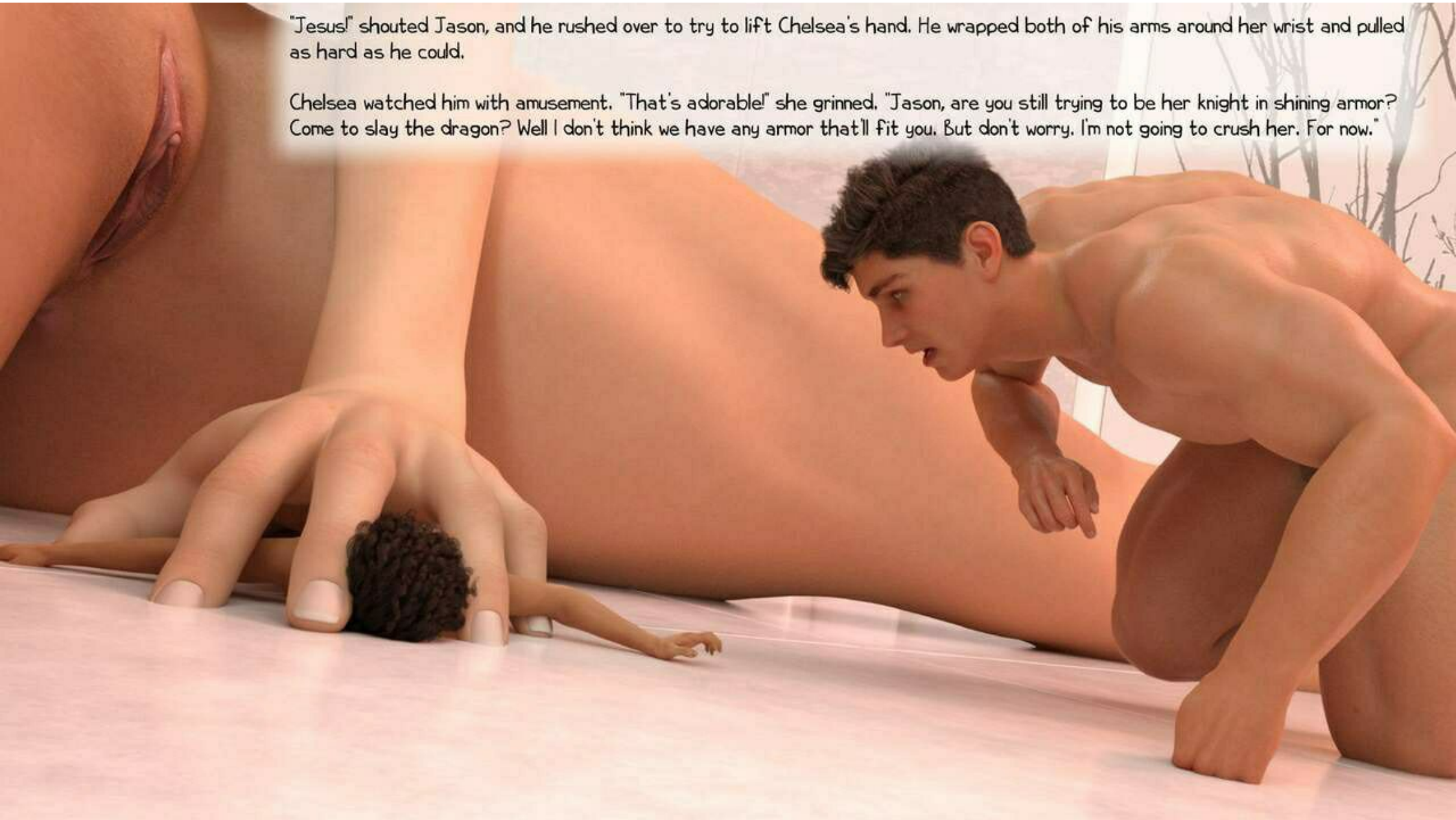
"Oops," rumbled Chelsea's voice from high above as Alice was bowled over by Chelsea's giant hand. Alice let out a yelp of surprise and anger, and suddenly she was lying on the bathroom tile, her skin wet from Chelsea's juices, covered by a hand that weighed more than she did.



She fit one leg under her body and tried to push herself up, but Chelsea held her down effortlessly. A monstrous giggle came from high above her. "You know," she said, "I think I'm getting more out of this than I was getting out of you trying to pleasure me." The weight increased, and Alice was pressed down onto the floor. The tile was cool against her cheek and wet from Chelsea's fluids.

"Jesus!" shouted Jason, and he rushed over to try to lift Chelsea's hand. He wrapped both of his arms around her wrist and pulled as hard as he could.

Chelsea watched him with amusement. "That's adorable!" she grinned. "Jason, are you still trying to be her knight in shining armor? Come to slay the dragon? Well I don't think we have any armor that'll fit you. But don't worry. I'm not going to crush her. For now."





Her fingers curled over Alice's torso and she lifted her effortlessly up into the air with one hand. Alice shouted in protest, but Chelsea seemed not to notice.

Jason got to his feet, ready to spring into action, but not having the first idea of what he could even do. Chelsea looked at him and smirked. "What do you think you're doing? You can't have her. I'm not done with her. Just sit your ass down, like a good boy. *Now.*"

Jason hesitated, and thought about the wisdom of refusing a direct order from her. Slowly, he backed up and sat down. Chelsea grasped Alice in her enormous fingers.

Alice struggled for a few seconds, but as she was lifted off the ground, she stopped. She didn't want to be dropped again; she had a feeling that she might not land quite so gently this time.





Chelsea dropped her directly on her chest. She cupped her breasts in her hands, holding them gently, fondling them. Alice tried to find purchase with her elbows, but the flesh she was resting on undulated and shifted as Chelsea masturbated gently, rubbing and pinching her nipples.

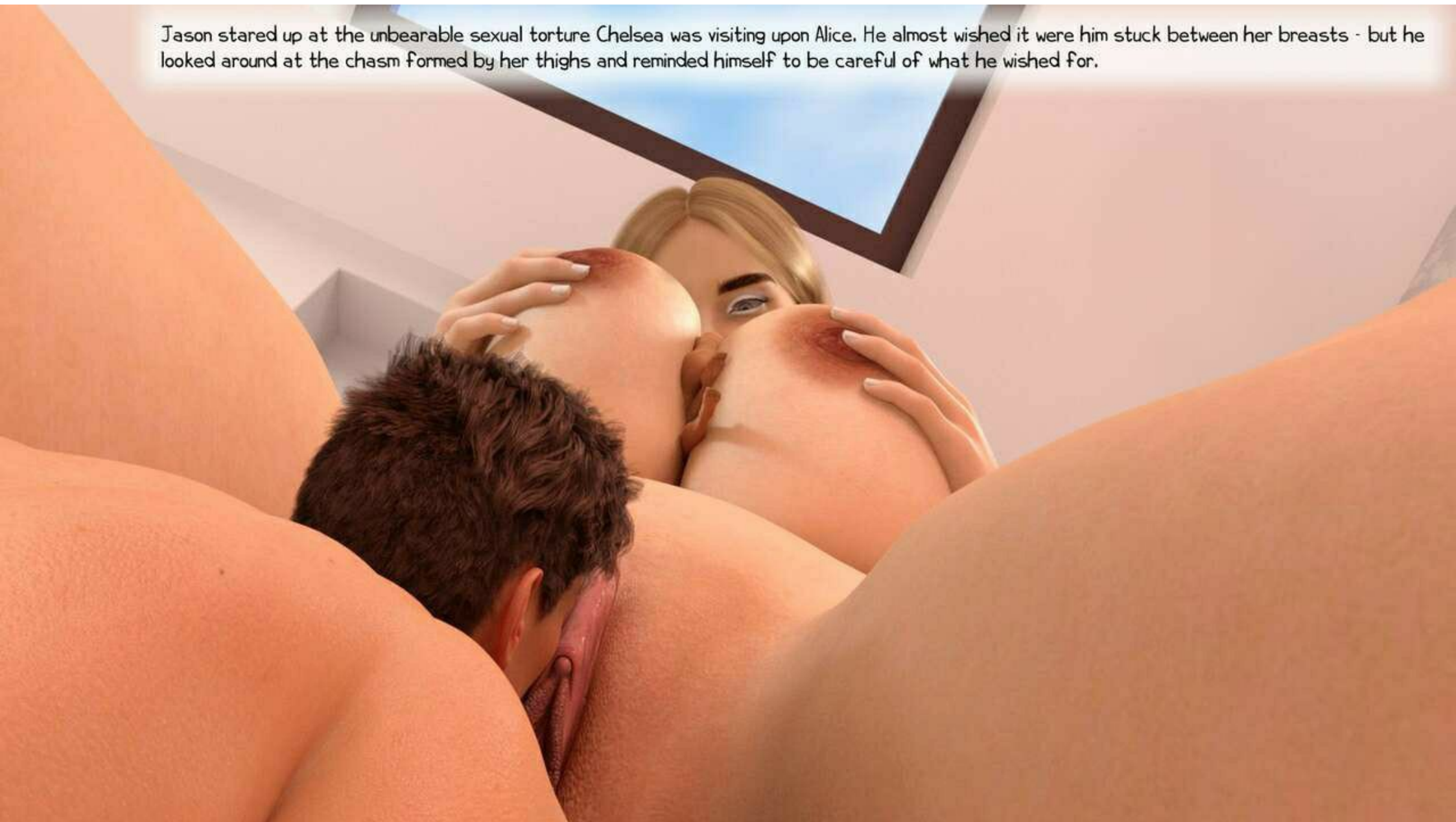
"So. Alice. Do you think my breasts are big enough yet?"

"Go fuck yourself!"

"That's rude." She suddenly pressed her breasts together forcefully, trapping Alice between them. Alice's breath was expelled from her lungs, and she frantically tried to squirm her way out, but she couldn't grasp anything with her hands, and her legs were tightly pinned. She found herself, once again, trapped and helpless.



Jason stared up at the unbearable sexual torture Chelsea was visiting upon Alice. He almost wished it were him stuck between her breasts - but he looked around at the chasm formed by her thighs and reminded himself to be careful of what he wished for.





"I meant it, though, my question. I like drinking vials that give me more. Not just more height, but more muscles, bigger breasts... just *more*. Should I take another vial? How'd like you like to be between my tits while they're growing? Wouldn't that be something?"

Alice, suddenly felt a now-all-too-familiar feeling of lightheadedness, and gasped as her fleshy prison seemed to grow yet again.

Chelsea gasped as well. "Oh my *god*, I can't believe it! I need to check later to see how long that subject you ate had been sitting in the formula, because you are getting *so small!*"

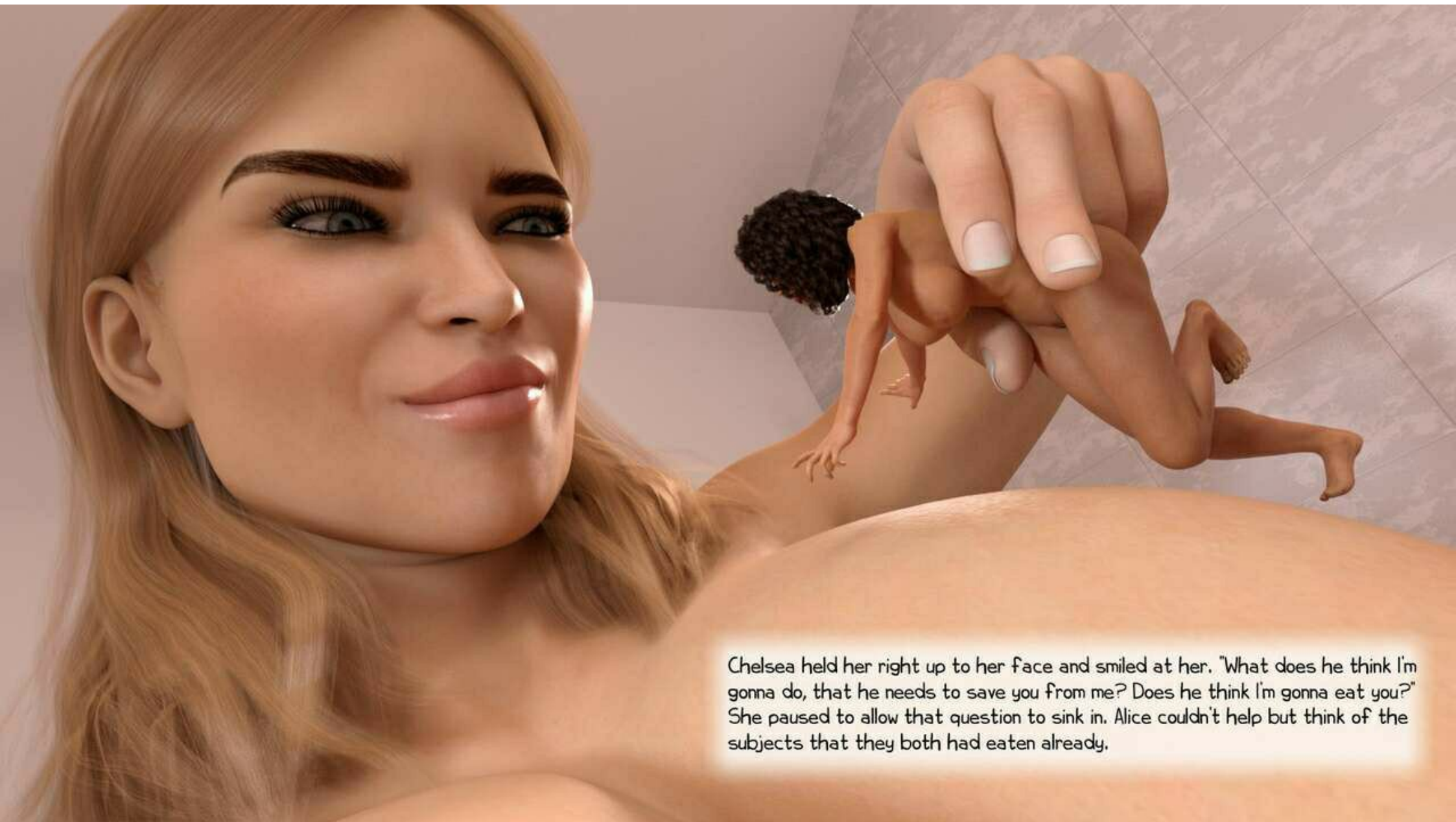


Finally, Chelsea dropped her hands and rested her breasts. Alice nearly slipped down into her cleavage, but managed to pull herself back up out, panting and gasping.

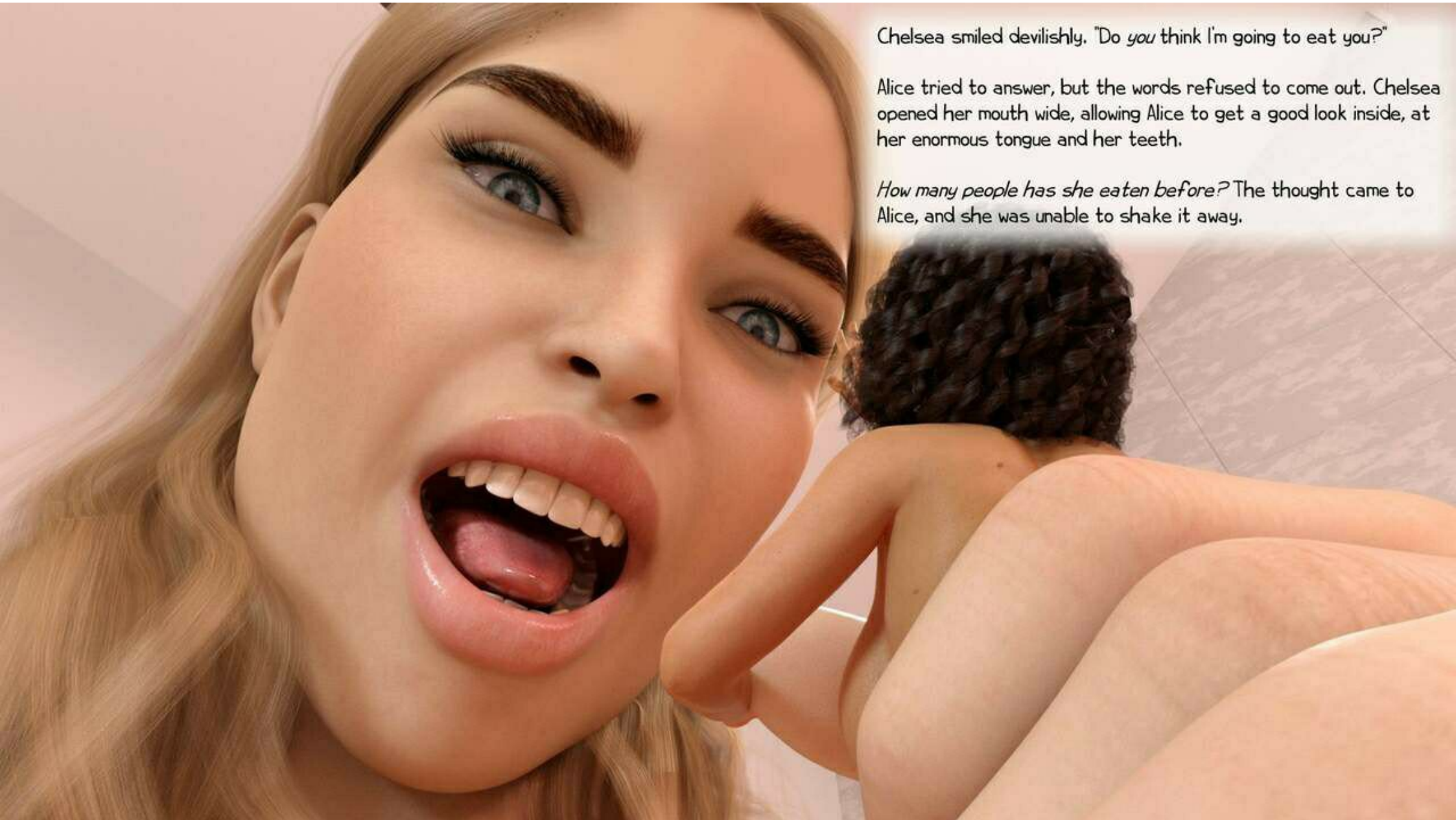
"Are you okay, Alice?" came a small, pathetic call from the floor, as Jason watched her emerge.

Alice didn't respond. Chelsea widened her eyes. "That's so sweet! You should be really touched that he's so concerned for you. Though I don't know why, I mean... I'm only playing."

She reached to her chest and pinched her lightly between three fingers, lifting her into the air.



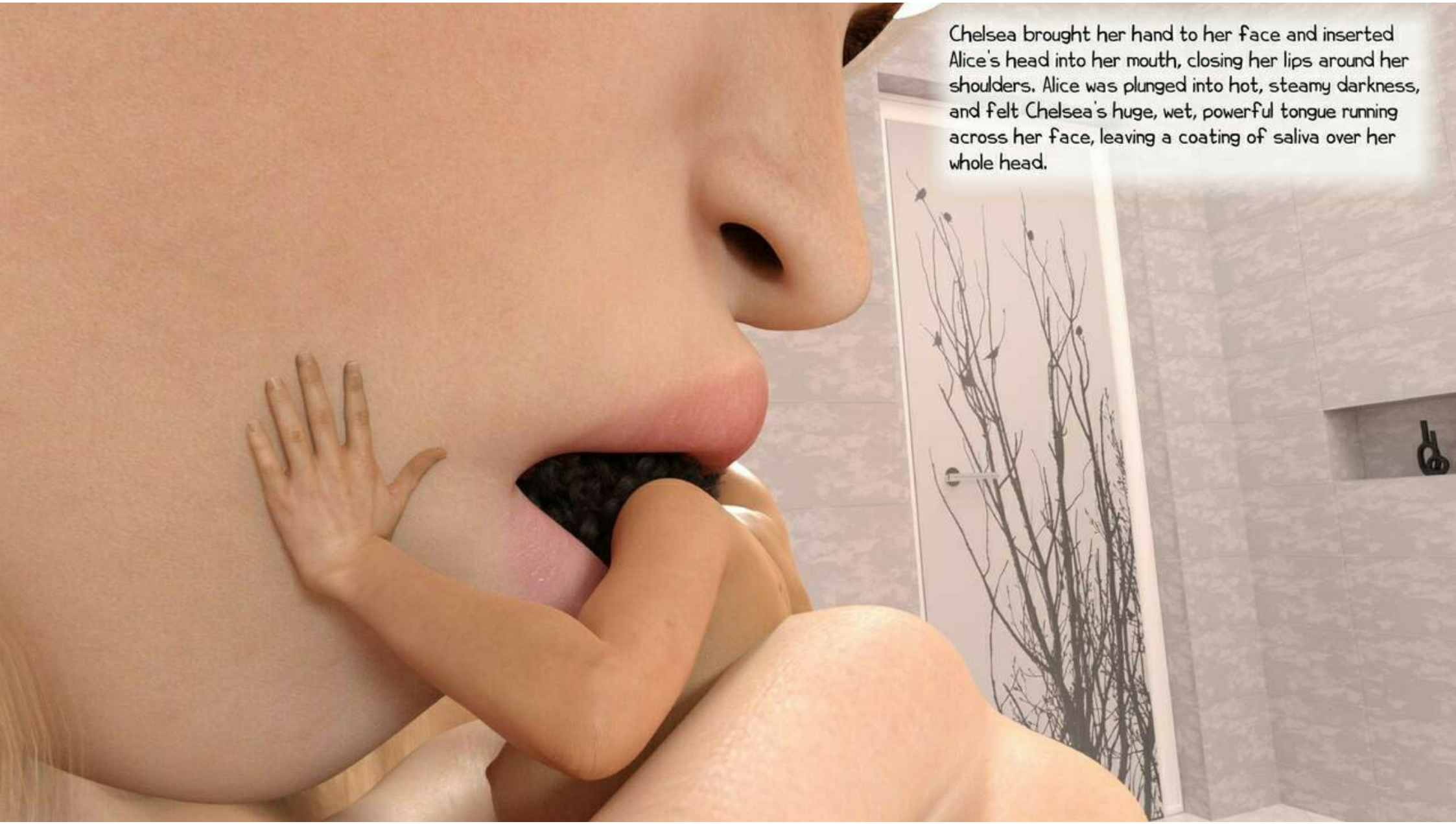
Chelsea held her right up to her face and smiled at her. "What does he think I'm gonna do, that he needs to save you from me? Does he think I'm gonna eat you?" She paused to allow that question to sink in. Alice couldn't help but think of the subjects that they both had eaten already.



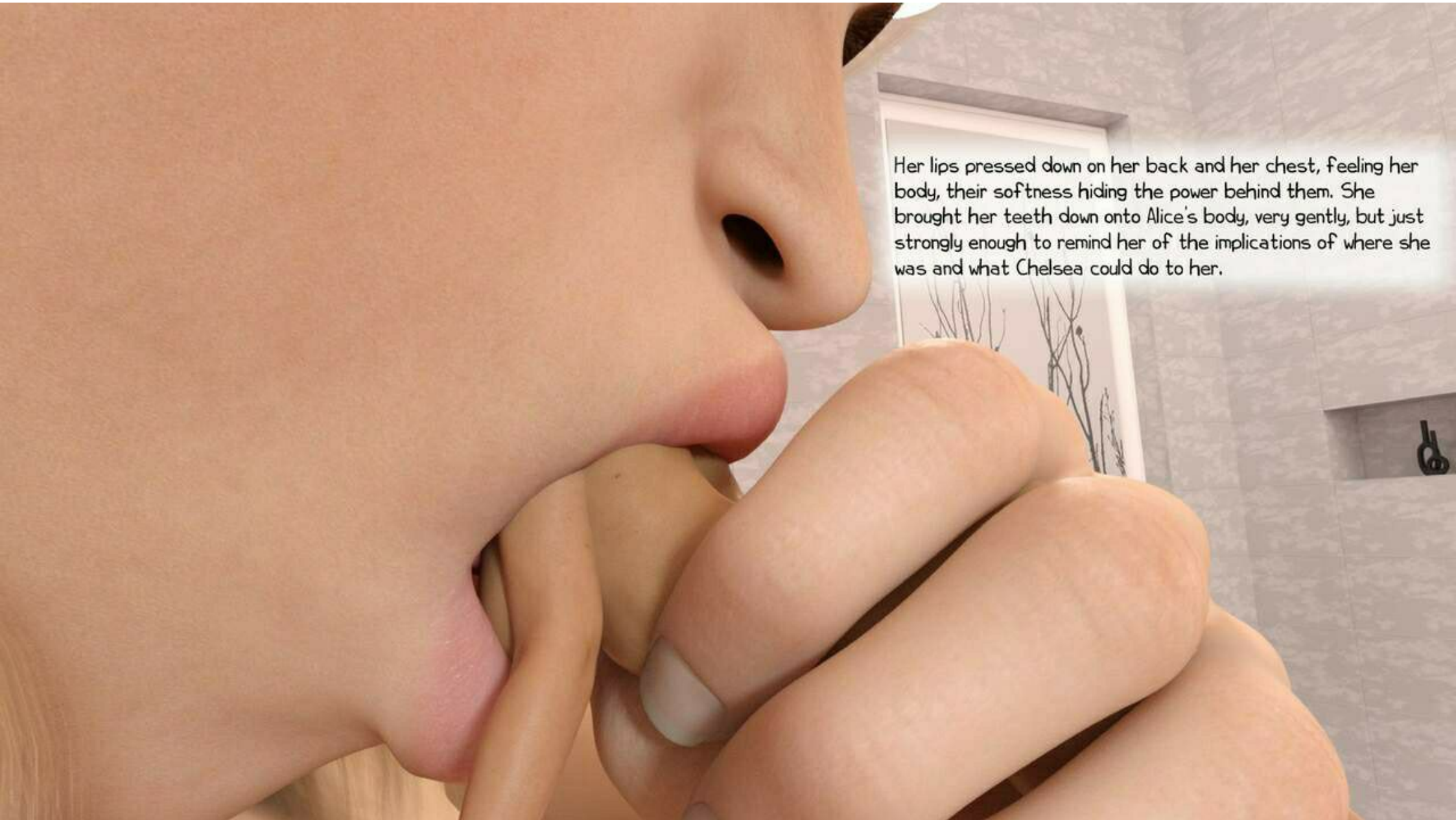
Chelsea smiled devilishly. "Do *you* think I'm going to eat you?"

Alice tried to answer, but the words refused to come out. Chelsea opened her mouth wide, allowing Alice to get a good look inside, at her enormous tongue and her teeth.

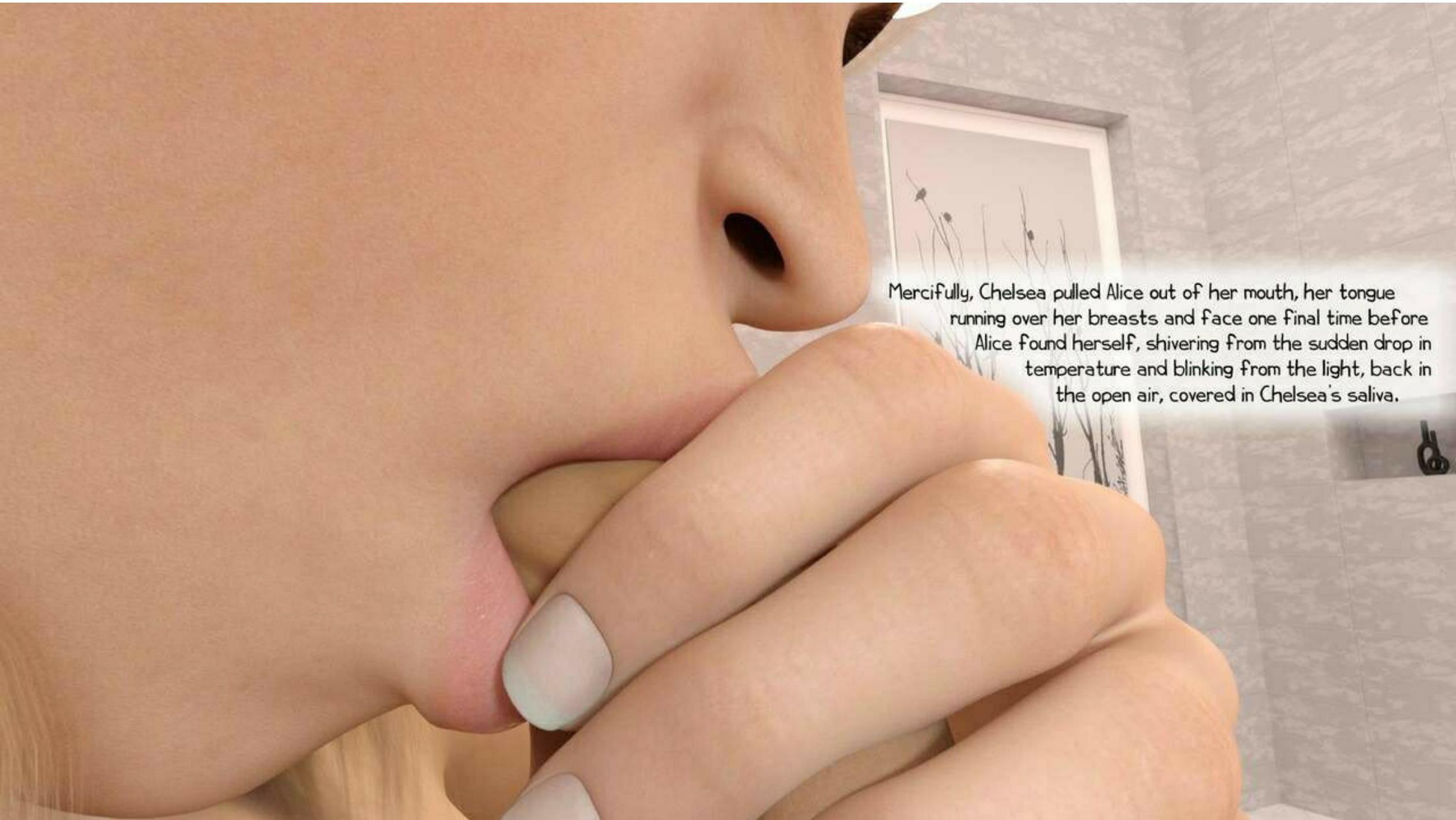
How many people has she eaten before? The thought came to Alice, and she was unable to shake it away.



Chelsea brought her hand to her face and inserted Alice's head into her mouth, closing her lips around her shoulders. Alice was plunged into hot, steamy darkness, and felt Chelsea's huge, wet, powerful tongue running across her face, leaving a coating of saliva over her whole head.



Her lips pressed down on her back and her chest, feeling her body, their softness hiding the power behind them. She brought her teeth down onto Alice's body, very gently, but just strongly enough to remind her of the implications of where she was and what Chelsea could do to her.



Mercifully, Chelsea pulled Alice out of her mouth, her tongue running over her breasts and face one final time before Alice found herself, shivering from the sudden drop in temperature and blinking from the light, back in the open air, covered in Chelsea's saliva.

"How did it feel to be inside of me?"

Alice only coughed in response and turned up her middle finger at Chelsea, not looking at her.

Chelsea laughed. "Well, if you enjoyed it that much, I think we should try it again. But let's switch it up. You've probably had enough of my mouth, so I'm going to give you another shot at pleasing my pussy."





"Oh, god, no... "

Alice extended her arms to try and stop herself from going in, but Chelsea didn't even notice. She barely had time to mutter her protest, and the next thing she knew, she was being plunged into her giant snatch. It had somehow gotten even bigger - at least it seemed that way or maybe Alice had continued getting smaller.

"This time, though, I think that you're just the right size to go in."



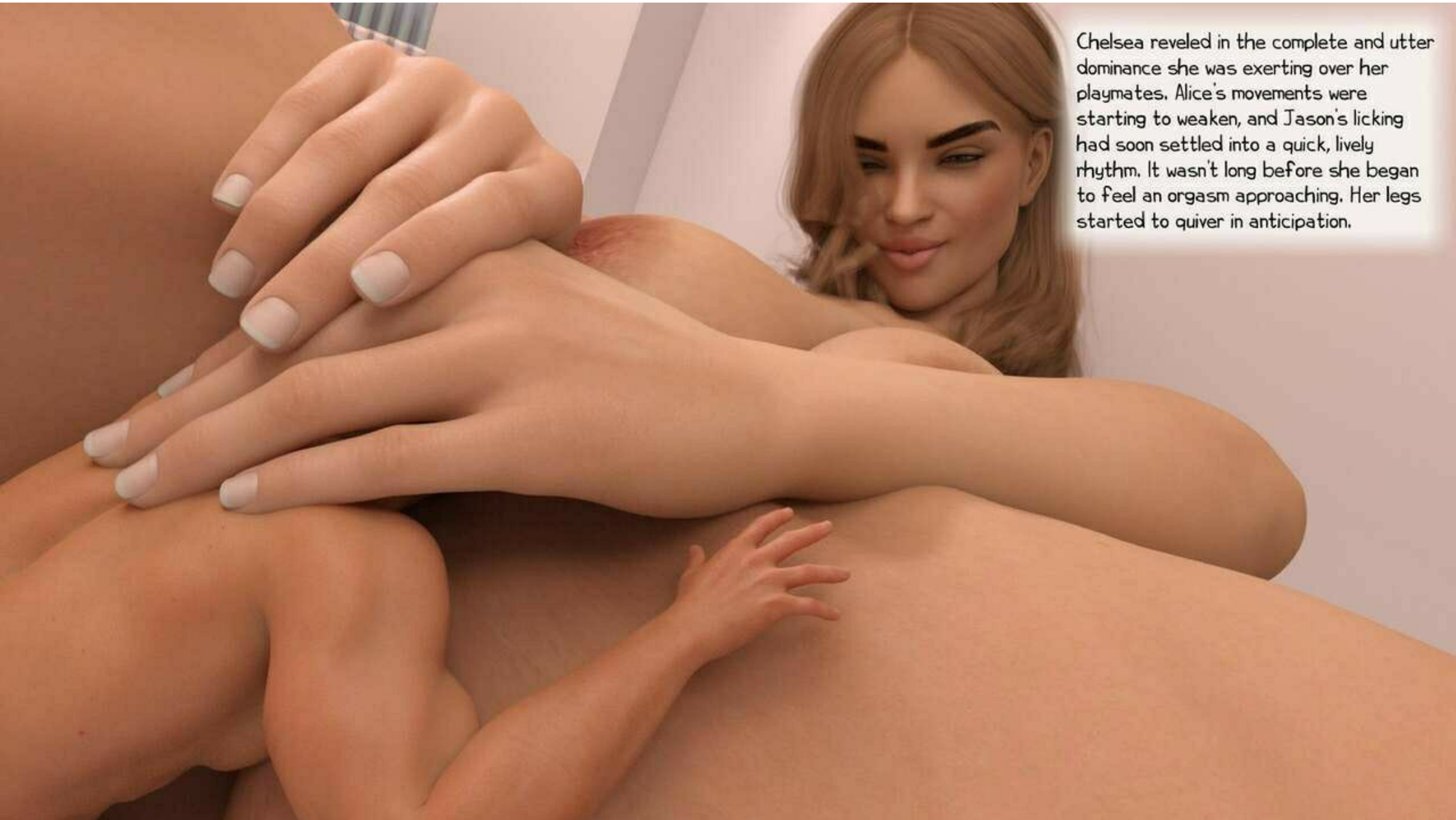
Her body heat was overwhelming, somehow even hotter than the inside of her mouth had been. Alice breathed through her mouth to try to mitigate the smell, but as soon as she opened it, she ended up with a mouthful of Chelsea's juices. Alice kicked and thrashed, trying desperately to find a way out of her hot, fleshy confinement.

And then her feet were inside. Each time she managed to wriggle her way closer to Chelsea's labia, two or three enormous fingers, her tips the size of basketballs, shoved her deeper in. Chelsea didn't rub her clitoris, she just held Chelsea in place and enjoyed the sensation of a human trying to escape from inside of her. Jason watched Chelsea humming wordlessly in pleasure.

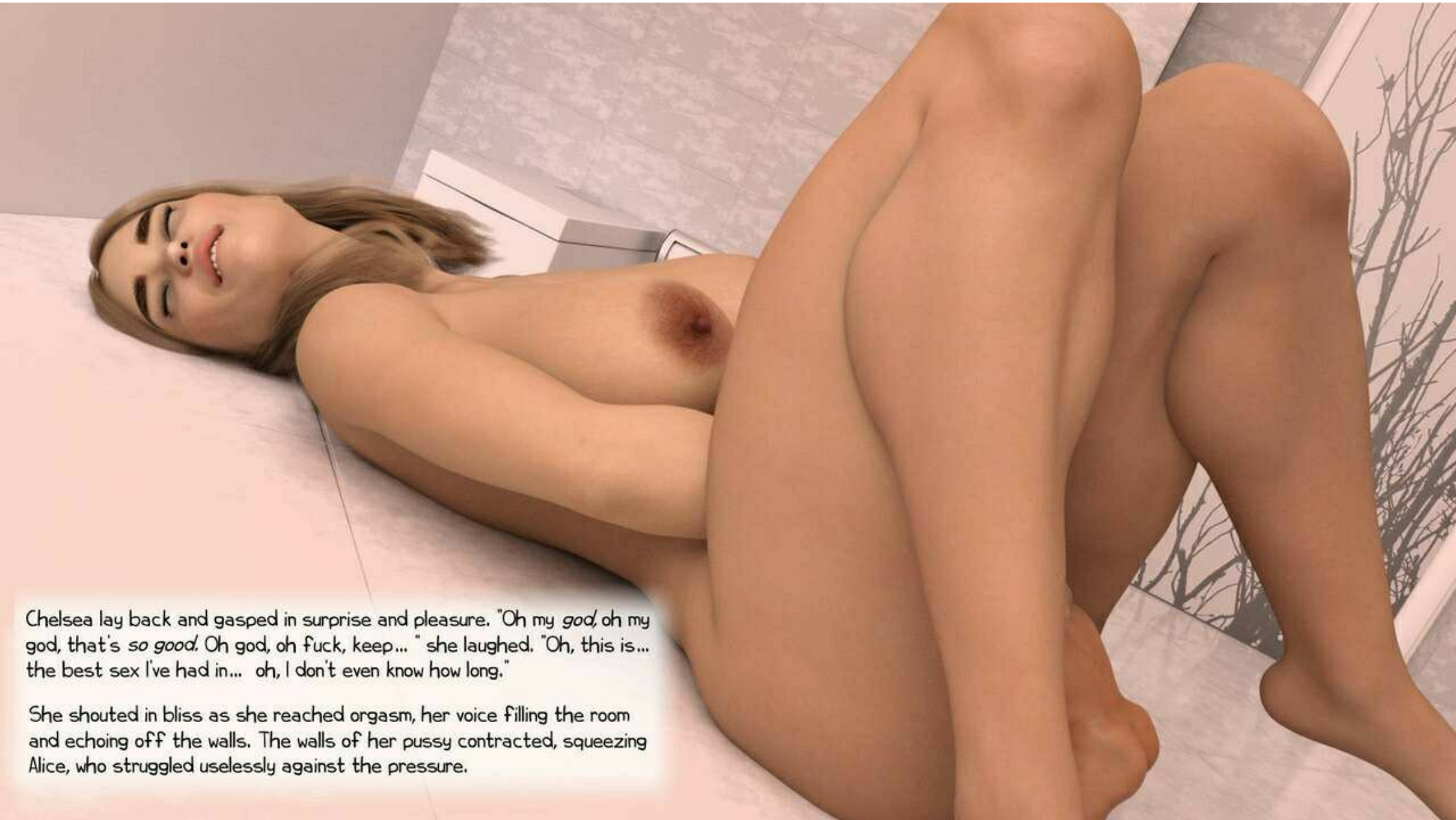




Feeling a contradictory combination of horror and irresistible arousal, a confusing feeling that was starting to become strangely familiar, he was unable to do anything but watch. So when Chelsea reached forward and grabbed the back of his head, he didn't resist. He immediately moved forward and began licking her clitoris.



Chelsea reveled in the complete and utter dominance she was exerting over her playmates. Alice's movements were starting to weaken, and Jason's licking had soon settled into a quick, lively rhythm. It wasn't long before she began to feel an orgasm approaching. Her legs started to quiver in anticipation.



Chelsea lay back and gasped in surprise and pleasure. "Oh my *god*, oh my god, that's *so good*. Oh god, oh fuck, keep..." she laughed. "Oh, this is... the best sex I've had in... oh, I don't even know how long."

She shouted in bliss as she reached orgasm, her voice filling the room and echoing off the walls. The walls of her pussy contracted, squeezing Alice, who struggled uselessly against the pressure.

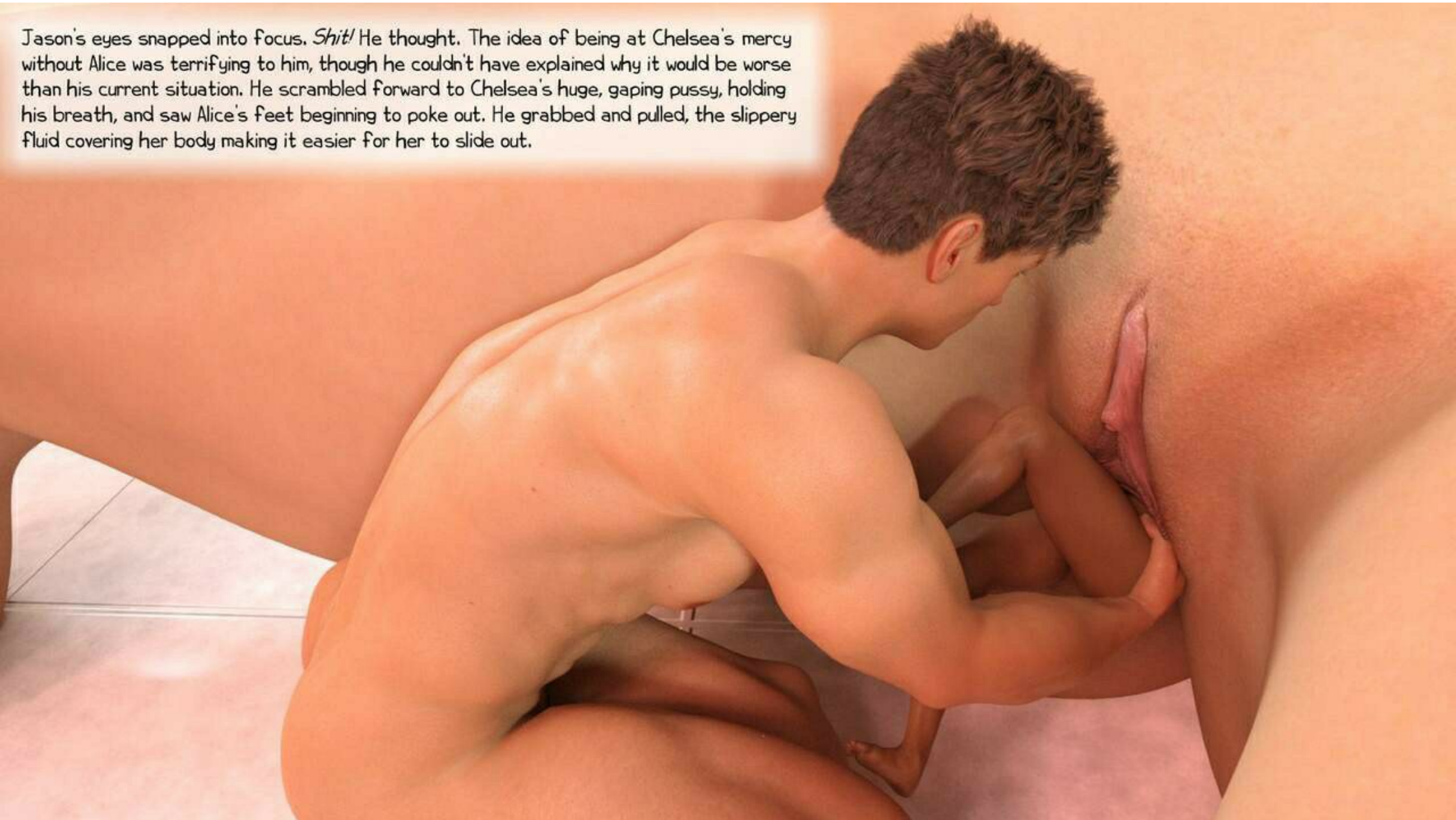


She let go of Jason's head and he pulled back, collapsing on the floor, allowing himself to rest. He took great heaving breaths to steady himself.

Chelsea sat up. She laughed lazily, the light, quiet laughter of someone regaining their composure after doing something immensely satisfying. She also took long, deep breaths, punctuated with giggles.

"Oh," she said, staring up at the ceiling, "By the way, Alice has stopped moving. You may want to help her out."

Jason's eyes snapped into focus. *Shit!* He thought. The idea of being at Chelsea's mercy without Alice was terrifying to him, though he couldn't have explained why it would be worse than his current situation. He scrambled forward to Chelsea's huge, gaping pussy, holding his breath, and saw Alice's feet beginning to poke out. He grabbed and pulled, the slippery fluid covering her body making it easier for her to slide out.





Alice landed on the ground with a wet *plop* sound, covered in Chelsea's fluids. She groaned and sat up slowly. "You okay?" Jason asked. She tried to answer, but started coughing and spit out a gob of Chelsea's juices instead.

Chelsea laughed. "She's fine. She's a trooper. Aren't you, Alice."



"You know what, bitch?" Alice stood up slowly, wiping off her skin, regaining her balance. "I'm done. I'm fucking done." She held up her head and stared Chelsea directly in the eyes. "I don't know who the fuck you think you are, or why you think you can treat me like this, but you can't keep me here forever. There are people who are gonna be looking for me. And when they do-"

"Oh, are we at this part? Have we gotten to the part where you threaten me?" smiled Chelsea.

Alice stopped. Chelsea's absolute indifference to her empty threats took the wind out of her sails, and she struggled to think of something else to say.

Chelsea filled the silence. "You know what this is making me think of?"


"When I was a kid I used to play with dolls." She looked from one to the other. "I had a bunch of different dolls, but they weren't all from the same set, or made by the same company, so they weren't all the same size."



"And I used to love to pretend that the dolls were people. Of different sizes. The bigger ones would have trouble fitting into the house or the car that came with the smaller ones. And the smaller dolls would just swim in the clothes of the bigger ones, or sit on the table while the bigger ones would get chairs.

"But the biggest one, of course, was always *me*."



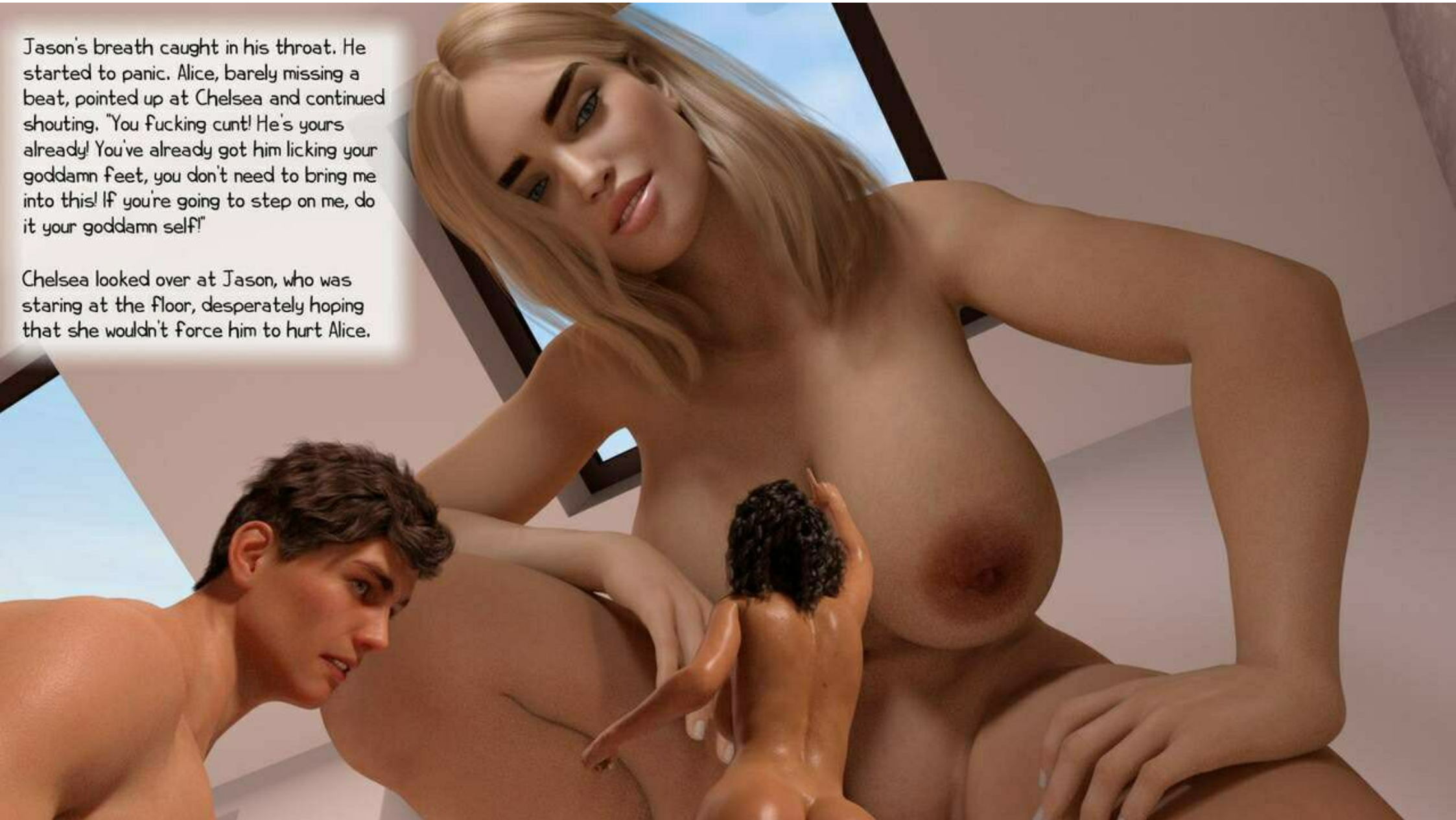


"And the dolls never talked back - and, to be honest, they usually still don't, so this is kind of unusual. But one thing I used to really enjoy pretending was that the smaller dolls would get bossed around and beat up on by the bigger ones. It just seemed... natural, you know?"

But I can see that that isn't going to happen here with a bit of direction. So Jason... I want you to squish Alice here. Right now."

Jason's breath caught in his throat. He started to panic. Alice, barely missing a beat, pointed up at Chelsea and continued shouting. "You fucking cunt! He's yours already! You've already got him licking your goddamn feet, you don't need to bring me into this! If you're going to step on me, do it your goddamn self!"

Chelsea looked over at Jason, who was staring at the floor, desperately hoping that she wouldn't force him to hurt Alice.



"Alright then." Chelsea rumbled, and stood up slowly, rising to her full height, nearly touching the ceiling of the huge room. "I gotta say, I almost admire your defiance. You won't let up, even after nearly passing out in my pussy.

"But I think you know that I can't let a comment like that go."

She raised her foot and let it hang over Alice head. Despite herself, Alice's heart jumped and she reflexively turned and started to run.



Chelsea brought her foot down, knocking Alice from her feet. The force behind her big toe was enough to send Alice sprawling, and she flew to the ground, arms and legs flailing, and struck the tile hard with her head.




Alice's head was spinning, but she tried to push herself up - only to find that an enormous weight was pushing down on her. She struggled to breathe, but the weight made that nearly impossible. She thought she could hear Jason saying something, sounding upset, and she thought that maybe she could hear Chelsea's voice as well, but everything was so hard to understand, and the world was turning black...



"Hurgh... wha... what happened?"

Alice moved her arm and felt a hard, smooth, cold surface underneath her.



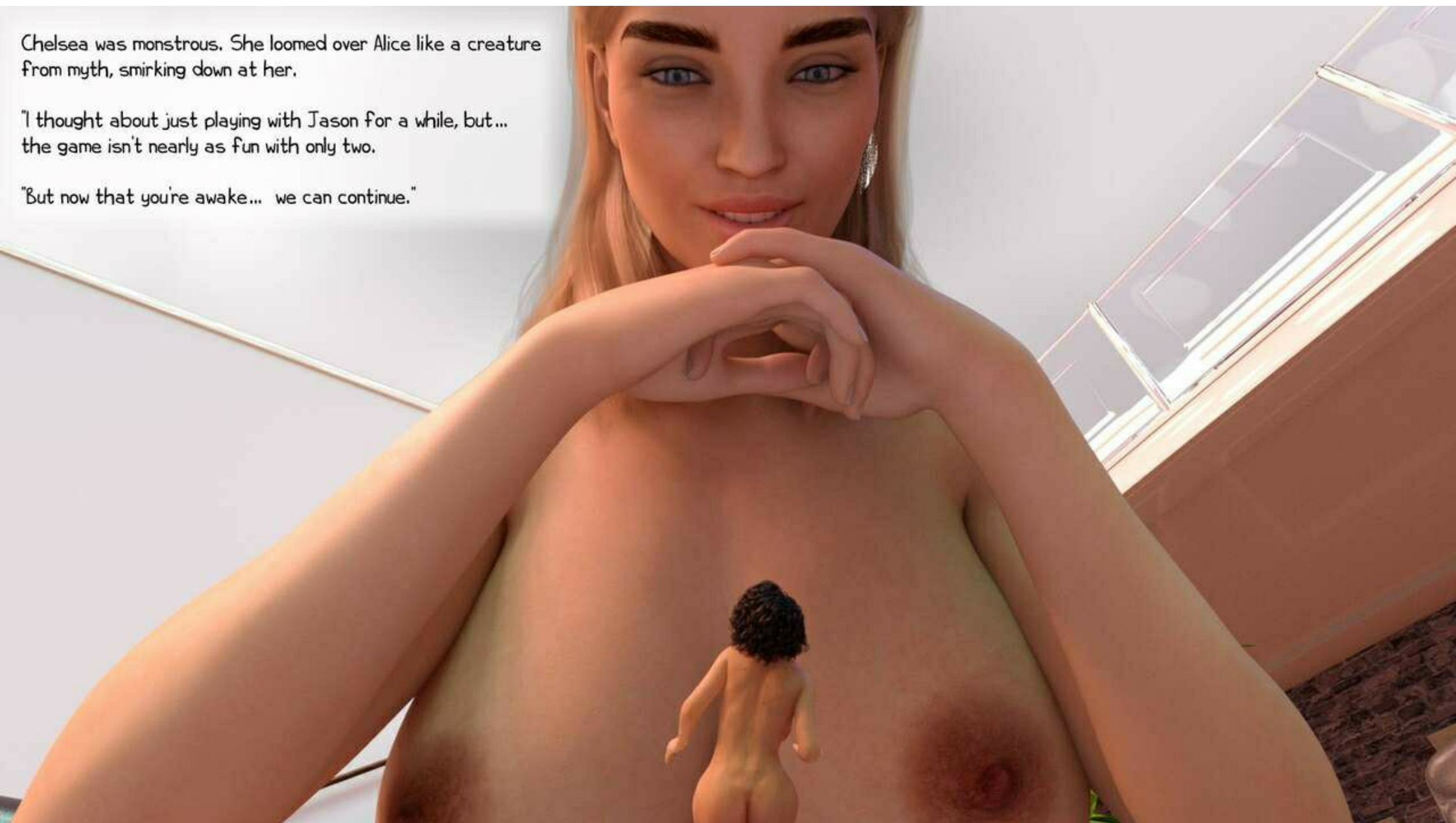
She opened her eyes and saw her reflection staring back at her. She shook her head and sat up. "What the hell...?" she said out loud.

"About time you woke up," boomed Chelsea's voice from behind her, enormously, impossibly loud. Alice's heart skipped a beat. Slowly, she turned around.

Chelsea was monstrous. She loomed over Alice like a creature from myth, smirking down at her.

"I thought about just playing with Jason for a while, but... the game isn't nearly as fun with only two.

"But now that you're awake... we can continue."





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