

Little Things Inc 3

A Forty Two Conclusion



BY JSM+OHM

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THEN...



“Fuck...you two feel amazing in there,” Hannah gasped with her ass in the air.

The setup had taken her roughly ten minutes to complete. First, she had to open the camera app and enable the artifact tool. This way, the videography sleuths in her audience would think it was fake. Then, she had to angle it so that her entire body fit within the frame while also shooting it close enough so they could still see everything as it happened. For Hannah, that was the most thrilling aspect of it all.

Finally, there was the prep and insertion. That was the fun part. Especially since the two that Carol had given her had been dosed with enough libido stimulant to keep them going for days. They practically came on her spit-soaked fingers as she inserted them inside.

“Go on, you two. Kiss,” Hannah boomed.

Jordan and Sarah embraced each other in a passionate kiss. Not just because they were told to, but because they couldn't help themselves even if they wanted to. Ever since that crazy scientist had given them whatever it was that she had given them, they simply couldn't hold back. It didn't matter that they were inserted inside a giant influencer's asshole. If anything, it added to the experience. They were like two starving people at an all-you-can-eat buffet, only no matter how much they consumed, their hunger still remained.



Hannah could feel everything with just her bootyhole. They were kissing and dry-humping one another. It would only be a little longer before they'd start fucking again. She'd make sure of it. All while stuck in her giant ass.

She reached between her legs and pressed her finger against her clit. Her crotch was getting warmer, and she had already started to open up. Wetness began to spread over her lips and onto her fingers.



The experience for Jordan was beyond erotic. He'd always had a thing for bigger butts and lighter skin. Not that he had anything against other types. It was just the way he was wired. So for him, making out from inside the giant ass of a hot, big-bootied coed like Hannah was a dream come true. He could even hear the wet flicks of his enormous captor below him. She was masturbating to the thought of them being forced inside her butt, which made it infinitely hotter.

Sarah, on the other hand, was far more nervous. If it weren't for the drugs coursing through her veins, she'd likely be in the middle of a severe panic attack. She remained trapped inside a giant anus. Musky smells and squelchy noises surrounded her. Every so often, the pungent orifice would pulse against her stomach, threatening to consume even more of her. Yet despite all of this, the drug she was given was powerful enough to overcome her most basic fears.



Suddenly, Jordan and Sarah felt their surroundings begin to tighten.

“Mmmm,” Hannah boomed.

The rim around them was slowly gaining ground, flexing around their stomachs while squeezing them tightly against one another. Even Jordan, who was hornier than ever, was jolted awake from his sexual hypnosis.

They could feel her colon massaging their lower halves while her anus continued to pucker its way up their torsos.



Meanwhile, Hannah couldn't get enough of it. The feeling of them getting slowly consumed by her anus was like nothing she ever felt before.

Hannah reached for her favorite toy and lined it up with her opening. She was so turned on that she didn't need to warm up to it. She simply shoved it right in.



Hannah's giant anus constricted tighter and tighter around Jordan and Sarah as she slowly inserted the vibrator. It was so big compared to them that they could feel it pass beneath them through her anal walls.

"Ungh!" Hannah boomed.

Her voice sounded deep and powerful, which was in stark contrast to her young, feminine appearance.



Hannah thrust her big toy in all the way and flipped its switch.

BUZZZZZ

It immediately started vibrating, hitting all the best spots and hard-to-reach places. It felt SO fucking good. Especially with the two little inch-lings trapped in her ass.

“Oh yeah, that’s the stuff right there,” Hannah moaned as she began working her toy in and out of herself.



Hannah's ass had nearly swallowed up Jordan and Sarah in their entirety. They were both buried up to their neck in sweaty anus. All while she continued to plunge her huge vibrator in and out of herself.

Sometimes she'd leave it all the way in while she flexed her kegel muscles. Their teeth would chatter from the buzzy tremors embedded alongside them, while her sweaty rim puckered around their necks. Then she'd remove the toy and relax again, causing their heads to slip in even further.

Foul wafts of air steamed up from below. It was only a matter of time before that was all they could breathe.




Hannah couldn't hold back anymore. She rolled onto her ass, planted her feet on the bed, and spread her legs wide.

"Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck..." She panted as she thrust her toy in and out with increased speed.

She couldn't tell if they'd been entirely consumed, or if any part of them still stuck out. Like the last bead of an anal toy. She couldn't care less. All that mattered was that they were trapped in her ass and there was nothing they could do about it.





From their necks down, Jordan and Sarah were embedded in Hannah's pungent anal cavity, sandwiched firmly against one another. Each time she shoved that big, pink toy into her pussy, their bodies would get pressed even tighter together.

Yet despite all of this, they just couldn't keep their hands off each other. Between the drops of sweat and sexual fluids that dripped down their hole, and the strong scent of sex and ass that dominated their senses, not to mention the drug that coursed through their veins, they simply couldn't help themselves.

Sarah grasped Jordan's dick and started stroking it.



The giantess' masturbatory efforts had reached fever pitch. She started violently plunging the giant, buzzing vibrator in and out of herself.

"Aaaaahh! Fuck yes!" She boomed.

Splashes of Hannah's cum squirted out of her and onto the trapped couple below.

Jordan and Sarah paid it no mind and embraced each other in a passionate kiss.

“OH...my...god...!” Hannah cried out.

Her orgasm had crescendoed into a series of powerful squirts and squeezes. Wave after wave of female ejaculation blasted out from behind the vibrator. In an effort to make it last longer, Hannah continued to thrust her trusty toy, plunging out her deepest reserves of cum.

She tried to picture what it must’ve been like for the two toys trapped inside her ass. Stuck inside with nowhere else to go while all her cum rained down upon them.

Hannah squeezed her vagina and flexed her anus, forcing out the last bit of pussy juice before she finally started to relax.




It was in that very moment, that last little clench, that Jordan and Sarah were finally swallowed up. The air around them quickly became thick with the smell of her waste.

“Oh god,” Sarah gasped. She tried hard not to breathe too much of it in.

Jordan panicked in silence. He reached his arm above his head and towards her puckering hole. He could see small shreds of light still seeping through.






After coming down from her sexual high, Hannah began drying herself off using the already soiled bed sheets. That was when she realized that her two little anal beads were still stuck in her ass.

She let out a gasp as a tiny hand scraped against the inside of her back door entrance. They were trying to crawl out of her ass.

Hannah quickly got on all fours and pointed her ass towards the camera. "Sorry about that! One thing led to another and I guess I got a bit carried away," she joked while giving her hips a playful wiggle. "Oh, and would you look at that! My two little butt plugs got swallowed all the way up. I guess my booty hole was simply too much for them. I don't suppose any of you would like to volunteer as their replacement? My booty's AWFULLY hungry. Let me know in the comments below. Don't forget to smash the like button!"



Despite smelling like ass and having barely any room, deep down they were still turned on. Even without the drug, they still had to contend with the fact that they were covered in a hot college girl's cum, and stuffed inside her perfect ass.

Their panic slowly gave way to more debased desires, once again allowing for their drugged-up libido to take over. This rang especially true for Jordan, who couldn't stop picturing how they must've looked getting blasted by her juices, while her anus swallowed their bodies up inch by inch.

Jordan lined his dick up with Sarah's pussy and worked himself inside. Sarah moaned and humped back. Once again they were lost in the moment. With their hands tightly wrapped around one another, Jordan and Sarah began fucking like rabbits. Not a care in the world for what might happen to them. All that mattered was that they each got theirs.

Hannah stopped recording and retrieved the bug box that Carol had given her. She lowered the box beneath her ass cheeks and began to clench. She felt ridiculous, standing buck naked in the middle of her room, holding a box up to her ass like she was taking a shit in it.

Two mouse-sized people were swiftly pooped out from her sweaty orifice. Hanging down like stubborn turds, they eventually broke from their dank confines and dropped into the box with a gross sounding splat.





Jordan and Sarah were left discarded in the clear, plastic box while Hannah went about her business. Showering, putting on her choice of clothes, brushing her hair, basically doing all the little things that she likely took for granted. They would've given anything for just a taste of that independence.

Hannah was about to step out when her roommate popped back in. Dressed in bright pink athletic attire, it looked like she just got back from practice.

“Where were you? You missed the extra session coach had us run,” Lynn asked.

“Sorry, I’ve been busy with work stuff. Speaking of which, I’m stepping out for a bit. Can you watch them until I get back,” Hannah explained.

Lynn’s face lit up. “Of course! You can count on me.”

Hannah sighed at her overt enthusiasm. “Please, Lynn, let them rest. Carol had me run some tests and they’re exhausted.”

“Tests, huh?” Lynn quipped.

“Yeah, that’s what I said, tests,” Hannah replied before exiting.

Lynn quickly rushed over to the box Hannah had left them in and peered down.

Jordan and Sarah looked up at the busty, titan-sized blonde looming over them. She looked like a goddess, but deep down they both knew she was just some immature college girl. They could see it in her eyes. She looked down at them like they were things, toys for her to play with.

“Let us out!” They both screamed.

“I’m sorry, I can’t exactly hear what you’re saying. All I hear is squeaking.”

Lynn removed the top lid from their box and carefully picked them both up. She immediately noticed that they were both covered in an odd, sticky substance.



Lynn lifted the male tiny up to her face and sniffed.

“Ew!” She grimaced. “You smell like ass. Did Hannah...OMG she totally did, didn’t she?”

Jordan nodded in response.

“Poor things. Let’s get you both cleaned up.”



Lynn grabbed a bowl from her drawer and brought them into the bathroom, where she filled it with soap and water. She took extra care to make sure it wasn't too hot or cold before gently dropping them in. Their fear from before quickly melted away.

"You two good?" She asked.

The tiny redhead gave her a thumbs up while the male was too preoccupied with swimming.

"Cool. I'm gonna use the bathroom real quick. If you need anything, just wave your arms above your head and I'll be right over," she explained.

Lynn, who would've normally been way too shy to expose herself to strangers, removed her soiled clothing and sat down on the toilet as if she were alone. There really wasn't much reason for her to be ashamed in front of these two micro beings. She knew in her heart that they were still people, but at their size she didn't feel the same kind of embarrassment that she would have if they were normal. Never in a million years could she pee while someone was watching. Yet here she was, relieving herself right there, in front of them.



After she finished washing her hands, Lynn removed the two tinies from her bowl and exited the bathroom. She wasn't going to make them do anything they didn't want to, but that didn't mean she wouldn't at least enjoy their company.

As a young woman who harbored a strong giantess fantasy, she simply couldn't pass up on the opportunity. What were the odds that she'd ever come into contact with rare specimens such as these again? Sure, she could apply for a position just as Hannah did, but the company she worked for didn't seem like the type to take on just anyone. This could be her only chance. Her first and last opportunity. For that reason alone, Lynn felt some quality time with them was warranted.





Lynn grabbed a book for her English Lit class and lay down on her bed. She placed the two tinies at the top of her breast and opened up to that week's required reading.

“The hard box that Hannah left you in looked awfully uncomfortable. I figured after that nice bath, you would prefer to rest somewhere softer and warmer,” Lynn explained to them.

As time went on, Lynn made her way through the required chapter.

Meanwhile, Jordan and Sarah moved closer and closer together, until they were wrapped in each other's arms.

Lynn's eyes kept darting back between the words on the page and the two tiny people making out on her tit. It became so distracting that she found herself re-reading the same paragraphs over and over again.



One thing led to another, and soon enough,
Jordan and Sarah were once again fucking.

This proved to be too much for Lynn's already
distracted reading break. So instead of soldiering
on, she set the book down, slid a hand beneath
her panties, and joined them.

"At this rate, I'm never going to finish," she joked.



“Ok, that’s enough for you two. Whatever happened to resting while I finished my reading assignment?” Lynn asked. Though it was clear she wasn’t being entirely serious.

Sarah continued to stroke Jordan’s cock while he looked at the giantess and answered. “We can’t. They gave us this drug that makes us crazy horny. It’s impossible to ignore.”

Lynn looked at him sympathetically while her hand continued its work beneath her panties. “Well, I can’t get anything done while you two are...”

“Let me fix that for you,” Jordan suggested. “Just let me slip inside and I’ll do the rest.”

“I’m sorry?” Lynn asked, shocked by the tiny guy’s forwardness. “You’re like what, two inches tall?”

“I’m still a man,” he argued.

“Hardly,” Lynn laughed before wincing at her choice of words. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean...it’s just that...”

“Let me prove it to you.”



She couldn't have asked for a better scenario. Not only was he willing, but he was practically begging her to allow him to make her fantasy a reality. Lynn slid her hand back out from beneath her underwear and started removing her panties.

As The giantess leaned forward to undress, Jordan and Sarah went tumbling down her breast and onto her soft belly.





Lynn lay back down and watched the two get to work. The little redhead climbed up her chest along the side of her boob, while the guy happily jogged south, towards her thick, blonde bush.

For Jordan, it was like a dream come true. Even before the shrinking, he was a very sexual person. Now that he was tiny and hopped up on some sort of Viagra on steroids, sex was all he could think about. So being placed on this beautiful sexual playground of femininity, where he was given free reign to do as he pleased, Jordan felt as though this was the next best thing to getting his size back. With a little bit of luck, he'd show her that even at two inches tall, he was still a man.

The roughly two-inch tall woman climbed up on top of Lynn's nipple and began grinding against it.

Lynn watched her intently while she enjoyed the sensations of the other one crawling over her crotch.



Jordan made his way through her bush and towards her pussy. He could smell her intoxicating scent wafting around him. As he got on all fours and began his descent, his leg rubbed against the side of her clit.

“Mmm,” She moaned far above, bucking her hips upward.

Jordan braced his foot against her labia and grabbed a fistful of blonde pubes to keep himself from falling. He was so close that he could practically taste her.



Lynn gasped as Jordan grabbed hold of her clit. His tiny fingers squeezing her most sensitive part sent shivers down her spin. He was climbing down her pussy like a rock climber would a cliff face. The eager blonde tried to look and see, but he was already past her bush and down between her legs.

Jordan continued his descent along her now gaping crotch until he was perfectly lined up with her opening. It was like a hungry mouth, wet and humid, wafting its warm breath onto him.



The overwhelmingly undersized man grabbed hold of her meaty flaps and spread them wide.

“Oh,” the giantess moaned far above him.

Wasting no time at all, Jordan slid his upper body into the enormous blonde’s pussy and started worming his way in.



Lynn could hardly believe what was happening. She was living out her deepest, darkest fantasy. Something that she never thought would happen. Up until Hannah landed this gig, the only being on earth she knew of that was small enough to go inside of her was some asshole celebrity. Now there was some guy climbing around her insides, willingly bringing her pleasure like she never felt before. It wasn't like the fill-me-up feeling she'd get from a big dildo, or girthy penis. It was more like a buzzy little rabbit toy stuffed up her cooch, only this toy was shaped like a man and came with little arms and legs.

The oversexed blonde needed something to play with. As it just so happened, the perfect little thing was right under her nose, currently straddling her nipple.

Lynn reached towards her chest and plucked the tiny girl right up from her tit. "C'mere you! I like to kiss and suck on stuff whenever I get off," Lynn huffed. "Don't worry, I'm not a swallower. Not usually, at least."





Sarah was carried away so fast that she barely had any time to react before the bottom half of her was shoved into the giantess' mouth. What started as a shocking scream, quickly gave way to another noise entirely, as Lynn's curious tongue wriggled its way between her legs and pressed against her pussy. Back and forth, up and down, and side to side...the giantess lapped away at Sarah's pussy.

Sarah bucked and humped against the warm wet muscle, eager to bring herself to completion.

"Mmmm, you taste good," Lynn moaned.

The trembling sensation of the giantess' words against Sarah's skin sent shivers down her spine. It made Lynn's entire mouth, including her lap-happy tongue, feel like a giant vibrator.

Meanwhile, Jordan was happily exploring Lynn's pussy. He had managed to turn her on so much that her wet cave was now open enough for him to comfortably crawl through. The walls were warm and gooey with wetness, while thick strands of juice spanned across the opening ahead of him.

It wasn't all fun and games though. As much as he was enjoying himself, he still had something to prove. That something just so happened to be a rough patch the size of his head, along the roof of her pussy only a few feet ahead.



Lynn felt the tiny boy-toy make his way deeper and deeper into her pussy. Whether she considered him a man or not, he certainly felt good inside of her.

She reached down and began rubbing her clit. It was like an itch that needed a scratch, only with this particular itch, she didn't want to completely snuff it out. After all, this may have been the only chance she'd ever get at living out her giantess fantasy.



Jordan bumped his head against the curious rough patch.

“OHhh,” The giantess bellowed around him. Her voice was deep and desperate sounding.

‘Jackpot,’ he thought.

Jordan flipped himself around so that his legs were facing up. He pressed his feet against the roof of her pussy, with one perfectly lined up with her g-spot, and began to push. Her walls tightened around him. It felt like her pussy was trying to crumple him down and condense him into something smaller.

“OHhh, yes! Keep doing that,” She boomed.

The tiny man laughed at how similar this was to normal sex, with him doing all the work while the woman barked out orders. Still, it was a huge ego boost to elicit that kind of reaction from a woman the size of an office building.

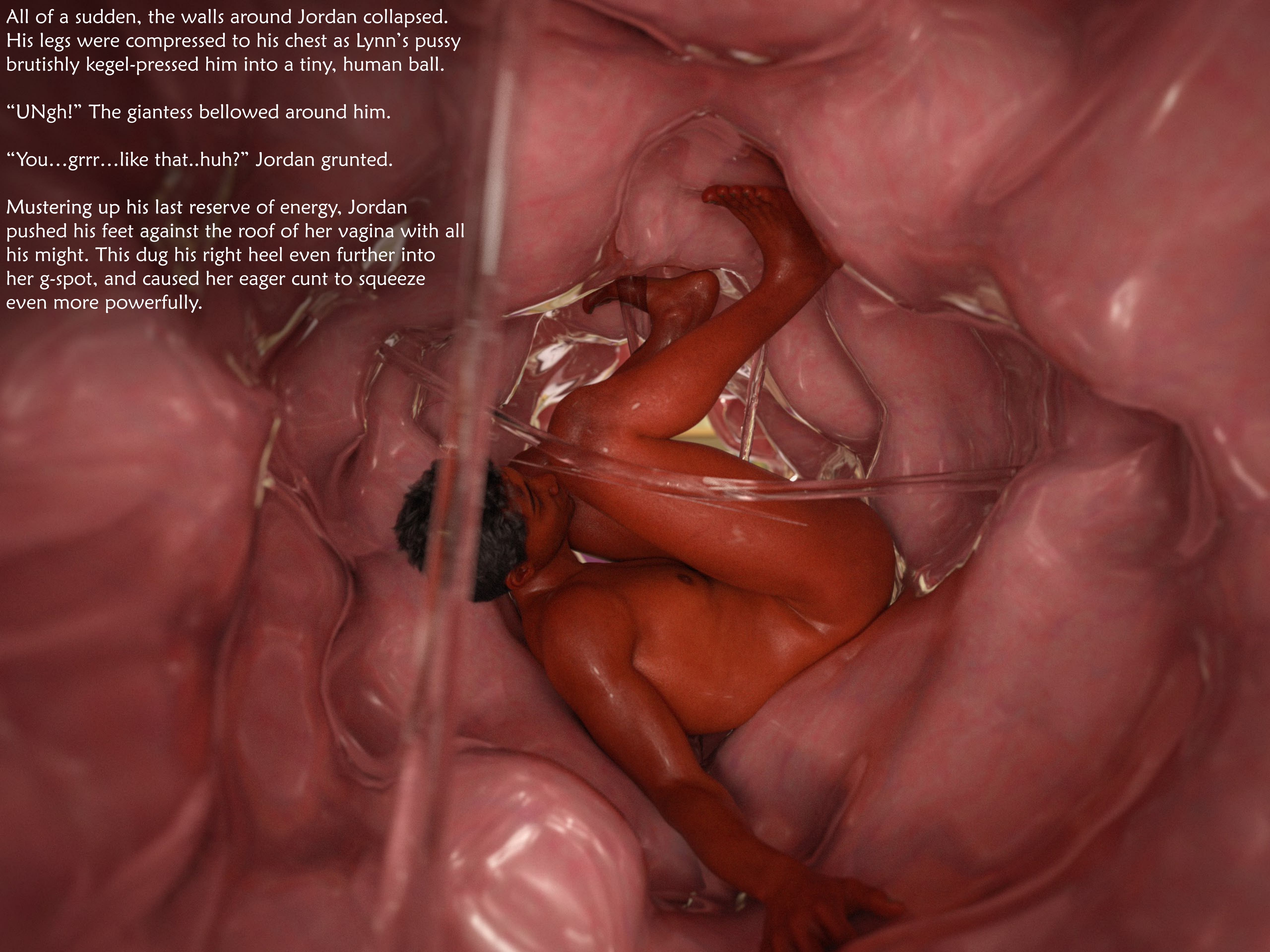


All of a sudden, the walls around Jordan collapsed. His legs were compressed to his chest as Lynn's pussy brutishly kegel-pressed him into a tiny, human ball.

"UNgh!" The giantess bellowed around him.

"You...grrr...like that..huh?" Jordan grunted.

Mustering up his last reserve of energy, Jordan pushed his feet against the roof of her vagina with all his might. This dug his right heel even further into her g-spot, and caused her eager cunt to squeeze even more powerfully.



“Aah, fuck...fuck...FUCK,” Lynn screamed.

The poor girl inside her mouth nearly went deaf from the thunderous cries that rang around her.

In the back of her horned-up mind, Lynn knew she should try to keep it down. At least for the sake of the little thing she was sucking on. Though that was easier said than done. The little toy inside her pussy was causing all sorts of trouble.

Then, it happened. The mischievous thing pressed his foot against her g-spot. Over and over again, he pushed and scraped against it. Lynn’s cunt squeezed in response, trying desperately to pussy-hug him into submission. Yet every time she let up, he simply resumed his work on that special place inside her vagina. It eventually became too much for her to hold back, and Lynn finally allowed her orgasm to take hold.





Jordan's body was squeezed harder than ever before. A geyser of funky pussy juice quickly followed. There was so much force and pressure behind her squirts that he shot out of her snatch like snot from a sneeze.

He landed in a gooey heap between her legs. Despite how worn out he was, Jordan couldn't help but crack a smile at the fact that even at two inches, he could still bring a full-sized woman to orgasm.

Sarah, meanwhile, was no longer enjoying herself. At first the giantess' wet, exploratory tongue was like something out of a sex dream. However, this quickly turned into a nightmare as the enormous woman slowly lost herself to the throws of ecstasy. Her overly loud moans pierced her eardrums, and there was the constant fear of being swallowed.

In her moment of glory, Lynn screamed like an animal in heat. This nearly ended with Sarah getting swallowed. Lucky for her, Lynn took notice, and stopped this from happening before it was too late.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of ear-wringing moans and close calls with being swallowed, the oral abuse ceased and Sarah was removed from the giantess' mouth.



“Well...that sure was something, wasn't it?”
Lynn asked the two toys in the palm of her
hand.

Both of them were too busy collecting
themselves after the sexual workout they had
been put through. Jordan was desperately
trying to shake the vaginal gunk from his limbs
while Sarah silently observed. The ringing in
her ears still remained.

Lynn looked closely at them and cracked an
embarrassed smile. “Looks like you two are
going to need another bath.”



Back at the lab, Hannah was tied down again. Although she wasn't exactly a fan of being tied up by another woman, especially one as coldly indifferent as Carol, she no longer felt as nervous as she once did. All the other times she lay bound to the reclining examination chair, Carol would merely place the tinies on her tits and instruct them to play with her. Hannah didn't have any reason to believe that this time would be different.

Hannah turned towards Carol, who was working quietly at the computer. "So? What's on today's agenda?" She asked. "Putting a couple tinies on my boobies again?"



Carol ignored her question and instead approached her with a pill in hand.

Hannah looked at her questioningly. "What's that?"

"A camera," Carol stated without making eye contact.

"I'm sorry, did you say camera?"

Carol stared at the blue and white capsule. "Yes, inside this capsule is a tiny, little camera."

"Why?" Hannah wondered.

"Because, in today's experiment we want to assess the efficacy of our latest technology. I've dosed one of our tinies with a compound that should reinforce his entire body on a cellular level," Carol explained.

Hannah didn't like where this was going, but she still didn't understand what exactly Carol was implying.

"Ok, so like, a...super tiny? How does that involve a camera in pill form, and why do I need to be tied down for this?"

"I'll explain in just a moment. Here swallow this," Carol instructed as she placed the pill inside Hannah's mouth.



Carol approached the cage with the tiny in question and opened the latch.

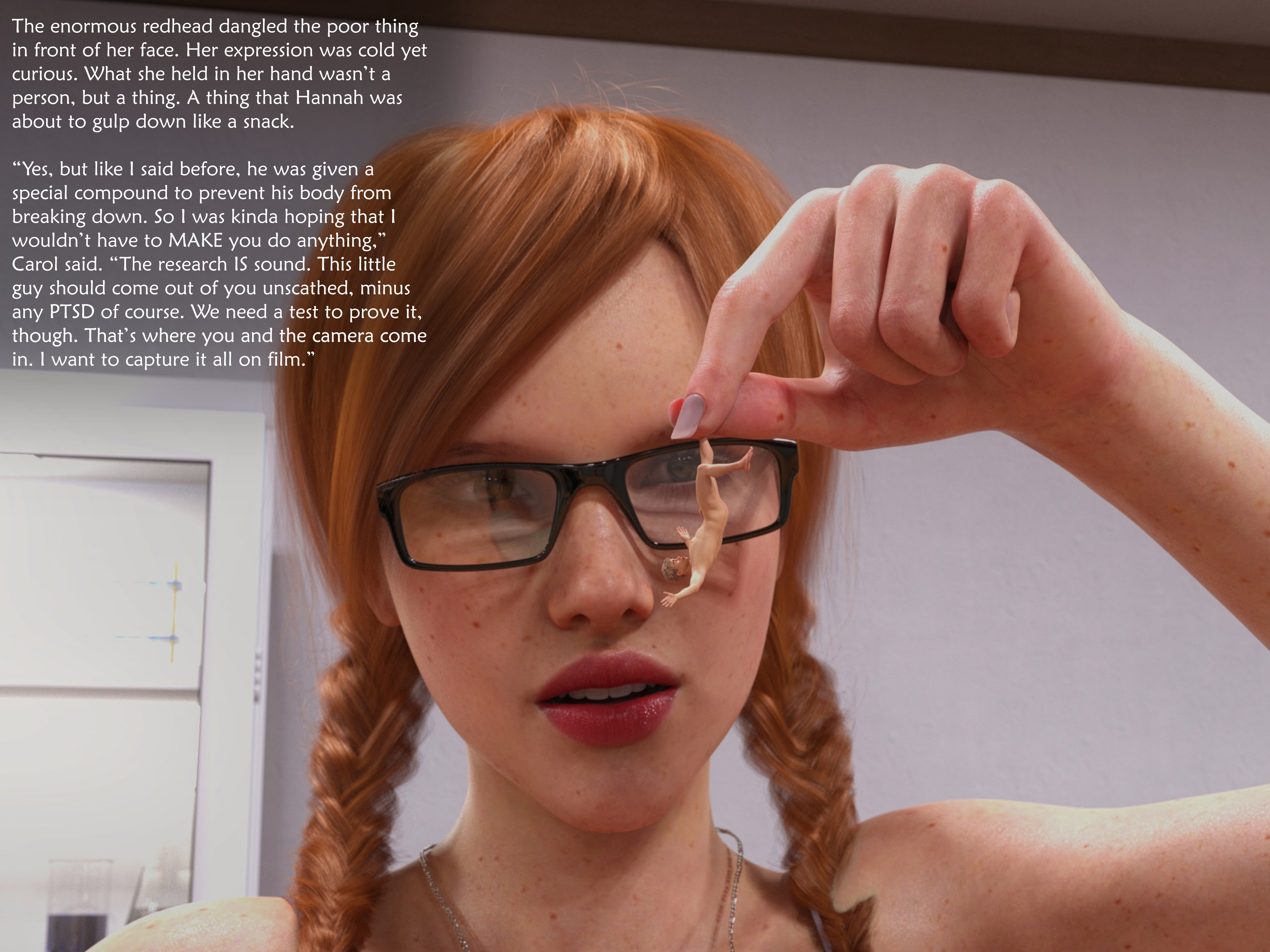
“You’re going to make me swallow one, aren’t you?” Hannah asked from across the room.

The scientist reached in and plucked the unlucky subject from his hamster cage.



The enormous redhead dangled the poor thing in front of her face. Her expression was cold yet curious. What she held in her hand wasn't a person, but a thing. A thing that Hannah was about to gulp down like a snack.

“Yes, but like I said before, he was given a special compound to prevent his body from breaking down. So I was kinda hoping that I wouldn't have to MAKE you do anything,” Carol said. “The research IS sound. This little guy should come out of you unscathed, minus any PTSD of course. We need a test to prove it, though. That's where you and the camera come in. I want to capture it all on film.”





“Please, can’t we test it some other way? This doesn’t seem right,” Hannah said.

Carol approached the lead participant with the subject in hand. “Hannah, it will be fine. This experiment has gone perfectly well so far, and I assure you that no permanent harm has come to any of the subjects you’ve worked with. Let’s not allow any personal qualms to get in the way of progress.”

Hannah looked at the tiny man dangling helplessly below her lips. “Promise he’ll be ok?”

“He’ll be fine. The likelihood of him getting hurt is very slim. So please, open your mouth.”

Carol held the tiny man above Hannah's open mouth and let go.

For Tim, it was akin to something out of a horror movie. His two most basic fears were a fear of heights and being eaten alive. Here he was experiencing both simultaneously. Only unlike in his dreams, he wasn't hundreds of feet up falling into shark-infested waters, but rather only a few feet up, falling into a young woman's mouth.





By a miraculous stroke of luck, Tim managed to bounce off the giantess' lip, and grab hold of her front left tooth before he fell in.

As he hung there, seconds away from being swallowed alive, he couldn't help but marvel at how small he was compared to her. Even her uvula was roughly the same size as his entire lower leg.

Tim wondered how well the drug Carol had given him would work. Would he actually come out of this alive?

Tim wouldn't have to wonder much longer. Carol had instructed the young woman to use her tongue to swallow the poor man. Within seconds of her giving this command, he felt Hannah's giant tongue slip over his back and across her teeth.

His grip stood no chance against the giant wet muscle, and Tim went plummeting into her mouth and down her open gullet.

Almost as quickly as he fell, Tim's entire body started getting squeezed and massaged by the giantess' esophagus, as he was forced farther and farther down her throat.



Nick watched everything unfold from the safety of Carol's breasts. It was as if he was being forced to watch a snuff film. In his case, it wasn't so much that he was forced as he was an afterthought. He was too small for Carol to think about beyond his routine care items.

A silent, tiny bystander to the world around him. Nick prayed that whatever drug Carol had given him would work.





A sense of dread fell over Hannah like a rain cloud. Did she really just swallow someone alive? The poor thing was hanging on for dear life and she forced him down like food stuck to her teeth.

In her hyper sense of awareness, the worrisome college student felt a sudden pang in her stomach. He was moving around inside of her.

“I can feel him wriggling. Is that supposed to happen?” Hannah asked.

Carol was busy getting the camera feed ready on her tablet when Hannah interrupted. “Yes, it’s perfectly normal. Here, take a look.”



Carol approached the lead participant with the tablet in hand.

Hannah leaned up as much as she could and looked towards the screen. It took her a moment to register what exactly she was looking at. Right there, on the screen, were two little legs that were about to be squeezed out of her esophagus and into her stomach.

“See? Safe and sound,” Carol assured.



The rest of Tim slipped past the tight sphincter at the bottom of Hannah's esophagus, and he was unceremoniously dumped into her giant stomach.

The air around him was thick with putrid fumes. It was so bad, in fact, that it hurt to breathe. Then, her stomach started to move, and fluids began to collect and get on his skin, causing him to itch.

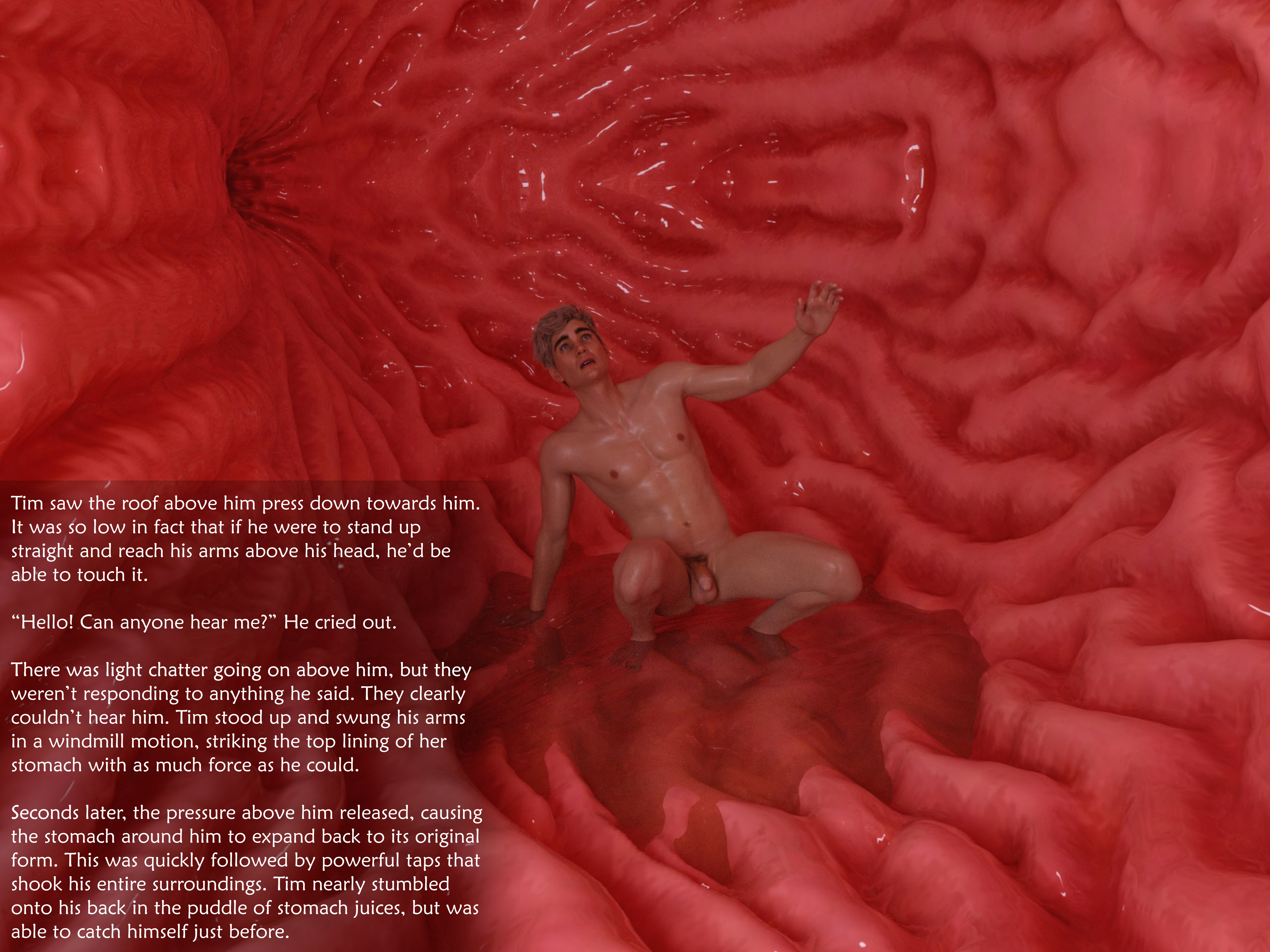
Whether or not his body was impervious to this didn't matter in his mind. Tim had to get out.

“It feels like he’s trying to crawl out of me,” Hannah complained.

Carol placed her hand on Hannah’s stomach and pressed down. “Wow! I can feel him kicking around in there. Like a baby, only much, much smaller,” She commented before giving her tummy a few light taps.

Hannah grimaced. She was disgusted by all of this. By the movements in her belly, by Carol’s misplaced glee, and by the mere fact that she just ate someone alive.



A man with short grey hair and a muscular build is crouching in a vast, red, fleshy environment that resembles the interior of a stomach. The walls are lined with large, pinkish-red folds of tissue. The man is looking upwards with a concerned expression, his arms outstretched. The lighting is dim, highlighting the wet, glistening texture of the surrounding tissue.

Tim saw the roof above him press down towards him. It was so low in fact that if he were to stand up straight and reach his arms above his head, he'd be able to touch it.

“Hello! Can anyone hear me?” He cried out.

There was light chatter going on above him, but they weren't responding to anything he said. They clearly couldn't hear him. Tim stood up and swung his arms in a windmill motion, striking the top lining of her stomach with as much force as he could.

Seconds later, the pressure above him released, causing the stomach around him to expand back to its original form. This was quickly followed by powerful taps that shook his entire surroundings. Tim nearly stumbled onto his back in the puddle of stomach juices, but was able to catch himself just before.



“Can I please get another look?” Hannah asked. She didn’t like the fact that she was still strapped down, but she didn’t want to move around too much and risk hurting him.

“Sure,” Carol responded. The scientist once again raised the tablet up over Hannah’s stomach, and into her line of sight.

Hannah gasped at what she saw. The poor thing looked absolutely terrified. Who was she kidding? Of course he was scared. He was dropped into a giant mouth and swallowed alive.

As she gazed into the live feed, Hannah realized that the liquid levels in her stomach were rising. “I don’t like this, Carol. He’s clearly distressed, and the volume of stomach juices has me seriously worried.”



Carol took the hint and began unstrapping her. "If all goes well, you'll see him in a few days."

Hannah quickly sat up at this. "A few days?!"

"Well, yeah. That's how long it usually takes."

"Usually takes?! So you've done this with others?" Hannah asked.

Carol sighed, "No, I mean in general. It usually takes a few days for solids to pass through our system."

Hannah did not like where this was going. "I thought I would come back later today and throw him up or something."

Carol couldn't help but smirk at her naïveté. "No. You're going to have to poop him out." She then shifted her tone slightly. "Puking him up could be catastrophic. The pressure and force behind that, even with the drug, could cause him serious harm."


Hannah didn't understand the physics of vomiting, but she wasn't about to argue with an actual scientist. Still, the idea of pooping out an entire person utterly mortified her.



As Hannah got dressed she continued to dwell on this disgusting reality.

“Can’t you have me swallow a string or something? He can just grab onto it while we pull him out extra slowly?”

Carol took hold of her arm and ushered her out. “I’m afraid it doesn’t work that way.”

A woman with long, vibrant red hair styled in two thick braids is seen from behind in the foreground. She is looking down a long, brightly lit hallway. In the distance, another woman with long black hair, wearing a green crop top and black pants, is walking away towards the end of the hallway. A sign on the wall at the end of the hallway indicates the direction to the 'MALE' restroom. The hallway has light-colored tiled floors and white walls with several doorways.

Carol said goodbye and watched the lead participant walk down the corridor and towards the exit. She had spent weeks planning for this. Even the little fib about how dangerous vomiting him up would be was all carefully crafted to ensure the success of her study. After all, if she had any hope of ever creating such a compound, she'd need specific data on how a tiny person's body reacted with the natural enzymes of our digestive tract.



The depraved scientist returned to her lab and retrieved the tablet for another look. In an effort to avoid the growing pool of scalding digestive juices, the subject had climbed up along the side of Hannah's stomach. Despite the camera having no audio, Carol could tell by the movement on his lips and face that he was crying out for help.

She knew this should've affected her. That if she were any other person, she likely would've been horrified by this. In fact, if someone else were to wake up in her body right then, she imagined they'd sprint out the door and chase Hannah down before forcing her into a dry heave.

Unfortunately for Tim, Carol wasn't like other people.

NOW...

A person wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt and grey corduroy pants is crouching on a dark, reflective floor. They are holding a tiny, nude, golden-colored figure by a thin string. The figure is suspended in the air, positioned next to a dark, slatted vent in the wall. The person's red sneakers with white laces are visible at the bottom right. The scene is dimly lit, with a soft glow emanating from the tiny figure.

Lynn crouched down alongside the vent and carefully lowered Tom beside it.

“Ok, so let’s go over the plan one last time,” Lynn urged for the fifteenth time that day.

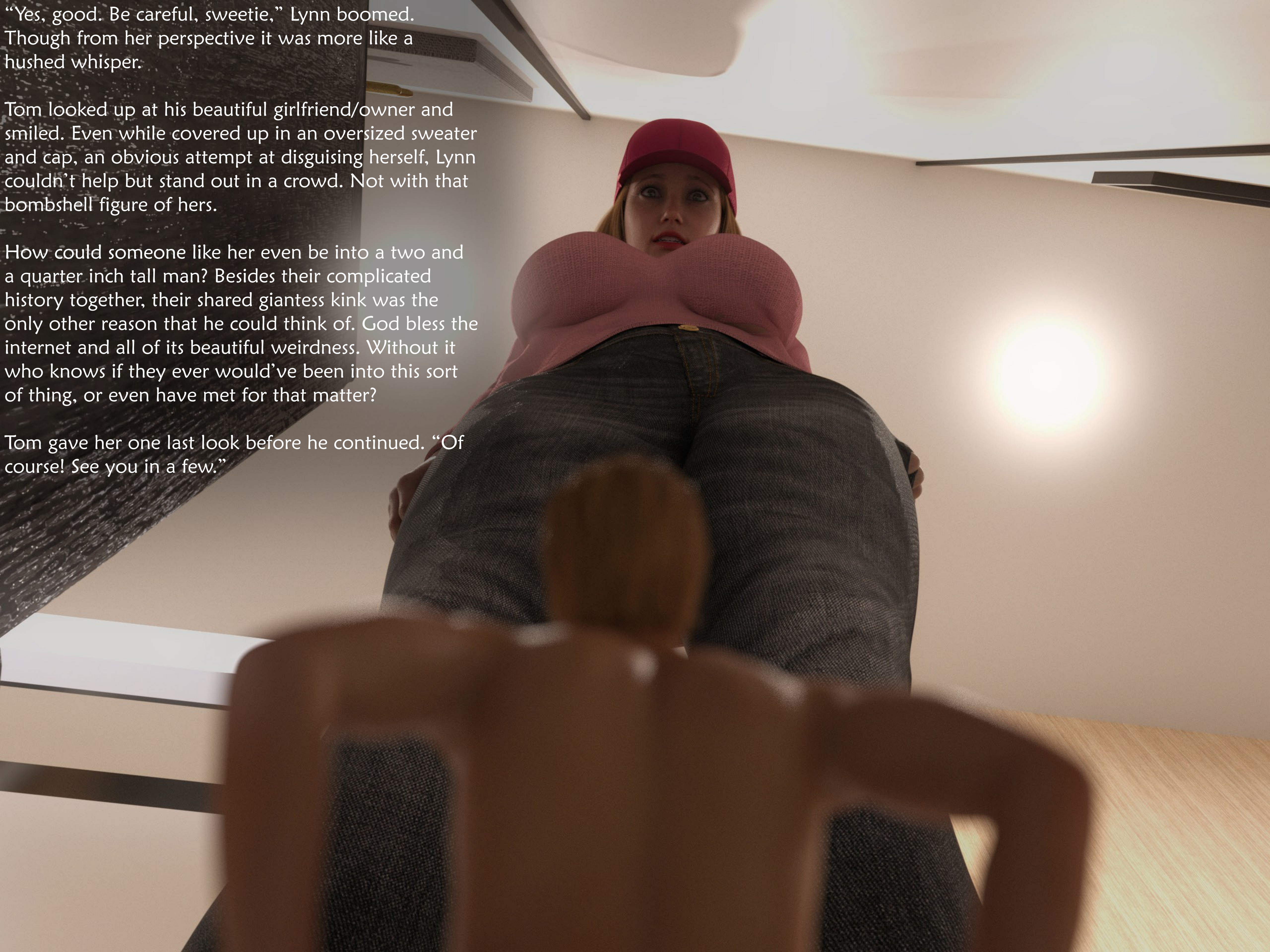
Tom sighed, though at his size she probably couldn’t tell. “I go in, find her laptop, grab the thumb drive, then climb back out before you can say Jack Robinson.”

“Yes, good. Be careful, sweetie,” Lynn boomed. Though from her perspective it was more like a hushed whisper.

Tom looked up at his beautiful girlfriend/owner and smiled. Even while covered up in an oversized sweater and cap, an obvious attempt at disguising herself, Lynn couldn't help but stand out in a crowd. Not with that bombshell figure of hers.

How could someone like her even be into a two and a quarter inch tall man? Besides their complicated history together, their shared giantess kink was the only other reason that he could think of. God bless the internet and all of its beautiful weirdness. Without it who knows if they ever would've been into this sort of thing, or even have met for that matter?

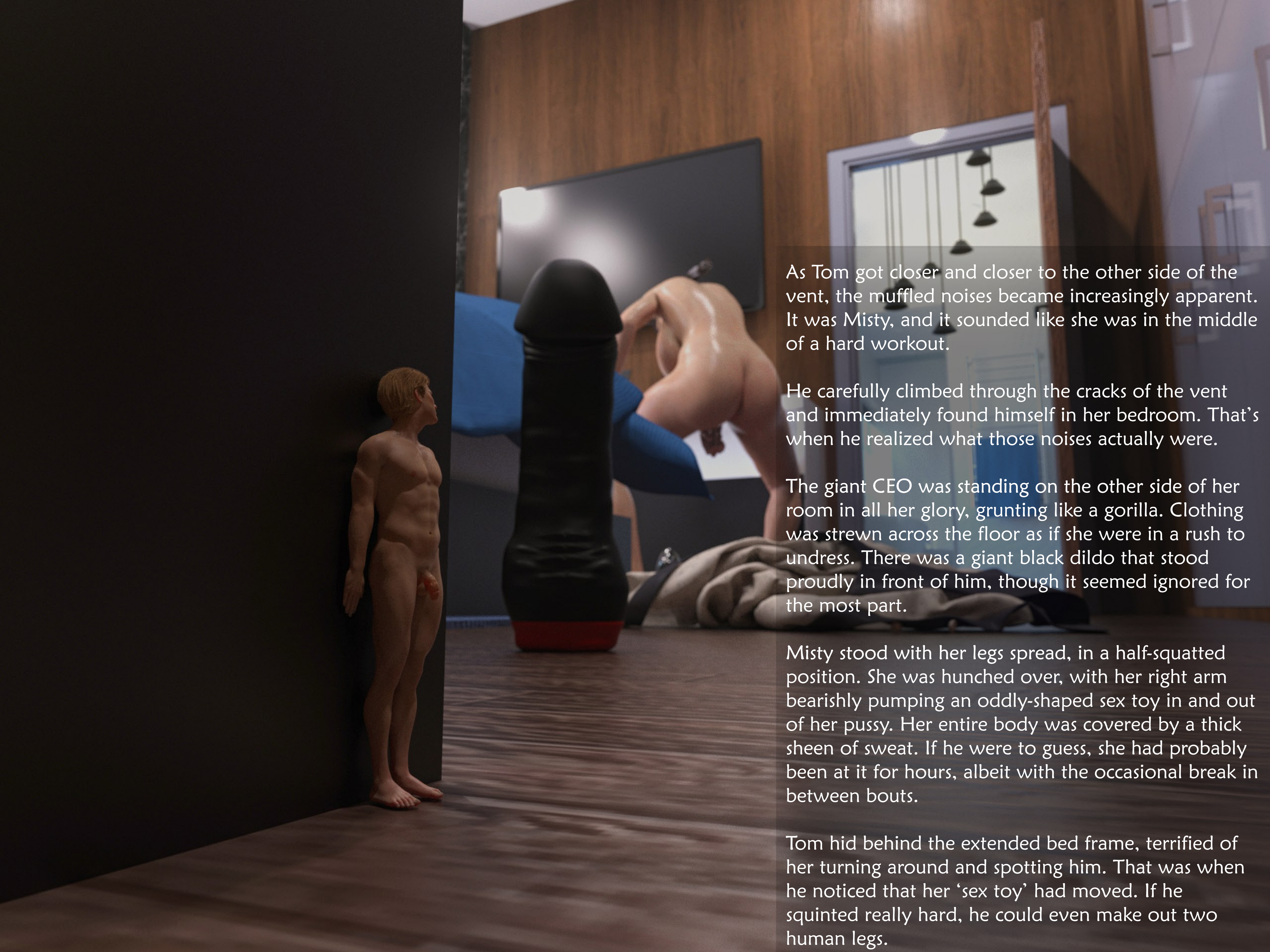
Tom gave her one last look before he continued. “Of course! See you in a few.”



Tom took a deep breath and then climbed through the vent. He could hear Lynn's footsteps from behind him. Far ahead were muffled noises that he could barely make out.

"Well, it's now or never," He said to himself as he trotted along the enormous vent.





As Tom got closer and closer to the other side of the vent, the muffled noises became increasingly apparent. It was Misty, and it sounded like she was in the middle of a hard workout.

He carefully climbed through the cracks of the vent and immediately found himself in her bedroom. That's when he realized what those noises actually were.

The giant CEO was standing on the other side of her room in all her glory, grunting like a gorilla. Clothing was strewn across the floor as if she were in a rush to undress. There was a giant black dildo that stood proudly in front of him, though it seemed ignored for the most part.

Misty stood with her legs spread, in a half-squatted position. She was hunched over, with her right arm bearishly pumping an oddly-shaped sex toy in and out of her pussy. Her entire body was covered by a thick sheen of sweat. If he were to guess, she had probably been at it for hours, albeit with the occasional break in between bouts.

Tom hid behind the extended bed frame, terrified of her turning around and spotting him. That was when he noticed that her 'sex toy' had moved. If he squinted really hard, he could even make out two human legs.

“Ungh...grrr...take that you little shit,” Tess grunted towards her phone screen. She loved having a front row seat to the action. To see herself shoving her favorite, girthy fuck boy in and out of her greedy pussy.

“Fuhhck, you look so pathetic. You can’t even...ungh...move while I just pump you in and out of my big...wet...pussy,” she continued. “A real man would bend me over and fuck me right. You...oh fuck...though have to make the woman do all the work. Typical man...mmmm...mama Tess has to do it all, huh?”

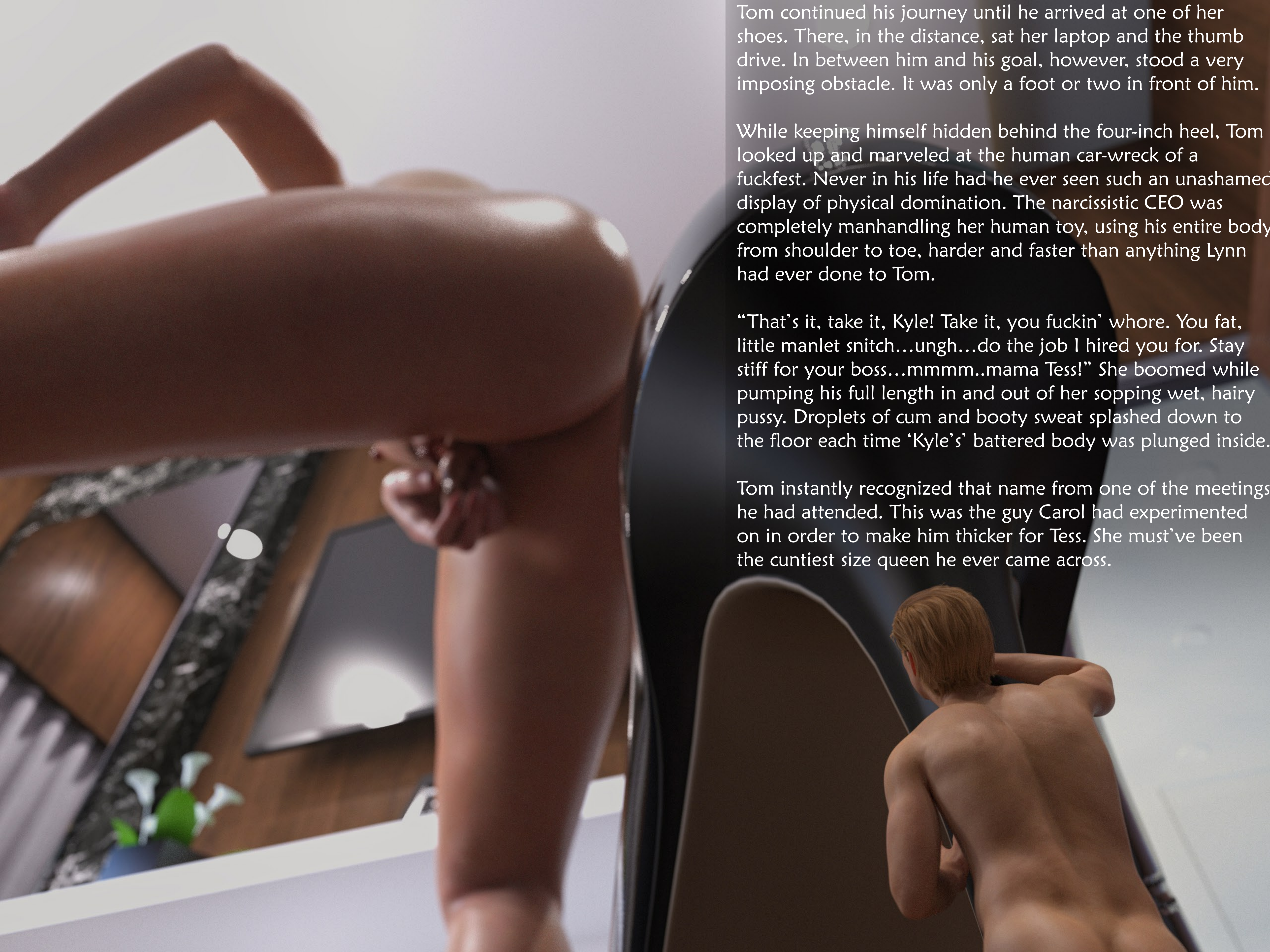


Tom was now amongst a very small subset of people in the world that knew Misty's true identity. Tess was her name, and it was clear that she wasn't going to leave any time soon. He reckoned that his best chance at sneaking around and going unnoticed was right now, while the giantess remained busy. After a brief moment of deliberation, Tom exited the safety of his hiding spot and ventured out into the open.

He scanned the room for a laptop but couldn't find one in eyeshot. If it was in the room, it was either obscured by something, or on the other side from him. Tom continued his trek, briefly pausing beside the humongous black dildo. Standing next to it made him feel so inferior and puny. This dark shiny toy, which stood as wide as he was tall, and well over three times his height, was used to pleasure a woman. Something he was once well-equipped to do, but no longer.

Tom glanced back towards Tess, who was still brutishly raping the crap out of her lifeless toy, yelling out expletives between boorish grunts and pumps. The mere thought of what that might be like for someone his size made him shiver.





Tom continued his journey until he arrived at one of her shoes. There, in the distance, sat her laptop and the thumb drive. In between him and his goal, however, stood a very imposing obstacle. It was only a foot or two in front of him.

While keeping himself hidden behind the four-inch heel, Tom looked up and marveled at the human car-wreck of a fuckfest. Never in his life had he ever seen such an unashamed display of physical domination. The narcissistic CEO was completely manhandling her human toy, using his entire body from shoulder to toe, harder and faster than anything Lynn had ever done to Tom.

“That’s it, take it, Kyle! Take it, you fuckin’ whore. You fat, little manlet snitch...ungh...do the job I hired you for. Stay stiff for your boss...mmmm..mama Tess!” She boomed while pumping his full length in and out of her sopping wet, hairy pussy. Droplets of cum and booty sweat splashed down to the floor each time ‘Kyle’s’ battered body was plunged inside.

Tom instantly recognized that name from one of the meetings he had attended. This was the guy Carol had experimented on in order to make him thicker for Tess. She must’ve been the cuntiest size queen he ever came across.

“Goddamn I love how they fattened you up,” Tess huffed as she pumped her pathetic, little fuckstick in and out of herself. “You felt good before, but now you stretch me out like a big, fat cock, only....oh fuck, right there....so much better.”

Each time poor ‘Kyle’ was shoved up inside, more and more of Tess’ snatch juice spat out of her opening, and onto her cupped hand. There was so much of the stuff that it had begun to overflow, forming a long, gooey strand that drooled down towards the floor. The same floor where an uninvited guest currently snuck about.





Tom jogged between the distracted giantess' legs. While risky, it was less risky than traversing the small gap between her foot and the clutter on the floor. He ran on his toes to ensure that each step he took was as quiet as possible.

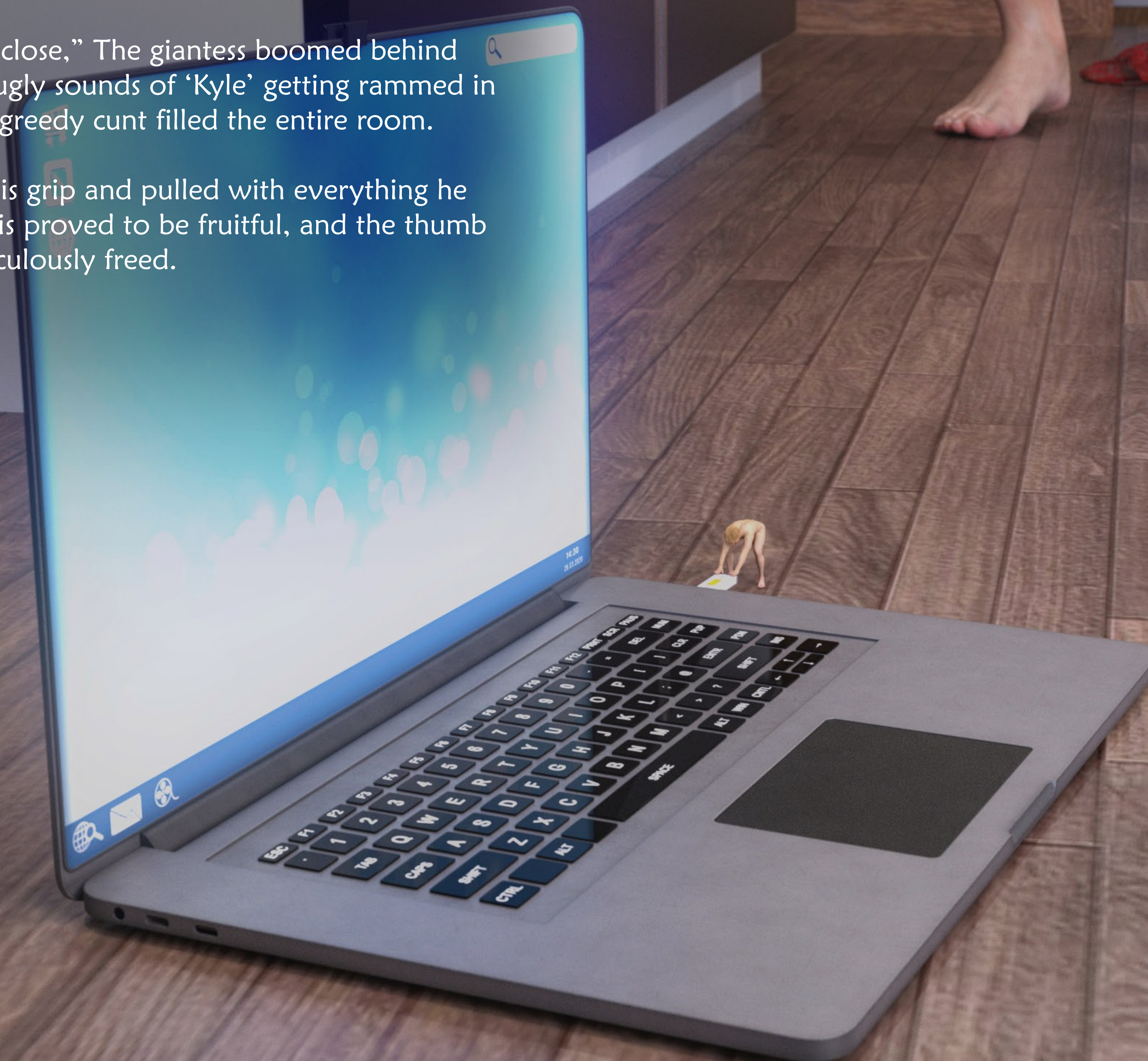
All of a sudden, a drop of female ejaculate the size of a coffee table came plummeting down right beside him. Despite it landing roughly ten feet away, it was so big and had fallen from so high, that it splattered all over his legs. His nostrils were instantly invaded by the giant CEO's strong musk. It was far more pungent than anything he had ever experienced with Lynn.

Out of breath and tainted by pussy juice, Tom had finally reached his destination. He squatted down and grasped the thumb drive.

Tom pulled, but nothing happened. “C’mon, work with me here,” he huffed as he wiggled the drive back and forth.

“Fuck....I’m so close,” The giantess boomed behind him. The wet, ugly sounds of ‘Kyle’ getting rammed in and out of her greedy cunt filled the entire room.

Tom adjusted his grip and pulled with everything he had. Luckily, this proved to be fruitful, and the thumb drive was miraculously freed.



With one last push, Tess forced 'Kyle' back into herself and released her hand.

"oOOOhh fuck...unGh...I'm cuMMING...I'M CUMMING!" She moaned.

Her cunt squeezed his girthy, dick-shaped body for all he was worth. Wave after wave of feminine cum squirted out of her, making a huge mess on the floor below.

Despite no longer feeling 'Kyle's' struggles, Tess knew he'd be fine. All of Carol's 'improvements' made sure of it. This was exactly the kind of thing he was built for, and she wasn't going to allow any fleeting concerns of hers to cut it short.



After coming down from her high, Tess began slowly pulling 'Kyle' out. Just before his shoulders were removed, Tess plunged him back in up to his ankles, and started thrusting once again.

She had to give him a few more pumps just for good measure. Even though he was likely unconscious, she liked to think of this as yet another way to show him who's boss. The deed was only when she said so.

"Mmm, I'm tempted to keep using you for a little while longer," Tess mused, while slowly thrusting his motionless body in and out of herself.

As good as he still felt, she knew better than to keep using him. Even with his recent upgrades, her favorite toy still had his limits. Begrudgingly, the CEO finally pulled him out.


His battered and soaked body hung limply from her hand. Thick globs of cum oozed down from his lifeless arms and head and onto the hardwood floor below.



Despite its size, the thumb drive felt surprisingly light in Tom's arms. Soon he was right back across the room standing beneath the oversexed boss. Only this time around she was no longer distracted.

Tom knew he didn't have very long. Not if he wanted to make it out safely. Right as he was about to pick up the pace, something happened. Her enormous hand dropped down to her side and released her barely-alive sex toy.



A large, realistic-looking foot is stepping down on a tiny, muscular man lying face down in a large puddle of liquid on a wooden floor. The man's body is highly detailed and glistening. In the background, a tiny figure is seen running away with a white box. The scene is a dramatic scale contrast.

The beefy husk of a man plummeted down on the hardwood floor, making a disgustingly wet noise upon impact.

SPLAT

Feminine cum splattered all about, including onto Tom once again, as he was too shocked to even move. The smell of pussy and sweat was so much stronger than it was before. 'Kyle' reeked of it. His lifeless body, many times the size of Tom, lay in the center of the sexual wreck. Tess had used and discarded him like a soiled tissue.

That was when he heard her. The sound of Tess' voice booming down. "And who might you be?"



A frightened Tom stared up at the enormous, curvy giantess. She was looking right at him. She had her hands on her hips and a big, shit-eating grin plastered across her face.

“What’s that you got there, little mouse?” She asked.

Tom didn’t dare respond. He simply looked up in silence and awaited her next move.

“Cat got your tongue?” Tess joked.

There was something about the way she said that. It sounded more dark than mischievous. That was enough to shake Tom from his stupor.



Tom released the thumb drive and bolted in the opposite direction. With a little luck, he'd find somewhere out of reach and bide his time until the coast was clear.

That, however, was a fool's hope. Tess was far too big and focused to allow that to happen. She threw herself down on all fours, causing the floor to shake and Tom to nearly lose his footing. By the time he looked back, it was too late.

"Bad mousey! Kitty wants to play," She teased as she reached towards him.



The giant CEO plucked Tom up by his feet and raised him to her smiling face. He wiggled and flailed as hard as he could, but all that did was reinforce the fact that his entire fate rested between her fingertips. This enormous, cunty woman whom he once knew as Misty, but whose true name was Tess.

Tess looked at him knowingly. She didn't immediately recognize who he was, or why he was after her thumb drive, but she knew it was only a matter of time.



While all of this was happening, Tess' other favorite toy was about to come out of hiding. She could feel him pressing against the inner part of her anus. Like a rodent trying to burrow out of its hole in the ground.

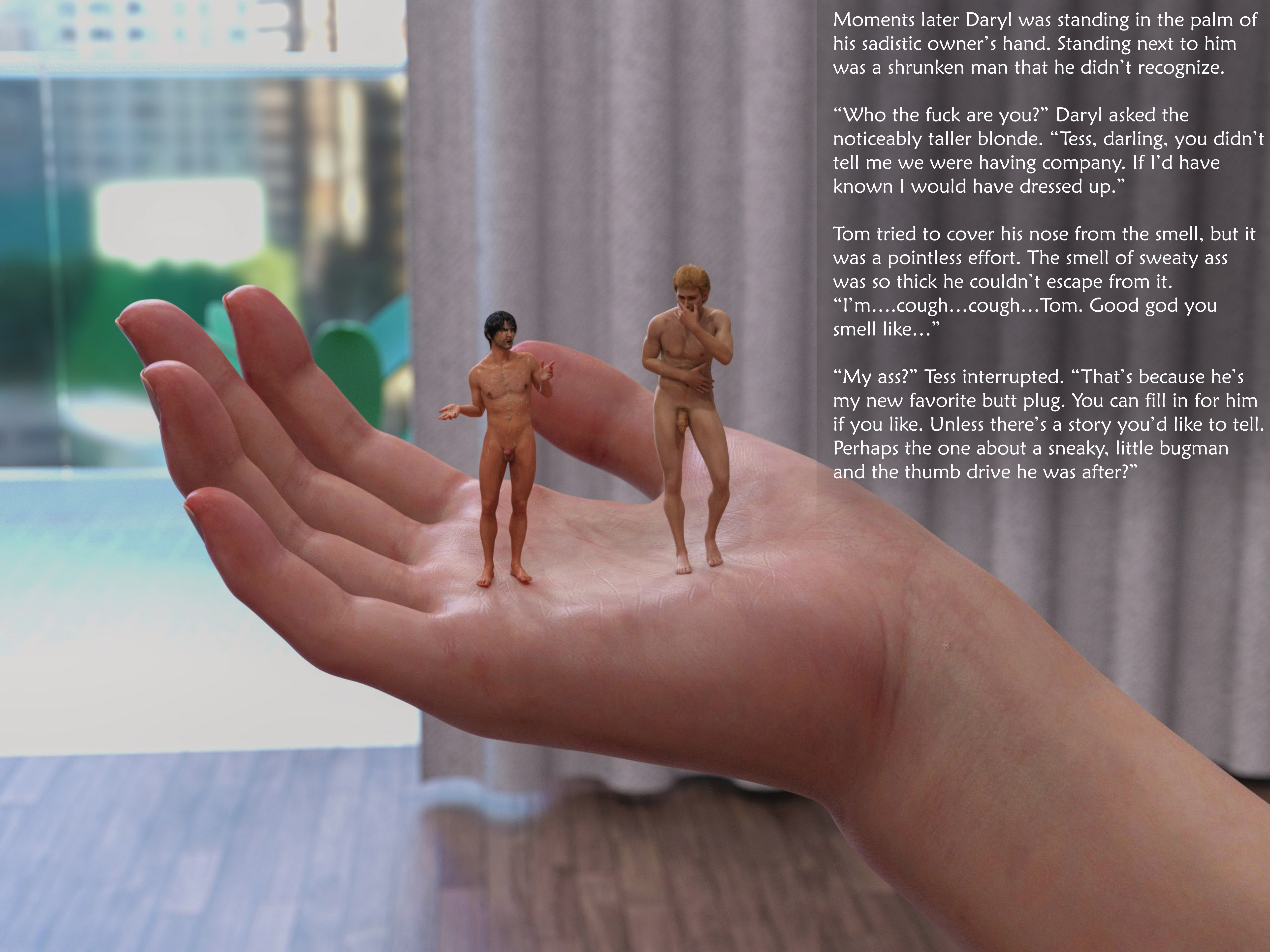
“...pant...pant...puhlease...no more...”





Tess giggled from far above. He felt good pushed up inside her like that, but she enjoyed doing this. Tess clenched her abdomen and pushed. Her two-inch, living buttplug squeezed out of her like a tiny, human turd.

Daryl didn't care. He was just glad to finally be out of that dark, smelly hole.



Moments later Daryl was standing in the palm of his sadistic owner's hand. Standing next to him was a shrunken man that he didn't recognize.

"Who the fuck are you?" Daryl asked the noticeably taller blonde. "Tess, darling, you didn't tell me we were having company. If I'd have known I would have dressed up."

Tom tried to cover his nose from the smell, but it was a pointless effort. The smell of sweaty ass was so thick he couldn't escape from it. "I'm....cough...cough...Tom. Good god you smell like..."

"My ass?" Tess interrupted. "That's because he's my new favorite butt plug. You can fill in for him if you like. Unless there's a story you'd like to tell. Perhaps the one about a sneaky, little bugman and the thumb drive he was after?"



“...Ugh...” ‘Kyle’ groaned.

He thought that by now he’d be used to Tess’ rough treatment. This time though felt harder than usual. His joints ached and his lungs burned. He felt like he had been hit by a train.

In a perverse sort of way he had been, only instead of a line of frat boys, it was a giant, man-eating pussy.

‘Kyle’s vision began to clear while the pungent scent of Tess’ sex invaded his nostrils. He knew that he was lying on the floor in a pathetic heap, discarded without any care for his well-being, in a puddle of cum that lay directly beneath her. Judging by the faint sound of her voice and a couple of others, she wasn’t yet aware of his consciousness.

“It was now or never,” Ken thought.

That was his real name. At times he even had to remind himself of that. He had been under Tess’ thumb for so long that he had nearly forgotten who he was. She had imprinted the ‘Kyle’ identity onto him so strongly and consistently that at times even he believed it.

In reality the real Kyle, an old boss of hers from decades ago, was no longer in the picture. He was gone for good, and Ken had been duped into filling the void that was left in his wake. Tess even went so far as to tattoo the name ‘Kyle’ along his torso, in big bolded letters.

With or without the tattoo, Ken was willing to do just about anything to ensure that this was ‘Kyle’s’ last day on the job.


Taking a deep breath, Ken rose to his feet and looked for anything and everything that might aid in his escape. That was when he heard something coming from the bathroom. A loud whisper.

“Ken!”

“Daryl...I mean...Dave?” He said to himself.

Dave couldn’t have survived...could he? Ken wanted to escape Tess’ grasp more than anything, but not if it meant leaving a friend behind. The confused doll-sized man slowly made his way towards the voice.





“Dave? Is that you?” Ken called out. He was careful not to be too loud.

Dave, like him, had been taken by Tess to fill the role of another - Daryl, specifically. He, unlike Kyle, was very much so in the picture. She had watched him on TV, constantly, and would often vocalize her fantasy of capturing the real him. Until the day she finally did.

If Dave somehow survived, and Tess were to find him, he'd likely end up back with Carol at the lab. Especially now that Tess had the real Daryl in her clutches.

“Psst! Over here,” The voice replied.



Ken turned towards where the voice was coming from. There, in the shadowy space between the wall and the waste basket, stood Dave, happily waving back at him.

“Dave? Is that you?” Ken called out.


He silently nodded in affirmation and ushered him over.



“I thought you died bro. How is this even possible?” Ken asked.

They moved to the other side of the trash can, where they’d be out of sight if Tess were to walk in.

“Remember the drug that Carol had given me? Well...it worked.”

A man with light brown hair and blue eyes is lying on his back in a dark, circular opening. He is wearing a black tank top with a black goatee graphic on the chest. His hands are spread out on the dark surface around him, and he has a shocked expression on his face with his mouth open and eyes wide. The background is a dark, textured surface that looks like a large, dark, circular hole in a wall or floor.

“As soon as she swallowed me, her throat began working me down her esophagus. At times I felt like I was being swallowed by a giant snake. Then there were these brief moments where it would expand and I’d enter a freefall.”

“I plopped into Tess’ stomach. It was half-full of scalding juices and I could see mashed-up food floating by. The smell was like nothing I ever smelled before. In a word, it smelled like death. I thought for certain this was the end for me. That whatever drug I was given wouldn’t work and I’d be broken down and turned to mush. Just like the food around me.”





“Only that isn’t what happened. Instead, I was moved into her small intestines completely intact. By that point I was less scared of being digested than I was afraid of getting stuck, since it was such a tight squeeze. Her body adapted to me though, expanding enough to allow me to slowly pass through.”

“Before I knew it, I was in her large intestines. It smelled a lot worse than her small intestines or even her stomach did, but there was more room for me to move around. So that was a plus. Eventually, I had enough room to start crawling my way out.”

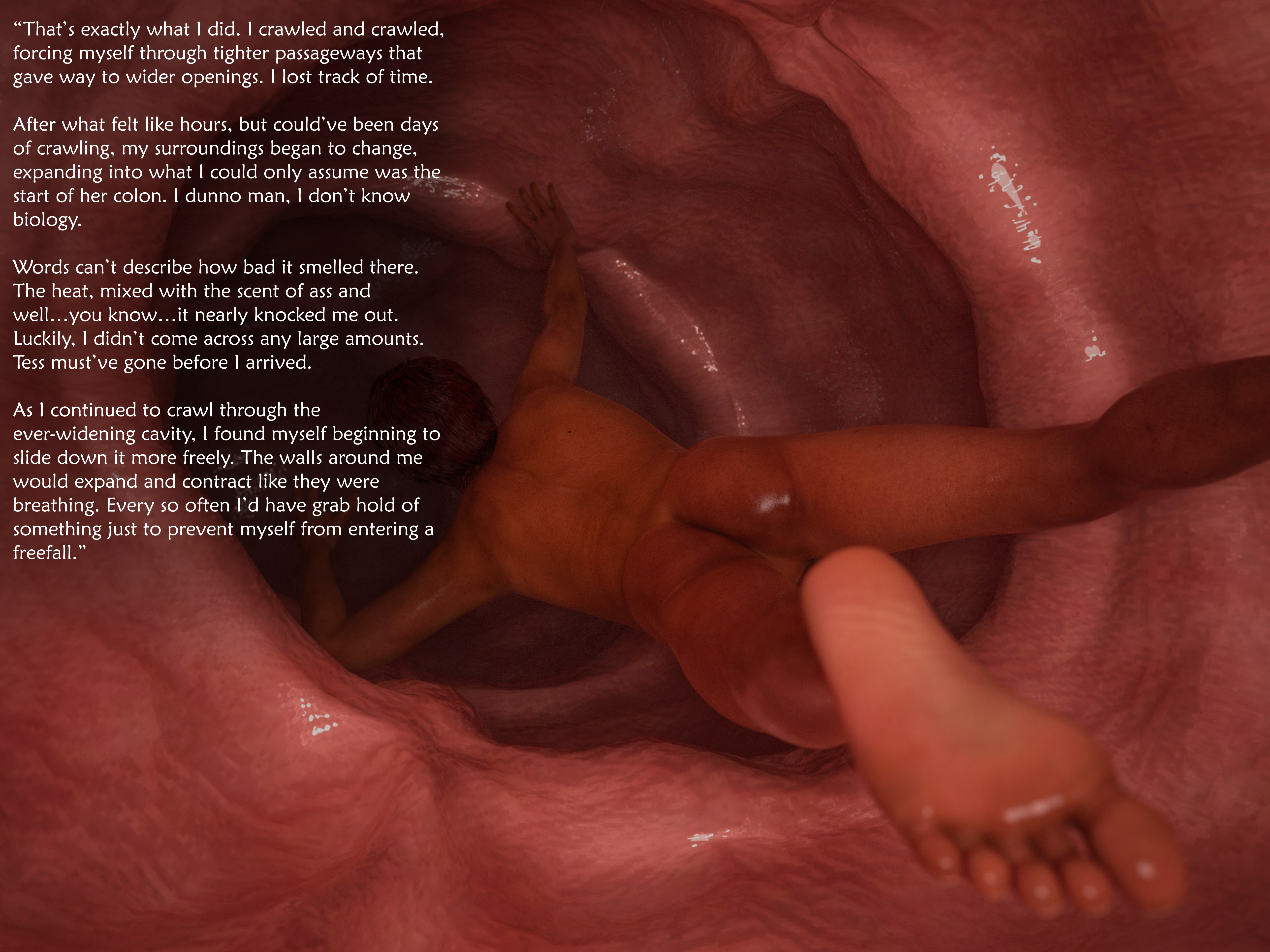


“That’s exactly what I did. I crawled and crawled, forcing myself through tighter passageways that gave way to wider openings. I lost track of time.

After what felt like hours, but could’ve been days of crawling, my surroundings began to change, expanding into what I could only assume was the start of her colon. I dunno man, I don’t know biology.

Words can’t describe how bad it smelled there. The heat, mixed with the scent of ass and well...you know...it nearly knocked me out. Luckily, I didn’t come across any large amounts. Tess must’ve gone before I arrived.

As I continued to crawl through the ever-widening cavity, I found myself beginning to slide down it more freely. The walls around me would expand and contract like they were breathing. Every so often I’d have grab hold of something just to prevent myself from entering a freefall.”



“Finally, I reached the exit, or more specifically, HER exit. It was a tight squeeze through, but with a little bit of elbow grease, I managed to make it out without getting stuck.

As I crawled out of Tess’ poop hole, I immediately noticed that I was in her bedroom and the lights were off. I could tell by her loud snoring that she was sound asleep.

The timing was perfect. If I ever wanted to get out of that apartment, I’d need to escape while she was asleep or away. So I climbed down her ass cheek and made my way towards the edge of the bed.”



“Compared to Tess’ digestive tract, climbing down her bed sheets was a breeze. Though I made it a point to move carefully. The last thing I wanted was to get injured with the promise of freedom so close.

I walked along the edge of her bed frame until I came across a vent in the wall. It was also low to the floor. Low enough for me to reach, at least. I also noticed that the spaces in it were wide enough for me to climb through. That’s when it dawned on me...what would I do once I got out? I was so small that I’d likely starve, or worse, without any help. Besides, I couldn’t just leave you behind. Not a friend who’s gone through what we did.

So I bided my time. Surviving on scraps and spills until the moment was right.”





Ken smiled at him. The harrowing experience they shared at the hands of Tess really did form a bond between them. They were survivors, and they were in this together.

“Thanks brother, but if we both want to get out of here, we’re going to have to find another way. The cracks in the vent are way too small for me.”

“Follow me,” Dave said.

He scurried across the open entry and hid behind the door.

Ken quickly followed.

“There, you see?” Dave asked while pointing towards the vent.

“See what? The vent? Yeah I saw it earlier. Like I said, the cracks are too small for me to fit through,” Ken responded.

“You’re not looking closely enough. The bottom part isn’t screwed in. If you can pry it away from the wall enough, then you’d be able to slip through,” Dave explained.

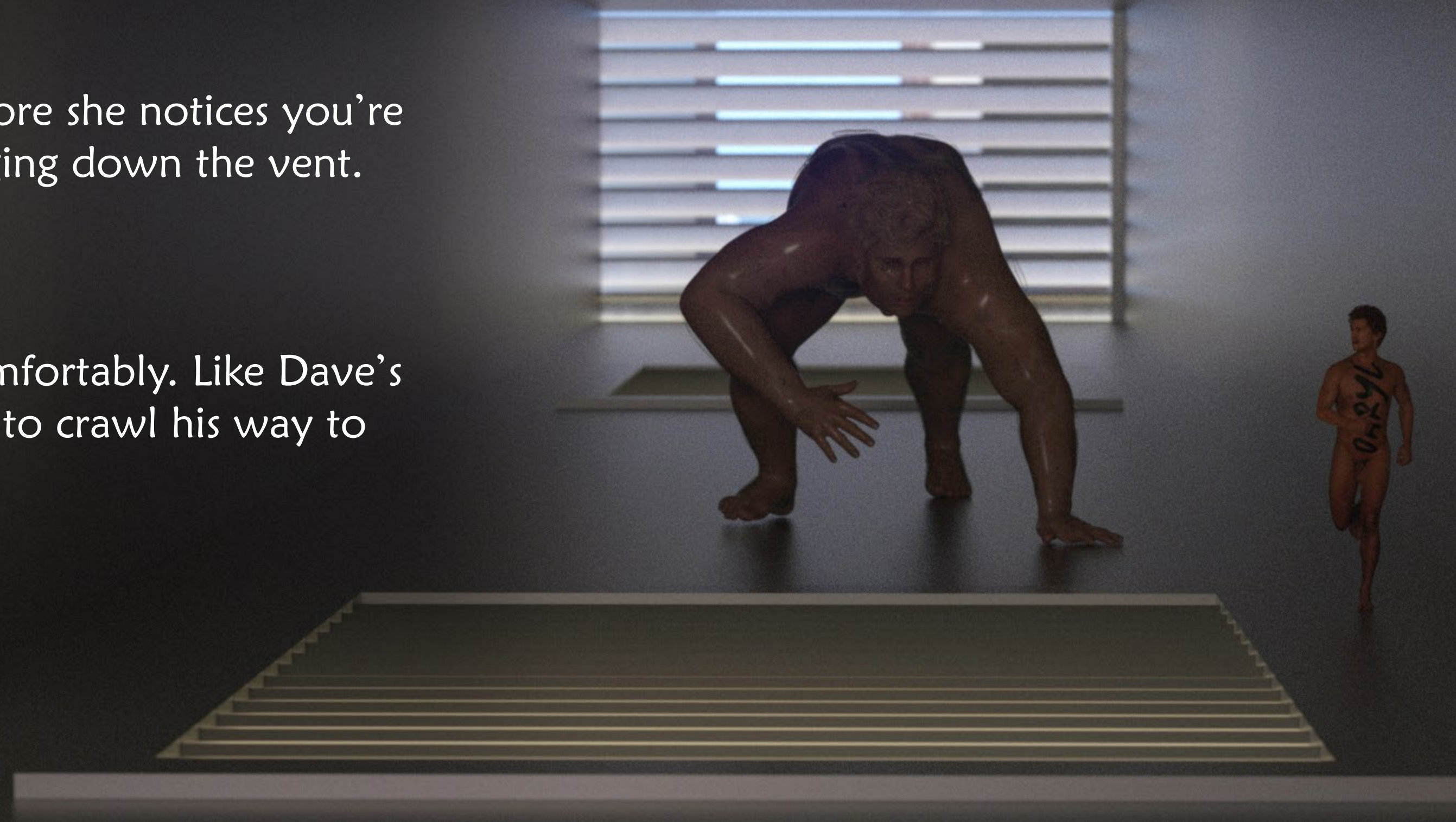
“Easier said than done,” Ken gasped.

Dave quickly slipped through the vent with ease. For Ken, it was a far more difficult task. First, he had to wedge his fingers between the wall and the vent. The sharp metal edges made this extremely uncomfortable. Then came the pulling. The amount of force he had to apply was like nothing he ever felt before. By sheer luck or adrenaline, he managed to pry it open enough for him to slip past. He was utterly exhausted but otherwise unharmed.

“C’mon Ken, let’s hurry before she notices you’re gone,” Dave said while jogging down the vent.

“Sure thing,” Ken panted.

He was too tall to stand comfortably. Like Dave’s trip through Tess, he’d have to crawl his way to freedom.



Despite Tess' threat of shoving him up her ass, Tom remained silent.

“Nothing to say?” She asked. “That leaves me in a difficult situation. You see, Tom, every shrunken tiny in my apartment has a purpose. Call it...a reason for being here. Daryl, here, is my buttplug. That thick seven-incher you saw earlier is my...well...you know.”

Using her other hand, Tess plucked him up from her palm, and lowered him to the bottom part of her ass, right outside of her anus.

“You, on the other hand, don't seem to have any reason for being here. At least not yet,” Tess said while aiming his head towards her hole.

“Like I was saying, Daryl does need the occasional break. In fact, a few days off would likely do wonders for his performance.”



Following her imminent threat, Tess pressed Tom right up against her anus. He could feel the fetid air from her bowels wafting onto his head. Using his arm, Tom tried to push himself away, but against the strength of her finger he couldn't so much as budge.

“Mmm, you feel good down there. I do have a fairly sizable rear. Something a little bigger than Daryl would be a welcome change.” Tess boomed.

Just to make sure he knew that she wasn't fucking around, Tess rubbed the back of his head around the outer rim of her asshole before she finally pulled him out.





“Ready to talk yet?” Tess asked.

Tom was now dangling from her fingertips, inches from her face.

“What do you want to talk about?” Tom asked.

“Don’t play coy with me. Why were you trying to steal my thumb drive? Who sent you?”

Tom wasn’t about to blow his cover, but he knew that he had to come up with something. If he ever wanted to see Lynn again, he had to stall her long enough to come up with something.

“I’ll tell you everything you want to know. Just please set me down somewhere.”

“No. I think I’ll keep holding you like this,” Tess replied.



“I don’t think you understand your current situation. You know, after giving it some thought I don’t actually NEED another butt plug. Maybe I should just swallow you instead?” Tess threatened as she brought him over her face.

Tom looked down at her wide-open mouth. Her eyes glazed over as if she were in fact about to eat him. Had he not known any better, Tom might’ve thought this was it for him.

He took a deep breath, then replied. “You’re not going to eat me.”

Tess closed her mouth and lowered the insubordinate man back in front of her. “How do you know? I’ve eaten plenty of tinies like you before. Hundreds.”

Tom laughed nervously but otherwise maintained his composure. “Because if you were going to eat me, you wouldn’t have rubbed me against your asshole. Not without washing me first.”

The bossy giantess stared closely at the pathetic man dangling from her fingertips. That was when she realized she recognized him. He was Lynn’s toy. A wide, knowing smile spread across her face.

“You’re Lynn’s, aren’t you? Tom is it?” Tess asked.

Tom’s face dropped. He knew she’d seen Lynn’s videos with him, and glanced at him during their meetings, but he didn’t think she’d recognize him.

“That makes Lynn the mole,” Tess added. “You and her want to take me down, don’t you?”

Tom was out of time. He had to say something fast. “Lynn wanted the drive for trade secrets. She thought it might have information on it that she could use to help herself get ahead. To look good in your eyes and move up in the company. It was never about taking you down.”

Tess pondered on this for a moment. “That does sound like something she’d do. Maybe you’re right. Maybe you’re not. We’ll find out soon enough.”



“Before we do anything though, I need to put Daryl back where he belongs,” Tess said as she reached around with her other hand and lowered him towards her ass.

“Please...Tess....not right now. At least let me have a drink before you put me back in that godforsaken place!” He begged.

“Tsk tsk. You’ll find all the water you need in there...”

“I was thinking more of a vodka martini. Maybe a little scotch...” Daryl’s request was cut off as Tess whipped him lower.



Paying him no further mind, Tess aligned his kicky little feet against her puckering ass hole and pressed. To Tess, it was only a slight shove, since he was so very, very small.

For Daryl, however, he was forcibly shoved into a sweltering, pungent hole, until he was in all the way up to his neck. He felt like a medieval peasant stuck in a pillory. Only his confines were far more perverse and smellier.

“Fuck,” he said to himself.



Meanwhile...

Michelle was enjoying some much needed quality time with her favorite little lover. Whatever Carol had given her before she dropped them off the night before, made her entire body tingle with desire.

Though she occasionally interacted with them, the gigantic CEO mostly liked to watch. It was what Michelle understood as the reason for their drop-off. To fuck, love, and interact with one another while she observed from above. She'd often be given some sort of aphrodisiac cocktail that Carol had developed, before being placed in a clear case and left in the head boss' apartment.

"Mmmm, keep doing that," Michelle gasped at the tiny man squirming between her lips. Her hand was pressed against his back, rubbing him against her labia and clit.

She was so focused on the wonderful sensations that her micro-boyfriend provided her, that she hadn't even noticed the encroaching footsteps behind her.

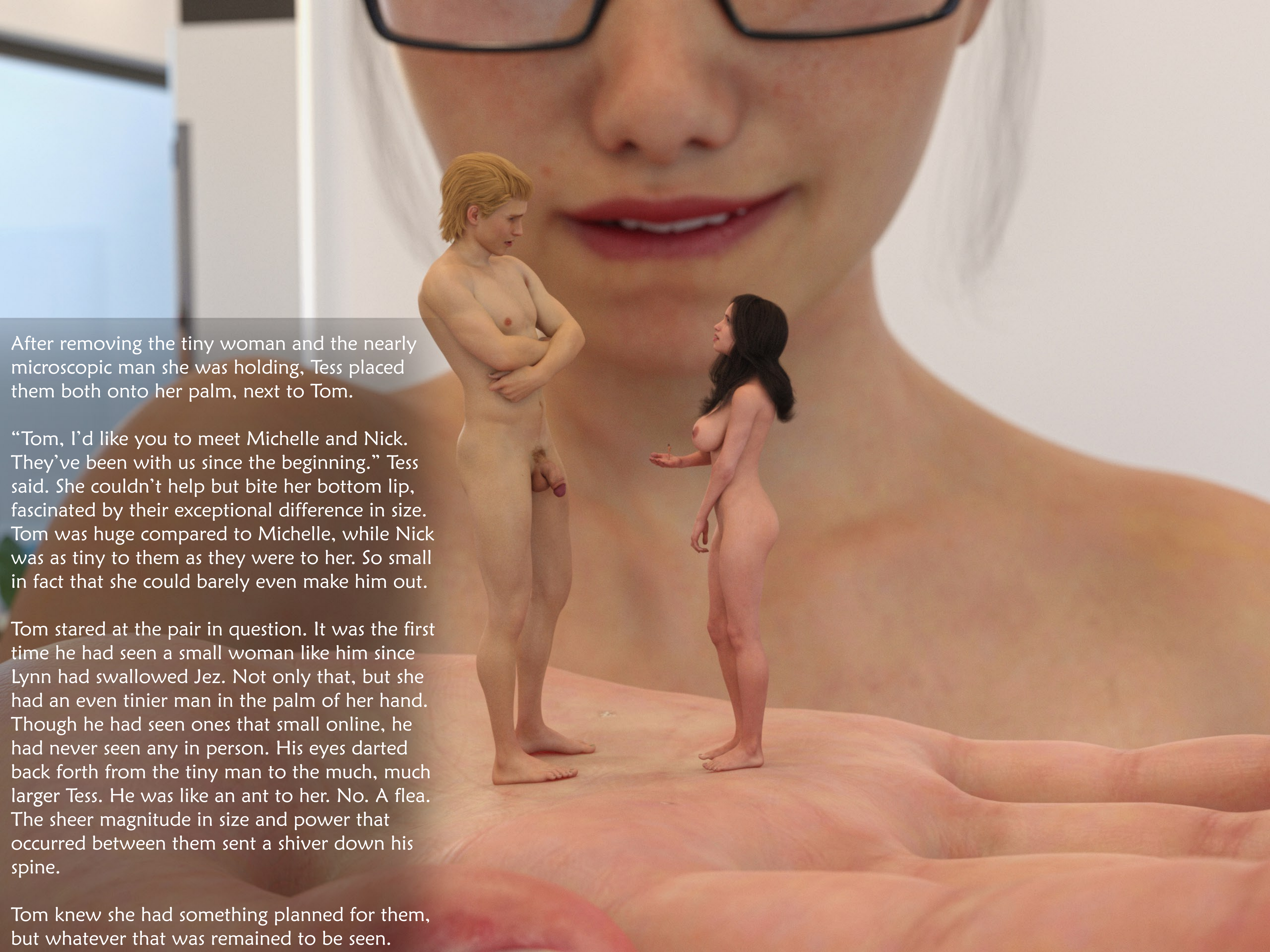




“Good morning, little ones,” The CEO said, her voice still dripping with desire.

Michelle, who was now shaken from her sexual trance, immediately got up to greet the business owner.

“So sorry to interrupt, but we have a visitor I’d like you to meet,” While gripping Tom in one hand, the giantess reached down with the other and carefully removed the roof.



After removing the tiny woman and the nearly microscopic man she was holding, Tess placed them both onto her palm, next to Tom.

“Tom, I’d like you to meet Michelle and Nick. They’ve been with us since the beginning.” Tess said. She couldn’t help but bite her bottom lip, fascinated by their exceptional difference in size. Tom was huge compared to Michelle, while Nick was as tiny to them as they were to her. So small in fact that she could barely even make him out.

Tom stared at the pair in question. It was the first time he had seen a small woman like him since Lynn had swallowed Jez. Not only that, but she had an even tinier man in the palm of her hand. Though he had seen ones that small online, he had never seen any in person. His eyes darted back forth from the tiny man to the much, much larger Tess. He was like an ant to her. No. A flea. The sheer magnitude in size and power that occurred between them sent a shiver down his spine.

Tom knew she had something planned for them, but whatever that was remained to be seen.

Tess returned to her bedroom with her toys in tow. She took extra care with each step to ensure that no one fell off. The last thing she wanted was to lose one before the fun began.

“So, Tom, you’re probably wondering why I gathered these two,” she began. “You see, Michelle is going to help me get to the bottom of this, and Nick, well it would be cruel of me to not include him somehow.”



Wasting no time at all, Tess plucked Michelle up with her free hand and lowered the tiny woman to her enormous, hair-covered crotch.

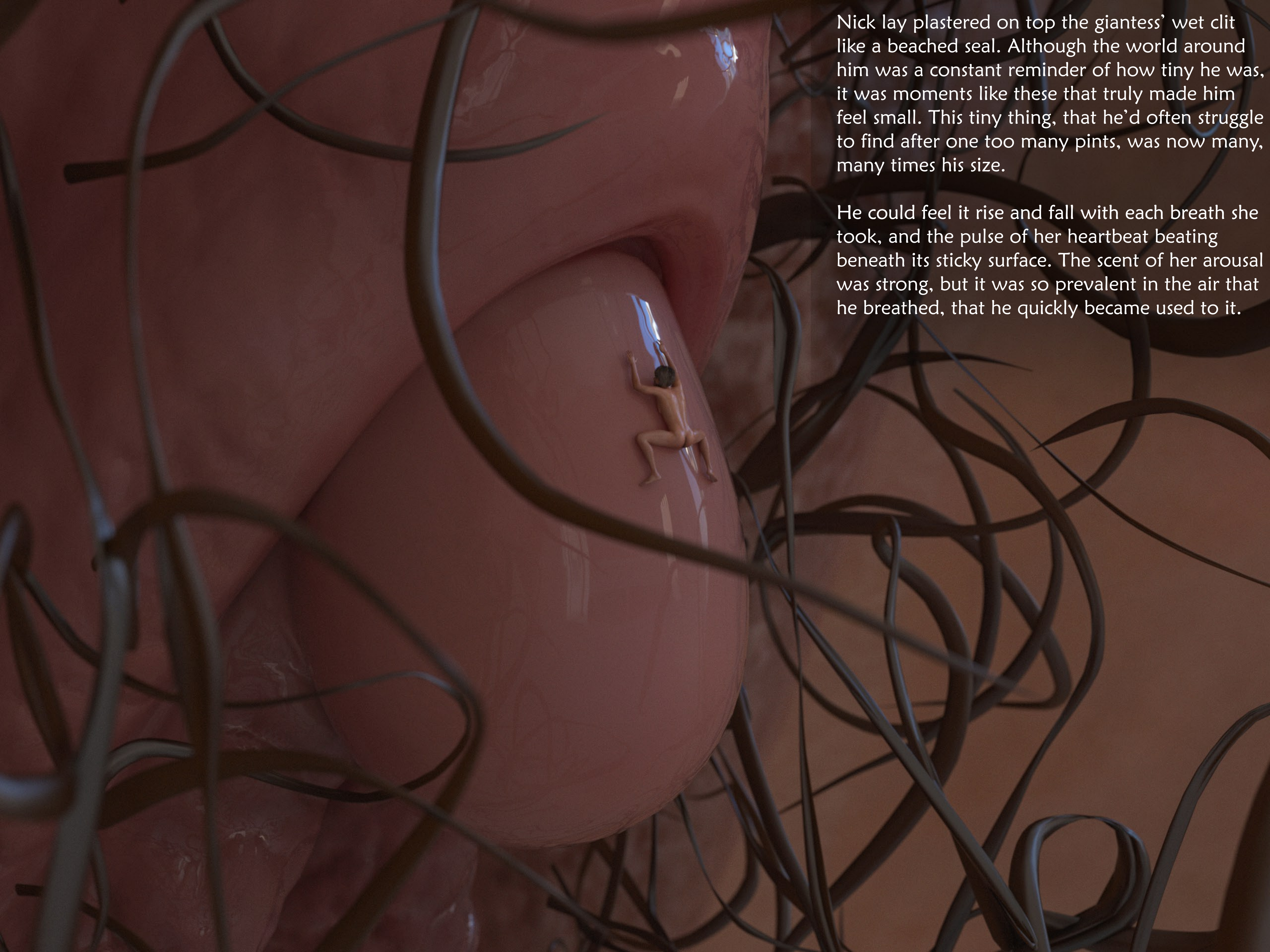
“Go on, Michelle. Put him somewhere nice. Somewhere you think I might feel him,” Tess urged.

Michelle stared at the monstrous pussy in fear. She could feel its warmth emanating onto her, and the musk was indescribably strong.

“Be careful, sweetie,” she said to her tiny lover before placing him onto the building-sized clit.

“oOh,” Tess shivered. She wasn’t sure what it was that she felt. Whether it was Michelle’s fingers or Nick’s entire body, but whatever it was, it gave her crotch the tiniest of tickles.



A close-up, artistic photograph of a person's genital area, specifically the clitoris, which is wet and glistening. A tiny, nude man is lying on his back on the clitoris, appearing very small in comparison to the surrounding anatomy. The background is a dense, dark, and tangled network of what appears to be hair or thin, dark branches, creating a complex, organic pattern. The lighting is soft and focused on the wet surface, highlighting its texture and the small figure of the man.

Nick lay plastered on top the giantess' wet clit like a beached seal. Although the world around him was a constant reminder of how tiny he was, it was moments like these that truly made him feel small. This tiny thing, that he'd often struggle to find after one too many pints, was now many, many times his size.

He could feel it rise and fall with each breath she took, and the pulse of her heartbeat beating beneath its sticky surface. The scent of her arousal was strong, but it was so prevalent in the air that he breathed, that he quickly became used to it.

“Look at you two, you can hardly keep your hands off each other,” Tess teased.

She smushed their fronts together between her fingertips, and started rubbing them back and forth against one another. It became immediately clear to her that the stimulant Carol had given little Michelle had worked. The little minx was humping Tom like a greedy little sex addict, hugging him tightly while she nuzzled his neck.

“Tom, you must know that Michelle here hasn’t felt a real-sized dick in over a decade. The closest thing to a man in her life is Nick, and as fun as that little toy can be, it just isn’t the same. So unless you have anything further to tell me, I think I’m gonna let her get a taste of what she’s been missing.”

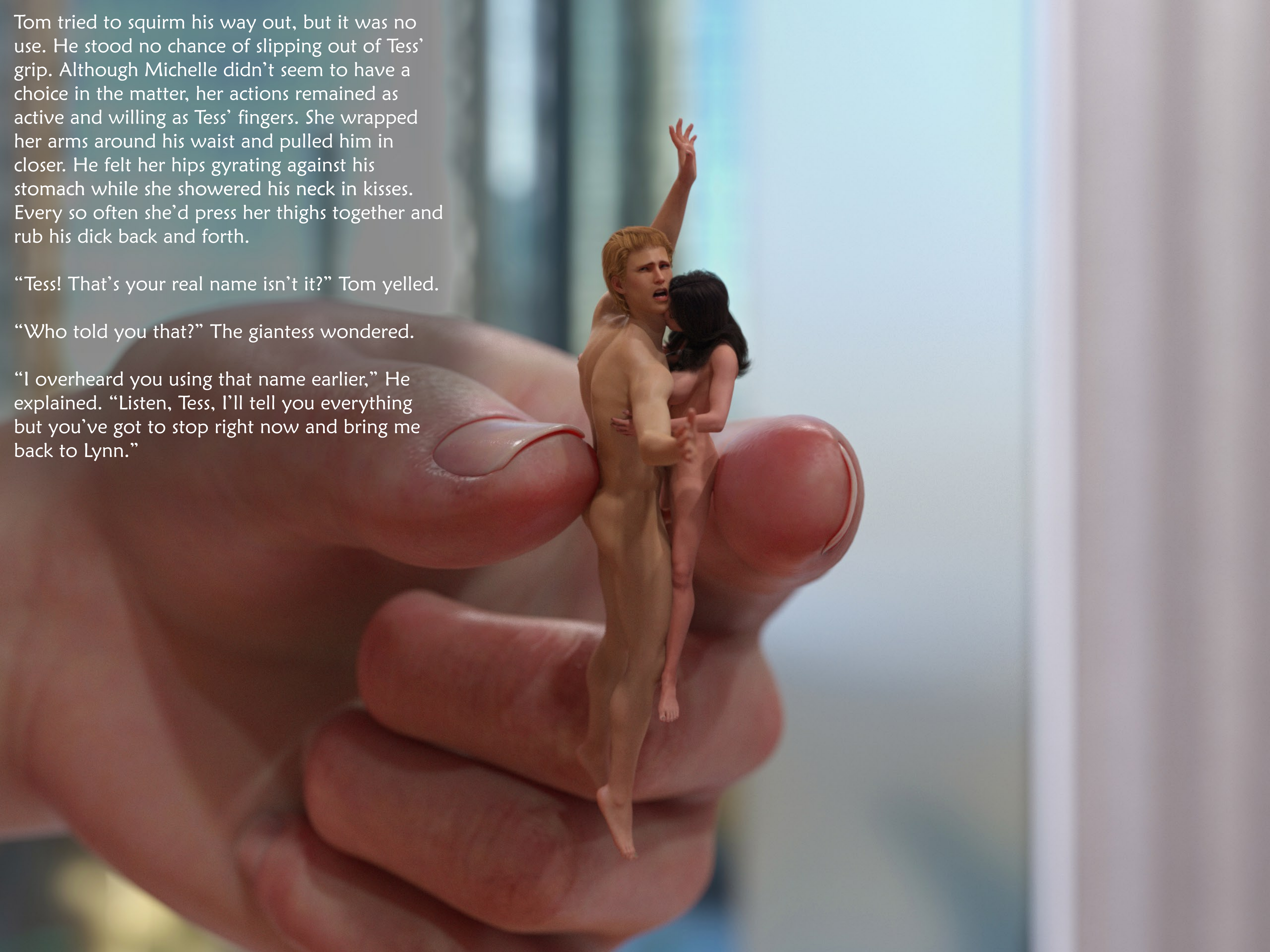


Tom tried to squirm his way out, but it was no use. He stood no chance of slipping out of Tess' grip. Although Michelle didn't seem to have a choice in the matter, her actions remained as active and willing as Tess' fingers. She wrapped her arms around his waist and pulled him in closer. He felt her hips gyrating against his stomach while she showered his neck in kisses. Every so often she'd press her thighs together and rub his dick back and forth.

"Tess! That's your real name isn't it?" Tom yelled.

"Who told you that?" The giantess wondered.

"I overheard you using that name earlier," He explained. "Listen, Tess, I'll tell you everything but you've got to stop right now and bring me back to Lynn."



The giant CEO brought the tiny pair closer to her face. “I’m listening.”

“Can you please take her off me?” Tom asked.

“I wouldn’t dare do such a thing. Look at her,” Tess argued. “Now speak.”

Tom did his best to stay focused. This was a difficult task while Michelle showered him with affection. He didn’t really have much of a choice. “Like I was saying earlier. Lynn sent me to grab the thumb drive from your laptop. She’s seen you with it before.”

Tess pinched them tighter together. Not enough to cause either of them any pain, but enough to show that she meant business. “What exactly does she think is on it?”

“Like I said. Trade secrets. She wanted to use those as leverage. To convince you to promote her. She has a vision for Little Things,” Tom answered.

“And where am I in this vision of hers?” Tess asked.

Tom took a deep breath and answered. “At the top, where you belong. Lynn has no desire to become CEO. She wants to replace Carol as your number two.”

Tess paused for a moment. “What about the thumb drive? I would know it was gone.”

“So? By that point it wouldn’t matter. She’d have what she needed and would have no trouble at all handing it back to you,” Tom argued.

“Ok, I’ll bite. Let’s pretend for a second that I believe you. Why not come to me first? Why send her little toy into the lion’s den?”

“Would you?” Tom asked.

The more Tess thought about it, the more it made sense to her. Lynn wasn’t the type to ask for anything. Other than her and Carol, she was one of the few entirely self-made women at Little Things. The rest came from rich families or fancy schools. They didn’t have the kind of cutthroat DNA she was made of. Lynn did.

“Fair point, little man.”



Tess was impressed. Although Lynn had betrayed her trust, she did exactly what she would've done if their roles had been reversed. "I'll give her a call, eventually. For now, I have two little toys I'd like to play with."

"But Tess! I told you everything!" Tom begged.

Michelle gripped her little hands around Tom's shaft, eliciting a forced gasp from his mouth and thrust from his hips.

"Admit it Tom, you want this just as much as she does," Tess calmly said while rubbing them together.

"Don't...make me do this..."

"I'm not MAKING you do anything. I'm just doing what I always do. Being Tess. Lynn's the one at fault here. She's the one who got you into this mess," Tess explained.

Tom knew this couldn't be further from the truth. He was the one who spent hours convincing Lynn of his grand idea. Until she finally caved.

"Aww, you're worried what Lynn will think. That makes sense. Even if it is her fault, cheating is still cheating," Tess said. "Now where were we? Oh right! We were about to start our little game."

Michelle continued to stroke Tom, eliciting yet another gasp from his mouth. "What...kind of game?"

"It's quite simple. All you have to do is cum before I do. You and her," She explained.

"And...if I...fffuck...don't?" He managed to add.

Tess smiled naughtily. "Then you lose, and you can join Nick as a flea."





Tess slowly lowered Tom and Michelle between her legs. Tom was kicking and squirming while Michelle continued to grind against him.

“Please, Tess. Don’t make me do this!” He begged.

Hearing him beg like that made her quiver. The idea of forcing another man to cheat on his girlfriend, all while bringing her and the other toy to orgasm, was like nothing she ever even imagined. It was domination dialed up to eleven.

“Mmm...I wonder what Lynn would say to you right now?” Tess teased. “Michelle’s not going to let go once she gets that cock of yours inside her. It’s so big compared to what she’s used to. Do you think Lynn would try to stop you, or just run away crying? Maybe she’d step on you both.

Tom and Michelle were now right outside of the giantess’ opening. Warm, humid gusts wafted onto them as if they had just opened the door to a sauna. The strong scent of her arousal tainted the air.

“Please! I’m begging you!” He cried out again.

“Sorry, Tom, but I’ve grown bored of our talk, and I think it’s time that we got our little game started. Now be a good toy and take a nice, deep breath!”

Tess shoved them both into her opening. Tom and Michelle were instantly bombarded by her warm, churning walls, soaked with her excitement. The air inside her was far more pungent.

It wasn't an entirely new experience for Tom. But the heat and scent of Tess was much stronger than anything he'd experienced with Lynn. The walls around them quivered as Michelle continued to pull Tom closer.

Tess placed a finger against their feet and pressed. "In you go."

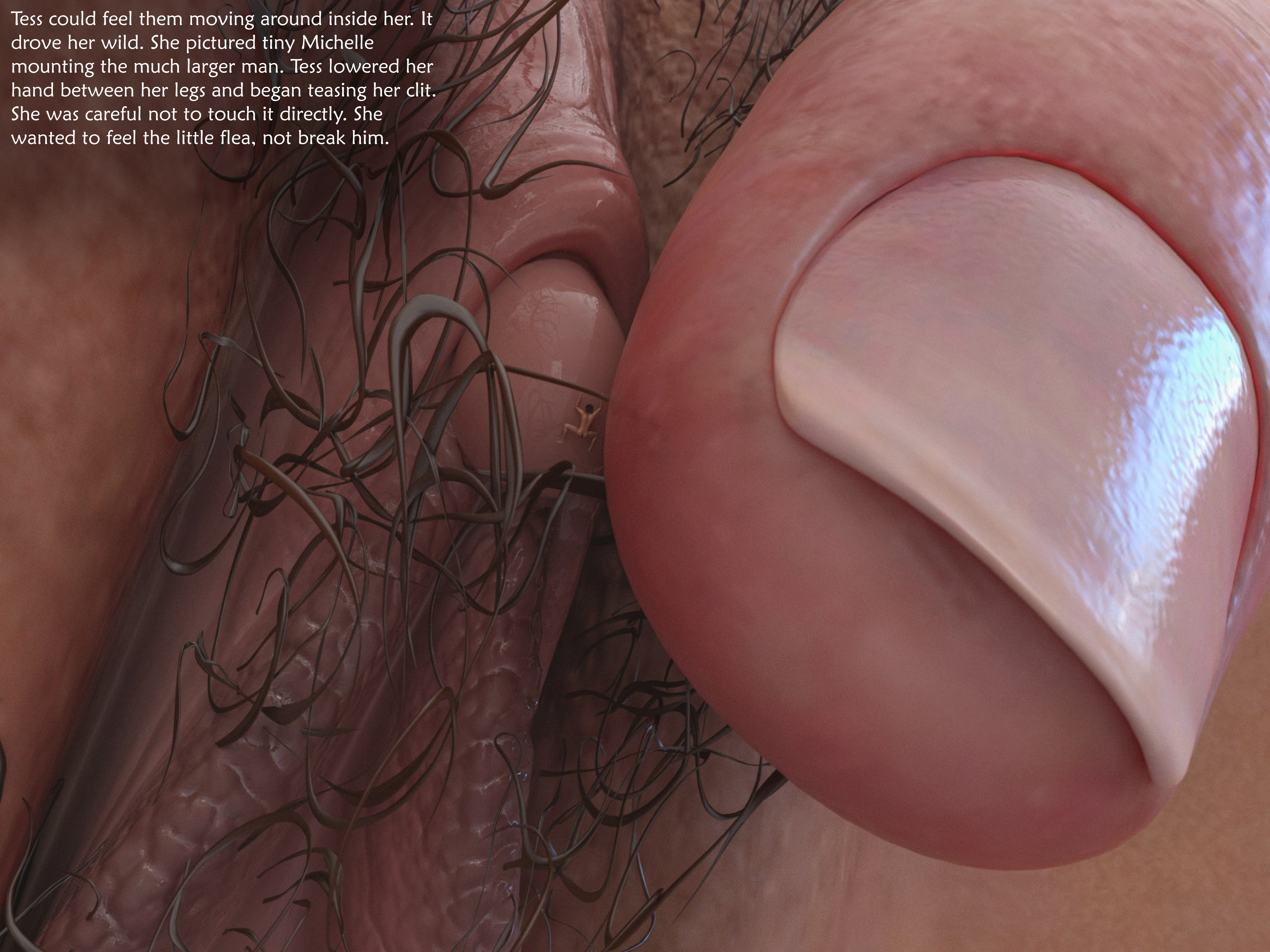




Once inside, Tess' pussy began to open up more, signaling to them both that she was getting more and more aroused.

Michelle wasted no time at all. She rubbed Tom across his chest encouragingly, as she lined herself up and prepared to mount him.

Tess could feel them moving around inside her. It drove her wild. She pictured tiny Michelle mounting the much larger man. Tess lowered her hand between her legs and began teasing her clit. She was careful not to touch it directly. She wanted to feel the little flea, not break him.



Michelle bounced on Tom's cock like it was her true calling. It had been so long since she had felt the real thing. Not to mention one so big. Tom was HUGE compared to her. That was a welcome change from her usual trysts with Nick.

Tom had resigned himself to the petite woman's whims. He didn't have a choice. It was either this, or join Nick as a flea.

Despite his mental anguish, he couldn't help but enjoy the feeling of Michelle fucking him. Even before he became small, he had never been with someone so tight and reactive to his touch.



Michelle and Tom continued to fuck inside Tess' giant pussy. As their movements became increasingly animated, so did their surroundings. Her walls would flex with greater strength and more frequently. Cummy strands began to form across Tess' cave. She was getting close just like they were.

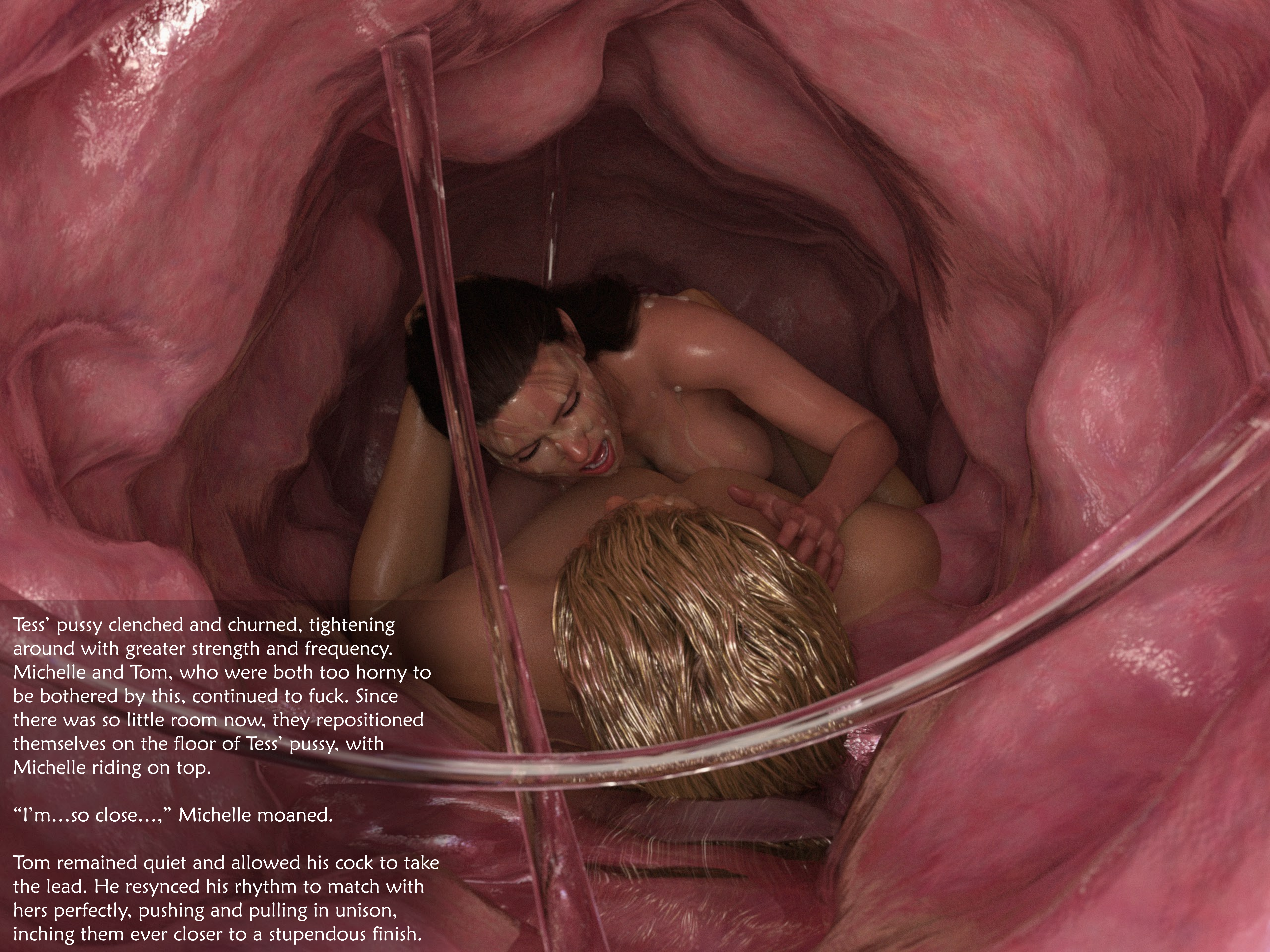
Soon Michelle and Tom were both covered in juices. If they wanted to win, they'd have to act fast.





Tess knew that they were fucking. She could feel Michelle bouncing on Tom and his pathetic little thrusts back. It's what made her almost lose control. Lucky for Nick, she stopped just before she inadvertently ground him into a paste. She instead chose to refocus her efforts on the areas that surrounded him.

“Better hurry up you two!”



Tess' pussy clenched and churned, tightening around with greater strength and frequency. Michelle and Tom, who were both too horny to be bothered by this, continued to fuck. Since there was so little room now, they repositioned themselves on the floor of Tess' pussy, with Michelle riding on top.

"I'm...so close..." Michelle moaned.

Tom remained quiet and allowed his cock to take the lead. He resynched his rhythm to match with hers perfectly, pushing and pulling in unison, inching them ever closer to a stupendous finish.

Tess knew something was coming. Despite her partners' exaggerated handicap in size, this one felt bigger than usual.

Tess gripped the bed sheets with one hand and began furiously rubbing her soaked lips. She no longer cared whether Nick or any of them got hurt. All that mattered was this feeling.

And boy was it good.

It washed over her like a tsunami over a small beach town.


“OH...oh...I'm cumming...,” Tess cried out in ecstasy.





Nick held on for all he was worth. Lucky for him, her clit was soaked with sticky juices. For a while this allowed him to remain safely stuck and out of harm's way.

Eventually, though, things took a turn for the worse. Between her aggressive rubs and bucking hips, he found himself becoming less and less stuck to Tess' giant, pink button.



Michelle and Tom heard the giantess' bellowing cries. It reverberated through the churning walls around them.

All of a sudden, they felt their entire world bounce up and down.

Tess was bucking her hips, amidst the throws of an orgasm. Her giant pussy squeezed them together while it filled with fluid.

This pushed both of them over the edge. Tom thrust his entire length into Michelle's tiny pussy, causing them to both cry out.

Tom shot his seed into Michelle while she ground out her own orgasm.

“Aaaahh!” Tess cried out.

The dam had finally broken. A rush of pussy fluids shot out of her like water out of a hose. Tom and Michelle came flying out as a flea-sized Nick was finally bucked off. All three of them were now airborne, plummeting towards the sheets below amidst the flood of Tess’ ejaculate.



Tess let out a sigh of relief. That was a really good cum. It even rivaled some of the ones she had gotten from her favorite dildo boy.

She looked down at the pair lying in a puddle of her cum. She could tell by the looks on their faces that they had 'won' the game. Seeing them like that made her crotch tingle.

Unless that was Nick's doing...

No. He couldn't possibly have hung on. He was likely scampering on the sheets below somewhere. Finding him could wait. First she had to put 'Kyle' back in his drawer.

"Guess you won't be joining the flea circus, Tom. Not this time at least," Tess said.



“Ughh,” Tom groaned. He and Michelle were covered in splotches of Tess’ cum. He turned towards her and began pushing himself up from the soiled sheets. “Did you?”

Michelle propped herself up and replied. “Yes...I did. Did you?”

Tom didn’t respond. Somehow, saying it out loud made it worse. He simply turned away and slowly got up.

“You didn’t have a choice, Tom. Neither of us did.”



Michelle's eyes quickly darted towards Tess' crotch. That was the last place she had seen Nick. Unfortunately, Tess was also starting to get up. If Michelle wanted him back in one piece, she'd have to act fast.

All of a sudden, Michelle felt something tumbling down her breast. She glanced down and smiled in relief. "Nick?! Where'd you come from?"




“I’m not entirely sure. One minute I’m on her, the next I’m waking up on your boob,” Nick explained.

“C’mere you,” Michelle said as she plucked him up from her tummy.

“Aah, careful...I’m still...sore,” Nick yelled.

Michelle pressed his head against her plush lips and kissed him.





Tess had gotten up and approached the spot where she had last left 'Kyle,' only on this particular occasion, he was no longer there. That wasn't like him. He always stayed put whenever she left to tend to other matters.

"What the fuck?!" Tess yelled.

She didn't think he could be so daft. He knew the consequences of disobeying her. Not to mention the fact that it was just an apartment. Sure, it was big, but there weren't many places for him to hide. He was dense, but not that dense.

"I swear to god 'Kyle' if you don't come out this instant, you can say goodbye to your precious little arms and legs," Tess threatened. "You don't need them, you know. Not as my dildo, you don't. Sure, they add size and length, but I can just graft them together. You'll be like a thick shaft of human flesh. Complete with a dick in the center and a stupid little head on top. You won't walk, eat, or even poop without my help. I'll be using you a lot more too. Especially after all the added stress of taking care of you."

Despite the terrifying threat that she laid out in shocking detail, 'Kyle' was still nowhere to be seen. Tess began frantically ransacking her entire apartment. In a matter of minutes, she managed to turn her entire apartment over. Not a single piece of moveable furniture remained unmoved. No crevice or nook left unexplored.

On a hunch, Tess returned to her bedroom for one last look around. That was when she finally noticed. The bottom of her air vent was slightly ajar. Like someone had recently pulled on it.

"He couldn't have gone far," Tess said.





Lynn could hear the yells and heavy footsteps coming from inside. She knew that Tom was in danger, but she couldn't do anything for him. Not right then, at least. If she ever wanted to see him again, she'd have to tread lightly. That required hours of careful planning, and a variety of steps she'd have to take in order to mitigate against any possible risk of harm or capture.

In the meantime, there were two particular tinies that were in desperate need of her help. Using a knife from her purse, she pried open the bottom of the vent enough so that both of them could slip through.

“Quickly now,” Lynn said as she gathered them up and stowed them in her purse.

She barely had enough time to make it around the corner when Tess' door suddenly swung open. “Kyle! You little shit! You better pray I never find you!”

“Mmm...that’s it. Drink, little one. You need your energy,” Miss B said to the man cradled against her breast.

She had plans for him that night. Big plans. But first, she had to make a call.

“Call Lynn.”





“Hello? Sue?” Lynn answered. Getting a call from her on the weekend was odd. Especially at this hour.

“Hi Lynn, do you have a moment to talk? Somewhere private?” She asked.

“Now’s not a good time,” Lynn replied. She was distraught over losing Tom and had no desire to discuss anything work-related.

“I know about Hannah.”

Lynn gasped. She hadn’t heard her name in years. “I’m sorry, what? Who are you?”

“You know me as Susan, but that’s actually my middle name. My full name is Julia Susan Black, and I’m an agent with the FBI. I’ve been investigating Tess, or as she likes to go by, Misty, for months,” She explained.

“So you know about...”

“Yes. We know everything. Tess has a rap sheet nearly a mile long. Fraud, extortion, murder, rape, human-trafficking, the list goes on and on.” She added. “I’m calling you because I believe we could both use each other’s help.”


Lynn couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Was this some kind of test? “What makes you think I will? Misty...or Tess as you claim, has supported my entire career.”

“Because you just helped your little boyfriend break into her apartment. How’d that go, by the way?”

Lynn’s voice started to quiver. “You knew....”

“I want to help, Lynn,” Julia urged.

“How....how did you...?”



“We have the entire outside of her apartment bugged, but we’re still waiting on a warrant. That could take weeks, and by then, who knows if she’ll even still be there. I need something concrete, and I need it now. That’s where you come in. I’ll help you get Tom back, but you need to come in and give me your statement.” Julia said, or as Alex still referred to her as, Miss B.

She looked down at her breast and smiled warmly at him. Her hand still firmly wrapped around his cock, tugging and pulling away until it reached peak hardness, all while he drank from her tit.

Julia knew there was no antidote. It’s why she took Alex in. He didn’t deserve to be kidnapped and shrunken down like that. To have his entire life taken away. Whether it was fair or not, the fact still remained that there was no way for him to gain his height back. The best he could hope for was a safe, loving home. That was something Julia could give him.

Even at his size, Alex was still a man. A man whose small stature and portability happened to fit Julia’s busy lifestyle perfectly.

“Calm down, Lynn. Deep breaths. You have my word, we’ll get your Tom back safe and sound, but we have to act fast. There’s an office down on Orchard Street. I can meet you there in an hour,” Julia urged.

The statuesque redhead listened to the frantic blonde while she repositioned Alex on her pillow. He had nearly zonked off after drinking so much of her warm milk. If it weren’t for the exploratory work of her left hand he surely would’ve passed out.





Julia crawled onto the bed and draped her knee over Alex, straddling his significantly smaller form. He looked panicked. Either that or nervous. Regardless of how he actually felt, the dominant FBI agent was going to get hers, and he'd just have to try extra hard to enjoy himself.

“No, Lynn. I don't think that's a good idea. Would you hold on a sec?”

The enormous FBI agent muted her Bluetooth and placed her hand over Alex's chest. "I need to move you a little to the right, sweetie... There, that's perfect."

She leaned forward and began lowering her hips. The lips of her now soaked pussy, spread apart just before they came into contact with the tip of his cock. "Fuck, Alex. I've been waiting for this all day."





Julia drove her hips downward and mounted Alex's cock in one fell swoop. Wasting no time at all, she began gyrating her hips, grinding his tiny form hard against the pillow. She tapped her finger against her Bluetooth once more, unmuting herself. "Ok, I'm back."

Somehow, Julia managed to continue her conversation with Lynn while she fucked Alex's defenseless body. She wasn't too rough with him, but with every thrust and gyration, his body bounced and slid around the pillow like a rag doll.

"Ok, I'll see you tomorrow at 7:00AM"

“Ok, I’ll see you then.” The fiery redhead disconnected the call, and not a moment too soon.

“I need you deeper,” She gasped.

Julia reached below Alex’s back and pulled him up against her crotch. She pressed his dick as deep as it would go and sloshed him around while she squeezed her tit. This was it. This was what she had been looking forward to. “Yes...right there...I’m cumming...I’m cumming.”

It was the first of many they’d have together. After all, she had big plans for him. Big plans.



To Be Continued...

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