LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS 2

BY OHH

Phil and the girls had started to settle into a new routine. As annoyed as Vi had been having a new roommate dropped on her, she had designated herself as Phil's defacto 'house-mother', helping him with the day-to-day tasks he found difficult. Without being asked to, or any kind of complaint, Vi took care of his laundry, bathed or showered him and usually took care of his meals.

Whether they be in liquid or solid form.

He had his own room and his own bed, but Phil understood what Vi was doing for him, was also for her. He showed his gratitude by being there for her when she was lonely, which was pretty much every night, and that usually meant falling asleep together. Usually with a belly full of warm, fresh milk.

Though sleeping with a woman who saw you as a little human teddy bear came with risks.

“Gah! Shit! Vi!” Phil groaned. He’d been warm and cosy and happily dreaming and he’d woken up to getting smothered by his overeager blanket. There was no hope of him moving her. She was just too big and too heavy. Too asleep as well. He was pretty sure her boobs outweighed him. Hell, one of her boobs might well outweigh him. He focused at first on keeping his face from getting totally smothered. That way he could at least breathe.

Being smothered in his sleep by a massive, soft tit was not something Phil had ever envisaged being in his future. It was only a little over a week ago he was getting constantly tormented.

“Vi...please...” he continued as he struggled under her impossible weight.

Above him, Vi moaned in her sleep and settled yet more of her weight on top of him as she shifted and relaxed. It wasn’t working. He was going to need to try something else.

He decided on tickling. Phil had learned over the last week that not only were Vi's boobs big, they were sensitive. Being overfull for so long made her very aware of any sensation, no matter how small.

"Come on Vi..." Phil said, dancing his fingers along her boob. "Ah coochie-coochie-coo..."

Vi shifted. Not a lot, but enough to let Phil know she was feeling it. He redoubled his efforts.

“Ehhhhh…wha…” Vi mumbled, her sleep-addled mind aware of…something…but not exactly what.

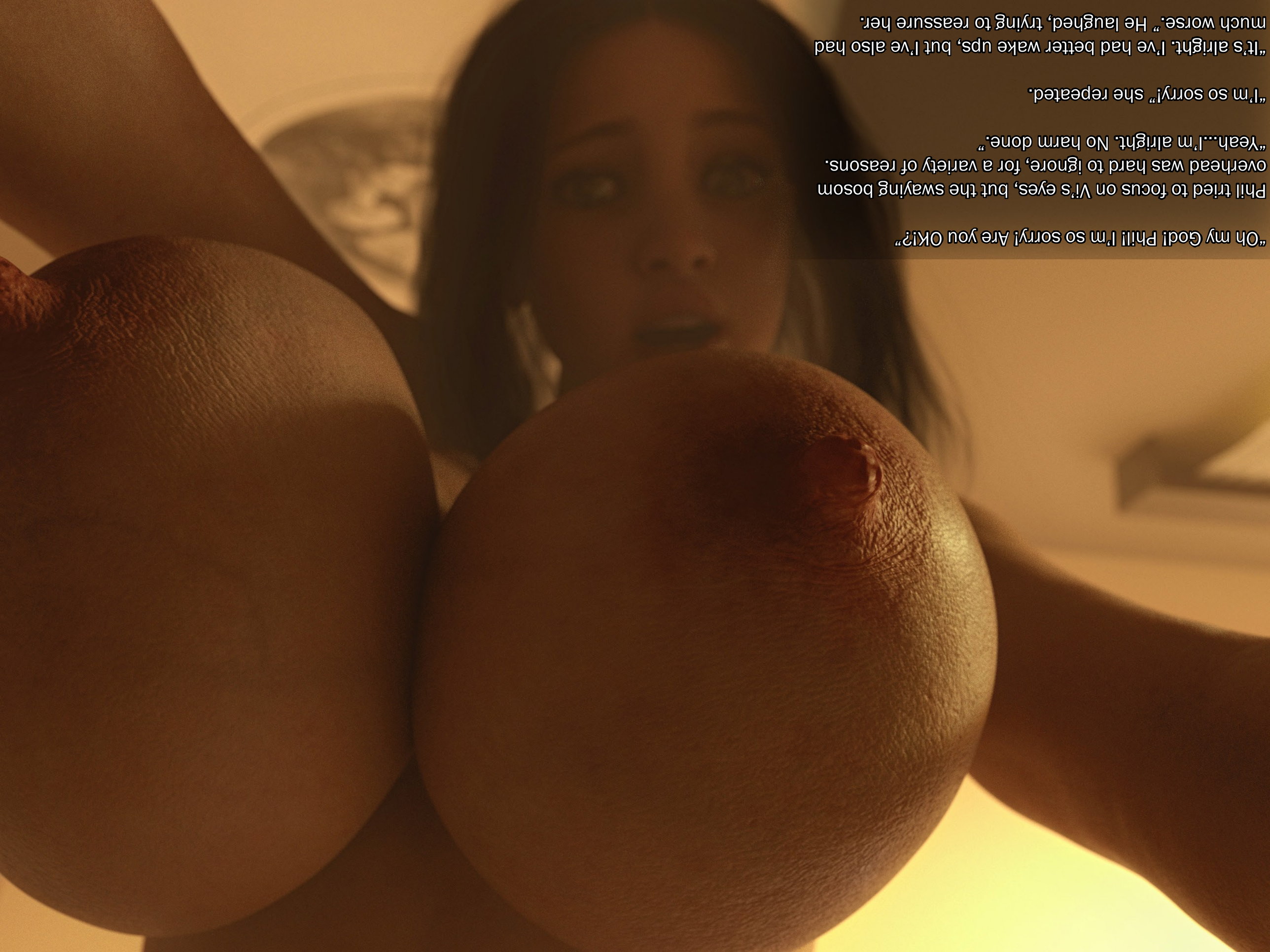
“Vi! Hey! Vi!” a voice was calling her. “Can you…like…move!?”

“Move? Why?” She really wanted to go back to sleep. The sun wasn’t even fully up yet.

“VI! You’re crushing me!”

Like a switch, her mind came on all at once. It was Phil. She could hear him, and now feel him. She was lying on top of him.

“Shit!” she yelped, pushing herself up off him as fast as she could.



“Oh my God! Phil! I’m so sorry! Are you OK!?”

Phil tried to focus on Vi’s eyes, but the swaying bosom overhead was hard to ignore, for a variety of reasons.

“Yeah...I’m alright. No harm done.”

“I’m so sorry!” she repeated.

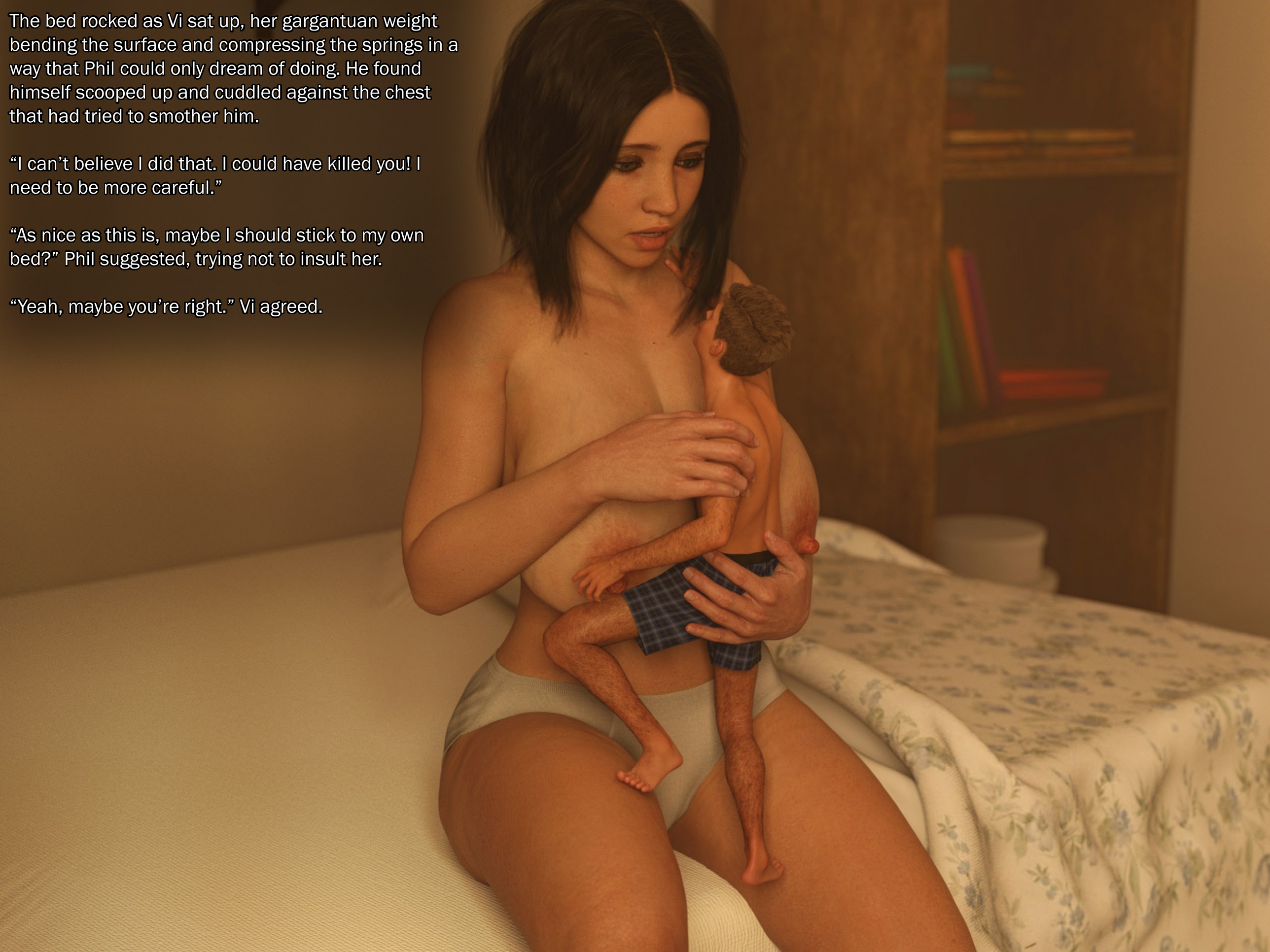
“It’s alright. I’ve had better wake ups, but I’ve also had much worse.” He laughed, trying to reassure her.

The bed rocked as Vi sat up, her gargantuan weight bending the surface and compressing the springs in a way that Phil could only dream of doing. He found himself scooped up and cuddled against the chest that had tried to smother him.

“I can’t believe I did that. I could have killed you! I need to be more careful.”

“As nice as this is, maybe I should stick to my own bed?” Phil suggested, trying not to insult her.

“Yeah, maybe you’re right.” Vi agreed.



She glanced down. Down past him. “It would also probably stop my tits from aching so much all the time.

“Oh…” Phil couldn’t help but laugh. “Yeah, maybe it would.”

“I don’t suppose you’re hungry?” Vi bit her lip.

“I could eat.” Phil announced cheerfully.

Vi lay back in bed, letting Phil fall to her stomach. “Good, because I didn’t want to force feed, but I would have.”

Phil laughed, gazing up at her. “I believe you!”

“You…you don’t mind all this?” Vi asked. “You don’t have to…”

Phil shrugged. “It’s good stuff. If I had a problem, I’d tell you. Or Lorna.”

That made Vi laugh. “Yeah, I suppose. She’d sort me out good. Please tell me and not Lorna if this ever becomes an issue.”

“Promise.” Phil said. He pulled himself up atop Vi’s left boob. He knew from experience that one got fuller, faster. Getting comfortable, he opened his jaw wide and took her nipple into his mouth. Letting his weight fall onto her boob immediately started a fountain of warm, sweet milk into his mouth. He started to feed.



The second time Vi had fed him, it had been more awkward than the first. It had been late, there'd been no bath involved. She'd just had the urge and couldn't resist knocking on Phil's door. A week in, and it was almost routine now. She was grateful for that. He'd not asked for anything in return, so she'd done her best to take care of him.

She felt a swell of warmth and affection for the little man and reached out to stroke his hair.



Vi wasn't dumb. She knew where all of her own feelings were coming from. Her body wanted, no, needed someone to mother and Phil had appeared to let her fill that hole in her life. Even if it was a little degrading for him. She hoped he enjoyed it as much as she did though.

"Mmmmm...thank you." Vi cooed, stroking his head some more. "You're doing so well. I'm so full and this really helps. Just try not to guzzle. You'll get a tummy ache."

Vi cringed a little, realising she'd briefly forgotten he was a grown man. A man who knew how not to overdo things and when to stop chowing down on her boob. It was so hard not to see him like that though. Her maternal instincts were so strong. He was so small already, if he were to curl up, he could have fit in her belly.

She let her mind wander, unable to stop it. Vi knew what it was like to have a little life inside of her. What it felt like. If she closed her eyes, she could feel Phil in there now, curled up in her womb.



Her hand drifted across her belly, feeling how it would feel if Phil were inside her. Alarmingly, she found the thought more than a little arousing. To have a grown man inside of her. His body connected to hers. His entire being, contained, nourished and protected within her.

What would it be like for him? To have her all around him. To hear her heart beating and her life as he was held within her.

It'd be hard to imagine Phil enjoying it as much as she thought she would. It would be claustrophobic and mind-numbingly dull to be compressed by the same round walls all the time. She could imagine him trying to kick his way out. Being so small, it'd probably be nothing more than a tickle with a bump on her bump.

She felt herself getting more and more turned on by that thought. She needed to stop.

Hoping to distract herself and break out of her spiralling fantasy, Vi reached across and grabbed her phone. She hit an icon for a news site, deciding that current events and the boring, mundane horrors of existence would be enough to throw a bucket of cold water on her libido.

For Phil's part, he was still happily chugging away, blissfully unaware of the horrific daydream she'd been having about him.

Scrolling through her phone helped. Vi felt herself starting to cool off, and even feel a little ashamed about the intrusive thoughts. Phil didn't so much as move other than to keep guzzling away.

"Hey, you should probably switch." Vi said, realising he might not even be conscious enough to do that himself. "I don't want to end up with one drained and the other full.

Phil unlatched, his bleary-eyed face looking up at her. She could feel her boob refilling from just looking at him. "Uhhhh...sure..." he said, not sounding full awake.



Vi shook her head, finding the whole thing too cute. “Come on. I think you need to wake up a little or you might pass out.”

Before her sleepy little man could react, Vi rolled onto her side, tossing Phil onto the bed with a yelp. It was a little mean, but it would wake him up. He would want to be wide-awake for his classes, after all.

“Come on, I hope you’ve room for seconds.” She cupped her breast up to his face.

“As long as this isn’t like...me taking advantage of you. I don’t want you to think–”

“I thought I was taking advantage of you?” Vi cut him off. “You’re having to chug down my milk, after all. That’s got to be a bit weird.”

Phil blushed. “It’s kind’a nice. And relaxing.”

Vi scooted towards him, thrusting her nipple into his mouth and burying his face in her tit. “Well, in that case, dig in.”

Phil groaned in a mixture of surprise and pleasure as he found his mouth full of warm, rich milk once more. He honestly did feel a little weird with just how much he enjoyed this. He was a grown man, in his twenties, at college, and yet here he was, snuggling up with a woman who wanted nothing more than to look after him, his face buried in her bosom and her breast milk in his belly.

It was heavenly, but it really was confusing.

“Huh…” Vi said as she scrolled through her email. She hadn’t expected anything interesting. Just the usual noise from her PhD colleagues and supervisors. Instead, there was a conference invite. She’d received an invitation due to her genetics research.

‘Genetic manipulation of living humans - future tech or now?’ she read in her mind. Scrolling through the summary, it seemed fascinating. She accepted the invitation.

A noise at her breast brought her back to the room. Phil was making satisfied cooing noises. She looked down at him, unable to not smile. She could feel her boobs inflating again just from watching him.

Phil had already been feeling pretty full and sleepy when the flow suddenly picked up again. He had no idea where the hell it had come from. He'd been happily suckling, then he started half choking as Vi's milk filled his mouth. He drank faster, trying to keep up, but he was already overfull.

"Mmmffh...Mmmppphh..." he groaned with each mouthful. He needed to stop, but he didn't want to disappoint Violet.

“Yeah…” Vi giggled. “I think you’re only making it worse now. I think these puppies are filling up faster from your cuteness than you can drain them.”

With a gasp, Phil unlatched, rolling away. He felt a spray of milk hit his chest as Vi’s boob kept the flow up. “S…seriously!?” he panted.

“I know. It’s just nature. Can you believe I used to have C-cups before I had a baby?” Vi chuckled.

She scooped Phil up, cradling him on her side.

“Guess you’re a bit of an overachiever, eh?” Phil smiled up at her. “This, the PhD, you seem to give it all to whatever it is you do.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere, Mister. Now come on. I think we could both do with a shower. I’ve a class to teach in a bit.” Vi said, then made for the bathroom, Phil still on her hip.



Vi was humming, the sound pleasantly reverberating around the tiled bathroom, mixing with the background hiss of the shower running. It was all so gentle and banal. The barely noticeable background static of human existence, but something that had been alien to Phil up until a week ago.

Now he had it, he never wanted to lose it.

“Dumty dummm dummmmm…” Vi carried on humming, the water splashing on the floor as she held her hand under the shower’s steady stream. He could feel the heat starting to radiate out as the water came up to temperature.

His eyes tracked upwards, idly looking around him. It wasn’t until his eyes lingered on Vi’s ass that he realised he was staring. She had a great ass. Round and big with wide-set hips. It sounded like she’d been a lot smaller before she became a mother. The look definitely suited her.



“Oooooh...that’s perfect.” Vi groaned, stepping under the water and turning to face her shower buddy. She arched her back, letting the water cascade over and through her thick hair until it fell in rivulets down her body.

“Not gonna join me?” Vi asked.

“Trying to...you’re kinda blocking it.” He laughed.



“Sorry, give me a minute and I’ll make some room.” Vi said.

“Take your time.” Phil shrugged. He wasn’t going to complain. Standing in the shower, watching Vi’s chest wobble from side to side, occasionally bouncing, was almost hypnotising. It was strange to think he was growing aroused from watching her like this. He’d spent the last half hour trying to drain milk from those things. He shouldn’t see them that way.

It wasn’t the first time he’d showered with her either. Still, he was a guy, and his guy body would do guy things, no matter how dumb it was.


Now feeling relaxed and thoroughly soaked, Vi decided it was time to actually get cleaned up. She wouldn’t have minded standing there for another ten or so minutes, or maybe even an hour, but she had places to be. She grabbed her soap and lathered herself up.

As Vi lathered herself up and then rinsed herself off, Phil couldn't help but stare, slack-jawed. She was incredible. Every part of her just oozed womanhood and fertility. Despite being barely two feet tall, some deeply engrained primal part of him was screaming at him to grab her hips, bend her over and fuck her.

That would never happen. He was just doo damn small, but evolution was a hell of a drug.

“Your turn!” Vi cheerily announced, snapping Phil from his reverie.

Realising he had an achingly stiff boner, he turned around. Both to save his blushes and to try not to offend Vi. She’d seen it plenty of times now, but he at least wanted to keep up the appearance he wasn’t getting off a little on watching her soap herself.

He felt the cool gel hit his back and started to lather himself up.

“Here...” Vi said, her warm, surprisingly gentle hand caressed his back. “Let me...”

It really didn’t help his boner to have her hands on him. It helped even less as her fingers started to massage his torso, lathering up soap over his body. She turned him around and Phil looked down, not able to meet her gaze.

“Whoops, guess I worked you up a little too much this morning, eh?” Vi did her best not to sound amused.

“Sorry…it just kinda…does that.” Phil apologised.

“I know. You’re a guy. A cute, little one, but still a guy.” She replied, not stopping her task. “I won’t hold it against you, but I’m not going to hold it against me either. You can handle that yourself later.”

“Uhhhh…yeah…sure…” Phil said, his focus reluctantly on Vi’s tits as they wobbled hypnotically as she scrubbed him.

“God, you men are such silly, simple creatures.” Vi mused. One hand was working its way down his back while the other wrapped around his leg, lathering it up. She was being gentle, but she was still a towering Amazon to Phil. He stumbled forwards, her soft bosom catching him and helping him to stay standing.

“I got an invite to a conference.” Vi said as she scrubbed him. “It sounds interesting. It’s about modifying living humans’ genetic code. That’s pretty hard to do.”

“Oh...” Phil wasn’t really listening. Vi’s hand was now scrubbing his rear and her boobs were massaging his front. He was really focusing on not blowing a load on her.

“It’d be interesting to see if it works. We could maybe get you up a few feet. Maybe average height?” Vi continued.”

That did get Phil's attention. "Wait! What!?" He jerked backwards, instinct forcing him to look up at her face to read it as she spoke to him.

As he jerked back, Vi's hand slipped, brushing against his twitching cock that was already primed to blow. It was all Phil needed to pop.

"Uhhh..ugggggghhh..." Phil groaned, his mind now a confused mess of pleasure, endorphins, anxiety and terror.

By the time he had regained control, Phil feared the worst. He was pretty sure he'd splurged a load all over her tits. Glancing up at them, it looked like the water was at least cleaning her up already.

"Sorry..." he said sheepishly.

Vi just laughed.



“Morning, guys.” Vi wasn’t surprised to find the other girls already up and having breakfast in the kitchen. She knew their routines well by now. Everyone had class today. She was also not surprised to find Lorna having a healthy breakfast, while Ashleigh stuffed herself full of cake.

She was jealous of the younger woman’s ability to eat nothing but junk and still be a stick figure.

It was odd for Phil. This had become the somewhat dull routine of his life. He'd wake up, Vi would shower him and help him dress. Then he'd stand around in the kitchen as the girls chatted. He would have felt a little excluded, given that they were literally talking over his head, but he didn't really have anything to contribute.

If he'd been a normal guy, he'd probably just be in the corner making coffee and listening in.

It was...nice, just in a very boring way.

Though boring also included Ashleigh still not wearing underwear.

“Nah…” the redhead was saying. “I’m probably gonna skip my classes today. There’s a senior CERN researcher on campus for some meet n’ greet with the bigwigs. Gonna charm my way in to meet him.”

“And what charms would those be?” Vi laughed.

“Whatever charm it takes!” Ashleigh grinned like a shark. “I have questions! Lots of questions!”

The conversation went on like that as the girls ate their breakfast and Phil listened in, grateful that this was his life now. He really felt like he belonged here. That he was making friends that would last a lifetime.

“Hey, you hungry?” Vi asked.

“Nah, I’m good.” Phil said, not saying out loud what Vi already knew.

“Nonsense. You need something to fill your stomach or you’ll be falling asleep in class.” Vi said, making for the fridge.

Phil wasn't surprised. Clucking over him like a mother hen had really become her thing. He sighed happily and followed her to the fridge. With a top stretched across her chest, he couldn't even see her face from the floor. He could hear her muttering though.

"You going to take your own advice?" he called up. "Get something proper to eat?"

Vi grabbed something and shut the fridge door.

“Oh, you know me.” She smirked at him. It was a radiant, loving expression. Phil felt the warmth in it reflected in his chest.

“You exist on coffee...” he shook his head and laughed.

“Yup! Now eat, Mister.” She said, handing him a peeled banana.

Phil stood, munching on his banana, listening to Vi and Ashleigh natter on. It really did feel nice to be included, even if it wasn't actually joining in the conversation. When Ashleigh got going, she practically didn't take a breath. She just kept talking and talking, even Vi had trouble getting a word in.

“Ready to go?” a voice from behind interrupted him. He turned to see Lorna looming over him. He had to suppress his flight-instinct. Lorna was just so much bigger than normal people, who were already huge, it made him feel like a small animal caught in the open.

“Uhhh...yup...” he finished chewing his breakfast. Focusing his mind and looking at her eyes, and not up her skirt. “I just need to grab my books.”

She tapped her bag. “Already loaded for you.”



“No Ashleigh today, huh?” Phil asked. They’d both said their goodbyes and Ashleigh had motored straight back into talking Vi’s ear off. “Gonna...be...strange without her.”

“Yeah, I know!” Lorna replied, trying not to sound as nervous as she was. “She usually takes over! We’ll have to find things to talk about without her.”

“I hope we can manage...” Phil gulped. This wasn’t a date, but he couldn’t help but feel nervous about spending the day just with Lorna.



“This is pretty handy. Our classes are almost identical today. I want to hit the gym once I’m finished, so I figured I’d walk you home after class this afternoon, then head back.” Lorna was running through her plan for the day as they walked.

“Or...and hear me out here.” Phil smirked. “I could come with you. I should probably figure out how to exercise properly. Usually I get that with people chasing me. That’s not been happening so much recently. You could help me learn, maybe?”

“Really!?” Lorna’s face lit up, then she frowned as she tried not to look too excited. “You sure you won’t regret that? I might break you!”

“Well, it’s either that or I get chubby from you guys doing everything for me. Or I try it myself and I probably break myself worse.”

Lorna laughed. “Yeah! But I’m not going to go easy on you just because you’re cute!”

“Do your worst!” Phil yelled up. “I can take it.”

“Oh, you will eat those words, little man.”

Phil would have happily sat in his own seat. Well, stood in his own seat, but when Lorna helped him up, rather than setting him on a chair of his own, she sat him on her lap. It was exactly what Ashleigh did, though the redhead wasn't here today.

For a moment, Phil let himself relax, embracing the touch of the enormous, gentle woman he was crushing on. Then he tensed, not wanting to show her just how much he liked being in her lap.

As the lecture wore on, Phil found it very hard to concentrate. Lorna was focusing on listening and not looking down at Phil aside from to take some notes. Her thumb seemed to have a mind of its own, though. It traced idle circles and patterns on his chest, almost as if she was stroking him.

Phil thought it right to return the favour and wrapped his arm around her hand, clasping a finger as thick as his arm. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest. Something about this, it just felt so right, yet thick with danger.

“You’ve got to be joking!?” Lorna laughed. It was lunch and the day was going in far too quickly. Normally it dragged, but with Phil there, time just seemed to rush by her.

“I mean, I’m a guy. You’re a girl–”

“This doesn’t mean it’s a date!”

“No, it’s lunch. But you’re the one saying you’ve not dated in years. I’ve never dated. We can pretend. Call it...like...practice.” Phil explained.

“Yeah...sure.” Lorna shook her head, then looked down at his plate. “You gonna finish that?”

“No, but I bet you are.”

It was nice.

Far too nice.

As fun as Ashleigh was, Phil didn't miss her. Having it just be him and Lorna made it feel like it could actually be a date. Like she could be his girlfriend. They just got on so well it was effortless. That, and the constant fizz of electricity that seemed to exist between them. Phil was pretty sure he wasn't imagining that.

He wondered if Lorna felt it too.



An hour later, and Phil was regretting some of his life choices.

Some, but not all. Like agreeing to work out with Lorna. He could have just said he'd watch, and that would have been fun and she would have accepted it. Accepted it, but not respected him. He wanted her to respect him, see him as someone who would try, even if the odds were stacked against him.

So here he was, standing by himself in the women's basketball team's gym, waiting for Lorna to finish changing.

“This...was a terrible idea...”

Phil paced back and forth, nerves starting to get the better of him. He realised this wasn’t risk-free. There was a good chance he would totally humiliate himself and then Lorna would never see him as an equal or potential partner. He was going to have to–

The door swung open, knocking Phil over and two long, shapely legs stepped through.

“Gah…yeah…that was dumb…” he muttered to himself, then pushed himself up. Right in front of him was Lorna’s foot. She’d come within a couple of inches of stepping on him.

“Wait…” he said, then felt his stomach drop. This wasn’t Lorna’s foot. The skin tone was wrong. So were the toes. This…this was someone else.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh shit.” He groaned inwardly.

Niamh stretched, feeling the muscles in her arms and back starting to sing in anticipation of the coming workout. It was early enough in the afternoon that most of her teammates would still be in classes. She should have the gym to herself for a while at least.

She was oblivious to the fact that she already did not.



As far as Phil could see, he had two options. Try to pretend like he wasn't there until Lorna arrived. No, that definitely wasn't an option. Either the girl would spot him and he'd look like a creep, or Lorna would and then he'd look like a creep to Lorna.

He really only had one option.

"Uhhhh...hello." He called up, his voice squeaking. "Um, down here, Miss."

“Huh!?” The towering woman jolted, looking around for the source of the unexpected voice. Phil couldn’t help but notice the powerful muscles in her legs as they tensed, ready to run or fight. The response was programmed by millennia upon millennia of evolution, but Phil was no more a threat to her than a mouse was to a battleship.

“What in the!?” Her eyes bulged as she spotted him.

“Yeah, hi...” Phil waved up.



“Oh my God!” She gasped, her eyes widening even further somehow. Phil could see her brain whirring away. “I...I...did I almost step on you!?”

Before Phil could answer, she was bending down, reaching for him. He expected her to help him up. Instead, strong fingers wrapped around his torso and lifted him up. He yelped, surprised and scared as he accelerated upwards.

“You’re Lor’s friend, right? She told me about you.” The girl asked. She was examining him, checking to see if he was hurt.

“Yeah!” Phil laughed anxiously. She didn’t seem to want to hurt him, but he wasn’t happy at being picked up.

“I’m SO sorry! This is totally my fault! I’m such a klutz! Everyone is always telling me that!” she laughed nervously. Phil was only half listening. He was more concerned with the drop to the floor. He was used to being picked. People just normally used two hands. Being held in this woman’s grip like a doll was unsettling to say the least.

“Ehhhh...would you mind putting me down, please?” Phil asked.

For a brief instant, the woman looked confused. Then it clicked into place. She was holding a person like he was a stuffed bear. He could see her face flush beet red as she understood. Quickly, Phil found himself on the floor, looking up at her.

“Sorry about that. Like I said, total klutz me.” She bent down. “I’m Niamh. You’re Phil, right?”

“Yeah, and don’t worry about it. I was dumb enough to stand in front of the door. My mistake.” He offered her a magnanimous out, aiming to make friends. “Nice to meet you, Niamh.”

The door to the gym creaked and both of their heads snapped around to see Lorna entering. Phil could tell Niamh was huge, even to normal people. She had to be well over six feet tall. Lorna dwarfed even her. Just not by as much as normal.

“Uhhh, hi Niamh. Sorry, I didn’t think you were free to train today.” Lorna glanced nervously from Niamh, then to Phil.

“Yeah, my appointment got cancelled. I was going to work out, but if you two want...” she trailed off, smirking down to Phil.

Phil felt Lorna’s protectiveness. It was hard not to. He’d definitely nothing to fear from Niamh, she’d been nothing but nice. Even so, Lorna put herself physically between them, just to be sure. It didn’t even look like she knew she was doing it.

“It’s a big gym. Plenty of room.” Lorna said.

Phil couldn’t see Niamh’s grin, but he could hear it. “You know what, I was looking for an excuse to go to a bar instead. I think this is it. You kids have fun.”

Now alone, Lorna gestured with her head for Phil to follow him. He didn't need to be told twice. This was her space, and he felt like he was intruding in it. That, and his constant desire to be as near to her as possible.

"So, I'm going to teach, or show you how to do some basic workouts." She started. "The most important thing is to warm up. If you don't stretch out properly and loosen up, you'll hurt yourself. Understood?"

Phil watched on as Lorna demonstrated a variety of different stretches. She had his complete attention, but somehow he found it hard to actually concentrate on what she was telling him. He found he was losing the ability to process speech.

“You see there? How my leg is out, stretching the muscles on my leg? That’s what you want. If you can’t feel it, you’re not doing it right.” She told him. Phil looked, nodded and made some noises like he understood. The main thing he understood was that she looked really good in green.

“Uhhhh…” Phil’s response was barely more than drooling.

“Come on.” Lorna smirked, wanting to have a little fun. “Walk around, get a proper look. It’s important you understand how to set this up so you don’t hurt yourself.”

Phil shrugged and did as he was told, walking beneath Lorna like she was a bridge. He looked up, following her curves, trying to understand what he was supposed to be taking in. Other than the fact she was stupidly fit and far too gorgeous to be anywhere near attainable for him.

He was going to enjoy this while it lasted.



“What about weights?” Phil eventually asked. He had forced his big-head to engage so he could actually come across like a functioning person and not a drooling simpleton.

Lorna shook her head. “You boys are all the same.” With a smirk she racked up two bars taller than Phil was and set them down on the floor. He was about to express his scepticism about lifting either of them when Lorna dropped down a five-pound weight for him to try out.

“Go on...” she nodded. “Let’s see how you do.”

Phil bent over, grabbed the weight and did his best to move it. Lorna had started him with the smallest possible weight, but at just six pounds, Phil barely outweighed it. He couldn’t even budge it.

“Yeah...” Lorna winced. “Let’s skip weights for now. We may need to work on your technique there...”

“How about you just watch me, take a look at the technique for when we find some suitable weights for you.” She suggested. “See how I don’t bend my back to lift? I bend my knees, engage my core and keep the weight off my spine.”

“Uhhh…yeah…” Phil nodded, awestruck as Lorna lifted the weights and started to pump them. He counted up the weights. There had to be forty pounds each on her arms. She was casually lifting well over ten times his weight. Straining and grunting, but she was managing to do reps.

For some reason he couldn’t explain, Phil felt his cock twitching as he watched.

Everyone was huge to him, but Lorna was just the next level of that. The scale difference between them was just ridiculous. How could he possibly think she'd ever be interested in him? He felt like a house cat trying to mate with a sabre-toothed tiger.

It just wouldn't work.

The only way he was going to get under her gym gear was if she decided to stuff him in there and wear him. He felt his cock twitching again at the thought of that. Lorna was so huge she could probably do that and no one would even notice he was there.



“This may be better for you...” Lorna said. She’d grabbed a bar from a rack and set it on the ground. “I don’t mean this bar exactly, but we should build up to you lifting some dumbbells using the same technique.”

As Lorna grabbed some powder for her hand, Phil positioned himself and did his best to lift the bar. As expected, it didn’t budge...

...right up until the moment it did.

Phil let out a yelp as the bar rose upwards. Lorna wasn't even looking at him. He hadn't even realised, he'd been so focused on trying out the bar, that he'd missed Lorna grab the bar to demonstrate the correct lifting technique to him.

"Remember to engage the hips and keep the back straight..." she was saying.

He knew he should scream. He knew if he called out her name that she'd see him and put the bar down. Or drop the bar. That thought spun round in his head, paralysing him and preventing him from doing anything. He was so damn light that Lorna didn't even notice she was lifting him.

As he looked down, two things struck Phil. First, the floor was really far down. Lorna was ridiculously tall, and he was still not even the full way up her. Second, he had a really nice view down her top. Why was he noticing that now?

“Then, when you’re ready, you pivot and...”

The bar lurched and Phil shot upwards. He screamed, and grabbed hold of the bar with all his strength. He wasn’t even sure how he managed it, he just did. Fear response compressed time down, making the split second drag out and letting Phil focus on securing himself and not falling.

“Phil!?” Lorna yelped, seeing him fly upwards along with the bar. “What the!? What are you doing there!?”

“I don’t know! It just...sort of...happened!” he said, gripping on tight and pulling himself up on top of the bar.

Lorna laughed, not able to resist the ridiculous sight. “Well, you said you wanted a workout.”

“Maybe we could stick to things on the floor? Somehow, I don’t think weights are my thing.”

Five minutes later and after Phil had taken a small breather, Lorna was on her back on a mat showing him some strength-based floor exercises.

“Yeah, I’m not sure I’m going to be able to do that one.” He said, admiring Lorna’s pose, flexibility and other generous attributes.

“Your legs are like six inches long! You should be able to grab them easily!” she said. “This is just a warm-up!”

“I’ll have you know my legs are almost a foot long!”

Lorna adjusted, rolling onto her front, then pushing herself up on all fours.

“That doesn’t look very hard.” Phil shrugged. “I can do that.”

“I’m still warming up, so pay attention. You see how my arm and legs are positioned? How my glutes are engaged?”

“Uhhh, yeah...” Phil moved to get a better view. Her glutes were definitely engaging something.

“And there’s definitely exercise I can do to build strength without lifting weights, because I think we both agree that’s a terrible idea.” Phil said.

Lorna nodded, stretched outwards and lowered herself down. “There’s plenty you can do with your own body weight. Like this, it’s called the plank. The trick is to hold yourself still and engage your core. It’ll strengthen your body and your arms.”

“Please, don’t take this the wrong way.” Phil said, once again looking at Lorna’s rear end. “But I don’t understand how you scare guys away. You’re, like, really sweet and caring and helpful. Beautiful too.”

Phil couldn’t see Lorna blushing from where he was.



“Flattery won’t get you out of this.” She said. “Come on, get beside me, we’re going to do some push-ups.”

Phil groaned, then remembered he’d asked for this.

Lorna laughed. “And to answer your question, all girls are bigger than you. I’m the only girl bigger than all guys. I scare them and I got fed up trying. I can’t remember the last time I went on a date. Keep your back straight.”

Phil adjusted his stance, though he was pretty sure it was still wrong. He started copying Lorna, lowering himself down and pushing back up again. “Yeah, I get it. I got so used to getting rejected, I just stopped trying. I’ve not been on a date in years.”

“You know, you actually need to get low to the ground. It doesn’t count if you only drop an inch!” Her smile was a challenge, and infectious.

“I’m trying!”

“You’re not. Come on, get over here, underneath me. I’m going to make sure you do it properly.” She ordered. And patted a spot between her arms. Phil shrugged and scooted over to the spot she’d suggested.

“Now, I’m going to do my push-ups. I’m going to get low, so you will need to as well. If you don’t get low enough, you’re going to have my weight on your back, so do it properly!”

“Uhhhhh...”



“Ready, steady, go!” Lorna didn’t give Phil much time to get going before she was lowering herself down on top of him. He dropped, trying to stop from having Lorna’s Amazonian body smother him into the mat.

“So...maybe...since...we’re, you know...both out of practice.” He huffed as he tried to keep pace.

“Come on! I’m going easy here!” Lorna chuckled.

“Maybe...we could practice with each other?” he suggested.

“What do you mean?” she asked. “ That’s much better. It’s an actual workout now, isn’t it?”

“Yeah…” Phil panted. She wasn’t wrong there. “I mean, we go out on a date. Only, it’s practice, because we’re friends.” He had to stop talking to catch his breath. Maybe this wasn’t the best time to bring this up. “Pretend like we just met?”

“That…could be fun!” Lorna agreed. “Where would we go?”

Phil had honestly expected her to laugh the idea off. The fact that she didn't, caught him by surprise. He stopped dead, his arms holding him in the air as he scrambled to come up with an idea for a date.

He was about to open his mouth to suggest a movie when a herd of elephants fell from the sky and slammed into his back.

"Wah!" he yelped as he was pressed into the mat.

Lorna just laughed. "Come on Phil, keep up!"

The weight lifted as Lorna pushed herself up. Phil rolled onto his back, assuming she was going to stop. She didn't, and her weight came plummeting down on top of Phil, smothering him back down into her mat. He was supremely aware that most of what he was feeling was her soft, warm, hefty bosom pressing down onto him.

"I didn't give you permission to stop!" she taunted him.

It didn't matter how hard he tried now. He was never getting out of this one. Lorna was enjoying herself too much, and so was he.

She lowered herself down onto him, holding her weight there. "If you tell me where we're going on a date, I'll let you up."

"Uhhhh...a movie." He suggested. Reading her face he could see she wasn't entirely satisfied. "Then dinner, we can talk about it afterwards."

She paused for a moment, then lifted herself up. "Deal!"

“I think I may be done with exercise.” Phil spoke as they enjoyed a quick break on the mat.

“You’ve started, that’s the important thing. You can practice more with me if you like, anytime.” Lorna said. “Keep it up is what matters.”

“Got it…” he nodded. “So, I’m not entirely pathetic?”

“Just a little.” She said, though her smirk told him she was just teasing him. “I’m not done though. You want to help me with my coordination?”

“How do I do that?” he asked.

Lorna pushed herself up onto all fours. “C’mon, I’ll show you. My coach says I’ve got strength, speed and size, but being big, I need to learn to control it. So I have to focus on myself.”

“Where do I fit in here?” Phil pressed.

Lorna grinned. “I’m going to plank. I want you to climb on me. I need to keep as still as I can. Tell me if I’m moving, got it?”

“Uhhhh...yeah. Climb on you. Tell you off if you move too much. That doesn’t sound totally inappropriate.”

Lorna straightened out, tensing her body into a plank. “Well, if you don’t want to–”

“No, no! It’s fine! I can help.” He quickly backpedalled.

She laughed. “That’s the spirit. Remember, you need to be distracting, OK?”

“Got it.” Phil said. “Totally unrelated, just how ticklish are you?”

“Maybe not THAT distracting.” She replied.

With Lorna now firmly in position, Phil stepped up onto her leg. The skin on the back of her calf was warm and smooth. It was also surprisingly firm. It shouldn't have been a surprise, given just how strong she was and that she was holding herself taut, stretched out as far as she could.

"Yeah...that's definitely distracting." Lorna commented as Phil took a step along her leg.

"It's definitely different." Phil agreed.

Standing was just too unstable, so Phil decided to crawl. It would be embarrassing to trip and fall off Lorna when she was the one holding herself up using her core and limbs.

“Um…” he said, reaching an ‘obstacle’. He didn’t want to pass it without permission.

“It’s fine. Just keep going.”

“Alright.” Phil’s voice was cautious. He reached out a hand, setting it on Lorna’s plump, round rear end. It felt divine. He could feel the strength in it as she held herself, but he could also feel the softness too. The little man found himself suppressing a moan.

It wasn't just Phil enjoying himself.

Lorna bit her lip, feeling hands and knees making their way across her ass cheek. It had been a long time since she'd had a guy's hands on her. Phil was a guy, even if he was a small one. Not just a guy, but a gentle, sweet guy who genuinely liked her.

She wished she knew how to take this friendship to the next level without blowing it all up. She was so monstrously huge. It would be so easy to hurt him. Hell, if she tried to make out with him, she might even mentally scar the poor guy.

Her curves were just incredible. Soft and supple, yet Phil could still feel the barely restrained power held in the muscles beneath. She felt like an entire landscape beneath him. Phil found himself wishing he could be even smaller. So small he could climb and explore her curves like an adventurer.

She was the most incredible woman, the most incredible person he'd ever met.

“Well, am I distracting enough?” Phil asked.

“Very!” Lorna chuckled. It wasn’t a lie.

“Well, I think I’ve earned a little break.” He said, then flipped over onto his back, finding that he settled perfectly into the curve of her spine. She was surprisingly comfortable, the curve the perfect recliner for him.

“Really, little man!?” she laughed, a musical mix of indignation and amusement.

“You carry on. I’m fine here.”

Lorna opened her mouth to reply, then stopped. She had a much better idea.

She pushed her arms up, tilting her torso upwards. At the same time she hopped, pulling her legs up underneath her and arching her hips into the air. Atop her back, she felt Phil bounce and he let out a satisfying little yelp. Yes, she didn't want to scare him, but he'd clearly wanted a response when he pushed her buttons.

He was going to get one.

Phil had expected Lorna to roll him off her back, and he'd planned for it. He'd hoped to lounge around a little longer, but he'd thrown down a challenge and he knew Lorna well enough to know she wouldn't be able to resist.

As she'd started moving, Phil had wrapped an arm through the strap of her top. She'd respect him more if he showed her that he could hold his own with her. Now he really was holding his own. Phil had expected Lorna to roll him off to the floor, not stand up. Now he was dangling by her straps high above the floor.



“Still comfortable?” Lorna teased.

“Ummm...no!” Phil shouted.

She rolled a shoulder and he lost his grip from one strap.

“I’m willing to help if you ask nicely.” She said.

“Please! Help! Please! Please! Please!” Phil pleaded. He really was in trouble now.

“Alright, hold on.” The amusement in her voice flowed like wine from a bottle.

She reached an arm around, pressing Phil into her back as she wrapped fingers around him. It was still unnerving that there were hands big enough to do that. Normal girls couldn’t do that. Now in her grip, Lorna eased him around, holding him against her until he was pressed into her chest, looking up into her laughing face.

“There! Better?” she asked.

“Ummm...” Phil found it hard to think with an erection poking into Lorna’s soft tit. He didn’t know if she could feel it or not. “...it turns out, working out is hard.”



“But fun, I hope?”

“With you? Yeah!” Phil responded, the look in her big, blue eyes draining all other thoughts from his mind.

She kissed him, pressing her lips into the side of his head. It wasn’t just a quick kiss, Phil felt it linger. He felt her hesitate, like she wanted to take the kiss to the next level. He waited for her to. He wanted her to.

She pulled back.

“Well, that’s quite enough excitement for one day.” Lorna’s smile was polite. She set him down on the floor. “It’s been fun. If you want to workout again, just let me know.”

“Will we always have the gym to ourselves?” Phil asked.

“Probably not, but maybe.” Phil saw the glint in her eyes. “Let me go change, then we can go home.”

“Sure.” Phil said, watching her leave. He wished he could follow her, but the view was a decent consolation prize.

An hour later Phil was back home, watching TV on the couch. He figured he'd earned a little break after his exertions in the gym with Lorna. She was in her room, working on a project for her masters. He wanted to hang out more, but didn't want to push his luck. Vi was around, somewhere too, probably studying.

He was enjoying being on his own for once. It let him just sit there, stewing in the pleasant normalcy that his life had become.



The peace was shattered with the sound of keys in the door and footsteps in the hallway.

“Hey guys!” Ashleigh announced her return as she strode into the living room. “Oh! Just you here?”

“I think they’re both working. How’d your thing go!?” he asked.

“Eugh! Never meet your heroes.” She shook her head and flowing red hair, dropping down to the sofa beside Phil. “I wanted to talk about using the LHC to prove that gravity is particle-based, and this guy just wants to down prosecco and slip his hand up my skirt. Which sure, I would have been happy to do, just after he looked at my paper!”

Phil blinked, taking in what she’d just said. He had so many questions he wasn’t sure where to even start.

“What about you? Did you and Lorna have a good time today?” she asked.

“A great time, yeah. I kind of...asked her out...”

“Phil, you DAWG! That’s awesome!” Ashleigh laughed and slapped him on the back almost hard enough to wind him. “What do you mean ‘kind of’?”

“Well, I said since we both haven’t dated in so long, we should practice on each other.”

Ashleigh nodded her approval, then stood up. “Smart. Come on, let’s go.”

“Go?” Phil slid off the couch, looking up at her.

“Well, first of all, I wanted to have an exchange of minds, then an exchange of fluids with a famous physicist and that didn’t happen. Second of all, you have a date with Lorna and you need to know what to do after, because you two are so into each other it’s insane. I want you guys to work, so you need to know what to do.”

“Uhhhhh...” Phil’s mind glitched out. He wasn’t sure if it was the words she’d just said or the view she was deliberately giving him.

“Plus, there’s this thing I want to do!”

“Thing?” Phil finally found a word to say.



“Come on, let’s go to my room. It’s easier if I just show you.” She said, striding off.

Phil rushed to follow. Ashleigh was right. As much as he really liked Lorna, he had no idea what to even do with a woman. There was no way he could possibly satisfy her as a man. Ashleigh seemed to think she could help, and he was willing to take all the help he could get.

Ten minutes later, Phil was still just as confused as he had been when he'd left the living room. Ashleigh was doing something on her computer, occasionally giggling. She'd positioned the chair in a way that it had a good line of sight to the monitor.

"Alright, ready!" She turned, beaming down at him. "My fans loved those pictures you took. They want to see more. How would you feel about being in a video with me? I'll make sure you get a fair cut. Plus, it'll be fun."

The way she said 'fun' made Phil's hair stand on end. How could he say no? "Uhhh...sure. What do I have to do?"

“Just sit down, relax and follow my lead.”

Phil did as she asked, settling down on the chair. Ashleigh clicked her mouse, and a tone sounded. She was recording. Music started to play. He watched as she strode over to his chair, stretched out a long leg and brought it up over the chair, offering him a view right up her skirt.

It occurred to him that no one watching the recording would be able to see that view but him.

“You’re about to make a whole lot of guys jealous, Lil’ Phil.” She teased. “I wanna see how long you can keep it together for. Don’t be afraid to enjoy yourself. Club rules, though. No touching unless I say so.”

“Yes ma’am!” he agreed.

Ashleigh spun so she faced away from and yanked her skirt down. She bent over, pushing her ass up towards his face, offering him a full view.

“Mmmmm...it’s so hard not to rush into this...” Her hips swayed to the thump of the bass.

Phil was so lost in Ashleigh's perky rear end that he totally missed her standing up and pulling her top off over her head. It wasn't until she turned round and loomed over him that he noticed.

"Like the view?" she teased, gyrating her hips towards his face. He was pretty sure he could see the hunger he felt for her mirrored back at him in her face. Either she really wanted him, or she was really good at pretending she did.

The music picked up, the tempo rising and Ashleigh rose with it, her swaying curves flowing like water, not missing a beat of the pounding bass. She rose up, stretching her arms high into the air, emphasising her height. She was no Lorna, but she was tall, especially by Phil's standards.

"Mmmmmm..." she cooed. "I love this part. Good music just makes the pleasure that much more...don't you think?"

"I'll let you know when I've formed an opinion..." he replied, pleased by how calm his voice sounded.

Ashleigh glanced down at him, slowing her dancing as the music slowed a little. Phil felt the intensity of her gaze enough to notice he was pushing himself into the back of the chair.

“You’re a little overdressed.” She smirked as she bent down, placing her hands at his side. “Let me help with that.

In one swift motion, his top was pulled over his head and tossed away.

“Mmmmm...” she moaned, running a finger down his chest. “You’re very well-toned for such a little guy.

“It helps when you have to spend half your day jogging between classes or climbing onto chairs.” Phil explained, not realising she’d not asked him a question.

Ashleigh bent further forward, arching her back. A pair of boobs, each larger than Phil’s head swayed gently at the edges of his vision. The temptation to reach out and use his arms to bury his face in them was almost overwhelming.

“Good boy.” She said. “Maybe you can climb me later, eh?”

For a moment, Ashleigh just hung there. Phil briefly thought time might have stopped, but the music changed again, telling him it hadn’t. When she moved again, it was faster than Phil could keep up with.

He found her hands at his side, pulling his shorts down so fast she dragged him along with them. She almost pulled him clean off the chair.

“I wanna suck on you so bad.” She moaned, looking up at him from between his legs. She blew across his cock, the same way she had before, only this time he didn’t explode in her face.

“Ooooh...good boy!” She grinned up at Phil approvingly. The longer he could keep it going, the longer the video would be and the happier her fans would be. Phil could feel his cock aching for her, but he wasn’t anywhere close to blowing. Not yet, anyway.

“You deserve a treat. You can touch, just a little.” She said, rising up and offering a breast. Phil happily accepted, enjoying the feel of the boob in his hand. He wondered what it would be like to be big enough to cup the whole thing. To be able to grab Ashleigh’s hips and have his way with her.

He’d never know, so he dismissed the thought and just enjoyed the moment.

“Having fun?” Ashleigh gigged. Phil nodded his reply. When she stood, taking her boobs with her, he was more than a little disappointed. He looked up at her as she loomed over him. He could feel the heat radiating from her sex right over him.

“You touched me.” She said. “Now I touch you.”

Her body dropped and her snatch fell onto his face. Phil could have collapsed under it, but he forced himself to stay upright, holding himself steady. It was a good thing too. She groaned loudly as she ground her sensitive lower lips against his face, filling his head with her scent.

It might have lasted twenty minutes, it might have lasted twenty seconds. Phil couldn't tell. He was lost in the aroma and taste of the lascivious redhead.

"No...can't..." she groaned, pulling herself away. "Your head is far too well-sized for that. I could keep going."

"I won't stop you..."

Ashleigh turned, pressing her ass out and lowering it towards him. "Your turn." She said, grinding herself against him. "Why don't you grab my ass?" she suggested. "Close your eyes. Hold my hips and imagine you're so much bigger than me. That I'm hanging off your thick dick as you–"

She stopped as she felt Phil erupt all over her ass.



“Sorry…” Phil blushed. He was a little disappointed in himself, but it had all been too much. It was still too much. He wasn’t surprised to see he was still rock hard.

Ashleigh surprised him by grabbing his head and forcefully kissing him. Her tongue did its best to press into his mouth. She pulled back. “No need to apologise. We’re just getting warmed up. Back in a moment.”

“You’ll edit this bit out, right?” he asked as Ashleigh left him alone in the shot as she cleaned up the mess he’d made.

“Oh yeah, definitely! Only the good stuff for the fans. Though some stuff will just be for you.” She explained. Phil felt a little warmth in his chest. It was nice to feel special.

A minute later, she returned, looming over him and with an expression on her face that told Phil things were about to escalate in a way he was going to enjoy.

“Your thing is still at full mast. That’s better than most guys can manage. Persistence in the bedroom is half the battle. It’ll serve you well.” She explained.

“Heh...thanks...”

“Well, you had your fun. Now I want some.”

Ashleigh loomed closer, shuffling her feet forwards until she straddled the chair, her pussy barely an inch from Phil's face. He could smell the desire from between her legs.

"Your face felt great in my pussy." She cooed. "I'm going to teach you how to do that properly. Get the hang of it and any woman will do anything for you. You alright with that?"

Phil nodded eagerly, too enrapt to speak.



“Fuck, you’re cute. Just do as I say.” She laughed. “I promise not to drown you.”

She reached down, cupping the back of his head with her fingers. She was strong enough that he wouldn’t be able to pull back unless she let him. Phil trusted her to let him go if he needed to tap out. Phil didn’t want that, though. He wanted nothing more than to please her. The idea of disappointing her made him feel empty inside.



He expected her lips to press down on his face like before. Instead, she used her hand to guide him to her. “You see my clit there? It’s all round and swollen. Start there. Use your tongue to tease the outside…”

Phil did as she asked, reaching out with his tongue until he tasted the warm, bitter flesh. The fresh scent of feminine arousal filled his head. He started to lap.

“Mmmm…that’s good, but slower. Go in circles. You want to tease to start. Do too much too soon and it’s too good. It’s overwhelming. The nerves shut down and it’s all over.” She explained and he followed her lead.



He was pleased to hear that Ashleigh was panting already. He was doing it right.

“Mmmmm…yes…better…” she spoke, her tone clipped as she struggled for focus. “OK…a little more now. Don’t just tease. Lap and kiss, slowly.”

Phil did as she told him, and above him Ashleigh gasped. It was an incredible sight to behold. A redheaded Venus, breasts swaying and body shuddering. He was doing that. He was making her pant and moan and gasp. He’d never felt so good in his life.

“Oooooooh…” Ashleigh let out a long moan. He felt the grip on his head tighten up. “Alright…alright…I’m getting close now.”

Phil kept going, the idea of making a mistake now terrifying him.

“Don’t be surprised if she takes over. Normally guys are bigger, so we can’t. With you…” He felt her parts pressing into his face, grinding against his nose and forehead. Ashleigh panted faster and faster, then stopped and moaned loudly.

Phil almost collapsed, the relief was so strong. He’d done it. She’d climaxed. He hadn’t disappointed her.

“Mmmmm…” Ashleigh cooed above him. “That was lovely. You can’t go wrong with pushing the right button the right way. That, and some enthusiasm.”

“I’m just happy I did it right.”

“You did.” Ashleigh’s smile was reassuring, but Phil could hear the ‘but’ in it. “Now, it’s time for the next lesson. Orgasm one sets up orgasm two, and orgasm two is almost always better.”

That was news to Phil. He figured that having accomplished the impossible, they’d be done. It was a good thing he was in shape. He was going to need to be. There was a problem though. “What am I supposed to do? The same thing again? I’m a little small for…you know…” he trailed off.

Ashleigh grinned. “You’re right, but I bet a curled fist on the end of your arm will feel just shiny.”

“Huh…” That had never occurred to Phil. His arm was skinny, but it was the right length. Plus, Ashleigh was right about the fist.

She lowered herself, subtly hinting that she wanted to start now. He made a fist, raised his arm and pushed it between her lips and into her sopping wet sex. He could feel her shudder as he entered her, and his face lit up with a smile. A smile and some more confidence.

“Yeah…” Ashleigh’s voice was tight. “…that works…”



“Oooooooooh...” she moaned as Phil pushed his forearm in as far as it would go. He held it there for a few moments, then pulled it back. There was a gratifying, wet popping sound as his arm came loose. It was coated in her juices. She really was enjoying herself, and it was him that was doing it.

“Keep...keep doing that.” She said. “Long, slow strokes, in and out.” She said, and Phil could hear the yearning in her voice. She wanted more. More of him.

Phil pushed his arm up, keeping his hand in a fist and pressed into and out of Ashleigh. He was so eager to please her. He wanted more than anything to give her what she wanted. He wanted it so she'd want him, and the knowledge that a woman would want him.

"Not...not so fast..." Ashleigh squeaked. "Listen to my breathing. Use it as a guide. You don't want to go too fast or it's too much. Like you were doing before."

"Shit..." Phil cursed under his breath and slowed.

"You're doing great." Ashleigh reassured him.



Phil loved this. He loved her warmth around him. He loved the affection in her voice and the way she made him feel. She was an incredible woman. So kind and caring. He knew that even if he were the size of a doll, she would still be kind to him.

He could picture it. Ashleigh's fingers around him as she explained how he could use his whole body to bring her to orgasm. Pressing all of him inside her body like a human dildo. He would embrace it too.



“Ohhhh…” Ashleigh’s moan pulled him from his daydream. She was breathing faster now. He could hear it. Breathing faster and panting. Following her advice, he sped up, keeping pace with her moans. She tightened around him, not fighting him, but embracing him. It was working.

“That’s right Phil…” she gasped. “You got this…just…just keep doing that.”

It was getting harder and harder to keep going. His arm was starting to tire. She was close and he didn't want to disappoint her. He could feel a cramp building in his shoulder. He needed to loosen it. As he pulled down, he squeezed his fist, rolling it around against Ashleigh's insides.

"AHHH!" Ashleigh screamed, her snatch gripping onto Phil's arm almost tight enough to pull it from its socket. Her whole body seemed to spasm.

"Phil...do...keep doing that..." She could barely speak anymore. Phil felt pretty pleased at discovering that new trick.

For a moment, he wished he could be smaller. That he could be a dildo-sized man. Something primal inside of him wanted to feel her entire body around him. Wanted to feel the warmth and the wetness of another person all around him. He wanted to use all of himself to please her. To feel her muscles clenching and pulling on his as he dug his knees into her pussy and she exploded in orgasm.

Ashleigh’s moans got louder and louder. Her breathing got faster. Phil learned that doing his fist trick randomly rather than consistently yielded much better results. Soon Ashleigh was clinging to his arm so hard he couldn’t pull it out. He just ground it inside of her as she groaned louder and louder until she burst.

“OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!” she cried out. Her pussy pulsed around his arm and sprayed juices all over his torso.

Ashleigh’s body shuddered, shook and then she dropped back, slumping down on the floor. Phil looked down on her from his spot on the chair, momentarily concerned. Her legs were quivering and she was quietly cooing while she tried to catch her breath.

“Um...are you alright?” Phil asked eventually.

Slowly, Ashleigh sat up. “Phil...” she started. “That...was fucking unreal. I have never cum like that before.”

“Ehhhh...that’s good...” He wasn’t even sure what to say, but he was feeling pretty good.

Ashleigh stood up on shaky legs, her movements almost reminding Phil of a newborn deer taking its first precarious steps. After a brief detour to turn off the camera, she stood over him. “I’m yours now. Whatever you want. I am going to rock your work and then some.”

Phil laughed, a stupid, goofy laugh, unable to help himself.

“That’s right…” She locked her eyes with his. “Whatever you want. Whatever hole you want. For as long as you want.”

She turned, thrusting her ass out against his body. She would have knocked him over had she not been holding him up. “What’ll it be?”

Phil took a moment, enjoying the feel of her thighs against his palms. “I…I just want to have sex. I’ve only done it once, and I was scared out of my mind. I just…just want to enjoy this.”

“We can do that.” The redhead replied. “No pressure. No gimmicks. Just pure, wholesome fun. You want me from behind or should I turn around?”

“Like this.” Phil said.

“Mmmm...” she cooed, then pushed him back until he was lying, pinned underneath her ass. She ground herself against him, getting a feel for his body and his cock. “Don’t worry about how long you last...or me. This is all about you.” She said. “You earned this, and then some.”

Phil laughed his dumb, goofy laugh again. He couldn’t remember ever being this happy or satisfied in his life. He’d just done something he’d never thought he’d be able to do. Not only that, it had been relatively easy once Ashleigh had explained it for him.

He gasped as Ashleigh’s wet, welcoming pussy slipped down over his cock. She teased him for a few moments, using her muscles to squeeze the head, before dropping her hips and taking all of him inside of her.

Her hips began gyrating, her pussy working its way up and down the length of his cock. She'd tease him to start with, pulling her lips up to the tip of his cock and threatening to pull away. Then she'd drop back down, grinding on him. It was a way of letting him cool off and to draw out the pleasure.

Ashleigh felt his hand on her hips. He wasn't strong enough to grip her and direct her, but she could feel him wanting to. She smiled to herself. Even a small man couldn't help but be a man. She followed his motions, knowing he was telling her how to please him.



“Mmmmm…” Ashleigh moaned. Phil wasn’t a big guy, but she was enjoying herself enough and still turned on enough to get some enjoyment from him. She sat up, settling a bit more of her weight on him, though being careful not to hurt him.

“I’m all yours, Phil.” She said. “I can tell you want to. Grab a hold of me and fuck me. You can do whatever you want for as long as you want until the morning. Tonight, I’m all yours.”

Phil could have wept. He’d never been so happy. This was a dream come true.

Well…almost…



“Ooooohh...Phil...”

Lorna sat in her room. She knew she could just put on headphones. She’d done it before many times. Ashleigh was always loud when she had a guy over. It was different this time. Every moan was like a dagger in her gut. She wanted Phil. She thought he’d wanted her too. She didn’t know how to tell him that, and now she’d missed her window. Ashleigh had gotten there first.

“Maybe one day...” she sighed. “You’ll find a guy who’ll pick you over the hot girls...”

To Be Continued...

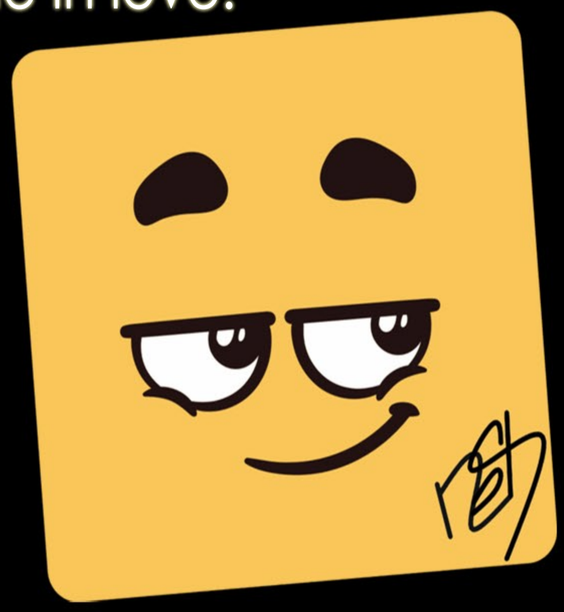
Huge thanks to Nel for sharing Lorelai with me! She's gorgeous and I'm a little in love.

You can see more of her here: https://www.deviantart.com/nellielle2

Thanks to Nesh for proofreading. You can check out his stories here:

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