LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



BY OHH



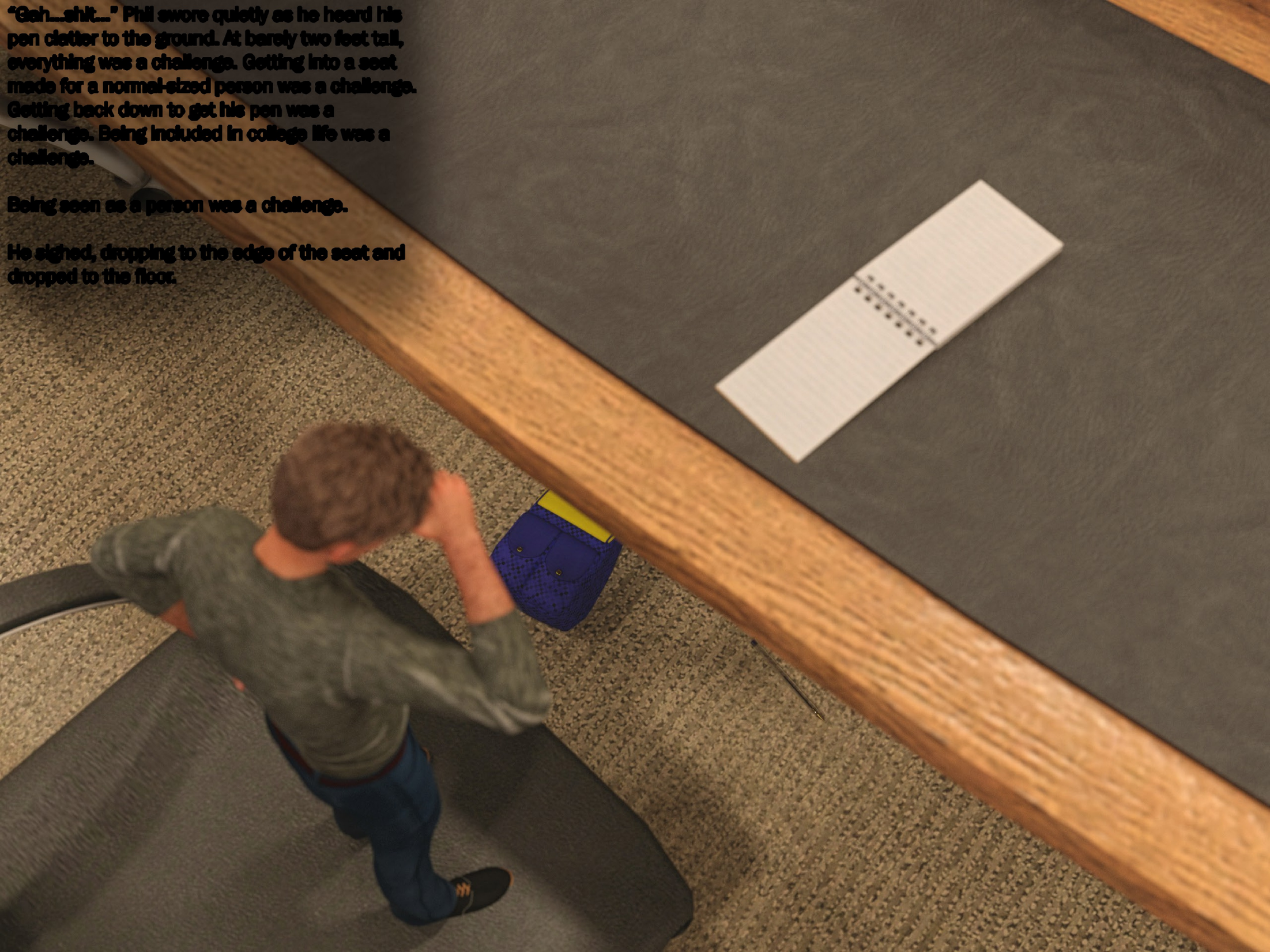
"So then Maria just, like, threw her drink all over him!"

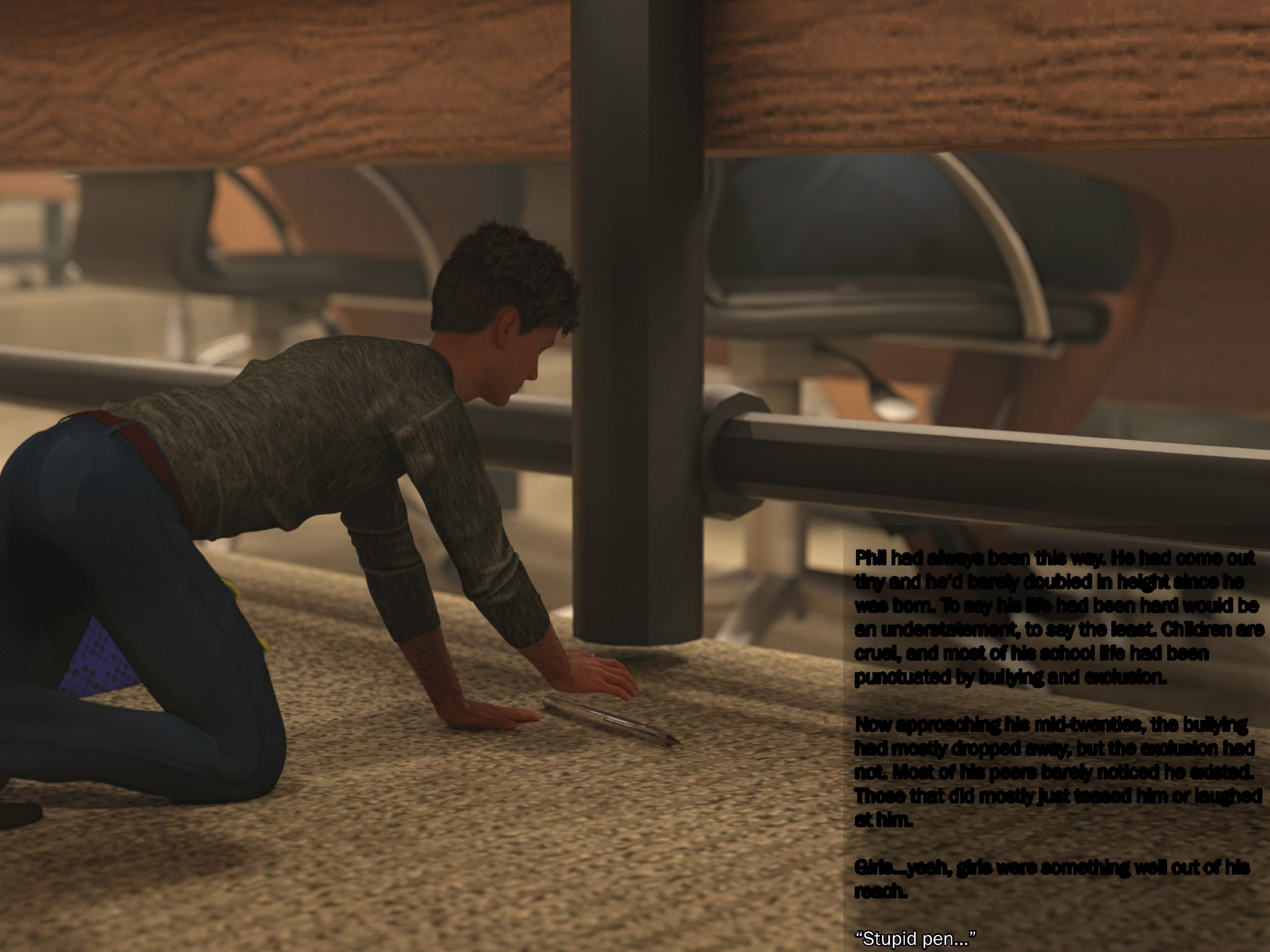
"No way!"

"He slid his hand under her skirt. Sure, she was flirting, but, bro, you work your way up to that. Patience."

It was a fairly typical college discussion. A little excitement before a dull statistics class. A typical college discussion that Phil took no part in.

Taking part in college discussions required having a college life. That was something Phil didn't have, despite this being his fourth year in college, now pursuing a masters.


"Gah...shit..." Phil swore quietly as he heard his pen clatter to the ground. At barely two feet tall, everything was a challenge. Getting into a seat made for a normal-sized person was a challenge. Getting back down to get his pen was a challenge. Being included in college life was a challenge.
Being seen as a person was a challenge.
He sighed, dropping to the edge of the seat and dropped to the floor.



Phil had always been this way. He had come out tiny and he'd barely doubled in height since he was born. To say his life had been hard would be an understatement, to say the least. Children are cruel, and most of his school life had been punctuated by bullying and exclusion.

Now approaching his mid-twenties, the bullying had mostly dropped away, but the exclusion had not. Most of his peers barely noticed he existed. Those that did mostly just teased him or laughed at him.

Girls...yeah, girls were something well out of his reach.

"Stupid pen..."



Phil retrieved his wayward pen and turned around in time to see a shadow falling over him. A bare-legged girl was approaching. Phil really hoped she would keep on walking.

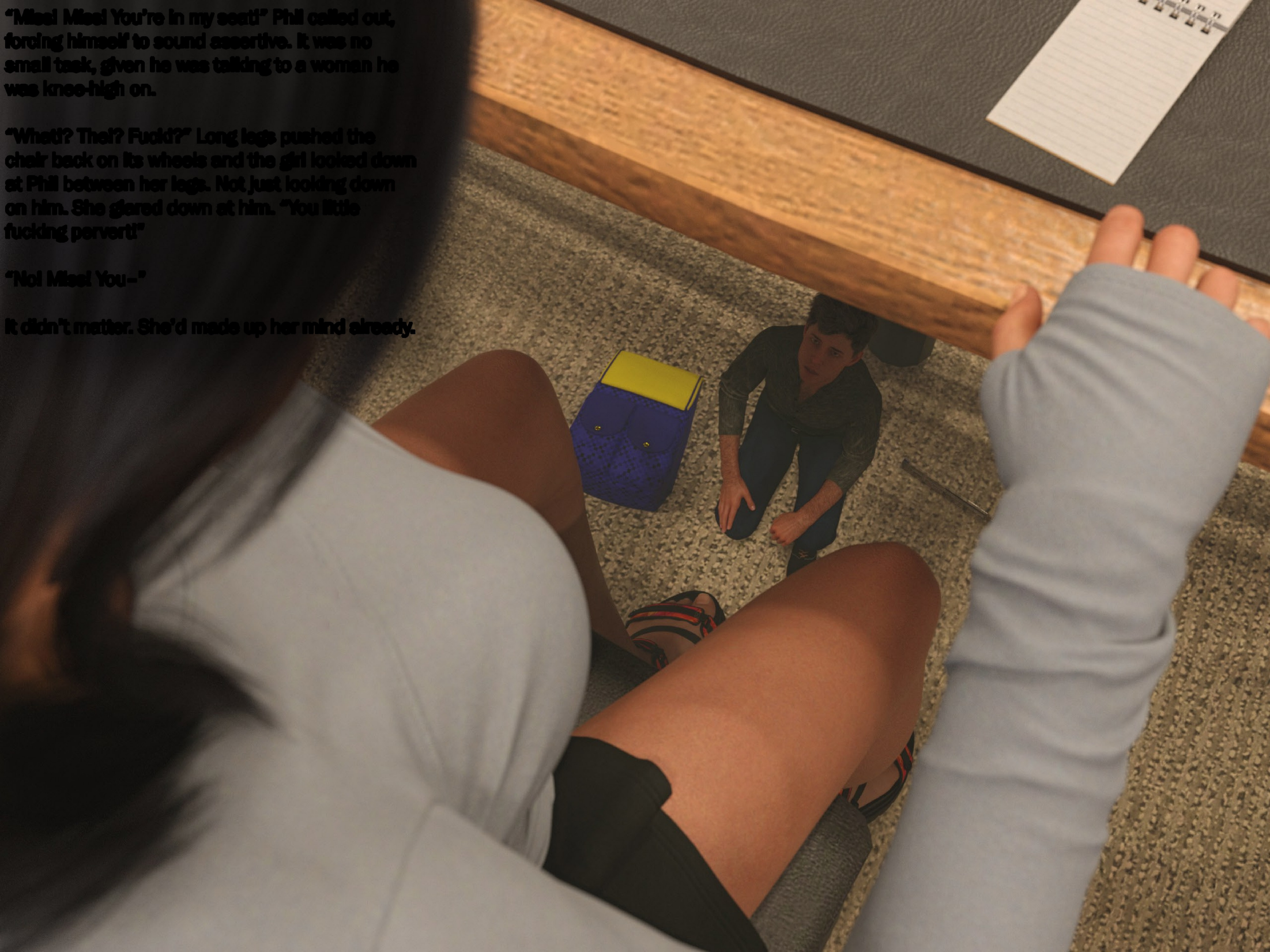
"Uh! Who the hell just leaves their stuff here?" an irritated voice above the desk spoke. Phil heard his stuff being swept aside. Clearly she wasn't going to keep on walking.

"Uhhhhh....Miss..." Phil squeaked, not loud enough to be heard above the desk. "This seat is....taken...."



His chair rolled back, towering legs stepping into its place before it rolled forward again as the girl sat down. He could see now she was wearing a skirt. A short skirt, that was now riding up. He swallowed, realising this was bad. If she'd been in shorts or jeans, then maybe this would get laughed at.

Judging from her attitude, plus the skirt, this was going to be unpleasant. Phil knew from experience when this sort of thing happened, it was best to be direct and not drag it out. Dragging it out only increased the misunderstanding and made it worse.



"Miss! Miss! You're in my seat!" Phil called out, forcing himself to sound assertive. It was no small task, given he was talking to a woman he was knee-high on.

"What? The? Fuck?" Long legs pushed the chair back on its wheels and the girl looked down at Phil between her legs. Not just looking down on him. She glared down at him. "You little fucking pervert!"

"No! Miss! You–"

It didn't matter. She'd made up her mind already.


"You have got to be kidding me!" The girl stood up, stumbling backwards in shock and anger. Phil crawled out from under the desk, trying to explain himself.
"No! This is my seat. You sat down–"
"You were under the fucking table! Freak!" she yelled, drawing looks from the people around her. "Was that the idea!? Be a tiny fucking freak and hide, waiting for girls to sit down so you could look up their skirts!? PERVERT!"


"No! No! I dropped my pen! It was my se–"
Weighing a little over five pounds, Phil may as well have weighed nothing at all. In a flash, the girl bent down and grabbed Phil by the arm, yanking him up into the air and dangling him in front of her.
"You're a little fucking pervert is what you are. Girls don't want anything to do with you, so you creep on them instead!" she accused.
Phil's arm was aching. If she'd only listen, this was all just a misunderstanding.
"Miss...please...this is just a misunder–"
She yanked him again, turning to carry him out of the lecture hall. That wasn't good.


The girl strode out of the lecture hall like a whirlwind, dragging Phil along with her. She wasn't particularly gentle either when she dropped him on the tiled floor in the hallway outside.
"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kick you up and down this hallway!" she yelled.
"I...I...please! This is all a misunderstanding. If you'll just calm–"
That was the wrong choice of words.
"Calm down!? CALM DOWN!?" The yelling escalated.



Phil started to back away from the giant, angry woman. He'd been here before. He knew what was coming next. His only hope was going to be for someone else to intervene. If a guy came along, they might well drag her away before she did him too much damage.

"Please...sorry! I'm sorry!" Phil repeated, backing up as she raged at him. Phil kept backing up until he hit the wall and had nowhere else to go. She wasn't listening. She was just getting angrier and angrier. He winced, bracing himself for what was sure to follow.

"What's going on here?" another, calmer voice joined the conversation.



This was the moment that Phil had been hoping for. Calmer heads would hopefully allow him to explain things. At worst he hoped for a dressing down, at which point they'd leave.

"This little pervert was creeping on me under my desk!" the girl yelled.

The redhead in the pink top looked at the girl, then down at Phil. "Alright, just calm down. Let's hear his side of things. Go on, tell us."

Phil stopped for a moment, unnerved by the redhead. She was pretty, really pretty, but it was the look the blonde was giving him. She actually looked to care. He could see it on her face. "It was my seat. I dropped my pen. I went under the table to get it and she sat down. She wouldn't listen. I tried to tell her."



"You're a liar and a pervert!" the girl yelled, stamping her foot and startling Phil.

"HEY!" Without warning, the blonde shoved the dark-haired girl back against the wall. "All because he's small means he's a pervert? I think it's more likely that you're a self-obsessed airhead and a bitch!"

"Whoa....Lorna, chill." The redhead said, then looked to Phil. She was clearly trying to stop any escalation. "You got any proof, lil' guy? That'd be handy in clearing this up."

"Uhhh....my notepad. It's on the table. I put it up there when I dropped my pen. It's got notes in it, and my name." Phil explained.



The mood seemed to shift in a way that Phil had never seen before. The redhead gave him a reassuring smile, then stepped behind him so she could both protect him and put herself between Lorna and the aggressor.

"Well? Was there a notepad on the desk?" Lorna demanded. "We can go in and check, if you can't remember."

"Yes..." the girl admitted.

It was quite satisfying watching the girl who'd been so close to kicking his ass for nothing get chewed out by someone much bigger than her. Though, Phil couldn't help but think on the irony that all this had started over an accusation of him looking up a skirt and now three women were unaware of the view they were giving him. He tried to keep his eyes up.


The girl was forced to apologise to Phil. It was awkward and he was polite. Mostly he just wanted it all to be over so he could sit quietly in class, then go home to his dorm.
"You alright there, cutie?" the redhead bent down to talk to him without looming.
"Yeah...thanks."
"I'm Ashleigh. You've already met Lorna. What's your name?" the redhead, now Ashleigh, asked.
"Phil..."
"Well Phil, how about you sit with us? We can make sure no one else decides to pick on you." She suggested.
"Ehhhhh..."



Phil didn't really feel like he had a choice. The blonde kinda scared him, and she was HUGE. He was used to people being bigger than him, but she was on another level. They both made him nervous. Every time a pretty girl had taken an interest in him, it was only for a bet or a prank.

He would get his hopes up, then the reveal would happen. People would laugh and he'd be crushed. It was better just to skip it altogether.

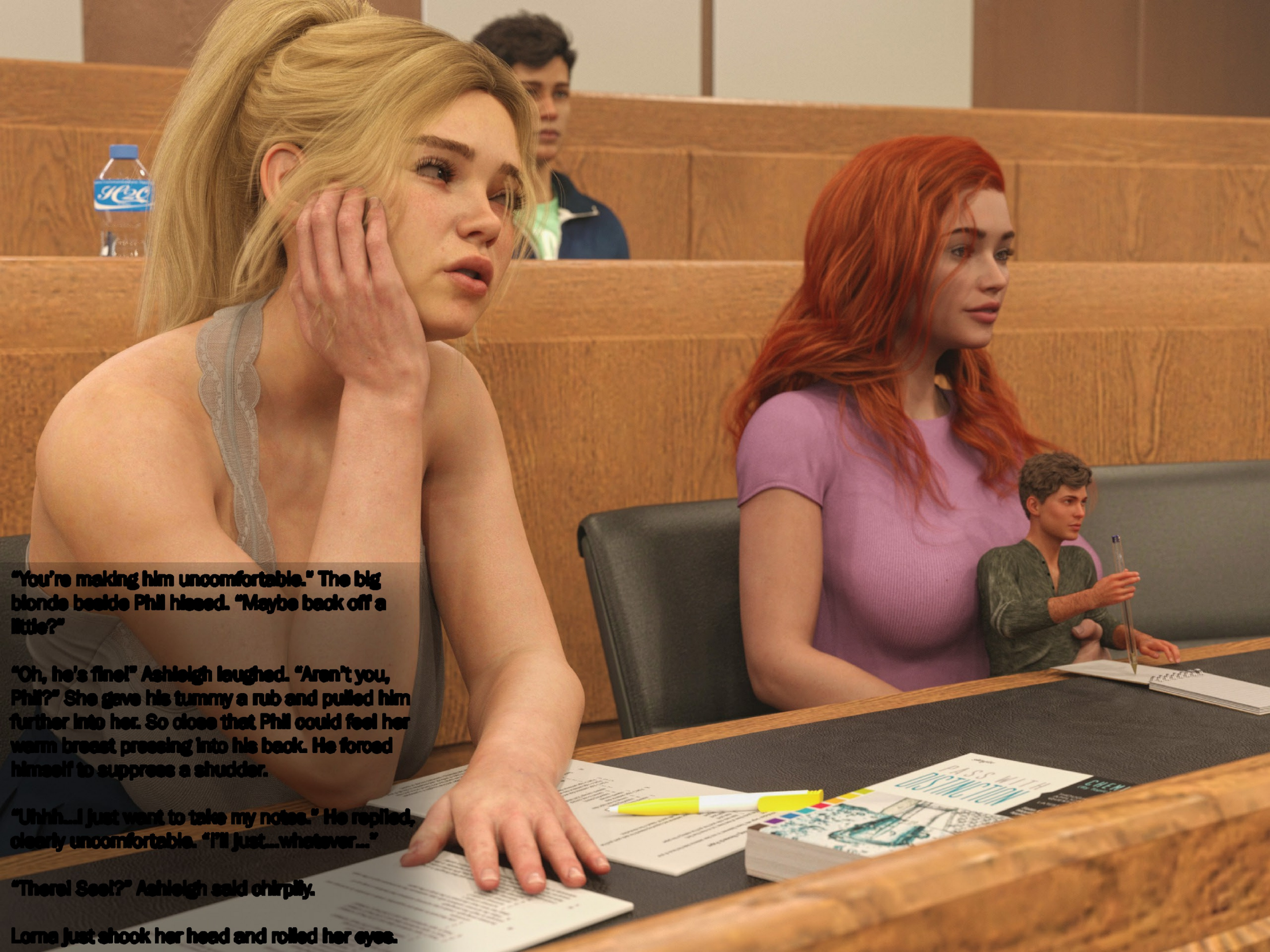
He glanced to his side at Ashleigh. She gave him a reassuring smile. It seemed genuine but it was hard to believe. He could see out of the corner of his eye Lorna glancing over at him. She did seem genuine in her concern for him, but they all had before things had gone wrong.



"That can't be comfortable, standing like that through a dull statistics class." Ashleigh whispered, sliding out of her chair. Without so much as a hint, she picked Phil up, dropped down in his seat and set him on her lap. "That better?"

"Ehhhh..." Phil couldn't quite speak. The girl had her hand on his torso, like she was cuddling him into her. It was nice. So nice it couldn't be real and it set Phil on edge. "Don't you need to take notes?"

"Nah!" Ashleigh replied dismissively. "I'll remember it."



"You're making him uncomfortable." The big blonde beside Phil hissed. "Maybe back off a little?"

"Oh, he's fine!" Ashleigh laughed. "Aren't you, Phil?" She gave his tummy a rub and pulled him further into her. So close that Phil could feel her warm breast pressing into his back. He forced himself to suppress a shudder.

"Uhhh....I just want to take my notes." He replied, clearly uncomfortable. "I'll just....whatever..."

"There! See!?" Ashleigh said chirpily.

Lorna just shook her head and rolled her eyes.



When class was over, Phil assumed he'd politely say goodbye, then start the long trek across campus to his dorm. Instead, both girls insisted on walking him home to make sure he was okay. Lorna even carried his bag for him.

"That kind of thing happen often?" Lorna asked.

"Yeah...it does. Thanks for...you know..."

He looked up, watching her take a breath and bite her lip before she replied. "People are dicks. Any excuse to bully someone. Girl got lucky Ashleigh was here to be the calm one."

Ashleigh laughed. "You're the star basketball player. We can't have you getting expelled, can we?"

Eventually, they made it to Phil's room. His short legs made the walk longer than it would be for the two girls who'd ambled on patiently beside him.

"This is me..." he said, unsure how this was going to go. If they wanted to put the boot in, it was going to happen now. Instead, Lorna handed him his bag and Ashleigh pulled out her phone.

"Alright, sweetheart, what's your number?" she asked.

"My number?" he half choked.

"Look, it's kinda clear that you need a friend or two. If you need anything, and I mean that, you let me know." She said. For a second, Phil saw the ditsy front she put on drop away and she got very serious. As nervous as he was, he gave her his number.

She texted him straight away. "There! Now I know you have my number. So there's no excuse for not reaching out, got it?"

"Heh...yeah...got it."





"That guy was terrified! I have never seen anyone so scared!" Lorna was angry. She'd realised she'd scared him and was angry at herself. Plus, angry at the world for making fear his default setting. "We need to look out for him."

"We do." Ashleigh agreed. "He seemed like a nice fella. Doesn't deserve to be treated that way."

"No...People suck."

Not all, but a lot." Ashleigh agreed once more. "Let's be the girls that don't suck."

Phil sat in his room on his own. It was the natural state of things for him.

Only this time, he didn't seem to be so alone. His phone hadn't stopped chirping. He assumed Ashleigh gave him her number to be polite. She'd move on and forget about him.

He was dead wrong. His phone hadn't stopped beeping with messages from her. She was chatty, nice and seemed genuinely interested in him. He'd been here before and he'd had his hopes crushed. Somehow, this time felt different.





"Anything?" Lorna asked. She was sounding increasingly concerned. It was midday the day after they'd first met Phil and he hadn't shown up to class. Ashleigh had been messaging but she'd not gotten a response.

"Nope..." Ashleigh shook her head. It could be he was ghosting them, but he'd been replying to all her messages the night before enthusiastically. "Wanna go check on him?"

Lorna was on her feet before Ashleigh could even look round.


"Phil?" Lorna knocked on the door as she had been for the last few minutes. There was still no sign of him. "Maybe he's gone out?"

"Yeah, there's one way to check that." Ashleigh decided it was time to do the unthinkable thing for someone of her age. "I'm going to call him."

As Ashleigh rang the phone, they heard a ringing from inside Phil's room.

"Phil!" Lorna started banging on the door harder. Something definitely wasn't right.


"I'm going in." Lorna said, trying the handle. The door wasn't locked. She opened it slowly, just in case he was behind the door and looked inside. Nothing. Only his phone was there, ringing.
"Phil? Are you in here?" Lorna asked, starting to look in the obvious places like under his bed. There was still no sign of him.
"Help..."
Both girls froze. They'd heard a voice. A very small, quiet, muffled voice. He was in here.


"Phil? Where are you!?" Lorna called. She heard him reply once more and followed the sound of his voice until she reached his drawers. She opened the top drawer and gasped.
"Phil?" Lorna looked down on the small man, naked and scared in the drawer. "Oh my God!? Are you OK!?"
"Cold...thirsty..." he said. He seemed to sink down into himself, relief and exhaustion hitting him at once.
"What...what happened!?" Lorna asked, though she could take a guess. He didn't get in there by himself.


"Oh, you poor thing! You're freezing!" Ashleigh grabbed Phil, not caring he was naked. She pulled him into her, using her own heat to warm him up.
"Really Ashleigh?" Lorna sighed. Even given the circumstances, she was still her usual, handsy self.
"What happened?" Ashleigh asked, ignoring her friend.
It took Phil a moment to gather the courage to speak. The patient silence of the two women only made the pit in his stomach worse. "Oh, you know. People got drunk. Came into my room. Thought it would be funny to stash me in my drawers overnight."



"Dickheeds!" Lorna raged.

Phil felt Ashleigh shift and she set him down at her feet, looking back up to her friend.

"I agree." Ashleigh said to Lorna. "We can't leave him here. Not like this."

"I will beat the shit out of anyone who was involved in this!"

Phil felt a little queasy. Lorna was huge....huge and beautiful. She was so angry, which was scary, but at the same time, she was angry for him. She cared. Actually cared.

"I think he should come live with us. We've the spare room just sitting empty. I'm sure you'd appreciate his stipend covering that share of the rent." Ashleigh deftly diffused Lorna's temper by focusing on a solution rather then anger.



Lorna knelt down, still looming over Phil despite that. Phil covered himself, feeling very exposed in front of the caring beauty. "What do you say, Phil? Wanna come with us? I promise we'll all look out for you. No one will ever bother you again. I'll kick anyone's ass who does."

"She will." Ashleigh flatly agreed.

Phil couldn't help but feel put on the spot. His fear and his shame told him it was best to just be on his own, that this was just another trick. What else did he have to lose? He was miserable all the time. If this was real...

"Sure..." he shrugged.



Ashleigh found Phil some clothes and got him dressed while Lorna packed up a bag for him. He was still tired and hungry and they decided it was best to just move him and a few things for now. They could always do the rest later.

"Come on, Phil." Ashleigh bent down, picking him up and cradling him on her hip. "You've had a long night. I'm not going to make you walk."

Lorna grabbed the bag and followed on behind, her long legs catching her up quickly. "Let's get you home."

It was a much faster journey with Phil being carried by Ashleigh rather than walking on his own short legs. Both women had fawned over him, assuring him things would get better and asking him what he needed.

When they got to their place, Lorna opened the door and they headed inside.

"Hey Violet! You around? We need a house meeting." Lorna called.

"Kitchen!" A voice came back.

Phil swallowed nervously. He assumed it was just the two women. He didn't realise there would be another.




"We've found someone for the spare room." Ashleigh said, setting Phil down on the floor. The three women loomed all around him, their legs like trees in a forest.
"Really? A guy!? This guy!?" Violet huffed, glancing down at Phil. "You didn't think to ask me?"
"Look, Vi, I know we agreed we'd all talk about this, but this guy is getting bullied and abused by the folks in his dorm." Ashleigh was once again the voice of reason.
"Vi, you know me. I don't like it when Ashleigh brings random people back, but Phil is nice and he could really use a break. We'll make sure he doesn't bother you. And you never know. You might even like him."



Phil looked up, feeling a lot like a kid while the grown-ups talked. That happened way too often. It was easy for people to speak over his head, so they spoke over his head.

Ashleigh looked down at him once more, considering then looked back up to her housemates. Phil couldn't help but notice the impressive amount of underboob on show from beneath her shirt. They wobbled gloriously, hidden from everyone but him.

"Fine..." Vi sighed.

"This is the right thing to do, Vi. I promise." Ashleigh assured her.



"Look, the main thing I've got to worry about is my thesis. Once I get that done, I can get back home to my kid and not feel like the failure of a mother that I am." Vi explained.

"Hey! You're working to give your kid a future. That's not failing." Lorna said.

"Tell that to my parents." Vi shook her head, walking away.

In spite of the nice view, Phil couldn't help but feel a little sad for Vi. He made a mental note to keep out of her way. She didn't seem as interested in him as the other two. He couldn't really blame her either.



The girls got Phil a drink and a snack. He was perched from his night in the drawer and pretty hungry. He was starting to feel a little better now his stomach was full. It helped him think a little more clearly.

"Soooooo." Ashleigh said. "I think we need to talk about how this is gonna work."

"What do you mean?" Lorna asked.

"Well...the spare room is the spare room. Aside from bundles of our crap, it's empty. Where's our new roomie gonna sleep?"


"Shit...guess we didn't think of that..." Lorna let out a sigh and sank back onto the couch. Ashleigh followed her. Phil felt like this conversation should probably include him, given he was the subject. He clambered up onto the couch, only slightly unnerved by the size of Lorna's shoes.
He was used to big shoes. Just not THIS big and this close to his face.


"I suppose the priority has to be a bed. We can get you a basket in the short term to keep your clothes in. Look at a wardrobe and other things next week." Lorna said.
"I can ask my parents to send me a bit of money. They'll be happy to hear someone is looking out for me." Phil said.
"Oh no! You leave that to me! I am the master of getting free stuff!" Ashleigh grinned.
"She's not wrong." Lorna agreed. "It's one of her superpowers."
"One of?" Phil asked.



Ashleigh shrugged. "Bored middle-aged men will do a lot for a pretty, young flirt."

"Uhhhh huh." Phil nodded politely. He wasn't going to argue with her on the ethics there.

"Anyway! In the meantime, it's not like you take up a lot of space. I'm not having you sleep on the floor. You can stay with me in my room."

Phil almost choked. "Uh, what? No...that's fine. A blanket on the floor will do me fine. I'm small, like you said."

"I'm not sure he's comfortable with that." Lorna tried to dampen Ashleigh's enthusiasm, but the idea was already running away with her.



"Nonsense! You're not a dog! You're not sleeping on the floor!" Ashleigh said. "It'll be fine! Like a sleepover! We can braid each other's hair and talk about boys!"

With a giggle, Ashleigh stood, grabbing the bag of Phil's things. "I've work to do. You just come see me if you want a nap or something." With that Ashleigh walked off. Phil couldn't help but wonder if she owned any clothing that wasn't revealing.

"She...uhhhh...certainly knows how to get her way." He said, not realising he was actually speaking.



"Tell me about it." Lorna replied, sounding just a little bitter.

Phil wasn't sure what to say. Alone for the first time with Lorna, he felt his stomach twist into knots. She was so damn pretty, but also quite scary. He didn't want to say something wrong, something to make her mad. He didn't think she'd hurt him, but the idea of hurting her feelings made him recoil in horror.

"Thank you....for all this....I keep thinking it's all gonna turn out to be some joke." He spoke after the silence had grown long enough to become more than a little awkward.



"No..." Loma shook her head. "You don't have to thank me. You never have to thank me."

"But I do." He turned to look at her. "No one...people don't look out for me. I'm just the little guy who's the butt of all the pranks and jokes."

"And I know that too." Loma sighed. "I've always been...ya know...big. I've never fit in. Never been the little girl guys like. I know what it's like to get laughed at, excluded just for not fitting in. So I get you. Maybe not to the same extent, but enough to know. As long as you're not actually a jerk, I will always look out for you."


"But...you're beautiful. Sure, you're tall but who would exclude you!?" Phil couldn't believe what she was saying.
Lorna couldn't help but blush a little at Phil's disbelief. "Stop..."
Phil did not stop. "No but, it's true. You're gorgeous! Your eyes...they're, like, huge. It's hard to look at them sometimes because I get nervous." Lorna blushed even more.


"Not all guys see the world like you do, apparently." Lorna looked away. "I've always been tall...just a genetic fluke. I got teased at school. Kids are mean, but when I got older, it got to a whole new level. Boys didn't just avoid me, they were scared of me. Guys that age are so insecure. The idea that a girl could look down on them? They want some pretty, little thing they can toss around like a doll."
Phil was silent, letting her talk.
"So they excluded me. Teased me. Called me a freak. That was until I lost it one day and tossed a guy against a locker by his throat. Then it was just cold shoulders all the way."



"God, people are such dicks." Phil shook his head.

"They are..." Lorna sighed. "I thought it'd get better at college, but no. Guys still look at me and run a mile."

"Yeah, that's their loss. I'm sure there's someone out there for you. I don't imagine all guy basketball players want some tiny girlfriend. You'll see. You'll get a guy who's worthy of you. Who wants someone who'll push him back and push him on." Phil said. "Who's as nice as you are."

Lorna felt her chest swell. She opened up her long arms. "Can I've a hug?"


Phil wasn't about to say no. Just looking at Lorna made him feel giddy, now she wanted to hug him. He walked over into her arms, allowing her to close them around him. She scooped him up into her. She was surprisingly gentle for someone so big. Instead of holding him, she set him on her leg and let him relax into her.
He was relaxing right over her boob, but Phil tried not to think of that.


Close contact with another person wasn't something Phil was used to. Especially close contact with a beautiful woman. He had been worried that he would get aroused or nervous or mess something up. Instead, he didn't. He just relaxed, breathing in the subtle peach scent of Lorna's skin as she hugged him back.
Hugged him more and more until...
"Lorna..." he croaked. "Too tight..."


"Crap! Sorry!" Lorna said, ending the hug abruptly. She set Phil down on the floor and got to her feet, feeling a little awkward. She didn't want him to feel like he was stuck with her. Especially after she'd almost hugged him to death.
"It's alright. I'm just...you know..." Phil blushed. "...fragile."
"I'll remember. You're alright? I didn't hurt you?" she asked.


"Yeah, I'm not THAT fragile." Phil tried to relieve the tension with a laugh. It didn't help that he had to strain his neck to look up at her, she was just that tall.

"Ok...sorry..." Lorna wrung her hands. "I've...I've got some work to do. If you need anything...anything at all, just knock on my door. OK?"

"OK. Sure...thanks..." Phil felt a little sad to see her go.

Lorna turned, looking over her shoulder to glance down at him, then left.

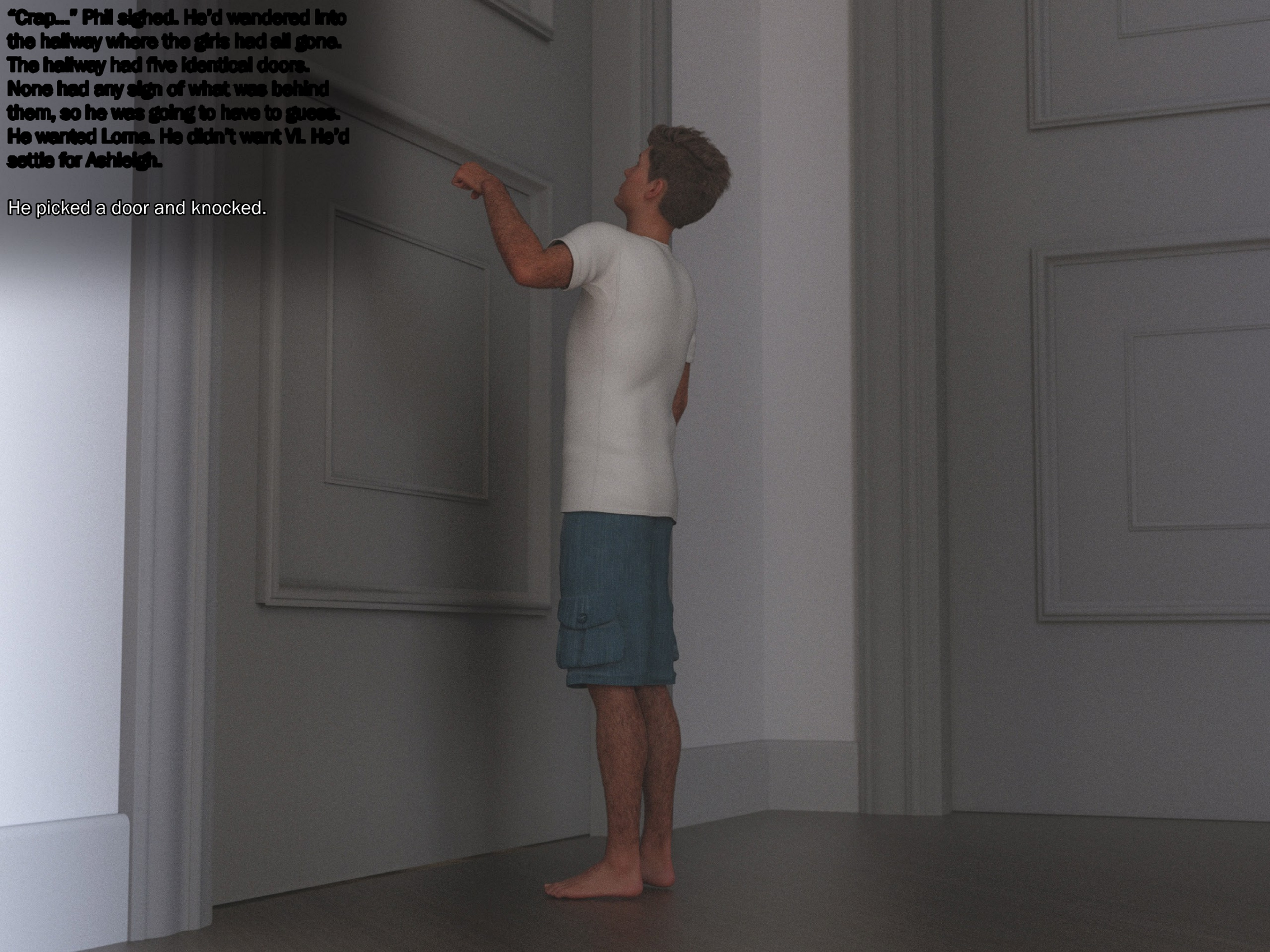
With no one around and Phil not exactly feeling at home, he returned to the couch and watched some TV. He expected that sooner or later one of the girls would come through and he could ask some questions or find out what was going on.

Instead...nothing...

"Yeah..." Phil sighed, realising he was going to need to go find someone. "I really need to pee..."

He slid off the sofa and set out in search of Lorna.




"Crap..." Phil sighed. He'd wandered into the hallway where the girls had all gone. The hallway had five identical doors. None had any sign of what was behind them, so he was going to have to guess. He wanted Lorna. He didn't want Vi. He'd settle for Ashleigh.
He picked a door and knocked.



Phil heard heavy, quick footfalls approaching the door. Disappointment filled him. He already knew Lorna well enough to know her strides were long and surprisingly gentle. Either he had Ashleigh or Vi.

The door opened and Phil was met by solid, bare legs. He'd picked the worst possible door.

He looked up, his view obstructed by a prodigious chest. A very bare, very wobbly prodigious chest.

"Uh! What?" Vi groaned, annoyed she'd been interrupted for apparently nothing.



"Uhhh...Vi..." Phil squeaked. "Down here..."

The large, round bosoms shook some more, then a head appeared over them. "Oh...it's you..."

"Sorry...I was looking for Lorna."

"Her room's across the hall." Vi replied, then sighed. She shifted, forcing herself to appear less annoyed. "What do you need?"

"It's fine. I just need to use the bathroom. I'll–"

"Follow me." Vi said, stepping past him.


Phil followed Vi towards the bathroom. She opened the door with ease, a feat he could never accomplish on his own. As she walked, he tried not to pay attention to her ass jiggling. It was hypnotic. It was—
"Here you go." Vi turned and Phil forced himself to look innocent.
"Uhhhh..." he said, staring blankly at the toilet, wondering how he was going to do this.



"Fine..." Vi huffed. She grabbed him and swung him up towards the toilet, lifting the lid and depositing him on the seat.

Phil stood there, feeling quite a lot like a deer in headlights. Was she going to leave him? "Ehhh...are you going to...go?"

"I don't want you to fall in or get stuck. Besides, you need to wash your hands. The sink is even higher." Vi said, then realised she was being harsh on him. "Sorry. I'll turn around. Do your thing."



Phil felt a little better once her tone shifted. She was trying. That was something. She didn't have to, and he needed to get the third housemate onside if this was going to work.

"Thank you..." Phil said as he started to pee.

"Don't mention it." Vi rolled her eyes, smirking to herself.

"Finished..." Phil said after a minute. He made sure he was completely stowed away before saying anything. His caution was justified, as he quickly found himself scooped up under the arms and deposited back onto the floor.



"You know, you'll need to get used to this if you're going to live with us. Nothing here is adapted for you. One of us is gonna need to be in here if you're using the bathroom." Vi explained, looking over her shoulder at him.

"What if I need a shower?" Phil asked. "I...I...some people locked me in a drawer all night. I kind of...stink.

Vi's expressions softened once more, the hard façade cracking completely. She dropped to her knees and put her arm around him.


"People locked you in a drawer?" she asked.
Phil nodded. "Yeah, in my dorm room. That's why Lorna and Ashleigh brought me to live with you. They wanted to look out for me."
Vi let out a long, slow sigh. "I'm so sorry, Phil. I didn't know. I've been a total bitch."
"It's alright. You've your life–"
"It's no excuse. You deserve better." She said. "I promise, I'll look out for you as well. Now, you wait there. I've an idea."

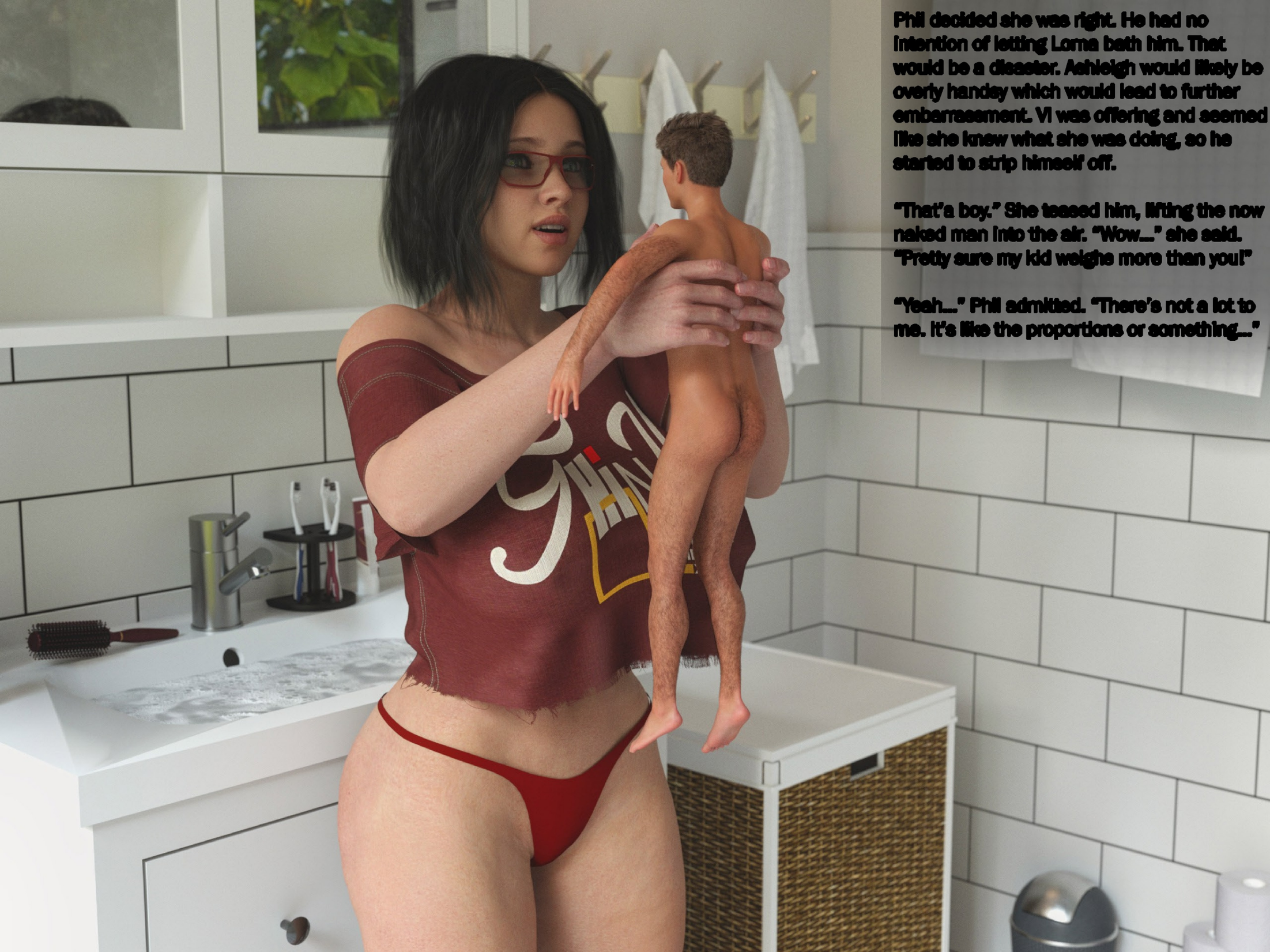

Vi started to run the tap in the sink, testing the temperature until it was right, then put the plug in the sink. She filled her hand full of soap, then held it under the water, allowing bubbles to build up.
"Ehhh...what are you doing?" Phil asked, feeling a little anxious that he did know what she was doing already.
"This is how I bath my kid." Vi said. "You'll enjoy it. I promise."



Happy with the little bath she'd run, Vi turned off the water and turned to Phil. "Take off your clothes." She said.

Phil couldn't help but tense, standing bolt upright, his eyes wide.

Vi sighed, her patented, bored sigh. She was being nicer, but she was still Vi. "Look, one of us is going to do this. So you can have Ashleigh, who'll make a big deal of it, you can have Lorna who is nervous and clueless, or you can have me, who knows what she's doing. What's it gonna be?"



Phil decided she was right. He had no intention of letting Lorna bath him. That would be a disaster. Ashleigh would likely be overly handsy which would lead to further embarrassment. Vi was offering and seemed like she knew what she was doing, so he started to strip himself off.

"That's boy." She teased him, lifting the now naked man into the air. "Wow..." she said. "Pretty sure my kid weighs more than you!"

"Yeah..." Phil admitted. "There's not a lot to me. It's like the proportions or something..."



To Phil's pleasant surprise, Vi didn't linger. She didn't spend any time teasing him about how he had a 'pinky-dick' as a lot of girls had in the past. She set him down in the sink, tested the water again and let him enjoy his bath.

"How does that feel?" she asked.

"Yeah....it's nice. I needed this. Thanks."

"Good. You ever see the people who did that to you when you're with me, you tell me. I'll make them regret it." Vi said.

Phil nodded politely. "Yeah...Loma has similar feelings."

"Well, they are totally screwed then, because big plus anger issues is a bad combo!" Vi laughed.



"Ha..." Phil laughed. "Yeah, we talked. She told me. That sucks. She's really...sweet."

"I think you're the first guy to ever call her sweet. She's gotten so used to being on the defensive these days, she'd scare them off even if she was your size."

"That's...really quite sad. She's so nice. She deserves to be happy." Phil said. He was grateful the conversation was about Lorna. It was keeping him focused. If it had been meaningless small talk, his eyes would likely be drifting to the slight Vi was blissfully unaware she was giving him.

He'd likely need to mention all of this to them at some point.



"Knock...knock..." a voice said behind the door. It was pointless to actually say 'knock knock', given they had also knocked. The door opened and Lorna's head peeked inside.

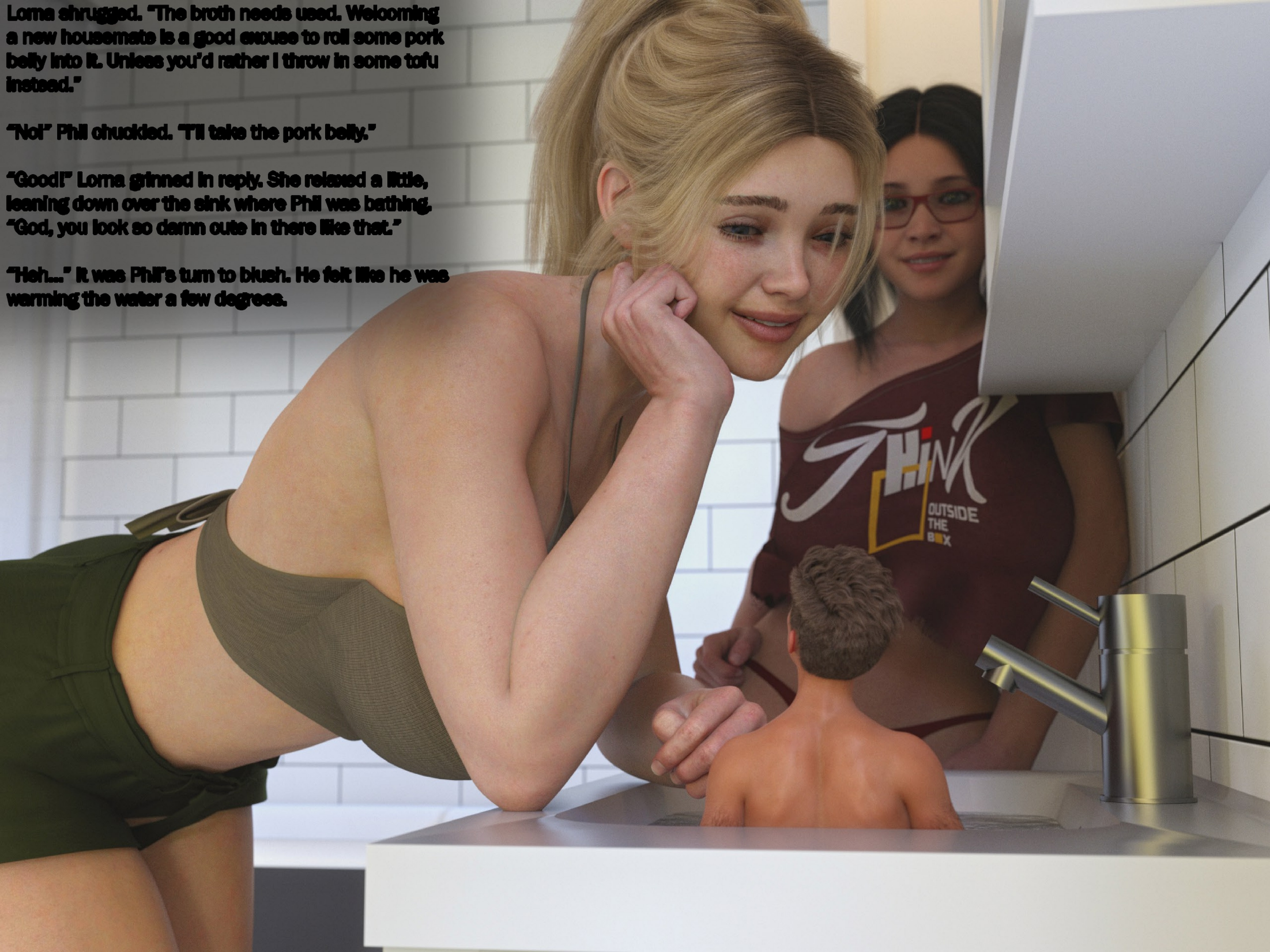
"Vi?"

"Hey Lorna. Just giving our new housemate a bath. Come on in." Violet replied. Lorna finally glanced down, seeing Phil sitting in the bath.

"Oh! Sorry." Lorna blushed.

"Uhhhh...it's fine." Phil said. He didn't mind. He was pretty much covered by the water.


Lorna glanced nervously between Phil and Vi, feeling like an intruder. She decided to get straight to the point. "Since Phil is moving in with us, I decided it'd be nice to throw a proper welcome dinner. I've that chicken broth I made. I was going to make some nice pork to go with it with some ramen. The full works. How does that sound?"
"Oh, that sounds amazing!" Vi enthusiastically agreed.
"Yeah. That does sound good. I'm starting to get hungry again. You don't need to go to all that effort for me though." Phil said.


Lorna shrugged. "The broth needs used. Welcoming a new housemate is a good excuse to roll some pork belly into it. Unless you'd rather I throw in some tofu instead."
"No!" Phil chuckled. "I'll take the pork belly."
"Good!" Lorna grinned in reply. She relaxed a little, leaning down over the sink where Phil was bathing. "God, you look so damn cute in there like that."
"Heh..." It was Phil's turn to blush. He felt like he was warming the water a few degrees.
THINK
OUTSIDE
THE
BOX



For a moment Lorna's eyes lingered, then she stood and turned to leave. "I better get cooking!"

Vi slid around the sink to take her place, smirking down at Phil. "She likes you." She spoke once the door had clicked shut.

"What!? No! That's crazy! She's just being nice." Phil blushed harder.

"And you like her too. That's so sweet." Vi teased. Phil decided just to keep his mouth shut. He didn't want her dragging more out of him.



"Alright then, let's get you washed. Stand up." Vi said.

Phil's attention was refocused away from Lorna and to Vi, his eyes opening wide.

"Oh, relax! I know all about what you're hiding under the water. Not like you can't see up my top from there! Frankly I'd be insulted if you didn't have a boner." Vi shook her head impatiently. "Now come on. Up!"

He was rumbled. It didn't sound like he had much of a chance with her anyway. Phil stood, covering himself as best he could.



"Come on, dude. Just relax." Vi laughed, shaking her head. "You're not gonna squirt that thing? It's under control?"

Phil nodded.

"Good. Then we're cool." Vi started to soap him up with the sponge. She lifted his arms one by one, cleaning him and working the sponge into his muscle. Phil had to admit it was nice, if a little humiliating to be bathed like a kid.

"You don't have to do this, you know. I can wash myself."

"I know. I want to. I've missed doing this." Vi explained, and Phil understood. This was about her, not him.


"Happy to help." Phil said, enjoying the moment of bonding. Vi didn't seem so bad. Not after their earlier introduction. "If I can do anything to say thanks, just say. I really appreciate it."
"I'm sure I'll think of something." Vi said. "Turn around."
Phil did as he was asked, then giggled as Vi started to scrub his butt. She was being thorough.
"Alright, I think that's you clean. Let's get you out." Vi declared once she'd rinsed him off.



Vi drained the sink and lifted Phil out, wrapping him in a towel. She wouldn't even let him dry himself. She rubbed the towel all over him, not missing any part of him. She got under his arms, his legs, his butt and even the rebellious little organ between his legs.

"Hey! Come on! I'm dry already!" Phil laughed.

"I know. Sorry. Just habit." Vi replied, settling herself down.



Pushing the towel off his head, Phil looked up at Vi. Specifically, he looked up at her chest, which was heaving up and down in front of him. Despite how baggy her top was, her shoulder boulders were doing an impressive job of stretching the top tight. It was almost like her chest had somehow gotten even bigger.

"Yeah...I know. They're distracting." Vi said, catching him staring. "And I think I've got a way for you to thank me."

"Sure! Whatever you like." Phil replied, eagerly.

"You might not want to agree just yet." Vi smirked. "Come on, let's go."


Phil wasn't entirely pleased with being carried, nor with the brief excursion his naked rear end took into the hallway. He didn't want to seem ungrateful and insult Vi, especially when she was making such an effort despite clearly being blindsided by his arrival.

"I don't suppose you're hungry after your night in the drawer, huh?" Vi asked, setting him down.

"Uhhh...Lorna and Ashleigh got me a snack. I could eat though." Phil replied looking up at Violet.



To Phil's horror and amazement, Vi reached under her shirt and pulled it off over her head. Her massive chest shook and bounced hypnotically. He was so engrossed he missed Vi's smirk as she caught him staring.

"Yeah, so don't take this the wrong way, but you kind'a set me off." Vi lifted a weighty-looking boob. Phil wasn't sure what she meant, then he saw the milk leaking from both her boobs. "They're overflowing...and quite sore..." she winced. "You wouldn't mind giving me a hand here?"



"A hand?" Phil swallowed.

Vi scooped him up once more and sat down on her bed, depositing Phil in her lap in front of a boob many times the size of his head. "I promise, it's all good stuff. Just, you know, drink some. Drain them a little so I'm not ridiculously uncomfortable."

"Ehhh....I....I don't know, Vi..."

"C'mon, Phil. Please. I just need some relief. I've really missed getting them properly drained." Vi pleaded with him.

Wondering if he'd regret this later, Phil placed his hands on the fleshy orb in front of him. He could feel how full it was. He decided if he was going to keep her on his side, he needed to help her.



It took every ounce of strength Phil had to hoist the massive mammary up so it was resting on his chest and the nipple was pointing towards his face. He opened his mouth wide, pushed his head forwards and started to suck.

He didn't have to suck hard. Vi's boob was so full it sprayed rich, warm milk right into his mouth. She was right, it was good. Thick with fat, sweet and warming. Like a plain, warmed-up milkshake. He quickly found himself greedily suckling.

"Mmmmmm...that's exactly what I needed." Vi moaned.



Phil's plan had been to drink a bit, maybe do the same from the other boob, then politely tell Vi he was full and hope that was enough to keep her happy. That plan was quickly forgotten. First of all, it was obvious, given the super-soaker blast he was getting straight down his throat, that Vi had a LOT of milk in each of her boobs. There was so much milk he couldn't keep up.

Secondly, he was really quite enjoying it. Not only was her milk delicious, but the whole experience was strangely relaxing. He could feel his whole body almost melting as every part of him de-tensed. That was not how Phil normally went through life.



"You like my milk then?" Vi asked, sounding just as relieved as Phil was feeling.

He nodded, which was easier said than done with a mouthful of nipple and his arms full of boob. Vi couldn't help but giggle as she watched the ridiculous sight of a miniature grown man chowing down on boob-juice.

A thought struck her. "Hang on. Stop a moment."



Phil was as reluctant to stop as he had been to start. He could keep going. He could feel his belly getting warmed from the inside as he started to fill up, but he could keep going.

"C'mon. Don't make me pop my finger in your mouth." Vi teased.

He unlatched, milk spraying from her nipple out onto his chest. Phil took a deep breath. He had been guzzling so much that he had been forgetting to breathe.

"That's...that's really good..." he panted.

Vi laughed. "Yeah, I can see you were enjoying it."


"You want me to stop?" Phil asked, looking a little disappointed.

"I need you to switch boob. I can't have you draining one and leaving the other full." Violet explained. "I'll be lopsided. Lopsided and still sore!"

"Oh..." Phil realised, blushing at his mistake. He felt Vi's hands slide under his body and she lifted him, depositing him in her lap in front of her other boob. "I'll hold you this time. It'll be a bit more comfortable for you."

"Thanks...shall I?" Phil gestured to her boob. He didn't want to appear too keen, but he really was.



"You do what you want, hun." Vi grinned down at him. She seemed to relax, letting her bosom sink down as she pulled Phil in closer. She'd clearly done this a lot. It all felt so natural. All Phil had to do was spread his arms wide and open his mouth.

Vi's nipple slipped between his lips and Phil once again tasted her delicious, sweet milk spraying into his mouth. He greedily started to gulp it down, trying to keep up with her flow.

"Mmmm..." he moaned, losing himself in the flow.



Vi couldn't help but laugh. "Alright mister, don't get too greedy. You'll get a tummy ache."

Phil slowed down a little. She was right.

"Look, if you're enjoying this, we can do it again. This won't be the last time I get full. I kind'a overproduce." Vi explained. "We can make this a regular deal. If you'd like."

Once again Phil nodded with his face buried in Vi's tit.

"Alright, that's the spirit. You drink up. Just tap me when you're full. Don't go overboard, OK?"


Phil couldn't quite hear Vi anymore. He was finding it harder and harder to focus on anything that wasn't either drinking or breathing. There was just so much milk and it tasted so damn good. He could feel it in his belly. He could feel the warm, growing lake of milk from Vi's breasts, sitting in his stomach and making him feel...

Before Phil even realised it was happening, his eyes closed and he drifted off to sleep. All while still nursing away from Vi's overflowing breast.

"Oh...you have got to be kidding me..." Vi laughed.



"Come on, Phil!" Violet gave the little guy in her arms a shake, jolting him back to life. "Don't you go falling asleep on me now."

Phil nodded, though still didn't feel entirely awake. He was just so warm. So warm, so content and so comfortable. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this relaxed. He was always so on edge. His life was a constant struggle. He'd not even been safe in his room.

Now...now he felt the safest he'd ever been. He had a face full of boob and a belly full of milk. How could he possibly stay awake?



"C'mon!? Again!?" Vi gave Phil another shake. He looked to be out cold, but was still suckling away. Her tits didn't feel achy anymore, so she didn't need him to keep drinking. The shake did nothing. He was completely out of it.

"Shit..." she sighed, using a finger to unlatch him from her nipple and let him settle back in her arms. As she watched him sleep, she felt a warmth rising in her. The familiar feeling of satisfaction she got from sustaining another life with her body.

"Gah! Goddammit! Stop being so cute! You'll make my tits inflate again!" she scolded the sleeping man, but didn't put any real malice into it. He really did look cute.



"Come on, Phil. Wakey-wakey..." she gently shook him. He wasn't a kid. He wasn't her kid. She couldn't sit here and cuddle him, as much as she wanted to.

"Hey..." he said, eventually opening his eyes.

"Hey yourself." Vi smiled back. She set him down on the floor, forcing him to stand on his own two feet to keep him awake. "You dozed off on me there, cutie. How're you feeling?"

"Sleepy..." Phil scratched the back of his head and looked up at her. "That was...yeah. Nice."

"Well, we can do it again some other time, but for now we need to get dressed. Lorna will have dinner ready soon. You won't want to miss that!"



An hour later the housemates were sitting around the kitchen table, the house filled with the aroma of broth and freshly cooked pork. Phil had to admit, it smelled amazing. The thing he didn't want to admit was he was still quite full after gorging himself on Violet.

"Lorna, you've outdone yourself. This smells incredible." Vi beamed.

"Oh, it's nothing. Just broth, noodles, chopped veg. The pork looks fancy but it really isn't." Lorna blushed.

"Bullshit. This is not nothing. And it's why I'll live with you forever." Ashleigh was already digging in.



Lorna watched her fellow housemates starting to eat. She was a little worried they might not like it or she might have got the spicing wrong on the broth. Ashleigh and Vi were happily slurping up noodles. Phil...Phil was just poking his food with a fork.

"Is everything alright, Phil? Do you not like it?" Lorna felt herself deflating.

"No! It smells amazing...I just wish I had an appetite." Phil said, hating himself for disappointing Lorna after all the effort she'd gone through.

"But...but...you said you were hungry. Did you eat?" Lorna asked.



Phil couldn't reply. He couldn't even look at her. He could feel his face burning red with embarrassment. Lorna was so focused on Phil she didn't notice Violet going equally as red.

Ashleigh on the other hand...

"OH MY GOD!" The redhead's face lit up, realising what Lorna had not. "Vi! You fed him! You absolute fiend! I didn't think you were into that sort of thing! Not that I'm judging!"

"Vi? What...what does she mean?" Lorna asked, still not following.

Violet sighed, shaking her head. "Sorry, OK!? Just, he kind'a set me off. Biologically! I didn't mean for it to happen! My tits just inflated and they were so sore..."



"Vi! What the hell!? He's a grown man! You...you can't feed a grown man like he's a baby!" Lorna spluttered. Beside her Ashleigh was doing her best to control her barely restrained amusement. Phil could only sink deeper into his chair.

"I said I was sorry! You have no idea, NO IDEA, what it's like living like this!" Violet said, starting to get emotional.

"Hey! I'm not judging!" Ashleigh said. "And I'm free to help, any time you like. Team effort!"

"You're not helping, Ash." Vi snapped.

"I'm being serious!"



"We brought Phil here to protect him! Not to...not to...." Lorna couldn't even say the words.

"I asked him! I didn't force him! He wanted to!" Violet explained.

Phil wished he could be invisible again. Oh, how he missed being below everyone's line of sight.

Lorna looked at him, then looked at Violet, unsure what to say. "He's vulnera--"

"Oh, fuck this." Vi stood, grabbing her bowl and storming off. "I don't have to take this bullshit."


Lorna just looked down at her bowl as the sound of Violet stomping across the room faded away until she slammed the door behind her.
"I...I'm gonna go too." Lorna said, grabbing her own bowl and getting up without looking at anyone.
"Welcome to the house, Phil." Ashleigh said. "I promise, it's usually WAY more chill than this."
Phil winced as Lorna shut the door behind her.



"Yeah...sorry..."

"Oh, relax! I'm totally jealous of you! Vi's tits are incredible. I'd not have said no either." Ashleigh carried on slurping up noodles. "I'm just impressed you had the balls to do it. Way to go, my dude."

"Yeah...thanks..."

"Some advice." Ashleigh said. "Eat some of that ramen. Even if you're not hungry. Force it down. Try a bit of everything, then go thank Lorna. She made it for you. It'll help her to hear you liked it."

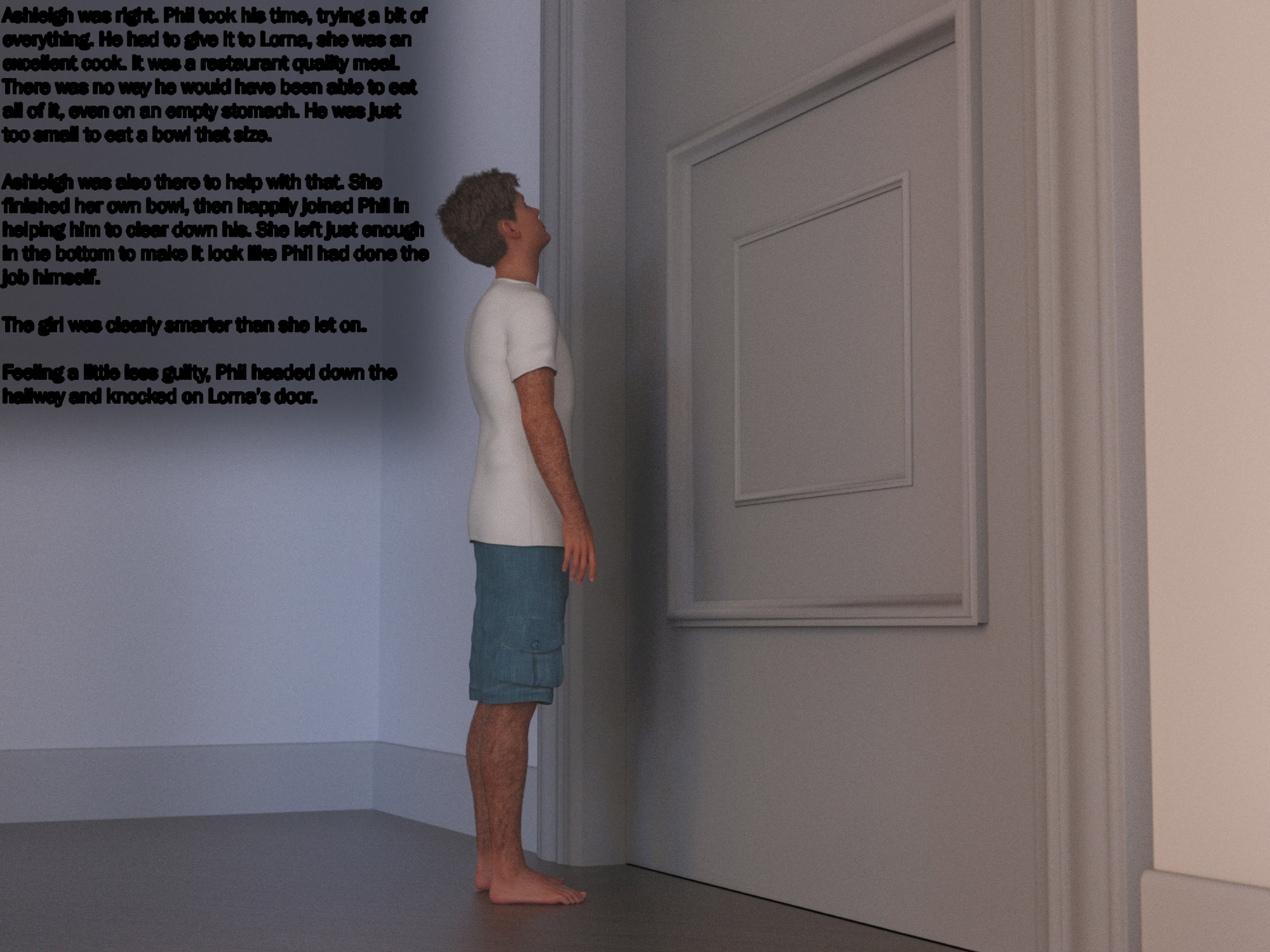
"Ok...good idea." Phil agreed, picking up his fork.

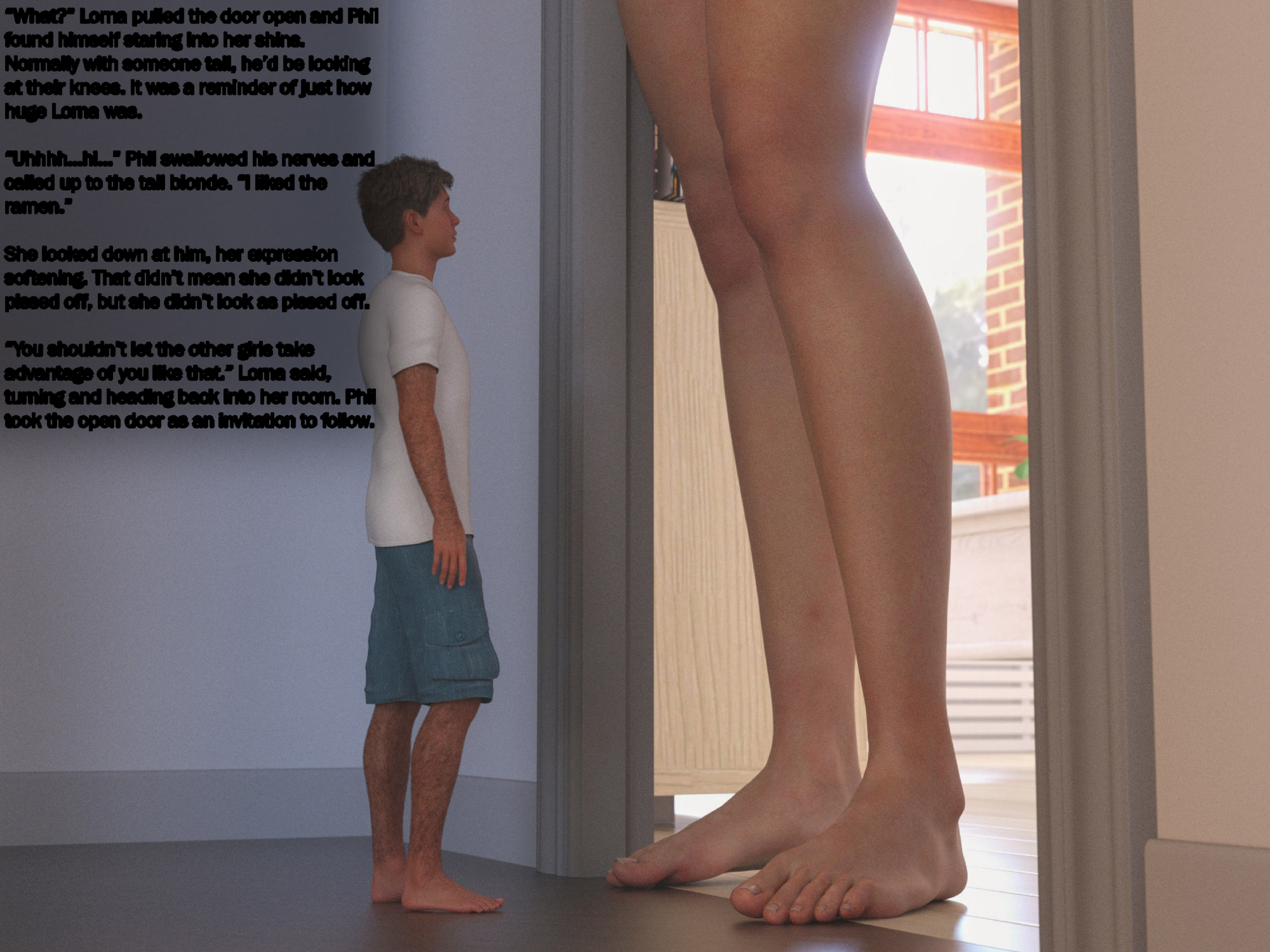
Ashleigh was right. Phil took his time, trying a bit of everything. He had to give it to Lorna, she was an excellent cook. It was a restaurant quality meal. There was no way he would have been able to eat all of it, even on an empty stomach. He was just too small to eat a bowl that size.

Ashleigh was also there to help with that. She finished her own bowl, then happily joined Phil in helping him to clear down his. She left just enough in the bottom to make it look like Phil had done the job himself.

The girl was clearly smarter than she let on.

Feeling a little less guilty, Phil headed down the hallway and knocked on Lorna's door.




"What?" Lorna pulled the door open and Phil found himself staring into her shins. Normally with someone tall, he'd be looking at their knees. It was a reminder of just how huge Lorna was.

"Uhhhh...hi..." Phil swallowed his nerves and called up to the tall blonde. "I liked the ramen."

She looked down at him, her expression softening. That didn't mean she didn't look pissed off, but she didn't look as pissed off.

"You shouldn't let the other girls take advantage of you like that." Lorna said, turning and heading back into her room. Phil took the open door as an invitation to follow.


"I know. She didn't take advantage of me. Promise." Phil said.
Lorna pushed the door shut, reaching over him. She wanted to talk, which was a good sign. Phil couldn't let himself out so he was going to have to get this right.
"You alright in here? You seemed pretty upset." Phil pointed out.
"Oh, I'm just fine." Lorna said, clearly not fine. "I'm just doing yoga. You know, a normal activity?"
Phil took a breath, calming his nerves. "Mind....mind if I watch?"
Lorna shrugged and returned to her mat. Phil took that as a yes.
Best Piano Music


"Lorna, Violet didn't take advantage of me. I really do mean that. I'm sorry I was too full for dinner. I did sit and eat most of it. I have no idea how you got the pork that soft, despite it sitting in the broth."
"So, you just decided to...do that...because..." she trailed off, leaving the question hanging in the air.
"Because I genuinely felt bad for her. Because she was nice to me. She was sore, because of me. She's clearly unhappy and torn between finishing her work here and going home. It made her feel better and I don't regret that." Phil explained.


Phil watched as Lorna pulled her long limbs into herself, then rose up high into the air. He found it hard not to stare, she was perfection itself.
"You're here because people were abusing you. We're here to look after you. Not the other way around." Lorna said.
"Whoa, hang on there. That's not fair!" She had struck a nerve. "I get it. I'm small. I'm pretty helpless, but I've got my pride, even if there's not a lot of it. I don't want to be carried. I want to help where I can. I want to be friends with all of you and help you all like you help me."


Lorna didn't reply. She carried on with her stretches. Phil felt like he had an opening, so he kept going.

"I don't want to be a charity case, Lorna. I just met you guys, and honestly, you all seem really nice. It's been a long time since I've actually had friends. I WANT to be friends. I don't want it to be a one-way friendship. I...I just want to be normal. Do you understand?"


"I do..." Lorna lowered her body down, stretching her arms and legs out. Phil decided to join her. He'd never done yoga before, but he figured it couldn't hurt to try. It could be a way to bond with Lorna. "What you also need to understand is that I want to be your friend too. I think we all want to be your friend, but there's a power imbalance. Whether you want to admit it or not, it exists. You shouldn't let people take advantage of that."
"I know..."
"Whether they're a friend or not..." Lorna added.

Phil stepped back as Lorna pulled her legs under herself and rose up once more. She turned away from him, unable to look at him as she focused on her workout. Working out had always helped to calm her down. It was just unusual for the thing that had riled her to follow her around as she did.

"I will admit, I do get a little uncomfortable." Phil admitted. "Ashleigh is...intense. She means well but she's a handful. Vi...I know how she sees me. I don't want her to always look at me and think of me like that. I'm a grown man, so I need to set some boundaries there."





"Good...you need some proper boundaries." Lorna agreed, still stretching up towards the ceiling. "Ashleigh may act like a ditz a lot of the time, but she's the smartest out of all of us. Probably the smartest person on campus."

Phil's mind missed that particular piece of information as his attention drifted to Lorna stretching. Her figure was incredible. Everyone looked huge to him, but Lorna...she was something else. Her ass was just...wow. It was round and firm, with enough soft fat to make it inviting but clearly held a solid layer of muscle underneath.

He imagined what it would be like to be sat on by her. Then quickly his mind extrapolated, wondering what it would be like to be stuck in her yoga pants. He didn't need to be much smaller than he was for that to become reality.


"Phil?"

He realised she'd been talking. He'd been so engrossed in her ass he'd not heard a word she said.

"Yeah...yeah, I understand..." he said, hoping it was the right answer. Her smile told him it was.

Lorna dropped to the mat and did...something...kicking her legs over her head and using her arms to support herself until her arms were over her head. It looked incredible, watching something so big move with such poise and grace. Phil decided to give it a go as well.


"You might want to take it easy. This is a pretty adve—"
Phil barely got his legs over his head before he lost his balance, wobbled, tried to correct, but instead swung his legs way too far out to the side and tumbled to the floor. Lorna couldn't help but laugh as she held herself upside down and the little man fell to the yoga mat.
"Yeah...maybe I overdid that..." he admitted.
"I think you did." She laughed, carefully setting herself back down.


Phil once again found himself looking up at Lorna, his brain locking up. Only this time, he wasn't the only one who spotted it.
"You alright there?" she asked, looking down at him over her shoulder.
"Yeah...sorry..." Phil looked away, realising she'd caught him staring.
Lorna swung a leg out, stretching out to the side.



She'd not asked him to leave or step back, so Phil figured he was in the clear. He marvelled once more as Lorna stretched overhead. He was used to feeling small, but it was ridiculous how long her limbs were compared to him.

"Sorry...I guess I must look pretty terrifying from your perspective." She said, up above.

"Terrifying?" Phil scoffed. "More like amazing. I've no idea how you do that. Like, everyone is huge to me. But they're huge and clumsy. You're...the total opposite."

If Phil had been able to see Lorna's face, he would have seen her going bright red.


"It's sort of the same for me. Everyone is small....I try to make myself nimble, so I fit in better. Yoga helps there. I figured eventually I'll find a guy who's not terrified of me. When that happens, I'd like to not accidentally knock him down or something."
As Lorna set her feet back down on the centre of the mat, Phil reached out and grabbed her calf, wrapping himself around it.
"Uhhhh....you alright there?" Lorna looked down at him, amused.
"Yeah, I just figured you needed a hug and this is the best I can do." Phil said.


"I did...thank you." Lorna smiled. "It was lovely."
She let Phil take a step back before she spread her legs apart once more. Phil watched her, his eyes briefly lingering on her ass again before he forced himself to look away. It was a good thing too. Lorna swung her long torso down between her legs until her head was almost at the floor.
"Whoa!" Phil almost leapt back in surprise. "Wow, that is impressive."
Lorna laughed. "I just wanted to let you look down at me for a change."

"Oh..." Phil shifted nervously. He wasn't sure what to say.

"Come here..." Lorna grinned at him.

Phil took a couple of steps closer. It was...strange. Her face was right there, but her legs stood either side of him, framing him, with her torso looming overhead. The little man almost jumped out of his skin as Lorna somehow leaned in even closer, her soft, warm lips pressing into his cheek. He couldn't help but feel giddy, leaning into her kiss.

"Thank you...for finishing the ramen." She added, sounding a little nervous.

"Thanks for being...the nicest person in the universe." Phil replied. It was Lorna's turn to blush.


Things got a little awkward. Neither Phil nor Lorna were sure why, but they both found themselves tripping over their words and feeling more than a little nervous.

"I...uhhhh...think I should probably shower." Lorna said, needing to find some way to break the tension.

"Right...yeah..." Phil said, unsure what else to say. He followed Lorna out of her room, having to remind himself not to follow her into the bathroom.

"Feel free to drop by, any time you like." Lorna said.

"I will. See you later, Lorna." He said, watching her disappear behind the bathroom door.


"Hoooco-leeeeee-craaaaaaaap!" Phil slumped back against the wall, letting out a long breath it felt like he'd been holding in for half an hour.

"You just met the girl, Phil. Don't fall in love with her." He told himself aloud. He needed to distract himself, otherwise he'd just sit there outside the bathroom pining for her, and that would just be weird. He walked up to the next door. He could hear music coming from inside. Music and Ashleigh singing.

He gave it a solid knock and hoped she'd hear him.

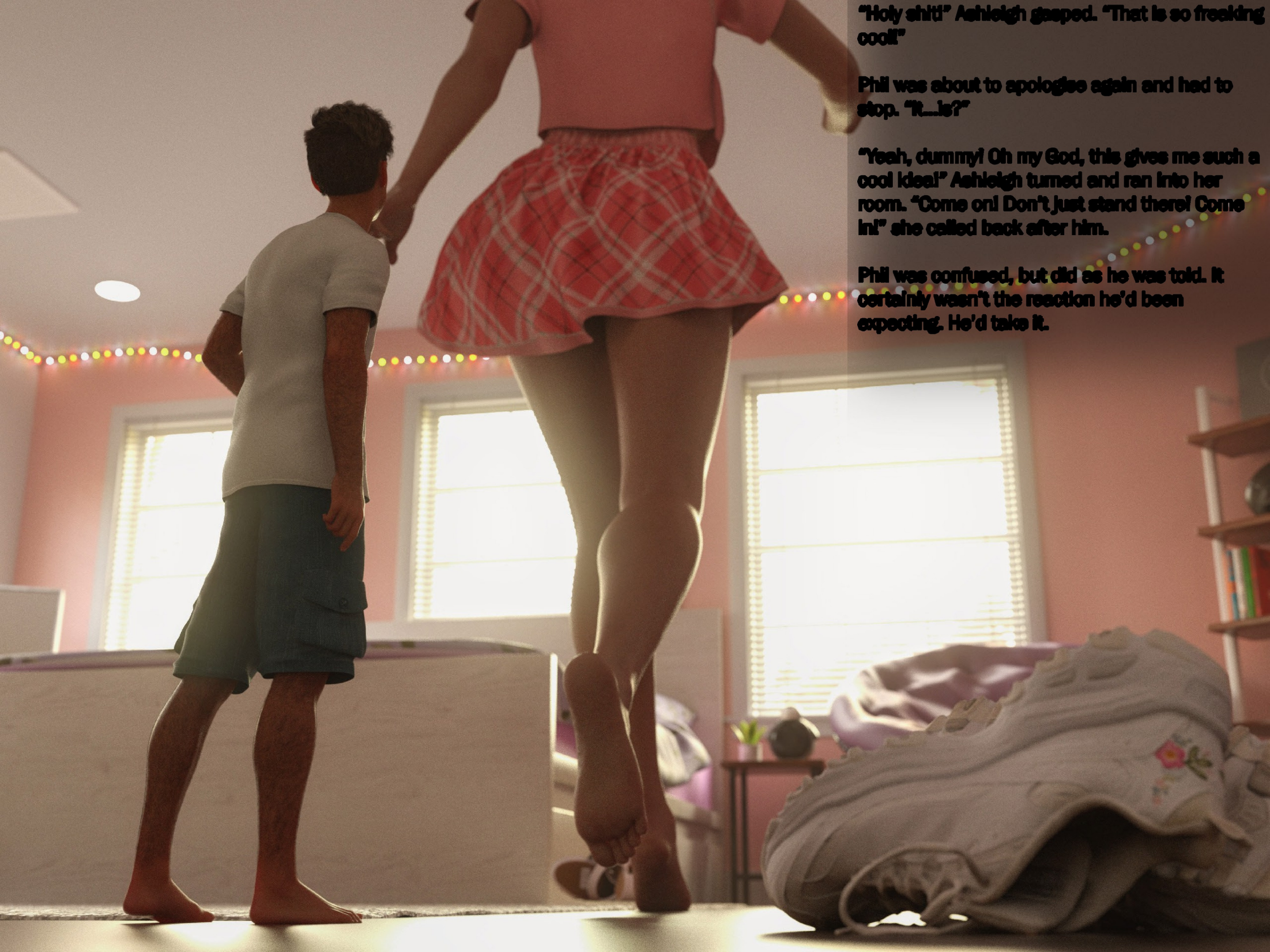


A moment later the music stopped and Ashleigh opened the door, looking straight down to Phil. "Hey you! Patch things up with Lorna?"

"I did. Thanks." He said, looking up and finding himself somewhat lost for words. Ashleigh was wearing a short skirt and a crop top. That was it. No underwear. Phil could see...everything. He pulled himself together, dragging his eyes up to hers. "That was good advice. Thank you."

"I'm not just a pretty face." Ashleigh smirked.


"Ashleigh...sorry..." Phil bit his lip. He didn't want to come across like a creep, but he didn't want to lie to her either. Not after she'd looked out for him so much. He owed her that.
"Sorry? Why?"
"I don't want to come across like a creep, so I'm just gonna say it." He sighed, hoping this wasn't a mistake. "You're not wearing any underwear. I'm knee-height. I can see everything...you know..."
Ashleigh's eyes widened and Phil waited for the yelling to start.



"Holy shit!" Ashleigh gasped. "That is so freaking cool!"

Phil was about to apologise again and had to stop. "It...is?"

"Yeah, dummy! Oh my God, this gives me such a cool idea!" Ashleigh turned and ran into her room. "Come on! Don't just stand there! Come in!" she called back after him.

Phil was confused, but did as he was told. It certainly wasn't the reaction he'd been expecting. He'd take it.


"Here!" she rushed back over to Phil, shoving a phone into his hands. "I wanna see!"
"Uhhhh...see what?" he asked, confused.
"What I look like from your perspective! Duh!" she laughed. "Come on! Take a picture! Make it hot!"
Phil blinked, only now realising she had the camera app open and ready. "Ooooco...k. If you're sure."

"I am! Shoot me!" Ashleigh struck a casual pose above him.

Despite how odd this all was, it was certainly better than the reaction he'd been expecting. Phil just decided to roll with it. He took a couple of steps towards her, pointing the camera up so there was a good view of both underneath her skirt and her top, plus some of her face too.

"Done..." he said, once he'd pushed the button and the camera had clicked.




"Lemme see! Lemme see!" Ashleigh was practically bouncing on her heels. Phil passed her up the phone.
"Ahhhhh!" she squealed with joy. "Phil! This shot is amazing!"
"It...is?"
"Yeah! My fans are gonna love this!" she beamed.
"Fans?"
Hello caticorn


Ashleigh paused, as if understanding for the first time that Phil wasn't following what she was saying. She knelt down in front of him.

"Yes, my fans. I have a page online where I post pictures of myself and people send me money." She explained.

"Oooooh. Right." Phil understood.

"I think they'd really get a kick out of seeing some pictures of me from your perspective." Ashleigh slipped the phone into Phil's hand. "How about it? Will you take some pictures of me? I'll be very...very grateful."

There was no way he could possibly say no.

"You pose, I shoot." Phil shrugged, trying to appear calmer than he actually was.

"Yes! You're the best, Phil!" Ashleigh did a twirl, sending her skirt flying up. "Let's do some from the back!"

Phil, in no mood to object, happily snapped pictures and Ashleigh giggled. "C'mon, you don't need to stay rooted to the spot. Move around and find the best angles."

He was definitely happy to oblige.




"What next?" Ashleigh asked, testing to see how involved Phil really was.
"Uhhhh...you sit on the bed?" he suggested. "I've an idea for some cool shots. Just keep your legs open.
Ashleigh laughed and rushed to her bed, spreading her legs wide. "I like your thinking..."
As he searched for the shot he had in mind, Phil had to get closer and closer and closer to the barely dressed, towering redhead. So close he was practically under her skirt.
Hello caticorn!



"How's it looking?" Ashleigh asked, holding her pose.

"In...credible..." Phil said, taking more pictures. He had wanted both her lower lips and her boobs in the shot, and boy, had he gotten what he wanted. Ashleigh didn't even seem to care how close he was. He could feel the heat radiating from her body. He could smell her womanhood, right there in front of him.

She thought this was fun. What the hell was happening!?


"OH! I wanna try something!" Ashleigh got up and stepped clear over Phil's head. She stood in the middle of her floor, legs twisted out and looking a little kooky. "I want you to take a shot with me looking like I have no idea what's happening. Get right underneath me."
"Uhhhh...yeah...anything you want!" Phil could not believe his luck. The only way this could get any better was if Ashleigh were Lorna instead.
Hello caticorn!


"Goddamn..." Phil gasped, gazing up at the beautiful sight above. A sight he never thought he'd see.
"I guess you got a good angle then?" Ashleigh tittered, staying totally still.
"Yeah...you could say that."

"Alright, that's enough with clothes on. Let's try naked!" Ashleigh declared.
"Wh....wh....wheeeeal?" Phil couldn't believe what was happening.
"Oh, will you relax!? You can see everything anyway!" she laughed, chucking her shirt to the floor.


"There! So much better!" Ashleigh smirked as Phil gaped up at her. "You're batting pretty well today. You've seen the boobs of two out of your three new housemates. Unless you and Lorna were up to something I don't know about..."
"Uhhhhh..." Phil couldn't speak. He could only stare.
"Thought so!" she laughed. "Now come on! That's enough time to get used to me naked. More pictures!"

"Right...got it..." Phil took a breath and focused. All he wanted to do was to actually play with those boobs, but they were well out of reach. He suspected even if he were a normal height, they still would have been well out of his reach, so he was just going to enjoy what he could and save as many mental pictures for later.

"Damn..." he said, taking his first shot of Ashleigh entirely nude.

"That's what I like to hear. Take more!"





"How're you doing down there?" Ashleigh asked after a few more minutes of picture taking.

"Oh...you know. This is like...complete insanity. A couple of days ago I was getting bullied mercilessly. Now..." Phil shrugged and held up the camera.

"I bet your head is spinning a bit." Ashleigh said. "Just know, I don't believe in leaving a guy blue-balled. You're not the first fella who's done pictures for me and you won't be the last. So if you think you're walking out of here with just some mental snaps to take away, you've got another thing coming."

Phil suddenly went from happy to a mix of terror and sheer joy.

"Hehe...don't worry. I'll take good care of you! Now, more pictures."

Ashleigh turned, giving Phil a good view of her ass. She stretched her arms over her head, arching her back and twisting to show a little boob too.

Phil enthusiastically snapped away, taking picture after picture. He was doing his best not to blow a load in his underwear before Ashleigh even got to the promised reward. He couldn't remember a time in his life where he'd ever been this hard.





"Alright! Last shot! Let's make it a good one!" Ashleigh grinned down at Phil, then stepped over him, setting her legs either side of him. "You don't mind me standing over you like this? It's a bit rude, I know–"

"But the shot is so hot!" Phil cut her off, snapping away. "Great idea!"

"Goddamn..." he muttered under his breath. He had everything in this one. Her pussy, her ass, her tits hanging forward as she leaned down. Not to mention that beautiful face looking right at him. "There!" he announced. "Done!"


"Oh! Lemme see! Lemme see!" Ashleigh was practically bouncing, an action which slowed Phil's brain down quite a lot when she wanted him to move quickly. "Come on! Less staring, more giving!"
That got Phil's brain moving and he handed Ashleigh back her phone. The redhead quickly hit the gallery and started scrolling through the pictures.



"Wow....wow....oh my....wow...." Ashleigh repeated as she cycled through the pictures Phil had taken. "Phil, these are incredible. I'm not just saying that. It's not just your perspective, you've got a real gift for framing. I can see now why you were asking me to twist and move. You were getting the light on my curves. Holy shit, you're a proper photographer!"

"Heh....thanks...." he said.


"Ahhhh! These are gonna do so well!" Ashleigh squealed with delight. She bent down, wrapped her arms around Phil and pulled him into her, lifting him off the ground and squeezing him in a bear hug. A bear hug against her bare chest.
"We make an awesome team, Phil! I promise, I'll give you a cut of whatever I make, OK? Maybe we can make this a regular thing if it does well?"
"Sure..." Phil grunted, feeling his bones creaking.



Ashleigh spun, then looked down at Phil, biting her lip. "Do I feel something...hard?"

Phil went red. His boner was pressing into her chest. There was no way she wouldn't feel it.

"I...I..."

She held him out, holding his weight in one hand, then pinched his obvious erection with the other. "Yeah, I can't leave you like this. I owe you a proper 'thank you'. What would you like?" she asked.



"Uhhhh....to play with your boobs?" Phil asked nervously.

Ashleigh laughed. "You're getting that anyway." She dropped him on the bed and bent down. "Go nuts." She said.

Phil couldn't believe it. This was really happening. He reached up, massaging the warm, firm orb floating over his head. It felt amazing. Like the way boobs did in his mind. He'd had sex before, but it hadn't been proper sex. It hadn't involved all the fun bits that came before. He started to play with her nipple, marvelling at how it felt in his grip.


"Enjoying yourself there?" Ashleigh asked.
"Ohhh yeah...thank you..." Phil's eyes never left her boobs.
"You want some advice?"
"Uhhh...sure..."
"My nipples aren't a radio dial. Caress, massage, twiddle. Don't tweak like that. The other hand is good though. Girls like that." Ashleigh explained.
"Oh! Yeah! Right...sorry..." Phil blushed.



"No." Ashleigh said flatly. "You don't apologise. Communication, tenderness and respect are how we learn to be good lovers. You understand? You don't like something, or you do like something you have to say it."

"Got it." Phil replied.

"Good." Ashleigh stood up. "Now take off your clothes."

Two minutes later Phil was standing totally naked in front of Ashleigh. Despite her brazenly forward attitude, Phil couldn't help but cover his raging boner out of embarrassment.

"Oh Phil, you are so damn cute." She giggled.



"Heh....really?"

"Yes! Really!" She said. "Now, tell me. Have you ever had sex with a girl?"

Phil nodded. "Yeah....once. This girl in my first year at college did it for a bet. I knew what it was, but I was happy to go along with it."

"Well....not the most loving experience. What about a blowjob?" she asked.

He shook his head.


"Ooooh! There we go then! I'll give you your first blowjob. It'll be one to remember too. I promise." Ashleigh grinned. "If you want me to."
"On...only if you want to." Phil stammered.
"Of course I do!" Ashleigh grinned. "Wow, Phil. Don't take this the wrong way, but I figured your cock would be pretty teeny. If you were normal height, this thing would be smashing me in my kidneys! I can definitely work with this!"
"Ehhh...thanks?"


"Alright, there's no reason to be nervous. Promise. I just want you to enjoy this. Just relax. Don't worry about me. If you want me to stop, just say so. Otherwise, I'll keep going right until I think you're done. All I want to do is make you happy, OK?"

"OK..."

Phil watched as Ashleigh's eyes held his gaze, her head lowering towards his cock. Her lips opened wide. He felt her breath on his dick and...


His cock exploded.

He didn't feel it coming. One second he was waiting with barely contained glee, the next he was groaning, his body wracked with spasms as he experienced one of the most powerful orgasms of his life.

"AH!!" Ashleigh yelped. With no time to get out of the way, she took a full squirt right to the face.

"Ughhhh..." Phil groaned, realising this was only the beginning.


"Oh...oh, wow..." Ashleigh giggled. She'd taken three full squirts to the face by the time Phil stopped. She watched the little man as he seemed to deflate once his orgasm ended, like he'd squirted the life out of himself.
"Shit! Oh, shit!" Phil suddenly panicked as he saw Ashleigh in front of him, covered in his jizz. "I...I...I'm so sorry!"
"Nah! This is on me. I should have realised I'd overheated you. Should have let you cool down first. My bad." She said.


"But...but...I did..."
"Oh, relax! This isn't my first facial! They're fun! Good for the skin!" Ashleigh stood. "Gotta say, little dude, I'm impressed with the amount you packed in there."
"Really?"
"Yeah! Really!" Ashleigh giggled. "Now, let me get cleaned up..."



Phil waited nervously as Ashleigh went to her makeup table and used some wet wipes to clean herself up. He wasn't sure what was going to happen next. Would she try to start over? Was she done?

A minute later, Ashleigh walked back over and knelt down beside Phil. She wrapped an arm around him and kissed him on the cheek. "You're the perfect gentleman, you know that?"

"Even if I blew my load early?" he asked shyly."

"Honey, I have that effect. Believe me, it's not just you." Ashleigh stated plainly.


"So...you're not, like, disappointed in me?" he asked.
Ashleigh gently picked the little man, cradling him to her chest. "No honey, I'm not. I'm disappointed in myself for not seeing you needed to chill out. The mood is kind'a gone now. I promise you'll get that BJ though. Just not tonight. I want you to not be so overstimulated you don't enjoy it properly, understand?"
"I do..."
"C'mon. I wanna cuddle." Ashleigh got into bed.



She lay back, leaving Phil lying across her chest. He slipped an arm up to steady himself, and just so happened to cup her boob in the process.

"Going for a feel, eh?" Ashleigh chuckled. "Good man. Show some confidence."

"You don't mind?" he asked.

"Nah. Guys love falling asleep holding a boob. I can't really blame them." She said.

"You're going to sleep?" he asked.

"Probably. It's late and I'm tired. I'm sure you're tired too. It's been a big day for you." She said.



It was truly remarkable how quickly Ashleigh fell asleep. One minute she was laughing with him, the next she was out.

It was also remarkable just how odd Phil felt. Two days ago he would have killed to be in bed with a beautiful woman. Now, here he was, fondling a boob half his size as he lay atop one of the most beautiful women he'd ever met. A woman who was gentle, kind and was trying to introduce him properly into the world of physical relationships.

It was everything he'd dreamed of for years.

Yet all he wanted was to be in Lorna's room instead.



"Gah!" Phil squeaked. At some point he'd also fallen asleep. It was hard not to, lying atop his soft, warm bed. His sleep had been peaceful, right up until Ashleigh had rolled over, her arms grabbing him and cuddling him tight.

Too tight.

"Mmmm...teddy..." Ashleigh cooed as she slept.

"Agh! Ashleigh...a little...help!"


7 ft.
81”
78”
75”
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69”
66”
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Weight: 6723lbs
Weight: 3726lbs