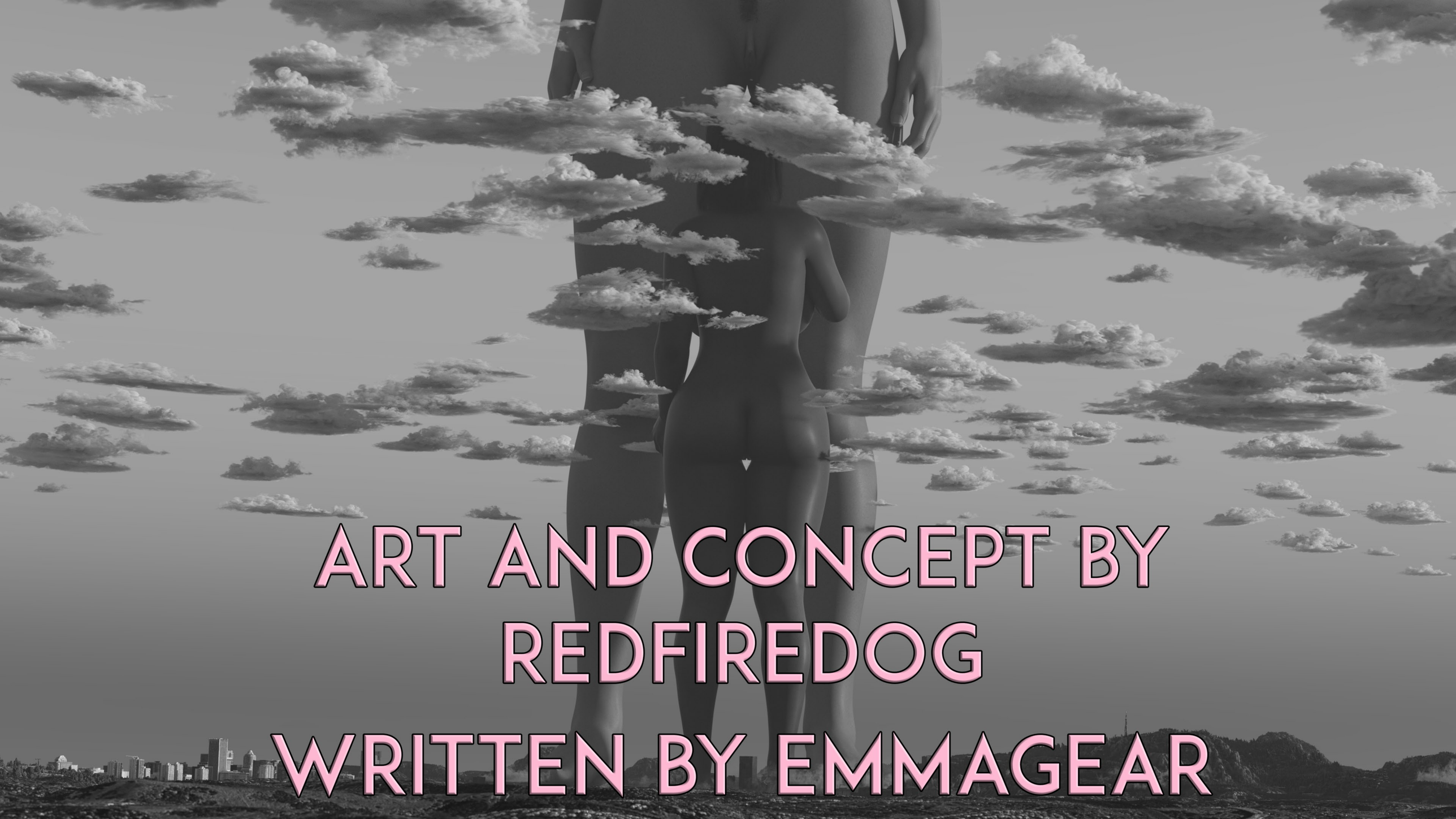

EMMA
—SHRINKS—
THE WORLD
PART 7


ART AND CONCEPT BY
REDFIREDOG
WRITTEN BY EMMAGEAR


Just like that, she leaves. I don't know if the bitch is crazy, or...
What the fuck am I saying? I know she's crazy. I wouldn't be this fucking big if she didn't have a few screws loose... but I can't complain. It's nice to have a bit of REAL power for once. More than just a stupid badge and gun would ever give me.


Even more so when I've been left alone with someone who's really, really been getting on my nerves.
"Hey." I told the little redheaded bitch who's been a thorn in my side since we first met. "Emma's not here to protect you anymore." I said with a smile.


Her little face twists up in rage, and I can feel her tiny fists beat my fingers uselessly.
"Not going to say anything?" I asked.
"FUCK YOU!" She screamed, trying to pull herself free. "Emma loves me, not you! You shouldn't even be here! And I'm not... I'm not scared of you!"


"Aw, don't worry." I said, bringing her closer to my face. "I won't hurt you... provided you do exactly what I tell you."
"I don't have to listen to you! I only have to do what Emma says! And-"
"And she put ME in charge."


She's fuming. Pissed. Seething in silent rage at me, but I can't bring myself to care. I dealt with people like her in my old life every day. And unlike those types, she can't do a thing to harm me.
So I'm going to take my time with her. I don't know how long Emma's going to let this keep going, but I'm going to enjoy every second of it.


It suddenly hits me exactly how big I actually am now. When Emma was standing around or I was expected to do as she said it all kind of faded into the background, but now? When I'm alone and can do as I please, it really sinks in.
I'm as big as a mountain. There's a population of tens of thousands of people at my toes. And if I'm going to get comfortable.


Then a whole hell of a lot of people are going to find themselves under my ass.
A shiver runs through my body at the thought, but it doesn't stop me. It doesn't even really slow me down. I let gravity take hold, and enjoy what's to come.


It doesn't sound nearly as spectacular as I'd been hoping.
When you see this kind of thing in movies, or TV, you expect an earth-shattering explosion that pops eardrums and makes your head ache. And maybe that's exactly what they're experiencing down there.


But all I hear is a soft, brittle sound. Muted against my ass. Thousands of lives snuffed out just like that. All to make myself more comfortable, and if I hadn't been actively paying attention I almost certainly wouldn't have even noticed.
I think I can see why Emma is the way she is now...


"Alright, bitch."
Ingrid scowls up at me.
"I want for you to praise me."
"I'm not doing that," She said. "I would never-" But whatever protest was about to come out of her mouth never quite makes it. A squeeze of my fist is all it takes to silence her in the blink of an eye. Her bones creak against my strength, and if not for the fact that it would spell my own end I'd have liked to crush the bitch then and there.


"Praise me." I repeated.
"You're-" Ingrid panted while I gradually lessened the pressure. "I think... You're..."
"I'm waiting."
"I HATE YOU!" Ingrid screamed, before I squeezed my fist around her again.



"I like you better when you're small." I told her, shaking her in my fingers. "A lot less annoying when I can shut you up real quick."

She looked like she was about to cry. Not out of sadness, but out of pure rage. She really is fucking nuts... but I can deal with that. She can be disciplined, and broken down. Easier to do it to her than the shitty cops and shittier perps in and out of the station every day.

"But you need to learn a lesson in respecting authority." I added. "And when Emma's not here, I'm the one in charge."

"I'm going to tell Emma everything you're doing!" Ingrid protested. "She's not going to be happy with you!"

"Tell her." I said.


"SHE'S GOING TO MAKE ME BIGGER THAN YOU WHEN SHE GETS BACK! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!"
"Then I guess I'd better enjoy you like this while I can." I smiled, and opened my mouth wide. Her hair fluttered when my breath washed over her, and I could feel the fight leaving her body the longer she stared down my throat.


"I'm going to tell Emma everything you're doing!" Ingrid protested. "She's not going to be happy with you!"
"Tell her." I said.


She doesn't taste like much, but that's not why I'm doing it. It's to feel her fight back. To see her resist and push back against my tongue in the hopes that it will accomplish something...
And then I press harder. Her face sinks into my tongue, and for a moment she starts to panic. Worried that she's going to be smothered in my saliva. If I was willing to throw my own life away I might have done it too.
I closed my lips over Ingrid's head, smiling as her tiny fists beat against my lips. It would be so easy... but I shouldn't.


I closed my lips over Ingrid's head, smiling as her tiny fists beat against my lips. It would be so easy... but I shouldn't.


After a few seconds of this, I pulled her back out. She coughed several times as a flood of my saliva had undoubtedly made its way down her throat. She blinks several more times as I'm sure her eyes were stinging from the experience, but I give her the time she needs.
"Don't wipe it all off." I said, watching as she moved even more furiously afterward. "You're going to need that lubrication for what's next."


Her eyes went wide and she darted her head up to lock eyes with me. My intentions were obvious, but she must have hoped she misheard me.
"You're to be gentle, right? Right?"
I pressed my finger against her lips, silencing her in an instant. Her heartrate quickens against my thumb, and I smile at the obvious fear in her expression.
"Sure, I'll be gentle..." I whispered, gliding my hand up the side of her face to stroke her hair. "As long as you act like a good little slave."


She stays quiet while I gradually lower my hand. Her eyes are straight down, never looking away from my pussy. Her entire body is trembling, and she doesn't even know...


That there's one more stop before we get there.
"Suck." I said, pressing her face right up against my nipple.
She didn't seem too eager to test me anymore, and did exactly that. Her hands massaged my areola, grabbing big handfuls of me and nuzzling her face directly into my nipple. Her tongue feels absolutely divine, and her sharp breaths are turning me on something fierce.


"Not good enough."
Ingrid doesn't miss a beat. She takes a deep breath, and buries her entire face into my nipple. Gentle bites run up and down the length... or at least they feel gentle to me. Part of me wonders if she's putting her all into it, and she's just so pathetic that it doesn't register as anything but a pleasant sensation to me.


"We could just stay like this, you know." I told her, stroking the side of her body as she lavished attention onto my nipple. "I'm sure a lot of people wish they were in your position."
She doesn't acknowledge me. That's fine. I think I like her more when she shuts the fuck up.


She does so. I keep her pressed against my nipple for a few more seconds, drawing out what's to come to torment her further.
"Take a deep breath, slut." I told her, and spread my legs further. A cool breeze caressed my pussy as I did so, and my arousal was so thick I could smell myself from here.
"If you're rough with me—"


Ingrid's whining is silenced in an instant when her head slips inside of my pussy. I'm not particularly careful with her, either. I don't have to be. I know what she can endure, since I've been in the same position. And if I end up hurting her...
Well, she had it coming.


But her head wasn't enough. I needed more. Another push sent Ingrid inside up to her shoulders, and I shook from the pleasure.
The movement on my end was minute, but without Ingrid around to bother me I could better hear my surroundings. Glass breaking. Tires squealing. Buildings collapsing. And underneath it all, thousands of microscopic people screaming as their deaths are rapidly approaching.


But it's not Emma causing them this time. I'm not trapped inside of a fist watching as an oversized blonde bitch crushes a city to dust. I'm the one they fear this time. Me. The woman they never respected in the station. The woman who had to work for everything she got harder than everyone else.


I shoved Ingrid inside of me up to her waist. More than anything I could feel her face, rubbing against my most sensitive parts. An orgasm explodes in my core, sending tingles through my entire body.
"We're just getting started..." I whispered, and bit my bottom lip in preparation.


I'm starting to wonder if maybe I've shrunken the world a bit too much.
It feels crazy, sure, but... is this really it? I've seen too many pictures of the capital to count, but it all seems so underwhelming at this size. Just a little patch of gray that isn't even taller than my toes carved out among green splotches.
Ah, I'll worry about that later. There's still plenty of fun to be had!


THOOM
One upside to being this big? The sound of my movement. It's muted from my perspective, sure, but seeing the effect it has on the world underneath me is something else. Seeing the huge puffs of smoke and dust explode underneath my foot. Watching cracks form in the earth. It's great.


Another step closer, and... I swear I heard something else just now. It sounded like a... moan?
Gotta be my imagination.


Another step, and I can see that I'm about to make it to the city. I'm sure there's countless people below me looking up at the bottom of my foot right now. They've got to be aware that I don't care what happens to them, right?
I hope so. My presence alone ruining their day is kind of hot, if I'm being honest.


Another step, and-
I don't even finish this step before I definitely feel something off. A hot, sharp sensation under my toes. Did I just step on something?


THOOM
The step finished, and I felt that same heat around where my foot came down. Something that definitely wasn't the ground baking in the evening sun. No, that was definitely a fire. I stepped on something, and didn't even realize it.


Was it an airplane? Or a helicopter? Maybe even a hot air balloon blasting fire into my toes?
I looked down at the smoldering remains, and wiggled my toes in what was left behind. The flames were smothered in an instant, and I dragged my foot back to see if I could make anything out... but whatever it was had been so thoroughly wrecked there was nothing recognizable.


Oh well.
I could spend an hour trying to decipher what it was I'd just done. Maybe come up with charts and math detailing just how dangerous I am now to effortlessly knock aircraft out of the sky... or I could relax.
And I've been on my feet long enough.


The ground warps and breaks apart underneath my knees when I come down. I watch as great crevasses are carved into the ground that swallow up trees and streets alike. This level of destruction comes completely effortless to me now...
And I need more.


I looked around the city in front of me, wondering where best to place myself... before realizing it doesn't matter. It's spreading out in every direction in front of me. Why bother with finesse when I can do things the way I want?
So I let myself fall into the ground. Tits-first, because I want to feel things break apart under me.


Thousands of rooftops collapse under my nipples, and I can feel my tits spread out over the ground while I lay flat. I catch my breath, and enjoy the sensations of people fleeing around me, when my eye catches some movement I hadn't expected.
People, houses, smaller buildings. Even streets. I can see them all a whole lot better when I'm on the ground like this...


Maybe that's obvious, but I hadn't really given it much thought for a while. I was too much into the role of the Goddess walking among the germs. So in love with being a living monolith that I hadn't paid the individual people underneath me much mind.
I watched them for a moment. They ran in every direction, knowing there was nowhere safe to go. Inside of a building or out, they were equally likely to meet their ends by my hand.


And that was really, really fucking hot.
I pushed myself up slightly, letting my tits drag forward a bit on the city. A fresh patch that had survived my initial landing was devoured underneath me, but my attention was wholly focused on what lie ahead.

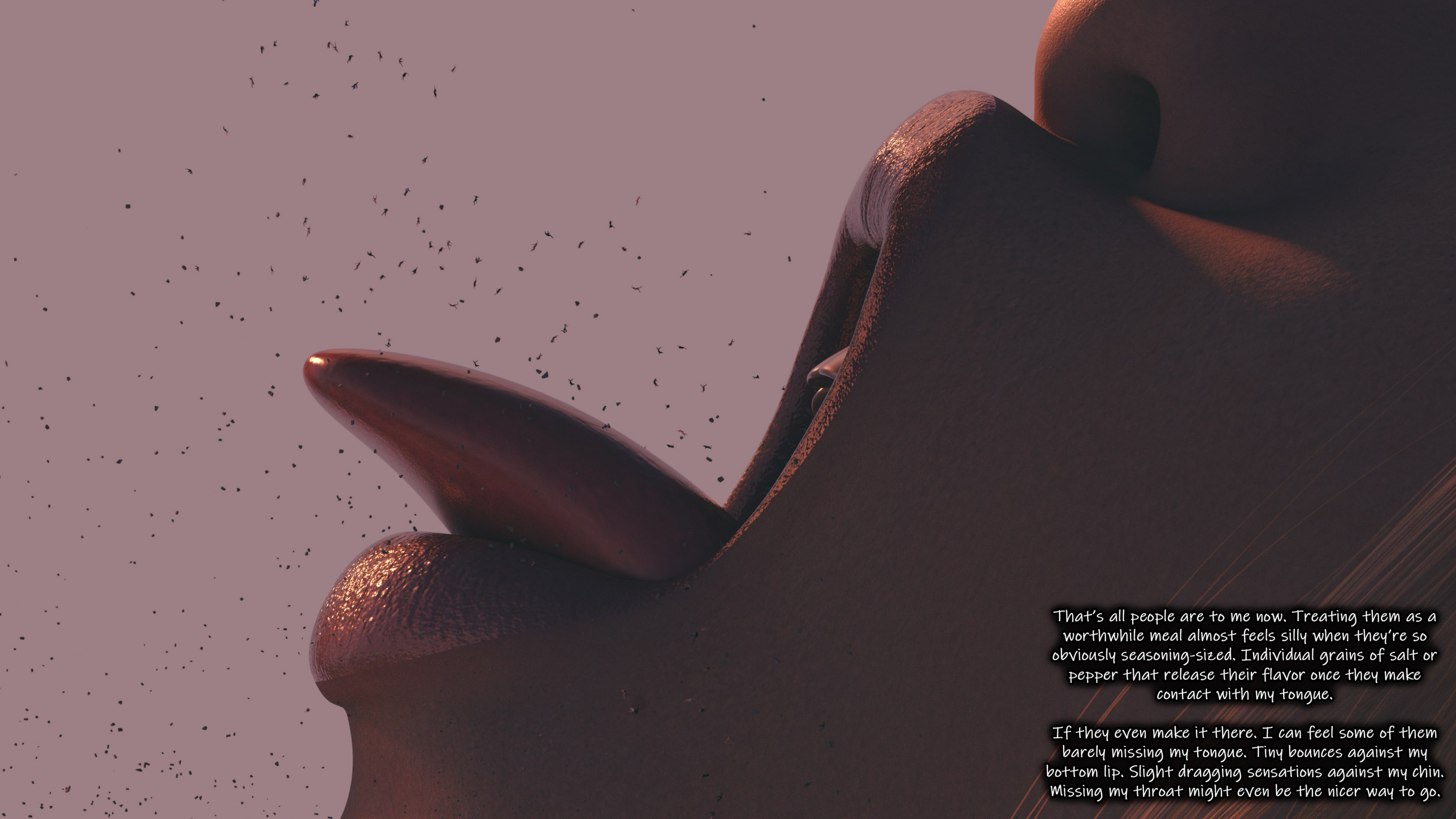

"Food." I said, lips curling up into a smile while I tried to pick out the densest population to make a meal of. "Your Goddess is hungry." I told them.
I can't be sure they understood what I said. Maybe my words had amounted to a low rumble for them that was indecipherable, and all I'd done was make the city noisier.


But what was impossible to ignore was my stomach. The rumble that came from the pit of my belly was subtle to my ears, but had to have sounded like a thunderstorm coming for them.
The screams grew louder, before being abruptly snuffed out when my hand made contact.


Dirt and smoke exploded around the tips of my fingers, and when I closed my fist I could see tons of the stuff slipping between my digits. But what was left was what I was really after.
People. Hundreds of them. Maybe even thousands. Tiny enough that some of them grabbed onto the grooves of my fingers for safety. Some of them tumbled out of my grip as I raised my hand slowly.


But most of them made it to their final destination.
Once they'd made it over my mouth they could do nothing but gawk down at my throat, ready to accept them. They were trapped. Thousands of feet up in the air, with no safe landing awaiting them, and no one coming to save them.
That made me more excited.


I loosened my grip on the people, and watched as the tiny specks sifted through my grasp. It made me feel strangely nostalgic. Reminded me of back before all this began. Of cracking fresh pepper onto a dish for seasoning.


That's all people are to me now. Treating them as a worthwhile meal almost feels silly when they're so obviously seasoning-sized. Individual grains of salt or pepper that release their flavor once they make contact with my tongue.
If they even make it there. I can feel some of them barely missing my tongue. Tiny bounces against my bottom lip. Slight dragging sensations against my chin. Missing my throat might even be the nicer way to go.


If the fall doesn't kill them, the fate that awaits them it isn't going to be quick. Some of them will sink into my tongue, and drown in my spit. Others will get lost in my throat, tickling as they gradually sink in the depths of my stomach.
And a lot more of them will make it to their final destination in one piece. Just so they can experience being digested alive. Turned into a meal for their Goddess.


That's something I'll never experience, because I'm the top of the fucking food chain. Every last person on this planet bows to me, or they pay the ultimate price.
I clacked my jaws shut when the last body finished the trip inside of my mouth... and chewed. I thought back to what the people looked like falling into my mouth, and I'm reminded again of normal food. Of the stuff I used to eat. They pop against my teeth like little boba pearls, but smaller. And saltier. More like caviar, maybe?


Ah, well, what does it matter?
I tilted my head back, and swallowed. I don't know how many I actually crushed with my teeth, but I know it couldn't have been all of them. Those still alive probably didn't appreciate being forced down my esophagus with the remains of those who I'd just chewed, but they would have to deal. It's not like they were getting out of there.


I took a moment after swallowing to focus on the feeling. The feather-light touches of bodies clinging to my throat, wailing for help. Hoping this was all just a dream, or that I would reward them for surviving that long.
The thought made me smile. I called myself a Goddess... but their well-being never once entered the equation. Not when my own enjoyment was on the line. I looked back down at the city spread out in front of me, wondering what to do now. The people I'd just swallowed had only barely taken the edge off my hunger, so I could go for more... but I'd have to find the most populated sections again.


It all seemed so... tedious.
I sighed, and pushed myself back up to my feet. My fingers carved huge trenches into the ground, and I clenched my fists around the tiny city segments unfortunate enough to fall beneath me. I don't know if it's being this huge, or the fact that Ingrid and Vanessa aren't here, but it feels so... empty, suddenly.


I made myself comfortable. Even that simple act involved thousands of tiny lives being ground under my ass. Every small movement I made spelled death for thousands, and that was still, on some level, exciting. I can't deny that much.
But I can't help but wonder if it would have been more enjoyable if I was more aware of it. Knowing I'm devastating a hapless population is one thing, but seeing it. Hearing it. Feeling them pop... that's all gone.
If only I could turn back time. Maybe make myself a bit smaller.


Wait...
Maybe I can?
My heart leaps in my chest as I raise a hand to the top of my head. I can shrink the entire fucking world! Why wouldn't I be able to shrink myself? I could go back to being a couple thousand feet tall, and kick buildings over again! I'd feel crowds pop under my feet! I could lock eyes with someone and put the fear of god in them!
I pushed my palm straight down, squeezing the top of my head and...


Nothing.
I wiggle my fingers around, trying to sense it. Feel that vague invisible force I'm always tugging on to shrink things from a distance. But I don't feel a thing. At least not with the hand on top of my head. It's like the universe itself won't let me walk back the decisions I've made.


I mull over my options again, trying to remember how this all began. I was in a dangerous situation, and sort of just did it on a whim. I felt something when there was nothing there, and pushed it down to shrink everything.
So... would that work in reverse?
I had to try.


I closed my eyes, shut off the world around me... and focused.
I felt it. Almost immediately. The invisible force I pushed down to shrink. I could just shrink everything further if I wanted... but instead I flipped my hand the other way around, making sure I never lost contact with it.


Then I pushed up.


It was working.
It had to be.
I push down to shrink the world, so I push up to make it shrink. Right?


I tried listening in for sounds of the city below to grow louder... but I don't hear anything. I was pretty big, I suppose. I'll probably have to do it a few times, right?


Maybe I can even go back to being human-sized, too! At least, in the future. Having Ingrid and Vanessa around as inch-tall playthings again and being able to experience normal life would be the best!


But it's working! I can feel it! Something changed! I must have definitely-



...Shrunk it.

Again.

"What the fuck." I grumbled, slamming a hand onto the ground out of frustration. I watched the planet's surface deform around my fingers, and grunted in disappointment.

"FUCK!" I repeated louder out of frustration.


THOOM
The ground protested me lying down, but I didn't care. I was mad as hell, and didn't want things to turn out like this. I love having Ingrid and Vanessa around, but that can't be all for the rest of my life, right? Even if I plucked someone out of the city and kept them at their size while shrinking everything further they'd still be microscopic next to me.


No one else will ever be big enough to matter. I've peaked. Stuck ruling over a world of microbes, whose praises I can't even hear.
Fuck.
Lying around isn't helping anything, though. I pushed myself back up, watching as again, my fingers raked through the city and tore up huge chunks of the ground. Again, cool... but I've done it before. The newly added size doesn't change it all that much.


There's still so much of the city left, too.
I looked over it all for a moment, wondering about how to finish it off, before sighing. I don't even feel like doing that much.
So I won't. Simple as that. I don't have to do anything I don't want to, full stop. And I intend to enjoy myself as best I can. It's all I've got at this point. Maybe Ingrid and Vanessa will make things more interesting for me.


I had to admit one thing: Ingrid knew her way around a clit. She'd been working her tongue for a while now, and she wasn't showing any signs of slowly down.
"You're way better at this than I expected." I said, keeping Ingrid pressed tightly against me. "I bet you got a lot of practice Emma before, didn't you?"
I swirl her face between my legs a few more times before sighing, and finally pulling her away. She's sputtering and trying to catch her breath, and I let her have a moment to herself to recover. Because I intend to be at this until the moment Emma returns.


"You have fun?"
Ingrid coughs again, but through all the juices glazing her face I can see that she's glaring straight up at me.
"Well I had fun." I told her. "You'll learn your place though."


"That's enough!" Ingrid finally spits out, hacking and coughing a few more times. "I'm done! Emma wouldn't approve of you using me like that!"
"Are you sure?" I asked, watching as she flailed in my fist. "She didn't think twice about leaving you at my command."
"I'M SURE OF IT!" Ingrid protested. "I'm the favorite, not you! You're just some... some... big titted..."


"Go on." I said in a low voice. "Finish what you were saying."
She seems to have calmed down a bit, and doesn't seem to want to piss me off further. Which is a bit of a shame, really. I'd have really liked to punish her with more pussy time...
"Nothing else to say?" I asked. "Figures. You can't handle not being the favorite anymore."


"I SWEAR, WHEN I GET BIGGER THAN YOU I'M GOING TO-"
"Going to what?" I interrupted. "Go crying to Emma again and hope that she does something for you?"
"You're dead!" Ingrid spat, pulling on my fingers to no avail. "I'm going to pay you back ten times over! You're going to be a red stain under my-"


"Shut the fuck up already!"
She does exactly that.
"Really? You're threatening me? When this is the situation you're in? All I have to do is tighten my fingers and you'd have your guts squeezed out of you like a tube of toothpaste! The fact that you're even still alive is proof that I'm better than you."
"IT PROVES YOU'RE A COWARD!" Ingrid screamed.


I squeezed her. Hard.
Ingrid cried out in pain. I can feel her bones shift under my fingers. Coming dangerously close to just popping. It would be so, so easy. And she would never, ever bother me again...


"Remember this feeling." I told her through gritted teeth. "If you ever, and I mean EVER fuck with me again, I won't hold back next time. I would love nothing more than to paint the inside of my fist with your body. All you have to do is give me an excuse."
"LET ME... GO!" Ingrid begged.


I loosened my grip, and she collapsed in my fist. Slumped over my thumb, she took a minute to catch her breath, before weakly pulling herself back up.
"Are you sorry?" I asked her.
She glared up at me, but said nothing. I squeezed again, and she screamed once more-


Then the ground shook.
Here I am. Big as a mountain. Crushing thousands of lives under my ass. Toying with a woman bigger than a skyscraper. Utterly unstoppable... and even I get worried by that sound.


"You're dead." Ingrid said, wincing through the pain.
"Shut up." I said, and squeezed her once again.


The world itself shook, and in no time at all the massive legs I'd seen in the distance drew closer, and closer. It looked as if she'd gone and grown herself again in that short period of time. No matter how big she gets, she always wants more. Not that it's especially hard for me to relate.


Her feet enter the city, grinding hundreds of homes beneath her sole in the blink of an eye. Just one of her toes is almost as big as my entire foot now, and I have to push myself up with both hands to stand in her presence once again.


She definitely grew.
Not as much as I'm used to seeing from her...
but it's noticeable.


"I'm back." Emma said simply. "Early."
"Did something happen?"
She paused for a moment, before sighing. "No." She said in a way that told me she wasn't going to be answering any follow up questions. "Did you two have a good time while I was gone?"


"I know I did." I told her, feeling a bit nervous with her looming directly over me. "Ingrid wasn't very appreciative, but I think she learned a couple of lessons while you were gone..."


"That's good." Emma said, almost looking like she was growing again when she dropped to her knees. "You weren't too hard on her, were you? She is still alive, right?"

"Of course!" I said, clearing my throat. "She wasn't very cooperative, but I wouldn't hurt her permanently."
She raised an eyebrow, before sighing. "And you, Ingrid?"


"TAKE ME AWAY FROM HER EMMA! SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL! SHE'S A FUCKING MANIAC!"
She certainly wasted no time throwing me under the bus. But maybe that'll work out in my favor. I know I wouldn't take someone seriously if they were behaving like she is.


"You didn't go too hard on her, did you?" Emma asked, reaching down for Ingrid. "I know how you military types can be..."
"She needed to learn some discipline." I explained. "But I didn't hurt her."


"Is that true?" She asked Ingrid directly. "You weren't hurt at all?"
I tightened my grip around Ingrid. I know what she's about to say, and I just wanted her to calm down.


It didn't work.
"SHE COULD HAVE KILLED ME!" Ingrid spat while Emma's fingers pulled her out of my grip. "She was so-
"I kind of feel like you started it." Emma said, drawing a sigh of relief from me. "What with all of your threats and-"


"She tried to squeeze me to death!" Ingrid protested. "I could barely breathe, and I think she broke some of my ribs!"
"What?!" I said. "No! That's not true! I didn't break any bones! She's lying! It was just a little bit of corporal punishment to keep her in line, that's all!"


Emma groaned.
"I trusted you." She said, gradually straightening up. "I trusted you to keep watch over her, and this is how you repay me? I couldn't be away for half an hour without you trying to kill her?"

"She's lying!" I argued. "You know how she is! She just hates me, so she's trying to get you to turn against me!"
Emma sighed, and shook her head. "I can't deal with this right now." She said, "Maybe it was a mistake letting you be so big for a change."


"W-Wait! You can just leave me this size! I won't do anything!"
Emma seems to hardly be paying any attention to anything at all. She just raises her hand above me, and places it on top of my head.


I feel her pushing down, and then the world starts to get bigger around me. I know what that means.


It takes hardly any time at all for me to be half her size, to only a third. Another second, and I'm half that. I don't think she plans on making me the same size as the insects around my toes... but if I lose the advantage against Ingrid she's going to try and pay me back. I'm sure of it.


When I get my hands on that redheaded bitch I'm going to kill her.


"Maybe I should make Ingrid bigger too?" Emma wondered aloud while looking down at me. She seemed to ponder for a moment, before smiling. "Yeah... That would shake things up a bit!"
"You don't have to do that!" I told her while balling my hands into fists.


"I think I do, though." She countered, while running a finger down Ingrid's body. "What do you think? Do you want to get back at the mean cop?"
"YES PLEASE!" Ingrid shouted.
I'm gonna kill that ginger bitch the next chance I get. I don't care what happens to me after.


"Hold tight." Emma said, tapping the top of Ingrid's head and pulling her finger back. In the blink of an eye the tiny bug crawling between her fingers is almost as long as her arm, and it's immediately clear she's not going to stop anytime soon.


Ingrid keeps growing, and growing, until she's too awkward for Emma to hold anymore. The city reels in protest again as Ingrid's feet crash into the ground, but Emma doesn't stop.


"E-Emma?"
She doesn't stop. One second I'm staring at Ingrid's shoulders. The next her back. Her ass. And now her knees? She's almost as huge as Emma now!


"I think this is a good size." Emma whispers, squeezing a giant fistful of Ingrid's ass.
"I don't think I've been this big compared to you for..."
"Years." Emma said, finishing the sentence.


That was news to me. I figured they'd been at this for a while before this whole growing business began, but years? How long have they been...?
"I didn't think I'd ever see you like this again." Ingrid replied, looking over Emma's body. Her hands sank into Emma's chest, playing with her tits like while Emma moaned softly in response.


"Are you just going to maul my tits all day?" Emma asked. "You're big enough now that you can do more."
Ingrid blushed intensely. "If it's okay with you...?"


Emma only nodded.
They're about to kiss, aren't they?


They did exactly that just a second later. Ingrid's lips pressed hard into Emma's, and they both squeezed each other's assets more firmly. The whole scene was like something straight out of a fucking porno with how passionately they looked to be in love with one another.
At the end of the day, I guess I'll always be second fiddle to Ingrid.


Even if the scene is really hot... and only getting hotter while Emma begins to slide a finger between Ingrid's legs. The redheaded bitch perks up and moans, but the sound is snuffed out just as quickly when Emma kisses back more furiously.
Shit. I didn't think I'd be into this but they're going at it so hard, I...


POP
Their lips separated with a wet smack, and Emma cradled Ingrid's body while pulling her back. Their breaths were heavy as they stared deep into the other's eyes, and I was beginning to feel like a third wheel over... whatever this was.
That is, until Emma's eyes darted from Ingrid down to me.


"What are you going to do with her?" Ingrid asked, noticing the distraction in Emma's gaze.
"I don't know." Emma admitted. "Unless she wants to join in?" She asked, looking down at me. My chest turned hot at the invitation.


"I don't think she'd be into that." Ingrid said abruptly, before her lips curled up into a grin.
"That's too bad." Emma said, looking back at her miniature lover. "Then you can have her. For a while, at least."
Ingrid leaned forward and planted another kiss on Emma's cheek. "Thanks." She said simply, while she was lowered back to the ground.


I wanted to speak up and say that Ingrid was wrong, but I wasn't even sure myself.
Fuck!
I only had a moment for these thoughts to run through my mind before Ingrid gradually turned in place, emphasizing how much bigger she was than me, now.


"You hear that?" She asked, her eyes glinting dangerously. "You're mine now, bitch."


"Be nice." Emma said.
"I will." Ingrid added, though her expression didn't change one iota.


I sighed, and braced myself for whatever it was she had in mind. I've been around these two pleasuring themselves nonstop for a while now, but I hadn't seen them actually do anything properly romantic until just now.
While I was pondering whether or not licking one of their pussies would be nice, Ingrid wasted no time lowering herself onto me from above. I had only a moment to realize what was happening and try to back away.


But that wasn't going to work.
Of course it wasn't. What was I supposed to do? Run through the city? There's nowhere for me to hide at this size. I'd be visible for miles, and they can both outpace me at their size.
So I just had to grin and bear it. I raised my hands over my head in a vain attempt to slow Ingrid's massive ass.


"Lick." Ingrid ordered.
I did as told. She was heavier than anything I'd ever had to lift before, and I was positive she wasn't even putting her full weight down. My legs grew wobbly as she gradually let more and more of her body settle onto me... until it was too much.


THOOOOOOOOOOOM
I fell back-first onto the city beneath me. With my head on the ground I could, for a split-second, hear the sounds of the terrified populace below. A reminder of how big we all were.
And a second later, those sounds were snuffed out when Ingrid's ass slammed straight onto me. The massive cheeks jiggled around my face while I tried to gasp for air, but it was obvious she wasn't keen on letting me have any.
"Still breathing, huh?" Ingrid said, though it was muffled from my view. "Good."


"Now lick."
I'd expected Ingrid to go overboard in trying to get revenge on me. I thought she'd try and bash my face into the ground, or ride me until she crushed my entire head under her ass... but she didn't. Her brief romantic fling with Emma must have tempered her anger.

I wasn't going to get on her bad side, though. Not when she was like this. It may have been hard to breathe, and what little air I did get was filtered through pussy and ass... but it was enough to go off of.

I pushed my hands up to her ass, and buried myself deep inside of Ingrid. She moaned above me, and my tongue went straight to work pleasuring her to the best of my abilities.


"Are you sure she wouldn't be into joining us?" Emma asked. "She seems like she's doing a good job..."
Ingrid grit her teeth together, and I could feel weight settle onto me further to deprive me of air. "I don't know." She managed to say through throaty moans and gasps.
That's an improvement. She didn't throw me under the bus immediately again... and I might have been enjoying this more than I cared to admit.


P.O.V.: EMMA
"You don't have to answer." I told Ingrid. "I can tell."
She looked up at me through half-lidded eyes. It was obvious she was trying to hold back her pleasure, but it wasn't working. I'd kept Ingrid around so long because she was my favorite... but if Vanessa keeps proving herself I could see myself making room for her.


But that's for later.
For now...
Ingrid gasped when I dropped to my hands and knees in front of her. Her breath caught in her chest as she looked up and I crawled closer to her.
"E-Emma? What are you-"


"Shhh..." I whispered, leaning in for another kiss. I longed to feel her close to me again. To feel some kind of human connection. The kind I wouldn't ever get to experience with the microscopic population ever again. If Ingrid and Vanessa were all I ever had going forward... Maybe I could live with that.


Ingrid's lips met mine again, and my chest went hot in an instant. I wanted to wrap my arms around her and pull her up to me. Fuck the thousands of microbes beneath us. I wanted to fuck her right here on top of all of them, casualties be damned.


Ingrid didn't protest, either.
She leaned into it, breath quickening as I gradually began to push her back onto the city. It wasn't like she'd shown any regard for the people below before this, but now? In the throes of pleasure?


She welcomed the destruction she wrought. The sense of scale it brought. The enormity only we got to enjoy.
Her heart was beating quick as a hummingbird when I crawled on top of her. My own warmth radiated onto her, but that wasn't enough to stop her from shivering.

"Someone's awfully worked up." Ingrid gasped, making herself comfortable where she lie. "Did something happen while you were away?"


"No." I said truthfully. "That's the problem."
"What does that mean?"
I thought for a moment about telling her what had happened. The thoughts I had. The loneliness I was staving off by spending time with her and Vanessa...


But I didn't.
She needn't worry her pretty little head about things like that. Instead, I smiled back at her, and crawled down the length of her body. She tensed up when my breath washed over her pussy, and I could see Vanessa fidgeting underneath her at the same time.


"Room for one more?" I said, then pressed my mouth directly above Vanessa's flailing body. Ingrid jolted in surprise at the sensation, her legs kicking straight out before she began to relax. Soft moans filled the air while I swabbed my tongue all over Ingrid's pussy.


Ingrid turned to putty in my hands in no time at all. The world around us vanished entirely, and she arched her back up to grant me better access to her. Small whimpers and moans quickly turned to breathy gasps.


And then she planted her feet flat onto the ground, and pushed herself up to meet my mouth. It lasted for only an instant, before her composure caused her to lose her balance and fall back onto the city, whipping up huge clouds of smoke in the process.
This was really what I needed to work out my own stress as well. A warm, loving body to press myself into. A figure to push up into...


And someone to shrink.
Ingrid was so wrapped up in the pleasure rocking her body that she didn't even resist. She actually pressed her head into my open palm, as if she was trying to simulate me petting her.
I obliged her for a moment, running my fingers through that red hair of hers...


Before pushing down.
She was nearly approaching my height one second, and the size of a large figurine the next. The abrupt change hadn't bothered her, and it only meant my tongue was able to plunge her depths better while she rocked herself in place.


She didn't even realize she'd been shrinking until I picked her up from the city itself. The rush of wind and loss of stability directly underneath her caught her by surprise, and her eyes cracked open when she saw how high up we were now.



She didn't panic though. Didn't fight back. Didn't complain.

She kept going as if this was the most normal thing in the world. And... I suppose in our little fucked up relationship it was. We hadn't really gotten to hold one another the way a regular couple ever did, and I was always the bigger party. That much never changed. Because it hadn't ever gotten stale... until we were this big.

"Emma?"


A small voice brought me back to reality, and away from the stray thoughts that had been consuming me.
Well, small by my standards, anyway.


It was Vanessa. She straightened up when I locked eyes with her, and seemed nervous. Nevertheless, she spoke loud, and clear.
"You... said something about joining you?"


I smiled down at her. Or... I smiled as best I could with Ingrid still straddling my lips. She gasped in surprise when I grabbed hold of her, and lifted her from the city as well.


I may have picked her up on a whim, but I'd grown attached to her. Maybe it's because she's super hot, or maybe it's because I got to see her command a bunch of men around to do her bidding even before she'd grown... but I wanted to see her happy too.
And if pleasing me made her happy, then I was more than happy to oblige.


She didn't fight back or protest when I pulled her up to my pussy head-first. Instead she seemed to treat me much the same as she had Ingrid a few moments prior. Just another target to impress, when she went to work massaging, rubbing, and pleasing my pussy with everything her tiny body could muster.


This was what brought me the most joy at this new size now. When people are so small that the world's military combining to attack me doesn't even register as an itch, it's these two who make up for it.
And they were doing a damn good job of it.


My knees buckled, my nipples stood on end, and my pussy turned into a furnace. I was approaching another orgasm, and thoughts of what I would do with my free time after this vanished.
The only thing that mattered was the impending climax.

I took a deep breath, and squeezed Vanessa in my fist. She seemed to recognize that sign and got to work more feverishly, while I pushed her deeper inside of my pussy. Again I shook in place, nearly collapsing into a pile over the city, but managed to maintain my composure.


Ingrid wasn't so subtle about things, though. Her moans grew louder and louder, echoing thousands of feet up in the sky. I wondered how far they would travel when she was this high up? Could there be people dozens of miles away hearing her orgasm?


That thought only made me hotter. Imagining some poor hick out in the countryside tending to his livestock while moans from miles up in the sky reverberate through the open air.
I pushed my tongue more firmly against Ingrid's pussy, and she responded by gasping.


"E-Emma! EMMA! I-"
She didn't finish that thought before screaming. Loud. Shrill. Piercing. Were she closer to the ground it would have undoubtedly cracked every single window for miles. This high up it was just a faint ringing that the microscopic people couldn't ignore.


Then she collapsed. Still in my hand, so she didn't go anywhere, but it was obvious she was spent when she slumped over my fingers, only barely managing to pull herself back up after several seconds.
"F-FUCK!" I moaned myself, clenching tightly around Vanessa, who squirmed at the sudden force exerted onto her.


I sat there for a minute. Maybe more. Just panting, catching my breath, and gradually feeling the world around me come back into focus. I was miles tall, kneeling over a city, and completely naked. The sun was setting. I was... I was content.
"Someone had a good time."
I looked down to Ingrid, and had to resist the urge to kiss her again then and there.


There was, after all, someone else who contributed to that fun.
I slid Vanessa out from my pussy slowly and gently, gasping at the sensation. The moment she was free I could hear coughing and sputtering, and her skin shone with my pussy juices... but she was okay. I'd assume she even enjoyed herself.


"Make yourselves comfortable." I said, lowering the both of them onto the city below. They gasped in surprise at the sudden descent, and then again when I opened my hands so they fell the last few hundred feet to the ground.
The city shook from the impact of their bodies hitting the earth, and I felt a pang of jealousy. The idea that they could more likely better experience the sounds and sensations of being big than I could was beginning to bother me again, despite the fun I'd just had.


I don't think this feeling is going away anytime soon.
I watched both of them for a moment. Vanessa was lying on her side, still trying to catch her breath while Ingrid loomed over her on all fours. Her skin was covered in sweat and she looked exhausted, but it didn't take her long at all to realize she was still quite a bit bigger than Vanessa.


"You're not... done yet..." Ingrid panted, wincing as she turned herself around and spread her legs. Her feet came down onto the city without a care in the world, and she slid them over countless buildings while locking eyes with Vanessa.
"Lick me now." She ordered.


Vanessa pushed herself up on two hands to better catch her breath, before dragging herself forward. Even from this high up I could see her tits bulldoze dozens of buildings on the way to Ingrid's pussy...


And she got to work immediately.


"Fuck." I thought to myself, watching the scene unfold. Ingrid had just gotten off, and already she was hungry for more? I swear, that girl is insatiable...

"This is a good size for you." Ingrid remarked, casually placing a hand onto the top of Vanessa's head. "Big enough to do a good job..."


"But easy to control."
Her fingers tightened, and she drove her plaything's face deeper between her legs. If Vanessa had any qualms about getting right back to work she didn't show them outwardly. Whether that's because Ingrid had beaten down her will or she was actually into it I couldn't be sure.


But I knew I should let them have their fun. I'm sure the roles were reversed while I was gone, anyway.
For now... I can feel the hunger pangs creeping in again. They never went away entirely anymore.


I could probably eat the entire state's population and be hungry again a few hours later. And it's even worse when I can't efficiently get people into me. For every person I swallow there's undoubtedly a hundred pounds of the city itself to go with them.
But it's not like I have a choice, either.

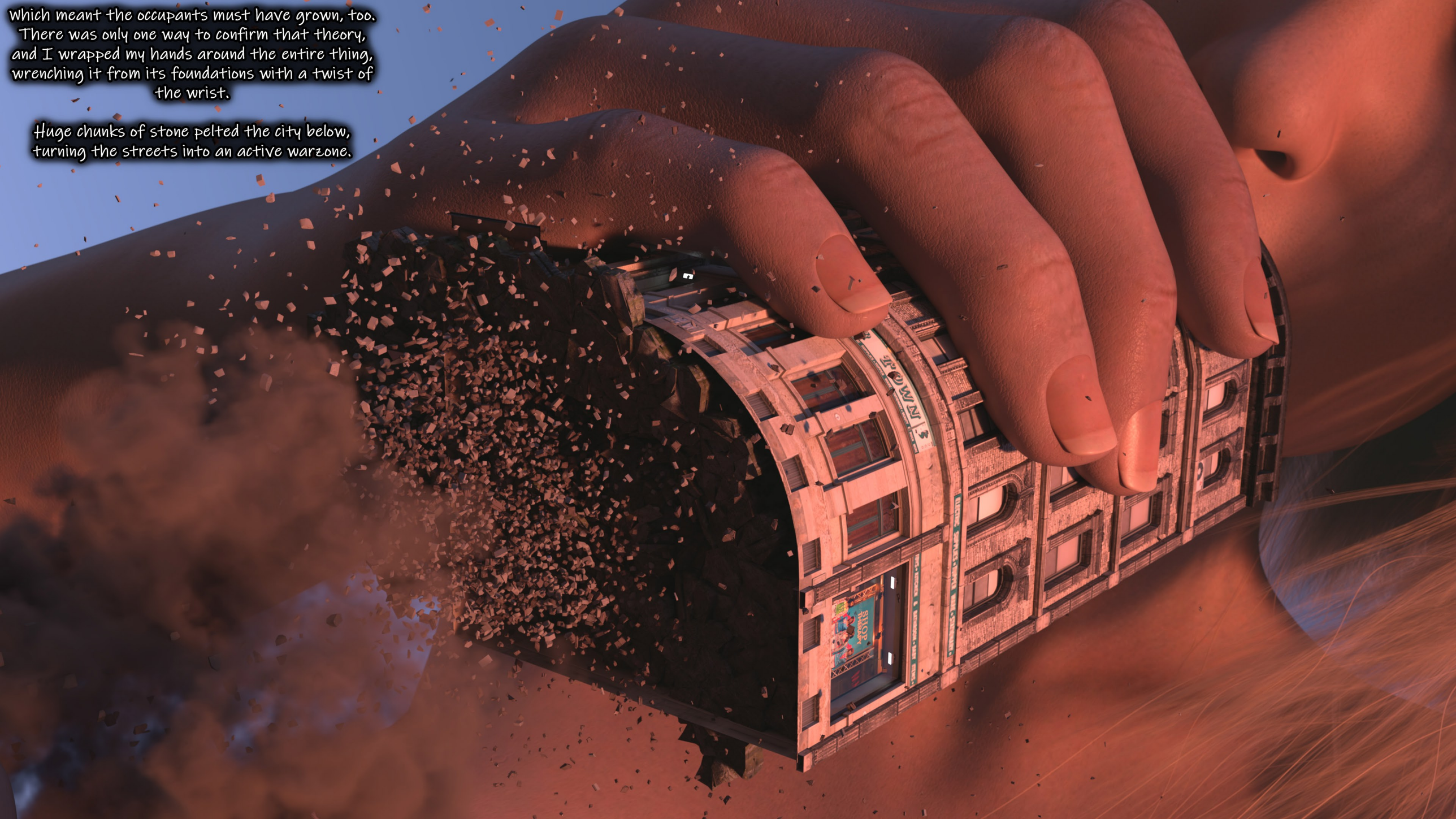

I scanned the city for a moment, wondering how best to go about it this time. Maybe there was something I hadn't thought of yet? Some kind of method to acquiring meals that had eluded me until now...?


I placed a finger onto what looked like an apartment complex, and gave it a gentle push. The foundations shifted and the entire thing reeled at the gentle movement, but it remained intact.
That's when an idea hit me. It would cause some damage to the surrounding areas... but since when has that stopped me from doing anything?



It only took a moment to focus on the roof of that building, then lift my hand.

In the blink of an eye the entire thing went from a nondescript box among all the others to a towering skyscraper... only the floors would have been a hundred feet each.


which meant the occupants must have grown, too. There was only one way to confirm that theory, and I wrapped my hands around the entire thing, wrenching it from its foundations with a twist of the wrist.
Huge chunks of stone pelted the city below, turning the streets into an active warzone.
PAWN
SHOP


But I wasn't going to eat a handful of rocks and glass this time.
I wanted bodies. Warm, fresh, and still squirming when they made it into me. A shake of the building sent small glittery shards of glass falling as every window on the outside broke at once.

One more shake after... and the people came.
I wondered how big they were compared to the rest of the city. Had they even realized they'd grown? What was going through their minds when they'd spent what could have been their final moments inside of the building while Ingrid, Vanessa and I walked around?


Maybe I should ask?
I gave the apartment complex a few more shakes to see if anyone else came out... but got nothing. If there was anyone still inside they were either keeping themselves in one piece, or the place had been mostly abandoned already. Not wanting to bother checking for more, I tossed the structure aside, and watched as it exploded into the city, breaking apart and spreading smoke for dozens of blocks around.


Too easy. Like everything else at this size. I'm sure there were some people upset that they met their end beneath a falling building instead of some part of me, but that's just the way the cookie crumbles sometimes.
As for my catch...


Almost a dozen people. They seemed winded from the fall into my palm, but they would survive. I mean, for now, anyway. They weren't going to be around much longer with what I have in mind for them.


I looked over my prey, wondering which I should try out first. They would definitely be a lot more filling at this size, unlike...
I frowned.
The more I looked at them, the more I realized that they were still so small. Maybe I could make them a little bit...


"AHHHHHHH!"
"SOMEONE SAVE US!"
"DON'T HURT ME!"
I could actually hear them! And... probably could have used a gentler touch. Each one of them was bigger than their entire apartment complex now, and they looked like they would be far more substantial as a result.


For too long I've been starving myself on pathetically tiny people. Ridiculously tiny near-microbes smaller than grains of rice.
But I could feel the weight of these people. I could hear them clearly as they begged me to put them down. Feel their tiny fists beating against my palm when they were raised over my head. Hear them curse and scream as they were tipped over my open mouth.


And felt the weight of their bodies when they landed onto my tongue.
For a moment, I almost feared I'd made a mistake. They were big enough that I feared I couldn't have fit them all down my throat at once. Even with the ones I heard screaming as they missed their mark entirely.


Once the last body had fallen, I closed my mouth over my latest catch.
It felt... oddly nostalgic. This was pretty close to the size I used to keep people back before I started shrinking the world. When it was just Ingrid, and whoever had wronged me recently. They were perfectly-sized. Satisfying, and filling.
When I swallowed, I could actually feel my throat stretch from the sensation of their cramped bodies being forced down. I sighed in satisfaction, before a screaming inside of my mouth caught me off-guard.

There was a straggler.

I could have swallowed again to finish her off... but I let her try and climb her way back up. I didn't think she'd be able to do it, but her tiny nails dug into my tongue and pulled herself from the depths of my mouth and out onto my tongue.


Such dedication deserved a reward!
The woman's screams raised in pitch when my fingers came for her, and she fought against my fingers the same way she'd fought gravity to make her way up my throat. But this wasn't a fight she could win.
And besides, the only reason she wasn't with the rest of her friends in my stomach was because I'd made the choice to spare her.


Now that I finally got a good look at the athletic little thing who'd escaped being swallowed I had to admit... She was kind of cute. Loud and shrill, sure, but cute.
Not really my type, though. Maybe Ingrid would like her more?


"YOU ATE MY BOYFRIEND! ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?!" The woman screamed between panicked cries. "JUST DON'T EAT ME!"
So she's single now? That's interesting...


"PLEASE DON'T EAT ME TOO!" The woman continued to beg. "I SAW YOU ON THE NEWS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, BUT-"
"Be quiet already." I said, rolling my eyes. "You're not going to die... if you can be a good slave."


That shut her up. Suspiciously fast, too. I don't think she was expecting me to address her.
"Ingrid."


She gradually relaxed, and slowly lifted her head. She seemed like she was fast-approaching another orgasm, and was only half-paying attention.
"She's yours."


Ingrid's smile widened, and she looked between me and the woman I was offering her several times.
"Thank you..." She whispered, biting her bottom lip after. "I could use something like her."


"Try not to break her too fast, okay?"
Ingrid nodded, moving one hand away from the top of Vanessa's head to grab hold of the tiny blonde.


"She's cute." Ingrid said, echoing my own thoughts a moment prior. She gently plucked the little thing from between my fingers and stroked the side of her body a few times. "But why is she so big?"


"I-I don't know!" The woman answered. "I just-I was hiding out with my boyfriend, and there was an earthquake, then-"


"Kind of annoying..." Ingrid said to cut her off. "Are you sure you want to keep her around, Emma?"
"W-What?!" The woman screamed. "J-JUST LET ME GO, PLEASE! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!"
"But then you might be competition for Emma's attention..." Ingrid muttered. "I'd rather not deal with that."


"WAIT! PUT ME DOWN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! JUST LET ME-"
The woman's screams are cut off when a blast of Ingrid's breath washes over her. In the cool night of the sunset I can actually see the cloud of steam envelop the woman who breaks into a coughing fit after.


But Ingrid doesn't seem deterred in the slightest. She just pushes the woman deeper into her maw. I hadn't expected her to try and swallow her so quickly...


A soft moan escapes Ingrid's throat as she slurps more of the blonde into her mouth. In just a second there's only a pair of kicking legs sticking out from between her lips, fighting against Ingrid's mouth the same way she had against mine just a minute ago.


"Ingrid!" I said, becoming increasingly annoyed. "I picked her out just for you, and you try to eat her immediately?"
I wasn't trying to be flirty or silly, but Ingrid certainly seemed to take it that way. She only leaned back, looked up at me, and smiled with those legs still kicking from between her lips.


"Give her back." I huffed. "I swear, you're like a dog sometimes..." I added, trying to pull the tiny legs out from between her lips. But that only led to Ingrid jerking her head from side to side so I couldn't reach the legs easily.
"Fine. If you're going to be that way..." I said, reaching for Ingrid's head. I would just make her bigger so the legs were easier to grab hold of without breaking them. It should have been simple.


But when I pulled Ingrid up, I made a mistake. Maybe I'd fallen over while trying to make her grow, or maybe I'd just pulled up too fast out of frustration. But the end result was the same either way.
Ingrid was bigger than me, for the first time ever... Or the first time since I shrunk her, anyway.


P.O.V.: INGRID
I didn't care for the blonde in my mouth. I wanted to get rid of her, but when Emma got upset about that I thought it might be fun to make a little game out of it.
But neither of us expected this outcome. I was... actually looking down on her. She was smaller than me. That in and of itself was surreal beyond belief, and I could see her face quickly turn red out of embarrassment.


"Stop smiling." She said, doing her best to remain stern despite this sudden change. "That... That wasn't on purpose, okay?"
"Wasn't it?"


Her breath hitched, then her eyes narrowed. She raised a hand over my head, and grabbed a fistful of my hair. Something was definitely up. Her fingers were trembling, but I had a feeling it wasn't out of fear, or worry, or anything of the sort.
"I'm going to shrink you now, okay?"

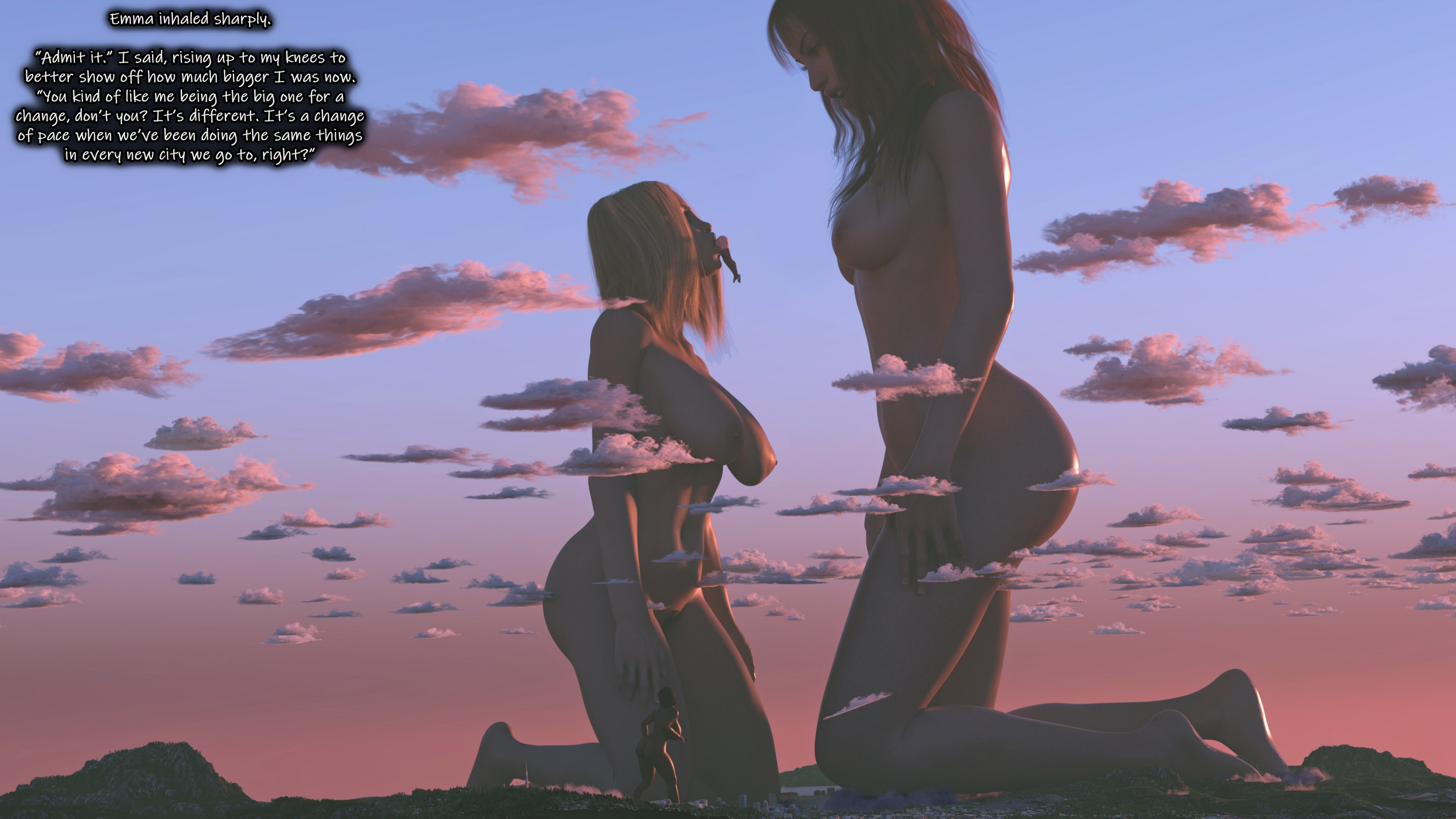

"Are you asking for my permission?"
"I-I told you." She said, straightening herself out. "It was a mistake, so I'm going to correct that now, understand?"
I grabbed hold of the legs sticking out from my mouth and gradually pulled the woman out into the open air like she was a lollipop I'd been sucking on.


"I thought you didn't make mistakes?" I asked, giving my toy a little lick while looking directly into Emma's eyes.
"You know what I mean, Ingrid."
"Then why aren't you shrinking me?"


Her fingers twitched. I was admittedly pushing my luck... but she didn't shrink me. She just kept her hand on my head silently, keeping her eyes locked on mine the entire time.
"I was just about to, before you interrupted me again," Emma began. "I would have done it earlier, but-"


"Shh..." I whispered, and popped the sputtering blonde woman in between Emma's lips. She was still thoroughly drenched in my saliva, and Emma's eyes went wide at the suddenness of it.


"This is new for you." I said, running a finger down the side of Emma's cheek. "I don't think you intended to grow me this much... but you could have corrected that in a second if you were actually upset."
Emma's cheeks flushed.
"I think you've thought about this before. Not enough to actually follow through... but enough that when it happened, you hesitated to shrink me back down. Am I right?"


Emma inhaled sharply.
"Admit it." I said, rising up to my knees to better show off how much bigger I was now. "You kind of like me being the big one for a change, don't you? It's different. It's a change of pace when we've been doing the same things in every new city we go to, right?"


Emma's right hand moved to pull the blonde out of her mouth, but I put a stop to that immediately. With a firm squeeze on her shoulder Emma's hand dropped back to her side and her breath caught in her throat once again.
"Keep the gag on." I whispered. "I'm going to keep serving you, Emma. Even if it means doing things you can't bring yourself to ask for."


Emma looked away.
I capitalized by shoving her shoulder. She let out a sharp gasp when she fell back, but the moan that followed when she slammed into the earth was indescribable.
"That's weird..." I said, smiling down to Emma who looked back up at me. "I don't remember telling you to spread your legs."


She looked to the side, and blushed more intensely. But, notably, she didn't close her legs. That was good. I liked that. Even more so when she subtly arched her back after I dropped to my hands and knees in front of her.


"Good girl."
Emma moaned quietly, making it obvious she was trying to stifle her arousal. I was very interested in seeing how much she'd be able to maintain that composure when I pressed my lips right up against her own.
She watched intensely when I let my tongue slip out from my mouth, and ran it up the length of her pussy.


This time there was no denying it. No hiding her arousal, or excitement. Her nipples perked, her back arched, her hands balled up into fists... and she moaned.


It was no ordinary moan though. These were throaty. Visceral. Like something inside of her that had been kept locked away for as long as I'd known her had just been unleashed.
"It's nice not being in control for once, isn't it?" I whispered from between her legs, making sure that my lips brushed against hers as I spoke.
She could only respond with a needy whimper.


"I asked you a question." I said, and squished my face between her legs once again. She was positively soaking wet, and I made it my duty to wipe it all away with my tongue.
And then she came.
I didn't even believe it at first. I'd seen her finger fuck herself for minutes at a time in search of an orgasm, but all it had taken was a few stern words and an eager tongue this time. She was moaning like a bitch in heat, and her small legs tried to wrap around my head to lock me in place.


But she was too weak to control me now.
"It's my turn."
With one hand I broke free, and Emma gasped when I climbed on top of her. Through half-lidded eyes she gazed up at me from her position. The blonde she'd picked up was doing a good job serving as a gag... but I wanted to hear Emma more clearly now.


"I'll be taking that."
She didn't resist, or try to stop me. She didn't even make a game of it by biting down to keep the woman in place. She submitted instantly, parting her lips and giving me access to the small woman the moment I asked.


I almost felt for the unfortunate little blonde. Her entire life had been turned upside down over the last couple of minutes, and she still wasn't sure whether or not she would be making it out of this alive. She was still coughing and sputtering after her time stuck between Emma's lips... and she barely had time to catch her breath before I forced her between a different pair of lips.


Emma moaned. This time it was louder, and more crystal clear. Her eyes looked up at me pleadingly, begging me for more.
"You like that?"
She nodded.
"Use your words."
"Y-Yes..." Emma whimpered.


"I'm going to climb on top of you now." I told her. "And you're going to get me off, or you'll run out of air. Whichever comes first."
Emma nodded.


"I hope you're ready." I said, crawling over Emma. "Put that tongue to work, or else."
She bit her bottom lip and nodded again.


I crawled over Emma until my hips were directly above her face. She actually started to fidget while I loomed directly above her, and I looked down at her from my position and gave her a simple order.
"Take a deep breath."


Emma's mouth opened wide. She got to inhale for about half a second... before I dropped my ass straight onto her face. She jolted in surprise at the betrayal, but did not protest beyond that. Her lips and tongue went to work while I wiggled my hips on top of her to make myself comfortable.
"You make for a lovely seat." I complimented her, enjoying the sight of my surroundings from my new perch. As I did, my gaze naturally fell onto the only other giant woman in the area.


"Come here."
Vanessa wasn't an idiot. It was obvious I was talking to her, and she wasted no time moving closer at the command. She accepted that I was going to pick her up, and offered no resistance. I think I may like being in charge more than I anticipated...



"You want to join in?"

Her face lit up.

"You can... but only if you ask."

Her smile faded. I'd noticed the way her behavior had changed after Emma and I had our little... moment earlier. She hadn't looked at either of us the same way since. Whatever reservations she'd had about getting too close with either of us had begun to fade. It actually softened me up on her.

But only a little bit.


"I want to..." Vanessa began, before biting her lip. "I mean, can I... be with you two?"
She's lucky. If not for her skin tone, I'm sure it would have been obvious she was blushing up a storm as the words left her mouth.
I didn't answer. Not with words, anyway. I just raised her up to my face, and placed her directly over my lips. She wasted no time straddling my mouth, while I tasted her pussy with quick flicks of my own tongue.


I pulled my hand away from her slowly, making sure that she was balanced well enough to stay in position on her own. I'm not even sure if she noticed, given how she didn't miss a beat while riding my tongue for all she was worth.


I could taste Vanessa on the tip of my tongue while I pressed my hips down more firmly onto Emma's face. She responded by grabbing hold of my thighs and pushing up into me more ravenously, and squeezed her face between my legs in response.


I don't know how long we held that position. Three giantesses, bigger than anything the planet had ever produced, fucking each other with reckless abandon. And at the center of it all... was me.
A surge of heat rushed through my body. One so hot it caught me off-guard. An orgasm wracked my body, but I managed to maintain composure.



That was, until Emma's tongue brought forth a second one.

She was relentless. She ate my pussy like it was the only food she'd had for weeks. And the feeling of me orgasming on top of her only made her more feral. She brought a second orgasm out of me. A third. A fourth. And finally, when the fifth came on, I lost all composure.

And screamed.

Vanessa was thrown from her resting spot in the blink of an eye, and it was only her gasp of surprise that made me shoot my hand up to catch her.


But I wasn't going to put her back. Because Emma was not stopping, and was not slowing down. Instead I pressed Vanessa right into my tit, alternating mashing her face against my nipple and squishing her tits into it. I don't know how long I rode Emma's face, completely consumed by pleasure... but I know my throat was sore after.


I lifted myself up onto my knees an inch. Just enough space to allow Emma to breathe, though it all had to be filtered through my pussy before it got to her.
I looked down at Vanessa, still pushed into my tit, and smiled. "See what happens... When you accept your place?"
She didn't answer. I knew she wouldn't.


I had to get off of Emma eventually. I'd have loved to stay there longer. Ride her for hours. Until the night sky was the only thing illuminating the city. And then again until the morning sun rose.
When I did, I wasted no time pulling Emma closer. For once, I would be the big spoon... though I made sure that both the new blonde and Vanessa were safely tucked between Emma's tits before I did so.


"So? How was it?" I asked, giving Emma a kiss on top of her head.
"It was... incredible." Emma admitted. "Exciting. New. I loved it."
"New?" I asked, leaning in closer. "It doesn't have to stay new."

"I'll let you be bigger again. I promise." She said, before sighing. "But only on occasion. Can't have you getting any weird ideas."
"I wouldn't dream of it." I said, squeezing her tightly. "This is just another form of servitude, my Goddess."


END OF PART 7


EMMA SHRINKS THE WORLD 7 SIZE COMPARISON
EMMA - END OF PART 6
4 MILES TALL
2,800,000,000 TONS
VANESSA - END OF PART 6
1.75 MILES TALL
240,000,000 TONS
INGRID - END OF PART 7
6.3 MILES TALL
11,000,000,000 TONS
VANESSA - END OF PART 7
3,000 FEET TALL
8,000,000 TONS
EMMA - END OF PART 7
4 MILES TALL
4,000,000,000 TONS
INGRID - END OF PART 6
1,000 FEET TALL
300,000 TONS

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