

A digital illustration of two women in a modern kitchen setting. The woman on the left has long dark hair and is wearing a black lace halter top. The woman on the right has short blonde hair and is wearing a pink lace halter top. Both women have tiny, nude, anatomically detailed figures placed on their chests. The blonde woman is holding one of these tiny figures in her hand. In the background, there is a wooden table with various small objects, including a glass and a bottle. The overall style is highly detailed and realistic.

CRUEL DELIGHT

84 pages
18K words
63 renders

By EpicAmpletales

Jack sighed as his sister carefully lowered him to the floor just outside the elevator. Standing at a mere three inches tall, he was a victim of the infamous Downtown Shrinking incident, courtesy of that reckless tech CEO Laura Rivera and her damn shrink ray. His sister, still full-sized, flashed him a smile.

"Take care, little bro. Try not to get stepped on," she teased, her tone playful.

Jack chuckled, though the humor stung. "Yeah, yeah. Thanks for the lift, as always."

As the elevator doors closed behind her, Jack turned his gaze to the other shrunken figures in the lobby. All his colleagues, all victims of the same disaster, stood around him—tiny professionals in miniature, tailor-made suits. They'd all been reduced to less than three inches tall, but the work at Long-Term Capital Management didn't stop. They were already chatting near the corner, their tiny voices echoing in the vast space of the lobby.



"Jack! Over here!" Emily's voice rang out. She was still a striking brunette, even at this size. Her curly hair framed her face, and her black jacket over a white shirt was as immaculate as ever. For a shrunken woman, she still had curves that caught Jack's eye.

"Hey, Emily!" Jack called back, walking over to join her and the others—Sophia, Olivia, Hannah, Daniel, and Ethan. All of them wore professional attire, looking like they belonged at the office despite their tiny stature.

Jack gravitated toward Emily, as usual. She made work bearable, and he found himself eager to talk with her. She noticed his approach and smirked, her blue eyes locking onto him.



"That jacket looks amazing on you," Jack said, admiring her outfit. "Where'd you get it tailored?"

"Oh, this?" Emily brushed her hands over the jacket. "Thanks! It's from a place called 'Mini Couture.' They specialize in making clothes for people like us. They know their stuff."

"I'll have to check them out," Jack replied. "I could use a new look."

Emily leaned in a little, smirking. "Oh, you already look pretty good, Mr. Senior Business Analyst."

She was flirting with him. Jack felt his heart skip, but he kept his cool. He didn't want to seem too eager. "Thanks. So, how's that report going? You know, the one about the potential investment in Evergreen Holdings?"

Emily's smirk faded, and she groaned. "Ugh, don't remind me. Vanessa shot it down completely. Said it wasn't 'client-ready' or some bullshit. I'm basically starting from scratch."

Jack winced. "Vanessa? Yeah, she's a hardass. But don't let it get to you. We both know she's impossible to please."

"Impossible is putting it lightly," Emily muttered. "That bitch is the reason I'm working overtime every week."

Jack knew what she meant. Vanessa, now their Managing Director, hadn't been invited at the party the night of the Downtown Shrinking incident, so she was spared

from sharing their fate. Now, she lorded her normal size over them, making sure they all felt her power in more ways than one.

"She was lucky we didn't invite her out that night," Jack said, bitterness creeping into his voice. "Guess being the office bitch has its perks."

Emily laughed, but there was an edge to it. "Yeah, some damn perks. Still, fuck her. We'll get through it, like always."

"Well said," Jack replied. But before he could say more, the elevator chimed. He looked up, hopeful.

"That must be Jane. Finally." Jane was their lifeline in the office, the one person who actually cared about their survival in this new, cruel world. She had been hired specifically to assist the "tinies" in the workplace—helping them move around, ensuring they got to meetings, and more importantly, making sure their rights weren't trampled by the full-sized people who seemed to forget they existed half the time.

With the police and most of the legal system shrunk during the Downtown Incident, crimes against tinies were mostly unpunished, and law enforcement was almost nonexistent. Companies like theirs had been socially pressured to hire people like Jane to fill that void. Without her, they'd be even more vulnerable.

The elevator doors slid open.



Jack's heart sank. It wasn't Jane.

It was Vanessa. And Mia.

Vanessa was fucking massive, even by normal standards. At five foot eleven, she towered over most people when putting high heels, and that wasn't even the most intimidating part. She was voluptuous, with curves that demanded attention—firm, not fat, every inch of her body perfectly sculpted, tightly encased in a form-fitting red dress. Her tits were absurdly large, like twin mountains straining against the fabric of her dress, massive and overwhelming. It was hard to ignore how each step she took made them bounce ever so slightly, the sheer weight of them making every inch of her presence more commanding.

Next to her was Mia, her nineteen-year-old assistant. Mia had that young, spoiled look, like a brat who had never had to work hard for anything in her life. She stood at five foot three, with curly blonde hair, blue eyes, and a bust that was respectable by normal standards—firm and perky—but next to Vanessa, they seemed almost laughable. Her tits looked like small handfuls compared to Vanessa's massive jugs. Mia was nothing more than a pretty little pawn, following her boss around like an obedient pet, doing whatever it took to stay in Vanessa's good graces.

Both women looked down at the tiny group of shrunken colleagues like they were nothing more than insects. Jack fucking hated that feeling. He used to stand tall, proud of his body—muscular, fit, well-endowed. Now, he was reduced to a speck, barely a blip in their peripheral vision. Vanessa made damn sure they all felt like dirt.



“There they are! The office bugs,” Vanessa purred, her voice thick with condescension, a slight smirk tugging at her lips as her enormous breasts shifted slightly with her posture. “Good to see you’re all still... surviving.”

Jack clenched his fists. He couldn't stand it. The power she wielded, her overwhelming presence—she knew exactly how to make him and the others feel completely insignificant. Every day with Vanessa was a battle. She loved playing with

them like a cat toying with mice. But he had to stand up to her—if no one pushed back, she'd lose all respect for them, and things would only get worse. Someone had to fight.

"Vanessa," Jack had to almost yell, his tiny voice steady but sharp. "I see you didn't bother watching the 'Sensitivity to Shrunken Colleagues' mandatory training, huh?" He crossed his arms, glaring up at her. "I'll make sure Jane hears about this."

Mia snickered, and Jack's gut tightened. Vanessa's smirk followed.

Something was wrong.

"Jane, huh?" Vanessa purred, her enormous chest subtly shifting as she leaned forward, her voice dripping with fake sweetness. "You're all waiting for her, aren't you? So she can give you a little ride to your oh-so-tiny desk?"

"There's no need to mock us, Vanessa. We just want to do our jobs and go home, like everyone else. And yeah, we're waiting for Jane to help us get to our workstation. Nothing wrong with that."

Vanessa's smirk widened. "But you're gonna be waiting for a long time, little man." Her voice turned cold, like a predator about to pounce. "Jane's not coming. She's been let go."

Jack felt like the floor had just dropped out from under him. Jane? Gone? She was their only support, the only one they trusted in this hellish office. Without her, how would they even survive?

Vanessa's towering figure cast a dark presence over him as Mia's cruel smile mirrored her boss's.

"There's no way the company would do that," Jack shot back, his voice trembling with anger. "I don't believe you. And if this is a joke, it's not fucking funny."

Vanessa laughed, a low, throaty sound. "Oh, it's no joke, little Jack. I finally convinced the CEO that Jane was an unnecessary expense. Recession's hitting hard, after all. Can't waste money on a glorified babysitter."

Jack's fists tightened, his face red with fury. "Bullshit. You're just lining your pockets with a fat bonus, aren't you? The company's doing fine, recession or not."

Vanessa's smirk deepened, a glint of satisfaction in her eyes. She knew he was right, and she didn't care.

"So... who's going to assist us now?" Emily piped up, her voice shaky but determined.

Vanessa glanced down at Mia, who stood smugly beside her. “Mia can handle it. Right, Mia?”

“Sure thing, boss,” Mia chirped, her tone casual, almost playful. She played with her blonde curls, clearly enjoying every second of this.

“Good.” Vanessa’s eyes turned back to Jack and the others, then widened in mock surprise. “Oh! Is that something by the window?” she cooed, a mischievous smile curling her lips.

Then she moved.

Her heel lifted, the red stiletto gleaming as it soared over the heads of the shrunken team. Jack’s heart skipped a beat. The massive red platform came down with a terrifying crash right between them, the shockwave knocking him off his feet.

“Shit!” he gasped, throwing himself aside.

All seven tinies scattered in blind panic, desperately diving to the floor, scrambling to avoid being crushed like insects under Vanessa’s towering heel.



The sheer force of her step made the ground shudder, sending tiny bodies sprawling. Her movements were almost elegant, yet utterly terrifying—a single step that could end their lives. The red heel lingered in the middle of their group, the thick stiletto sharp as a spear. Just one inch closer, and Jack would have been a bloodstain on her shoe.

Vanessa’s enormous form shifted, and Jack’s gaze was involuntarily drawn upwards. Her massive tits bounced and jiggled from the subtle sway of her stride, the tight red

dress barely able to contain their weight. Each movement made the huge mounds sway. Her hips rolled sensuously as she strutted past, acting as if she hadn't nearly obliterated them on purpose.

She took a few casual steps towards the window, pretending to peer outside. The tinies were left lying in disarray behind, panting, trembling. It was obvious she didn't give a damn about what might have been out there. She just wanted to scare the living shit out of them.

Then, Vanessa turned back around.

"She's coming back!" Ethan's shout was high-pitched, panicked.

Vanessa's laughter rang out, rich and throaty. She closed the distance in a single stride, her gigantic heel lifting once more. This time, she deliberately hovered it over Emily, casting a dark shadow over the tiny woman.

"WAIT! VANESSA! PLEASE! DON'T CRUSH ME! I—PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING!" Emily's scream was shrill, desperate, as she held up her tiny hands in a useless attempt to shield herself.

Vanessa's grin widened, and she lowered the heel just a fraction more, making Emily flinch and scramble backward in sheer terror. The massive shoe settled just next to her, the wind from its descent rustling Emily's hair.

"Pathetic," Vanessa murmured, almost as if talking to herself. "Mia, assist our dear colleagues, please."

Mia stepped forward eagerly, her lips curving in a predatory smile. Without hesitation, she bent down, her long blonde curls framing her youthful face as she looked down at the tinies with an almost playful cruelty. They barely had time to stand up before Mia's slender fingers, tipped with long, glossy pink nails, came swooping down.

"Hey! Wait—" Ethan's protest was cut off as he was plucked up like a doll.

Jack watched in horror as Mia's fingers wrapped around his former colleague, hoisting the tiny man into the air effortlessly. She didn't care about their dignity—or their safety. Ethan dangled from her grip, a six-foot-three man reduced to nothing more than a helpless toy in the hand of a nineteen-year-old girl.

"Gotcha," Mia giggled. One by one, she snatched the others from the floor, her long nails digging into their bodies just enough to remind them of her power. She gathered them in her hands, cupping them carelessly as if they were spare change.

Jack's stomach lurched as he was scooped up next. He clung desperately to her finger, every muscle in his body screaming in terror. The world spun as Mia stood back up,

lifting them all to dizzying heights. Her fingers tightened, her grip sloppy and careless, making it a fight just to stay in her palm.



“MIA! I’M GOING TO FALL!” Emily shrieked, clinging to Mia’s middle finger for dear life.

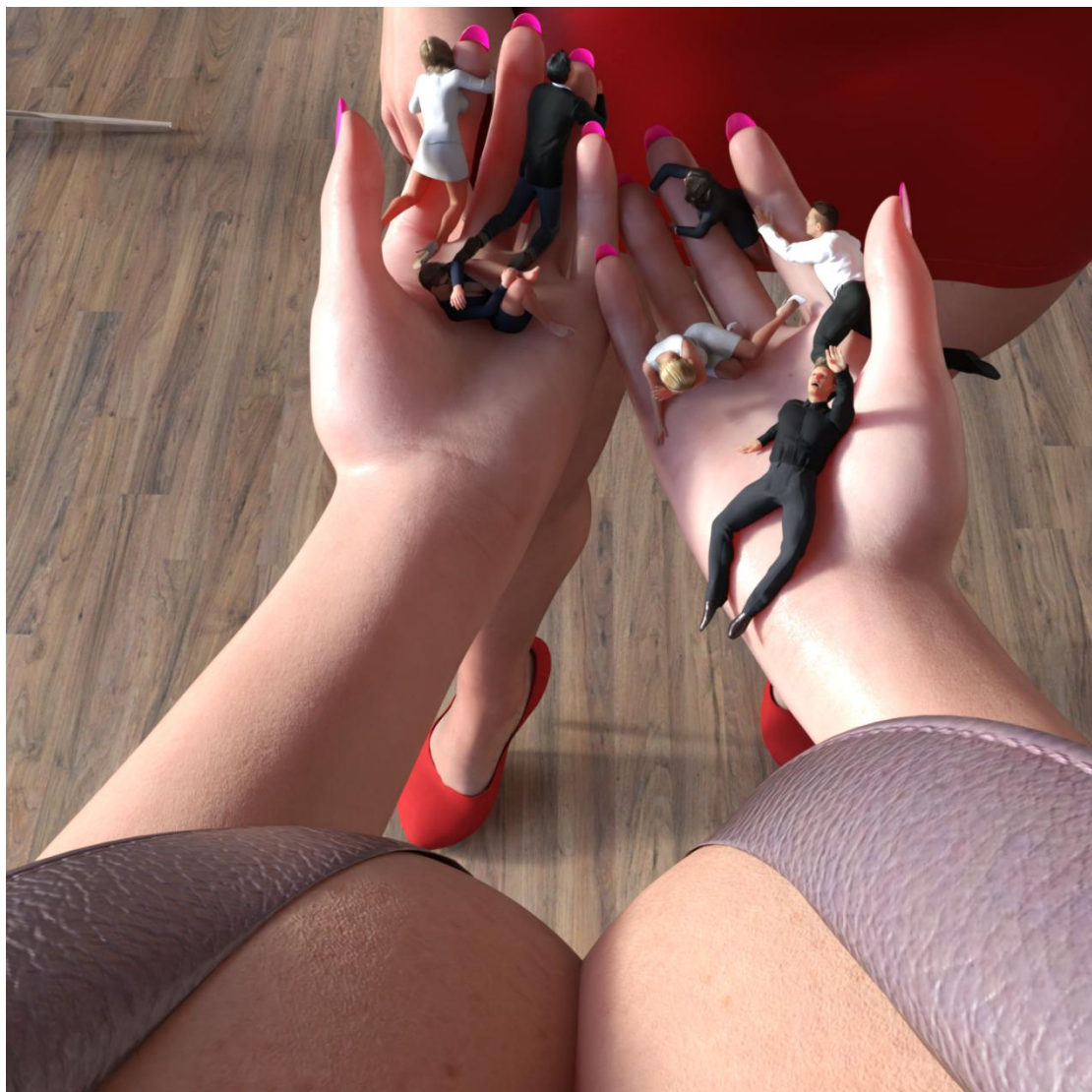
“Relax, I’ve got you,” Mia murmured dismissively. She squeezed her fingers together, a little pressure to secure Emily in place. It wasn’t reassuring—it felt more like being held in a slowly tightening vise.

Jack’s view shifted, and his eyes widened. The vertigo was unbearable. From this height, a fall would mean certain death. His gaze slid over Mia’s hand, her smooth, pale skin contrasting sharply with the pink tips of her nails. Each of the tiny figures scrambled for a grip, desperately hugging her fingers or pressing against her palm to keep from slipping. Jack barely managed to lock his arms around her index finger as Mia’s careless movements sent him jostling dangerously close to the edge.

He looked up, behind him, and almost gasped at the sight above him.

Mia's cleavage loomed overhead, massive and inviting, her tight blouse straining to hold back the firm mounds of her tits. From their perspective, they were enormous—round, perky, and terrifyingly close. Each breath she took made the deep valley shift, a tantalizing view that was impossible to ignore even in the face of imminent danger. Jack's heart hammered in his chest, a mix of fear and unwanted arousal swirling inside him.

"Enjoying the view, little guys?" Mia teased, her voice soft, almost seductive. She shifted her grip slightly, making them all jolt and scramble. Her smirk widened, clearly delighted by the power she held over them.



Jack's arms burned as he clung to her finger. This wasn't how it was supposed to go. It was just supposed to be another day at the office. But instead, they were forced to face death and humiliation—all at the hands of a spoiled brat who saw them as nothing more than her playthings.

Vanessa laughed, her booming voice filling the room. The seven tinies stood frozen as she sauntered toward them, her enormous breasts swaying with each step, looming like mountains.



They could barely comprehend the sheer size of her body. It was terrifying and mesmerizing all at once, the reality of their size sinking in.

Jack knew this moment was inevitable. Society's brief attempt at empathy for them had been nothing but a fleeting trend. The shrinking incident had caused a stir, but with the recession, the world had reverted to apathy. Jane had been let go and this said a lot. Their company, society, no one cared about them. That moment had passed.

"Look at you. Pathetic insects," Vanessa purred, her voice dripping with amusement. She stepped closer, letting her enormous tits hover just above them. The tinies' hearts raced, knowing those same tits could easily crush them to nothing. Jack, paralyzed with fear, squeezed his eyes shut and prayed silently.



Vanessa gave them a final mocking glance before sauntering back toward her office.

"C'mon guys, relax! I've got you," Mia said, finally lowering them onto the large desk, her tone light, like she hadn't just played with their lives. She winked, adding, "Ping me if you need anything, okay?" Her smile was casual, almost too casual, as if none of this had ever been serious to her.

They stood there, trembling on the desk, trying to steady themselves after the harrowing ordeal. Silence lingered, punctuated by shaky breaths and terrified glances.

"What the fuck was that?" Daniel blurted out, his voice still shaking with adrenaline.

"Seriously, that can't be legal," Olivia added, running her hands through her hair in disbelief. The fear and anger in her voice echoed everyone's thoughts.

Sophia couldn't even speak, her body trembling as tears streamed down her face. She had lost her shoes in the chaos, her tiny form shivering as she whispered, "Please... please..."

Jack hurried over to her, kneeling beside her. "Sophia, it's over! You're safe now! Look at me!" His voice was calm but urgent, trying to pull her back to the present.

She blinked, her panic starting to fade. "What... what happened?" she stammered, still trying to process everything.

The group exchanged uneasy looks. No one had an answer that made sense.

Ethan, pacing back and forth, broke the silence. "I'm out of here. I'm calling my wife. We're leaving this place." His voice was resolute, his mind already made up as he headed toward the tiny-adapted phone.

"Ethan, wait," Jack called out. "That might be exactly what she wants."

Ethan stopped, looking back at Jack. "What are you talking about?"

"Think about it. Vanessa's trying to break us. If we all quit, she wins. She wants us to crack under the pressure." Jack's tone was firm, despite his lingering fear.

Ethan's eyes flickered with uncertainty. He took a deep breath and looked around at the others. "So what? We just let her walk all over us, literally?"

Jack shook his head. "No, but we can't give her what she wants. Not like this."

Jack rubbed his temples, his mind racing. It all clicked into place. The timing was too perfect. Fiscal year-end. Salaries. Bonuses.

"This is just a negotiation tactic," Jack muttered, louder than he intended.

The others turned to him, confused.

"Think about it," he said, standing a little taller. "We've been working nonstop, putting in extra hours. Vanessa needs us. She's banking on us continuing at this pace. My guess? She wants us to cave—accept a smaller bonus, maybe even no raise in our base salary."

Emily narrowed her eyes. "You really think she's playing that game?"

Jack nodded. "Yeah. She's testing us, trying to see how far she can push before we break."

Daniel chimed in, crossing his arms. “That actually makes sense. I’ve heard talk about reducing compensation for tinies. Some people argue that because our cost of living is ‘lower,’ our pay should reflect that.”

“Exactly,” Jack said, his voice steady. “Vanessa’s probably thinking she can strong-arm us into accepting less. But I’ve busted my ass this year. I’m expecting a solid bonus. No way I’m letting her take that away.”

Jack wasn’t just fighting for himself. With his father gone, he’d been the sole provider for his family—his mother and two younger sisters. That bonus wasn’t a luxury; it was what kept his sisters’ university dreams alive, and made sure his mom didn’t have to worry about bills. If Vanessa thought she could strip that away, she had another thing coming.

“That bitch,” Emily spat, shaking her head. “Of course she’d pull something like this. Always scheming.”

Jack took a deep breath, his gaze steady on the group. “We can’t let her divide us. If we stick together, refuse any garbage offer she throws our way, we might have a shot.”

Everyone nodded, their resolve hardening. Vanessa was shrewd, but they wouldn’t be pawns in her game. Not this time.

Vanessa reclined in her plush office chair, the leather cool against her back, as a surge of satisfaction washed over her. Her heart raced—not with anxiety, but pure exhilaration. Jane’s departure had been the final piece in a long-standing game. Now, there were no obstacles left. These little shits were exactly where they belonged: beneath her.

She despised them all, even before they were shrunk. The day it happened? Best. Day. Ever.

As soon as her colleagues were reduced to bug-sized nuisances, Vanessa found herself climbing the corporate ladder with ease. Promotions came swift and without effort—no one in their right mind would let a mouse-sized person face big clients. And now, she was their boss. Irony had never tasted so sweet.

But Jane... Oh, sweet Jane. Always defending the little ones, trying to make sure they had ‘rights.’ What a joke. Now that do-gooder was gone. Vanessa’s lips curled into a wicked grin. She remembered earlier, stepping close to them, pretending to crush them beneath her stilettos. The way they begged for their lives... the way their tiny voices squeaked in fear.

God, it made her wet just thinking about it.

Her hand moved almost on its own, slipping down to her thigh, fingertips pressing against the fabric of her tight red dress. A soft moan escaped her lips as she rubbed her pussy through the silky material.

She wanted more.

Jack. Her thoughts flickered to him. That thorn in her side—hot, smart, and an unbearable moralist. He was always talking about rights for the tinies, about fairness. Ugh, it was nauseating. But now, now he was vulnerable. And that made him interesting.

She pressed the intercom button on her desk, her voice low and commanding. "Mia, send Jack up. I need to see him immediately."

Mia, the petite blonde assistant, chirped, "Yes, ma'am!" Her tone was bright and eager, filled with a youthful energy that always seemed to please Vanessa.

Vanessa smirked, her anticipation building.

Meanwhile, just outside Vanessa's office, Jack was mid-conversation with Emily. She smiled warmly at him, her eyes full of gratitude.

"Thank you so much, Jack. Really, you've done more for us than anyone else here," Emily said, her voice soft but filled with admiration.

Jack shrugged, though a slight smile tugged at his lips. "I'm just doing what's right. Besides, I'm fighting for myself too, not just you guys."

"I know," she replied, stepping closer. "But still, I don't know what I'd do without you."

Jack felt a shift in the air. Her body language was unmistakable. She was leaning in, closer, her gaze lingering on him. Was she about to... kiss him? His heart stammered for a beat. No, it couldn't be that. A hug maybe, something friendly. After all, this was still a workplace.

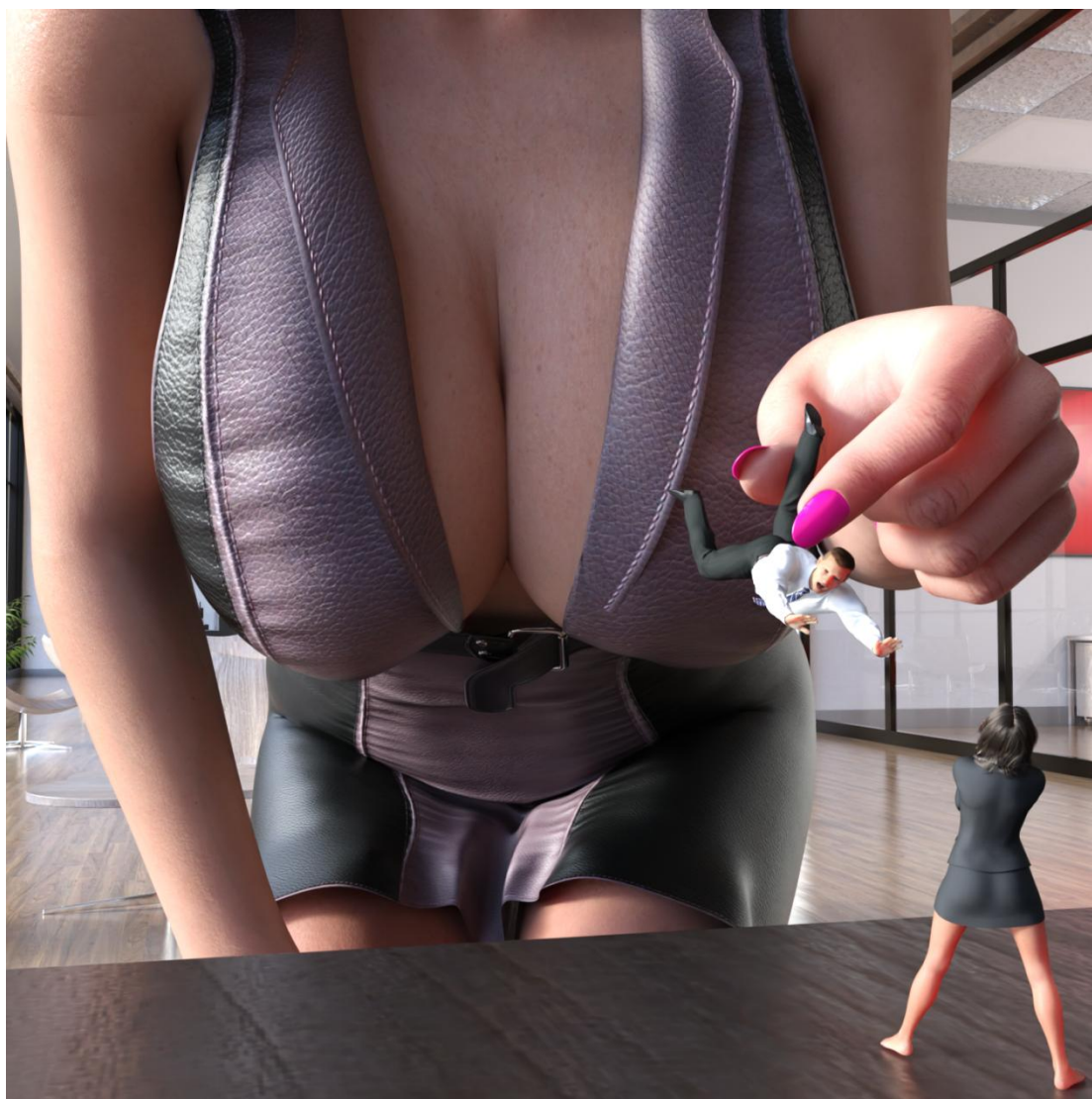
He opened his arms tentatively, ready for whatever gesture was coming next.



But before Jack could close the gap, Emily's expression turned to pure terror, her eyes widening in horror as they locked onto something behind him.

A sudden, brutal force grabbed him by the leg, yanking him off his feet with such violent intensity that his body flailed helplessly like a ragdoll. His chest slammed with a sharp, agonizing pain as his breath was knocked out of him. The humiliating sound of his gasping struggle filled the air, and his arms flapped uselessly in midair. As he was pulled away, he caught a glimpse of Emily's face—her horror now mixed with pity, watching as he was dragged away like a helpless insect by Mia.

"Hey, Jack! Vanessa wants a word," Mia said casually, her voice far too chipper for the situation as she dragged him away. "Sorry, Emily!" she added with a smirk.



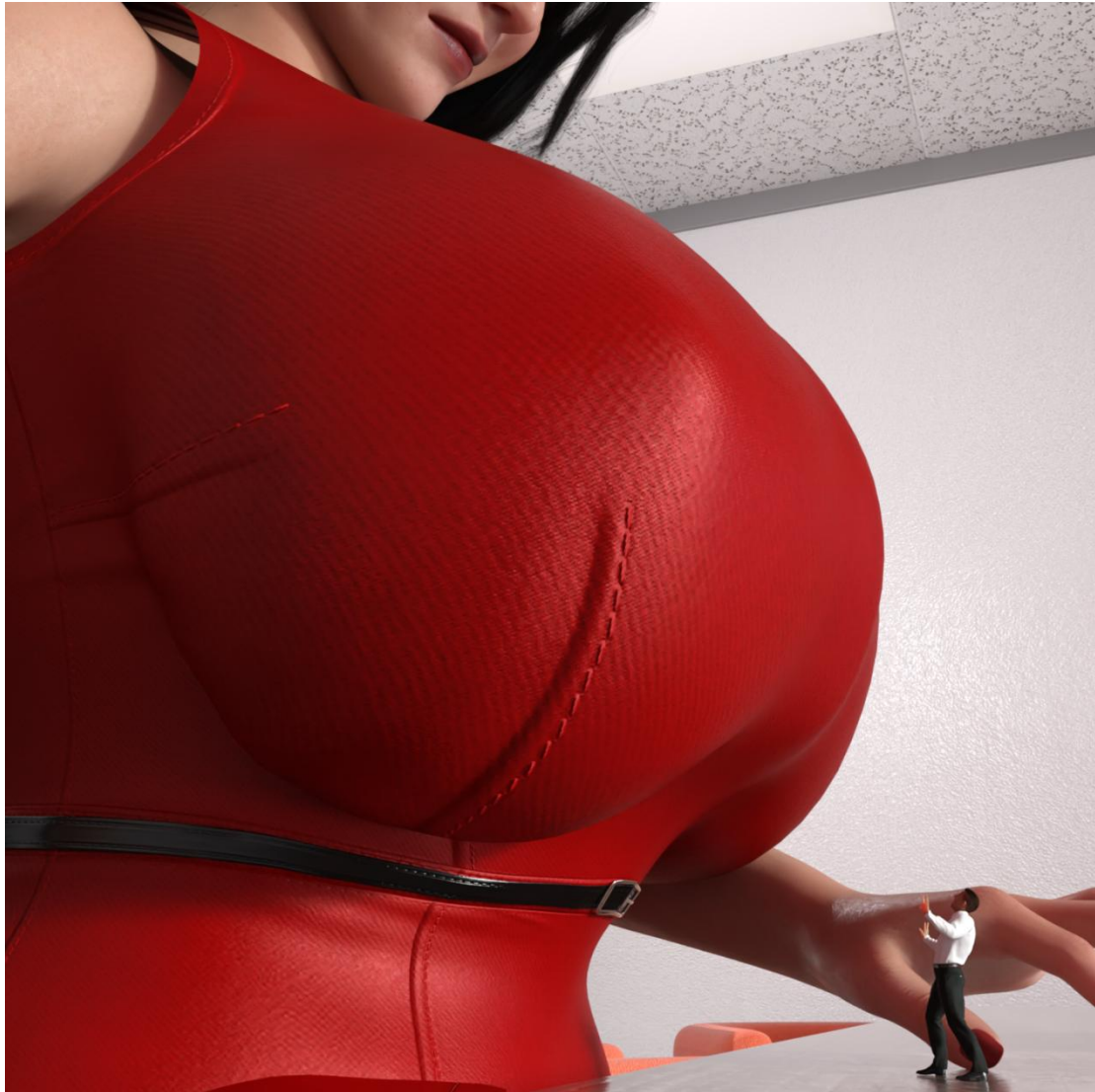
Mia strode confidently down the hallway, Jack squirming helplessly in her palm. His tiny body was clenched in her grip, arms pinned awkwardly to his sides. "Mia, please! My head's spinning. Could you be a little more careful?" Jack's voice, small and strained, was almost drowned out by the click of Mia's sandals against the floor.

Mia snorted, glancing down at him with a roll of her eyes. "Quit your whining. You're always such a fucking pain in the ass." She barely slowed down, pushing open the door to Vanessa's office.

"Vanessa, got Jack right here for you," Mia said, a smirk playing on her lips as she held up the tiny man, his body awkwardly confined to her grip.

Vanessa leaned back in her chair, an amused grin spreading across her face as she gestured toward her desk. "Good. Drop him right there," she instructed, pointing to the spot just inches from where her gigantic chest rested against the edge of the desk. The red fabric of her dress barely contained the heavy curves of her breasts, and from Jack's perspective, it was impossible to ignore.

Mia didn't hesitate. She tilted her hand, dumping Jack unceremoniously onto the surface. He stumbled, catching himself as he looked up—only to be met with the overwhelming sight of Vanessa's massive boobs looming above him. Her breasts, barely held in by her tight red dress, were practically all he could see. The soft, rounded mounds seemed to dominate the entire space around him, making him feel even smaller than he already was.



Trying to push the distracting sight from his mind, Jack stood up straighter. “Vanessa, we know what you’re trying to do,” he said, forcing confidence into his voice. “You’re using this to break us—to make us accept your shitty year-end deals. But we won’t fall for it.”

Vanessa arched an eyebrow, clearly intrigued by his accusation. “Oh?” she purred, leaning forward slightly. The motion caused her breasts to shift, and Jack involuntarily took a step back, overwhelmed by their sheer size and presence. “And what makes you think that, Jack?”

Jack, encouraged by what he thought was her interest in negotiating, pressed on. “It’s obvious. You make us feel helpless, and then you think we’ll accept whatever scraps you offer us. But we’re smarter than that. Ethan was ready to call his wife and leave, but I convinced him not to. We’re not going to back down.”

Vanessa’s smile widened at his words, but there was something predatory in her gaze now. “Oh, is that right?” She leaned even closer, her bosom practically suffocating the air around Jack. “So... Ethan was going to call for help, but didn’t? Because of you?”

Jack blinked, suddenly feeling a little uneasy under her intense gaze. “Y-Yeah. I told him we’d fight you. That we’d hold strong.”

Vanessa paused, her eyes narrowing ever so slightly. Jack thought he saw a flicker of something darker in her expression, but before he could analyze it, she smiled sweetly. “How noble of you.”

Mia, who had been watching with barely contained amusement, let out a soft laugh. Vanessa ignored her, focusing entirely on Jack. “So, let me get this straight... No one’s called for help yet? No one’s asked anyone to come and save you?”

Jack hesitated for just a second, but nodded. “Yeah. We’re handling this ourselves.”

A low chuckle escaped Vanessa’s lips, and she exchanged a glance with Mia. The amusement in her eyes turned to something more wicked, more dangerous. “Well, Jack,” she said, her voice dropping to a near whisper, “it’s a shame you didn’t let Ethan make that call.”

Jack’s heart skipped a beat as her words sank in, a cold realization creeping over him. “W-why are you saying that?”

Vanessa’s smile grew colder. “Because I’ve just decided something.”

Jack’s mouth went dry. “About what? What the hell do you mean, Vanessa?”

Without replying to him, she turned her attention to Mia. “Mia.”

“Yes, ma’am?” Mia responded quickly.

“Go and gather the others. All of them. Make sure they don’t get a chance to call anyone. No fuck-ups.”

Mia blinked, visibly caught off guard. “Wait... gather them? Like... you mean, capture them?”

Vanessa’s gaze didn’t soften, her eyes narrowing. “Yes, Mia. Grab them. Stuff them in your purse. Whatever it takes.”

Mia hesitated for a moment, her confusion apparent. “O-Okay... and then what?”

A short silence followed. Vanessa looked down at Jack, her lips curling into a smile that sent a chill down his spine. "Mia," she said slowly, as if savoring her words, “I have an assignment for you.”

Mia’s brow furrowed. “Yes?”

“I want you to turn them into a sex toy.”

Mia’s eyes widened. “A sex toy? Like... wait, what?”

“What the fuck?!” Jack burst out in shock, his tiny voice almost squeaking in protest.

Before he could react further, Vanessa’s hand slammed onto the desk with terrifying speed. Her fingers pressed down hard, smothering him against the cold, unforgiving surface of her desk.



Jack's body was crushed beneath her palm, his ribs compressed painfully under the weight. He gasped for breath, his vision blurring from the sharp, shooting pain. One rib felt like it was on the verge of snapping, sending waves of agony through his chest.

"Don't interrupt me, you little shit," Vanessa growled, her fingers pressing even harder, as if to remind him of his place. Jack's entire world was her hand, the unbearable pressure, and the stifling heat of her skin against him.

She turned her attention back to Mia, who stood frozen, still processing what she'd just heard. "You heard me, right?"

Mia stammered, "Uh... yeah, you said... turn them into a sex toy?"

Vanessa's expression darkened further. "Was that a question? You're not up to the task, are you?"

"No! No, I am. I am!" Mia quickly stammered, trying to compose herself. "I'll get right on it."

"Good. Go on, then," Vanessa said dismissively, as if the absurdity of the command was nothing more than another routine task.

"Yes, ma'am!" Mia quickly turned and left the room, her steps hurried and unsteady.

Vanessa's attention returned to Jack, who was still pinned beneath her fingers, barely able to move. She released him just enough for him to gasp for air, his tiny chest heaving with the effort. "And you..." she said, grabbing him effortlessly with two fingers, lifting him off the desk, "you're staying with me while Mia handles her little homework." She dropped him into her purse, his body landing among the dark confines of the bag.

Jack tumbled against the cold metal of her keys, the smooth curves of a lipstick tube pressing against his back. The jumble of ordinary items now felt like a chaotic prison, each object a reminder of how small and powerless he was. Vanessa zipped the purse shut, plunging him into darkness. "Stay quiet in there. I've got work to do." Her voice dripped with cruel satisfaction. "I'll play with you later tonight."

The words echoed in the suffocating blackness of her purse, leaving Jack alone with his terror, the scent of perfume and leather filling his lungs as he struggled to keep from panicking.

Vanessa leaned back in her chair, her fingers tracing the edge of her desk as her mind buzzed with excitement. She could barely believe what she had just done—her pulse was still racing. This had escalated faster than she'd anticipated. When she told Mia to bring Jack into her office, she'd planned to toy with him a little, maybe watch him

squirm under her gaze. But when that tiny three-inch prick tried to stand up to her, talking back like he still had some kind of authority, she couldn't resist.

Her eyes drifted to her purse, where Jack was stashed away, his fate sealed by her whims. She smirked, almost incredulous. *Holy shit. I actually did it. He's in there.* The thought made her heart race even faster.

For a moment, she considered letting him out—maybe telling him it was all just a joke, a twisted prank to remind him of his place. But as she sat there, the idea faded.

Fuck it. She leaned forward, placing her palms on the desk. No. She was loving this far too much. The control, the power. It made her feel more alive than she ever had. This was her fantasy brought to life, and she was just getting started.

Still, one thought lingered—consequences. Would she have to face any? Not if Mia did her job right.

She hit the intercom. "Mia?" Vanessa's voice was sharp, commanding.

"Yes, ma'am?" came Mia's casual, almost chipper reply.

"You've got our little friends secured, haven't you?" Vanessa asked.

"Yep! Ethan tried to go for the phone like the little idiot he is, but I flicked him across the desk before he could do shit. So, no calls." Mia's voice carried a playful smugness, as if she was relishing every second of her task.

"Good girl." Vanessa smirked. "Now, you're going to start on your... assignment, right?"

Mia giggled. "Yeah, yeah. Gonna get real creative with this one, don't worry."

Vanessa chuckled, imagining what Mia might do. That spur-of-the-moment command to "turn them into a sex toy" had been something she'd thrown out without much thought—something Mistress Lash, her favorite size influencer, would say. But Mia would make it work.

"Right. Get to it, then."

"Yes, ma'am!" Mia responded.

Vanessa hung up, feeling the thrill ripple through her body.

Vanessa tried to focus on work, but her mind kept wandering. She still had clients to meet with, tasks to finish, but it was hard to concentrate with the thrill coursing

through her. Her entire team had "disappeared," and she had to act like she didn't know anything. Calling her boss, she played it cool.

"Yeah, it's odd, sir," she said smoothly into the phone. "None of them are in today. No messages either, but I'll check in tomorrow. If they're still AWOL, I'll notify HR or maybe even the authorities. It's probably nothing." She hung up, smirking.

Throughout the day, she couldn't resist peeking into her purse, her eyes gleaming every time she saw Jack trembling like the pathetic little bitch he was. His tiny voice piped up every time she opened the bag. "Please, Vanessa! Let me out! This... this isn't funny anymore. You're going too far!"

She grinned down at him, licking her lips. "Oh, but you *look* so tasty, Jack. I might just eat you whole." She said it just to mess with him, though the idea made her tingle. *He really does look yummy*, she thought, feeling a dark thrill shoot through her body.

For a brief moment, she imagined swallowing him, his tiny body disappearing into her, writhing in her stomach. Her pussy throbbed at the thought. *Fuck*.

Finally, the workday ended, and she hurried home, feeling her arousal mounting. Kicking off her heels, she stripped off her tight red leather dress and panties, then collapsed onto her couch. To get herself in the mood, she flipped on Mistress Lash's stream. Her favorite size-influencer was doing one of her "punishment" sessions. Vanessa watched intently as Mistress Lash fucked her shrunken husband in the ass with her pinky, then made him lick it clean before repeating the process until he passed out. She flicked him awake just to start all over again.

Vanessa's fingers massaged her pussy, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She didn't bother to shave—hadn't in months. Her pussy was a thick mound of black, sweaty hair. She loved the way it felt, loved making men bury their faces in it whether they wanted to or not. For her, sex had never been about impressing anyone. Shaving was for women who gave a shit about their partners' pleasure. Vanessa thrived on domination—forcing men to eat her hairy pussy, telling them they'd get no action if they didn't comply. Now, with Jack shrunken to three inches? This was going to be even more fun.

She opened her purse, pulling Jack out like a prize. His clothes were ripped off in seconds, torn apart like tissue paper under her fingers. Holding him between her thumb and index finger, she brought him up to her face, her lips curling into a wicked smile.

Jack was trembling all over. "Wh-what are you going to do with me?" he stammered, his tiny voice filled with fear.

Vanessa laughed, her breath washing over him. “Hmm... what *am* I going to do with you, little shit?” She squeezed him lightly, feeling his tiny body squirm against her fingers.



“Vanessa, stop! It’s not too late to put an end to this! Please!” Jack’s voice cracked with desperation, his face pale with fear.

She laughed harder, her grip tightening just enough to make him groan in pain. “Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack. We’re just getting started.” Her voice dripped with cruelty, and she could see the panic spreading across his face.

She squeezed him again, harder this time, enjoying the way his body writhed between her fingers. His little scream made her wet.

“Aaaarrrrrrgggggg! PLEASE STOP! You’re going to kill me!”

Jack had always been a thorn in her side at the office, always competing for promotions, always charming the bosses. If it weren't for his unfortunate shrinking, *he'd* be the one climbing the corporate ladder. But now? Now, he was nothing more than her toy.



She loosened her grip, not wanting to break him too soon. Jack's breath came in ragged gasps as he hung limp in her grasp, his eyes wide with terror. He looked up at her face, completely overwhelmed by the sight of her. Her long, curly black hair framed her cruel smile, her red lipstick highlighting the wicked curve of her lips.

Below him, her cleavage loomed like a canyon—her enormous breasts, barely contained by her black bra, formed a deep valley beneath him.

From his tiny perspective, it was all too much. Her sheer size, her beauty, her cruel power—it was overpowering. Despite the horror of the situation, Jack's eyes drifted downward to her massive breasts, his body betraying him. It had been so long since he'd been with anyone, and now, even in this nightmare, his cock stirred.

Damn it, Jack thought, ashamed of himself. He had hoped for something real with Emily. But now, as he dangled in Vanessa's grasp, he couldn't help but stare at her towering form.



Vanessa smirked, noticing Jack's eyes glued to her tits. *Typical*, she thought. Even at his tiny size, he couldn't help himself. Her breasts were enormous, heavy, practically bursting out of her black bra. She remembered how, back at the office, she'd catch Jack sneaking glances. Now, he had no choice but to stare.

Jack had always been hot—good-looking, muscular, and cocky in the worst way. That only made this moment sweeter. Vanessa's mind wandered back to Mistress Lash's stream. A wicked grin spread across her lips. *Let's see if we can get this little fucker's cock hard.*

"You wanna touch them, hmm?" Her voice was low, teasing, dripping with cruel delight.

Jack was frozen, speechless. She loved it.

"Here," she purred, "let me be a bit more *gentle*." With that, she pressed his tiny body against her soft, full lips, kissing him like a little toy.



Vanessa could feel him trembling, his pathetic attempts to resist melting away with each press of her puffy, red lips. She kissed him harder, her tongue darting out to lick his chest, her saliva coating his trembling form.

She sucked on him lightly, like he was nothing more than candy, her lips enveloping his legs, her tongue teasing his thighs. Jack moaned. He couldn't help it. His tiny, three-inch body was completely at her mercy, and she knew exactly how to work him.

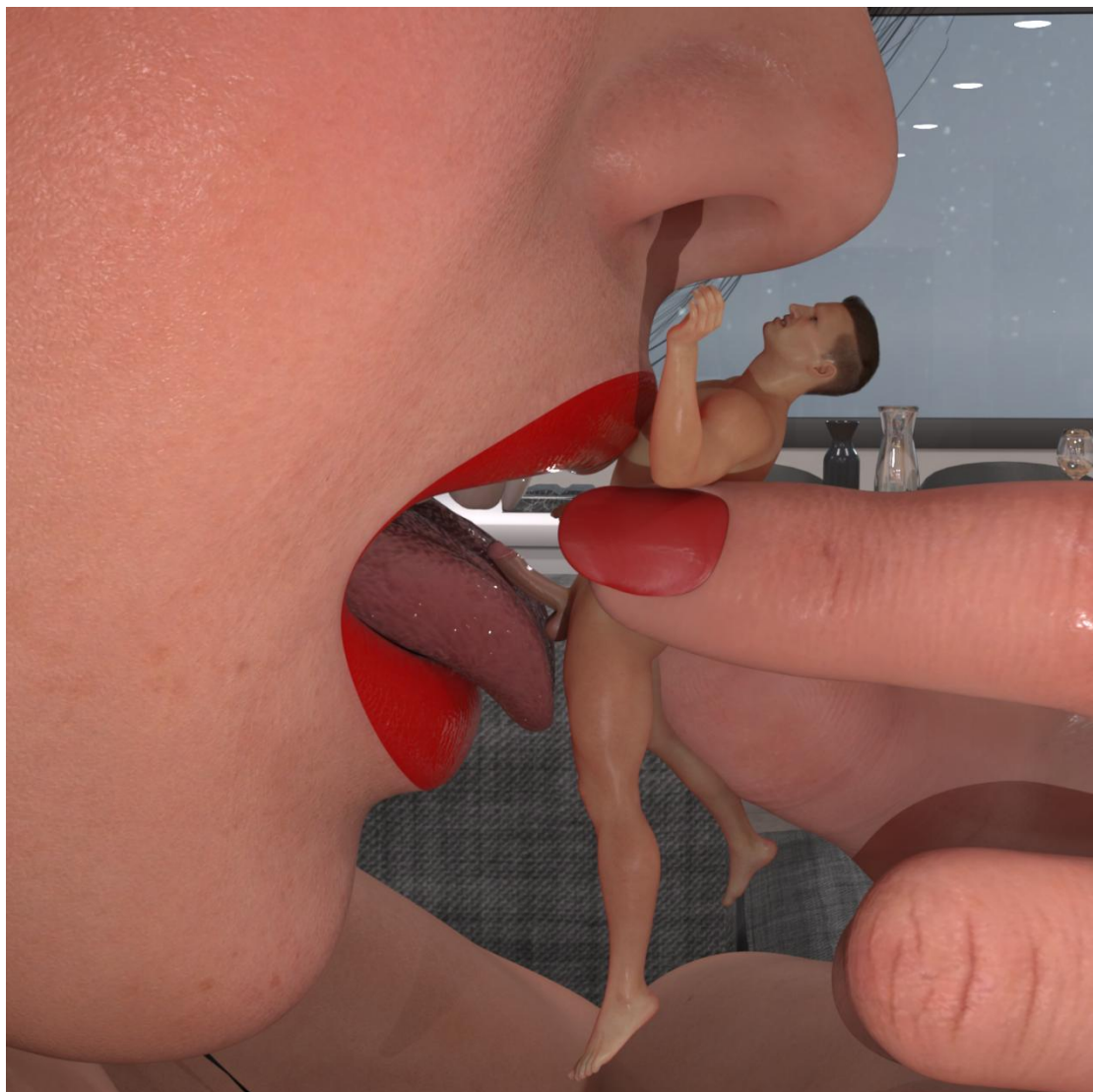
Vanessa grinned, feeling him stiffen under her tongue. "Good little man-toy," she whispered between kisses, her hot breath washing over him. "Getting all hard and ready to please me, hmm?"

"Please... Vanessa," Jack gasped, his voice barely a whimper. "I... don't want this! I... I want to be with someone else."

Vanessa raised an eyebrow. "Right... right. Emily, mmm?" She chuckled. "Don't worry, we'll play with her later." Her tone was mocking, like a mother teasing a naughty child. "And by the way," she added, licking his stomach, "your little prick doesn't seem to agree with you."

Jack was hard—painfully hard. His cock was throbbing, his body betraying him. He hated himself for it, but there was nothing he could do.

Vanessa laughed, her tongue flicking over his tiny erection. She rubbed him against her massive, wet tongue, feeling his entire body tremble with arousal. His cock was minuscule compared to her, but the power she had over him made it feel all the more satisfying. She sucked on him gently, her warm, wet lips sending shockwaves through his shrunken form. Every breath she took blew hot air from her nostrils, making him shudder even more.



Jack moaned, gasping for breath, completely overwhelmed. The sensation was too much, his mind was spinning. He felt like he was going to explode.

Vanessa paused, pulling him away from her lips. "Are you gonna bust your little nuts?" she teased, her voice thick with amusement. Before he could answer, she dangled him upside down over her cleavage, her massive tits swelling below him.

Jack stared down at her breasts, wide-eyed. They were enormous, two heaving mountains of flesh, barely contained by her black bra. The fabric strained under the weight of her tits, creating a deep, tantalizing valley between them. Her skin glistened with a light sheen of sweat, the scent of her perfume mixing with the raw musk of her body. He could *smell* her—sweet, but laced with something primal.



She lowered him closer, his face nearly brushing against her cleavage. Vanessa's tits were firm, despite her massive frame, jiggling slightly as she moved him closer. Jack could feel the heat radiating from her skin, the sweat that had gathered between her massive breasts.

Vanessa had always loved the way men worshiped her tits. But now, with Jack tiny and helpless, the idea of him worshiping them *for his life* was intoxicating on a whole new level. To him, her massive breasts were like monuments—something to be revered, admired, feared. She was a goddess, and her body was his world.

With a wicked grin, Vanessa lowered him toward her tits. The heat of the day had left her skin slick with sweat, making it all too easy for Jack to slide between the enormous mounds of flesh. She giggled softly, the sound vibrating through her chest, as she nudged him deeper into her cleavage. He was completely enveloped, swallowed up by her massive tits.

“Go ahead, little man,” she cooed, her voice low and dripping with cruel amusement. “Suck and lick like your life depends on it.”

Jack trembled, his tiny body quivering against her sweat-slicked skin. He pressed his lips to her cleavage, kissing, licking, his tongue barely making a dent in the endless expanse of flesh. Vanessa bit her lip, enjoying the sensation, though it was more the idea of his helplessness that thrilled her than the actual physical pleasure.

“But if you cum,” she hissed, her voice turning sharp and deadly, “I’ll fucking shove you in my cunt until you suffocate.”

Jack’s eyes widened in terror, his entire body stiff with fear. He looked up at her, silently begging for mercy, but Vanessa just smiled down at him, pushing his head deeper between her tits with a teasing nudge of her finger.

“Go on, little shit,” she ordered, her tone mocking. “Suck and lick.”

Jack had no choice. His tiny tongue flicked across her skin, tasting the salt of her sweat. He sucked at her cleavage, his lips moving desperately over her flesh, while the overwhelming pressure of her breasts squeezed him from all sides. Flesh flowed around him like quicksand, trapping him in a soft, suffocating prison.

Vanessa could barely contain her excitement. Jack was completely at her mercy, a prisoner in her cleavage. The thought crossed her mind: Men had always craved her tits, obsessed over them. Now, they were something that could end a life.

I’ve got to try that sometime, she mused, as she positioned a finger above Jack.

Jack looked up and saw it—her massive finger looming above.



Without warning, it pressed down on him, and Jack found himself sinking even deeper into her cleavage.

The pressure was unbearable, the heat suffocating. He could feel the heavy thrum of Vanessa's heartbeat, each pulse reverberating through her chest, surrounding him, drowning him.

Jack was unable to move, unable to breathe. *I'm going to die!*

Vanessa could feel Jack's struggles gradually becoming faint. After a few moments, his movements were now barely noticeable. "Uhh... he's passing out or something," she muttered to herself, nudging a finger between her tits to take a peek. Jack's face was red, his breathing shallow and ragged. He looked weak—pathetic.

"Ugh, fine," she sighed, feigning annoyance. "I'll give you a chance." With a shift of her body, she arched her back, releasing some of the crushing pressure from her

cleavage. Slowly, Jack began to move again, his tiny arms struggling to push himself closer to the edge of her bra.

His little head finally poked out, gasping for air.

Vanessa smirked, savoring the sight.



As Jack struggled toward the edge of her cleavage, Vanessa's lips curled into a mocking grin. His tiny, desperate movements only fueled her amusement.

"So, what's the plan, boy-toy?" she teased, her voice dripping with cruel amusement. "Gonna climb down my bra and make a daring escape?" The laugh that followed was genuine—deep and throaty. She couldn't help but revel in his helplessness, the absurdity of it all.

Jack reached the edge of her sweaty cleavage, staring down at the vast distance between her breasts and the couch below. There was no way he'd jump, no chance in hell he had the courage for that.

And that's when she pressed her finger against him. Slowly, playfully, she pushed him closer to the edge, feeling the resistance from his tiny body as he tried to push back. His efforts were utterly pointless, and it made her giggle.

"Aw, c'mon, Jack. What's the matter?" she cooed, her finger applying just enough pressure to slowly push him. "It's just a little fall."

With one final flick of her finger, she sent him tumbling down her belly. His body bounced against her soft, slightly rounded stomach. The sensation of his tiny form rolling down her skin, past her love handles, made her smirk. He was like a bug caught in a downward spiral of her flesh, helpless against her towering, all-encompassing body.

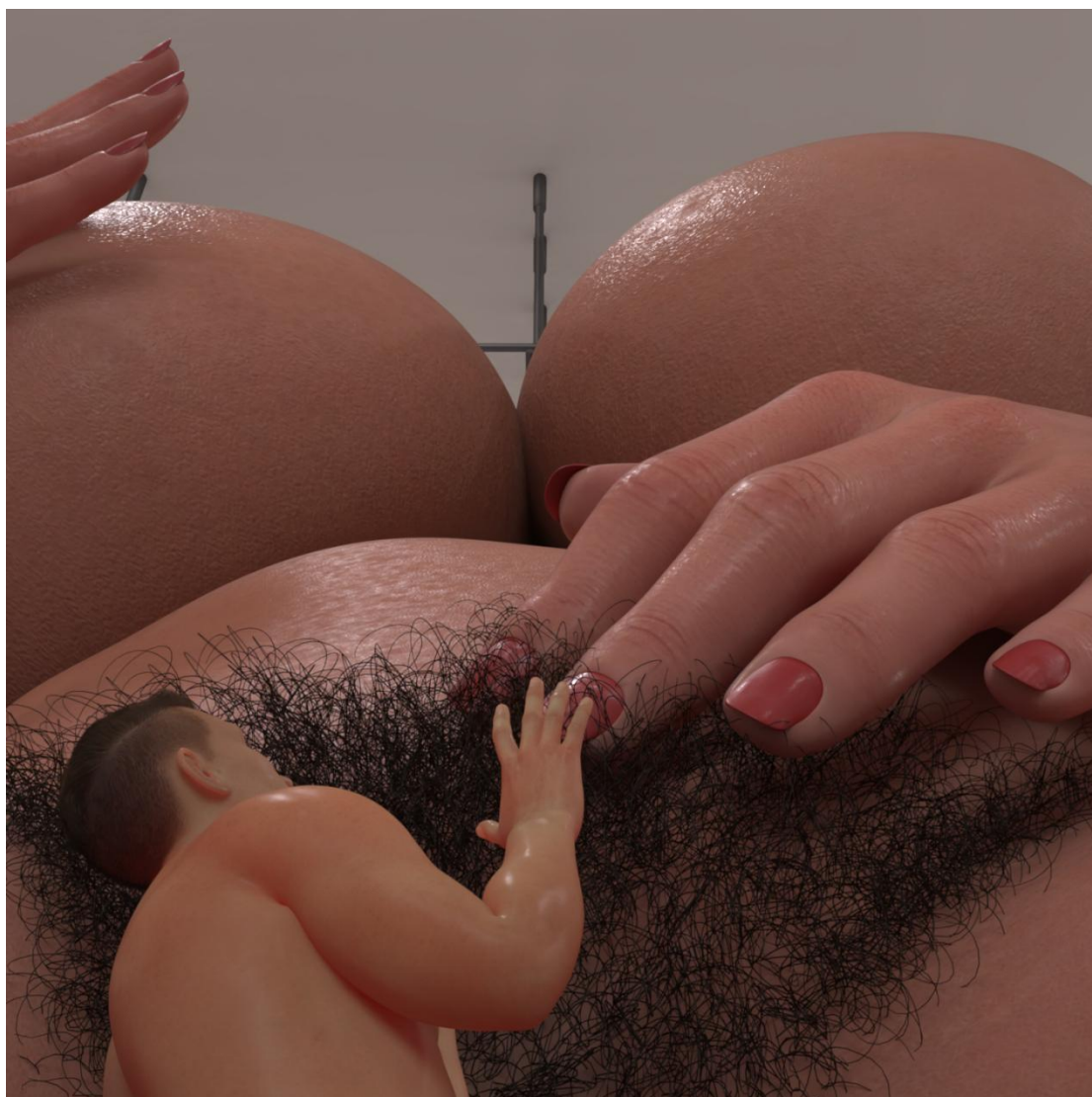
He finally landed with a thud on the couch below, disoriented and breathless. He lay there, trembling, barely able to comprehend the nightmare he was trapped in. Slowly, he managed to get back on his knees, then on his feet, but when he looked up, all hope drained from his face.

Before him loomed Vanessa's enormous, hairy pussy. It glistened, wet and ready, like an insatiable predator waiting to devour him whole. The coarse, dark hair surrounding it only made the sight more intimidating. Her folds, slick with arousal, gleamed in the dim light. It was a massive, living thing, throbbing and dripping with dominance. Jack's heart raced as the heat from her body radiated over him.

"P-please, Vanessa," Jack's voice cracked as he looked up, unable to see her face beyond the mountainous breasts hanging above him. "I can't... I can't take this anymore. I'm begging you."

But his plea only made her laugh softly, her hand already moving toward her tits, caressing the heavy flesh with one hand while the other began its descent, her fingers reaching toward her glistening cunt.





“Get to work, little shit, if you want to survive the night,” she ordered, her voice dripping with cruel indifference.

Jack’s eyes were glued to the massive pussy in front of him. It was overwhelming, terrifying—a dark beast that seemed ready to swallow him whole. His cock, despite the fear gnawing at him, remained stubbornly hard.

Stay calm, Jack. You can do this, he told himself, trying to believe that this was just some twisted game, that maybe Vanessa had a crush on him. That once they were done, he’d be freed.

His hands trembled as he reached out, massaging her slick folds. Her skin was hot to the touch, and his fingers slipped against the wetness of her arousal. A part of him tried to convince himself that this was just sex, that he could handle it. But the sheer size, the power of it, made that lie harder to believe with every passing second.



“I can barely feel you, boy-toy,” Vanessa mocked, her voice a purr of amusement. “Get your tongue in there, or is that tiny mouth of yours useless too?”

Jack swallowed hard, the overwhelming scent of her filling his senses. It was a mixture of musk and heat, primal and suffocating.

There was no escape. Hesitating for just a moment, he spread her folds with his hands, exposing the soft, glistening flesh beneath.

Then, he leaned in, his lips brushing against her wet skin.

He kissed, licked, tasting her—salty, slick, overpowering. The heat from her cunt was all-consuming, filling his mouth and nose, making it hard to think.

Vanessa sighed, enjoying the feeling of his pathetic little licks. To her, it was barely anything, just a faint sensation compared to her own pleasure, but watching him debase himself, watching him squirm in fear and arousal, was what truly satisfied her.

Jack’s tongue moved faster, desperate to please her, to prove himself, as he continued massaging and licking. The taste of her filled his mouth, a reminder of the sheer power she held over him. Every movement was both an act of submission and survival.





As Jack's tiny form worked feverishly against her, Vanessa barely felt anything. His desperate licks, the frantic way he kissed and sucked at her folds, were laughably weak. She looked down at him with amusement, his tiny body trembling as he tried to please her.

"Lick harder, you useless little shit. I can barely fucking feel you," she growled, her voice dripping with dominance. Her lips curled into a smirk, fully enjoying the pathetic scene beneath her. Watching him struggle against the impossible task was half the fun.

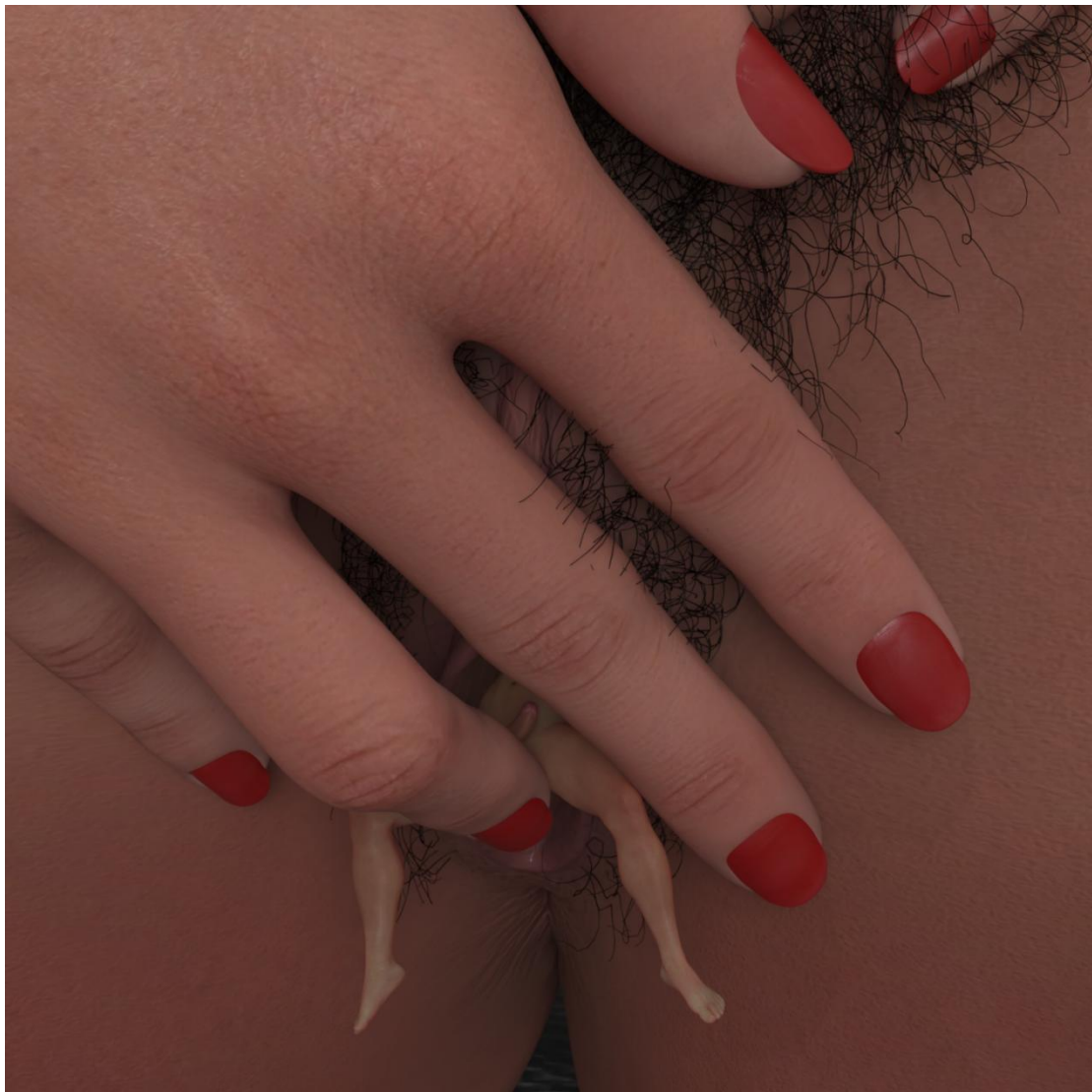
Jack's efforts grew more frantic. His mind raced with memories of when he was normal-sized, when he was the one in control, throwing women on the bed and fucking them senseless. But now, he was nothing—completely at her mercy, and he knew it.

With a wicked smile, Vanessa pressed a finger against his back, hard. He yelped, his tiny hands scrabbling against her slick, wet skin, but it didn't matter. She pushed

harder, forcing his body against her cunt. His face, his whole body, was suddenly smothered in her wet heat, his cock and balls crushed painfully beneath her fingers as she toyed with him.

“Now that’s more like it,” she moaned, a low, satisfied rumble in her throat.

With a firm shove, she slid him inside, feeling the intense pressure as her walls squeezed around his body. The heat, the moisture—it was overwhelming. His legs kicked, his body thrashed, but none of it mattered. He was nothing more than her toy now. Her pussy clenched around him, and the feeling of his tiny body squirming inside sent waves of pleasure coursing through her.



Vanessa’s free hand drifted down to her cunt, caressing her clit as she shoved him deeper. She could finally feel something—a spark of satisfaction growing stronger with every thrust.

“Fuck, yeah,” she growled, her voice thick with lust. “That’s it. That’s how a goddess like me should feel.”

She pushed him in and out, using him like a dildo, her fingers gripping his tiny body while her cunt tightened around him. Every movement made her moan louder, her breaths coming in ragged gasps as her arousal surged. His struggles, his fear, the way his cock and balls were crushed against her fingers—it was perfect.

“This is what I deserve,” she moaned, feeling the power of her control swell inside her. “Yeah... I fucking deserve this.”



Jack, inside her, was suffocating. The heat was unbearable, the pressure around him intense. Every time she thrust him deeper, her pussy clenched harder, flooding him with her juices. He could hardly breathe, choking on the thick, salty liquid that filled his mouth and lungs. The walls around him pulsed with life, tightening in a rhythmic squeeze that left him gasping, terrified that each breath might be his last.



With a final, deep thrust, Vanessa came. Her pussy clenched violently around him, her entire body shuddering as waves of pleasure ripped through her. Jack was trapped, completely engulfed by her, his tiny body pinned and crushed by the overwhelming pressure. Her juices flooded over him, drowning him in their heat as she screamed in ecstasy. He could feel her muscles contracting around him, squeezing him so tightly that he thought his bones would break. He was suffocating, choking on the thick fluids, barely conscious as he tried in vain to escape.

Vanessa reclined, her body still trembling from the aftershocks of her orgasm. Inside her, Jack's struggles grew weaker and weaker. She could feel him still, his tiny limbs twitching faintly, barely alive. For a moment, she wondered if she should let him live.

Hmm... maybe I'll play with him a little longer, she mused to herself, a lazy grin spreading across her lips. She finally fished him out of her cunt, his tiny body limp and drenched in her juices. He had passed out, still clinging to life, but barely. Shrugging, she stood and headed for the shower, not really caring whether he pulled through or not.

When Jack finally woke up, he found himself lying on the soft surface of a massive, warm mound. As his vision cleared, the realization hit him like a punch to the gut—he was on Vanessa’s giant tit. Everything came rushing back, the horrifying memories of her using him as a toy, her cruel laugh as she shoved him inside her. His body trembled with the recollection of her pussy clenching around him, suffocating him in her juices.



Vanessa stared down at Jack’s tiny, trembling form, a smirk pulling at the corner of her lips. His desperation was obvious, but it wasn’t enough. Not yet. She needed more.

“So, you survived, huh?” she said, her voice cold and dripping with amusement. She tilted her head slightly, watching him squirm.

Jack was on his knees, his tiny body barely able to hold itself up after the torment she had already put him through. His voice was weak, cracking with fear and exhaustion. “Vanessa, I beg you. I’ll do anything... please, I can’t take any more.”

Her eyebrow arched, unimpressed. Was that all he had?

“Vanessa,” Jack stammered, his voice growing more desperate, “my sisters... my mother. They depend on me. Financially, they need me.”

Her eyebrow went higher, a smirk playing on her lips. “Seriously? You really think I give a fuck?” Her voice was sharp, cutting, as if the very notion of his family meant less than nothing to her.

Jack’s mind raced. Empathy wasn’t going to work—he realized that now. He had to try something else. Maybe if he scared her, made her think there’d be consequences for what she was doing, she might change her mind.

“Vanessa... people will look into our disappearance. My sisters, my mom... they’ll know something’s wrong.”

Vanessa let out a soft, disinterested chuckle, her eyes half-lidded as she regarded him like an insect squirming under her heel. “Oh, don’t worry about that,” she said casually, as if she were discussing the weather. “I’ll just blame Jane. She made a scene when she quit. People know she’s got a thing for tinies. I’ll spin it that she went off the deep end, got obsessed. It’ll all make sense, don’t you think?”

Jack’s blood ran cold. The ease with which she concocted such a vile lie left him speechless, his mind reeling. His life was slipping away, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Vanessa stretched her arms lazily, as though this conversation had bored her. “Alright, been a long day, huh?” she said, her voice as casual as if she were talking to a pet. “Time to settle you into your new home.”

Without waiting for any further pleas or protests, she reached down and grabbed him by the leg. Jack’s world spun as she stood up, the sudden motion making his stomach lurch. He could only watch in horror as she pulled her panties forward, revealing the thick, dark bush of her pubic hair.

“No—no, please!” Jack screamed, but it didn’t matter. She lowered him down, pressing his tiny body into her pubic hair, the coarse strands tangling around him as he was shoved into place. The smell, the heat, the dampness—it overwhelmed his senses all at once.



Vanessa snapped her panties back into place, trapping him against her skin, buried in the thick forest of her pubic hair. She gave a little sigh of satisfaction, patting the front

of her panties with a smug grin before crawling into bed. She fell asleep quickly, drunk on her own power and the thrill of complete domination.

Meanwhile, Jack lay crammed up against her, every breath a struggle as he was pressed tight against her hot, humid skin. The wiry strands of her pubic hair scratched at his face, his chest, his legs, making it impossible to find any relief. His tiny body was soaked in her sweat, the salty moisture sticking to him as he struggled to move, to find any space that wasn't pressed up against her.

But there was none.

The physical torment was one thing—the suffocating heat, the oppressive weight of her body on him, the sharp stabs of her hair digging into his skin—but the psychological torture was worse. He couldn't escape the knowledge that he was nothing to her. Just a toy, a disposable plaything she could use and discard at will.

He couldn't sleep, couldn't rest. His mind raced with fear, guilt, shame. The image of his family flashed in his mind—his sisters, his mother, all depending on him—and here he was, crammed against Vanessa's pussy, utterly powerless to do anything.

He was trapped in a nightmare.

Mia looked at her handiwork, a grin plastered on her face. "Fuck yeah," she muttered to herself, admiring the sight. "Vanessa's gonna lose her mind over this."

Her room, a bubblegum-pink paradise filled with stuffed animals and posters of pop stars, was the perfect contrast to the vulgarity of the situation. The door was locked—an unspoken rule for her mom to stay the hell out.

In her hand, Mia held a large, realistic pink dildo. Normally, nothing special, but today? This one had six of her shrunken colleagues strapped to it with pink rubber bands. The bands matched her lacy pink bra and panties perfectly, of course. She giggled to herself, bouncing lightly on her toes.





“Hey, you little fuckers having fun?” Mia cooed, her tone sweetly condescending. Her eyes gleamed as she stared at the tiny people tied to the silicone shaft. “Bet you never thought you’d end up like this, huh? How’s it feel to be my little playthings now?”

Vanessa had told her to "transform them into a sex toy," and Mia had taken that instruction very seriously. With a quick visit to her friend at the sex shop—a busty brunette with killer green eyes—she’d managed to whip this bad boy together in an hour. Custom-made, just for her.

She inspected the six tinies: four girls, two guys. Emily, Sophia, Olivia, and Hannah—tiny but stacked, each of them with tits that still managed to impress at their size. Especially Olivia. Mia gave Olivia’s chest a flick, watching her wince in pain. “Damn, still got those big-ass jugs, don’t ya, Liv? They looked good when you were normal-sized, but now? Even better.”

Then there were the boys, Ethan and Daniel. Both of them fit, with decent-sized cocks—well, for tiny guys. She made sure they were hard, of course. That part was

easy. A few rubs against her tits, and they were stiff enough. “God, I love messing with boys,” she said, smirking.

She held up the dildo, the tiny men and women strapped tight, wiggling helplessly. “Alright, darlings, time to give this baby a test run. You ready?”



Emily's voice quivered. “M-Mia, please, you don't have to do this. Help us! Vanessa's gone too far.”

Mia rolled her eyes, twirling a lock of her blonde hair around her finger. “Uh, yeah, no. Vanessa pays me 150K a year. So I think she's the boss, not you.”

“But... but this is illegal! You're going to go to prison for this!” Emily squeaked, her tiny voice full of desperation.

Mia snorted. “Prison? Babe, the cops are a fucking joke now. They're all tiny too, remember? What're they gonna do, handcuff me with doll-sized cuffs?” She laughed,

clearly amused by her own joke. “Besides, Vanessa’s got a plan for everything. She’ll pin this on someone else, easy.”

Ethan spoke up next, his voice hoarse. “Mia, please... I just want to go back to my wife.”

“Aww, you miss wifey? That’s actually adorable,” Mia cooed mockingly. She shifted her thumb, brushing it against his cock, teasing him. “Bet she doesn’t do this, huh? Is she as good as me, Ethan?” She stroked him with just the lightest touch, watching his face twist in anger and humiliation.

Despite his wriggling, Ethan’s cock gave him away, standing rigid in her grip. He couldn’t fight biology, no matter how much he wanted to. Mia giggled, delighted. “Look at you, trying so hard to resist. But that little cock of yours says otherwise.”

She leaned in close, her breath warm as she whispered, “You’re gonna fuck me with this, huh? You and all your little friends, plus my big new toy.”



Mia sat on her bed, legs spread, already slipping into her routine. Honestly, she fucking loved masturbating—had since she was four. Her mom caught her back then, and instead of scolding her, just gave the whole thing a name: “self-care time.” Like it was some cute activity. Mom did the same, anyway, probably getting herself off downstairs as Mia got busy upstairs.

In one hand, she held her pink dildo. Her little captives—Ethan, Daniel, Emily, Olivia, Sophia, and Hannah—were strapped around it with rubber bands, squirming helplessly. Her other hand teased herself, first grazing her tits before slipping down to her wet pussy. She licked her lips, savoring the power she had over these tiny shits.



Bringing the dildo closer, Mia grinned. She stroked her thumb over their little forms—tiny tits, cocks, and pussies—all there for her pleasure. She started with Daniel. His cock twitched pathetically under her thumb. She brought him to her mouth, flicking her tongue over it.

“Enjoying this, huh, Danny? Bet no one ever sucked your cock like this before,” she purred, eyes locking with his. His expression? Pure hopelessness. She fucking loved that.

Next, she turned to Olivia. Her tits were practically begging for attention, so Mia licked them, savoring how Olivia trembled under her tongue. “You like that, Liv? Don’t try to pretend you don’t. Bet you’re soaking wet right now. That might be my saliva though, ha-ha!”

Olivia whimpered, on the verge of tears. “P-please, M-Mia... I’m scared. We’ll pay you, I swear. Please let us go.”

Mia laughed, not even pausing her teasing. “Vanessa’s orders, babe. And besides, you’re way too fun like this. I’m not giving this up.” She flicked Olivia’s breasts hard, making her flinch.

Then came Emily. Her black hair, perky little tits—Mia couldn’t resist. She planted soft kisses on her face, taunting her. “Bet you wish these kisses were from Jack, huh? Too bad Vanessa’s got him now. Wonder what she’s doing to him?”

Just as Emily opened her mouth to respond, a knock came at the door. Mia froze.

“Mia? Who are you talking to?” Her mom’s voice cut through the moment, totally oblivious.

“Ah! Uh, no one, Mom! Leave me alone!” Mia stammered, her heart racing.

Emily, desperate, screamed at the top of her lungs, “HELP!!! HELP!!! YOUR DAUGHTER HAS CAPTURED US!!!”

Mia’s eyes narrowed. *Big mistake.* She flicked Emily hard in the stomach, sending a shockwave of pain through her tiny body. Emily gasped, barely able to breathe from the brutal impact.

“Mia, are you having ‘self-care time’? It’s okay, sweetie. You know it takes a while to discover what you like,” her mom continued, completely clueless.

“Mom! Stop it, you’re embarrassing me!” Mia snapped, glaring at the door.

“Embarrassing you? In front of who?” her mom asked, confused.

“Ugh! No one! Just... go away!”

“Alright, alright. But just remember, honey, your clit is your best friend if you’re in a rush.” Her mom’s voice was light, like she was giving casual advice about cooking or something.

“MOM!” Mia shouted, her frustration boiling over.

“Okay, okay, I’m going now. Love you!” her mom finally relented.

Mia sat there fuming. *Fucking boundaries, Mom.* She didn’t barge in on her mom when *she* was going at it; why couldn’t she do the same? Cranking up the music to drown out any more interruptions, she turned her focus back to the dildo.

Absentmindedly, she ran her finger over Daniel’s cock, teasing it, while her thumb flicked Sophia’s tits.



“Alright, enough fucking around,” she muttered, positioning the dildo between her legs.

The dildo in Mia’s hand was massive, thick enough to be intimidating even without the six tinies strapped to it. With them bound tightly just below the head, their helpless faces lined up, it was a whole new level of thrilling. She started slowly,

teasing herself by rubbing the head of the dildo against her wet slit, easing into it before things got serious.



"Ahhh... ahhhhh... fuck yeah..." Mia groaned, feeling the familiar rush of excitement. Her spoiled little routine, the one she'd perfected over the years, always started with teasing. She dragged the toy lazily along her lips, feeling every twitch in her body as the cold silicone warmed against her skin.

Her eyes trailed down to her pussy, watching it glisten in the low light. Her breath quickened as her body began to crave more, the gentle tease driving her crazy. She smirked down at the bound tinies.

"Take a deep breath," she muttered, half-laughing, half-purring. They all did, their tiny faces filled with terror, eyes screwed shut, bracing for what they knew was coming.



Mia pushed.

The moment the head of the dildo slipped inside her, she let out a guttural moan. The stretch, the heat, the weight—it was ecstasy. But the real pleasure? Knowing they were in there, powerless. She could feel their tiny bodies twitching, their faces pressed against her slick walls as they struggled, suffocating in her pussy juice. Their helpless little struggles only turned her on more, the sensation of their panicked movements adding to her pleasure.

She could feel Daniel and Ethan's tiny hard cocks getting trashed against her pussy walls, pushed and pulled in every direction as her muscles clenched around them. She knew it must be agony for them, and that thought only made her wetter.

"Ohhh, fuck," Mia groaned, riding the wave of pleasure. The feeling of their faces, their little bodies, all trapped and writhing, was sending her over the edge. Her walls tightened, squeezing them even harder, their movements becoming more frantic, desperate for air.



She came hard. Her pussy clenched, spasming around the toy as waves of pleasure washed over her. Her moan filled the room as she dug the toy deeper inside herself, her whole body shaking with the force of her orgasm.

Her six shrunken colleagues were trapped, smothered in darkness, and suffocated by the overpowering heat of her cunt. The slick walls around them pulsed, tightening with crushing force as her moans echoed. Every breath was an impossible struggle, every movement met with the suffocating grip of her muscles as they spasmed and clenched, suffocating in her juices. They could feel her pleasure intensify, the pressure mounting until it was unbearable.

Slowly, Mia pulled the dildo out. The tinies were gasping for air, their bodies drenched in her cum, struggling to catch their breath.

“Breathe, you little shits. We’re not done yet,” she sneered, barely giving them time to recover before plunging them back in.

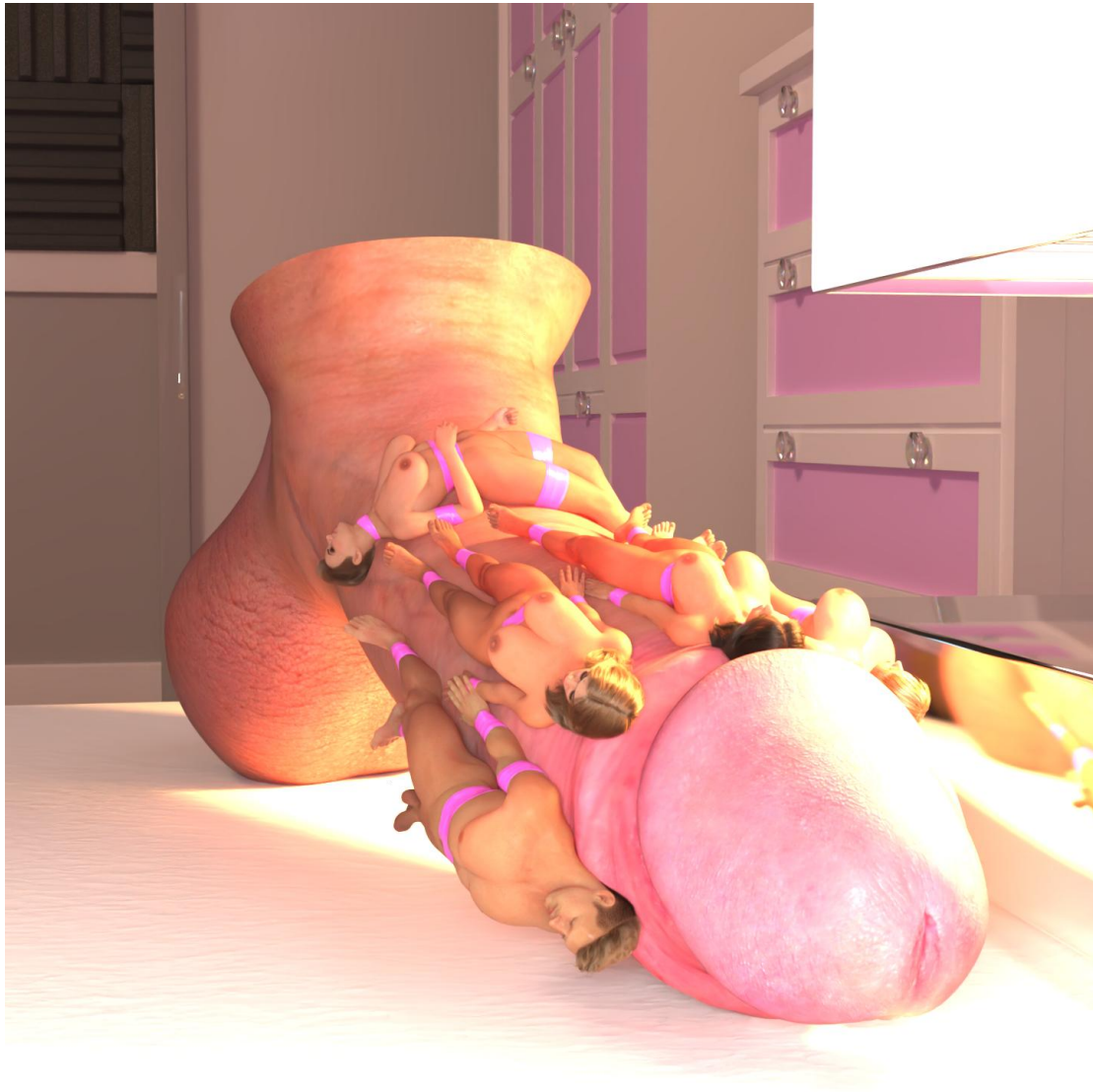
Sophia was on the verge of passing out, her eyes rolling back as she struggled against the overwhelming sensation of Mia's pussy closing in on her. Emily screamed, "MIA! WAIT, PLEASE!" but Mia didn't even hear her. She was too deep into the next round, too horny to care.



For hours, it went on. Mia came again and again, each orgasm more intense than the last. She didn't care about their screams or pleas; all she cared about was the incredible feeling of control and pleasure as she rode the toy, her pussy swallowing them whole over and over.

By the time she finally stopped, her body was shaking, drenched in sweat, her breath ragged. She pulled the dildo out for the last time, the tinies barely conscious, drenched in her cum. She lazily wiped the toy against her blanket, not caring about the mess, and set it on her nightstand.

“Good job, guys. I’m fucking exhausted. I’ll wash you tomorrow. Sleep tight,” she said with a satisfied grin, not giving them a second thought as she rolled over and passed out, leaving them tied to the sticky dildo.



Vanessa woke up, feeling a wave of complete satisfaction ripple through her body. It wasn’t a dream—last night had really happened. She’d finally made her move on her tiny employees, and honestly, they deserved nothing better. Her lips curled into a smile as she lay back in bed, stretching luxuriously.

“Fuckin’ toys,” she muttered. “So much better like this than complaining about special treatment all day.” She’d hire a new team. Simple. One that wasn’t three inches tall and constantly whining.

As she shifted, she felt something wriggling against her—Jack, her former colleague and office rival, now trapped as a helpless toy in her panties. She let out a satisfied

chuckle. "Oh, still squirming down there, Jack? Guess you're not dead yet," she mused, enjoying the sensation of his tiny body pressed against her hairy, damp mound.

Jack had barely slept. Trapped against her thick bush, smothered and drenched in her juice, he'd been paralyzed by fear all night. It was hell—hot, humid, and utterly suffocating. He couldn't believe this was real. Every breath was filled with her scent, and he realized that at any moment, she could crush him without a second thought.

Vanessa strutted to the mirror, admiring herself. She didn't need makeup to know she looked amazing—her big, curvy frame and enormous boobs filled out her sleeping bra perfectly. She was a goddess, a queen.

She strolled into the kitchen, eager for breakfast. A big girl like her needed to eat.



Vanessa casually began preparing her breakfast: scrambled eggs with truffle oil on toast, a side of avocado, and a cup of strong black coffee. The taste was even richer,

knowing that Jack was still tangled in her pussy hair, struggling and completely at her mercy.

On her way out of the kitchen, she stopped and paused for a moment. “Ugh, guess I should feed him something,” she muttered, a cruel smile playing on her lips. She pulled her panties out, peering down at Jack’s pathetic form.



Jack was flattened and exhausted. His tiny body was slick with her pussy juice, and he could barely move.

“Morning, Jacky boy,” she said, her voice dripping with condescension. “How’re you enjoying your new accommodations? Cozy enough for you?”

Jack’s voice was hoarse, barely a whisper. “Vanessa... I can’t... I won’t survive this. Please, I’ll do anything. Just let me go.”



She snorted, amused by his desperate plea. “Let you go? Why would I do that? You’re exactly where you belong.” Vanessa dipped her finger into a nearby jar of peanut butter, swirling it around before lowering it between her legs and into her panties. “Here. Eat, you little shit.”

Jack, his spirit crushed, reached for the peanut butter, licking it hungrily off her finger. It was degrading, but hunger and fear overtook his pride. After just a few seconds, she yanked her finger away, leaving him more helpless than ever.

He looked up at her, filled with shame. “Th-Thank you, Vanessa,” he muttered, trying to appease her.

She smirked, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. “Oh, it’s nothing,” she said mockingly. “In fact, after last night, I think it’s only fair I return the favor, don’t you?”

Jack’s heart sank. What did she mean? Before he could even think, she pulled him out of her panties and brought him up to her face. Her massive lips curled into a devious

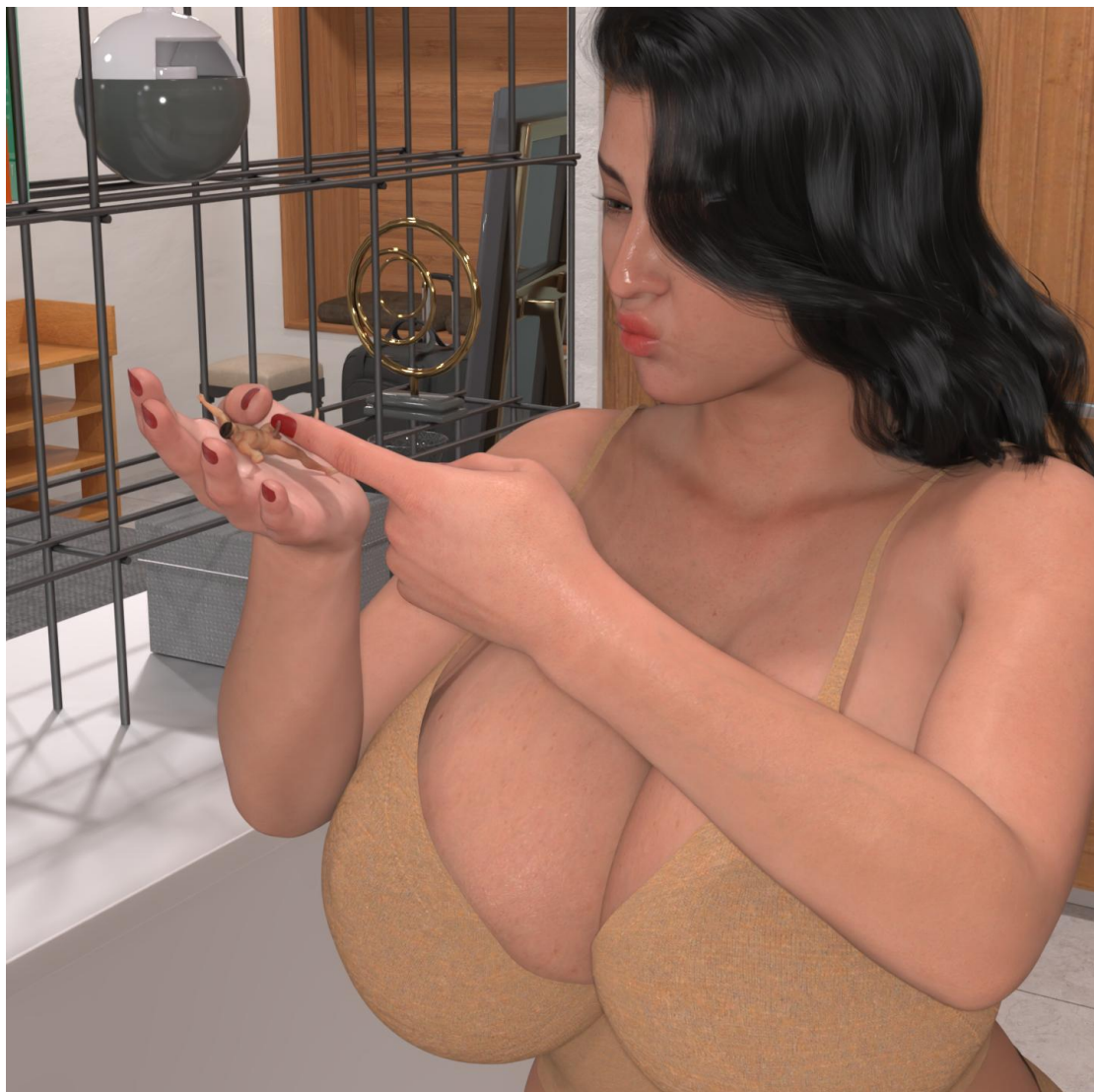
grin before she pressed them against him, smothering him in a kiss. She knew how much he hated it—how much he loved Emily.

To his horror, he felt himself grow hard against her lips. He despised himself for it, but there was no escaping his body's reaction.

"There we go," Vanessa purred, her eyes narrowing as she watched his pathetic response. "Such a good boy-toy." His cock was hard, pulsing with every heartbeat.

"Seems like you can't control yourself... again," she purred, her voice dripping with condescension. "I've got an idea for you. How about a little... nail job? Hmm? I bet you'll love it."

Without waiting for a response, Vanessa extended her finger, her long nail coated in thick, dark red polish. She pressed it against his throbbing cock, the sticky surface adhering to his skin immediately. The friction was brutal as she started jerking him off, her nail gliding over his length with sharp, unforgiving motions.



Jack gasped, trying to fight the wave of pleasure. *Emily*... he thought, desperate to hold onto her memory. But the pressure from Vanessa's thumb on his chest pinned him down with ease.

"Don't be an idiot, Jack," Vanessa growled, her thumb pressing harder, her smile growing more sinister. "You're a toy now. You'll learn to enjoy this, or I'll lose patience with you."

She continued jerking him off with her nail, her movements became rough and erratic, each stroke sending pain coursing through Jack's body. It wasn't pleasure—it was torture. The slickness of her nail polish added to the burn, as if the friction was tearing him apart. Jack's body twitched involuntarily, his cock throbbing painfully, and he couldn't stop it. Despite everything, his body betrayed him. His orgasm hit like a bolt of lightning, cum shooting out of him like molten lava, the heat searing through his nerves. The pain was overwhelming, almost unbearable.



Vanessa laughed as his cum dripped across her nail. "Oh, Jacky boy, that was pathetic. So fast, so desperate. How disappointing," she teased, flicking his body with a finger.

Jack lay there, panting heavily, his body shaking from the brutal experience. His vision blurred, the aftermath leaving him drained and humiliated.

"My turn now, hmm?" Vanessa's voice broke through his haze.

Before he could respond, she lifted him again, turning him around. He saw her firm, enormous ass come into view, her toned cheeks slightly jiggling as she walked. Her ass was large and round, the skin smooth and firm, but it radiated a power that made Jack's blood run cold.

She pulled her panties out, lowering him into them from behind. Jack's heart pounded as he was lowered just below her asshole, surrounded by the overwhelming mass of her ass cheeks. The thick black hair around her pussy brushed against his face as her asshole loomed above him, dark and pungent. The stench was overpowering.

"Enjoying the view, fuck-toy?" she mocked, as she began to close her panties. To his horror, her ass cheeks began to close in around him.



The walls of flesh pressed against his tiny body, squeezing him tightly, trapping him between them. He was utterly imprisoned, every inch of his body pinned against the warmth and weight of her ass. His face was mashed up against her asshole, the musky, sharp scent of it making him gag. He tried to squirm, but there was no escaping. The pressure was relentless, her powerful ass smothering him completely.

Jack could barely breathe, each inhale filled with the scent of her sweaty, unwashed skin. He was nothing but a prisoner in her panties, suffocating beneath her enormous ass, pressed cruelly against her anus as she moved about her day, unconcerned with his suffering.

Vanessa casually moved to her washroom, her hips swaying as she settled onto the chair in front of the mirror. Uncaring—of Jack's torment, she sat down with her usual confidence. For Jack, trapped deep in her panties, the moment her full weight pressed down on the chair was like a living nightmare.

His face was already mashed up against her asshole, but now, as her enormous ass cheeks spread and sank onto the hard seat, the pressure around him increased tenfold. Jack could barely twist his head, desperate for even a pocket of air. His face was pressed so tightly against the slick, humid skin of her anus that each breath came in shallow gasps. The oppressive heat from her body was overwhelming, and the musky, almost suffocating smell only worsened with every second.

Then, without warning, Vanessa felt a morning fart brewing. She didn't even pause in her routine. The release was quick, sharp, and completely thoughtless.

For Jack, it was nothing short of hell. The fart blasted directly into his face, a violent, hot gust of foul-smelling gas that filled his lungs instantly. He gagged, coughing, but there was no escape. The thick walls of her ass flesh pinned him in place, sealing him in a prison of warmth and stench. His eyes watered as he struggled for air, suffocating beneath her weight, his mind barely able to process what was happening.

Meanwhile, Vanessa casually continued her morning routine, blissfully unaware—or indifferent—to the suffering going on beneath her. She picked up her makeup, brushing her skin lightly with foundation, her movements smooth and confident.

Her white top clung tightly to her chest, the fabric stretching to its limit as it tried to contain her massive tits. The sleeveless design left her arms bare, her breasts firm and perfectly shaped beneath the tight material. The top struggled to hold her, each breath she took threatening to burst the seams.

Below, her black leather skirt hugged her firm hips and ass, the fabric straining as she moved. Every step she took caused the skirt to creak slightly, barely containing the powerful curves underneath.

Satisfied with her appearance, Vanessa stood up, letting her enormous tits bounce slightly in the top as she moved. Jack, hopelessly trapped between her ass cheeks, felt the pressure shift slightly as she rose from the chair. But there was no escape. Her ass held him tight, each movement reminding him just how little control he had.

Vanessa gave herself one last look in the mirror, smirking with satisfaction. She was ready for work—confident, powerful, and carrying her helpless little toy, Jack, buried deep in her ass, completely at her mercy. Without another thought, she walked out of her apartment, her tight skirt swaying against her hips as she stepped into the world, leaving Jack to endure his nightmarish reality in silence.



Mia groaned at the sound of her mother banging on the door.

“Mia! Get your ass out of bed, you're going to be late for work!”

She cracked one eye open, her mind still foggy. *Work? Fuck...* Memories from last night rushed back—she glanced at her nightstand. Yep, there they were: six tiny, helpless people strapped to her dildo like some pathetic little sex toys.

“Mia, I’m coming in!” her mother called from behind the door.

“NO! MOM! WAIT!” Panic hit as Mia scrambled to hide her "toys." She grabbed the dildo and shoved it under her pillow, silencing their pathetic pleas. The tiny figures were quickly crushed beneath the weight of her pillow as she leaned on it, hurriedly throwing on her pink bra.

Her mom barged in, oblivious as usual, unlocking her door “You’re lucky to have me, you know? Do you think anyone else would wake you up for work every day?”

Mia rolled her eyes. “Yeah, thanks. Appreciate it, Mom. You can go now.”

Her mom's eyes narrowed. “Don’t you dismiss me like that, young lady.”

Sighing, Mia slumped on the bed. “Alright, Mom. What do you want?”

“Can’t a mother have a normal conversation with her daughter anymore?”

Mia shifted uncomfortably, feeling the weight of the suffocating tinies under her pillow. “Sure... whatever.”

“Don’t ‘whatever’ me!” Her mom let out an exaggerated sigh. “God, I miss when you were younger. Back then, we were *best friends*, you know?”

Mia forced a smile. “Mom, I didn’t mean it like that. What’s up?”

Her mother brightened. “There you go!” She paused, probably waiting for Mia to actually engage, but Mia wasn’t giving her anything.

“So...” her mom finally continued. “Did you catch Mystic Doll’s last stream?”

Mia stifled a groan. Mystic Doll was a size influencer, known for streaming with a tiny man dangling from her neck. Why the hell was her mom obsessed with her?

“No, Mom. I was, like, busy with work. And you don’t even play video games.”

“I know, but she’s so funny! LOL!”

Mia blinked. “Did you just say ‘LOL’ out loud?”

Her mom ignored her and continued. “Yesterday, she pretended to eat her tiny alive! The poor thing must’ve been terrified.”

Mia snorted. “Yeah, I bet.”

Her mother smiled. “Anyway, look at this.” She pointed at her neck.

Mia’s eyes widened. It took her a second to realize her mom was wearing a necklace. But not just any necklace—*Mystic Doll’s necklace*, the one with tiny handcuffs. Only hers was black instead of the influencer’s signature pink.

Mia’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious, Mom? What the actual fuck? You bought her merch? You don’t even have, like, a tiny to cuff!”

Her mother waved a hand dismissively. “I know, I know. It’s just for fun!” There was a pause as her mother looked like she was contemplating something. Then, out of nowhere, she struck a pose, twirling around and lifting her arms in the air imitating Mystic Doll. “It’s *SUBLIME!*”



That was their inside joke, but Mia cringed, embarrassed, glancing at the tiny people bound to the dildo under her pillow. "Not now, Mom. Please, just stop."

"C'mon, Mia! I'm just having a little fun. You know, I used to be young like you once—getting into all sorts of trouble." Her mom winked, as if sharing some deep, cringy secret.

Mia sighed, annoyed. "Right... yeah, sure, Mom. Can we wrap this up? I need to get to work. Remember?"

Her mom chuckled. "Fine, fine. But hey, let's go shopping this weekend, okay? Some mother-daughter bonding."

"Yeah, sure, whatever," Mia muttered, barely hiding her frustration.

Her mom finally left the room, and Mia let out a long breath of relief. She reached under her pillow, pulling out the dildo where six tiny figures were strapped, all looking red and out of breath.

"Sorry, guys. Guess that was a little rough, huh?" Mia giggled, amused by their suffering. "Alright, gotta get you to Vanessa."

Emily's weak voice came from the dildo. "Please, Mia... I can't feel my arms and legs. We've been stuck like this all night..."

Sophia was sobbing, her tiny voice trembling. "I... I can't take it anymore. Please..."

Mia snorted. "Hmf. You're actually making me feel bad now." She paused, tapping her lip as if she was seriously considering it. "Fine, I'll unstrap you."

With quick, careless movements, Mia began unstrapping the tinies from the dildo. "Now where the hell do I put you guys?"

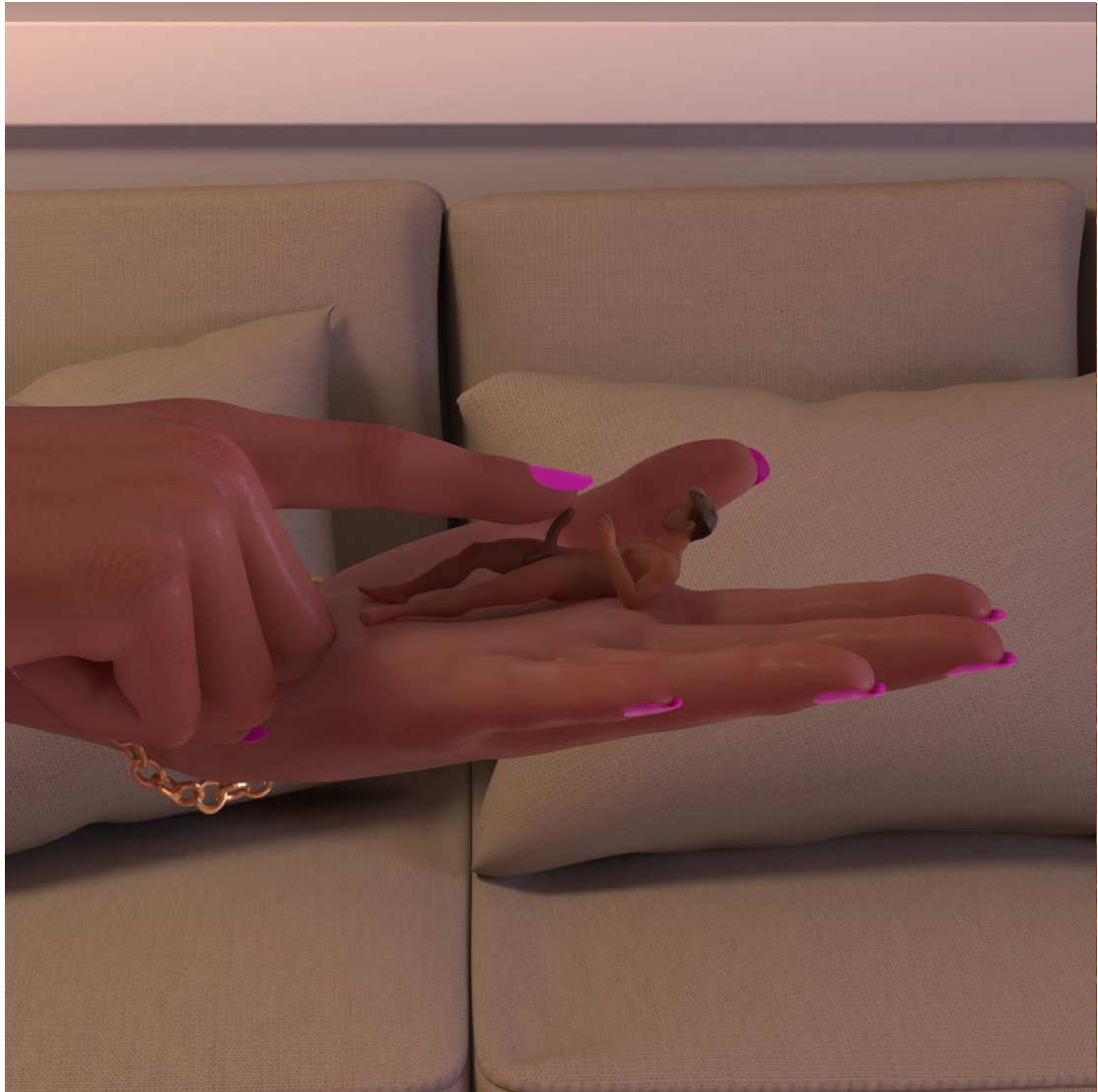
Emily looked up, desperation in her tiny voice. "Mia, just let us go. Seriously. This is going to come back to bite you—believe me."

Mia scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Pfft, nah. Vanessa's got it all under control. You think she doesn't have a plan?" Then a wicked grin spread across her face. "Ooooh! I got an idea! How about this: I'll carry you around today, and whoever pleases me the most wins a prize. Fun, right?"

"P-please you? Mia, no... we're all exhausted," Emily whimpered.

Mia just grinned wider. "C'mon, it'll be fun."

Without warning, she reached for Ethan, stroking his tiny cock with a finger. She laughed as his body betrayed him, his cock hardening against his will.



“Looks like Ethan’s ready to play.” Mia smirked, her eyes narrowing in satisfaction.

Ethan groaned. “No, Mia, I have a wife! This isn’t funny!”

Mia’s finger kept stroking him, her voice dropping to a mocking moan. “Not funny? Mmm?”

Ethan bit his lip, hating himself for how his body responded, precum starting to leak onto her finger.

Mia raised her eyebrow as she noticed the tiny drop of precum. “Oh my god, did you just fucking cum on my finger?”

Ethan’s voice was panicked. “What? No! I... I didn’t! What are you talking about?”



Mia held up her finger, pointing at the tiny string of precum. “This. I don’t remember giving you permission to cum on my fucking finger.”

Ethan’s voice trembled. “You’re one to talk! We’ve been soaked in your pussy juice all night!”

Mia’s eyes narrowed. “Shut the fuck up! Don’t talk back to me, little shit.” With a quick motion, she pulled her G-string aside and slammed Ethan between her ass cheeks, trapping him in the warm, suffocating space.





Ethan hit Mia's asshole face-first, the musky, suffocating heat overwhelming him immediately. His face was mashed against her sphincter, the stench of sweat and bodily fluids filling his nostrils, making him gag. His body was trembling as her finger pressed harder, pushing his head deeper into the suffocating fold of her ass. Air? There was none. Every frantic breath he tried to take came out in shallow wheezes as his face was crushed against her unyielding flesh.

"That's what you get, you little shit," Mia sneered, her voice dripping with mockery. "Now lick."

Ethan's body jerked instinctively, spasming, but his lips stayed frozen, too paralyzed by fear and the suffocating pressure. He wasn't licking.

Mia's tone sharpened. "I said lick!" She pressed harder, grinding his face cruelly against her asshole until he finally complied. His tiny tongue, shaking with terror, began to lap at the filthy folds of her skin, each pathetic movement slow and weak.



“There you go. Good boy,” she cooed, her tone laced with cruel amusement as she felt the tickle of his pitiful licks. Straightening up, she adjusted herself, securing Ethan between her ass cheeks, her tight G-string keeping him firmly in place. The pressure clamped down around him, leaving his world nothing but dark, suffocating heat.

Mia’s eyes gleamed as she looked over the remaining tinies. "Now, what about you guys? Hmm?" Her voice was playful, but the danger in her tone was unmistakable.

Without waiting for a response, she shot out, "First four to raise their hand get boobs!"

Emily, Olivia, Sophia, and Hannah shot their hands up without a second thought, desperation flashing in their eyes. Daniel, still dazed and confused by how fast she spoke, blinked too late.

“Shit!” he muttered as realization hit him.

Mia smirked. "Ha-ha, Danny boy's gonna get some pussy action. Mmm?" She grabbed him without hesitation, prying open the front of her panties and stuffing him against her soaking pussy. "You know how to please a woman, don't you? Get started."

Daniel, his world now a humid, overwhelming mix of her scent and juices, began massaging, licking, kissing—doing whatever he could in his pitiful state to please her, every move a desperate attempt at earning even a sliver of mercy.

Turning to the four women, Mia grinned. "And you lucky sluts get the girls." She pointed to her own breasts, a mischievous gleam in her eyes. Grabbing Emily and Olivia in one hand, she held them up close to her chest. "Now, they're not as big as yours were, Liv, back when you were normal-sized. But still pretty good, huh?"



Olivia's head bobbed up and down frantically. "Yes! They're beautiful, Mia!" Her voice shook with desperation.

Mia chuckled, a cruel grin spreading across her face. "You're gonna be good girls, mmm? Licking, sucking, massaging... all that. Or would you rather trade places with Ethan?"

Emily and Olivia spoke over each other, their words a panicked jumble.

"We'll be good!"

"Yes, yes! We'll do everything you want!"

Mia laughed softly and pulled her left bra cup forward, sliding them in. "Good girls."



The moment they were shoved into the fabric prison, they got to work. Two professional women, now reduced to mindless, obedient servants, sucking and licking Mia's flesh. The salty taste of her skin filled their mouths. They could feel the heat radiating from her body, their own drenched in sweat, saliva, and her juices. Each movement they made felt futile, but they kept going, desperate to please her, desperate for any reprieve from the torment.

Mia took her time savoring their pathetic efforts. She repeated the process with Sophia and Hannah, her bra snapping back into place, slamming the girls' bodies tight against her flesh. Their tiny forms squirmed and pressed against her skin, but it was no use. The fabric of her bra made sure they couldn't escape, trapping them helplessly against her chest.

Mia moaned softly, feeling the little arms and legs massaging her tits, the pathetic licks and kisses from those buried in her bra, Daniel's tiny mouth working between her pussy lips, and Ethan's spasms between her ass cheeks. It was an avalanche of sensation—tiny, frantic movements, all done to please her.

“Hell yeah... I could get used to this,” Mia whispered, her voice thick with pleasure and arrogance. She could feel their desperation, their exhaustion, and it only made her smile grow.

After a few more moments of indulgence, she adjusted her clothes, straightening herself up with a satisfied smirk. Without a second glance at the tinies trapped against her body, she left for work, striding confidently out the door.

Vanessa’s day was already off to a great start. With the approval secured from leadership, she was getting ready to hire new employees. But what really made it special was the fact that Jack, her former office rival, was now helplessly lodged between her ass cheeks, tucked neatly against her asshole. The same guy who had once sneered and called her the "office bitch" was now being pressed into hell every time she shifted in her chair.

It was hard not to feel a sense of triumph, knowing every little squirm and twitch he made was a reminder of her total control.

Her phone rang, snapping her out of the delicious moment. It was Amy, the receptionist.

“Hey, Vanessa. There’s someone here asking to see you. Says he’s... uh... an investigator?”

Vanessa narrowed her eyes. *An investigator?* “Hmm, do you know what this is about?”

Amy hesitated on the other end. “I’m not sure... he just showed up, asking to speak with you.”

Vanessa's mind raced. There was no way the police could be onto her this fast. It made no sense.

“Thanks, Amy. Send him in.”

She stood, took a deep breath, wanting to appear calm and in control. When the door opened, she had to stifle a laugh. Standing there was not some towering detective, but a tiny man, no more than a foot tall.

“Thanks for your time, Vanessa,” the man said, his voice confident despite his size. “My name is David. I’d like to ask you a few questions about your shrunken colleagues.”



Vanessa bit the inside of her cheek to keep from smirking. She wanted to literally kick him out of her office. Still, she knew it was smarter to play nice, at least until she figured out what was going on. “Of course, David. Please, have a seat.”

David glanced at the chair and quickly realized the obvious—he was too short to reach it. Vanessa, feeling amused by the power imbalance, moved to “help” him.

“Let me help you with that. Can’t have you sitting on the dirty floor now, can we?”

She lifted him with one hand, placing him onto the chair as if he were a doll. His face flushed slightly. “Uh, yes, thank you.”

Vanessa then sat on the other chair, just next to his and flashed him a gentle smile.



David cleared his throat, trying to regain some composure. "So, as you're aware, several of your colleagues—survivors of the Downtown Incident—have gone missing."

Vanessa kept her expression neutral. "You don't think something happened to them?"

"We're not sure yet," David replied cautiously. "But their simultaneous disappearance raises some concerns."

Vanessa leaned back, crossing her legs. "I see... and so the police are investigating?"

David hesitated for a moment before clarifying. "Actually, I'm not with the police. I'm an investigator from the Coalition of Shrunken Survivors."

Vanessa blinked. *What the fuck is that? This little idiot isn't even a cop?* She shifted in her chair, pushing Jack deeper into her ass crack. The tiny man squirmed, wedged between her firm cheeks, but she barely noticed, her focus now on David.

David cleared his throat. "We're privately funded by... concerned parties," he began, his tone formal but measured. "As you know, the Downtown Incident crippled our police force. Over twenty-thousand officers, gone—shrunk. So, naturally, crimes against people like us aren't exactly top priority."

Vanessa gave a practiced nod. "That's awful," she murmured, feigning sympathy. She couldn't care less, but she wasn't about to show it.

David continued. "Yes. Unfortunately, with so many officers reduced to this size, investigations are being neglected. And even when they aren't, let's face it—the missing are tiny. They're hard to track, and it's all too easy for someone to make them... disappear."

Vanessa smiled politely, doing her best to look concerned. "Unimaginable. Who could do such a thing?" She shifted again, Jack's tiny struggles becoming less noticeable as her body pressed him further into place.

"You'd be surprised," David said grimly. "There's a whole black market for tinies—trafficking, exploitation. It's disgusting."

"Really? How horrible," Vanessa replied, the irony almost making her laugh. "But let's get to the point. You're here about our missing colleagues?"

"Yes. Seven of them, all vanished from this office. We wanted to see if you might've seen anything unusual."

Vanessa tapped her lip, pretending to think. “No... they were gone by the time I got in. But,” she added, her face lighting up with fake realization, “there is something you might want to know.”

David leaned forward. “Go on.”

“Well, Jane—the woman hired to care for them—was recently let go. She was always... very involved with the tinies. Some might say too involved. When she lost her job, she made a huge scene. I’m not saying she’d hurt them, but...” Vanessa trailed off, knowing exactly what kind of seed she was planting.

David frowned. “Hmm. Well, I’ve spoken to Jane this morning. She admitted she didn’t take the layoff well, but I doubt she’s involved. That seems out of character.”

Vanessa mentally cursed him for not taking the bait. *Damn it, you little shit.* She forced a pleasant smile. “Oh no, I didn’t mean to imply that! More like... she knew them best. She might be able to help you in the investigation. But it’s good you’ve already spoken with her.”

Vanessa leaned back, feeling Jack squirm against her anus, wondering what to tell the little investigator. This Coalition of Little Shits might be a problem if they had money behind them.

David cleared his throat. “Right... Jane seemed like a good person. She even offered to volunteer with us. Not many young people care about that sort of thing anymore.”

Vanessa smiled, her lips curling up in calculated charm. “Yes, Jane was a real blessing. I strongly objected when they let her go. Such a waste.” Of course, it was a lie. She had been the reason Jane was dismissed.

“Uh-huh,” David said, his tone flat. He wasn’t buying it. His gaze sharpened, and he leaned in slightly, making an effort to be intimidating. Unfortunately for him, at his current size, it was more comical than threatening. “Vanessa, we’ve spoken to some of the families... quite a few mentioned you. They said you weren’t exactly, uh... ‘tiny-friendly.’”

Vanessa straightened in her chair, her eyes narrowing. She could see exactly where this was going—David wasn’t just suspicious.

He knew.

The pretense was pointless now.

With a slow, deliberate motion, Vanessa clenched her ass cheeks together, feeling Jack’s minuscule body being crushed deeper into her flesh. For Jack, it was a nightmare—a suffocating hell. The oppressive heat, the unbearable pressure of her

sweaty ass, and the overwhelming stench of musk and flesh consumed him. Every breath was thick with the scent of her body, drowning him in humiliation and agony. There was no escape.

Vanessa stood slowly, towering over David with a casual dominance. She bent down and snatched him up, her grip viciously tight, nails digging deep into his ribs. His mouth gaped open, but no sound came—as if struck dumb by the sheer intensity of the pain. His face twisted into a pathetic grimace, feeding Vanessa a surge of twisted satisfaction. *If I knew more about this Coalition of Tiny Shits, she thought, I'd rip his pants down and ram my pinky up his ass, Mistress Lash style, but better play it safe.*



Instead, she kept her tone icy as she headed outside to where Amy, the receptionist, stood—an absolute bombshell with blonde hair and curves that could stop traffic. Amy blinked in surprise as Vanessa thrust the tiny investigator into her hand.

“Get rid of this little pest,” Vanessa ordered, her voice dripping with condescension. “He’s overstayed his welcome.”

Amy, unsure at first, held David by the ankle, dangling him like a rat. She glanced at Vanessa for direction, clearly unsure of what Vanessa meant.



Vanessa raised an eyebrow, her voice a mix of annoyance and amusement. “What are you waiting for, Amy? Toss him out like the trash he is.”

Amy blinked, snapping out of her hesitation. “Oh! Right! Yes, ma’am!” Her voice was chipper but rushed, trying to recover her usual flirty confidence as she hurried to the exit, the tiny David swinging helplessly in her grip.

As Amy rushed off to discard the investigator like unwanted garbage, Vanessa turned back to her office, her mind already planning her next moves. Jack, still trapped between her ass cheeks, would provide plenty of entertainment later.

Shutting the door behind her, she buzzed for Mia. “Get in here.”

Mia’s voice chirped back from the intercom. “On my way, boss!”

Moments later, Mia walked in, all smiles and confidence.

“We’ve got a little problem,” Vanessa began, her tone calm but firm. “Some independent organization is poking around, investigating the ‘disappearance’ of our dear colleagues.”

Mia let out a giggle. “Disappearance? Oh no, Vanessa, they’re right here!” She gestured at her chest, pushing her tits together with a playful smirk.

Vanessa chuckled, amused, glancing at Mia’s chest.

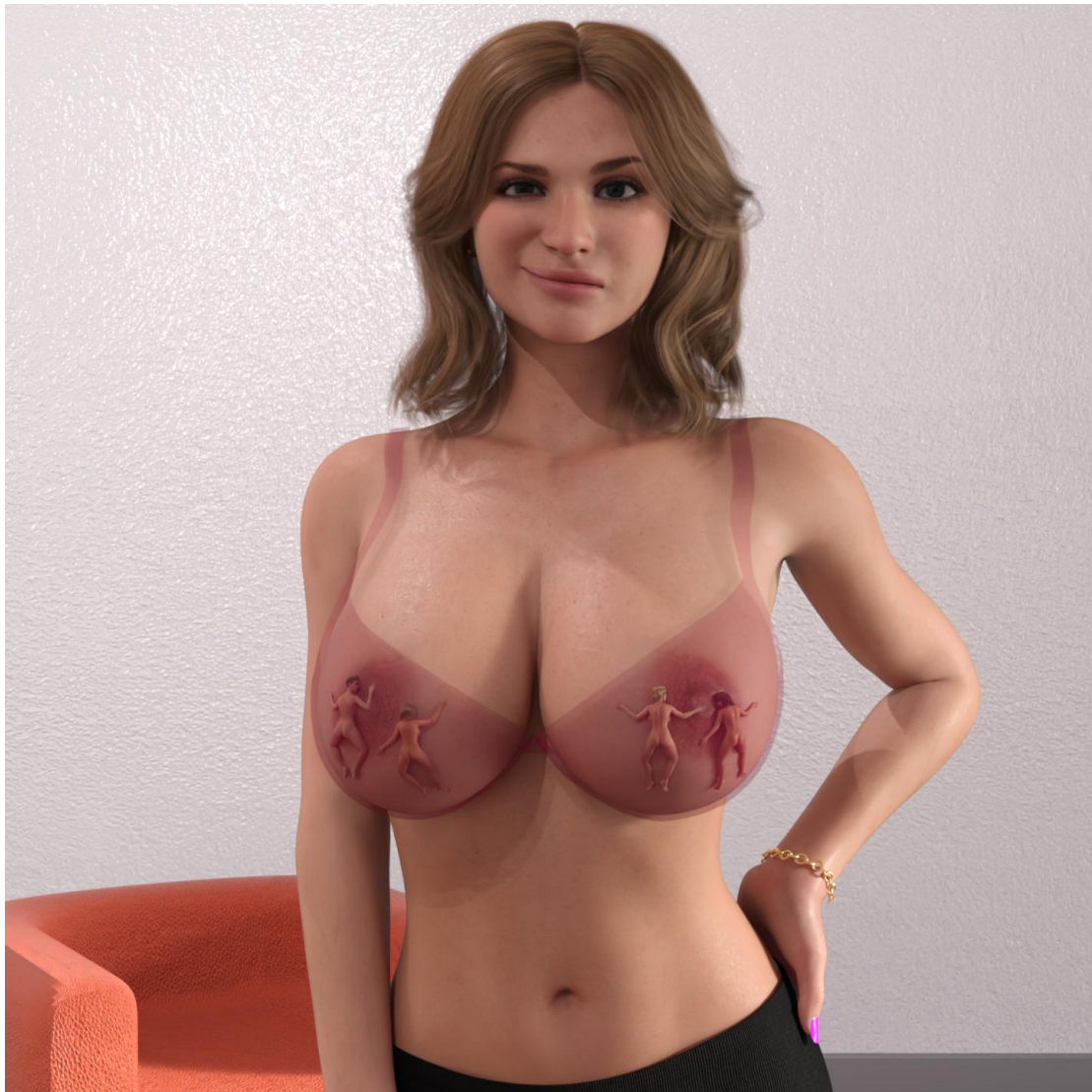


“At least the girls are,” Mia continued. “The boys, though...” She pointed suggestively lower, toward her pussy and then her ass.

Mia giggled. “Oh yeah! I’ve got them all right where they belong.” She winked, teasing.

Vanessa's pulse quickened. "Such a naughty girl, Mia. Why don't you show me?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mia responded, her fingers already moving to close the blinds. She began unbuttoning her shirt, revealing her petite, toned body and the pink mesh bra underneath, which contained the four tiny, helpless women—Emily, Olivia, Sophia, and Hannah. They were trapped between Mia's perky breasts, their tiny forms squished together, forced to lick and kiss her flesh, barely able to move.



Vanessa moved closer, eyeing the sight hungrily. "Mmm... how are they doing?" she asked, her voice husky.

"Not bad," Mia purred. "They've been at it all morning, really. I'm just training them to be good little pets for you, Vanessa."

"Good girl," Vanessa murmured.

Vanessa's gaze drifted down to Mia, barely reaching the height of her large, heavy tits even in heels. The sight of Mia's petite figure, contrasted with her own voluptuous body, sent a surge of lust coursing through her. Her pussy tingled with heat, especially as she thought about the tiny women still smashed up against Mia's tits, helplessly licking for their lives.



She bent down, her breasts swaying as she spoke, her voice a sultry purr. “Mmm, and Mia, have you finished your little project?”

Mia beamed up at her, eager to please. “Hell yeah, ma’am! I’ve turned those tiny dolls into a sweet custom sex toy. My friend at the shop helped me strap them to a dildo with rubber bands. It’s waiting on my desk—I’ll show you later.”

Vanessa leaned in closer, her breath warm and teasing. “Or maybe you could show me... at my place tonight. What do you think?” Her words dripped with suggestion, eyes locking onto Mia's, who seemed taken aback for just a moment.

Mia blinked, her usual cocky attitude wavering. She wasn't typically into girls that much, but Vanessa was undeniably hot. Besides, who could say no to their boss? "Uh... yeah! I'd love that!"

Vanessa grinned. "Good girl."

Vanessa's eyes returned to the four shrunken women trapped inside Mia's bra, their tongues feverishly working against her massive breasts like starved animals, desperate for approval.



"Look at you little sluts. Not done licking and worshiping yet, are you?" She sneered down at them, savoring their misery before straightening up. "Alright, Mia, hand them over."

"Awww, already? Fuck, I'm gonna miss this!" Mia pouted, crossing her arms dramatically.

Vanessa smirked. "You can play with them when you visit. I'm not that greedy."

"Sweet!" Mia practically bounced on her toes, excitement bubbling up in her voice. But then she paused, her eyes widening like a child asking for more candy. "Hey... Vanessa, please? Can I keep just one? Pretty, pretty please?"

Vanessa chuckled at Mia's pleading tone. "Which one?"

Mia didn't even have to think about it. "The one sucking on my asshole—Ethan!" she said with a grin, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Ah, Ethan, huh? Lucky little guy, isn't he?" Vanessa teased.

Mia's smile grew wider. "He sure is!" She fished the tiny women from her bra and Daniel from her panties, dropping them unceremoniously onto Vanessa's desk. They huddled together, trembling as if that would somehow protect them from what was coming. Meanwhile, Ethan remained firmly wedged against Mia's asshole, clinging to her g-string.

As Mia put back her shirt and went to open the blinds, she glanced over her shoulder. "So... what's the deal with that organization or whatever?"

Vanessa's tone shifted. "The Coalition? They're sniffing around about the disappearances. They're onto me."

"Shit..." Mia muttered.

Vanessa thought for a moment, an idea forming. "Hmm, Mia. How would you feel about... joining them, as a 'volunteer'?" Her smile was laced with mischief.

Mia looked confused for a second. "Uhhh, I don't give a fuck about helping anyone—oh! Wait, you mean to spy on them? Yeah, I could do that!"

Vanessa's laugh was soft and dangerous. "Exactly."

"Alright, cool... I'm in," Mia said.

Mia paused, eyes locked on Vanessa, her lips curling into a playful, teasing grin. She sauntered forward, casually leaning against the desk, her posture relaxed but suggestive. "Vanessa..." she began, her tone light and almost sing-song, "have I ever told you how freakin' awesome you are?"

Vanessa glanced up, a knowing smirk tugging at her lips. "What do you want, Mia?"

Mia's grin widened, completely unfazed by Vanessa seeing through her act. "I was just thinking..." she dragged out the words, lowering her voice to a sultry whisper, "maybe we could, I dunno, get some more toys? Just for me." She tilted her head, batting her lashes, letting the suggestion hang.

Vanessa chuckled, the sound low and indulgent. "Oh, more toys, huh? That's what you want? Do go on." She could see Mia's hunger growing, and it thrilled her.

Mia stepped closer, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well... I've been a good girl, right?" She ran her hands up her sides, cupping her perky breasts, giving them a playful squeeze. "So, like, I was thinking... four tinies for each tit. I want them sucking on my tits all day long, feeling every little wriggle while I work." She looked at Vanessa, her expression shamelessly seductive, fingers teasingly grazing her nipples through her top.

Vanessa's gaze darkened with arousal, her breathing deepening. She loved this—watching Mia embrace her own perverse desires. Beneath her, Jack shifted, nude and trapped between Vanessa's ass cheeks, his tiny body soaked in sweat, sliding deeper as Vanessa's pussy and anus grew wetter. She twisted slightly in her chair, grinding him against her slick skin, his struggles only heightening her pleasure.

"You're getting greedy, Mia. I love it."

Mia's tone was insistent, but casual, like she was asking for an extra coffee break. "Greedy, yeah, maybe... but I'd totally make up for it, you know?" Her hand drifted down her stomach, slipping under her waistband. "Oh, yeah, and for my panties? I'm gonna need at least four down there too. I want them wriggling against my pussy all day, making sure I'm never bored." She licked her lips slowly, her fingers pressing against her crotch, letting out a tiny moan.

Vanessa leaned back, savoring the sight of Mia. "Mmm, you want it all, don't you?"

Mia giggled, fully in her element now. "Hell yeah! And I want a necklace, just like Mystic Doll's. Little guys hanging between my tits, swinging back and forth every time I move. Mom would be sooo jealous." She traced a finger down her cleavage, as if imagining the tiny figures dangling there, her smile turning wicked.

She tapped her thigh, almost absentmindedly. "And, like, ten for each leg. I want to feel them squirming when I walk. Every. Single. Step." Her voice was gleeful, every word dripping with anticipation.

Her eyes practically glowed as she looked at Vanessa, her excitement palpable. "So? That sounds good, right? I mean, after everything I've done, I totally deserve it. Right? Right?" She edged closer, her tone demanding but still casual, as if she was talking about getting a new outfit.

Vanessa's smirk widened, enjoying Mia's boldness. "Ah, Mia... I love it when you're like this. I'm sure we'll find a way to make all your little dreams come true," she purred, her voice thick with approval and lust.

Mia's grin stretched from ear to ear. She twirled around, throwing her hands in the air and striking a pose, like an influencer basking in the adoration of her followers. "SUBLIME!" she declared, her voice ringing out, almost giddy with pleasure.

As she hit the pose, she clenched her ass cheeks together, crushing Ethan, who was trapped between them. The tiny man was pressed harder against her hot, slick skin, his body smothered by the fleshy walls, his face buried deeper against her anus, suffocated by the overwhelming heat and scent, every squirming motion making Mia shiver with delight.



Vanessa blinked, puzzled, and raised an eyebrow. “The hell was that?” she asked, her tone dry but amused.

Mia chuckled, a mischievous glint in her eye. “Oh, it’s just a thing between my mom and me. We got it from Mystic Doll. Kind of our signature move.”

“Right...” Vanessa’s eyes narrowed slightly, not entirely convinced but not interested enough to press further. Her tone shifted, sharp and commanding. “Alright, Mia, enough with the theatrics. We’ve got actual work to do. Let’s get back to it.”

“Yes, ma’am!” Mia chirped, her tone laced with excitement. She turned and strutted out, leaving Vanessa alone with the tiny figures scattered across her desk.

Vanessa glanced down at the five shrunken people, huddled together, looking up at her in terror. “Now, now,” she murmured, “what am I going to do with you?” Her massive breasts loomed above them, straining against the thin fabric of her white sleeveless top.

Emily, Sophia, Olivia, Hannah, and Daniel huddled together, eyes wide with terror as they stared up at Vanessa.

Vanessa settled deeper into her chair, a low, satisfied hum escaping her lips as she did. The motion forced Jack, nestled snugly between her cheeks, to press even harder against her tight, warm flesh. She could feel his tiny form trapped against her anus, a delightful little pressure that made her grin widen. The more she shifted, the deeper he was pressed, and she loved the way it made him squirm, helplessly stuck in place.

She traced a finger slowly down her chest, toying with the hem of her top, as if considering something. "I understand you little sluts like to suck on flesh, hmm?" she taunted, her voice dripping with mockery. "Well, you're gonna get plenty of it."

The tinies trembled, eyes wide with fear, as Vanessa's smile grew darker. "Mia's right... we need way more of you little shits." She paused, enjoying the way they cowered before her, her breasts seeming even more imposing as she leaned closer. "Let's just hope you survive that long."

