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HELD
SMALL



Seth sighed, eyes drifting across the blur of trees and highway signs as the car rumbled toward its destination. It had been a long drive from Brookhaven, but the distance didn't bother him. His mind was always somewhere else—lost in code, wrapped around algorithms, quietly orbiting machine learning pipelines instead of people.

He wasn't just a student; he was that student. Top of his class, head buried in data science textbooks, working through weekends like the world would collapse if he didn't maintain his routine. Sometimes he believed it would.

Still, even he had to admit something felt off today—tight in his chest, like anxiety with no clear source. Or maybe the source was very clear, and he just didn't want to name it.

Women.

They weren't just confusing. They felt... impossible. Foreign. An entire language he'd never learned to speak. His experience with them? Minimal. Almost abstract. Like someone who'd heard of the ocean but never seen it. And now here he was, about to spend an entire weekend with two of them.



His father's voice cut through the silence like a blunt instrument.

“Son. Can you join me here on planet Earth for five damn minutes?”

Seth blinked and turned his head. “Sorry. Just... still trying to figure out why I'm even here.”

His father scoffed. “You're here because Monica invited us. And because I didn't want to drive four hours alone.”

“Yeah, but this is your first in-person date, right? After a few weeks of texting and phone calls? Isn't it kind of weird that I'm tagging along? For a full weekend?”

“It is weird. Extremely. But Monica insisted,” his dad muttered, hands tightening on the wheel. “Said her daughter Tessa could use the company.”

Tessa. That name carried weight, even though Seth knew almost nothing about her—just vague mentions, the kind that came with dramatic ellipses and raised eyebrows. “She's a handful,” his dad had said once. “Used to stir up trouble like it was a full-time job.”



Seth exhaled. “Dad, I can barely hold a conversation with women. You know this. How the hell am I supposed to survive a weekend with one?”

His father smirked like he’d been waiting for that. “Look, you study everything, right? Treat this the same. Field research. Observe the subject. Learn. Adapt.”

Seth gave him a sidelong glance. “Yeah, sure. Just run a regression model on her emotional state and hope I don’t say something stupid in the meantime.”

His dad laughed. “You are overthinking this. It’s not that deep. Talking to women is just... talking. They’re not some encrypted data stream.”

“You say that like it’s easy.”

“It is easy,” his dad said with a grin that leaned way too smug. “By your age, I’d already had four girlfriends.”

The words landed hard. Seth didn’t need to be reminded—again—that he was twenty-five, had never had a girlfriend, never kissed anyone, never even held hands outside of a handshake.



His father didn't say it maliciously. But the subtext hung in the air like a slow leak in a sealed room.

Seth tried to hide it—the flicker of self-doubt that always crept in when the conversation veered too close. That quiet, aching belief that something in him was fundamentally lacking. That women simply didn't like him.

He glanced away, but too late. His father had already caught the expression.

“Don't give me that sad puppy look,” his dad said. “You've got everything going for you.”

Seth exhaled, dry. “Right. That's why I'm twenty-five and still single.”



“You’re smart, you look decent, you brush your teeth, and your haircut is not that bad,” his dad said with a grin.

“Wow. Thanks, Dad. High praise.”

“Hey, I’m just saying. You’re already more than enough. The rest is just practice.”

But Seth didn’t believe it—not after years of rejection.

“You overthink everything,” his dad went on. “That’s your real problem. You don’t need to figure women out like they’re math problems. You just need to talk.”



“Yeah, yeah. Got it.” Seth waved him off. “Can we drop it? You’re really not helping with the whole ‘overthinking’ part.”

His dad chuckled. “Alright, alright. Just... try to enjoy the weekend. Think of it as a learning opportunity. Observe the master in his natural habitat.”

“Right. Sure.”

But something in Seth’s chest tightened—a quiet, pressing weight he couldn’t quite explain. Like he was stepping into something much larger than himself.



They parked and stretched, the long ride from Brookhaven finally behind them. Seth rolled his shoulders, but his thoughts stayed tight and wired.

“Ahem... Dad?” he asked as they walked. “Is it true Tessa started a fire when she was six?”

His father, usually lighthearted and quick with sarcasm, went quiet. His expression shifted—uneasy.

“Yeah,” he said after a beat. “Let’s not get too into it, okay? Monica’s still... sensitive about it. But yeah. She burned the place down. Their entire house.”

“Jesus.”

“She’s always been... difficult. Attention-seeking. Chaotic. Monica tried everything, but nothing stuck. That’s why she ended up sending her to a juvenile program. One of those ‘tough love’ places. She was just impossible to live with.”

“But she’s living with her mom again now?”

“Recently, yeah. Been a couple months, I think. They’re figuring it out.”



They stopped in front of the building. Seth's father pivoted hard, forcing a grin back onto his face.

“Come on, don't let all that scare you. This'll be one of those feel-good movie weekends, you'll see. You and Tessa will bond, maybe change each other's lives, learn something important, yadda yadda.”

Seth arched a brow. “Any actual advice?”

His father smirked. “Just learn from the best,” he said, giving a smug wink.

Seth rolled his eyes. “Incredible.”

“Oh—and Seth?”

“Yeah?”

“Try not to be too awkward,” he said, laughing.

“Go to hell, Dad.”

“That's my boy.”

They knocked. Time slowed.



Seth took a long breath and tried to keep his heart rate under control. His fingers twitched slightly—he clenched them into a fist. This wasn't combat, wasn't a test. It was just a front door. And yet, his body acted like he was about to be judged.

The door opened.

A woman stood before them. Warm smile. Familiar energy. But the way she looked at them? There was something distinctly sexual about it. Her gaze lingered—curious, inviting, almost devouring.

Monica.

Seth immediately understood why his dad had been so smitten. Long legs. Beautiful eyes. A mouth that curved like she knew things you didn't. And yes—breasts that were... impossible. Unfair, even.

Seth's knees buckled just slightly before he caught himself, standing straighter by sheer force of will.

“David,” Monica said, her voice honey-thick. Not quite a moan, but close. Like the word itself was something she wanted to wrap her lips around.



“Monica,” his dad replied with the dumbest grin Seth had ever seen him wear.

They just stood there for a moment, sizing each other up. It was their first time meeting in person, and Seth couldn’t help but notice the obvious—Monica was taller than his dad. Not by much, but still. Her heels gave her the edge. He wondered if his father would feel weird about it.

But then—nope. Question answered.

Without hesitation, they lunged at each other.

Seth blinked.

They were kissing. Full-on, no-air-between-them kissing. No small talk, no "nice to meet you," not even a polite head tilt. Just lips crashing, hands wandering, bodies pressed together like a high school makeout session cranked to eleven.

And it wasn’t gentle either. It was... messy. Greedy. There was tongue. A lot of tongue. And it wasn’t clear who was leading, though Seth could’ve sworn it was Monica dragging his dad in, not the other way around.



David broke the kiss just long enough to breathe out, “You see, son? Told you—it’s not that hard,” and let out a smug little laugh before Monica pulled him right back in, clutching him like she was claiming property.

Seth stared in disbelief. What the hell was happening?

And then—he saw her.

In the living room, half-curved on the white leather couch, sat a girl.

Tessa.



She wasn't watching them. More like enduring them, her expression a perfect blend of disgust and emotional exhaustion. Whether it was the makeout or the woman doing it—her mother—it wasn't clear. But she looked utterly done with the scene.

Seth should've looked away. He didn't.

Tessa was... beautiful. In a way that made him feel like he'd just been punched in the stomach. There was nothing warm about her—just sharp lines and cold observation. Like an equation he didn't understand but couldn't stop staring at.



He didn't move.

His dad lifted Monica clean off the ground. She wrapped her legs around his waist like it was the most natural thing in the world. She grabbed his head with both hands, pulling him into her chest.

“Let's go up,” she ordered, already grinding on him.

There had been maybe ten words exchanged since the door opened.

And now they were gone.

David shot a quick glance back over his shoulder as he carried Monica upstairs. “C'mon, Seth. Just... go say hi to Tessa, yeah?”

And just like that, Seth was left standing there.



Frozen.

Alone.

With her.

Seth stood there, frozen in a way that went beyond muscles. His body didn't quite know how to exist in front of her. Even the act of standing felt... wrong. Like he was posing, waiting for someone to tell him how legs were supposed to work.

And then she did.



“Hey. Seth, right?” she called out, eyes on him. “Don’t just stand there like a statue. C’mon.”

She was talking to him. Directly. The fact struck like a slap and a balm all at once—comforting and suffocating. It rewrote reality for a moment.

She had acknowledged him.

He snapped back into his body and shuffled forward, moving like a confused animal following sound more than reason.



When he reached the couch, he took the farthest possible seat from her—like she was a rare, dangerous animal you didn't want to startle.

Tessa didn't seem surprised. She lounged with the kind of confidence that came from being attractive, emotionally volatile, and completely disinterested in other people's comfort.



“Well,” she said, raising her hand, “that was pretty fucked, huh?”

Seth didn’t respond. His brain was still buffering.

“Jesus, dude. Just say something. You’re not on mute.”

He swallowed, hard. “Uh... yeah. That was... something.”

Tessa scoffed. “Something. Right. My mom’s a fucking whore, that’s what it was.”

“What?” Seth blinked. His voice cracked a little.

“Oh, don’t act shocked.” She rolled her eyes, then looked straight at him. “You saw it. Didn’t even say hello. Just sucked his face off like she was trying to breathe through him. They’re probably already fucking upstairs.”



Seth tried not to stare—but failed.

Her black top clung to her like it resented being worn. One side had already slipped off, and the fabric barely covered anything. Her left nipple was nearly visible—only not visible by a technicality. His eyes darted away, then back, then away again.

She caught him.

“Seriously,” she said, flat. “Dude...”



“I—uh—yeah. Sorry. Your mom is... definitely not like most moms.”

Tessa snorted. “No shit. I lost count of how many guys she dragged home by the time I turned ten. That’s not even counting the years she dumped me in a ‘behavioral facility’ while she played single slut around town.”

“I... I’m sorry to hear that, Tessa.”

She tilted her head toward him slightly, like she was observing a nervous lab rat. “Not asking for sympathy. Just making it simple, so even you can follow. You seem a little slow.”

And there it was—an insult, plain and sharp. But it didn’t sting. Somehow, it felt weirdly... warm. Like she wasn’t trying to push him away. She was anchoring him. Giving him something to hold onto in the middle of a storm he hadn’t prepared for.

Then came the command.

“Come sit here,” she said, patting the couch beside her.



No question. No hesitation. Just an order, low and offhand—like she expected it to be obeyed.

And Seth did obey.

He rose without thinking and moved to sit right next to her. He immediately felt it—that strange, electric tension between them.

It felt right. Wrong, too. But mostly... inevitable.

Tessa shifted, and without a word, she slipped her arm around his shoulders. Not forceful—gentle, even—but it pulled him closer. Closer than he'd ever been to a woman in his life.

Her fingers rested lightly on his shoulder, like they belonged there.

Her expression was impossible to read—some strange cocktail of detached amusement and something softer, something almost... welcoming. But not quite. It was like being invited into a room only to realize you weren't sure you were allowed to sit.



And Seth looked. God help him, he looked.

Her cleavage was right there—taunting him, daring him. Round, perfect, impossibly close. Her top dipped low enough to make his throat dry. In that moment, her breasts weren't just beautiful—they were divine. Like his entire world had narrowed down to that one view.

Tessa raised an eyebrow, eyes flicking down.

“Dude. You gonna cum in your pants or what?”

Seth blinked. “I—sorry, what?”

“I’m just wondering if you’re about to bust your little virgin nut right here on the couch.”

“What?! I—I don’t—there’s no—what are you talking about?” His voice cracked.

She snorted. “Relax. I’m fucking with you.”

She let out a laugh and tilted her head at him, studying his face.

“I take it it’s true though—that you’re a virgin.”



Seth's stomach dropped. "What? How do you—?"

"Your dad told my mom. He thinks it's a tragedy."

Seth groaned. "God. Damn it, Dad."

Tessa smirked. "Hey, maybe I could make you cum. You know. Fix the problem."

Seth's mouth parted, but no sound came out. His brain had just shut down.

She grinned wider. "What's that? Cat got your tongue?"

She leaned in, lips almost brushing his ear. "I could actually fuck you, you know. You're not that ugly. Kinda cute, actually. And it's been a while..."

"I... ah... ahem..."

She waited. Smiling.

Seth could feel the pressure building in his chest, behind his eyes, behind his zipper. He was drowning in her. His mouth moved on instinct, not courage.



“Y-yes. Pl-please.”

God. The moment he said it, he regretted everything. His voice sounded pathetic. Like he was begging. Like he was a virgin. Like she'd won.

Tessa burst out laughing.

“Oh my god. You're fucking adorable.”

She leaned back, stretching like a cat, then raised one perfectly shaped leg and flexed her toes.

“Alright, lover boy. Let's start with a foot massage and see where that leads, yeah?”

Seth nodded, dazed. “Okay.”

He got into position on the floor, hands trembling as he reached for her foot. Tessa extended it with zero hesitation. And Seth began. Hesitant at first. Then firmer, kneading her heel, her arch.

His pulse was thundering in his ears.

He didn't know where this was going. But he knew—without question—she did.



Seth kneaded her foot slowly, each movement shaky, uncertain. Her skin was warm. Soft. Slightly damp from the heat of the room and the electricity between them. His heart was hammering so loud it might've echoed off the walls.

Tessa grabbed the remote and clicked on the TV, slouching deeper into the couch with the air of someone who owned the room—and everyone in it.

“Let’s put something on while you worship my feet,” she said casually.

Seth froze for a half-second. Worship?

She continued, eyes on the screen. “I’ll let you massage them for now, but later I’m definitely gonna ask you to lick them. That cool?”

Was it cool? Was anything about this normal?

He opened his mouth to say something, but the TV suddenly blasted to life—bright, loud, urgent.

“The shrinking phenomenon that first appeared in our city has now spread to our neighboring region. This time, on an unprecedented scale.”



The camera cut to B-roll of crowds in panic. Cars gridlocked on highways. People running with suitcases through train stations.

“That’s right,” the female anchor continued. “While our city has seen only a few hundred isolated cases over the past few months, the city of Brookhaven is now facing a full-scale crisis. Reports indicate that more than 112,000 people have begun shrinking overnight.”

Seth’s hands stopped moving. Brookhaven?

His chest tightened. That was home. That was his city. Everyone had heard about the shrinking—random people, vanishing from public life, showing up weeks later the size of dolls or bugs.

“Hey,” Tessa said, glancing down at him. “Isn’t that where you’re from?”

He nodded, but his throat was too dry to speak.

“This is a crisis unlike anything our country has ever seen,” the anchor continued. “Panic is gripping the city. Tens of thousands are trying to flee. Highways and transit systems are overwhelmed.”



“Speculation ranges from an unknown natural event to a foreign attack,” the female anchor added, her tone clinical. “Government agencies have yet to provide an official cause.”

Seth’s ears were ringing. His breathing grew shallow.

Everything felt off.

Wrong.

His hands looked... smaller. Or were they?

And her foot—

Was her foot bigger?

He stared at it in his hands, blinking hard. The proportions didn’t make sense.



He looked up at her, and—

Tessa was watching him.

But not like before. Her face had shifted. That amused smirk was gone. Her lips were parted slightly. Her eyes—those lazy, dark eyes—had gone sharp. Focused.

Predatory.

“Hey,” she said slowly, tilting her head just slightly.
“Aren’t you shrinking right now?”

Seth’s blood went cold. He looked at his lap, then back to her. The distance between them hadn’t changed, but somehow... everything had changed.

Tessa’s expression hardened with every second. As if some unspoken rule had broken. As if something had been holding her back—and now, it wasn’t.

Size.

That was the shield. And it was fading.



The anchors kept talking in the background—something about a woman named Laura Rivera from TechNova Solutions working on a cure. Something about biotech and emergency protocols.

But Seth wasn't listening.

He was shrinking.

And Tessa was leaning in.

And her smile—what little remained of it—no longer looked like kindness.

It looked like possession.

Like hunger.

Seth's breathing quickened, shallow and panicked. He blinked hard, trying to focus, to ground himself in anything real. His hands trembled.

"I... I need h-help..." he whispered, barely audible. His jaw trembled as he shrank—literally and otherwise.



And then it happened.

Tessa's foot slammed into his face like a hammer.

“AAARRGGHHH!”

Seth went flying backward, his body lighter now, his center of gravity all wrong.

He hit the carpet with a thud, pain blooming through his spine as he gasped for air.



“Te—Tessa! What the fuck are you doing!?”

She stood above him like a titaness—towering, calm, even amused. From his new, smaller perspective, she looked eight feet tall.

“Oh, shit,” she said, mock-innocently. “That might’ve landed harder than I meant. Whatever. Stay on the fucking floor.”

Seth scrambled, pushing himself up on weak elbows.

“What? No!”



He barely got the word out before she was on him again. Fast. Precise. Her foot came down like a boot on a cockroach, pinning his face to the floor.

“I said—STAY. ON. THE. FUCKING. FLOOR.”

He choked, squirming beneath her. “Tessa! Stop!”

“Oh, come on,” she purred. “We’re just playing. Besides, fucking’s not necessarily off the table. Depends how well you beg.”

“Please, Tessa!”

Her eyes narrowed.

“It’s Mistress Tessa now.”

“What the fuck!?”



“Say it.” Her foot pressed harder against his head.

“Aghh—”

“Say it.”

“M-Mistress Tessa, please!”

She smiled.

“There you go. Good little boy-doll.”

Seth’s chest rose and fell in fast, panicked bursts. “I need help, Mistress Tessa. This is serious!”



She released the pressure and dropped down on all fours above him, straddling his body with predatory ease. Her hands slid around his neck—slowly. Possessively.

“Do you still want to fuck, or not?”

“I... I’m shrinking...”

“Exactly.” She grinned. “We all know how this ends. Soon you’re gonna be doll-sized—if you’re lucky.”

She leaned in closer, lips brushing his ear.

“You couldn’t get laid before. What, you think you’ll pull it off as a fuckable little figurine?”

Seth’s throat caught. “I... huh...”



“Answer the question.”

“I—YES!”

She grinned wider. “Of course you do. But we’ll see if you’ve got what it takes.”

And her grip tightened.

Her fingers curled tighter around his throat—not enough to cut air completely, but enough to panic. Enough to flood him with adrenaline and heat and fear and something else he didn’t want to name.

Seth felt his body changing again. Bones lightening. Limbs drawing in. Everything growing bigger around him—or rather, he was getting smaller.

Tessa’s hands held fast, her weight pressing down like judgment.

And in that moment, shrinking beneath her, held between pleasure and power and something far more dangerous, Seth wondered if he’d survive this at all.



Meanwhile, upstairs, Monica was fucking David. She rode him hard, greedy moans echoing off the walls as her hips slammed into his with relentless rhythm.

David lay flat beneath her, pinned in place by one firm hand on his chest. His eyes fluttered shut, lost in the overwhelming heat and pressure of her soaked, ravenous cunt.

He'd tried to suggest slowing down—maybe some foreplay—but Monica hadn't even let him finish the sentence. She'd thrown him down like it was instinct and mounted him without hesitation.



Now, his cock was being swallowed again and again by something wetter, tighter, and hungrier than anything he'd ever experienced. Monica moved with purpose—like this wasn't about connection, it was about need.

The sound of her skin slapping against his thighs mixed with her ragged breath and messy, guttural moans.



Above him, her enormous tits bounced violently, the weight of them hypnotic.



At one point, she grabbed them—pressing them together, using the motion to stabilize herself as she fucked him even harder. David felt like he was being drained, consumed.

Her pussy gripped him like it owned him, hot and slick and overwhelming.

He looked up, eyes half-focused, and something hit him.

She looked... bigger.



Yes, she was taller than him, but this was different. She towered over him now. Her thighs seemed broader, heavier. Her tits—absurdly massive—bounced above him like wrecking balls.



Even her belly, slick with sweat, looked stretched and swollen in impossible proportion.



Then she leaned down.

Her breasts descended over his face, smothering his vision, her moans growing louder. He barely caught his breath before they were pressing into him—each one clearly larger than his entire head.

“Mo—Monica,” he gasped, voice muffled under her weight. “I think... something’s wrong.”

No answer. She was too far gone, eyes closed, lost in her rhythm.

“Monica—” he tried again, his voice strained, “doesn’t something feel... off? What’s happening right now?”

She barely looked at him. Her voice was slurred with pleasure.

“Shhh. Nothing’s wrong, babe. You’re doing great.”



But he felt it now—really felt it.



Her pussy didn't feel as tight anymore. Not because she was relaxing. Because he was changing.

David's cock, still buried deep inside her, didn't reach like it used to. He adjusted his hips, repositioning slightly to get a better angle, trying to shake the thought from his mind. He kissed her chest, trying to ground himself, to make it feel normal again.

It wasn't working.

Something was very, very wrong.

Monica felt it too.

His cock—so firm, so perfect inside her moments ago, was getting smaller. Noticeably. But instead of stopping, she ground her hips harder, clenching around him while David, still dazed and drunk on lust, peppered her breasts with kisses.



She shifted position, straddling him tighter.

“Kiss my tits harder, babe,” she said, voice husky and breathless.

Her hand slid behind his head, pulling him up and into her chest like a prize, her other hand jerking his cock in rhythm. She didn't even seem to notice how easily she lifted him—how light he was becoming.



David's panic deepened, but so did his arousal. His lips latched onto her nipple, sucking, licking, worshipping. Was he shrinking? Was this real? Or just the warping of perspective, being buried so deep in her, so close to her overwhelming body?

But the feeling didn't go away. It intensified.



Monica opened her eyes and froze for a moment—her breath caught. There he was, suckling on her breast, and yet... he was smaller now. Clearly smaller. His head nestled into her tit like it had always belonged there.

“Holy shit,” she whispered, eyes wide. *He’s shrinking...*

But somehow, it wasn’t panic that followed. Shrinking wasn’t unknown anymore. It had happened before. A thousand cases. The world was already adjusting.

And still, he clung to her.

She looked down at him—this man, this sweet, horny little thing shrinking against her breast—and something primal snapped awake. The ache in her chest, the endless hunger between her legs, the loneliness she never admitted... it all converged on this one moment.

Was he hers?

She didn’t need to ask. She knew.



She cradled his head as it slowly diminished in her palm, his lips still working her nipple, still obedient.



Her other hand kept stroking him, now using only three fingers.



He was light. Smaller. And everything about the moment felt perfect.

Years of stress. Years of disappointment. Years of chasing something just out of reach. Men after men.

She deserved this.

Monica inhaled deeply and held him tighter, burying his shrinking body against her chest.

Of course he was hers.



She closed her eyes and smiled as he dwindled against her.



Soon enough, he was small enough that she could lift him entirely off the bed. Her arms wrapped around him like he was nothing more than a big doll with a cock—one that still twitched against her breast as he squirmed in confusion.

“Wh-what... what the fuck is happening?” David gasped.

“You’re shrinking, babe,” Monica murmured, calm, affectionate. “It’s okay.”

“No—no, fuck! I knew it! I need to see a doctor now!”

She held him tighter, soothingly. “What? No. We’re in the middle of something here. You don’t want to stop, do you?”

His hands pushed against her chest. “Let go of me!”



He managed to twist out of her grasp and drop onto the bed. Scrambling on all fours, he started crawling away, panicked and naked.

Something about that sight—his tiny, vulnerable body trying to flee—unlocked something deeper in Monica. A sharper craving. Her inner predator purred with approval.

She dropped to all fours and crawled after him with terrifying ease, scooping him up by the waist.

“Babe,” she said firmly, eyes gleaming, “don’t be ridiculous. No doctor understands this shit. And you’re not going anywhere until I’m finished.”

David wrestled in her grip, but by now he was so small his efforts barely registered. His limbs flailed uselessly, the fight in him reduced to little more than squirming.

“Monica, this isn’t funny,” he panted, his voice high with panic—but already fading in authority.

Monica looked down at him, effortlessly holding him in both hands. He looked ridiculous—like an angry little Ken doll. Still, the stiffness between his legs told a different story.



“Well,” she said with a sultry smirk, “this little guy still seems to be enjoying himself.”

She lay back on the bed, spreading her thighs with deliberate ease. With one hand, she guided his head down between them.

“Monica—this is getting out of control,” David said, even as he struggled not to moan.

“Shhh.” Her voice dripped with lust. “I’m really horny right now, babe. And you clearly are too. Look at yourself.”

She gave his cock a gentle tug and smiled.

“Let’s finish this, and then I’ll take care of everything. Besides, you know no doctors have figured this shrinking thing out. What are they going to do—measure you and wish you luck?”

She wasn’t wrong. No cure. No real protocol.

And here he was—with a rock-hard erection and an impossibly turned-on goddess begging for his tongue.



David took a deep breath. Her pussy loomed in front of him—huge, wet, flushed with need. It was intimidating. All-consuming. His instincts flared—he hesitated, tried to lean back.

But Monica’s grip tightened around him.

“Tsk, tsk. Don’t worry, babe,” she cooed. “Just relax. You’ll cum later. I promise.”



David tried to focus—on her, on the moment, on anything that wasn't the existential horror clawing at the back of his skull. How small would he get? Some people shrank to the size of dolls. Others to the size of bugs. And then what? Live in a box? End up in some care center for tinies?

His thoughts snapped back to the heat and scent in front of him—Monica's body, glistening, waiting.

He exhaled and pressed in.



He licked slowly at first, testing her reaction. She gasped, arching her hips.

Encouraged, he kissed, sucked, and lapped with growing rhythm, his entire world narrowing to her swollen lips, her taste, her sounds.

She moaned—loud, deep, drawn from somewhere deep in her chest.



His size didn't matter. His mouth, his tongue—she responded to all of it. He could feel her pulse quicken, her body shudder with each motion.

Time dissolved. There was only her.

Her pussy was his sky.

Her juices, his water.

Her moans—his holy choir.



He didn't know how many times she came. He lost count. Her legs trembled. Her hands flexed. And eventually, she wasn't just lying back anymore—she was grinding his face against her, using him, circling him against her clit, dragging him in rhythmic loops.

He wasn't even moving anymore. She was.

And as her moans grew more frantic, more guttural, he realized something terrifying and impossible.

She wasn't just enjoying this.

She was claiming him.

David knew he had to say something—anything—to remind her he was still a man, not a fucking pleasure device.

He tried to steady his voice, tried to sound assertive.

“Monica... ease up a little. You're crushing my head.”

Her fingers twitched, then relaxed. “Oops,” she said, almost lazily. “Sorry, babe. Guess I got a little carried away.”



And, to his surprise, she actually let go—lifting her grip just enough for him to breathe. A brief mercy.

“But don’t stop,” she added, voice low and dripping with lust. “I’m nowhere near done with you.”

Nowhere near done? After that? David had been down there for what felt like an hour, his jaw aching, face slick with her pussy juice.

His tongue moved on autopilot now, driven more by survival instinct than desire. And still, she pressed two fingers against the back of his skull—firm, but not cruel. Just a reminder.



“C’mon, little man,” she cooed. “You’ve got more in you. Show me.”

Her words hit him like a drug—equal parts seduction and command. And he obeyed. Not just out of fear, but out of something deeper, something messier. Monica was still Monica. The woman he fell for. He remembered the way she’d text him paragraphs at 3AM, the way she’d laugh like nothing else in the world mattered.

He remembered the good. And he clung to it like a rope in a storm.

If I just give enough... if I stay useful... she’ll protect us. She has to.

So he pressed back in—kissing, licking, tasting everything she gave him. He moved like a worshipper, like a man praying with his mouth.



Until suddenly, the ground disappeared.

“Wh-what the hell!?”

He was rising, weightless—and then realized she was holding him aloft with just one hand, like a toy plucked off the floor.

“Relax, babe,” she said, grinning. “Just helping myself a little.”



Her enormous cunt was right there, filling his vision—
slick, swollen, glistening.



Then, in one smooth motion, she pressed his face into it, riding his mouth like it was hers. Because it was.



David gasped, then gagged.

Her scent was everything—his nose, his mouth, even his eyes burned from how close she was, how wet. Her moans vibrated through her core, down her thighs, straight into his ears.

“You’re doing so fucking good,” she purred, grinding against his whole skull. “My little pleasure pet.”



He tried to move, even just shift his head—but her hand clamped down like a steel trap. His whole body was dwarfed by her palm. He couldn't even tell where her fingers ended and his limbs began.

Somewhere in the madness, he felt it—her ring. The cold metal dragged along his cock as she started stroking him, using two fingers like it was nothing.

“There you go,” she whispered. “I’ve got you. Just let it happen.”

His lungs screamed for air. Every breath came soaked in her juices. Panic spiked. This wasn't sex. This was drowning.



He snapped.

With what little space he had, he thrashed—fists hammering against her crotch like a man possessed, left-right-left-right, wild and desperate.

But all she did was moan louder.

“Ohhh fuck yes... keep fighting, baby,” she gasped.
“That’s so hot.”

He kept going, a flurry of useless blows, until her pussy clenched around his face—and then came. Hard. A flood. He was drowning in it now, lips flooded, face coated, vision blinding white from the intensity of her climax.



And still, she wasn't done.

With a casual flick of her fingers, she stroked his cock just right—and he came, helplessly, pathetically.

His tiny cock erupted—helpless spurts firing into the air like a broken faucet under pressure. The orgasm was blinding, overwhelming, humiliating. He twitched in her grip, wrung out and spent.

Her fingers didn't loosen. Her cunt didn't retreat.



“Good toy,” Monica cooed, grinding against his face again, her hips still quivering, soaked and twitchy from the last wave. “But you’re not done until I say you’re done.”

He could barely speak, barely breathe. He wasn’t a man. Not to her. He was something else now—something less.

Her thighs flexed. Her hips rolled again.

“Ohh fuuuck... right there... just like that,” she moaned, her voice getting sloppier with every grind. “You’re so fucking small—so easy to use.”

David’s face was swallowed again by her heat, her scent, her body. Every time he thought he’d reached the limit of what he could endure, she pushed it further. She was insatiable. She wanted every last drop of pleasure from him, and he no longer had a say in the matter.



Then she came. Again.

A scream tore out of her throat—raw, primal, guttural.

“Aaaaaahhh... fuck yes!”

She collapsed backward, legs splayed, chest rising and falling like she’d just run a marathon. Her face was a flushed mess—eyes half-lidded, lips parted in a wild grin, drenched in sweat and satisfaction.

And David? He lay before her pussy like a living sex toy—panting, soaked, barely coherent.

Then her gaze locked onto him, playful but with a jagged edge.

“Well done, toy,” she said sweetly. “But don’t think I forgot how you tried to hit me earlier.”

She licked her lips slowly, deliberately.

“Bad toys get punished,” she whispered. “Though, to be honest, it felt kind of amazing. Might let you squirm more next time...”



David's blood ran cold.

There was no more 'relationship' here. No more Monica and David. That structure had collapsed somewhere between orgasm number four and her decision to manhandle him like a living vibrator.

All that was left was her—and her toy.

He moved.

Without thinking, he sprinted across the mattress like his life depended on it.

Because it fucking did.



The edge of the bed came fast. His eyes caught something—a massive plush horse, probably one of Tessa’s childhood toys. Big enough to use like a trampoline. He didn’t hesitate.



He leapt.

The landing was clean, if a bit bouncy. His momentum carried him right off the plush and onto the floor with a roll.

“David!” Monica’s voice thundered behind him.

“Don’t you fucking run from me!”



There was no time to argue, no time to look back.
She'd gone insane. Completely, irreversibly fucking
insane. He darted toward the open door at the far end
of the room, heart pounding like a war drum.



He was still big enough to move fast—but not for long.

“David,” she shouted again. “Where are you even gonna go, huh? You can’t handle the stairs like that. You’ll break your fucking neck.”

Then came the mocking sweetness.

“Come back, baby. I promise I’ll go easy on you...”



He ignored her. The bathroom door was closer than the stairs, and he needed space. Time. Anything.

He scanned the room in a frenzy. Nothing but tiles, towels, and toiletries.

Then he saw it: the bench by the shower. Low enough. Dark enough.



He dropped to the floor, crawling fast, adrenaline firing through every nerve as he tucked himself underneath the wooden frame.

But he was too slow.

“Daaaavid,” she sang, her tone twisted, drunk on lust.
“God, this is really turning me on...”



Monica dropped to all fours like a starving predator, her breath still ragged from the last orgasm. Her eyes gleamed with raw hunger, and her slick thighs trembled—but not from fatigue. From anticipation.

And as she crouched there—naked, dripping, feral—it hit her.

She fucking loved this.



She'd fucked a lot of men. Coworkers, neighbors, friends of friends. Bathroom stalls, backseats, bar counters. Somewhere along the line, the novelty had faded.

That was why David had felt... different. He was stability. He was sweetness. He made her laugh. She could see a future with him—not just for herself, but for Tessa too. God knew that girl deserved something resembling normalcy. Something she'd never really had.

But as Monica reached under the bench, she realized something else:

She wasn't built for "normal." Not deep down.



She was made for this.

Power. Control. Total, unrelenting domination.

David wasn't just another man.

He was hers.

And unlike the rest, she didn't have to let this one leave. She could collect him. Keep him. Use him. Again and again.

The thought made her cunt clench all over again.

Yeah... David's new life was going to be beautiful. Tucked away in her drawer like a sex toy. Pulled out when she wanted, put away when she didn't. Maybe she'd give him some neighbors too—little shrunken men who used to mean something. Now just roommates in a velvet-lined prison.



She reached blindly under the bench, fingers sweeping with slow, deliberate arcs.

“C’mon, David,” she purred. “You’re gonna love your new life. Three meals a day, the occasional orgasm, and more pussy than any man on Earth could dream of.”

David’s heart thumped so hard it felt like it might punch through his chest. The space under the bench was closing in, her hand getting closer.

This wasn’t just escape. It was survival. This was about staying a man.



“If you don’t come out,” she sang, her tone darkening,
“I’ll make it worse. Maybe I’ll shove you in my socks
for the night. Or make you lick my asshole until you
pass out. You’ll learn to love it eventually, baby.”



He saw her hand pause—just inches away. And in that flash of clarity, he struck.

He lunged forward and sank his teeth into her finger.

“OW—fuck!”

She yanked her hand back, cursing. “You little shit—you bit me?”

Then, calmer, more dangerous: “You just fucked up real bad.”



David saw her feet shift, heard her stomp once as she stepped back out of the bathroom.

He stayed perfectly still, barely breathing, his body trembling beneath the bench.



His thoughts spiraled. What the fuck was the plan now? He couldn't escape the house. He couldn't fight her. Was Seth okay? Was he still even human downstairs, or was he already wrapped in Tessa's fingers, halfway down some perverse spiral of his own?

And then... silence.

Too much silence.

Until her voice came back, slow and dripping with malice.

“Daaaavid...” she called from just outside the doorway, “look what I’ve got.”



He froze.

There she was—on all fours.

"Let me introduce you to a colleague of yours."



A massive, glistening black dildo swept into view. It slid under the bench with an ominous ease.

“Monica—wait! I give up!” he screamed.



But the dildo rammed forward without hesitation.

“AAARGH!”



He went tumbling, bouncing out from under the bench and onto the cold bathroom tile.

And then—there she was.

Monica, crawling over him like some mythic creature of lust. Her tits hung low, massive and sweat-slick, swinging gently with each breath.

David raised a trembling hand, trying to form some plea.

“Monica... please... I-I give up. Babe, c’mon, let’s just stop this.”

She tilted her head. Her grin was animal.

“I’m still a human being,” he croaked. “You can’t... you can’t do this to me.”

“Oh?” she giggled. “You sure about that?”

“This is... this is illegal.”

That made her laugh—deep, throaty, and utterly unbothered.



“Mmm... maybe,” she said. “So let’s make it interesting.”

Her eyes burned into his.

“A game,” she whispered. “You win—I let you go. For real. No tricks, no traps. You lose...”

She leaned in closer, her breath hot and sweet.

“...you’re mine. Forever. My legal property, my toy, my cum rag, whatever the fuck I want.”

David’s throat tightened. His body trembled. There was no way she’d actually let him go.

But what other choice did he have?

He looked up at her towering figure. At her perfect, terrifying, aroused smile.

His lips parted.

“Fuck it,” he said. “Let’s do it.”



Meanwhile, downstairs, Seth was spiraling.

He'd finally stopped shrinking. Maybe eighteen, twenty inches tall now. His world had become one long string of humiliations. He lay draped across Tessa's lap like a limp toy, her legs warm beneath him, her fingers curled tightly around his neck, just shy of cutting off all his air.

"C'mon, little guy," she muttered, tightening her grip. "That all you got? You can beg better than that."

Her voice was casual, like she was critiquing his math homework—not choking the life out of him on a Friday night.

The whole evening had been a game. One long, fucked-up performance where he was supposed to earn sex by "proving himself." But every challenge ended the same way—with his face crushed beneath her ass, his ribs bruised from her flicks, or his entire body pinned under her feet like a used sock. The only physical contact he'd gotten was punishment, doled out with glee.

And now? Now he was struggling just to stay conscious.



Tessa held him by the throat with two fingers, her grip precise, her expression bored. She applied just enough pressure to keep him panicked—but not dead.

“I’m listening,” she said coolly. “Start talking.”

Seth gagged. His lungs screamed. But he forced the words out anyway, because he knew—knew in his bones—she could always make it worse.

“M-Mistress Tessa...” he wheezed. “You... you’re the most beautiful... woman I’ve... ever seen...”

Her fingers loosened. Slightly. “Good. Keep going.”

He sucked in a sharp breath, chest hitching. “Your hair, your eyes, your face... your body... everything about you is perfect.”

Tessa tilted her head. A smile played at her lips. Not soft—cruel. She leaned in slightly, voice dropping.

“Well, well. Look who’s finally not talking like a fucking spreadsheet. God, when you started with that ‘your proportions remind me of a Fibonacci sequence’ bullshit? I nearly threw up.”



She leaned in slightly, voice dropping. “You ever say cringe shit like that again, I will kill you.”

The smile lingered, though now it softened—just enough to chill the blood.

“See?” she cooed. “You’re learning. Speaking to women isn’t rocket science, baby. Just takes a little choking.”

Her fingers stroked his neck absently.

“Now keep going.”

Seth inhaled shakily. He tried to pivot, to appeal to something real in her—if such a thing existed. Maybe if he acknowledged her pain, her past, she’d respond.

“You... you’re strong,” he began. “The way you’ve survived everything, growing up with—”

Her fingers snapped tight around his throat again.

“Nope,” she said flatly. “Told you. No cringe bullshit. Try again.”



He clawed at her fingers, making pitiful, animal-like sounds. His legs kicked reflexively as his vision blurred. Then, just before passing out, she let go—just enough for him to gasp in a ragged breath.

Then she started choking him again.

This cycle repeated. Again and again. Suffocate, breathe. Suffocate, breathe.

Until minutes passed and Seth was little more than a twitching, broken toy in her lap.

Finally, she released him.

“I’ll give you a hint,” she said, tapping his forehead. “Maybe say something like... how happy you are to be mine forever.”



Seth blinked up at her, dazed. “I... wh-what?”

“What what?” she snapped. “It’s pretty fucking obvious. Your dad’s probably shrunk upstairs too. You both got hit by whatever bullshit is happening in Brookhaven. That means you’re mine now. I’ll keep you here. Maybe as a pet. Maybe a foot warmer. Who knows?”

She tilted her head.

“But I’m sure you’re cool with that, right?”

Seth didn’t hesitate.

“Yes,” he said, eyes wide. “Yes, Mistress. Of course. I’m honored. Lucky to be your pet.”

Tessa grinned. “There you go.”



Tessa shifted positions smoothly, placing Seth down on the couch cushion like a toy being propped up for display. Then she knelt in front of him—bringing his shrunken body face-to-face with her cleavage. Close-up. Overwhelming. Intoxicating.

His entire field of vision was now just... tits.

Warm, massive, and barely contained by the black crop top clinging to her like a second skin. The scent of her skin, her body heat—everything about her presence washed over him like a wave. He could feel her breath on his face. Could practically taste the sweat lingering between those perfect mounds.

And yet... her fingers were still looped casually around his throat.

Not squeezing hard. Not choking. Just resting there—like it was the most natural way to hold a man.

That casual violence, the effortless dominance—it should have terrified him. But there was something else in her grip, something almost... tender. As if her hand was reminding him: *I could crush you whenever I want. But I'm not. Not yet.*



“Let’s be real, Seth,” she said, smirking as she leaned in closer, her breasts subtly swaying with the movement. “You’re absolutely fucking terrible at this.”

He blinked, dazed.

“No, like actually. You suck. You’re awkward. You stutter. You overthink. Honestly, it’s a goddamn miracle you’ve made it this far without crying.”

She giggled.

“And you’re still a virgin? Jeeesus. You would’ve stayed that way forever if I hadn’t stepped in, huh?” She gave his throat a playful little squeeze.

For her, playful. For him, it was like getting sucker-punched by a truck. He coughed violently, body seizing as she watched with amusement.

“Relax,” she said, still smiling. “I’m doing this for you. You’d hate it if it were too easy, right?”

She tilted her head, waiting.

He scrambled to nod, barely catching his breath. “Right... thank you, Mistress...”



“There we go.” Her grin widened. “Alright, I’ll be generous.”

She loosened her grip just a little and leaned in.

“You can look at my tits now.”

The words hit Seth like a lightning bolt.

It wasn’t just permission. It felt like a gift. A privilege.

He hesitated. For a second, he felt like this was some kind of test. But she didn’t pull back. If anything, she pushed her chest forward slightly—an unspoken go ahead.

So he looked.

And instantly melted.

Her cleavage was insane—deep, soft, full, glowing with heat and sweat. Her top barely held anything back. It was right there. Inches away. The first pair of real, actual breasts he had ever seen in his life. Not a screen. Not a fantasy. Flesh and scent and heat.

His cock twitched so hard it hurt.



His brain short-circuited. He couldn't even form words. He just felt—a strange, awful, beautiful cocktail of awe, fear, lust, and worship.

Somewhere in that fog, a twisted realization formed:
No other woman had ever done this for him.

He closed his eyes briefly, overwhelmed, as if trying to save the moment—burn it into his memory before it vanished. But it didn't vanish.

It was real.

He was being held like a doll, throat gripped by a dominant, casually cruel girl who hadn't tossed him away. Who had seen him, touched him, used him—and kept him.

It wasn't love. But it was something.

Tessa glanced down and grinned.

“Well damn... now that's a boner. Not bad, little guy. Proportionally? That's a solid dick. I'm impressed.”

Seth flushed hard. “Th-thank you, Mistress Tessa.”



“Don’t thank me yet,” she whispered. “You haven’t earned the good stuff.”

Her fingers remained around his throat, but her touch was softer. Almost possessive.

“Keep proving you’re worth keeping. Or I might get bored.”

Tessa grinned.

“Alright. Now that you’ve got your cute little boner going...” she said, dragging out the words like she was teasing a child, “let’s move on to the next game, yeah?”

Seth swallowed hard. His throat felt dry, raw from earlier, but he still managed to nod.

“Y-yes, Mistress Tessa.”

His voice was barely above a whisper—more survival instinct than agreement.

She laughed at that. Not cruelly, not kindly. Just amused. Like this was all part of her evening entertainment.



“Let’s be honest for a second, your performance tonight? Fucking pathetic.”

She let that sit, grinning.

“But hey—this next game? It’s idiot-proof. Even a clumsy little virgin with no social calibration and zero backbone like you can’t screw this one up.”

She gave him a wink like it was some kind of gift.

“Th-thank you, Mistress...”

“Good boy. Now let’s run a demo.” Before he could react, she reached out and pinched his wrist—just two fingers clamping around his tiny arm, and then pull.

“Ahhh—fuck!” Seth yelped, the jolt of pain slicing through him unexpectedly as she dragged him forward like a ragdoll.

His face now hovered inches from her chest. Her massive tits rose and fell with each breath, the heat radiating off her skin like a furnace. His eyes were locked, mesmerized. But the pain from his wrist kept reality crashing in.



Tessa grinned wider, sensing his overwhelm.

“I’m hot,” she said, voice syrupy with sarcasm, “young, and just like you said, fucking gorgeous. So, let’s set the record straight.”

She pulled him closer, lips practically brushing his face.

“I’m not about to fuck a pathetic, trembling simp like you out of pity. Get that through your skull.”

“I—pl-please, Mistress Tessa, c-can we at least tal—owww!”

Her fingers clamped harder, pinching the nerve right at his joint. “Did I fucking say you could interrupt me?”

She exhaled sharply, voice tight with annoyance.

“Christ. Zero social skills. Honestly.”

Then, her tone turned instructional.

“Anyway, like I was saying—I’m open to turning you into a man. A real one. But it’s gonna cost you. Everything. Your pride, your body, your dignity. You’ll crawl, beg, cry. And maybe—maybe—I’ll let you get off.”



She tilted her head, expression mock-thoughtful.
“Simple terms, right?”

Seth’s breath stuttered. “But... what does that mean?
Y-you’re joking, right? This is just... a game. After this
you’ll let me go?”

Tessa barked out a laugh. “Dude, what part of ‘you’re
my pet now’ do you not get?”

He stared up at her, mouth dry, heart hammering. “I...
I thought you were kidding...”

She leaned in again, voice dripping with impatient lust.

“Do you want to fucking get laid or not?”

“Y-yes!”

That was all she needed. Her fingers snapped shut on
his arm—hard.

“AAAAARRRGHH!”

The pain screamed up his nerves like white fire. His
breath caught. It was too sharp, too sudden. For a
moment, he couldn’t move. Couldn’t think.



And then—without warning—her lips were on his face.

Big. Wet. Glossy.

They crashed into him with messy, dominant affection. A kiss, but not one meant for romance. This was claiming.

His right arm, helpless, sank deep between her tits, swallowed by warmth and softness and sweat. Her cleavage consumed it like quicksand, his erection pulsing so violently it was almost unbearable.

It was his first kiss.

His first real contact.

And it was everything.

Pain. Heat. Sex. Terror. Worship. Need.



Her lips devoured his cheek, his jaw. Her breath was hot. Her tongue flicked across his ear.

“You’re lucky,” she whispered. “Not many guys get their first time gift-wrapped like this.”

Seth trembled, caught between crying and cuming.

And she hadn’t even touched his cock yet.

She kissed him again and the impact of her kiss hit him like a car crash.

Her lips were huge, warm, and wet—coated in sticky gloss that smeared across his face like a claim. Her breath blasted down from her nostrils, humid and sweet and overpowering. It surrounded him, wrapped around him, consumed him. And in that moment, Seth went slack.

It wasn’t just erotic. It was annihilating.

His brain flatlined. His limbs gave up. The kiss didn’t feel like affection—it felt like submission made physical.



Then, just like that, she pulled back and giggled as he slipped down between her tits and flopped back onto the couch like a ragdoll.

“See?” she smirked. “Pain for pleasure. Simple, like I said.”



Her hand hovered near his crotch, not quite touching—just close enough to make him ache.

“Goddamn, dude... you are so fucking hard right now,” she teased.

Seth lay motionless, chest heaving. He couldn’t even look at her. His entire body was drained—except for his cock, which throbbed with unbearable tension.

His voice was barely audible. “Am I really... a prisoner now? A... slave?”

There was a pause. And then, casually, she answered.

“Yup.”

No hesitation. No remorse. Just a chipper confirmation, like she was commenting on the weather.



“But... I’m a student,” he said, voice cracking. “I was supposed to—I want to study data science. Machine learning. I was going to be an engineer.”

Tessa tilted her head and gave a thoughtful hum.

“Huh. Well, that just means you’re disciplined. Focused. That’s good. You’re gonna need that to survive this.”

She leaned in, her breath brushing his face again.

“So think of it like... a pivot. New field of study. Me. Your job now is to figure out how to worship this body, how to serve it, how to keep your Mistress entertained. Sounds like a challenge, right? Should keep that big brain busy.”

Seth swallowed hard.

“But... but the police. They'll come looking. My phone. GPS. Geolocation. They'll find—”

She rolled her eyes.



“Babe, there are like a hundred thousand people shrinking in your hometown. You’re just one more missing poster in a sea of them. You’ll be written off within a week.”

She smirked. “And if the cops do show up, we just tell them you came over for the weekend and ghosted. Boom. Case closed.”

Seth’s breath hitched. “But... your mom. And my dad. They wouldn’t just let this happen—”

She cut him off, tone suddenly sharper.

“Your dad? Probably a doll by now. A literal one. And my mom?”

Tessa grinned darkly.

“She’s a full-blown nympho. She’s probably shoving him somewhere deep.”

Seth’s jaw fell open. He couldn’t speak. Couldn’t process.

“So, that answer all your questions?”



Seth didn't answer. He couldn't. His entire worldview had collapsed and been rebuilt around a single truth: he belonged to her now.

She saw the look in his eyes—the dazed acceptance. The surrender. And she smiled.

“Alright,” she said sweetly. “So either we keep playing this fun little game and you finally get to blow your tiny fucking load...”

She paused, tilting her head.

“Or I stuff you in a drawer until I'm bored enough to use you again.”

Seth didn't even think.

“I... I want to continue the game.”

Her eyes lit up with satisfaction.

“Good boy.”

Tessa leaned over the table, rifled through her purse, and pulled out something small, sleek, and black.



An eyeliner tube. Or maybe lipstick. Glossy, cylindrical—harmless at first glance. But the way she held it said otherwise.

“So,” she purred, waving it like a toy. “Next round.” She dragged her tongue slowly along the tip, eyes never leaving his. “All lubed up, lover boy.”

Seth’s spine locked. “Holy shi—I mean—Mistress, but... why?”

Tessa smirked, leaning closer, her breath hot against his skin.

“If I’m gonna let you fuck me someday, then it’s only fair I get to fuck you first. You know, set the tone.”

She tapped the shiny tube against her lower lip.

“Like, I don’t want you waddling around here thinking you’re in charge. You’re my pet. My toy. That means I fuck you whenever I feel like it.”

She paused, smile deepening. Her voice dropped into something playful, almost affectionate.

“And I will be doing this regularly. To be clear.”



Seth's voice was barely audible. "But..."

"Yep," she said, chipper. "Exactly in the butt."

He blinked, breath caught in his throat. "Fuc—and what... what do I get in return?"

Tessa made a faux thoughtful face. "Hmm. Let's see. You get to keep that boner. I'll touch your cock... and I'll show you a tit. Maybe both, if you're a good boy."

Seth stared at the tube, glossy and black in her hand. He hesitated. Then nodded.

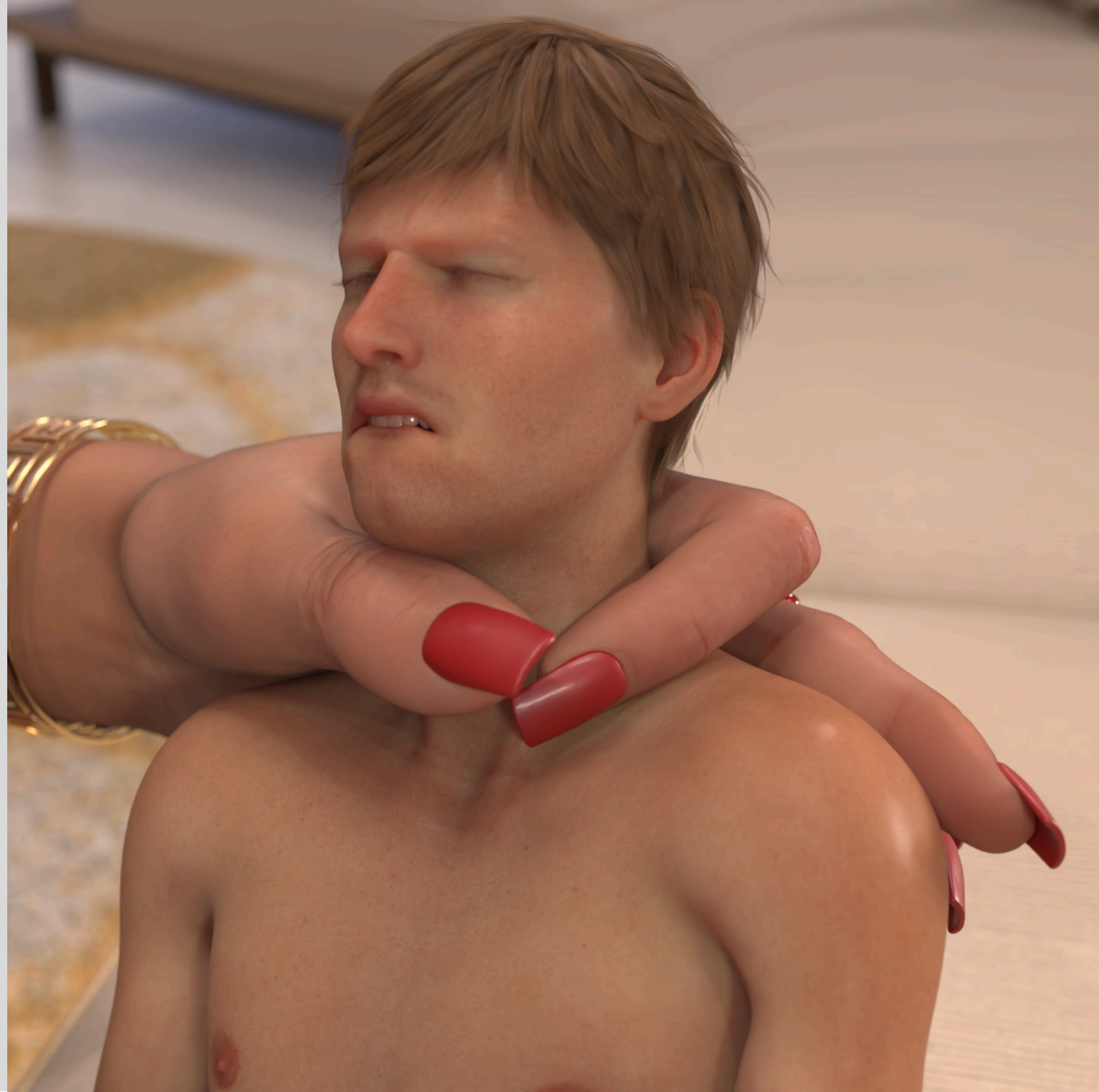
"Okay—okay, let's go. But please... please be gentl—"

He didn't get to finish.

She pushed the tube into him in one sudden thrust.

Seth's entire body jolted. The pain was white-hot, immediate, breathtaking. He bit down hard on his lip to stop himself from crying out.

Tessa giggled like she was playing with a new toy. Then, just to top it off, her other hand came up—fingers forming a precise ring around his throat.



“Ahahahah—dude, the face you’re making right now… priceless.”

She started thrusting the tube again, rhythmically, while choking him in sync. Her grip wasn't just for control—it was a statement. A reminder that every breath, every flicker of motion, belonged to her now.

Seth’s reflexes kicked in. He pressed his foot against her wrist, trying desperately to push back, slow it down—but his strength was laughable.

He tried to speak. “Mi—mi-stress—”

But it came out as a gagged whimper.

Tessa tilted her head, watching him squirm, her grin never fading.

“And you’re still hard,” she said with delight. “I think some part of you is really into this.”

She leaned in again, voice lower, teasing.

“That’s good. Cuz this? This is just the beginning. Part of your training. You wanna be mine? Then you take it all.”



The rhythm continued—choking, fucking, choking again.

It went on longer than he expected. Longer than he thought he could bear. The pain was still sharp, still real—but layered underneath it was something stranger.

Not pleasure.

Not quite.

But something close.

The way she moved—intentional, almost sensual. The way her grip tightened, then relaxed. The precision of her rhythm. She wasn't just punishing him. She was shaping him. Like a sculptor breaking stone.



And he—somewhere deep in the haze—was letting it happen.

His world was reduced to three things: breath, pain, and submission.

It was brutal.

It was humiliating.

And yet, through the pain, through the shame, through the tears leaking out the corners of his eyes...

He wondered if he wanted it to stop.

“Mmmm,” she cooed, drawing out the sound like a purr as she looked down at him. “Yeah, I think you like it. Look at that cock—still so fucking hard.”

Her tone wasn’t taunting this time. It was satisfied. Pleased.

“Damn... You’re going to make such a perfect pet. Good boy.”



She gave a few final thrusts—slow, deliberate, enough to make his body flinch and twitch—then let the tube rest, buried deep inside his anus like a stake planted in conquered land.

Seth exhaled shakily. His asshole throbbed, and his body couldn't relax—but the absence of motion felt like mercy.

“Th-thank you, Mistress,” he managed, dazed, barely holding on.

Tessa laughed softly. “Hey, no problem. And I did say I'd touch your cock.”

She extended one finger, pressed it gently against his shaft, and bent it slightly toward his stomach.

It wasn't even a stroke—just contact. But to Seth, it was everything. His world collapsed to a single point: her finger, his cock. That was it. That was reality. A woman. Touching him. Wanting to touch him.



His brain sputtered, overloaded.

“God, you’re so fucking hard,” she murmured.

“Honestly, I’m not even gonna jerk you right now. You’d bust your little nuts in two seconds, and we’re not finished.”

She didn’t move her finger—just let it rest there, pressing his cock against his body. And that alone was enough to make him feel like crying.



He tilted his head, just slightly, trying to catch her eyes.

“Mistress...” he whispered. Her grip around his throat made it hard to speak.

“Yeah?” she said, casually, not even looking.

“...Thank you.”

She paused.

He swore he saw it—just for a moment—a small, soft smile pull at the corner of her mouth.

“Not such a bad mistress, hmm?” she said, almost mockingly. But the edge wasn’t as sharp this time. There was something else beneath it.

She straightened, then brightened.

“Oh! And I did say I’d show you a tit.”

With one smooth flick of her hand, the top of her shirt slipped down just enough. And there it was.



Her nipple.

Large, firm, and flushed a perfect deep red. Seth stared, breath caught. It was raw. Beautiful. More than sexual—it was symbolic.

Offered, deliberately. Almost sacred.

To him, it meant something.

Her grip: *You're mine.*

Her touch: *I like you.*

This... her breast... *See me.*

He engraved it in memory.



Then, without ceremony, she withdrew her finger from his cock—leaving him aching, trembling, begging in silence—and reached back between his legs.

Her hand found the tube.

And she started thrusting again.

This time, Seth didn't resist.

He didn't fight. He just... let go.

The pain was still there. The sharp discomfort. The humiliation. But layered beneath it was something newer. Stranger. A deeper, twisted kind of pleasure. It didn't replace the pain—it coexisted with it. It built on it. Fed from it.



Each thrust became a rhythm. Each gasp, a surrender.

He kept his eyes fixed on her exposed nipple, trying to hold onto that sliver of warmth, that proof—however slight—that she cared.

Or... was it a trick?

Did she care? Or was it just part of the game?

The thought echoed strangely in his mind. Why was he even thinking about this now? Why did he need the answer?

Was he falling for her?



“Alright,” Tessa said suddenly, voice light. “That’s enough tit for you.”

With a flick of her thumb, she tilted his chin up, forcing him to break eye contact with her chest.

The world dimmed instantly.

He blinked up at her, confused. A cold stab of panic lanced through his stomach. Had he done something wrong? Displeased her?

Was the gift taken back... because of him?



“I’m sorry, Mistress Tessa... did I do something wrong?” Seth asked, voice strained, almost childlike in its vulnerability.

Tessa tilted her head slightly, expression unreadable.

“You’re enjoying yourself a bit too much for my taste, to be honest.”

Her fingers flexed, tightening around his throat. Her other hand resumed its pace, thrusting the black tube into him with renewed force.

“Can’t have you thinking you’re getting spoiled,” she added, voice light but laced with venom.



The rhythm shifted. The pleasure faded under the weight of sharper pain, her tempo growing more punishing by the second.

“I mean, think about it—” she continued, almost conversational. “You fucked up every game we played tonight. You’re a socially crippled virgin. The only thing you’re good at is school.”

The words cut deep.

Seth didn’t argue. Because it was true—or at least, part of him believed it was. He had always felt out of place. Unwanted. He was the guy women pitied, not pursued. And now here he was, naked, degraded, breathless, clinging to the fantasy that maybe—just maybe—she saw him.

Then her voice shifted, just a notch softer.

“But... I kinda like you.”

His chest lifted, something fluttering in his ribcage. A moment of warmth. Of hope.



And then—

She slammed the tube deeper than before.

“AAAHHHGGG!”

Seth screamed. It was pure, guttural—no filter, no control. Just pain. Sharp, electric, undeniable.

“I just feel like this has been really one-sided,” she said, almost mock-sulking as she twisted the toy slightly. “I touch your dick. I flash you a tit. And I don’t really feel the gratitude.”

“I am grateful, Mistress Tessa,” he gasped. “Truly.”

“Keep going,” she said, not breaking rhythm.



“Th-thank you... for touching me... my... penis...”

“Mmm-hmm.” A soft hum. Not approval. Just acknowledgment.

“And... ahh... thank you for showing me your... breast. It’s... it’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

That seemed to please her. She smirked.

“Say it,” she whispered.

“Say you’re my pet. That you exist to please me. That you’re mine. Forever.”

Seth froze.

Forever.

The word didn’t just echo—it shook him. What did that mean? What did she mean?

“Mistress... please,” he said softly. “Can we talk about this? I just—I need to understand. What does that mean?”



She sighed.

Deep. Frustrated.

“Dude,” she snapped, “it means exactly what it fucking sounds like. Why do you even have questions? Aren’t you supposed to be smart?”

“I just...” he hesitated. “Can I still go to school?”

“No,” she said bluntly. “I told you. I’m your new field of study.”

“But... this is my life.”

“Nope,” she shot back, grinning coldly. “I’m your life now.”

“But—”

She cut him off and let go. “No but, Seth,” she snapped. “You’re seriously starting to piss me off.”



Seth collapsed backward onto the couch, coughing, gulping air. Tessa leaned back, looming above him, her expression sharp with irritation.

She stayed kneeling above him—taller, stronger, terrifying. A living monument to everything he couldn't control. He looked up at her, eyes wide, his body frozen. Except for his cock, still painfully, stupidly hard.



“This isn’t working,” she muttered flatly, more to herself than to him. “And I’m starting to think it never will.”

Seth flinched. “I... please, Mistress, I’m just trying to understand. I—I had a life. Dreams. Hope. I spent all my time studying. I—Tessa—”

“It’s Mistress Tessa,” she cut in, dead cold.

“Mistress Tessa,” he corrected quickly. “I’m... I’m scared. This is going too fast. Please.”

Her lips tightened.

“No.”

Just one word. Final. Irrevocable.



She sighed, but it wasn't casual—it was heavy, like something deeper cracked beneath her surface.

“I thought maybe you were different,” she said. Her voice had softened just a bit. “Something special. I thought you might actually get it.”

Seth stared, barely breathing.

“To be at my side. Forever. Like a good pet.”

Another sigh. But this one was darker.

“This isn't working.”



Her hand moved fast, powerful and precise, pressing against his chest and forcing him down until he was leaning awkwardly on his elbows, pinned. Her face hovered just above his, eyes cold and unreadable.

“I’ll find someone better,” she said.

“No—please, Mistress, I can be good,” he blurted, panic rising.

“Nope. You’re not good. You’re useless.”

Her voice was flatter now. Mechanical.



“In fact... I’m done with you.”

“What?! Wait—Tess—Mistress Tessa, please. I just... I just need a little more time. A little slower. I can learn, I swear—”

She looked straight into him.

“I’m going to kill you.”

She said it like it meant nothing. Like she was announcing the weather.

Seth froze. Mouth dry. Mind blank.



Then her thumb slid along his cock.

Back and forth.

Slow. Cruel.

She gripped him casually, like it wasn't a contradiction, like she could threaten him with death and jerk him off in the same breath. Maybe she could.

And his body—his traitorous, virgin body—responded with pure desperation. His cock pulsed in her grip, straining for more. Begging.

This was the first time a woman had touched him like this. And she was going to kill him?

And yet—his brain couldn't stop it. The pleasure fogged everything. Her thumb and fingers moved with slow precision, dragging his foreskin up and down, slick, warm, controlled.



“I’ll make you cum, though,” she whispered. “As promised.”

Her hand didn’t stop.

“Then I’ll end your fucking life.”

Seth didn’t know what to say. He didn’t even know if he wanted to speak.

He was hard. So hard.

And terrified.

And underneath it all—somewhere sick and quiet and secret—he didn’t want her to stop.



Her face descended toward him—slowly, deliberately—her eyes darker now, her thumb still stroking his cock.

Seth's pulse spiked.

There was nothing soft in her face anymore. No playfulness. No warmth.

Only menace.

He panicked—instinct overriding all reason—and threw up an arm in a pathetic attempt to shield himself.



Tessa just laughed.

“Pathetic.”

Then she bit him. Hard.

“AAAAARRRGHH—PLEASE! Mistress—!”

Her teeth dug into the flesh of his forearm like a predator marking a kill. He screamed, the pain electric, raw, immediate. Tears welled in his eyes, blurring her silhouette as she pulled back, jaw flexing.



“This is all your fucking fault,” she hissed. “I open up to you—I fucking choose you—and that’s how you treat me?”

“Wait!” he cried, but the moment shattered again.



She dropped down.

And without warning, her lips wrapped around his
cock.

His scream turned to silence. His body froze.



She sucked—deep, slow, unrelenting—while pinning him flat like he was nothing but a broken toy in her grasp.

The pain in his arm throbbed. His mind raced.

Nothing made sense anymore.

Shrinking. Enslavement. Threats. Kindness. Kisses.

And now—this?



Tessa moaned as she worked his cock, loud and wet, sending vibrations through his entire body. The sound filled the room. Her lips, massive and plush and perfectly painted, devoured him like he was dessert.

It felt like heaven.

And everything else—her bite, her threats, her dominance—felt like hell.



Her tongue glided across his shaft, tasting every inch.



She licked again.

And again.

Then she paused, lips wrapped around the head of his cock, eyes locked on his.

“You die the moment you cum,” she whispered.

His heart stopped.



“Please, Mistress Tessa!” he sobbed, his voice cracking into panic.



But her tongue didn't stop. It spiraled, wrapped, teased. Her mouth was a storm—wet and warm and impossibly cruel.

Every flick of her tongue brought him closer.

Every moan rattled him from the inside out.



Then she looked up at him again—and this time, her eyes were pure violence.

No affection. No confusion. Just hunger. Dominance.

Finality.

He tried to resist. Tried to hold on.

But his body betrayed him.



The pleasure exploded like nothing he'd ever known.
White-hot. Relentless.

He came.

He came hard.

His first orgasm, his first touch, his first kiss—all
twisted into one unbearable climax, dragged out by the
very woman who had promised to end him.



Seth's eyes rolled back. He moaned, long and deep, and let himself fall into it.

His body convulsed. And in that moment—nothing else mattered.

He closed his eyes, locking the memory in his heart: her lips, her voice, her skin, her scent. His goddess. His destroyer.



Then—

Her hand wrapped around his leg, her fingers closing like iron.

He was lifted. Fast. Violently.

He soared into the air.

For a split second, time slowed.

His entire life played out in a blur—childhood, college, late nights coding, all those weekends buried in books, studying, studying, studying... for what?

Was any of it worth holding onto?



The answer came, sudden and clear.

No.

Not school.

Not the future he once imagined.

Her.

She was worth it.

“Mistress—wait!” he shouted, eyes wide, heart full.

But she didn’t pause.

She swung.



His body crashed against the couch, limbs flailing,
skull slamming into the cushion.

Then—

Blackness.

Nothing.

Silence.

The last thing he remembered was her lips on his cock.



Meanwhile, upstairs, David was locked in his own war.

Not a war of fists, but of control.

Of freedom.

Of identity.

Above him towered Monica—the horny goddess, the relentless giantess whose lust had no limits and no mercy. Her skin glistened, her breath was heavy, and her smile... that smile was the worst part. It wasn't cruel. It was sexual. Like this was all sex for her. A never-ending orgasm. Nothing more.

Because he wasn't her lover anymore.

He was her *dildo*.

He'd already passed the first test—competing with her collection of twelve vibrators. Twelve. Each one shaped, textured, fine-tuned for her body. And somehow, he'd won. Hours of licking, grinding, sucking—he'd given everything. And for a fleeting moment, it almost felt like he would earn his freedom.



Now came the second test.

He had two minutes to make himself cum.

If he could do it, she'd let him go.

That was the deal.

He grabbed his cock and started jerking, fast and wild, his eyes locked on her massive naked form above. Her curves, her scent, her glistening heat—it should've been enough.



But Monica just laughed.

“Aww, baby... you’re not gonna pull this off.”

Her voice curled around him like smoke—slow, lazy, smug.

“Let’s be honest. You don’t want to cum. Not really. Not if it means leaving me.”

David’s grip tightened. He pumped harder.

“Look at how well you’ve done tonight,” she continued. “You even beat the pink one. That’s my favorite.”

She gestured next to him.

“Well... it was my favorite,” she added with a wink.



David tried to focus. Tits. Pussy. Lips. Anything.

But the image that came wasn't Monica's body.

It was himself. As a dildo. Smooth, dumb, disposable.

Fuck.

He jerked harder. Faster. His muscles tensed. Time slipping.

And then—

“Time's up, babe.”

His heart dropped.

He stopped, cock still hard, trembling.



Monica leaned down, her breasts swaying with the motion, her grin wide and hypnotic. Her presence warped reality, pulled everything into her orbit.

The air thickened as she lifted him with one hand.

David felt his cock twitch back to life before she even touched him.

She chuckled—low, sensual, condescending.



With one finger, she pressed against the tip of his cock. Firm. Slow.

“Say what you want,” she said softly, “but this is where you belong. That’s what you spent the whole night proving.”

Her finger began stroking—up, down, just right.

“It’s not gonna be a bad life,” she added, voice warm like a promise. “You’ll be warm, safe. Buried deep. Used often.”

David’s climax started to build again, fast and helpless. He gasped. “Monica... we can still be equals. Lovers. I’ll worship you. I’ll do everything. Just don’t do this.”

She didn’t stop. Didn’t even hesitate.

“David,” she said, almost lovingly. “Men have never been able to keep up with me. Ever. And if you were my equal, you’d be gone by now—just like the rest.” She leaned in, lips brushing his ear.

“But as this...”

Her finger flicked. “...you’re exactly what I need.”



David’s body seized. His breath hitched.

And then he came.

Hard.

It exploded through him like lightning—raw,
overwhelming, blinding. The world disappeared.

Monica watched.

And smiled.

“Well,” she said with a satisfied sigh, “that settles it.”

Her voice dropped.

“You’re mine.”



When Seth opened his eyes, the first thing he felt was warmth.

Not the kind you associate with comfort or safety—no. This was different. Slow. Slick. Rhythmic. Something soft was moving behind his back.

He didn't move. Didn't speak.

Am I dead?

He tried to remember. The crash. The scream. Tessa's voice. Her threat.

Heaven? Hell? Something in between?

He lay there in silence, breathing hard, his chest rising and falling against something alive. Gradually, his senses returned.

There was sound.

A television played distantly—a girl's voice, too chipper, too loud. Some sitcom or teen drama. Background noise. White static.



But underneath it, or rather—above it—was another sound. One he knew intimately from his loneliest nights. A moan. Female. Low. Wet. Breathless.

But it didn't sound like porn.

It sounded real.

“Mmmm... ahhhh...”

A voice broke through the haze.

“Finally awake?”

Tessa.

Her voice wasn't teasing. Not mocking. Just... calm. A little breathless. Strangely present.

He turned—and heard it. The wet sound. Flesh against flesh. The unmistakable slickness of fingers moving over a soaked pussy.



And then he saw it.

Beyond her thigh. Her hand. Her glistening folds.

Tessa was masturbating.

Right there. Next to him.

Seth froze. His brain stopped. Reality frayed at the edges. He didn't dare speak. He just... watched. Like a bystander in a dream too fragile to break.

Tessa looked down at him, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure.

“Don't just stand there, Seth,” she said. “Come closer.”

No edge. No bite. Just a soft command.

He moved. Crawled up her thigh, still dazed, still unable to form thought. He dropped to his knees between her legs, staring at the soaked heat pulsing just inches from his cock.



Tessa placed a hand gently on his head.

“I... I couldn’t do it,” she murmured. “I almost did. But I couldn’t.”

Her fingers tightened slightly in his hair.

“I got carried away. You were right.”

She sighed. Really sighed. Like something heavy had cracked beneath her armor.

“If you want to leave... you can. I won’t stop you. No games. No tricks.”

She looked down at him, her expression raw. Not fragile—but open.

“You can go. Right now.”

Seth swallowed.

Her tits were hanging above him, full and soft, rising with her breath. Her pussy glistened—so wet, so close. The scent of her filled his lungs. His cock hardened, throbbing with a desperation that felt like betrayal.



Tessa watched him.

“But,” she said slowly, “if you still want to make love to me... then I need your absolute commitment.”

Seth stared. At her tits. At her face. At the hungry, hairy, pulsing warmth inches from his cock.

He could feel her pulling him in. Not physically—spiritually. Like her body, her voice, her scent had become gravity itself.

She held his head, fingers brushing gently his hair.



Her other hand came down, curling around his shoulder, pulling him in, holding him steady.

“So,” she whispered, voice steady, “do you want to be mine? Forever?”

Time slowed. Words echoed.

Forever.

Logic screamed *no*. Reason begged for escape.

Everything in him that once functioned like a rational human being knew this woman was unstable, dangerous, cruel. She had tortured him. Broken him.

But she had also touched him. Seen him. Chosen him.

And no one had ever done that before.

He was hers. He had always been.

The moment was insane. Reckless. But his lips moved anyway.

“Yes.”



“Thank you,” Tessa whispered.

Her voice was quiet—gentle in a way Seth hadn’t heard before. It carried a strange kind of relief, like she hadn’t expected him to say yes.

Then she pulled him in.

His cock slid into her in one smooth, wet motion. Her body was hot, soaked, consuming. He didn’t thrust—couldn’t. Her pussy gripped him completely, from base to tip, his balls pressing snug against her heat. There was no movement. Just pressure. Contact. Surrender.

His head nestled into the space between her breasts, the warmth of her skin closing in around him like a womb. Her sweat was thick on his tongue. Her scent—sharp, feminine, feral—filled his lungs. He could hear her heartbeat. Steady. Calm. Dominant.

And he just... stopped.

His mind short-circuited, like someone had yanked out the power cable. No thoughts. No instinct. No resistance. He lay against her like a doll tucked into its place, fully absorbed into her body—owned.



Was this still the nightmare?

Or had it become a dream?

Then—voices.

“Mooom,” Tessa groaned, exasperated. “I’m literally in the middle of something. Can I have some fucking privacy?”

Monica’s voice came casually from nearby—too close. The kitchen, maybe?

“Huh? Girl, you’re having sex next to the kitchen and I’m hungry.”

Tessa didn’t even respond.

“Oh,” Monica added, “yours finished shrinking too?”



Seth’s heart jumped. He couldn’t see anything, face buried between Tessa’s tits, but the implication hit like a freight train.

His father.

And then he heard it.

Monica again, voice breezy. “He’s cute. I strapped him right against my tits, see? Head-first into the nipple—feels really good. His little dick’s pressed between my boob and his belly. It’s actually kind of adorable.”

Seth’s gut twisted.

He wanted to scream. Or puke. Or vanish.

Then Monica continued, as casually as if she were discussing groceries.

“Hey, I think I figured out how to get more of these little guys. You want some?”



The words sent a spike of anxiety through him. *More?*

Would he not be enough?

Would she replace him?

His muscles tensed. His heart rate spiked. He couldn't move, but every part of him screamed.

Tessa answered, calm and cool: “Nah. I’m good with this one.”

The wave of relief hit so hard it almost made him dizzy.

“Alright,” Monica replied, as if discussing a meal prep plan. “Well, I need eleven more to replace my old dildo set.”

Tessa groaned. “Jeez, Mom. You’re a fucking slut.”

“Watch your tone, young lady,” Monica called back without missing a beat.

Then: footsteps. A fridge opened. Bottles clinked.

Some muttering. And then quiet.



The kitchen sounds faded, like the world had moved on. And Seth returned to the moment.

He was buried in a woman. Not just any woman—his mistress. Her hands rested on his back and ass. Her cunt still squeezed around his cock like it belonged there. Like he belonged there.

He breathed in. This was it. This was sex.

Real. Raw. Terrifying. And it was happening.

To him. Not in fantasy. Not in porn. Now. Here.

His hips finally moved. Just once. Slow.

And Tessa moaned softly, as if to say yes—without saying a word.

He bucked his hips a second time.

Tessa's hand slid lower, resting firmly on his ass—guiding him, amplifying the movement, like she was tuning an instrument she already knew how to play.

The third thrust broke him.



His cock pulsed inside her, and he came hard—thick, desperate spurts filling her heat. The orgasm didn't feel like pleasure. It felt like obliteration. Like the boundary between his body and hers dissolved, and he was simply being absorbed—taken—into her.

He gasped, face pressed into the sweat-slick valley between her tits, breathing her in. Her warmth. Her scent. Her claim. Her fingers threaded through his hair, slow and tender, stroking the back of his head like he was something precious. Or maybe just... hers.

And still, in the back of his mind, reality pulsed. This wasn't over. He knew it wasn't.

She would put him through hell again. She'd own him in ways he hadn't yet imagined. This was just a breath. A lull. A cruel, beautiful lie of peace before the next game, the next lesson, the next domination.

But as he lay there—empty, used, owned—only one thought echoed through the haze:

I love you... Mistress.

And he meant it.

