LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS 3

BY OHH

“Hey guys!” Ashleigh started talking as soon as the camera’s light blinked to live. Phil was always impressed by her effortless switch in tone from her normal self to the slightly amped-up character she put on for her fans.

“You’ve all been bombarding me with messages and comments about doing some more with Phil and he’s kindly agreed to help out...” she carried on and Phil gave an awkward wave, trying and failing to be cool. “We’re going to mess around a little, do some comparisons and then just have some fun! I hope you guys enjoy!”

“Alright, let’s start with something simple. Back to back!” Ashleigh grinned, then bounced to the side and stood up straight. She looked down at Phil, her smile telling him he could mirror her action, and he turned to put his back against her leg.

There was a long moment of silence as Ashleigh let her audience get a good look, then she giggled. “Wow, I will never get tired of that!”

“Oh, it gets old, believe me.” Phil added.



“Well, I love you exactly how you are.” Ashleigh’s tone slipped to her normal voice briefly before reasserting itself. “For those wondering, I’m five feet nine. That’s about the height of the average guy, so I’m pretty tall. Phil is two feet tall exactly, which has made his life pretty tough in the past.”

Phil turned to look up at Ashleigh as she talked to her audience. She really was remarkable. If it weren’t for Lorna and Ashleigh’s short attention span, it would have been easy to let himself fall for her.

“If you meet anyone out there like Phil, the fastest way to have me hate you is to be a dick to them. Always be cool, just like Phil. I’m like seventeen feet tall to him. That’s nuts! It’s like as tall as a house! Try to keep that in mind if you ever meet someone similar.”

“OK! Hand to hand!” Ashleigh’s tone picked up a bit more excitement and she knelt down, still towering over Phil, but low enough that he could lift his hand up to hers.

“Awww…” she cooed. “His whole hand is like half the size of my palm. Don’t worry though, big hands can be nice, but small hands definitely have their advantages.” She finished with a wink for Phil.

Ashleigh dropped back onto her ass, a move that would have looked clumsy for most people, but she made look effortlessly graceful. She lifted up a foot towards Phil. “Feet now! Let’s see those little tootsies against mine!”

Phil lifted his foot, raising it to a level that was comfortable and pressed it into the arch of Ashleigh’s. It fit in well, his foot settling into the curve of the larger woman’s.

“About a third of mine? I think?” she said. “I guess you’d have big feet if we grew you to six feet!”

“Maybe…I have zero frame of reference.” Phil replied.

“You know what comes next?” Ashleigh’s grin was feral. “There’s no way we can do the foot comparison and not do the next part. The foot guys will go mad if we don't!”

Phil chuckled and shook his head. He lay back down on the ground as Ashleigh stood. “Fine! Just try not to break anything.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it!” Ashleigh replied and brought a foot down on top of Phil's chest. She didn’t press down, but she let the weight settle onto him, pinning him effortlessly and making it hard to breathe.

“Yeah, so my foot covers his entire torso.” Ashleigh grinned up at the camera. “Any of you guys out there jealous?”

“I’m just glad you showered earlier!” Phil yelled up, bringing Ashleigh’s attention back to him.

Once again, she grinned from ear to ear like a Cheshire cat. “Oh, is that so? Why don’t you check how clean they are?” she asked, then slipped her big toe forward, pressing it into Phil’s mouth.

“See? My big toe is too big for him to suck on. Is that a good thing or a bad thing? I’ll leave it up to you guys watching to decide.”

Deciding she was pushing the limits of friendly fun, Ashleigh released Phil and let him get up. “Seeing as that was a little rude of me, how about I let you pick the next compari–”

“Boobs!” Phil shouted without hesitation.

“Hmmm...we’ll get there.” She mused. “I tell you what. You can do all the comparisons you like with them for as long as you like, IF you can climb up and reach them.”

“Deal!” Phil replied without hesitating.

He could already see the route up. Ashleigh's fishnet tights were like a rope ladder. He would have no difficulty at all climbing up them.

"Hehe..." He couldn't help but chuckle as he wrapped his hands around the rope and hauled himself up to her knee, wrapping his leg around her calf to steady him.

"Man, it is still so freaking crazy that you are literally small enough to climb my leg." Ashleigh couldn't help but look down at him in wonder.

"Just another normal day for me." Phil replied, trying to mask the effort in his voice.



It was hard not to imagine what it would be like to climb her like this if he were truly tiny. It was fun enough at two feet tall, but at two inches tall, it would have been incredible. Knowing Ashleigh as well as he did now, Phil was pretty sure she'd have been game for that as well.

As long as it could be fun, Ashleigh was game for pretty much anything.

“Well, you’re making this look easy!” Ashleigh observed. “Either I’m not as tough as I think I am, or you’re just a really good climber!”

“Call it enthusiasm!” Phil said, trying to hide the slight pant in his voice.

“Either way, it looks like you’re about to run out of ladder. What’s the plan?”

“Grab your panties and hope they stay up.” Phil said, reaching up.

Ashleigh laughed. “You’re optimistic counting on this gal keeping her panties on!”

“Let’s just call it a win for Phil, eh?” Ashleigh said, grabbing a hold of Phil’s arm and pulling him upwards, cuddling him into her body. When she released his arm, she cuddled him tightly, pressing his head between her boobs.

“I’m guessing each of my DDs are about twice as wide as your head. Twice as tall too...yeah a lot bigger than your head.” She said, mostly for the benefit of those watching on the camera. “What do you think?”

“I think...yeah...how much is rent?”

“Yeah! Yeah! You’re not small enough to live here, mister. Not that I wouldn’t say no if you could fit.” Ashleigh said, releasing her arm and letting him drop a bit. It really was only a bit. She quickly grabbed the little man, cupping his ass and turning him to face her. “Let’s see, can you lift my boob?”

“Sure!” Phil was happy to get hands-on. He grabbed a weighty tit and used all his strength to haul it up, holding it up across his own chest.

“Not bad, considering that’s probably about a hundred pounds of boob for you!” Ashleigh grinned approvingly. That would drive the guys at home nuts.

“Anything else you want to check while you’re here?” she asked.

Phil was smart enough to know that she was giving him a hint. She wanted him to do something, and Phil was more than happy to oblige her. He didn’t need to look far to get an idea of what she was asking. Her nipple was sitting right there in front of him. He opened his mouth wide, took it into his mouth and started to suck on it.

“Mmmmm…yeah, that’s nice.” Ashleigh felt herself shudder. “Shame these things are dry. I could probably give you everything you need all by myself.”



“Yeah…need to stop that or I’m gonna get too inappropriate too fast.” The redhead giggled. It was more to put herself back in character than any kind of amusement. She wrapped her arm around Phil once more, lazily carrying him over to the camera.

“If anyone ever says you’re too small, just look at Phil here. The guy is a cuddly, lovable teddy bear, and pretty good in the sack too.” She leaned in closer, reading the comments, looking for requests. “Oh, there’s a long list of stuff we can try out here, Phil. You game?”

“I’ve no plans until this afternoon.” He said as casually as he could.



“Good!” Ashleigh adjusted the camera and carried Phil over to the bed. She set him down, bent down and gave him an exaggerated kiss, framing herself for the camera against the light streaming in through the windows behind her.

“And you’re sure you’re up for this?” Ashleigh asked, turning around. “Last chance to back out!”

“Bring it!”

“Suit yourself!”

Ashleigh sat, pushing her ass out until it hit Phil in the chest, knocking him down. She dropped down onto her bed, feeling the little body underneath her ass as the mattress bent and warped around her.

“How you doing down there?” she asked once she’d settled. She wondered if the camera could even see Phil at all. It certainly couldn’t see her stroking his inner thigh.

“Yeah…I’m…good…” Phil replied, though it was obvious he was struggling to speak.

“Are you sure? I don’t want my ass killing you!” Ashleigh joked. “I want to have some fun first.”

“I’ll be…fine…” Phil grunted back.

“Fair enough!” Ashleigh shrugged then turned to the camera. “For those wondering, I’m a bit under one hundred and forty pounds. Which for Phil is roughly the weight of an Indian bull rhinoceros. Though I’d like to think you guys would prefer me sitting on you than a rhino!”

“Let’s have a bit more fun!” she giggled. “First, we’re going to need to get rid of these!”

Ashleigh pinched the side of Phil’s underwear and pulled them down. Unsurprisingly, he was already sporting a rather solid-looking erection. A few weeks ago when she’d met him, he probably would be ready to blow about now. After a little help, he was now going much longer.

“Someone is excited!”

“Yeah, I think I fucked up the camera angle a bit, so you guys will just need to take my word for this.” Ashleigh gave the camera an apologetic smile. “His cock is about half the length of my index finger, though a good big thicker. Plenty to have fun with, if you know what you’re doing. Phil and I have had plenty of fun with it, haven’t we, Phil?”

“Um…oh…yeah…”

Ashleigh reached down, not giving Phil a heads-up, and gently pinched his cock, stroking the tip between her thumb and forefinger.

“Oh...mmmmm...” he groaned, doing his best to shift, despite being pinned under her comparatively massive weight.

“Yeah...let’s not get carried away too quickly.” Ashleigh bit her lip, trying to distract herself from her own temptation.

Phil felt the weight lift off him, and his lungs sucked in a full breath for the first time in a few minutes. He tried to control his breathing and he rolled over to the middle of the bed with the aim of lying on his back and just recovering for a minute.

That ended when Ashleigh came down on top of him once more, this time pinning him under her torso.

“Trying to get away from me?” she asked.

“No...” he said, though part of him wondered if he wasn’t in a little over his head. Or a lot, in Ashleigh’s case.

“Come here!” She stood, grabbing Phil and resting him on her hip as she walked back over to the computer. “Alright, let’s see what else we’ve got...”

Phil sat there for a moment as Ashleigh scrolled through the comments and requests, laughing at some, replying to others and just generally working her audience. She was clearly good at what she did, as seemed to be the case with everything she applied herself to.

“Oh! This looks fun!” She picked up Phil and held him up. “What do you say?”

Phil glanced over to the highlighted comment. “Try on your panties? Not sure they’ll fit.”

“Well, what if...” she grinned, then Phil dropped.

It was awkward for a minute, but Ashleigh soon managed to get Phil’s legs down the back of her green underwear, then gravity did the rest. Phil slid down the curve of her ass, having to grab a hold of her waist to steady himself.

“I could get used to this!” he laughed, enjoying the feel of her ass pressing into his hard-on.

“Yeah! I can feel you poking my butt!” Ashleigh joined in the laughter. “I’m not sure how practical it is though. I don’t think I could take you out and about campus like this.”

“Or even the house...”

Ashleigh bent over and started to shake her ass, bouncing Phil with it. “How does that feel?”

“Oooooh...” Phil moaned, taking a moment to enjoy the sensation. “Like I’m being jerked off by a mechanical bull...”

“Ha!” Ashleigh’s laugh was short and sounded more shocked than amused. She stood up straight, stopping the motion that Phil had been enjoying. “I’m not sure how that could be a compliment!”

“Um…I’m pretty sure I meant it as one.” Phil said. He’d stopped holding on to her waist so he could enjoy the ride. With his full weight now awkwardly held up by Ashleigh’s underwear, he felt himself lurch and then drop as her panties finally gave up.

“Gah!” he yelped.

“Yeah! Serves you right!” Ashleigh chuckled.

Ashleigh stepped out of her underwear, then bent down and grabbed Phil's wrists, effortlessly lifting him into the air once more.

"There was another idea I saw that I want to try out. I don't think you'll mind." She said. "Since you've already gotten into my underwear, how about my stockings?"

"Will I fit?" Phil asked.

"Mhmmm...we don't need all of you down there."

Ashleigh raised him up, letting go of one arm, leaving him dangling uncomfortably from one. The pressure on that arm eased up as Ashleigh slid one of his legs down into her stocking, then did the same with the other leg into her other stocking. His legs were now pinned in place against hers.

“There!” she said, grabbing his other arm again and holding Phil up straight. “Now you can walk around with me!”

“Wow…” Phil gasped. He was still barely three feet in the air, but to him it felt like looking down from a first floor window. “If only I was this tall. It’d make life so much easier!”

“Why don’t we take a little stroll?” Ashleigh suggested. She didn’t wait for Phil’s agreement, she just started walking.

“Oh…oh this is weird!” he said, feeling his legs move as Ashleigh moved hers. There was no way he could possibly resist her steps. Not that he wanted to. “Weird…but cool! Wow! I can’t get over how fast you can move!”

“This is nothing…” Ashleigh said as she strolled back and forth in front of the camera, letting Phil and her viewers enjoy themselves. “I normally power walk everywhere!”

“Hehe...This is fun!” Ashleigh tittered, coming to a halt in front of the camera.

“Yeah! Nice to see what life would be like if I were double my normal height! I could reach door handles!”

Ashleigh bit her lip, looking down at something that had grabbed her attention. “And I get to see what life is like with a cock!”

Phil barely had a moment to process that before Ashleigh grabbed his dick and started to jerk him off. “Oooooooh...”



“Oh yeah, this works pretty well. Way less awkward than the normal angle. My arm can move so fluidly.” She commented as she wanked him. “Shame I can’t actually feel it. Does it feel good, huh Philly?”

“Uhhhh...huh...” Phil groaned, his conscious mind barely able to process thought into speech.

“You know, I could get used to this. Just reach down and tug myself off whenever I feel like it. It’s so much more complex being a woman. I’ve got to warm myself up, time it right, have to be in the right mood. With guys, you just grab the thing, stroke it and–”

Phil finished the sentence for her. He groaned, twitched and then exploded, firing a stream of cum into the air as Ashleigh gently massaged his cock to make sure he enjoyed himself right to the end.

“And I think we’re done!” Ashleigh giggled, turning to the camera. “Big thanks to Phil for taking part, though I think he feels thanked enough as it is.”

“Uhhhh huh...” Phil nodded sleepily.

“And if there’s any eight-foot-tall guys out there who’d like to try this experiment out from the other perspective, hit me up! I’m totally game! See you guys next time!”

With that, Ashleigh closed the feed, sat down and lifted Phil up to give him a proper, affectionate kiss. “That was so much fun. You’re such a good sport. Thanks!”

“No, yeah, my pleasure...” he joked. “Literally!”

Twenty minutes later the pair were dressed. Phil was surprised to see Ashleigh had changed into something rather more bland than her usual attire.

“You look...different...” he commented.

“Yeah! I’ve this thing. Gotta dress appropriately or I won’t get in. Still, I think I look hot like this.”

“Can’t say I disagree! Bit of a seventies look, but it works.” Phil agreed.

“Sexy librarian was my aim.” She replied.

They were interrupted by a tentative knock on the door.

“Don’t worry! It’s safe! Come on in.” Ashleigh replied.

“Hey…” Vi said, coming inside and walking over to join the pair. “Phil and I have this conference. I need to get him ready.” She paused, looking somewhat awkward. “If you guys are…you know…done?”

“All good here!” Ashleigh grinned in reply. Phil couldn’t help but notice now she was standing, despite dressed in a dull skirt and sweater, she’d still skipped out on the underwear.

“Come on then, you.” Vi peered down over her bosom at Phil. “Let’s get you ready.”

“What do you mean ‘get ready’?” Phil asked, having followed Vi into her room. “This won’t do?”

“Um…no…I don’t think it will.” She said, seeming nervous.

“Do I need a suit or something? I can lose the shorts.” Phil replied.

“Well…heh heh…you’re not going to like this.” Vi laughed nervously.

Phil peered up at her. “What? What am I not going to like?”



“Phil...this is cutting edge stuff. It’s proprietary. I had to sign a waiver and NDA to get in. They won’t let in anyone outside the top researchers in the field.” She explained.

“So, how am I getting in?” His face fell. Vi had told him the conference was big. It was about gene editing on live people. Making changes to the very make up of a human being. There was the outside possibility that it could make him normal one day. He couldn’t not go to this conference.

“They know I have a baby. I asked permission to bring him.” She said.

“Oh no...” Phil realised what she was saying.

“You don’t have to go. I can fill you—”

“No! I’m going!” he said, cutting her off.

“Well, here’s your disguise...” Vi gestured to the bed and Phil climbed up.

He stood, looking at it laid out on the bed for him. It was a onesie, and if anything, it looked to be too big for him. He couldn’t help but let out a long, slow sigh. “Don’t have anything else? Maybe just plain white?”

“This is it...the rest is at home...”

“Come on, Vi! You can’t be serious! I’m used to being humiliated, but this is just another level!” Phil yelled, not able to control his frustration.

“Hey! You don’t have to come if you don’t want to! I’m risking my own future in this project by doing this. Something I’m doing for you! I can’t risk getting caught. If that happens, we won’t learn anything that can help you. Besides...this probably isn’t even the worst part...”
She was right. That left Phil feeling deflated. He didn’t have a choice. “What’s that?”

Vi reached down and pulled a diaper out of a bag.

“Oh, you have got be–”

“I have no idea how long this thing will go on for! It could be hours! You will probably need it! Besides, you need to look the part. If someone looks at you closely, they will know, so I don’t want people seeing anything that could be off.” Vi explained, her tone was one that left little room for argument.

“It’s up to you. I’d understand it if you said no.” She said.

“Fine...” Phil sighed.

Resigned already to humiliation, Phil let himself be lifted and undressed by gentle hands. He was used to Vi doing this for him. It was something she did without thinking, more as a comfort for her. It usually didn’t end with him having his junk wrapped in a diaper, though. That was new.

“There...that’s the first part done.” Vi said, sealing the tabs shut.

Phil stood, looking down at the unwelcome item strapped to him. He could feel the padding chafing on his balls and the uncomfortable separation between his legs. Other than that, it fit pretty well. Like it was made for him.

“If it’s any consolation, you look adorable.” Vi tried to make him feel better.

“Let’s just never tell Lorna about this.” He replied.

“Lorna? I’d be more worried about Ashleigh. She’ll want to see this for herself and probably roleplay or something!” Vi chuckled.

“Nope! Nope! Let’s not tell her either!”

A few minutes later, Phil had been buttoned into the onesie. What made it even worse than he could possibly have imagined, was just how comfortable the thing was.

“Look, if it makes you feel any better, there’s frat parties where they have everyone come in onesies, so this isn’t just a ‘Phil’ thing. I’ve worn one too.” Vi tried to make him feel better.

“You went to a frat party?” Phil asked.

“I didn’t always have a stick up my butt. I wore a pink unicorn one and everything!” she laughed. “When this is all over, I’ll show you a picture. Deal?”

“Deal...”

Vi turned away and went to her wardrobe. It took her a few minutes to strap something complicated-looking to her torso.

“Alright, this is ready. You can call this another bonus.” She explained.

“Riding in a baby carrier is a bonus?” Phil asked.

Vi bent down to pick him up. “Well, first, it’ll keep you mostly out of sight. People will just see me and the carrier. Second, you’ll have my boobs right there to watch. You have my permission to stare until this is all over. Just this once!” she explained as she strapped him into the carrier and pulled it tight.

“How does that feel?” she asked.

It was pretty tight. The carrier’s seat was pressing him right into Vi’s soft bosom. It made him weirdly hungry. “Um…yeah. It’s fine.”

“Good. I want to mingle first before the conference kicks off. Shake a few hands and make some contacts. Just don’t make any noises and if anyone gets suspicious, pretend to be asleep, got it?”

“Got it.” Phil confirmed.

Vi took a long breath. “Let’s get this show on the road, shall we?”

“How’re you doing there?” Vi asked. She’d been walking for about ten minutes and Phil was unusually quiet. She hoped he was just practicing for the conference, but she could feel the brooding coming off him.

“Fine…a little seasick maybe.” He replied.

“Seasick?”

“You bounce when you walk. It means I bounce too.”

“Oh…” Vi couldn’t help but blush. “Sorry. We’ll be there soon.”

Phil did his best to just ignore the world around him. He didn't want anyone to even notice he was there. If he kept his head down, stayed quiet and just let Vi do her thing, people would hopefully just treat him as an extension of her. No one would even look twice at him. People would be there to discuss an incredible scientific breakthrough, not to fawn over him.

Right?

“We’re here...” Vi whispered, walking into a building.

“Hi there, name please?” a female voice spoke out of sight.

“Violet Morrison.” Vi replied. Phil watched from his seat as Vi filled out some details and was ushered inside.

“Ooooooookkkkkkk...” Vi dragged the word out by a few more syllables. “A lot of people here. Just stay quiet and...what the!?”

“Oh! Hey Vi!” A familiar voice spoke.

“Ashleigh!? What the hell are you doing here!?”

“Raiding the free buffet. What does it look like? They have an entire table of cream-filled pastries over there!” the redhead replied, stuffing something cone-shaped into her face. Vi always marvelled at how her friend could eat nothing but large quantities of junk and stay stick-thin.

“That’s not what I meant...This is invite-only. It’s for geneticists. You’re an undergrad! You study...what do you even study!?”

Ashleigh shrugged and took a minute to finish chewing. “I dabble. I was curious, got myself an invite.”

“How!?”

Ashleigh grinned. “Do you actually want me to answer, and if so, in how much detail?”

“I…I…” Vi stammered.

“Oh! Hey Phil! Cute disguise!” Ashleigh appeared over Vi’s shoulder.

“He’s being very quiet. Aren’t you Phil?” Vi said.

Phil nodded.

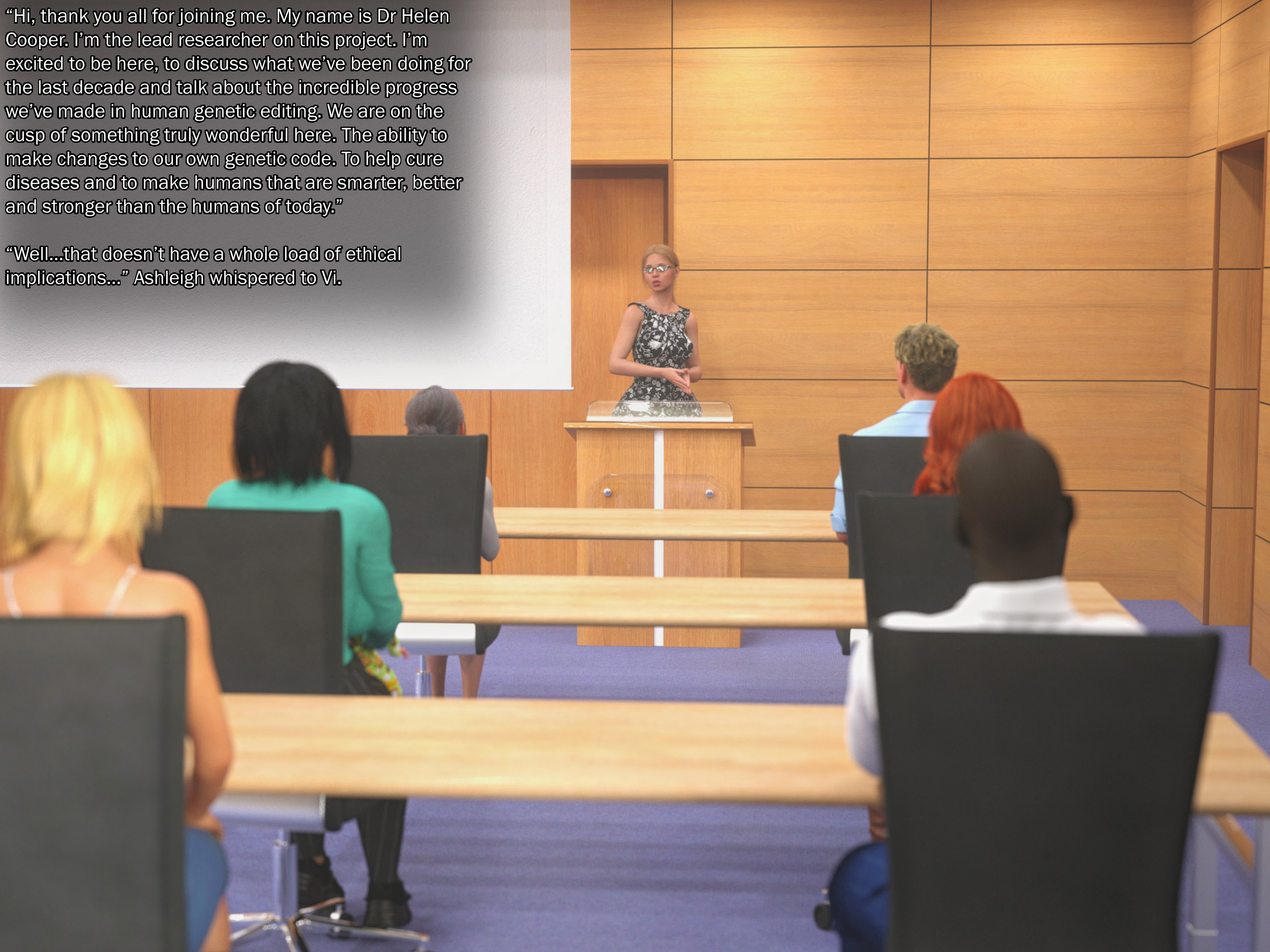
“It’s good you’re here. If they can do everything they say they can, this might actually be life-changing for you.” Ashleigh’s face lit up as she had a moment of inspiration. “Hell, we could swap places and–”

“Please, don’t finish that sentence.” Vi interrupted her.

After some mingling and handshaking, Vi and Ashleigh sat, waiting for the presentation to start. In order for Phil to see what was happening, Vi decided it was best to unstrap him and have him sit on her knee for the duration. If necessary, she could just cuddle him into her if anyone asked any questions.

“Hi, thank you all for joining me. My name is Dr Helen Cooper. I’m the lead researcher on this project. I’m excited to be here, to discuss what we’ve been doing for the last decade and talk about the incredible progress we’ve made in human genetic editing. We are on the cusp of something truly wonderful here. The ability to make changes to our own genetic code. To help cure diseases and to make humans that are smarter, better and stronger than the humans of today.”

“Well…that doesn’t have a whole load of ethical implications…” Ashleigh whispered to Vi.



Phil liked to think he was a smart guy. He was one of the top of his class during his undergrad. He was doing a master's now. He could look at spreadsheet upon spreadsheet filled with economic data and make an accurate guess as to the direction the data was headed.

He was good at what he did.

Following along with the fine detail of genetics was something else entirely. He could barely understand any of it. It may as well have been in Latin.

“Our proprietary technique allows us to take a sample of a person’s DNA, analyse it in moments, then resequence it with whatever changes we might want to make. Metabolism, musculature, height, skin tone, hair colour, pain resistance, whatever we can think of, we can alter it. Once that is done, we can implant the altered genetic code back into the patient and allow it to take root, changing them from the inside out.” Dr Cooper continued.

“The applications of this are limitless. We can make humans who are resistant to disease, who thrive in low-oxygen environments, who can hold their breath for half an hour, who can lift cars, and who can outthink AIs. The only limit is our imagination.”



Dr Cooper paused. It was all sounding pretty good to Phil. At least from his perspective, he could see the benefits. Beyond that, it all sounded quite scary.

“At the moment there are some...technical limitations.” She said, tenting her fingers. “In animal testing, the implantation of the modified code has led to systemic shock and organ failure within hours in over eighty percent of cases. This is obviously not ideal...”

Phil heard Vi gasp above him. This technology could make him into a normal guy, but there was an eighty percent chance it would kill him. Even one percent was scarily high.

“We are working on a solution though.” Dr Cooper tapped a button and an interesting image appeared on the screen.

“Imagine if you would, for a moment, a man small enough to fit into a womb. His organs are functional, but his body is connected to that of his host’s. When we make the implantation, his system does not shut down as it is protected by his host.”

This caused the audience to mutter.

“We see two ways forward.” Dr Cooper continued. “A two-step process where the subject is first made smaller, then implanted into a host for the desired changes to be made, then removed and regrown. Or...”

“Well...this is all batshit crazy...” Vi whispered.

For a long moment, Ashleigh was silent. Then she shook her head. “On the face of it, maybe. Underneath, she’s onto something...I think this could work...”

“What do you mean!?” Phil said, turning to Ashleigh.

“Hey! Shush!” Vi was so alarmed that she almost yelled. Instead, she whispered, though loud enough for everyone around to hear. “You’re supposed to be keeping quiet!”

“Later…” Ashleigh said, waving him off and turning back to Dr Cooper.



“We’re working on an artificial womb.” Dr Cooper explained excitedly. “This one here is a test version. The subject is sedated and placed inside, sealed in a pool of highly oxygenated gel. There’s some risks here, especially with fire, but the rewards are astronomical. We’ve already confirmed we can keep someone alive in this for over a day. The next step is to get the umbilical and life support systems working so we can proceed to animal testing.”

Dr Cooper carried on, outlining their hopes and aspirations for the project, then finished by opening the floor up to questions.

“You seem to have the fundamentals of the underlying science nailed here. The survival problem seems like a medical issue. Do you have a timescale for the development of the artificial womb?” a man at the back asked.

“Thank you. We’re not rushing this. Trust in the process is going to be the key to commercial success. No one is going to get in the thing if there’s a chance they won’t come out.” Dr Cooper smirked. “We expect development and testing to last roughly five years. We’re funded through to then anyway.”

Ashleigh put her hand up and Dr Cooper pointed to her.

“Hypothetically speaking, if you had a man small enough to fit in a womb, this technique would work? Your research seems very optimistic. Has this been verified? Have you confirmed the idea of using a womb to prevent systemic shock?”

“Thank you, it’s a great question.” Dr Cooper smiled professionally. “We verified it ourselves using mice. We also have a third-party lab in Korea, which replicated our results. They’re not a part of our project, they just act as independent verification. They replicated our results. We’re not sure how it would work in the scenario you described, but assuming you could implant and connect a subject to a host, it should work. We don’t think the two-step process is viable in reality; it’s why we’re working on our own artificial womb.”

“That looks so good. Can I get some?” Phil whispered quietly.

The presentation and question and answer session were long over. While most people were mingling and shaking hands, Vi was avoiding people, not wanting anyone to look too closely at Phil.

“Shhhhh...We’ll leave soon. I’ll get you a beer on the way home. Just–”

“Oh, I’m totally an amateur! It’s my roommate that’s the real genius!” Vi recognised Ashleigh’s voice coming towards her, easily carrying over the background din of people talking.

“Wow! You’ve a very good grasp of this for an amateur! What’s your doctorate in?” Dr Cooper asked.

‘Dr Cooper!’ Vi’s mind screamed. Ashleigh was bringing her right towards them.

“Oh, no! I’m an undergrad. I just follow whatever interests me.” Ashleigh’s smile was surprisingly demure.

“Helen, this is Vi, my roommate. She’s the geneticist! She’s got some interesting ideas based on your research.”

“Oh wow! And who’s this little guy!?” Dr Cooper practically ignored Vi and leaned in to get a good look at Phil instead. He knew he was supposed to look away, but he couldn’t help himself. He was a deer caught in headlights.

“Oh, sorry, this is Phil. I hope you don’t mind him coming along. I couldn’t get anyone to look after him, he’s a quiet fella anyway.” Vi said, trying to draw attention back to her.

“May I?” Dr Cooper reached out her hands, not grabbing Phil but being very obvious that she wanted to hold him. “You could use a break. It’ll give you a chance to discuss your thoughts on the presentation.”

Vi wasn’t sure what to do, but in her hesitation, she let Dr Cooper ease Phil from her grip.

“Oh, he’s so little! And so well-behaved too!” she said, cuddling Phil into her. He squirmed inwardly, burying his head against the strange woman, desperate not to make eye contact. “Such a good boy!”

“So, ummm, I was wondering…” Vi said, getting very anxious about Phil being in the arms of Dr Cooper. “You said the first stage isn’t viable. I assume the systemic shock affects subjects when trying to change height? Does it get worse the bigger the change? Or is the reaction the same no matter what?”

Without taking her eyes off Phil, Dr Cooper answered. “Small changes seem to only cause a minor effect. We can usually reduce height by about ten percent without issue. Twenty percent requires intervention. Getting down small enough to make a human host viable is going to be tough. We could probably get there with time, but we feel the artificial route is better for a variety of reasons. We’d need to find a willing host as well.”

Vi nodded. “That’s understandable.” She gestured down to Phil. “Would you mind? I need to, umm...feed him...”

“Oh...yes...of course...” Dr Cooper looked sad, but handed Phil back to Vi.

Phil's mind was screaming as Vi carried him over to a chair and sat down. She was going to feed him, right here in public. He'd been happy to do it in the privacy of her room, but there was an entire conference going on. Hell, Ashleigh was watching with a smirk.

"Such a good guy, behaving so well at a dull conference." Dr Cooper smiled down on Phil.

Vi opened her shirt, then moved a swollen tit towards his face. It was clear why Vi was doing this. She wanted him well out of sight. "He is...right up until he gets hungry. This will hopefully keep him quiet for a while..."

The message to Phil was clear, but he wasn't going to go down so easily.

“Mmmmf…mphhh…” Phil shook his head.

“Oh, does he not want to?” Dr Cooper asked, looking on eagerly. “I’ve always wanted a baby, just never time, you know?”

Vi nodded. “Yeah, I didn’t plan this. He just came along. It’s time-consuming, but worth it.” Vi looked down to Phil. “Come on…time for lunch…open wide for…”

Phil was about to try more forceful pretend babble, but as he opened his mouth, Vi pressed her nipple inside, her let down starting before Phil even knew what was happening. There was no fighting it anymore. All he could do was give in and drink the sweet liquid flowing from Vi into his mouth.

“Now that is just adorable!” the doctor cooed. “I wish I had one of my own. Just look at him go.”

“Wow, Philly is really going for it!” Ashleigh’s tone did nothing to hide her excitement and curiosity. She’d clearly be pestering them both with questions later.

“I guess he’s hungry…” Vi laughed nervously.

‘I am never going to live this down.’ Phil told himself as he guzzled down more milk. He wished he didn’t enjoy it so much. That would probably make it less humiliating.

“Oh, now that is so damn cute.” Dr Cooper cooed once more. “It’s very impressive, Vi. I remember just how hard getting my doctorate was. You’re doing all of that, plus you’ve this little one attached to you all the time. Remarkable.”

“Oh yeah, you have no idea.” Ashleigh grinned.

“Um, it’s nothing, really. I’ve help.” Vi blushed.

“Since I have you both here. I was wondering if I could pose a question...” Ashleigh said. “Me being the amateur and all.”

“Why not? It’s why we’re here after all.” Dr Cooper replied.

“Mmmmfmm...mmmmfmmm...” Phil couldn’t help but make satisfied swallowing noises with each mouthful of sweet, creamy milk he chugged. Around him the three women were talking. He tried to focus, to listen to what Ashleigh was saying.

“Anti-inflammatories...protein stabilisers...hyperstimulated chelation...stem cells...”

Ashleigh’s voice was so distant, he could barely focus on it. Each time he tried, he got distracted by the urge to swallow, then started to suckle again. He hadn’t realised when he’d started doing that. Vi’s flow had slowed enough that it was now he who was sucking it out of her nipple. He couldn’t stop himself.

“I…I…I…” Dr Cooper stammered. “What is it you said you did again?”

“A bit of everything.” Ashleigh fired back without hesitation. “To my mind, that would be enough to prevent the systemic shock you’re seeing for a minor change such as height. The chelation is going to be key. Did you try anything like that?”

Dr Cooper could only stare. “No…no…we didn’t even think…”

“Alright, well, that’s a gimme.” Ashleigh replied. “Now we’ve our dude down to around two feet tall. We lube him up, inject him, and we get him inside a lady, pump her full of hormones and stem cells. That’s about it, right? Maybe some muscle relaxants to get it all loosened up?”

Dr Cooper nodded, her jaw hanging open.

“It…it took years to work out the protocol. How…how…” the doctor asked.

Phil could feel the world starting to slip away. He was so warm. Not just outside, but inside. Vi’s milk sat like a hot water bottle in his belly, warming him.

“…not that hard…it’s all fairly logical…”

He tried to speak. Tried to call out for Vi, but he couldn’t. She was there…right above him, but in another world. Phil blinked, trying to clear his eyes. Once…twice…on the third time, they didn’t open again. His world went black as he drifted off to sleep.

“You’ve given me a lot to think about...would you be open to discussing this further?” Dr Cooper asked.

“I’ll give you my Snapchat.” Ashleigh replied.

“Your what?”

Ashleigh laughed. “Oh dear, Vi. I think you broke Phil!”

“Oh, that’s just too cute!”

“Eughhhhhhh...what...what...happened?”

Phil slowly sat up, blinking as he woke up from an unplanned nap. He was on the sofa, he was dressed and...

“Oh...oh, no...” He felt himself go pale as he remembered being with Vi at the conference, Ashleigh grinning at him right before he passed out.

“Shit!” He remembered his ‘fake date’ with Lorna. Was he late? Had he missed it?

“Hey...” someone said.



“Ready to go?” Lorna asked.

Phil turned and hopped down off the couch. His mouth hung half open. He couldn’t think. All he could do was walk towards her, looking up and up and she rose higher and higher as he got closer and closer.

“Phil? Are you alright?” Lorna asked, sounding concerned.

“Yeah…um…just…wow!” He gasped, looking up at her, dressed up and ready to go. “You look incredible!”

“Thanks.” She blushed. “You look cute.”

“I feel like I should have made more of an effort now.” He said, not admitting that it was probably Vi who’d dressed him. Hopefully Vi and not Ashleigh. “You look…wow…”

“Stop it!” Lorna laughed. “You’re laying it on a bit too thick.”

Phil wasn’t really trying to do anything. He was just rambling helplessly.

“Shall we go?” he suggested.

“Sure, the movie starts in half an hour, so we can walk.” Lorna replied.

“Are...are you taller than the door!?” Phil asked, noticing how she ducked as she stepped through.

Lorna shrugged. “I’m on a date. Thought I’d try out heels. I didn’t expect you’d mind.”

“What’s a few more inches?”



“We are not going to see a rom-com! It’ll bore the pants off me.” Phil said as he followed Lorna in through the revolving door. It was handy having her there to do the pushing for him.

“What if that’s the point?” Lorna grinned down at him.

“I thought this was a fake date?” Phil replied.

Lorna shrugged with her palms up, turning to face him and walking backwards. “It is what it is.”

What the hell did that mean?



“The horror then? Behind Bars? I’ve heard good things. And a horror movie is a first date trope.” He suggested.

“Sure. I don’t mind a good scare. As long as you hold me in the jumpy parts.”

“Deal!”

They approached the counter, and Lorna looked at the snack options. “Um, two for Behind Bars and a large popcorn. You want anything, Phil?”

“I’m good.” He said. “If you’re willing to share a few bits of popcorn.”



“Sorry, Miss, who are you talking to?” the clerk asked.

“My date, he’s...a bit out of sight.” Lorna replied.

“Hey!” Phil called up.

“Can I see him?” the clerk asked.

“Sure...” Lorna said, lifting Phil up.

The clerk took a breath through his teeth. “The film is adults only. Got any ID?”

“No. It’s a bit awkward carrying it around. I’m clearly in my twenties.” Phil said.

“Sorry, I can’t sell you a ticket without ID. It’s comp–”

“Listen here, jerk!” Lorna snapped, setting Phil down. “All because he’s small doesn’t mean he can’t do the same things as the rest of us! You look like a tiny dweeb to me, but still, I have to show you respect! Now, how about you just ring up the tickets before I string you up by your tie!?”

The clerk backed up, trying to get her to calm down. It didn’t work.

“Screw you, lady!” he said and left, leaving the counter vacant.

“Fucking asshole…” Lorna growled. She bent down at Phil, seeing the look of embarrassment on his face. It was only then she noticed that everyone was looking at her. Looking at him too. “Sorry…”

“It’s alright. How about we just go for a walk instead?” he suggested. “We can talk, you know? Surely better than ignoring each other through a movie.”

Phil saw Lorna’s eyes narrowing. He recognised that look. She wasn’t ready to let this go. “I hate letting them win!”



“It’s only letting them win if we let them get to us. I don’t mind, really!” Phil tried out a smile.

Lorna didn’t return it. Instead, her eyes followed the clerk as he headed to the staff area in the back. For a moment, Phil was worried she might try following. Instead, her eyes landed on the bathroom.

“Hang on...I’ve a better idea. Follow me!” she said and headed towards the bathroom.

“Come on. In here!” she grinned, pushing the door to the women’s bathroom open. Despite his better judgement, Phil found himself unable to stop himself following her.

“Lorna!? What are we doing!? I can’t be in here!” he said, panicking.

“Relax! It’s just us in here!” she smirked, opening a stall. She undid her belt and held it up. “I’m not going to let that asshole win. We’re seeing that movie! Both of us! It’ll be fun! Promise!”

Eager to get out of sight, Phil followed her into the stall and she locked the door behind him.

Phil watched as Lorna sat her long form down on the closed toilet lid. Even sitting, she still absolutely towered over him like most people did when standing. Either side of him her legs loomed up over him. He was used to feeling small, but not like this.

“So…um…what’s the plan?” he asked, a distinct crack in his voice.

“Well, out there it was pretty obvious that most people were watching the seven-foot-tall blonde lady yelling. I’m so big I scare the crap out of them!” she explained. “So we use that to our advantage!”

“Right…how?”

“You climb up under my dress, I use the belt to strap you to me, then no one can see. I sneak you inside!” she grinned, devilishly pleased with her plan.

Phil felt the blood drain from his face. It wasn't so much from the sneaking in...OK, it was a little bit about the sneaking in. Mostly it was the idea of climbing under Lorna's dress and being pressed right against her. He was pretty sure she wasn't even wearing a bra.

"Um...I..."

"You don't have to. No pressure!" she reassured him. "Just, I hate letting the assholes win."

Phil could see from the look on her face that this was about more than him. This was about letting her get a victory. "Well then, hold my beer." He replied to her delight.

“Yes!” She fist pumped. “Let’s do this! You want a hand?”

“No…no…I can, you know, climb up under your dress all by myself. Pretty sure this is third date stuff.” He joked, pulling himself up onto the toilet lid and pressing her dress down with his hands.

“It’s a practice date anyway. Who knows what will come up?” Phil could hear the smirk in her voice.

“Ok…yeah…I…” He stood, pressing himself up into her dress. He bumped his head on something soft and heavy, then cringed as he realised it was a boob.

“Whoops! Sorry about that!” He quickly ducked back down.

“Phil, I’ve told you to climb up into my dress. Accidents are going to happen. Just get yourself to a spot that’s comfortable and keep your head out of sight. No one is going to be tall enough to look down my dress, so you should be fine riding high up.”

“Got it...” Phil replied, not entirely sure he had, in fact, got it.

“Gah!” Lorna squeaked, jumping a little. “That tickles!”

“Sorry!” Phil cried out again. This was definitely more than he had signed up for on this practice date. No matter what he did, it still seemed to tickle her.



“One for Behind Bars, please.” Lorna said. “And a large popcorn.”

She was disappointed to see it was a new clerk. She was hoping to smirk at the asshole who’d refused to let Phil in. Still, she was winning. That’s what mattered.

“Sure!” the little clerk cheerfully started on her order. “Coming right up!”

The lobby was mostly empty now. Lorna could hear from the wall beyond that the pre-movie trailers were running, so people were mostly in their seats. There were still a few stragglers milling around though. She couldn't help but smirk to herself. No one had even noticed looking at her that it wasn't just her they were seeing.

"I can't believe that worked!" Phil whispered as Lorna carried her popcorn into the theatre.

"Shhhhh..." She tried and failed to suppress a smile at the little face looking up at her from below her cleavage. "We're not in yet!"

It had been surprisingly easy, so far at least.

Phil had knelt down on the toilet seat, positioned his head just below her boobs, then grabbed a hold of her waist. She'd then wrapped the belt around her waist, strapping his waist to hers. His legs were so short they didn't even hang below her dress.

She'd not planned on this 'practice date' making it all the way to second base, but she wasn't going to have it ruined by some jackass.

Lorna sat down in an open seat. The theatre was pretty empty, with only a few scattered couples and some individuals enjoying the trailers. She could still hear some whispering going on around her.

She made a point of not sitting in front of anyone, as that usually led to people getting annoyed, and she just wanted some time to relax and enjoy the movie. Just the movie...and nothing else...

“Hey! Care to share some of that popcorn!?” Phil hissed up.

“Get your own.” Lorna stuck her tongue out at him.

Phil laughed, contemplating tickling her as a response, but wasn’t sure if that would get him in trouble or not. He didn’t want to overstay his welcome. “Yeah…so, small problem with this plan. I can’t see the movie…”

“Oh…shit…” Lorna smacked her forehead, then her hand disappeared for a moment, returning with some popcorn. “Fine, you can have consolation popcorn.”



The popcorn landed on Phil's face. Without lifting up his arms, there was no way he'd be able to eat it, and he wasn't ready to do that just yet. "Wait...you're not going to unstrap me? I'm stuck here for the whole movie?"

"I'll let you out, if you really want." She whispered. "But what would you prefer? Being in there, or sitting in the seat next to me?"

Phil sometimes had problems understanding signals. He understood that one just fine. Or, at least he hoped he did.

Buried in the darkness, atop the twin mounds his head was wedged between, he could just about make out the two deep red nubs atop Lorna's boobs, pressing into the fabric of her dress.

All he had to do to test his theory was to lift up an arm. Either Lorna would be pleased, or she'd be very, very pissed. Either way, their relationship was about to change. Phil had already decided he was going to take the hint. He lifted his arm, brushed her nipple with his fingers.

There was a sharp intake of breath, then a coo. It was the right answer.

“Mmmmmmmm…” Lorna cooed above him. “This movie was a little dull. I’m enjoying it now…”

Phil was pretty sure she was talking about him. He decided to strengthen his grip on her nipple, squeezing it instead of teasing it. Lorna moaned a little more, biting her lip as she looked down on him. He would have never have known to do that before. Ashleigh’s teaching was paying off.

“The action finally started?” Phil asked.

“You could say that…”



In keeping with traditions of dating couples in the movie theatres long past, Phil's hands did their best to explore Lorna without letting anyone else watching the movie around know just what was happening. That was easier for him, given he was hidden beneath Lorna's lovely yellow dress.

Anyone else making out or advancing to heavy petting would be getting kicked out by the staff about now. He had an advantage that way.

"Ooooh..." Lorna moaned. Well, an advantage that would only last if Lorna could keep her moaning quiet.

“Those small hands certainly know what they’re doing.” Lorna whispered down.

Phil couldn’t help but grin, his chest swelling with delight as something he’d longed for came true. Sure, he’d done stuff like this with Ashleigh, and it was fun, but there was no emotional connection there. It was just fun and curiosity and she would move on. This…this was different.

“They’ve got to come in useful somehow.” He replied, continuing to vary between teasing and squeezing. He could see from the look on her face alone that she was enjoying it as much as he was. Probably more.



In a million years, he never imagined this ‘practice date’ would go like this. The smell of her all around him, the heat from her body, the feel of her breast in his hand, it was incredible. It was everything–

Phil stopped as he was pressed tightly into Lorna’s body, large hands grinding him against her.

“I’ve wanted this for so long…” she whispered above him. “I…I didn’t think you wanted me…”

“Of…of course I wanted you…” he croaked back. The grinding was nice, but it was making it harder to breathe.

“You didn’t want Ashleigh?” For a moment Phil could see the pain in Lorna’s face, then she hid it beneath a smirk.

“I wanted you…but never in a million years did I think you’d want me!” Phil explained. “Ashleigh is…well, she’s Ashleigh. She was curious about me and offered to teach me how to…you know…do things. If I’d known you wanted me, I would have been with you!”

Lorna’s face lit up. “I guess we’ve both been idiots!”

“I can’t speak for you, but I know I have!” He felt her hug him tighter.



“Ungg…can’t…breathe…” Phil gasped.

“Sorry!” Lorna said, letting him go. “Better?”

Phil answered by tweaking her nipple and grinding himself against her. After their talk, he wanted nothing more than to strip down and make her as happy as he could, right here, no matter who was watching.

“Ooooooooh…that feels too good. I can’t believe…mmmmm…we could have been doing this for ages now!” Lorna said, agreeing with his sentiments.

Phil was taken by surprise when she stood up, his legs moving from kneeling on the seat to dangling in the air once again.

“Let’s get out of here…” Lorna whispered. “This movie sucks anyway.”

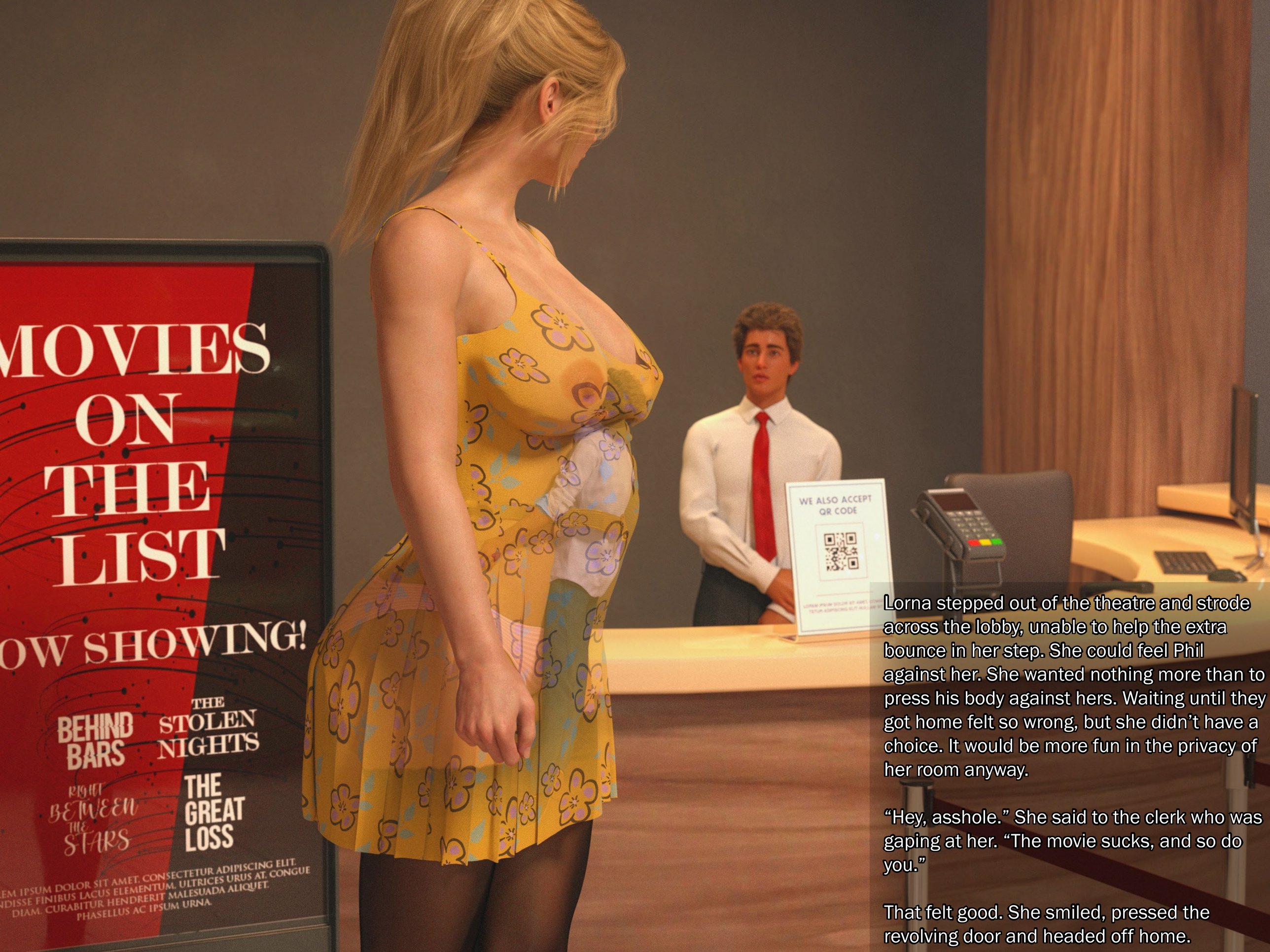
“From what I can hear of it, I kind of agree.” Phil said. “I like the visuals though.”

Lorna giggled. “I bet you do.”

Phil gazed up at Lorna, still clutching a nipple in one hand and feeling her huge breasts wobbling and shaking with each step. In the light of the screen she looked unbelievably beautiful. It was hard to believe that she wanted him.

She. Wanted. Him.

Still, he'd done it, somehow. He'd taken a risk, and it had paid off massively. Now all he had to do was not fuck it up.



Lorna stepped out of the theatre and strode across the lobby, unable to help the extra bounce in her step. She could feel Phil against her. She wanted nothing more than to press his body against hers. Waiting until they got home felt so wrong, but she didn't have a choice. It would be more fun in the privacy of her room anyway.

"Hey, asshole." She said to the clerk who was gaping at her. "The movie sucks, and so do you."

That felt good. She smiled, pressed the revolving door and headed off home.

“Mmmmm...oooooooo...mmmmm...” Lorna cooed.

Phil was doing his best. Making out when your face was the same size as the lips kissing you was tough. He did his best to get his own tongue involved, but it was nothing compared to the monster that was Lorna’s. It could occasionally block both his mouth and nose and stop him breathing entirely.

It was fun, and he had no intention of stopping. Just, logistics were always a consideration at his scale.

“I’m sorry…” she said, pulling away. “I can feel I’m…smothering you a little. I’m trying not to, I’m just…excited.” She finished with a grin that made Phil’s knees go weak.

“You don’t hear me complaining, do you?” he replied, stroking her cheek.

“No.” She blushed. “I just want to be…”

“Total honesty.” Phil said. “I think we got into this mess because we didn’t talk openly about how we feel. So, I’ll be honest with you. If I’m uncomfortable, I’ll say, and we work to fix it. Same for you. That work?”

Her answer was to grab him, pressing his face into her lips and kissing him passionately.

“You are so right. I’ll be honest from now on.” She replied, breaking the kiss after a minute or so. Phil wasn’t really keeping track of time. “I just hope...I feel so big. I’m so clumsy. I don’t want to hurt you. I don’t know how this is even going to work, you know?”

Phil nodded at her, keeping his eyes locked on hers and a reassuring smile on his face. “You are perfect. I wouldn’t change a thing about you.” He crawled backwards, stopping on a boob to massage and squeeze it.

“This...this is what Ashleigh wanted to teach me. To show me it could work.” He knew it was a risk bringing up the ‘other woman’. “We can do this.”

“You two are done?” she asked.

“Totally. She’ll be happy to hear we’re doing this. There’s no romance there. Just my dumbass and her being sweet.”

Lorna's eyes locked on Phil's and she held his gaze. He tried to read what she was thinking, worried that she might be on the verge of walking because of his relationship with their roommate.

The moment seemed to last forever. Phil caught a devilish glint in her eyes, right before she jolted up, flipping him onto the bed.

When he righted himself, she was on all fours over him, like a predator ready to pounce.

“I want you to never be afraid of me.” Lorna spoke, her voice torn between impatience, restraint and desire. “I want you to always want me. To know that no matter what, I’m about making sure you feel loved and cared for.”

“Ok...” Phil sensed a ‘but’ coming.

“But, I really want to just smush my boobs all over you right now. You are just too damn perfect in every way.” She finished.

Phil lay back. “Selflessly, I will endure, for you.” He grinned.

Lorna didn’t bother with a pithy comeback. She just dropped her chest onto Phil’s, pinning him to bed and half knocking the wind out of him. She dragged her bosom down his body, feeling him moulding her soft flesh around his small yet firm body.

He felt so small and she so big. Normally, she ran from it, but with Phil, it was different. He embraced her huge size, so now she could too, and it felt incredible. She rolled her chest up, wanting to feel even bigger. She slid his head between her boobs, pushing her weight down even more, feeling her cleavage effortlessly swallowing his head.

Phil was enjoying himself immensely. Her overwhelming softness was just incredible. He never wanted to leave. If anything, he wished he could be smaller. To feel her all around his whole body and not just his face.

It ended as soon as it started. Lorna rose up off of him, her perfect breasts swinging above him, holding his gaze and inviting him to go again.

“Well...?” Lorna asked.

“Why’d you stop!?” Phil asked.

“Because you still have clothes on.” Lorna replied.

“Oh...how about–”

Lorna cut him off, yanking his jeans down, followed by his underwear. She turned, pulling down her own underwear and tossed them across the room. “All yours.” She said, pointing her ass at him.



“How about we start with something else?” Phil said.

Lorna turned around, looming over him in a way that both excited and terrified him. “You not had enough of my boobies yet?” she asked.

“No...” Phil grinned. “I want to do something else. Something that you’ll like.”

“I can get on board with that.” She grinned.

“Alright, lower yourself down a bit.” Phil asked, feeling stupid he had to ask that. He was kneeling between her legs, looking up at her glorious body. He’d done this with Ashleigh and she hadn’t needed to kneel down so much. Lorna really was stupidly big.

“Oooooh…I didn’t expect this…” Lorna cooed. “Guys…guys don’t usually volunteer.”

“I’ve got to work with what I’ve got.” Phil explained. He lifted his arms up, not so much to hold Lorna in place, but to guide her to him, just as Ashleigh had shown him. He took a deep breath of her intoxicating scene, then started.

The reaction was instantaneous.

“Ooooooooooh…” Lorna moaned, and Phil felt a shudder move through her body from top to bottom like a wave. It helped that she was already turned on. He had that going for him. He didn’t need to warm her up. He just needed to keep in the sweet spot, not get her going too fast and then let her do the rest herself at the end.

“Ooooh…oh, Phil…that…that feels divine.” She carried on cooing.

Phil couldn’t help but look up, marvelling at her beauty and scale, his eyes transfixed on her quaking breasts as she shuddered. He was doing it. No one was guiding him. No one was coaching him or telling him what to do. He was following his instincts, listening to her moans and feeling her body, and responding to and anticipating her needs.

He was being a man, and it didn’t matter that he was only two feet tall.



Lorna’s coos were gradually turning into moans. Phil could feel the victory coming. He was doing it. He was working her slowly towards orgasm. He could feel it in the shaking of her body and the smell in the air.

He was terrified that something might go wrong. That any second he’d overdo a lick, or his head would slip and the moment would be lost forever. He was so focused on not messing it up, he didn’t see her hand coming up behind him.

Her hand hit him like a shove, pressing his face deeper between her wet lips and his mouth right up against her clit. Phil had been trying not to go too fast, not to overstimulate her and bring her to climax before she'd built up enough steam to truly enjoy it.

Ashleigh had told him communication was key to a successful relationship, both in the bedroom and outside of it. Lorna was clearly communicating something to him here.

“Oh…ohhhhhhh…yes…yes…that…keep doing that…” Lorna moaned, pressing his head even more tightly into her sex.

Phil made a mental note for next time: start slow, build up, then go hard. That’s what she liked. He didn’t just press himself in more, he turned ravenous. He nibbled and sucked at her clit like it would save his life. He could feel her shaking all around him, her moans getting louder and louder. This was what she wanted, and he was making it happen.

The retaliation was almost physical. Phil hadn’t understood it, though it had likely been there a while. With his face buried in Lorna’s nethers, it hit him. He would do anything for her. Anything.

He didn’t care that she was forcing his head into her, because he wanted it to happen. He wanted nothing more than to please her with every inch of his body. Even if he were as small as a mouse to her, he would have her press him all the way inside of her just to get the job done.

It was an interesting piece of self-discovery.

“Oooooh...ohhhhhhh...yes...yes! YES! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!!”

If Lorna’s ever-increasing moans and shouts weren’t a clue she was about to orgasm, the fact she was grinding on his face was. Her whole body shook and shuddered at once, her overwhelming strength pushing his face into her until she pulled back, rising up and letting him go.

Phil could only watch, entranced in a mixture of pride and animal fear at the incredible sight above him.





“...cocktail of all those things...it could work–”

“What the hell was that!?” Vi gasped.

“YES!!!” Ashleigh cheered, her face lighting up. “He did it!”

“Was...was that Lorna!? Holy shit! She sounds like a freaking lion or something!” Vi couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “Phil...Phil did that!?”

“Goddamn right he did! Go Phil!” She danced.

“Mmmmmmm...” Lorna lay in a sweaty heap on the bed, just about able to hold herself up. “I...I may just go to sleep. If you don’t mind.”

“I might join you.” Phil said, happily grinning at his accomplishment.

Lorna shook her head, slowly pushing herself up. “Oh no...you don’t get off that easy. Your turn.”

“My turn?” he asked.

Lorna was pushing herself back up onto all fours.

“OK...well, our turn. I want you inside me. I want to feel you so bad. Just fuck me. No tricks, no trying anything, just a good, solid fuck.” She said.

“Ummmm...sure. May need a ladder though.” He chuckled nervously.

“Hehe...my bad.” Lorna dropped to her front, her hips raised, offering Phil an open goal.

He could barely restrain himself. He rushed at her, pressing his body against hers, fumbling with himself as he tried to mount her, failing on the first few attempts, he was so excited. It was hard not to feel like a Chihuahua trying to fuck a Dobermann.

“Oh!” Lorna moaned as she felt him slide into her.

“Ready?” she asked.

“Ready?” Phil repeated the question, not sure what she meant.

She answered him by rising up, lifting her whole body off the bed and arching her hips up into the air.

“Whoa!” Phil gasped, suddenly feeling like he was riding a mechanical bull. He grabbed onto her ass, trying to stop himself from slipping out of her or falling back down to the bed entirely.

“Fuck me, Phil. Fuck me.” Lorna moaned, seemingly oblivious to his struggles to hang onto her.

Phil dug down deep, drawing on strength he didn't even realise he had. He pushed down with his arms, lifting himself up and pressing himself as deep into Lorna as he could. He started to grind his hips against hers, moving inside of her.

"Ohhhh...fuck..." he groaned as he started fucking her. It felt incredible. It didn't matter that he was barely even half a man. He was fucking a woman who was into him and she was loving it as much as he was. He could feel her warm, moist sex hungrily wrapping around his cock.

"Mmmmm..." Lorna moaned below him.



This wasn't something Phil had either planned or trained for. Ashleigh had always been fairly conscious of his comfort and position, and had usually taken the lead when it came to this part.

Lorna was clearly different. Whether it was passion in the heat of the moment, or just respecting that Phil was a man who might want to do things himself, Phil was having to figure this out on the fly.

He managed to prop himself up on one foot, then wedge his other leg against her butt cheek. It wasn't much, but it was enough to allow him to actually, properly fuck her, and it felt great.



He understood why Lorna had done this now. It was the angle. Being an athlete and verging on seven feet tall, Lorna's backside wasn't exactly small nor yielding. Each cheek was a large, round, powerful muscle that Phil had no hope of overcoming.

At this angle, he could press himself right against Lorna's crotch and get as deep into her as he could.

“Mmmmmm…Phil…I’ve wanted…I’ve wanted this for so long…” Lorna moaned. He could hear in her voice that she was close already. They’d only been going at it for a couple of minutes since her first big-O, and now the second was coming. Going down on her first was definitely the right call.

“Me…too…” he panted, trying to keep a hold of her rocking hips.

“Don’t stop…don’t stop…I’m…” she squeaked, then her pussy clamped down on his cock. Lorna came, her body trembling and juddering beneath Phil as he clung on tight, also groaning as he came inside of her.

“Mmmmm…that was incredible.” Lorna cooed.

They’d been just cuddling for a while, enjoying the afterglow and the simple comfort of lying next to a person you’d just been intimate with.

“It was rather fun.” Phil agreed.

Lorna kissed him. “Wanna go back to your room for the night? Or would you prefer to be my cuddly toy?”

Phil shrugged and snuggled into her. “What do you think?”

Lorna turned out the light, and sleep came quickly. Both exhausted from activity and a cocktail of endorphins. After weeks of uncertainty and awkwardness, both finally felt at peace, having the other in their arms.

That was until Phil’s bladder woke him.

“Dammit…” he hissed, dropping down from the bed. Getting back into Lorna’s arms was going to be difficult and he didn’t want to wake her. There was no choice. He very much needed to pee.

“At least she opened the door a crack for me.” He said. For some reason, he wasn’t sure why, he’d woken with a feeling of unease. The night had been great, the best night ever, but now it wasn’t sitting right with him. Where did they go from here? How was this relationship going to work? She’d literally called him her cuddly toy.

Is that how she saw him? Is that what people would think when they saw them together?

One empty bladder later and Phil was wide awake, his mind a whirlwind of contradicting thoughts. One part of his mind told him to relax and just roll with whatever came his way with Lorna. Another, more persistent voice kept nagging at him that it wasn't going to work. That the gulf between them was just too–

"Hey slugger!"

Phil turned to find Ashleigh grinning down at him.

"You got a minute?" she gestured to her room with her head. "Vi and me want to talk about something."



“Here he is! The man himself! The man that made the walls tremble and Lorna sing! It’s Phil!” Ashleigh cheered and danced as Phil walked into her room.

“Ashleigh, stop.” Vi shook her head. “Don’t be so crass.”

“Oh, relax. I just want Phil to know I’m happy for him.”

“Heh...” Phil forced a laugh. “Is that what you two wanted to talk about? Sort out some house rules or something?”

Vi and Ashleigh looked at each other, both moving to stand over Phil.

“You tell him…”

“No! It’s your idea! You tell him!” Vi shot back.

Ashleigh shrugged. “We’ve figured out how to make Dr Cooper’s procedure work on you. Between the two of us, we’re one hundred percent confident it will work.”

“Without killing me?” Phil asked.

“Without killing you.” Ashleigh nodded. “We just need a womb to sustain you while your DNA rejigs.”

“I…I…I…” Phil’s head was spinning. He didn’t think today could get anymore life-changing, but apparently it could. “How…what…” he stammered. “Where do we even find a womb?”

Vi knelt down, slowly and carefully. She took a breath and held his gaze before opening her mouth.

“Me…”

To Be Continued...

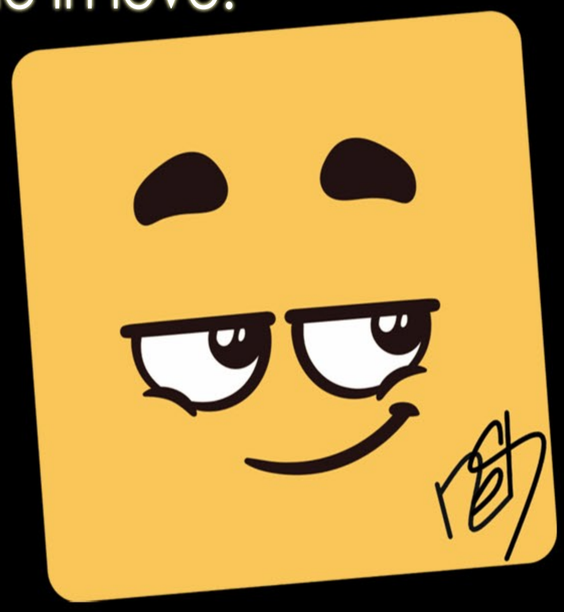
Huge thanks to Nel for sharing Lorelai with me! She's gorgeous and I'm a little in love.

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