



Little Things Inc
A Forty Two Conclusion 2

BY JSM+OHH

THEN...



The week flew by for Hannah. Every day she'd wake up, go to class, get to the lab to partake in one or more experiments, and finally, finish off with an hour of volleyball practice. Today was different, however. Not just because it was a Friday, but because Carol had told her to mark it on her calendar.

"I take it you're still free this weekend?" Carol asked.

"Yes. All the way through Sunday, like we planned," Hannah said. She couldn't tell if it was nerves or excitement that caused her voice to quiver.

"Good," Carol replied, as she gestured for her to follow.

Hannah looked at her questioningly. "Can you explain what this is all about?"

"I'd rather show you. It's just over here."



Hannah approached the shelf that Carol had led her to. It was where Carol kept all the tinies.

“Pick two,” Carol said.

Hannah had heard the words clearly, but they didn't quite register. “I'm sorry?”

Carol hated having to explain everything, but it was expected when working with people outside of the company. “The experiments are going well, but we could use more data on long-term application. I need you to take a pair home for the weekend and report back to me on Monday.”

“OMG! Do you think I'm ready, though?” Hannah asked.

Carol sighed in frustration. “It's part of the job. Are you going to pick or would you rather I do it for you?”

Michelle and Nick stood by one another as the raven-haired bombshell leaned towards them. Out of instinct, Nick had taken a position slightly in front of her. He knew there was nothing he could actually do to protect her. Not from someone that big.

“Hi cuties! Remember me?” Hannah’s voice boomed.



Hannah reached into the cage and plucked Michelle right out from behind the tiny man. Grabbing her by the arms, she gently raised her up to her face.

Hannah brought the tip of her index finger toward the tiny woman's chest and began poking and prodding her. "You have spectacular boobs. They're so tiny and perfect," she gushed.

Michelle felt so helpless, dangling hundreds of feet off the ground, held between the giant fingers of this enormous coed, who was treating her body like a toy.





After a moment spent playing with her tits, Hannah reached back in and retrieved the equally adorable Nick. “Do you have anything I can put them in?”

“No, I assumed you were going to bring them right home,” Carol said.

“I would, but I have to get to class,” Hannah explained.

Carol scratched the back of her head as she brainstormed possible solutions. Unfortunately, nothing came to mind. “Perhaps we should delay.”

“No! No...um...that won’t be necessary,” Hannah assured her. They looked so cute that she didn’t want to miss out on taking them with her. “I’ll just shove them down my top until I get home.”

Carol smirked at her forwardness. She was perfect for this.

Michelle and Nick were dropped onto Hannah’s humongous breast, only to slide down the creamy flesh and towards the dark chasm in between.



Carol peeked into Hannah's dark, wobbly cleavage and laughed approvingly. She could see the both of them desperately trying to climb out from her tight embrace.

“Don’t worry little ones, you’ll be safe in there,” Hannah assured.



“Are you alright?” Nick asked.

“NO, I’m NOT alright! I can barely move,” Michelle huffed.

They were squished so tightly together that she could feel every part of him, including his naughty bits.

“Seriously?! THIS turns you on? We’re literally one hug away from being squashed to death.”

“I’m sorry, OK! I’m between two of the biggest boobies I’ve ever seen, even at normal size. Not to mention they’re pressing me against your naked body,” Nick exasperatedly said.

“Gaaaah,” Michelle yelled.





“See you later,” Hannah said as she walked towards the exit.

Carol, ever the busy bee, had already moved on to the next item on her agenda. “Sure thing. Take notes and report back to me on Monday. Until then, keep them with you and out of sight.”

“Of course!” Hannah replied, her voice nearly cracking over the excitement she was trying to contain. She couldn’t wait to get home and play with them, but first, she’d have to get through class.




With every step that Hannah took, her boobs were mobile. They'd jiggle, bounce, and swing together. To the tiny pair trapped in between, that was roughly two hundred tons of clammy mammary flesh that was absentmindedly manhandling them.

"Oof," Michelle gasped from the wind being knocked out of her. She could feel his member, still hard as ever, throbbing against her stomach. "Jesus Nick, can't you tell that thing to calm down?"

"Look, I can't help it. You keep sliding against me and....you're so...just ignore it," Nick stammered.

Michelle couldn't remain angry with him. It wasn't his fault. But she also couldn't ignore it. Despite how flustered he seemed, his dick told an entirely different story. It stood tall and proud as if it had a mind of its own.



On her way to class, Hannah was able to feel every little movement the tiny pair made. Between her brisk walking pace and how tightly she had wedged them in, it was impossible for her not to.

“Shh, c’mon you too. We’re almost there,” she said under her breath.

God, she must’ve looked like a crazy person.

“You heard her too?” The petite blonde said to her boyfriend passing by.

“Yeah, babe. Totally.”

Hannah knew class was gonna suck. Having them so close yet unable to enjoy them was a downright tragedy. She felt like a kid unwrapping a present only to discover its batteries were missing.

The bored student athlete looked towards the clock across the room. It had only been fifteen minutes. She would've gladly skipped if her professor weren't so quiz-happy.

“Eyes on your own paper!”

Hannah sighed and looked back toward the paper on her desk. “What were they up to, anyway?” She wondered.



“Nick, I can feel it twitching,” Michelle said.

“Look, I said I’m....” Nick started to say. Only to be stopped mid-sentence when he felt her hands slide down his front and grasp the base of his shaft.

Michelle looked up at him. She was breathing heavily with her mouth agape. “What else is there to do? It’s not like that thing’s going to die down on its own. And it’s poking at my ribs anyway”

As wonderful as their last time had felt, it wasn’t exactly consensual. Neither of them had done it on their own volition. But this time was different. Despite seeming frustrated, Michelle had just given him an in. Nick slid his hand behind her waist and lowered his face toward hers.



Nick embraced her in a passionate kiss.

Gawd, was he a good kisser. And he certainly gave good dick. Unable to hold back any longer, Michelle allowed her body to take over. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she scooted her body up along his front and mounted him.

“oOh,” she sighed, breaking their kiss as she slid down his length.

She immediately started bouncing up and down on it. Working herself into a lively rhythm. It felt so right, yet so fucked up at the same time. Like two little pets fucking while stuffed down their owner’s shirt.

“Fuck me, Nick. Fuck me like an animal,” she cried out.





Hannah felt their movement start to increase. They transitioned from these odd, separate squirms, to a sort of rhythmic motion that they were doing in unison. It was getting stronger and faster with each passing second.

With her concentration now broken, Hannah cupped her left boob and hefted it up against the other. “What’s going on down there?” She loudly whispered.

“Quiet!” The professor yelled.

She wasn’t the only one to break focus from her test. The little show she put on had garnered quite the crowd of spectators. It’s not every day you see someone act so brazenly in public, especially a person who looked like Hannah.

Nick and Michelle continued to kiss and fuck. For Nick, it felt so surreal, fucking such an enthusiastic little lover while trapped between a giant pair of tits. Never in his life had he felt so big and at the same time, so very, very small.

Michelle, on the other hand, was completely lost in the moment. Her fantasy had grown so elaborate that in her mind, she was now a mouse in heat, fucking her loyal mouse hubby, desperately trying to make little mouse babies for their owner.



“Mmm...Nick...I’m almost there...” Michelle moaned.

“Me too...keep doing that,” he said back.

Michelle pressed the soles of her feet against the squishy fat behind her and drove her hips forward. With Nick still inside her, and her hips braced firmly against his, Michelle started grinding against his abdomen.

Her pussy clenched Nick’s rod so greedily that to him it felt like his dick was being milked by a farm girl. Nick pressed her down and thrust forward, reaching parts of her he hadn’t yet explored.

“Nick...you ready? I want to cum at the same time,” Michelle managed to say.

“Almost...”

Michelle brought her face up to the side of his and whispered. “Go on, Nick. Cum for me. Cum for your Michelle.”



Michelle and Nick cried out as their loins exploded in orgasm.

“Oh...mMmm...so good. Fill me up baby,” Michelle gasped.

Nick on the other hand remained silent, squeezing her waist as his dick spat every last drop of his seed.

The couple remained entwined with one another, allowing the aftershocks of their shared orgasm to die down. Michelle let out an audible gasp as Nick's spent dick finally slipped out of her soaked vagina.





Michelle wrapped her arms around Nick's neck and looked into his eyes. "That was...nice. In a super fucked up, kinky sort of way. But nice still. Was it good for you too?"

Nick smiled back. His cheeks were beginning to redden. "Heh..yeah."

All of a sudden, there was movement. Their surroundings quickly rose, only to abruptly give way to a swaying, far more exaggerated motion. Hannah had gotten up and was now walking.



Normally, Hannah had a confident stride. She wasn't a bitch about it, but she knew she was a smoke show, and her walk usually exuded that. But this time was different. This time, her legs were wobbly and she was drawing strange looks from those who passed by. She didn't care. Her mind was elsewhere.

Having finished the test mere moments ago, Hannah had exited the classroom and was now finally heading home. It couldn't have come any sooner. Her two pesky pets safely tucked away in her cleavage had spent nearly the entire length of class fucking like jackrabbits. Now she could feel them cuddling with one another. Sliding up and down against her enormous boobs with each stride. Michelle bit her bottom lip as she tried to picture their tiny little bodies getting squished by her fat tits.



“Finally!” An exasperated Hannah said.

After rushing through the doorway, the excited college student went straight for her phone. “This is just too perfect.”

She knew she had to keep them secret, but Carol also needed her to assess audience response. Especially from someone with her kind of following.

That’s where the artifact tool would come into play. Carol explained that it would make enough changes to photographs and videos to make them seem doctored to the trained eye without sacrificing realism.

This worked out well. In fact, Hannah had taken the job as a means to create the capital necessary to invest in her MyFans website. The goal was to create enough income so she wouldn’t have to work for the rest of college. And there had to be an audience for this kind of stuff. Their difference in size made for an absurdly disproportionate amount of raw, physical power. A power dynamic that was certain to have a following.

Hannah held the phone up to her face and looked at the screen. This was the moment she wanted to capture. The first shot in the sequence.

“OMG, I look fucking hot. Just look at how big they are,” she gushed out loud. “They must look super tiny down there.”

Hannah turned toward the natural light that shined through the window and began taking a string of selfies. One just wouldn’t do, not with her followers. She ALWAYS had to take a bunch and pick the best ones.

Hannah pressed two fingers against her breast and separated it from the other. The buxom college girl throatily chuckled. Not just at the sight of them getting squished together by her breasts. But also because their little hands and feet tickled her skin.

Hannah pointed the camera at her chest. “Hey little pets. Say cheese!”



What began as a single shot, quickly morphed into something else entirely.

Nick was the first of the two, to worm his way out of the tight confines. Stretching his arms and legs over the vast expanse of boob before climbing onto the fatty hilltop.

Then came Michelle, who didn't quite have the same physical strength as he did.

"Here, grab my hand," Nick said while reaching down to Michelle.

She grasped his hand firmly and started pulling herself out, inch by inch by inch.

Meanwhile, Hannah was getting all of this on camera. It was like she was photographing for a magazine on rock climbing, only her tits were the rock, and the climbers were tiny and naked.





This was what inspired her next shot. One at a time, Hannah carefully plucked each of her two pet rock climbers, and placed them on her nipples.

“OMG, that tickles,” she laughed. Looking down at them, she couldn’t help but marvel at how small they looked. Each of them weighed so little that her nipple, alone, could support their entire weight.” Gawd, I can’t get over how small you two look. Even my areolas are bigger.

Hannah held her phone out at arm’s length and took yet another selfie. “I think I’ll call this one, «human boobie tassels». No...you’re much too small for that. How about «my favorite new nipple rings» ... Yeah, that’s the one!”



Michelle sat on the turgid nipple, suspended hundreds of feet up from the floor. She hated every second of it. Not only was she not into women, but she absolutely detested the self-absorbed ‘influencer’ types. Hannah was clearly on a power trip, and if she wasn’t currently the size of a small mouse, she’d have given her a piece of her mind.

To make matters worse, Hannah brought the front of her phone up close. Michelle nearly gasped at how tiny and pathetic she looked. Even the hard part of Hannah’s nipple looked like it housed more mass than she did.

Michelle shook the stupor from her face and scowled at the phone defiantly. She couldn’t do anything to stop Hannah from taking these humiliating photos. But she could at least not smile for them.

Nick and Michelle were then removed from the influencer's chest, and placed on top of her desk. It wasn't long before their entire view was dominated by her once again. Hannah bent at the waist and leaned forward to look down at them. This caused her huge boobs to hang threateningly before them. Her nipples were so hard, and stuck out so proudly, that they made her weighty breasts look almost like cow udders.

"You can close your mouth now, Nick," Michelle jabbed.

"Huh? Oh, sorry. It's just that they're so...big."



Michelle was so wrapped up in Nick's ogling that she failed to notice the giant tit was no longer hanging in front of them, but now directly over.

PLOP

Hannah's fleshy breasts came plummeting down on the desk with the resounding noise of fat smacking against hardwood. Her left one had just narrowly missed Nick. Michelle, on the other hand, wasn't so lucky. She was completely smothered by it, lined up perfectly with the bottom part of Hannah's areola. Her turgid nipple loomed just inches above, threatening to steamroll over the rest of her body at any moment.





Hannah continued to toy with Michelle and Nick while she snapped pic after pic of the two. Eventually, she gravitated towards the bed.

It was there that things started to escalate. Hannah wanted to relive what went down the first time she played with them. Only this time, she would capture it all on camera.

After placing the both of them onto her nipple, Hannah reached up with phone in hand, and started taking her next batch of selfies.

“Ok, you two. Remember when we first met? I want you both to start massaging my nipple, but do it the exact same way.”

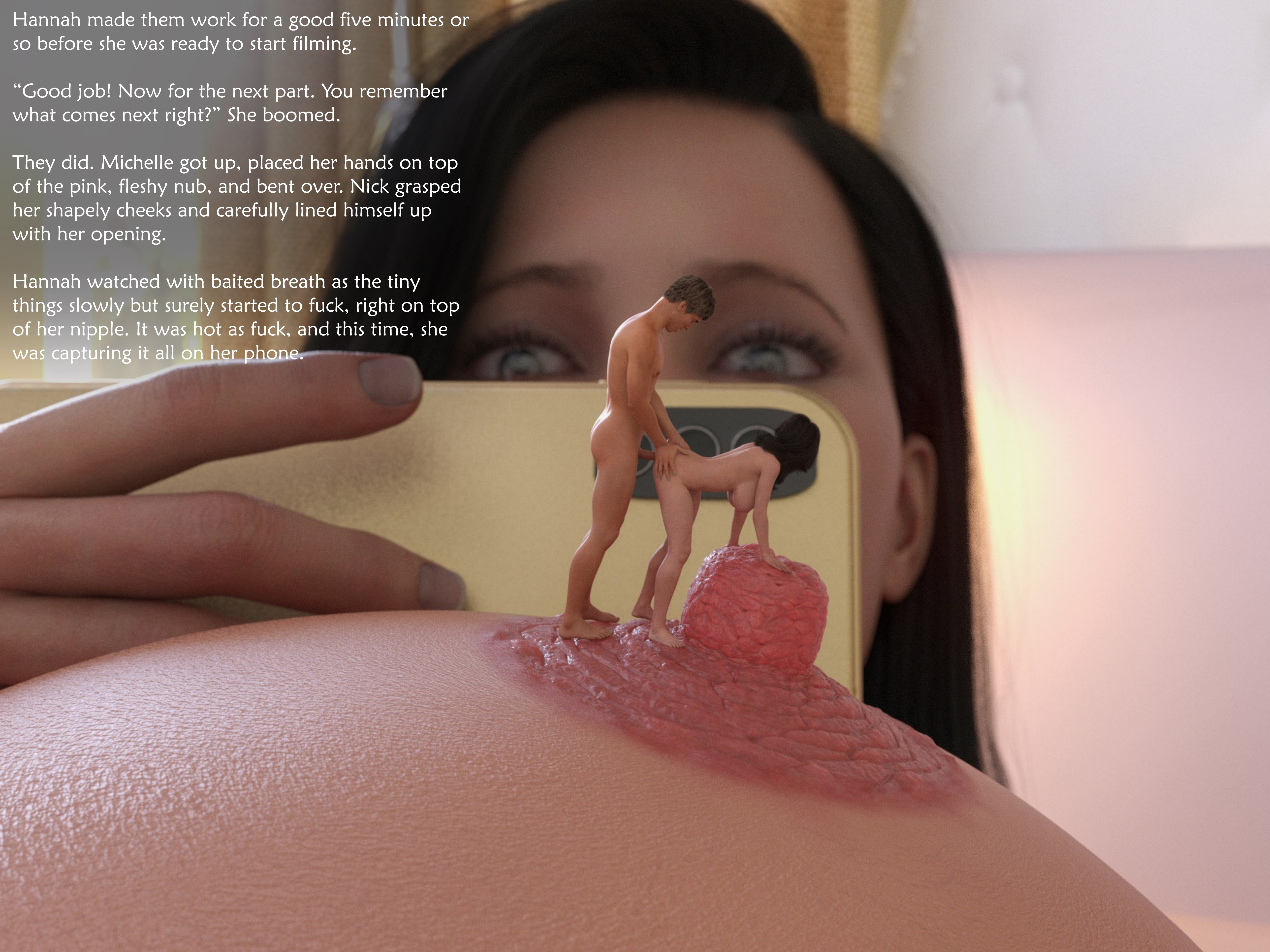
Like good little toys, Nick took hold of her tree stump for a teat, while Michelle got on her stomach and began poking and prodding the outer parts.

Hannah made them work for a good five minutes or so before she was ready to start filming.

“Good job! Now for the next part. You remember what comes next right?” She boomed.

They did. Michelle got up, placed her hands on top of the pink, fleshy nub, and bent over. Nick grasped her shapely cheeks and carefully lined himself up with her opening.

Hannah watched with baited breath as the tiny things slowly but surely started to fuck, right on top of her nipple. It was hot as fuck, and this time, she was capturing it all on her phone.



“C’mon little guy. Fuck her like you mean it. Be rough with her!” Hannah commanded.

Michelle peeked over her shoulder and nodded. They didn’t have much of a choice, just like the first time. She was so much bigger than them! It was better for them if Nick did it himself than Hannah.

“Sorry,” Nick whispered.

He seized both of her arms in one single motion and drove his hips forward. This forced Michelle fully onto Hannah’s hard teat. Using her arms for leverage, Nick began thrusting harder and faster. This wasn’t anything like the kind of sex he was used to. It was more like masturbation. Only instead of his hand, Nick was using Michelle’s entire body.

“Mmmm, look towards the camera for me.”





“Oh fuck that’s hot,” Hannah moaned. No longer capturing the act on film, the big-breasted college student was now thoroughly enjoying herself, masturbating as if she were alone in her room.

Only she wasn’t alone. There were two little pets standing on her nipple, fucking like toy-sized pornstars. As much as she looked forward to sharing the footage, this part was more intended for her own enjoyment.

“Little toy soldier, fucking his...mmm...tiny housewife,” she moaned.

Click

The door latch unlocked, then swung open. In a single motion, Lynn walked through the entryway and shut the door behind her. As she did this, she could see in her peripherals that Hannah was on her bed.

Lynn raised her head to see what was going on and immediately dropped her things. Right in front of her were two tiny people. Not three-foot tall dwarfism tiny, but science fiction, the size of mice tiny. They were standing on her roommate's nipple, hugging each other, or at least that's what it looked like from where she stood. All while Hannah had her hand stuffed beneath her panties.

"What the fuck!?" Lynn gasped out loud.

"H...hi roomie. I didn't think you'd be back so soon," Hannah huffed.





Lynn approached her roommate and leaned in for a closer look. She couldn't believe her eyes. There they were, two perfectly proportioned, tiny people, stranded on her roommates' nipple.

“Are they real?” She asked.

“Yes,” Hannah replied.

Lynn had seen that dentist on TV, the one who had shrunk from an accident. Apparently, there were many others. The majority of whom were even smaller than he was. All but two in fact. At least that's what the article said back when it all happened. Could this be one of those survivors?

“Are they from that accident a few years back?” Lynn asked.

“What accident?”

She knew that most people didn't follow that story as closely as she did. It was a few years old now, and most people her age didn't watch the late night talk shows that the tiny dentist appeared on. Lynn, however, was different. She was fascinated by the possibility of being able to hold an entire person between her fingertips.

“Can I hold him?” Lynn asked.

Hannah looked at her and smiled. “Sure, but be careful.”



Using her forefinger and thumb, the giant blonde carefully pinched the two-inch male and brought him up to her face. She couldn't believe what she saw, let alone, held. A perfectly formed, nude little man.


Ever since she was a girl, she had been drawn to stories like Alice in Wonderland and Gulliver's Travels, often imagining herself as the giant in those stories. Sometime during puberty, this transformed into something else. Instead of imagining herself as a giant, she'd picture herself owning a tiny person. One so small that they could fit in the palm of her hand. She'd fantasize about all the things she'd do to them, often using her childhood dolls to act them out. After seeing that miniature dentist on TV, her fantasy took on new meaning. Even if it was only a handful of people, this kink of hers was no longer make-believe. It was actually possible, and now she held one right between her fingertips. Or at least someone like them.

Her mouth hung open as her big green eyes locked on to his stiff little wiener. Little to her at least. For a two-inch tall man, he looked perfect. Beautiful even. "He's...hard," Lynn gasped.

She brought the tip of her index towards his erection. It was so very, very hard. It looked like it might pop. Lynn pressed it against his lower belly.

"Aah!" He squeaked.

Lynn felt a tiny drop of liquid squirt out as she removed her finger. Threads of cum spurted out from him and onto her fingernail, which remained ever so close. It was as if he were ripped straight from her sexual fantasy.



“I heard about people like this,” Lynn said. “There was an accident a few years back. It made dozens of people tiny like them. Something to do with their molecular structure. The only one I’ve ever seen though is that dentist guy.”

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about,” Hannah admitted. “These two are part of that study I’m participating in.”

Lynn looked at her roommate questioningly. “You mean, they’re part of an experiment? So they shrunk them on purpose!”

Hannah sighed in frustration. Although she had taken about a hundred selfies, not to mention a video of them fucking, she was planning on using the artifact tool before posting. As Carol explained, that would allow her to chalk it up to a deep fake.

What she wasn’t planning on was showing them to anyone, and certainly not going into any detail. But with her roommate now holding one, she couldn’t exactly avoid the topic.

“I’ll tell you everything, but you have to promise me that you won’t tell anyone,” Hannah urged.

“Okay, okay, I promise. Just...maybe let me play with them every so often? Only for a little bit. I swear, I’ll be careful!”

“We’ll see.”



“Views are off the charts!” Hannah said while showing Carol her post. “It wasn’t even a full video! Just some pics and a short preview.”

Carol was intrigued. She knew there’d be a strong response, but she had no idea it would be this popular in such a short amount of time. “Those numbers are remarkable. I can see that you used the artifact tool as well. Good. The world isn’t quite ready for this.”

As Hannah continued to walk Carol through the metrics, Michelle and Nick along with the rest of the tinies waited on the table below them.

Except for one particular couple. They simply couldn’t hold back any longer.



“Ok little ones, it’s time to fuck,” Carol said.

Hannah chuckled at this. She enjoyed the irony of such an uptight cold woman, speaking so brazenly about sex. “OMG, look at those two. Haha, they’re like REALLY going at it.”

Carol smiled. “Yes. That’s actually part of the experiment. I added a few choice drugs to their drinking water. The cocktail is said to magnify their libido tenfold.”

“I’ll say,” Hannah gasped. She still couldn’t get over how human-like these tiny little things were. They ate, slept, spoke, and even fucked just like full-size people.

Carol plucked Michelle and Nick up from the table, then proceeded to walk with Hannah to the other side of the room. “This next part is something we’ve had planned for quite some time. Though I’m not sure how it will go.”

“What do you mean?” Hannah asked.

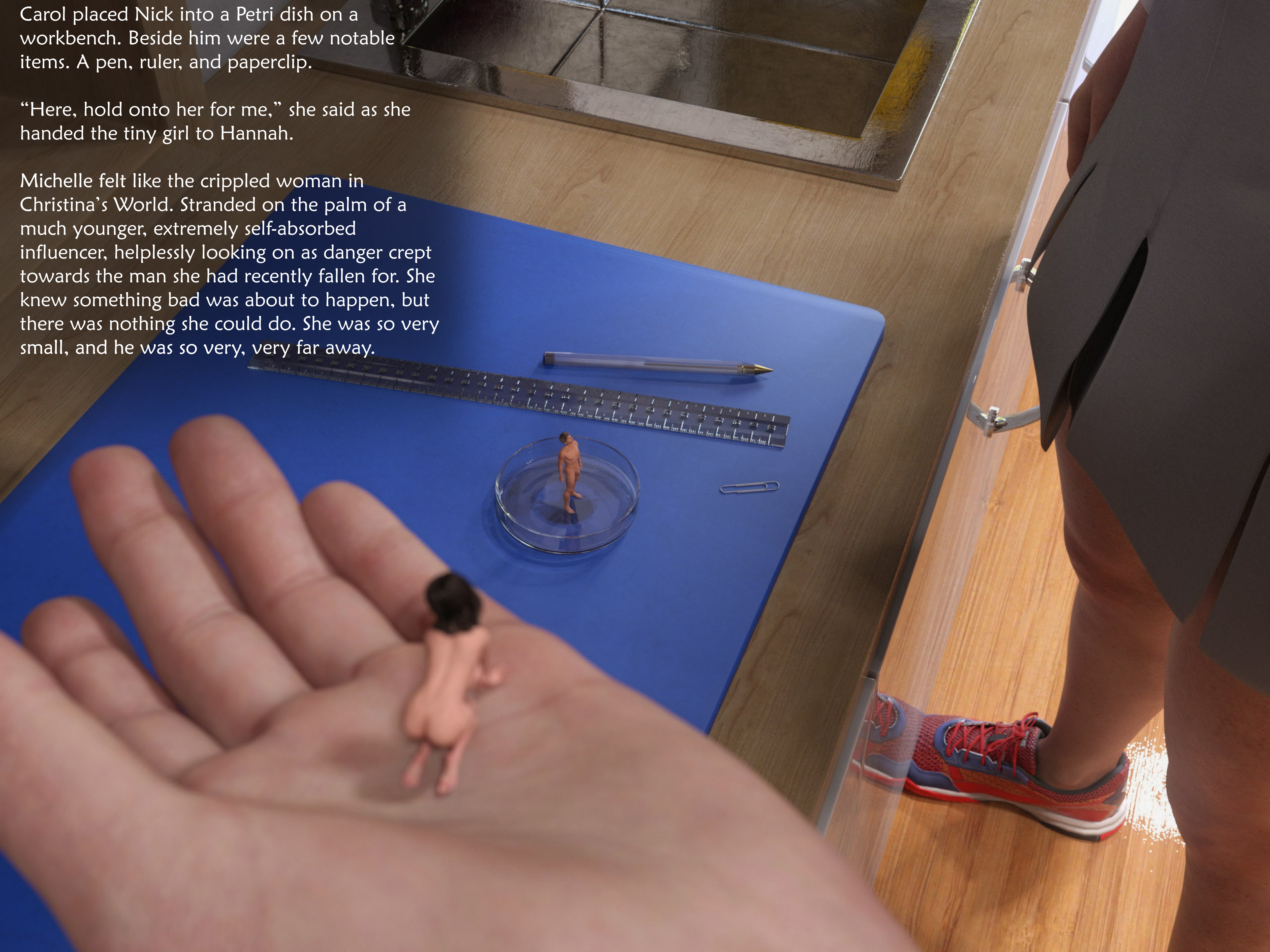
“Well, we know that a single dose reduces a subject’s height by 97.33%. But what happens when we decrease the concentration, or increase the number of applications? Does it scale up or down on a one-to-one ratio, or does the change in size occur on some sort of curve? Is there even a difference at all? Maybe additional applications do nothing, and the subject simply shrinks by the same amount so long as a threshold is reached.” Carol explained.



Carol placed Nick into a Petri dish on a workbench. Beside him were a few notable items. A pen, ruler, and paperclip.

“Here, hold onto her for me,” she said as she handed the tiny girl to Hannah.

Michelle felt like the crippled woman in Christina’s World. Stranded on the palm of a much younger, extremely self-absorbed influencer, helplessly looking on as danger crept towards the man she had recently fallen for. She knew something bad was about to happen, but there was nothing she could do. She was so very small, and he was so very, very far away.





Carol activated the dictaphone app on her phone and started to narrate. “Subject Five’s semen culture came back infertile, so he won’t be useful for our next phase of group testing. We are proceeding with our scaling test.”

She reached into one of the storage squares above the bench and retrieved a spray can.

“Scaling test one: multiple applications. We are using the same concentration as his first dose,” Carol announced.

The entire time this was happening, Nick was waving his arms above his head. Yelling and screaming for help. Being two inches was scary enough. He was terrified of becoming any smaller.

“Please! Don’t do this!” He begged the two giant women. But they did nothing. Instead, Carol held the spray can out at arm’s length, aimed it towards him, and sprayed.

All of a sudden, Nick was surrounded by a cloud of green mist. Then came the pain. Just like the first time, it felt as though every cell in his body was breaking down and reconstructing itself.

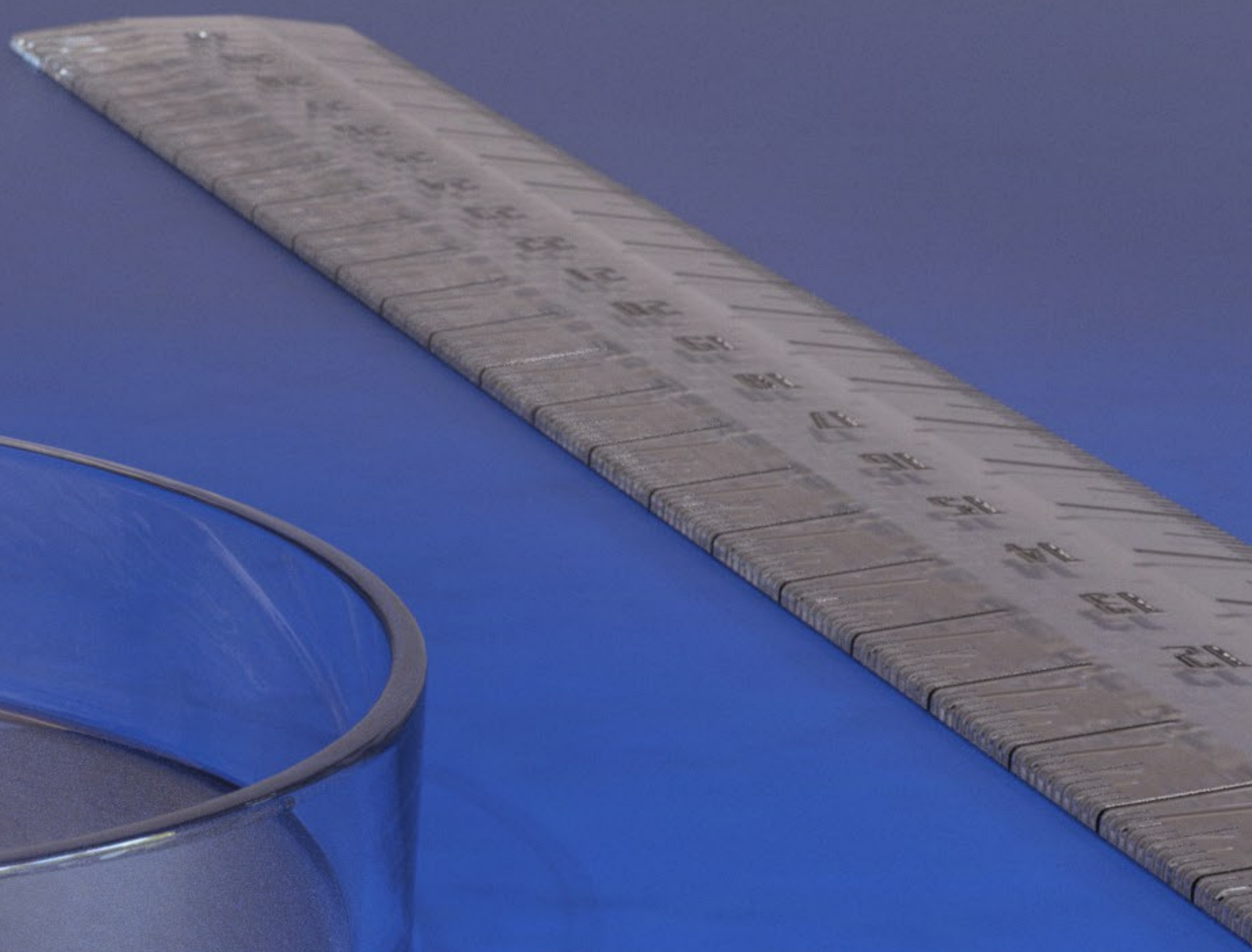
Then the shrinking started, and Nick began to get smaller...



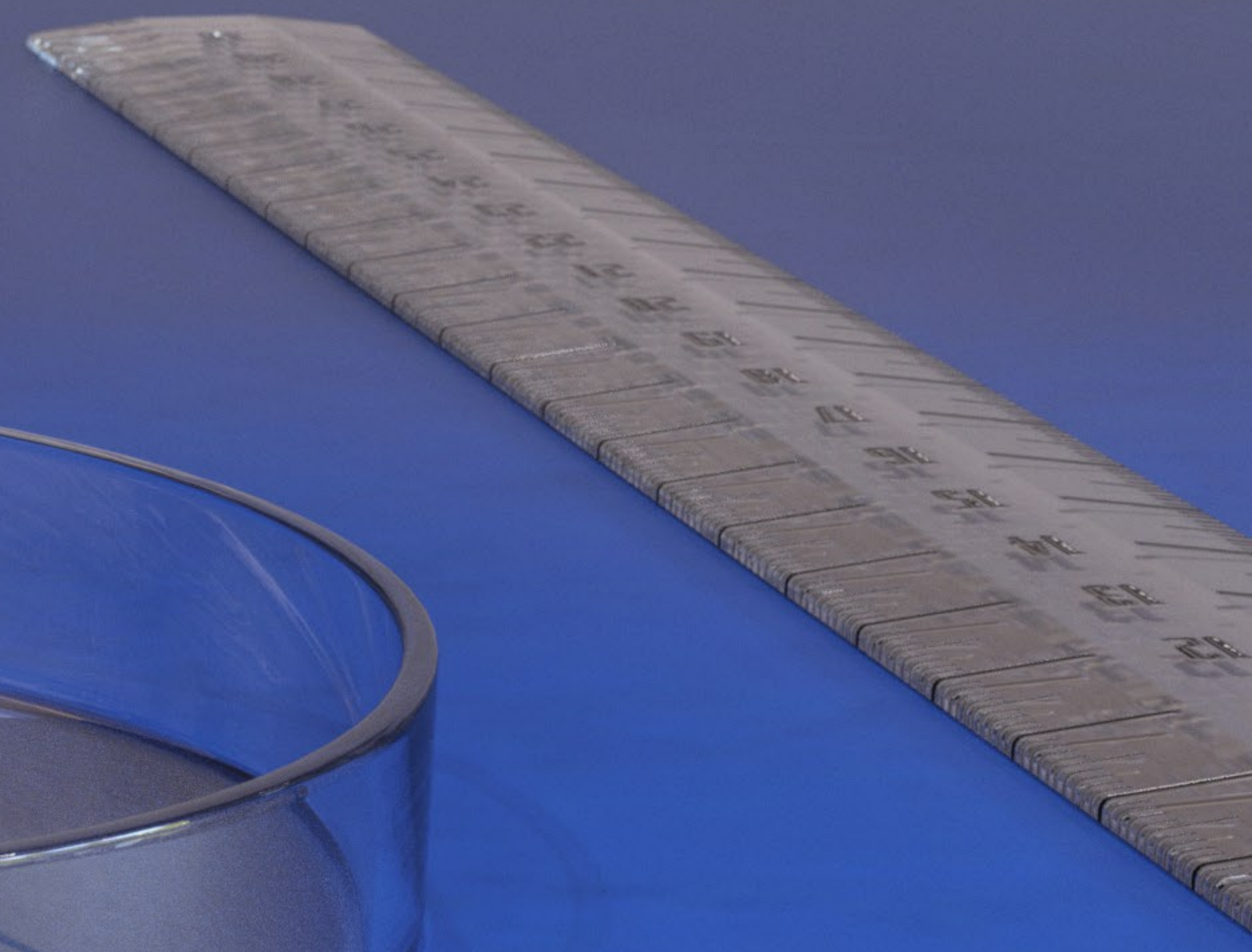
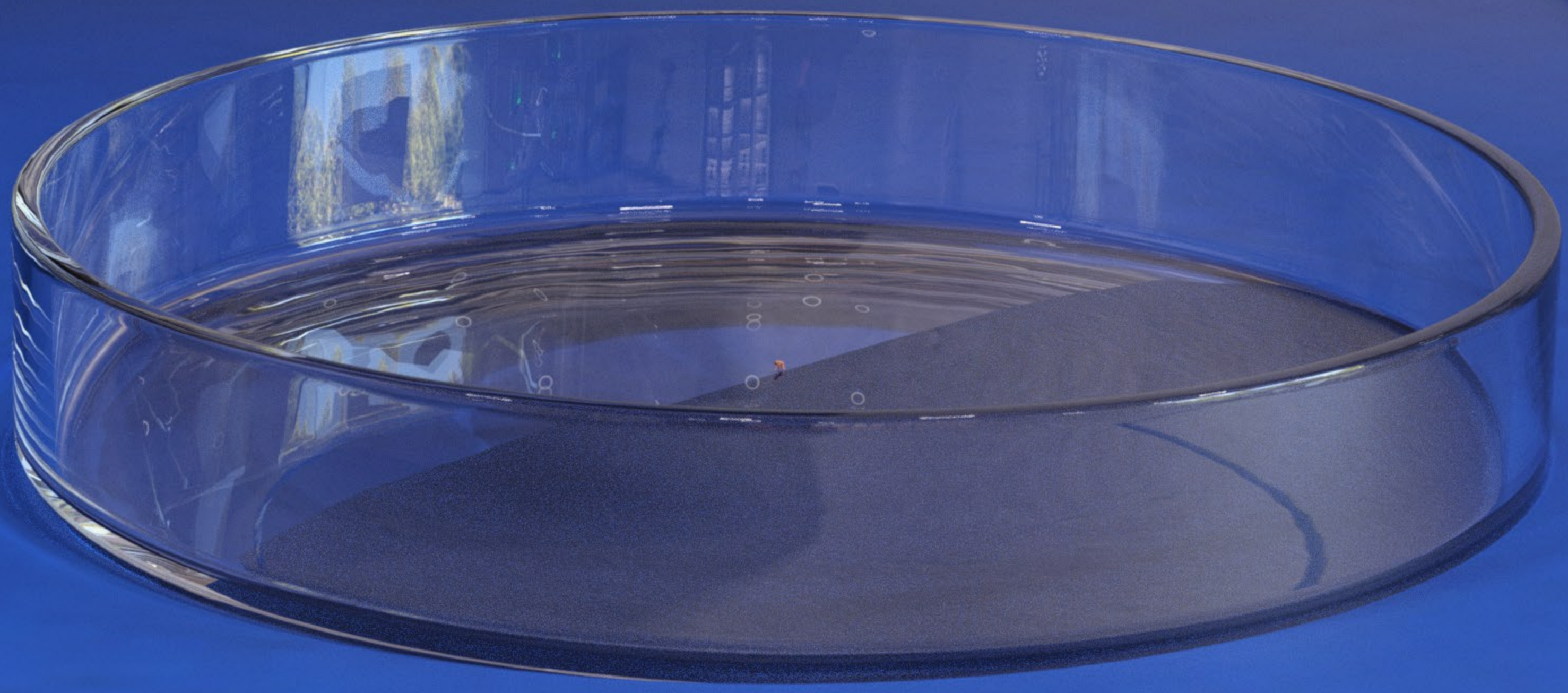
...and smaller...



...and smaller...



...until he was so small that you could barely even see him.





Once the pain had subsided, Nick looked up to see Michelle standing over him. Hannah had placed her onto the workbench, just outside the petri dish.

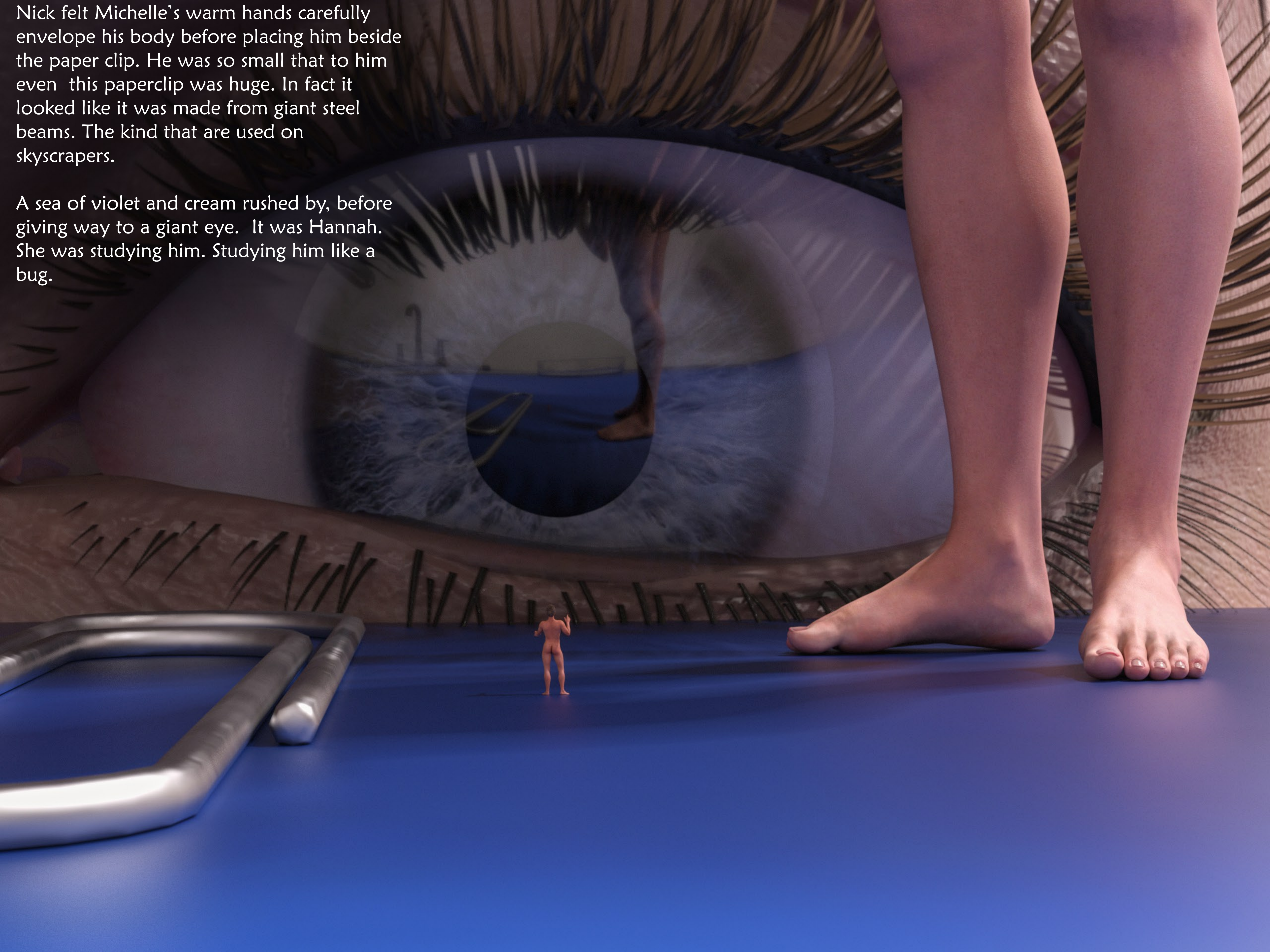
She looked gigantic. Like Carol and Hannah did just moments ago. He couldn't imagine how small he was now, since those two were outright colossal. They looked like titans lording over both of them.

"Pick him up and place him next to the paper clip," Carol boomed. Her voice was so deep it sounded like thunder.

"Nick, I'm so sorry. Please hold still for me?" Michelle asked in as comforting a tone as she could.

Nick felt Michelle's warm hands carefully envelope his body before placing him beside the paper clip. He was so small that to him even this paperclip was huge. In fact it looked like it was made from giant steel beams. The kind that are used on skyscrapers.

A sea of violet and cream rushed by, before giving way to a giant eye. It was Hannah. She was studying him. Studying him like a bug.



After giving Hannah and Carol a moment to marvel at Nick's tiny new size, Michelle picked him up once more and placed him next to the ruler. She knew Carol would want an exact height.

"1.44mm" Michelle yelled.

"It's just as I theorized. Dose concentration scales perfectly," Carol boomed far above them.



“What does that mean?” Hannah asked curiously

“Let me show you,” Carol said. “But I need you to pick him up first. He’s way too small for my fingers.”

Michelle carefully lifted Nick from the table and cupped him in her palm. He was so cold and scared that he was trembling. What kind of sick individual does this to someone?

“Good. Now, Hannah, go ahead and do the same with Michelle,” Carol instructed.

Hannah did as she was told and picked up Michelle. She was more careful with her this time. She didn’t want to accidentally harm the exceptionally tiny passenger.

“Do you see it now?” Carol asked.

“He looks so...tiny. Smaller than a fly or ant. I can barely even make him out in her hand,” Hannah replied with a hint of sadness in her voice.

“He is to Michelle, as she is to us,” Carol said, allowing it to sink in before she continued. “We gave him the same dose as his first one, and he was reduced by the exact same amount. 97.33% of his former height. This means we can accurately predict size by the number of applications. We may even be able to alter the amount a subject is reduced to, by manipulating the concentration.”





“I wish you would’ve tested that out on another tiny. Now he’s so small I can barely even see him. I doubt I’ll be able to feel anything,” Hannah said in disappointment. “They were favorites!”

Carol smiled. “Let’s test that.”

Carol led Hannah to the table and instructed her lie on her back while she strapped her down. Hannah had gone through this before, so she wasn't nearly as nervous as she once was. Despite her frustration with her toy's new size, she too was curious if she'd be able to feel him.

With Hannah strapped in, Carol carefully placed Michelle onto the lead participant's right breast, while Nick still remained in the palm of her hand.



Michelle stood on the pink, bumpy terrain, doing her best to guard Nick from any potential harm. Even though she was completely powerless to the whims of Carol and Hannah, she still felt responsible for his safety. To him she was a giantess. A giantess who had formed a strong bond.

“Put him on my nipple,” Hannah instructed.

Michelle lowered Nick down on the outskirts of Hannah’s giant areola. He was so small that some of the ringed-ridges were roughly three times as wide as he was tall, and the teat that stood proudly in the center of it all resembled a large office building in size.



Hannah stared at the tiny woman on her nipple. At a glance it looked like it was only her. But if she squinted hard enough, she could make out the tiny man below her. God, was he small, Just a tiny, little, speck.





“Tell him to walk around,” the monolith boomed. Her voice was so deep and loud that it made his legs tremble.

Michelle looked down at him sympathetically. “Ok Nick, you can go ahead and walk around some. But please be careful!”

One foot in front of the other, Nick slowly but surely began to walk.



Instead of dwelling on the fact that they were literally testing whether a normal sized person could even feel him, Nick kept his focus on the task at hand and continued his walk across the bumpy terrain. He found it was easiest to tip-toe on the raised ridges, then leap across fault lines that went between them.

It wasn't long before the skin beneath his feet started to inflate. Nick stumbled, nearly losing his entire footing, as the rubbery floor beneath his feet swelled with blood.



Carol looked down at Nick and began to speak. Only she wasn't speaking to him, but rather about him. "Can you feel him?"

"No. Not really," Hannah said.

"Six, please move him to somewhere more sensitive."

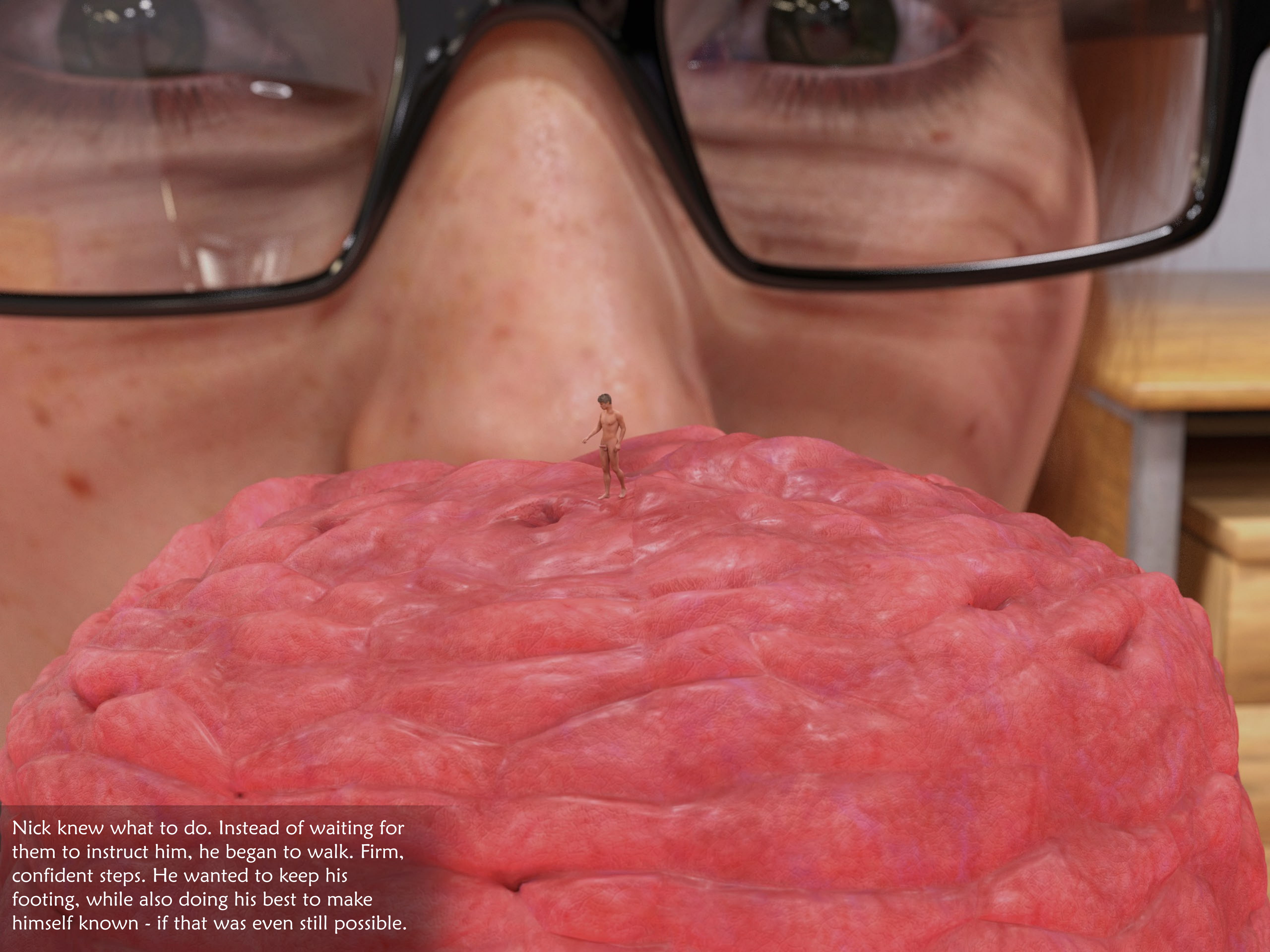


Michelle squatted down and gently plucked Nick up between her fingers. She then approached the enormous stiff teat that stood proudly in front of her. He was so small that she was afraid he might get stuck in one of its wrinkles.

Michelle carefully placed him down towards the center of it while Hannah stared at them with bated breath.

Nick looked down at the warm, lumpy ground. He felt like an astronaut stranded on a pink alien planet. Only this planet was alive. Rising and falling with each breath, twitching in response to the slightest movement. If someone were to tell him a few months ago that he'd be shrunken down to the size of a mite and placed onto some horny college student's nipple, he'd think they were nuts. But here he was.





Nick knew what to do. Instead of waiting for them to instruct him, he began to walk. Firm, confident steps. He wanted to keep his footing, while also doing his best to make himself known - if that was even still possible.

Whether she could actually feel him or not remained a mystery. But her body was certainly reacting to something. Perhaps a mix of the cold air and the absurd size difference that was on display. Even though she was strapped down and unable to move, Hannah could still feel the raw power that exuded off of her and onto her two boob toys.

Whatever the cause, her nipples began to harden and rise.

Soon it was so engorged with blood that even the creases Nick tried to avoid became mostly flat.





Though its surface was mostly flat, it sloped inward towards the center depression. All it took was the tiniest of movements for Hannah. Only a slight adjustment for her, really, and Nick was sent tumbling head over heels towards the pit.

Nick found himself sliding towards the deep dark...milk duct.

Milk duct!?

He couldn't believe that something as tiny as that could appear so big and harrowing. It looked like a giant mouth that was about to swallow him. Like the Sarlaac pit in Return of the Jedi, only without the spikes, and before George went and added that beak.

Nick scratched and clawed at the bumpy flesh, doing everything in his power to avoid falling in. He knew once that happened there was no going out. He was so small he could tumble into a pore. Who knew how far he would fall, or just where inside the mountainous tit he'd end up.





Hannah watched the whole thing unfold before her eyes. She was so big compared to him that her nipple was about to swallow him whole!

Just before it was too late for him, Michelle reached down and rescued Nick from certain death.

“You ok?” Michelle asked.

Nick was so grateful to be on solid ground again that he practically kissed the palm of her hand. “Y...yes I think so. Thanks to you of course. I’m not used to being rescued.”




“You didn’t feel him, did you?” Carol asked, as she gently removed Michelle from Hannah’s breast, with Nick still in-hand.

“No, not at all,” Hannah admitted. She was still in shock over her nipple nearly swallowing an entire person.

Carol held Michelle up to her face while she marveled at how tiny the male subject was. For him to be able to fit in the palm of someone so small... She had predicted it, but actually seeing it with her own two eyes was an entirely different matter. He was hardly even a speck. A tan dot she could barely detect. It brought to question how someone as small as him could even survive in this world. Luckily, she had planned for this.

Carol reached down between her breasts and retrieved a necklace with a tiny glass locket. It wasn’t much bigger than the links on the chain it hung attached to. “As you can see Six, subject Five is much too small to be on his own. He’s too easy to misplace. So I’m gonna need you to put him in here for me.”

A woman with long dark hair and large breasts is shown from the chest up. She has a shocked and distressed expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. In front of her is a transparent glass cage. Inside the cage, a small, nude man is standing, looking back at her. The background is a brightly lit room, possibly a hospital or a clinical setting, with a bed and some equipment visible.

Michelle couldn't believe her eyes. Right in front of her was this empty glass cage. Carol was going to keep him, the man she was slowly falling for, on her person, trapped in this thing that hung between her breasts, with nothing to do and no one to talk to. Every time she told herself things couldn't possibly get any worse, they did.

With a heavy heart, Michelle unlatched the door to the glass cage, and placed Nick inside. Before closing it shut, she paused for a second. She wanted one last look at him.

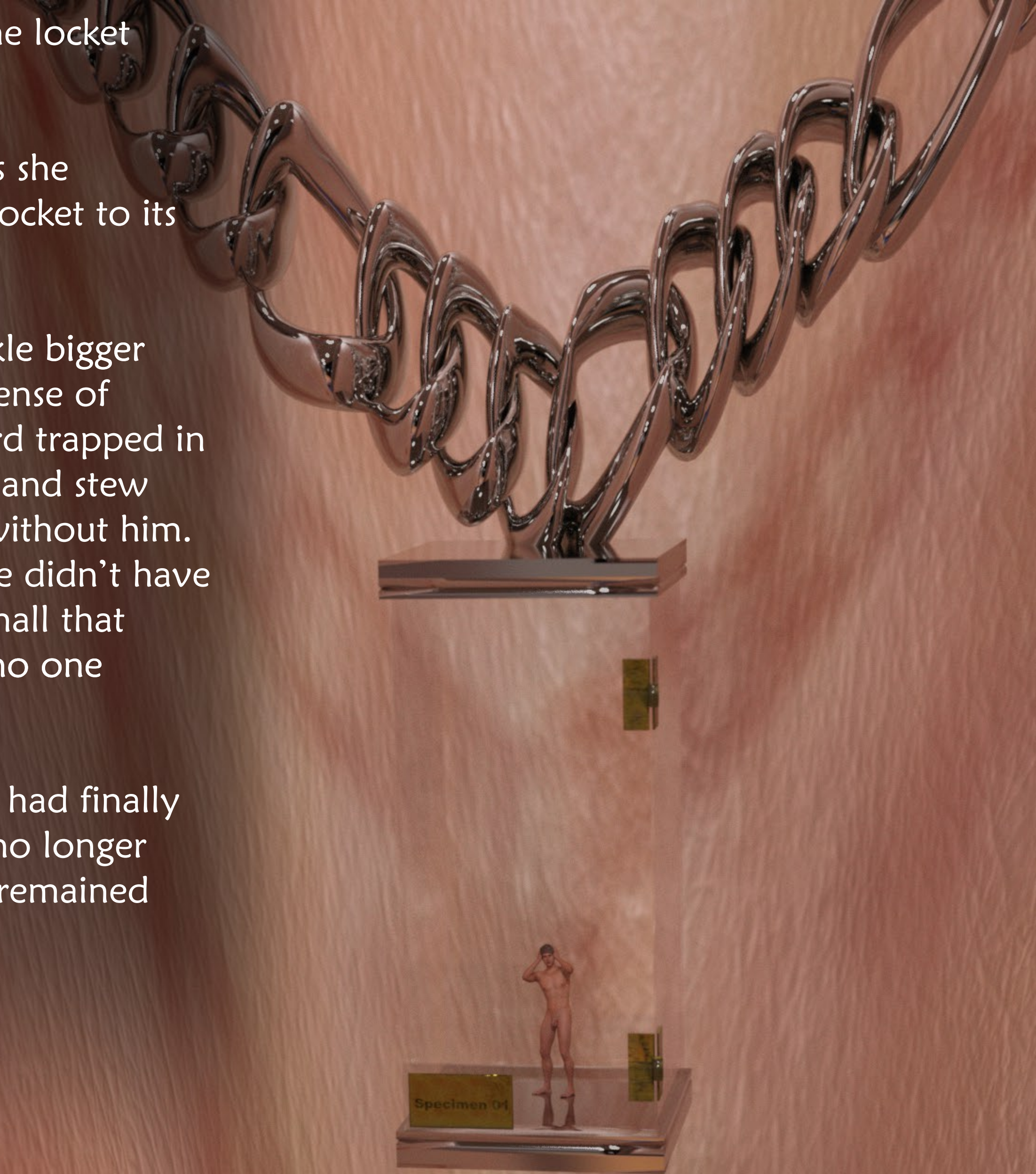
Was this it? Was this the last time she'd see him?

Michelle closed the door and handed the locket back to the cruel research lady.

“Thanks, little one,” Carol coldly said as she separated her breasts and returned the locket to its hiding place.

As Nick stood trapped, staring at a freckle bigger than he was, he felt an overwhelming sense of dread drape over him. He was like a bird trapped in a cage, with nothing to do but sit there and stew while the outside world continued on without him. At least before he had Michelle. Now he didn't have anyone. And unlike a bird, he was so small that besides her and the other test subjects, no one would ever know he was there.

For weeks he's been asking himself if he had finally reached rock bottom. At least now, he no longer had to wonder. The only question that remained was how long he had left.

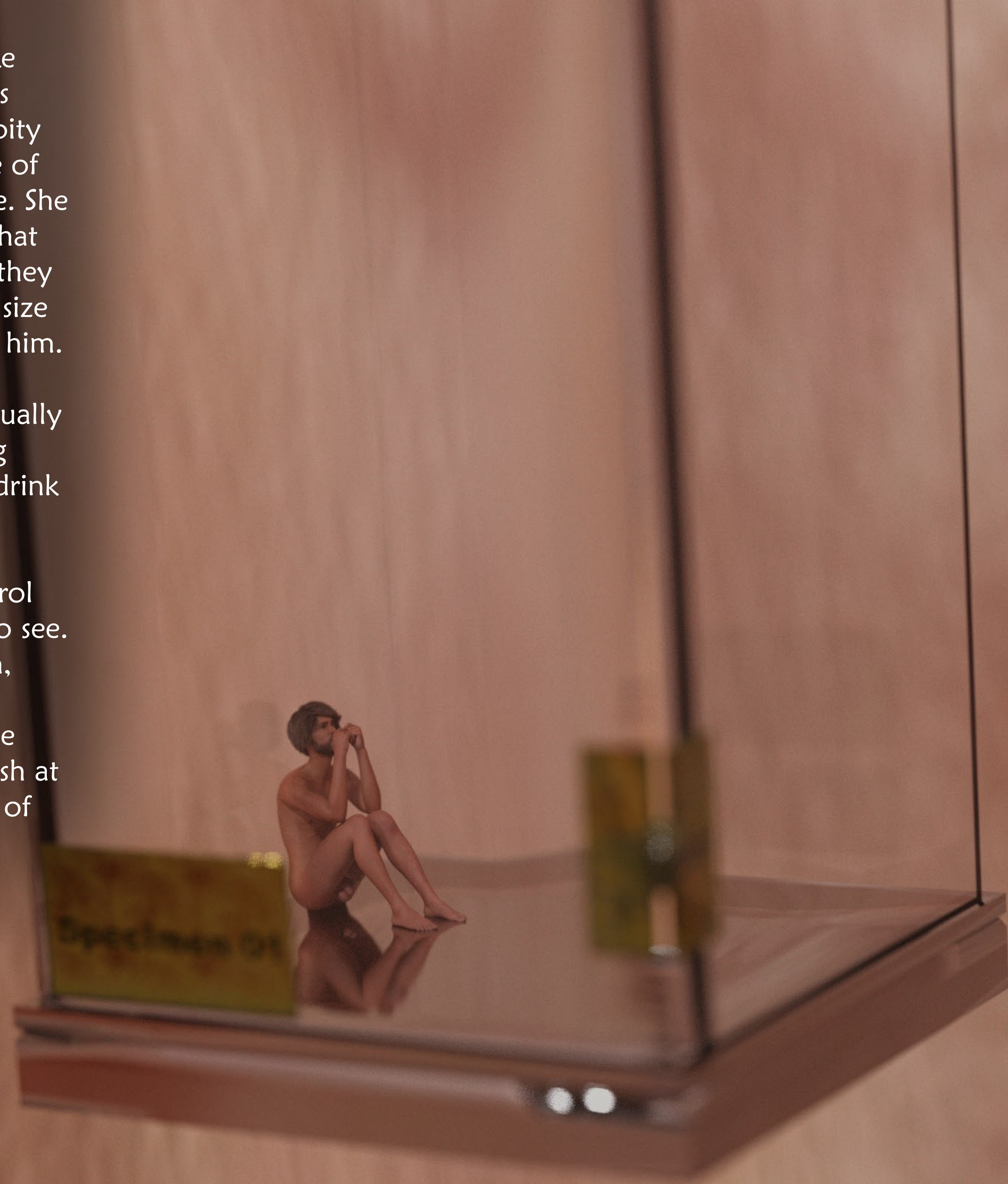


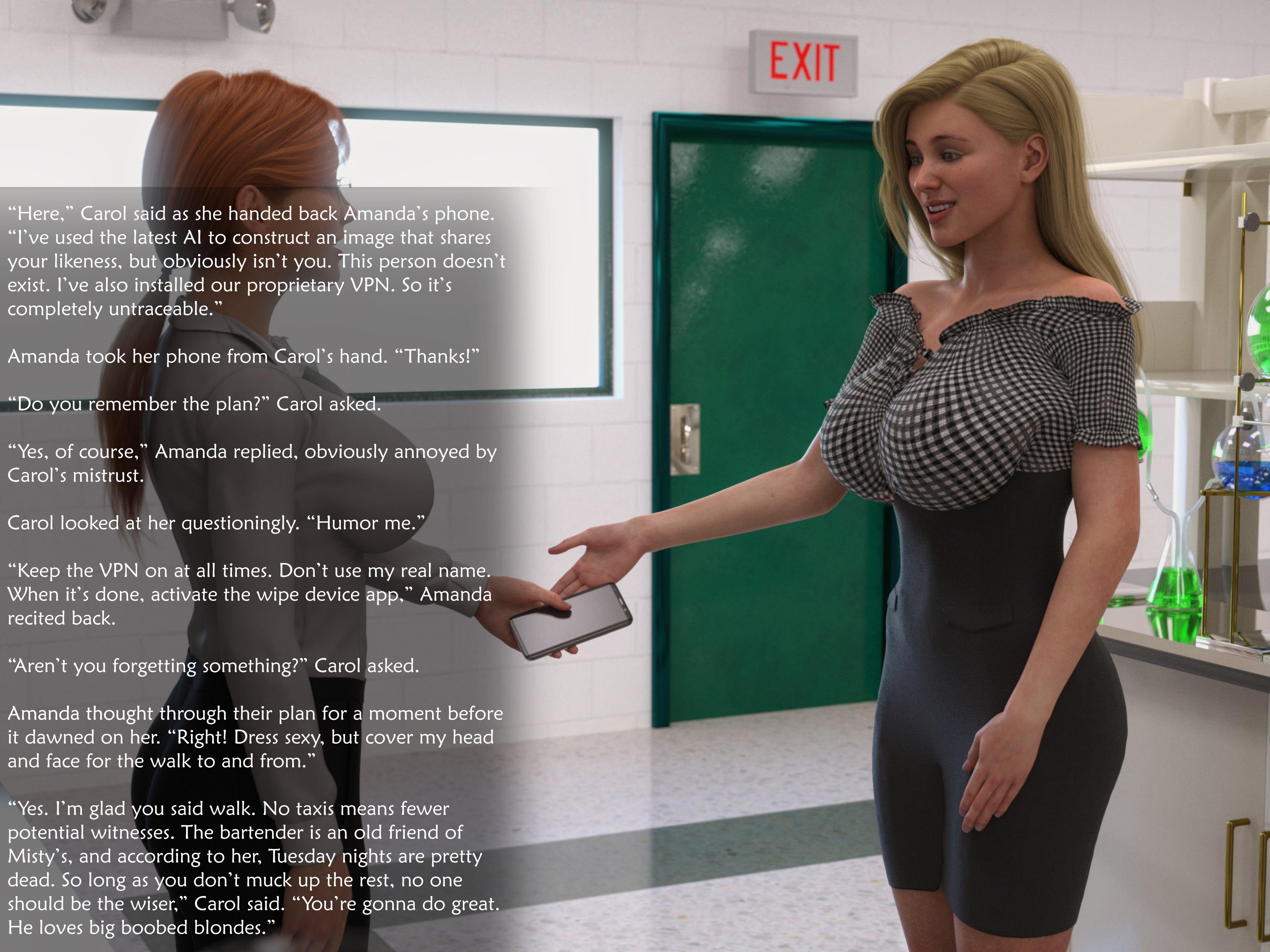
NOW...

Nick sat there and stared off into the distance, daydreaming about what life would've been like had he never responded to Carol all those years ago. Naturally this would transition into a self-pity session, followed by feelings of guilt. Had none of this happened, he would've never met Michelle. She was the best part of his life, and the only part that still made him feel like a person. Just last night they made love. Or as closely as a couple with their size difference could. He even had her scent still on him.

But those were the good days. The bad days usually involved Carol forgetting she was even wearing him. And he'd be stuck with nothing to eat or drink for days at a time.

That wasn't even the worst part. Whenever Carol wore him, he never knew what he was going to see. Countless atrocities he couldn't possibly fathom, even in the deepest darkest parts of his brain, occurred right before his eyes. Over the years he must've witnessed thousands of poor souls perish at the hands of this cruel woman. All in the name of "research."





“Here,” Carol said as she handed back Amanda’s phone. “I’ve used the latest AI to construct an image that shares your likeness, but obviously isn’t you. This person doesn’t exist. I’ve also installed our proprietary VPN. So it’s completely untraceable.”

Amanda took her phone from Carol’s hand. “Thanks!”

“Do you remember the plan?” Carol asked.

“Yes, of course,” Amanda replied, obviously annoyed by Carol’s mistrust.

Carol looked at her questioningly. “Humor me.”

“Keep the VPN on at all times. Don’t use my real name. When it’s done, activate the wipe device app,” Amanda recited back.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” Carol asked.

Amanda thought through their plan for a moment before it dawned on her. “Right! Dress sexy, but cover my head and face for the walk to and from.”

“Yes. I’m glad you said walk. No taxis means fewer potential witnesses. The bartender is an old friend of Misty’s, and according to her, Tuesday nights are pretty dead. So long as you don’t muck up the rest, no one should be the wiser,” Carol said. “You’re gonna do great. He loves big boobed blondes.”



Reeling him in was easy. She had done it countless times before. Even if the profile pic wasn't her, Amanda knew how hot she was, and she always acted that way. Carol even supplied her with enough scandalous pics that he was practically begging to meet her.

A few days later, and she finally agreed. He didn't even bat an eyelash at the day and time she suggested. Tuesday night at 1:00 AM.



Amanda entered the empty bar with her hoodie still up. There he was, her target. Standing on the bar next to a shot glass as tall as he was, talking with the bartender. The tiny womanizer was probably in the middle of one of those dreadful pickup lines.

Amanda took off her hoodie and sat on the stool directly behind him. “Hi Deb!” She said to the bartender before directing her attention to the tiny man below. “This seat taken?”



Daryl knew he was famous. So he wasn't surprised by her acting normal towards him. She was probably a fan. And a hot one at that. Jeez, those things looked bigger than the ones on his no-show date.

"Not at all. Are you sure you're not taken? You're a lot hotter than the little piece that stood me up," Daryl said.

"Thanks, but I'm hardly 'little' and certainly not a piece," Amanda wittily replied before skewering one of the olives next to him.


"My mistake, you're the whole thing. In fact, being here with you reminds me of the saying...oh how does it go...ah, yes...it's a great time to be o' live," Daryl said with a smile.

Amanda let out an infectious laugh. "Already with the corny pickup lines, huh? What's next, Dad jokes?"

"If you want to start a family that's fine, but at least ask me out first," Daryl quipped.

Amanda glared back, "Aren't we already out, little man?"

"Ok, ok. I'll marry you. But I want a bachelor party weekend, not just a night. And strippers, the cheap kind, so me and the boys can order in bulk."



Amanda and Daryl talked and laughed, exchanging witty replies while flirting with one another over drinks.

“Do you mind if I pick you up,” Amanda asked.

“I thought I was the one doing the picking up,” Daryl joked.

“Hardy har,” Amanda replied with an eye roll. She carefully picked him up and placed him onto her palm.
“That’s better.”

“It keeps getting better with you.”

“Ok, I think it’s time we got a little more drink in you,” Amanda said.

The busty blonde lifted Daryl up by his leg and dangled him over her drink.

“Woah, hold on there little lady. If I knew we were going swimming I would’ve brought my trunks,” Daryl stammered.

Amanda chuckled. “Little? You’re the little one here. Besides, I prefer my men looser. Right now you’re more wound up than a 10-day clock.”



Daryl barely had enough time to breathe before he was dunked head first into her vodka martini. Of all the drinks, why'd it have to be that? Sure, she looked sexy as fuck drinking it, especially with those olives. But he preferred something sweeter. He only ordered the shot of whisky because he wanted to look tough. If he was actually going to drink it, he would've asked for a whisky sour, or one of those fruity drinks with the umbrella in it. With no choice but to swallow, Daryl opened his mouth and began to gulp.






Daryl downed at least two drinks' worth before Amanda finally raised him back out. Fuck, was he dizzy. It was hitting him hard and fast.

"Oh no! Your clothes are all wet!" She said in mock surprise. "Here, let me fix that."

"I'm...hiccup....not the only one who's....hiccup....wet," Daryl stammered.



“That’s enough talk for now,” Amanda chided.
“Time for you to put your money where your
mouth is.”

“If I can...hiccup...talk the talk....I
can...um...hiccup...god those look big.” Daryl was
too hammered to say anything coherent, not to
mention distracted.

Amanda was no longer exchanging words with
him. She instead had moved on to parting her
mountainous breasts and lowering him in
between.


Daryl's naked body was instantly warmed by her
squishy flesh. God they were perfect. Like huge,
jiggly hills. Perfect to sleep off some of his drunken
stupor before the long night ahead. As easy as
bagging women like Amanda was for him, having
actual sex with them was quite the workout.



With Daryl finally in place, Amanda put her hoodie back on, and tipped the bartender their agreed upon amount.

Deb counted the cash quickly and stored it away. "Thanks."

Amanda was already nearly out the door when she replied. "No problem. Later Deb!"



All of a sudden, Daryl was getting pinched between two fingers, then whisked up and out from his soft, warm embrace. He was still drunk and the quick shift from darkness to blinding light made it hard for him to see. “Uggh...me rest a bit longer...hiccup... doll. I want our night...hiccup...perfect.”

“Oh, it already is.”

Daryl instantly knew that it wasn't Amanda. This voice was mature sounding. The kind that had a little base to it. Demanding both attention and respect, but without sounding masculine. It sounded oddly familiar to him. “Amanda? Who...hiccup...is that?”

Before he could finish, the thoroughly satisfied CEO plucked her prize from Amanda's hands and silenced him from saying anything further.

“Thank you so much, Amanda. I trust that everything went as planned?” Misty asked as she ushered her towards the door.

“Yes. No witnesses. Other than Deb, of course,” Amanda assured.

“Wonderful. You truly are invaluable. Here, I'll see you out,” Misty said.

“No need, Boss. I'll see myself out. Just try not to have too much fun and I'll see you tomorrow.”

Tess could hardly contain herself. She had been waiting for this moment for 15 years. Daryl, the bug that got away. Finally back where he belonged.

“Remember me?” She asked the two inch-tall man dangling in front of her.

“...hiccup...holy...you’re that crazy bitch my buddy Kyle and I got to quit. The one who liked it up the ass,” Daryl said.

“Mhmm” Tess replied. She was so distracted by what she was about to do that she was hardly listening.

“You look...hiccup...different. Older and...hiccup...fatter,” Daryl commented. He was still feeling the effects of his martini-boarding at the hand of the blonde.

“Aren’t you the little charmer? You, bug boy, you are EXACTLY as I remembered. You haven’t even aged a day. Tell me, is that a side-effect of the exposure or are you just that lucky?” Tess replied.

“How about...hiccup... you set me down and I’ll tell you...hiccup...all about it? Maybe play a little catch up? You’re a tad old for my tastes, but I could get into the bossy bitch vibe.”

Tess bit her lip. “Nice try, Daryl. But I have other plans for us.”





Daryl was starting to sober up. Between the bright bathroom lights, and the fast, rough movements of this scorned woman, the true danger he was in was finally starting to dawn on him. This woman from his past was clearly well off. The apartment looked out of even his price range. Someone with a grudge and that kind of pull was the worst kind of enemy to have.

“Listen...hiccup...Tara, what went down all those years ago was all Kyle’s idea. It’s clear you’ve made quite the life for yourself since. What’s this place cost, 10 million...20?”

“25. I just bought it a month ago. It’s nice to have a second place closer to where I work, in case I’m stuck working late,” Tess interrupted. “But you’ll be around to help me through those nights. Won’t you?”

Using her free hand, she lowered her panties, then turned her back towards the mirror and started to bend over.

Daryl felt the air rush by as the giant woman brought him around her back and lowered him. He was immediately hit by the smell of vanilla-scented soap, sex and ass. When his eyes finally adjusted, the reason behind this quickly became obvious. Right in front of him was her puckering asshole, and she was aiming him right for it.

“NO...please...Tonya...” Daryl pleaded.

Tess chuckled. “Sheesh, you’d think after our special day together that you’d at least remember my name. It’s Tess by the way.”

“Please, Tess, baby...let’s talk,” Daryl added.

“No, I’ve waited long enough. It’s time to reacquaint you with an old friend. Say hello to my ass. She’s a little bigger than the last time you met, but boy has she missed you.”



Daryl wasn't usually the screaming type, but seeing her enormous anus fast approaching lit a spark in him.

"Aaahhh...Tess! Please...you've got a real nice ass 'n all, a little thick, but still great. Shit...please...I'm not even into anal!"

"Oh stop," Tess laughed. "Last time we played you LOVED it in there. You just need a little refresher."

Ignoring his pleas she turned him around and pressed his feet into her hole. She continued to push until he was up to his waist.

"No...stop...I have an STD!" Daryl screamed.

Tess couldn't get enough of how much he hated this. She was getting off on it. "Mmmm...then I guess I'll have to go to schedule an appointment for myself. Don't worry, I'll squeeze you out if they want a look at you too."

While this crazy bitch was inserting poor Daryl into her anus, not only did he have a first hand account of all the sensations and smells, but he also had a front row seat. The entire time Tess had been bent over with her ass pointed toward the mirror.

There he was, sticking out of her poop chute like a pathetic little tail, no, a growth, sprouting from her giant ass. Her fingers still hovering over him, threatening to push him all the way in at any given moment.

“Tess! Wait! I have to go to the bathroom!”

“Do what you gotta do little man. And if you’re good, I’ll even let you out when I have to go,” Tess threatened.



All out of options, Daryl let out a whimper as Tess' giant finger pressed against his head and started to push. He could feel the walls of her bowels gliding against his body while her anus swallowed up his shoulders and stopped at his neck. The rough skin of her asshole puckered around his neck like a noose. By now the scent of vanilla had long been replaced by the smell of her butt.

“Just be happy I gave myself a good wash down there. I wanted to make sure your new home was nice and clean for move-in day,” Tess joked.

With one final push, Daryl's head was pressed past her brown rim. Light seeped in through the spaces between the pulsating hole and her finger tip. Then, without so much as a goodbye, she removed it. The dank hole instantly closed up, sealing him in the darkest, dirtiest part on her body.





Tess grabbed a very special kind of dildo. The kind that came with knobs not only for her vag and clit, but also for her butt hole. With each pump she could feel him going deeper and deeper into her colon, all while she stretched and massaged her pussy.

“Daryl...you little fuck...you little...grrr...tease. All that time...fuck....away from my ass. Now back where you....oOh...belong.”

The intense sensations, combined with the fact that she was finally reunited with the one that got away, gave her more pleasure than anything she had ever tried before. She was only minutes in and she could already feel an orgasm fast approaching. It was going to be a long night.

Daryl couldn't believe everything that had transpired that evening. Just hours ago he was being dropped off at a bar for a date and possible hookup. Now he was inside the ass of some over-the-hill bitch he barely remembers with some sort of vendetta against him.

He did however remember her ass. It was roomier and worse-smelling than it was the last time he was there. Likely from her age and weight gain.

"Oh....fuck you Daryl....fuck you...." He heard in the distance as a plastic knob invaded the hole and pressed him in further.

"LET ME OUT!" He screamed, but to no avail. All he got back were more moans and bedroom talk directed at no one but herself. She was getting off on him being trapped in her ass.

"Kinky old bitch. If I were a bit more drunk and..." Daryl barely got through that sentence before his nostrils were invaded yet again by another pungent whiff of his surroundings. "...goddammit! This is why I never do anal."






“Happy Wednesday everyone. Hope you’re all having a good morning,” Misty greeted her team.

“So, boss....how was the rest of your night?” Amanda asked.

“Well, it went as expected,” Misty smiled back before redirecting her attention to the other side of the table. “Lynn, I think you’re the only one here who isn’t privy. Last night, Amanda went out and caught something very dear to me. Something I’ve been after for a very long time.”

Lynn looked at her with curiosity. “What do you mean?”

“It’s better I show you,” Misty said.



Misty stood up from the table, reached down, and slowly pruned open her panties. She could not only feel, but even hear the moistness of her crotch separating from the fabric. Her nose twinged at the strong scent of sex that wafted up.

Looking down she could see Daryl, all two inches of him. He was cowering beneath her thick bush, his body covered in cum and littered with thick pubes. That night she spent over an hour masturbating before she finally passed out. In the morning, after a quick shower and rinse, she moved him to her panties. God he felt good down there. She must've come two times on the car ride alone, and a few more during the hour she spent in her office. She simply couldn't help herself. Between his pathetic, little movements, and how she could take control of his entire body using her pussy alone, she simply couldn't hold back. And each time she reached the finish line, she imagined how it must've been for him. A famous celebrity getting grinded on to the point where he's literally swallowed up by her bushy vagina, only to get splooped out in a rush of her cum.

“Morning sleepyhead. Looks like someone's happy to see me,” Misty playfully said, taking note of his morning wood.

“...ugh...” Daryl groaned.

Misty reached in and picked him up between two fingers. She had cummed over him so much that there were thick globs of it glooping down his body. “Everyone, I’d like you to meet Daryl. Oh and sorry about the mess. We were a bit preoccupied so I haven’t had the chance to rinse him off.”

“Oh my god,” Lynn gasped. “Is that really him? Daryl, the celebrity dentist?” Lynn asked. She remembers watching him on daytime TV when she was younger. It’s one of the reasons her giantess fetish took off.

“Yes, Lynn. It’s really him. In case some of you didn’t pick up on it before, the two toys we played with last time had names tattooed on their skin. Each was named after someone from my past,” Misty explained.

“So Daryl’s an ex?” Amanda asked.

“No, not quite. More like a fling,” Misty replied.





After setting him down, it immediately became apparent just how much of a mess she had made of him. The strands of pubes were garishly stuck across his skin, and the globs of cum he was dripping with had pooled onto the surface, gumming over his feet so that each time he moved, it would stretch with his feet.

“What the hell?! You could at least shave,” he spat. Yelling and pointing like a little Napoleon. “It’s bad enough I gotta spend the night in your ass and the morning getting chewed on by that middle aged, over-excited twat. But the cunt hairs? No. I draw the line there!”

It sounded like he had rehearsed the whole thing in his head for hours before. But none of the people around him were listening. They were too amused by his rageful gestures and squeaky voice, not to mention the mess their boss’ pussy left on him. He looked like a cartoon character.




“Looks like the news story just hit,” Susan said. She held up her phone as she continued. “No leads yet, but they’re interviewing anyone and everyone who might’ve seen something.”

“I’m not concerned,” Misty said. “The bar is pretty old fashioned. No cameras, didn’t even start accepting credit cards until last year. The whole place was entirely empty last night, save for the owner, Deb.”

“Should we be worried about her?” Lynn chimed in.

“Not at all. Deb’s an old friend. Used to be a business partner, actually. She built quite the mommy dom fanbase for herself. A few years back she came to me asking for help. Apparently there were a few people in the local government that didn’t want a bar that close to a school. Let’s just say I helped her along with some of those obstacles.”

Out of the corner of her eye, Misty saw her little toy picking pube after pube off his gummy body as he hopped around in an attempt to free himself from the drying vaginal muck. It had been a long time coming, but he was finally hers.



“I’m assuming you stuck to the plan, Amanda? No one saw you going to or from the bar?” Misty asked as she reached down and plucked the toiling man from the sticky marble surface.

“Yes, boss. I wore my hoodie with the hood up, just like you asked,” Amanda explained.

Carol butted in. “I also installed the latest vpn software on her phone, so when the authorities review his chat with the fake profile, they won’t be able to trace it back. Even if they did catch a break, I had IT do a complete scrub this morning. So if they somehow traced it back to her, they still wouldn’t find anything.”

With a big, mirthful grin plastered across her face, Misty brought the man just above her chest and dangled him beneath her gaze. “Good.”

The satisfied CEO stuck a finger down her top and pried it open.

Daryl was still kicking and screaming when he looked down and suddenly stopped. Below him rested one exceptionally large, heaving breast. Its peak adorned by a big brown nipple, throbbing with hardness, that pierced through the cold air. He remembered her having some decent sized tits, but nothing like this. Though he preferred thinner women, at least all that extra weight she put on went to the right places.

“I didn’t take you for a boob man, Daryl. Lucky for you, Misty’s got both,” she said before lowering him down into her bra.

Why does she keep referring to herself as Misty?

Daryl didn’t have much time to ponder this. He was too busy trying to unstick himself from her fat breast. The cum on his body was so prevalent that he stuck to her flesh like a bug caught in a trap. Then, as quickly as he was placed into her bra, her finger released the fabric, snapping the cup back behind him and shrouding him in darkness. He couldn’t move. His entire body was completely squished against her bumpy areola. Though the cold air likely played a role in its hard, bumpy texture, she was clearly getting off on manhandling him.





The day continued on, the meeting turned into lunch, which was followed by yet another meeting. They had a lot to go over, and by the end of the day, the team was exhausted. After saying their goodbyes, everyone started exiting, everyone except for two.

“Hey, Lynn? You don’t happen to have your pump with you, do you? I left mine at home, and they’re aching like crazy” Susan asked.

“I do, but it’s in the car. Want me to go get it?”

Susan shook her head. “No need. My commute is only like ten minutes. I shouldn’t let it go to waste. There are mouths to feed,” Susan replied.

Lynn looked at her questioningly “Mouths? I thought your ex had the little one this week?”



Susan shut the door and rushed into her home office. There, high on her shelf, stood a cardboard box. It was a tan box, neither big nor small, roughly the same size as her clock. It was the kind of box you'd use to put gifts in.

Susan lifted the box from her shelf and carried it over to her desk. She was careful not to make any sudden movements.




Light flooded their surroundings as the giant redhead lifted the lid off their home.

“Everyone, it’s Miss B! She’s back!” One of them cried out.

Dozens of them scattered below, towards the center of the box. It was where she usually aimed.

“Hello, little ones,” the enormous redhead boomed. “I hope you’re not too mad at me for forgetting to feed you this morning.”

Cupping her right breast, she leaned over the box and slid the fabric away. Far above them, her giant udder started to leak.

A close-up photograph showing a person's hand holding a single raspberry just above the opening of a cardboard box. The box is lined with white paper and contains a small cluster of ants. The background is a wooden surface.

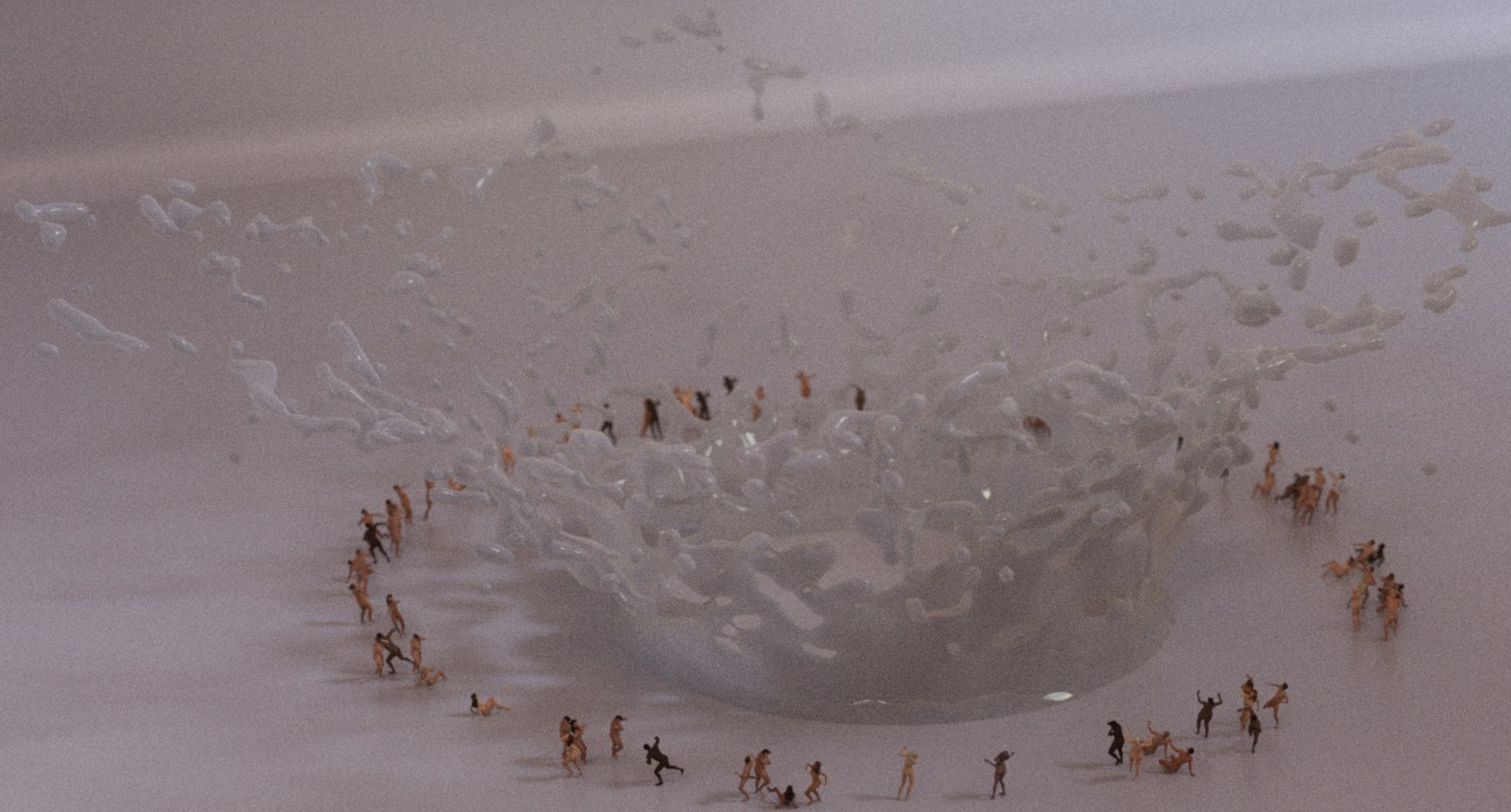
She was so full that she didn't even have to squeeze. All she did was place her fingers around her nipple and allow the weight of her breast to do the rest. God it felt good. She was this close to squeezing and releasing all the achy pressure. But she knew she couldn't just yet. These little things couldn't handle much more than a drop or two, let alone the stream that would surely follow such forceful boob handling.

There were dozens of people in the box. People she needed, and she could drown all of them with one overfull boob if she wasn't careful.

After forgetting to feed them earlier, she knew they were starving. Consequently, she had to take care of them before she moved on to Alex.

A thick drop of milk quickly formed, dribbling down from her teat before it finally broke.

A drop that was half the size of a football field came crashing down, exploding into a tidal wave of breastmilk upon impact. The human specks tripped over one another as they all ran in the opposite direction, trying to avoid the oncoming wall of dairy. Luckily, they had already dispersed far enough that it didn't cause any injury. They were hungry, but not so much that they'd risk death.



They all sighed in relief, huffing and panting, catching their breath as they waded in the thick, sweet-smelling breastmilk. Despite being stuck like this for months, it was still shocking for them to experience such force from a mere drop of milk. It was a surreal reminder of just how tiny they were. But at the end of the day, they were hungry, and this was food. Once their nerves settled down enough, they began scooping up handful after handful, filling their bellies with Miss B's warm, white nectar.



With the exceptionally tiny group now fed, Susan was more than ready to relieve her aching breasts. But pumping wasn't really an option, since the freezer was full, and her ex had the baby all week. She could always pump and dump, but why waste when there was another, more fun alternative.

“Oh, Alex!” She called out.

Alex dutifully walked into the room. “Yes, Miss B?”

Miss B smiled down at him. “You must be hungry, right? My tits could really use some release.”



Alex saw Miss B stand up from her seat and loom over him. He wasn't exactly a fan of the whole breast feeding thing. But she was hot, he was hungry, and at least he'd be warm beneath a giant set of tits. Plus things could be a lot worse. He could still be back at the lab, having god knows what done to him. Happy to oblige, Alex raised his arms up above his head.

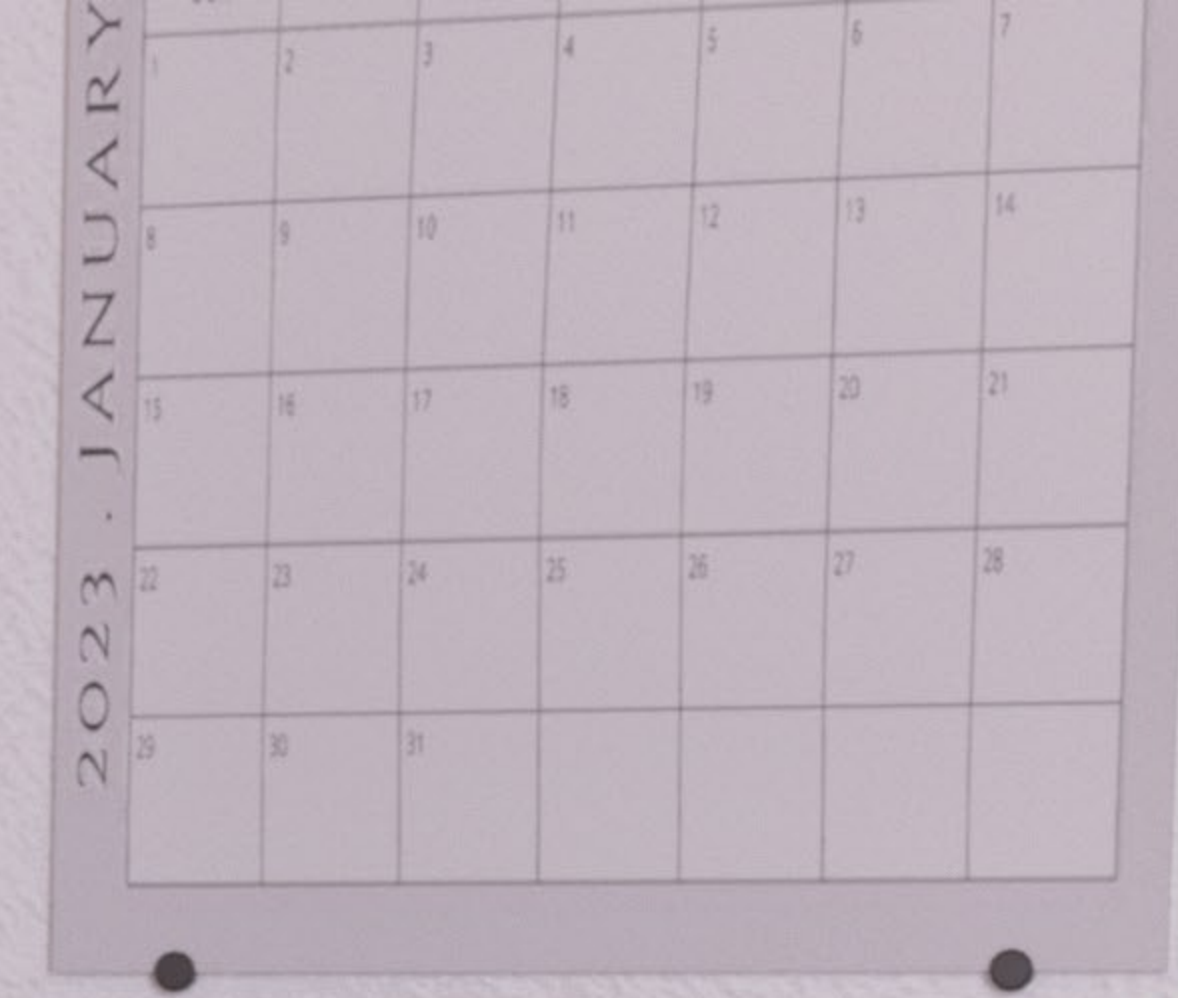
"Come to mama," Miss B joked as she reached down to pick him up.



Miss B sat back down and cradled Alex to her swollen tit. He felt like a baby in her arms, only he didn't look like one. Not in the least. Still, he felt like one, especially his little arms reaching around her breast.

“You are a hungry boy,” Miss B chuckled. She then slid her top to the side, and exposed her aching breast.

Her rock hard nipple, as big as one of his little palms, jabbed him in the cheek then flicked to its side. She was still leaking from before.



The little angel latched onto her and started sucking as hard as he could, releasing her of all the pressure that had built up. Susan sighed in relief. Finally, her breasts were getting the relief they deserved.

All of a sudden her phone rang. The word 'Unknown' flashed across its brightly lit screen. Susan knew she had to take this.

"Hi, boss...Yes she does. Misty, AKA Tess, has Daryl...no they don't suspect a thing...THIS MONTH?!"


She couldn't believe what she was hearing. How could she be expected to make that kind of progress in such a short time?

"I know he's a celebrity, and there are a lot of eyes on this, but.... I'm trying to build a watertight case here. I don't want her getting off on a technicality," she argued. "No, ma'am...certainly...I won't let you down."



Alex fed from her giant, engorged breast, doing his best to keep up with the flow of her milk. He wasn't exactly into it, and he'd much rather enjoy a steak or burger for dinner, but Miss B wanted to do this and he didn't want to let her down. Still, it was hard to keep up with her. The thick, creamy milk pumped out so fast and powerfully that it was leaking out of his mouth. How much of this stuff was there?





Alex rolled off her tit, panting and groaning, with milk dribbling out the side of his mouth and down his strained belly. No matter how much he drank, more and more of her milk just came.

“No more, Miss B. Please, I’m so full,” Alex complained.

Her engorged nipple was still hard as ever,

“Oh sweetie, surely you can have more than just that. You barely even made a dent yet, and we still got the other one,” she boomed. Her voice was kind but reverberated with depth and power.

“Ugh...other one?” Alex groaned.

Susan looked down at him with a knowing grin. “Yes, silly. Besides, not all of you is complaining. Just look at that thing.”



Before he could respond, Alex felt two big hands grasp his torso and bring him up to her face. "Mmm, come to mama."

Alex saw her lips pucker up as her warm breath blew onto his face. He tried to reciprocate but he might as well haven't, since her lips engulfed the entire lower half of his face. She was sucking on his nose all the way down to his chin, covering the entire bottom half of his face in saliva. Miss B was so much bigger than him that if she wanted to, she could probably suck his entire face off clean. The tip of her giant, wriggly tongue forced its way past his lips and filled his mouth up completely.

Cupping his butt she pulled him into her chest. She could feel his boner poking her in the tit.

"Mmm," she moaned, her nostrils blowing a gust of hot air onto the side of his head. "I'll make it worth your while."

The giant redhead released him from her lips with an audible 'muah' and lowered him back down to her leaky tit.

"You help me, and I'll help you," she said as she took hold of his member and began to stroke.

Whatever fight he had left was gone. Miss B sucked it right out of him. Any last remnants that were leftover, were currently being massaged from his dick. Alex took a deep breath, latched back, and started sucking.





It was a long day for Lynn. She spent most of it stuck in that meeting room, scribbling notes all over the plans that she had spent hours drafting the week before. By the time she got home she was more than ready to unwind.

While Lynn was hard at work, poor Tom had spent the entirety of it sandwiched between her enormous, sweaty boobs. He was exhausted and sticky with dried perspiration. What he would give for a nice, hot soak and a good night's rest! But he knew Lynn, and he knew THAT look. She was going to put him through the ringer.

"Gawd, I still can't get over how big you make them look," Lynn commented while staring at her reflection.

"What did you expect? They're naturally huge and I'm like what...two inches?" Tom squeaked.

"Two and a quarter! Don't sell yourself short," Lynn joked. Her nostrils flared as her eyes remained glued to his reflection. "I gotta tell you, Tom. You make me feel like a goddess. Like I'm YOUR goddess, and you only breathe, eat, and drink because I let you."

Tom looked back at her anxiously. "If I pray to this goddess, do you think she'll give me the night off?"

"Ha! Nice try, little man. I've been working all day while you just chilled out between my boobies. It's time you chipped in a little, and I know just the way."



“Can we talk about this?” Tom asked as he hung there limply. Right after they left the bathroom, Lynn had grabbed her favorite dildo from the nightstand, along with some string, and tied Tom to the tip of it. He looked like some sort of sexual sacrifice.

In a way he was. His body for the needs of hers. No matter how much he built up his stamina, he never could get used to how rough Lynn liked it. It was like running on a treadmill at a sprinter’s pace, only for much longer than anyone would ever willingly do.

Ironically, it was his nervous apprehension that always seemed to stoke her fire.

Lynn stared at him hungrily. “We can talk after we fuck. But first, I gotta get you nice and ready.”

But as physically difficult as it was, getting fucked by Lynn still had its perks. Those often came in the form of giant blowjobs.

“Mmm, well hello to you too,” Lynn said to the tiny man in front of her face. She opened her mouth and aimed her tongue towards his crotch.

Tom felt warm, balmy air blast his entire body. Hints of coffee and drive thru burger mixed with perfume and lip gloss blew over him. She dominated every fiber of his being. His dick was twitching with anticipation, and she hadn't even made contact with it yet.





The giant blonde tipped the dildo and its tiny occupant towards her mouth and wrapped her lips around them both. This wasn't just for his pleasure. It also had a practical purpose.

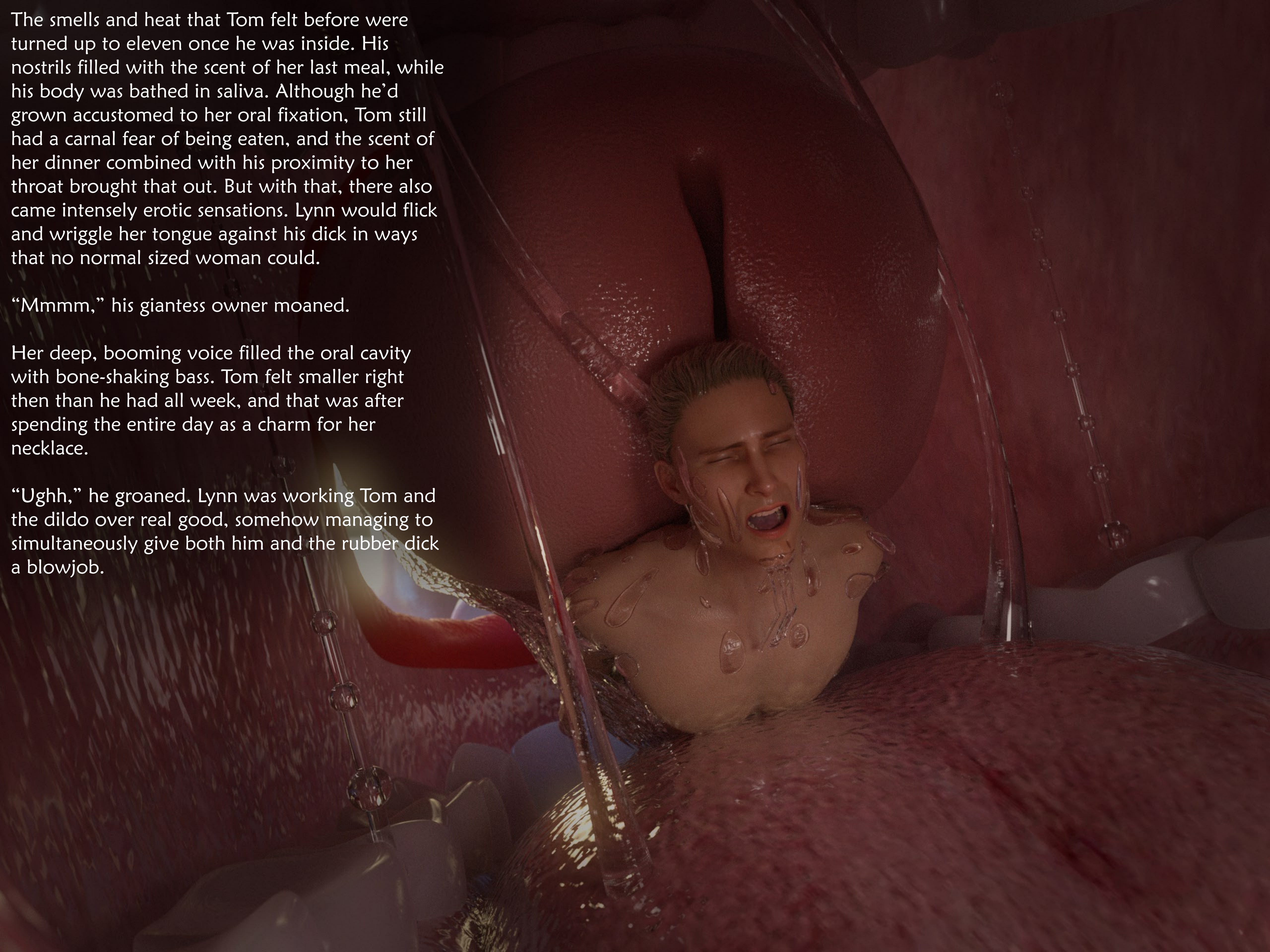
Lynn always did prefer spit over store bought lube, and that's the main reason why she liked starting this way. Getting Tom's wires crossed was just a bonus. Lubing both him and the rubber dick up enough so that they were ready for entry was her main purpose.

The smells and heat that Tom felt before were turned up to eleven once he was inside. His nostrils filled with the scent of her last meal, while his body was bathed in saliva. Although he'd grown accustomed to her oral fixation, Tom still had a carnal fear of being eaten, and the scent of her dinner combined with his proximity to her throat brought that out. But with that, there also came intensely erotic sensations. Lynn would flick and wriggle her tongue against his dick in ways that no normal sized woman could.

“Mmmm,” his giantess owner moaned.

Her deep, booming voice filled the oral cavity with bone-shaking bass. Tom felt smaller right then than he had all week, and that was after spending the entire day as a charm for her necklace.

“Ughh,” he groaned. Lynn was working Tom and the dildo over real good, somehow managing to simultaneously give both him and the rubber dick a blowjob.



POP

Lynn pulled the dildo and Tom from her mouth and held them before her eyes. A strand of drool spanned from her bottom lip to his stomach. It was as if her mouth didn't want to let him go. But there were other holes that needed servicing.


“Tom, I'm going to fuck you now. I hope you're ready for that. You certainly look like you are.”



She let her words sink in for a moment, then lowered the dildo and him down between her legs.

Tom hadn't even passed her bush yet, and already he could smell Lynn's scent. This was going to be a long night.






As soon as he arrived between her legs, Lynn twisted the dildo around so that Tom was facing up, and pressed his entire body against her moist crotch. The scent of her aroused sex was so much stronger here. It was quite literally steaming right out from her opening and directly onto him.

Lynn held him there for a few long seconds. Bristly pubic hairs brushed against his skin after every slight movement of her wrist. Tom was so drunk off of her arousal that he couldn't stop his base instinct from kicking in, forcing him to thrust his hip upwards, and drive his hardened dick into the closest thing in front of it. Her clit.

“Ooh, is that what I think it is?” Lynn boomed far above.

She started rubbing him against it. Back and forth, side to side, flicking his cock against her fleshy nub with each movement. Lynn was using his dick to tease herself with.



Lynn was done playing games. “That’s enough for now.”

The insatiable exec leaned back, spread her legs, and propped her hips up. She was more than ready for him.

A sense of dread came over Tom as he was twisted back around and aimed for her hole. He had been through this countless times before, but it never really got any easier. He simply got used to it. Tom reminded himself to breathe just before he was plunged into Lynn’s giant pussy.

Lynn slowly drove Tom and the dildo into her depths, savoring every second of the drawn-out entry, until they were both fully inserted.

“OH...yeah...I needed this,” Lynn moaned.

She loved the feeling of his small wriggly body sandwiched between her churning walls and the girthy toy. Lynn gave her pussy a squeeze, coaxing him to squirm even more. Fuck, did it feel good.



Lynn had waited all day for this. After a few long moments of simply holding him inside, she started thrusting him in and out. She was slow at first, only bringing dildo back out by an inch or so before driving it back in. This soon gave way to a more regular pace. Eventually, she was thrusting the entire dildo in and out of herself, tip to hilt, forcing Tom's legs to dangle outside of herself each time she pumped out.

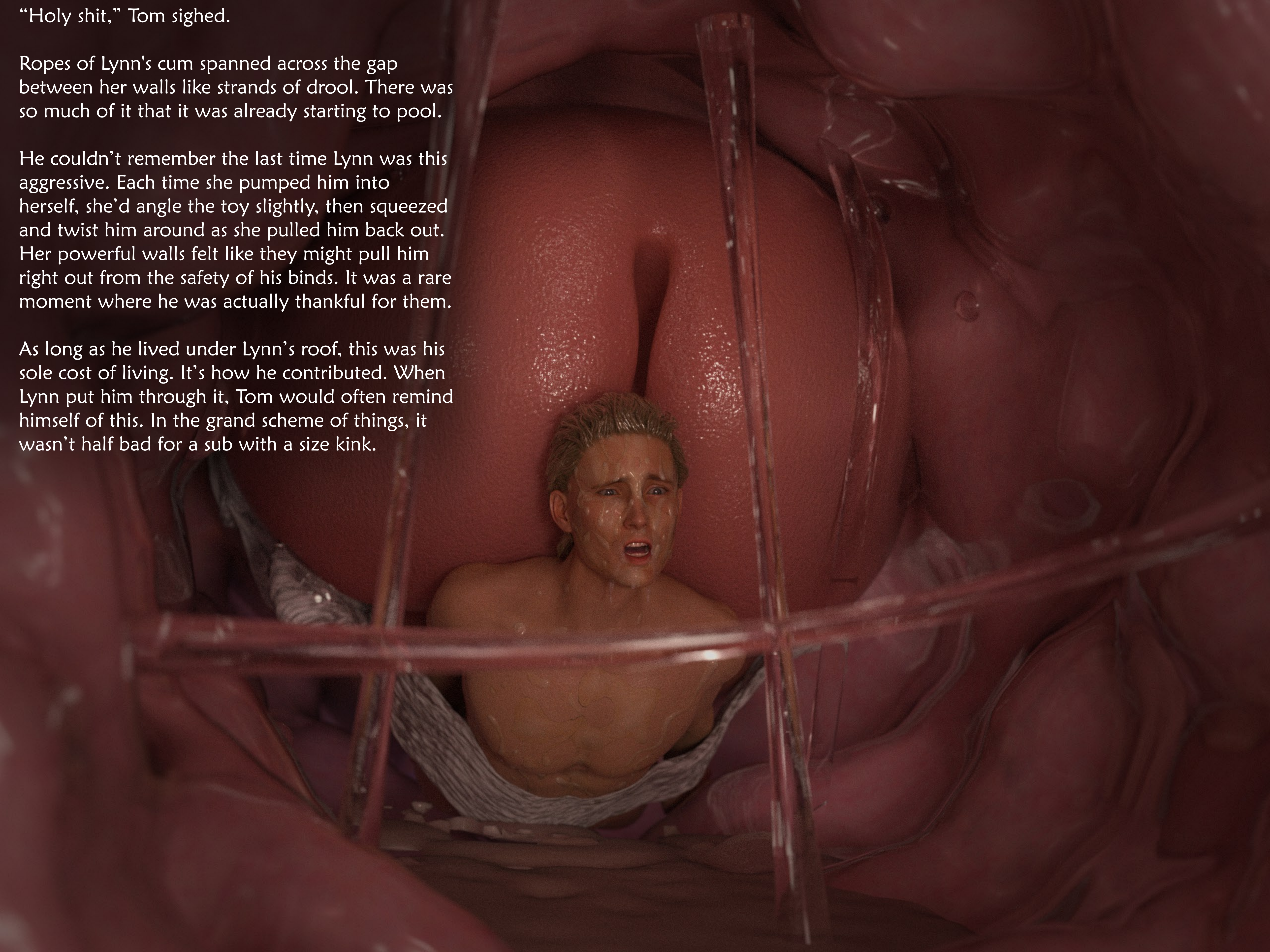


“Holy shit,” Tom sighed.

Ropes of Lynn's cum spanned across the gap between her walls like strands of drool. There was so much of it that it was already starting to pool.

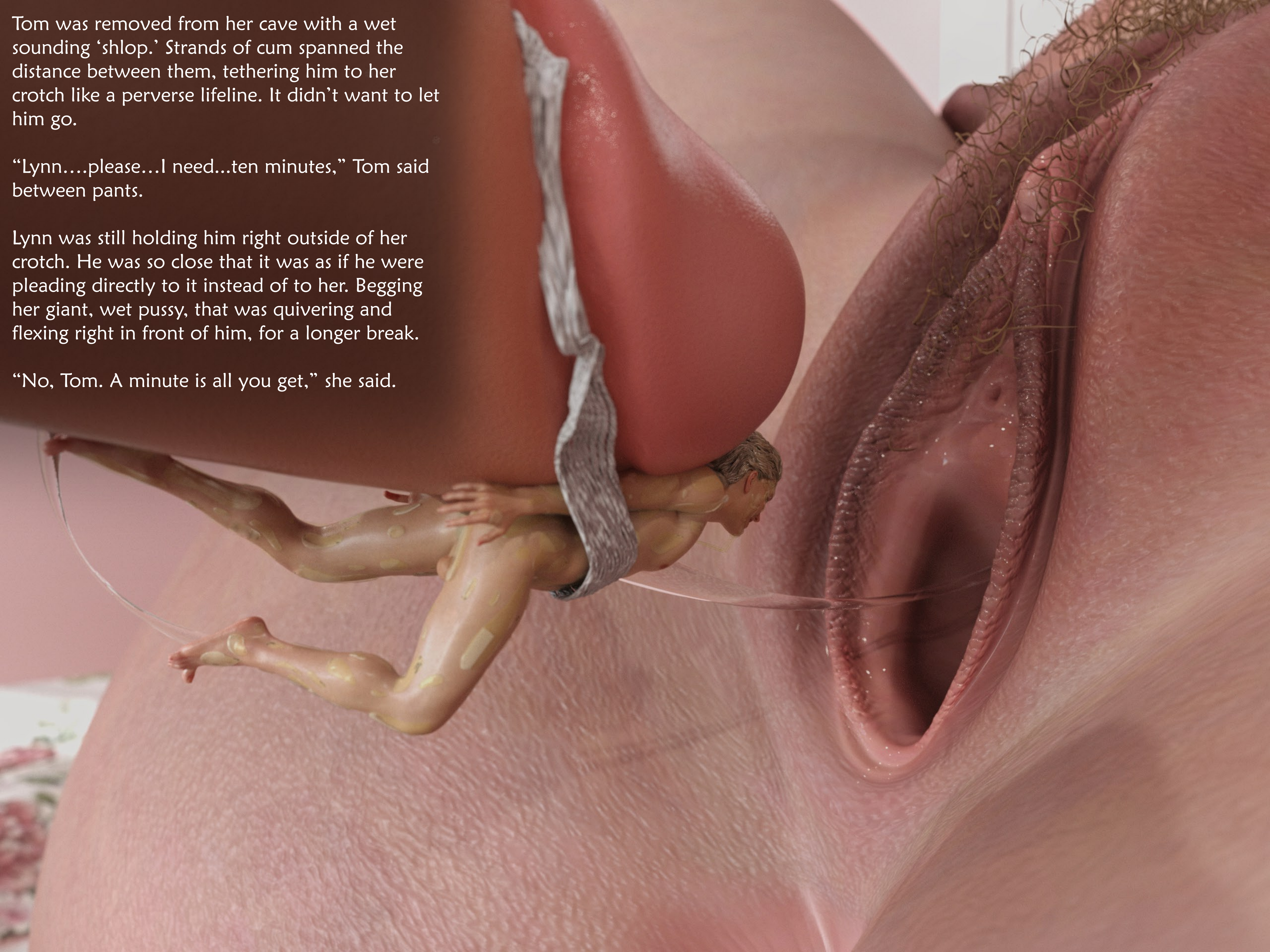
He couldn't remember the last time Lynn was this aggressive. Each time she pumped him into herself, she'd angle the toy slightly, then squeezed and twist him around as she pulled him back out. Her powerful walls felt like they might pull him right out from the safety of his binds. It was a rare moment where he was actually thankful for them.

As long as he lived under Lynn's roof, this was his sole cost of living. It's how he contributed. When Lynn put him through it, Tom would often remind himself of this. In the grand scheme of things, it wasn't half bad for a sub with a size kink.



Lynn continued plunging Tom and the dildo in and out and out of herself for a good twenty minutes. By now her entire body was glistening with sweat. Juices were starting to seep down to the bedding below. She was so focused on getting there that it had nearly slipped her mind that her little dildo ornament likely needed a breather. Better for her to get it out of the way now than to wait any longer.





Tom was removed from her cave with a wet sounding 'shlop.' Strands of cum spanned the distance between them, tethering him to her crotch like a perverse lifeline. It didn't want to let him go.

"Lynn....please...I need...ten minutes," Tom said between pants.

Lynn was still holding him right outside of her crotch. He was so close that it was as if he were pleading directly to it instead of to her. Begging her giant, wet pussy, that was quivering and flexing right in front of him, for a longer break.

"No, Tom. A minute is all you get," she said.



Tom's break came and went. He barely had enough time to catch his breath before Lynn plunged him back in. She wasted no time and immediately started pumping him in and out of her greedy snatch, quickly building up speed and forcefulness.

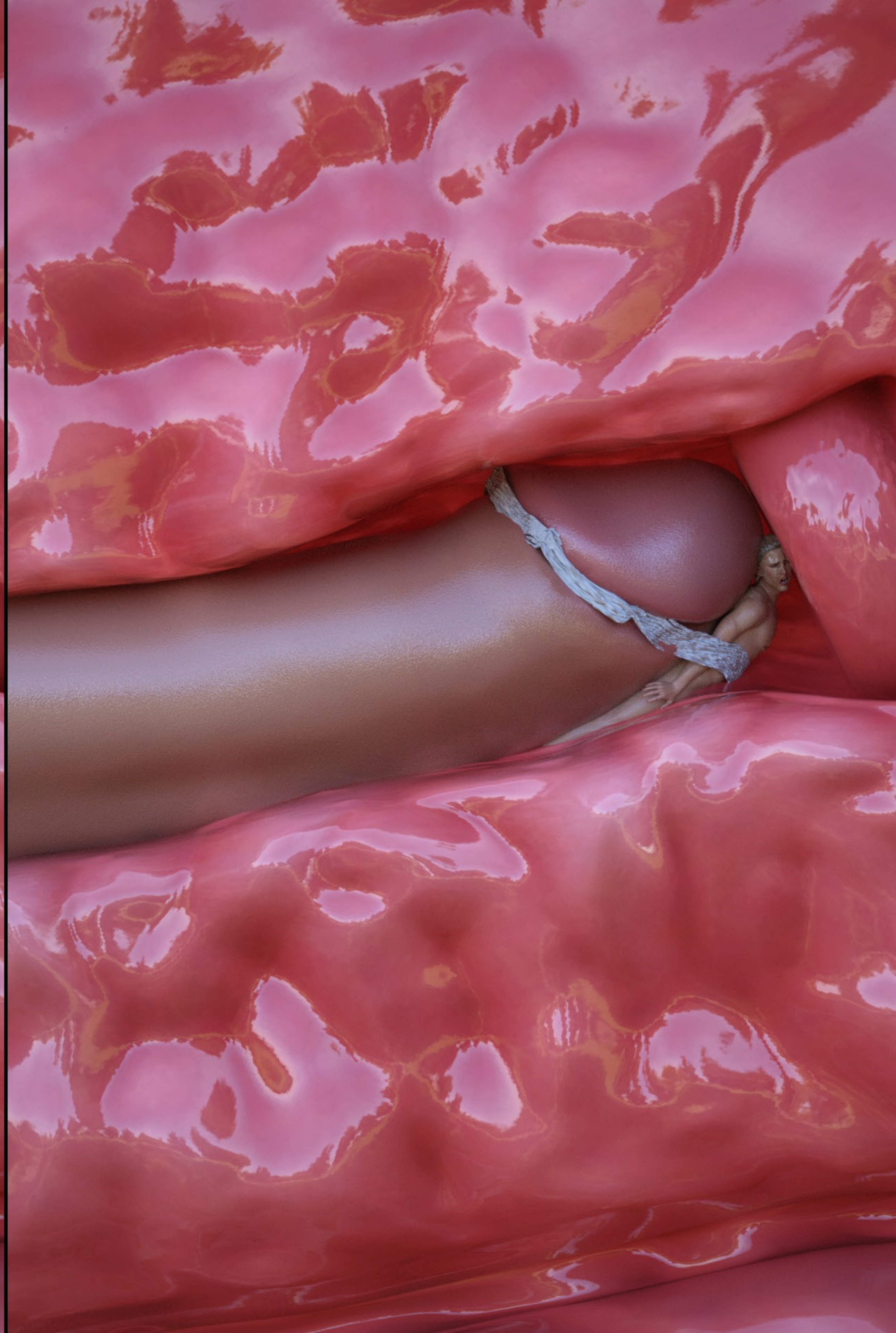
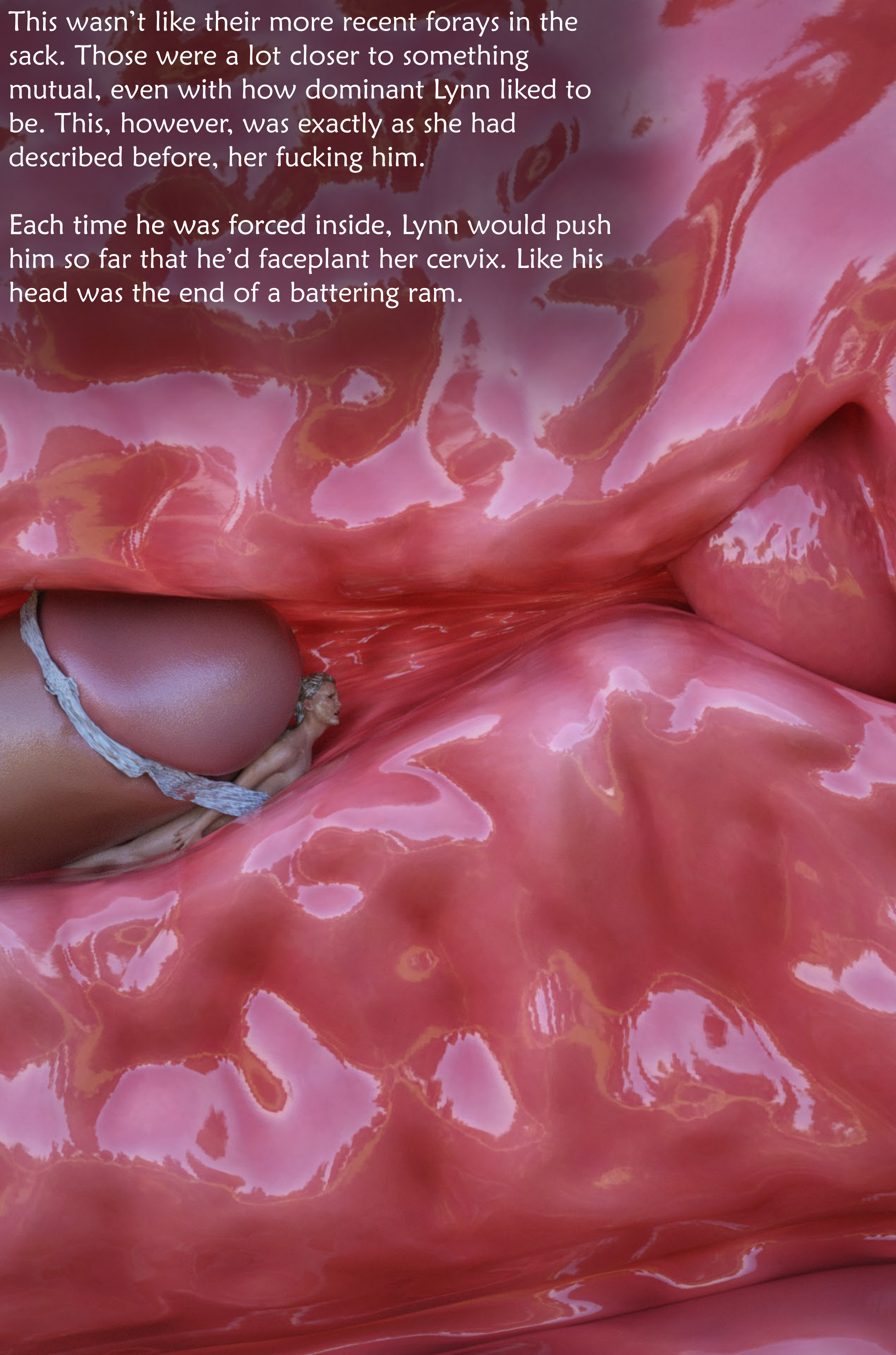
There was no longer a steady, predictable rhythm to her thrusts. Instead they were fast and erratic. Every so often she'd stop with him all the way inside and start moving the toy around like a joystick, hitting all the right spots while she clenched her snatch muscles.

"Fuck...right there...you little dick ornament. Don't you fucking move!" Lynn cried out.

Sweat and drool dripped down the sides of her face as she continued using her dildo and Tom to plunge her insides out with.

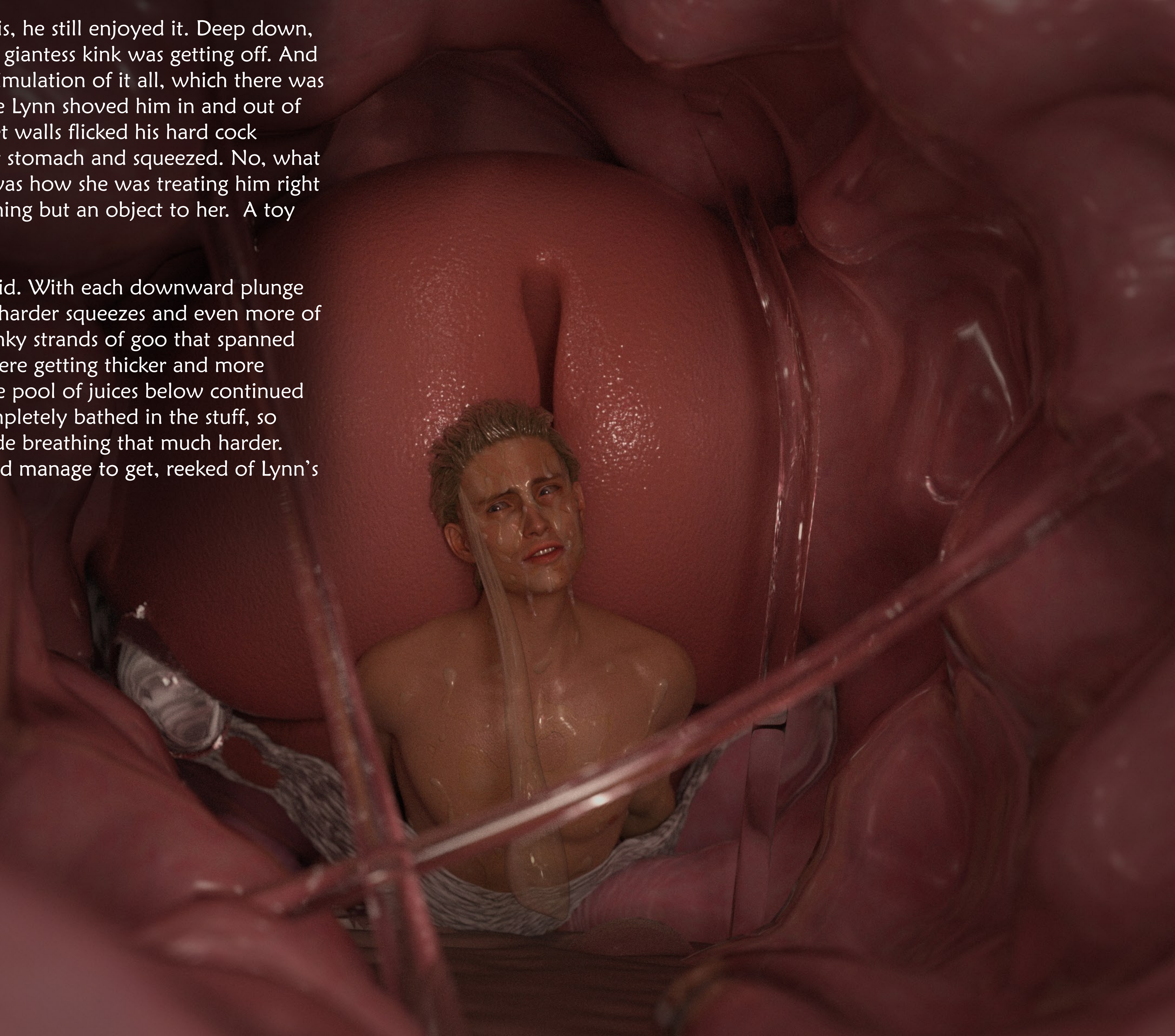
This wasn't like their more recent forays in the sack. Those were a lot closer to something mutual, even with how dominant Lynn liked to be. This, however, was exactly as she had described before, her fucking him.

Each time he was forced inside, Lynn would push him so far that he'd faceplant her cervix. Like his head was the end of a battering ram.



Yet despite all of this, he still enjoyed it. Deep down, the little sub with a giantess kink was getting off. And not just from the stimulation of it all, which there was plenty of. Each time Lynn shoved him in and out of herself, her soft, wet walls flicked his hard cock against his thighs or stomach and squeezed. No, what really got him off was how she was treating him right now. Tom was nothing but an object to her. A toy for her to fuck.

And fuck him she did. With each downward plunge Tom was met with harder squeezes and even more of Lynn's cum. The funky strands of goo that spanned across her tunnel were getting thicker and more prevalent, while the pool of juices below continued to rise. He was completely bathed in the stuff, so much so that it made breathing that much harder. What little air he did manage to get, reeked of Lynn's oversexed pussy.





“Fuck...I’m....so...close...” Lynn huffed.

She had graduated from mere thrusts and moved on to fast, aggressive plunges. From tip to hilt with each dildo pump, forcing droplets of cunt juice to splatter out. Her entire body was no longer shining, but literally dripping with sweat. Even her boobs were starting to leak. But she didn’t care. She had been waiting for this all day, and it was right there for the taking. Just a bit more and...

Lynn angrily thrust the dildo and Tom all the way inside and squeezed.

“Aaaahhh...Fuck Tom...I’m cumming...I’m cumming all over you...,” she cried out. Cum sprayed out from between her legs while milk shot out from her tits as they were squeezed together.

Tom was squeezed harder than he had been all night. Cum came shooting out of her like a firehose, blasting him in the face and splattering all about as she continued to hold him in place. The onslaught of pussy clenches were constant, broken only by these slight, erratic pulses that came every few seconds. Amidst all of the chaos, he could hear Lynn bellowing out a string of expletives far above. Tom hoped that this was a sign of it being over, of her orgasm starting to wane, but it simply continued on.





After what felt like an eternity to Tom, Lynn finally started removing the dildo and him from her flooded cunt. His exit was marked by a wet queef followed by an expulsion of plugged up cum.

Lynn held him there, just outside of her opening, while she took a moment to collect herself. “Oh...fuck, Tom. That....was amazing,” she huffed between pants.

Tom was looking far worse for the wear. Stray blonde pubes clung to his skin, all of which was completely covered in her cum. There were thick globs of it that rivaled his waist in thickness drooling down to the bedding below.



After finishing catching her breath, Lynn sat up and brought Tom up to her face for inspection. At first she felt kinda gross. Her entire body was slick with sweat, while cum dripped down and into her asscrack. But she instantly felt better about herself after she got a good look at Tom.

Boy, was he a mess. He looked like a bug trapped in amber. There was just so much of it. And were those pubes? She can't recall that ever happening before. She almost felt bad.

“Hehe, guess I kinda got carried away,” Lynn joked.

“You can say that again,” Tom replied.

Lynn smiled down at him lovingly. To take everything she dealt to him in stride like that...he truly was the perfect guy for her. “Let's get you cleaned up.”

One-by-one Lynn carefully plucked off each of her blonde pubic hairs. Tom couldn't help but smile at the absurdity of it all. Even after everything he had been through, it was all still so surreal.



“There, that should do,” Lynn said after plucking off the last pube. She removed Tom from his binds and set the dildo off to the side.

Tom noticed a smirk on her face and quickly became flustered. “Lynn, darling, why are you looking at me that way?” He asked.

“Mmm, now for the fun part,” she teased before opening her mouth.

“C-can’t we talk about this?”

“We can talk AFTER you’re clean. Now be a good little boyfriend, and hold still.”





Unlike the times before, Tom was shoved into Lynn's mouth without any sort of pause or ceremony. It was almost functional in nature. Lynn swirled him around her mouth while her tongue explored his every nook and crevice. She was cleaning him like a mama cat would her newborn kitten.

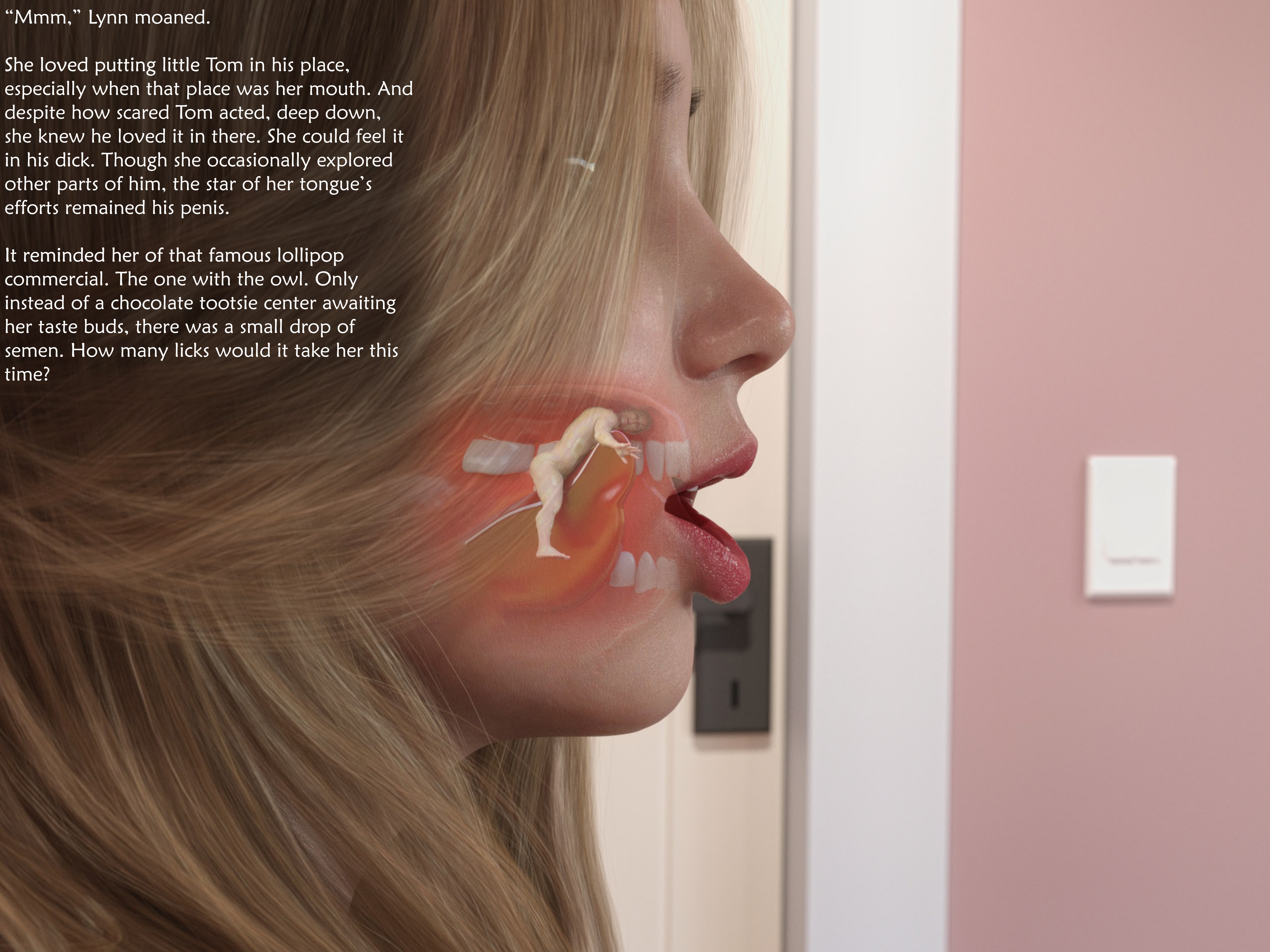
Then, the tip of her tongue found his crotch. "Mmm, whut's 'iss?" She garbled around him.

All of a sudden, Tom's entire body was pressed to the roof of her mouth, with the tip of her tongue firmly grinding against his stiff cock.

“Mmm,” Lynn moaned.

She loved putting little Tom in his place, especially when that place was her mouth. And despite how scared Tom acted, deep down, she knew he loved it in there. She could feel it in his dick. Though she occasionally explored other parts of him, the star of her tongue’s efforts remained his penis.

It reminded her of that famous lollipop commercial. The one with the owl. Only instead of a chocolate tootsie center awaiting her taste buds, there was a small drop of semen. How many licks would it take her this time?





Lynn began counting in her head, but just like the owl, she didn't get very far. After the third lick, she pushed his head out of her mouth, puckered her lips, and began sucking.

After all that licking Tom was right on the verge, when all of a sudden his head was pushed out of her mouth while the rest of him was vacuum sealed inside. The force of her sucking caused her tongue to flatten against his entire front like a wriggly, wet mattress. This in turn pressed his dick against his belly, which pushed Tom over the edge.

"I'm....cumming...." Tom said in an attempt to get Lynn to release.

But all that did was make her double down on her efforts. Whenever Tom came, she loved seeing how long she could make it last.

"Nnnmm," Lynn replied. It was her 'mouthful' attempt at saying 'no.'

Tiny spurt after tiny spurt of cum shot out of his dick and onto her tongue. She was sucking him for all he was worth.

Satisfied that she had milked every last drop of cum from him, Lynn removed Tom from her mouth, and set him down onto the pillow.

Lynn carefully laid herself down with her face on the pillow right next to him.

“That was...amazing,” Tom said.

“It certainly was,” Lynn agreed.

“You know, Lynn. There’s been something on my mind these past few weeks that I can’t seem to wrap my head around,” Tom said.

“Go on,” Lynn urged.

“So, like me, you have a giantess fetish. And for the entirety of our relationship, you hid this from me. You even worked for a company that had access to chemicals that could make our fantasy a reality-”

“Tom, it’s fantasy for a reason. Even though I love what we have now, do you really think I would ever ask you to willingly do this to yourself? Jez had no right,” Lynn argued.



As Tom lay there, thinking about what Lynn had said, he was broken from his train of thought. Lynn was blowing warm air onto him.

“What are you doing?” He asked with a chuckle.

Lynn feigned a smile. “What? You looked cold.”

Tom wasn't done with their conversation yet. In fact, he was left with even more questions now. “Why work at the front end of Little Things for so long then? What was the point of all that?”

“Because, Tom. It was good money with plenty of room to grow.”

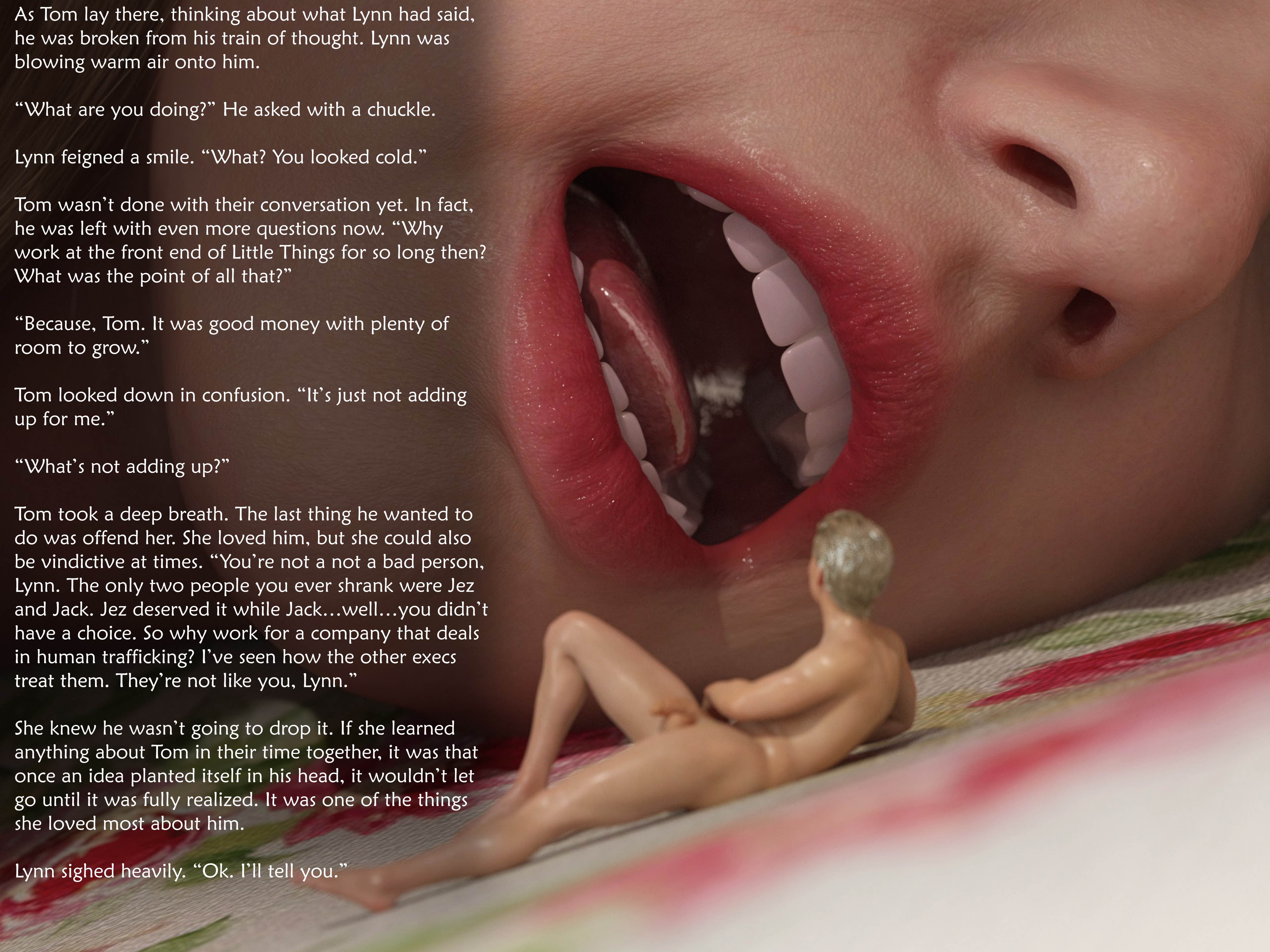
Tom looked down in confusion. “It's just not adding up for me.”

“What's not adding up?”

Tom took a deep breath. The last thing he wanted to do was offend her. She loved him, but she could also be vindictive at times. “You're not a not a bad person, Lynn. The only two people you ever shrank were Jez and Jack. Jez deserved it while Jack...well...you didn't have a choice. So why work for a company that deals in human trafficking? I've seen how the other execs treat them. They're not like you, Lynn.”

She knew he wasn't going to drop it. If she learned anything about Tom in their time together, it was that once an idea planted itself in his head, it wouldn't let go until it was fully realized. It was one of the things she loved most about him.

Lynn sighed heavily. “Ok. I'll tell you.”



Tom sat there and listened. He couldn't believe the lengths that Lynn had gone to.

"Fifteen years. Wow. Remind me to never get on your bad side again," Tom joked. "Do you think Misty suspects anything?"

"No. I haven't given her any reason to."

Tom sat up and scooted closer. "I'm not sure that Daryl guy has very long."

"I know, but I can't risk it when I'm this close. Not after all those years. I need to bide my time a little longer. We need to become close enough friends that she eventually feels the need to invite me over. That's when I can make a run for it," Lynn said.

"A run for what? What's at her place?" Tom asked.

"A thumb drive. It's where she stores their personal data. Every person Little Things Inc. has ever shrunk, all in one place. She treats it like a trophy room," Lynn explained.

Lynn was right, she couldn't risk it all by pushing Misty too fast. Not after all that time she put in. There was always the option of sneaking in, but that wouldn't be easy for someone like Lynn. For Tom, however, that was an entirely different story.

A confident, determined look formed on his face. "I'll do it. I'll get you the thumb drive."



Lynn did not like this idea at all. She had first hand knowledge of the kind of dangers Misty posed to someone Tom's size. But Tom wouldn't let it go. Better to sleep on it and hope clearer heads prevailed in the morning.

After rinsing him off and brushing her teeth, Lynn decided it was time to settle down.


"You're not listening to me!" Tom yelled.

Lynn pried open her panties and lowered Tom to the crotch gusset. "I have, sweetie. But I want to lie down and read. Besides, you know how cuddly I get after sex."


"Cuddly? You're putting me in your underwear," Tom laughed.

"And that's a problem?" Lynn argued. Taking his silence as her cue, she continued. "Good. Now try and keep quiet. I want to fall asleep reading. You should do the same, minus the reading of course. So pipe down or put that incessant mouth of yours to work."





Tom felt her fingers 'adjusting' him behind the fabric of her underwear. A small drop of snatch juice splattered down onto his freshly rinsed face. It was frustrating to be stowed away like a nuisance mid-conversation. Still, there wasn't anywhere else he'd rather be. Tom took a deep breath of the musky air and smiled.



After safely tucking away her small lover, Lynn lay back down and opened her book to where she had left off. Only instead of losing herself in the story like she had hoped, she kept finding herself rereading the same page over and over again. Between Tom's little mouth on her crotch, and some of the things that were said during their recent argument, she simply couldn't focus.

Maybe he was tiny enough to slip by Misty completely unnoticed? He certainly was a lot smaller than that dildo boy she always carried around with her.

No. She couldn't allow herself to lose another one. Not when she was this close.

Lynn placed a finger against Tom's back and kneaded him in. "Mmm," she moaned softly. She could tell him 'no' in the morning. Lynn let out a sigh of relief and returned to her book.

Susan
Height: 5ft10
Weight: 177lbs
M: 36G-34-44
Height to Alex: 18ft3
Weight to Alex: 2tns

Tess
Height: 6ft
Weight: 172lbs
M: 36F-32-44
Height to Daryl: 216ft
Weight to Daryl: 3640tns

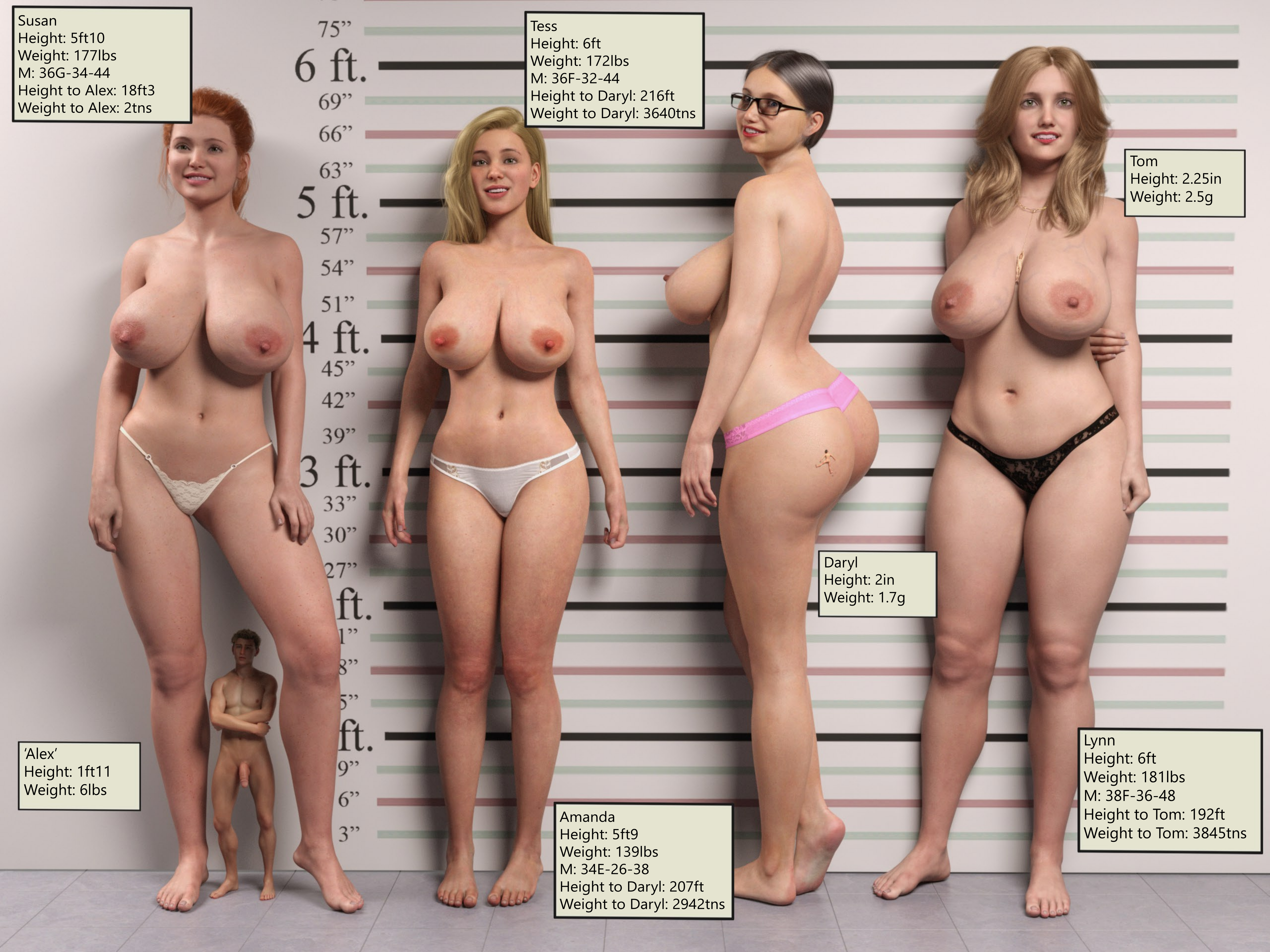
Tom
Height: 2.25in
Weight: 2.5g

Daryl
Height: 2in
Weight: 1.7g

'Alex'
Height: 1ft11
Weight: 6lbs

Amanda
Height: 5ft9
Weight: 139lbs
M: 34E-26-38
Height to Daryl: 207ft
Weight to Daryl: 2942tns

Lynn
Height: 6ft
Weight: 181lbs
M: 38F-36-48
Height to Tom: 192ft
Weight to Tom: 3845tns





Hannah
Height: 5ft10
Weight: 141lbs
M: 34F-28-42
Height to tinies: 213ft
Weight to tinies: 3432tns

Michelle
Old Height: 5ft
Old Weight: 100lbs
New Height: 1.7in
New Weight: 0.98g



Hannah
Height to Nick: 1.4 miles
Weight to Nick:
130,145,049tns

Michelle
Height to Nick: 180ft
Weight to Nick: 2116tns

Nick
Height: 1.44mm
Weight: N/A
Height to Michelle: 1.9in
Weight to Michelle: 1.6g

To Be Continued...

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