


Little Things Inc
A Forty Two Conclusion 4



S SP

THEN...

A woman with long blonde hair, seen from behind, is wearing a blue sports bra. She is looking towards another woman in a pink bikini who is standing in the center of a hotel room. The room is messy, with a pink suitcase on a bed, a pink hat on the floor, and various items scattered around. A window with gold curtains is in the background, showing a view of a green lawn and trees. The room has white tufted beds and a purple chair.

“Hannah, where were you? That’s the second practice you missed this month!” Lynn said as she entered her room. She was still covered in sweat and out of breath from her workout.

As soon as Lynn walked through the door she knew that something was wrong. There in the center of it, stood Hannah. She was wearing only her underwear, staring down at the floor with her hands holding the sides of her face. Clothing items were strewn about all over the room, while a suitcase sat precariously on top of her bed.

After what felt like minutes, Hannah finally looked up from the ground and towards her roommate.



“I thought you said your roommate wasn’t due back for a while?” A voice to the side said.

Lynn looked to her left and saw a woman she did not recognize. She appeared to be in her mid-twenties, with braided red hair and glasses. “Who are you?” Lynn asked.

“Carol. And you must be the roommate.”

Before she even had the chance to respond, Hannah threw her arms up in the air and shouted. “Lynn, RUN!”




Lynn turned towards the exit, but in her way stood a large, angry-looking man in a suit holding a gun.

“Lynn, is it? Don’t bother. It’ll just make matters worse,” Carol said.

Knowing she couldn't possibly slip by without getting herself or Hannah hurt, Lynn turned back towards Carol.

“What do you want?”





“Well, since you’re already here, I might as well tell you. This little friend of yours stole company property. I’m here to get them back,” Carol explained.

Lynn could see the look of dread on Hannah’s face. “Is that true? Did you take any of them?”

“Oh, so you know about them too. Nice work Hannah,” Carol said sarcastically. “What were you planning on doing anyways? Running away and starting your own business?”

“You’re a monster!” Hannah cried out.



Carol's phone rang. It was so loud and perfectly timed with Hannah's outburst that it nearly made Lynn jump out of her skin. "Hold on, I gotta take this. Hi, Boss..."

While Carol was on the phone, Lynn began whispering to Hannah. "If what she says is true, you need to come clean."

Hannah reached into her bra and produced the same tiny woman from before, along with her much tinier boyfriend. "They made me eat one."

Lynn gasped in shock. She couldn't believe what she just heard. They forced her to EAT one? Not only was that horrifyingly cruel, but it was also wasteful.

“Why?” Lynn whispered back.

Hannah took a deep breath and continued. “Because they wanted to see what would happen. Something about the chemicals of our digestive tract.”

“And you agreed?!” Lynn shouted.

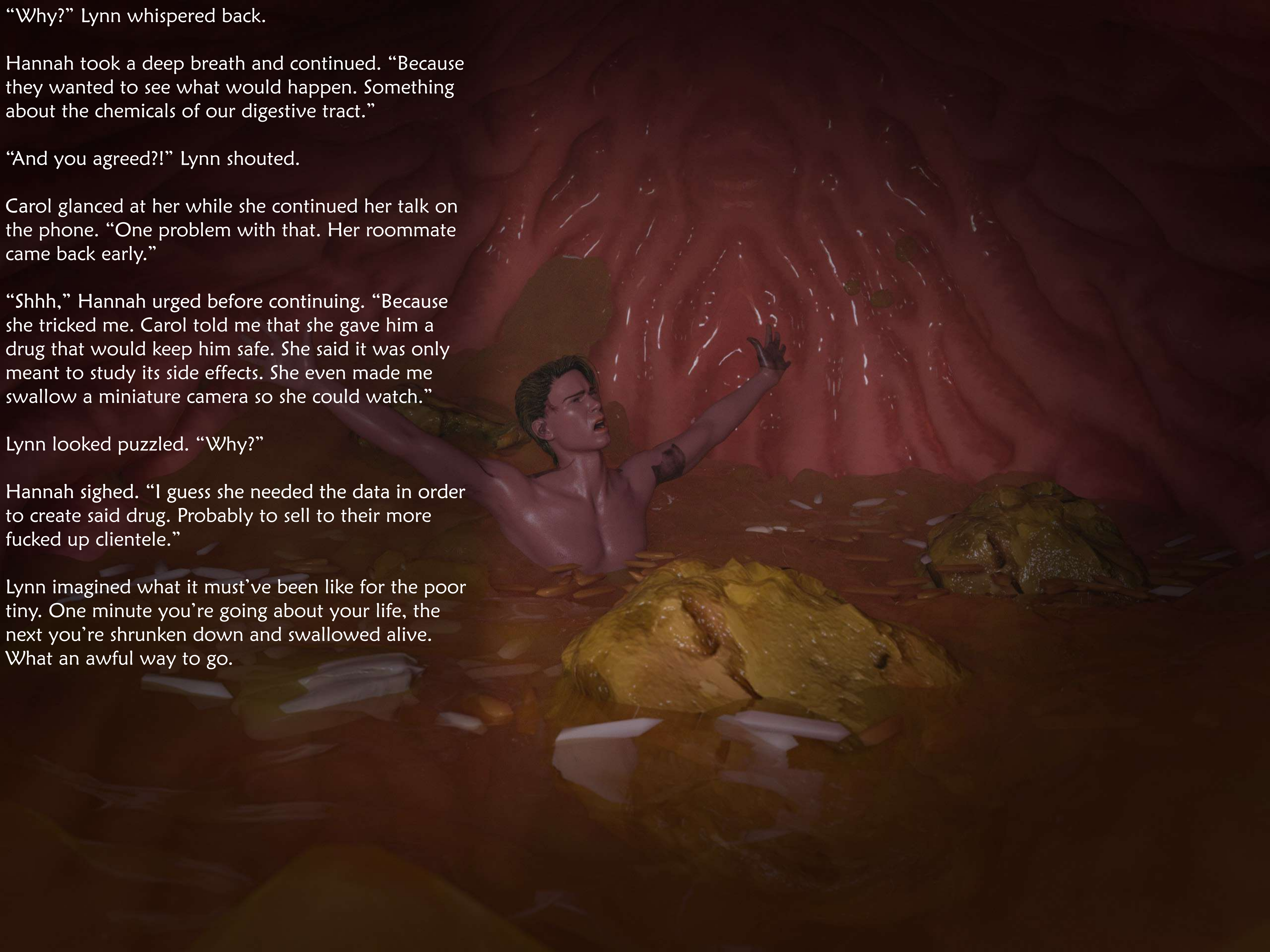
Carol glanced at her while she continued her talk on the phone. “One problem with that. Her roommate came back early.”

“Shhh,” Hannah urged before continuing. “Because she tricked me. Carol told me that she gave him a drug that would keep him safe. She said it was only meant to study its side effects. She even made me swallow a miniature camera so she could watch.”

Lynn looked puzzled. “Why?”

Hannah sighed. “I guess she needed the data in order to create said drug. Probably to sell to their more fucked up clientele.”


Lynn imagined what it must’ve been like for the poor tiny. One minute you’re going about your life, the next you’re shrunken down and swallowed alive. What an awful way to go.



Nick stared up at his enormous girlfriend looming over him, and the two college-aged titans that stretched on for a mile above her. If he didn't know any better, he'd think he'd died and gone to heaven.

“Just look at them. They can't protect themselves. It was only a matter of time before she forced me to swallow one of them. I had to do something,” Hannah boomed.





“Sure thing, boss. See you soon,” Carol said. After disconnecting the call she turned her attention back towards the two in question. “Hannah, give me back the assets.”

“They’re not assets. They’re human beings!” Hannah argued.

Carol reached towards Hannah’s open palm and carefully pinched the tiny woman. Michelle had instinctively picked Nick up just before she was carried away.

“They’re company property, and if you had thought of that before, then maybe we wouldn’t be in this mess.”

Michelle felt the giant redhead's fingers pinch her a little too hard as she was brought towards her chest. Dangling between her fleshy orbs was that dreadful necklace with the glass box.

They were so close to finally being free of this witch. Now she was back in her custody, forced to give up the one good thing in her life.

Tears filled her eyes as she took one last look at Nick. "Goodbye, cutie." She said as she reached towards the locket and placed Nick inside.



Michelle's world turned dark as she was dropped against the rough fabric of Carol's front pocket— like any other item that was soon to be forgotten.

“Lynn, I need you to take a few steps back for me,” Carol boomed.

Michelle knew what this meant. Perhaps being stuck in Carol's pocket was a good thing. She wouldn't have to see it firsthand.





Lynn stepped away from Carol and watched with bated breath.

What happened next felt almost like it was in slow motion. Carol reached into her bag and retrieved a blue spray bottle. Hannah screamed and tried to run away, but by the time she had taken her first step, Carol had already started spraying.

Hannah tried to shield herself from the green mist, but Carol had sprayed so much that within a matter of seconds her entire body was completely covered.

It had a sharp and pungent smell to it, not unlike ammonia.

Lynn hardly noticed anything at first.



That quickly changed, for it soon became apparent to anyone in the room that Hannah was getting smaller...



...and smaller...



...and smaller.





Lynn looked down at her in horror. There, in a heap of clothing that once hugged her body so tightly, stood Hannah. She was truly tiny now. She couldn't have been any bigger than the woman who stood in the palm of her hand just moments ago.

“Lynn, please pick up the asset.”

Lynn stood motionless. She wasn't ignoring her. She was just in shock.

“I said pick up the asset,” Carol repeated.

Lynn raised her head and saw that Carol still had the spray in her hand.

Hannah looked up at her enormous roommate. Her huge, heaving breasts blotted out the entire bottom half of her face. She often wondered how she must've looked to the tinies. Did she look like a goddess? A monster? Both?

Now she didn't have to wonder anymore.

Her giant roommate reached down and plucked Hannah up from the ground like she had done so many times before.





Lynn looked at the tiny flailing thing between her fingertips. This used to be her roommate. Only now, she was shrunken down and completely helpless to any of her whims. Lynn hated herself for it, but she couldn't help but feel a flutter below the waist.

The moment was quickly interrupted by the sound of Carol's voice. "We're leaving now. You'll need to put it somewhere out of sight."

Lynn cringed at Carol's use of the word "it." Even if she was only two inches tall, she was still a person. "Her name is Hannah, and where would you suggest I put her?"

"I don't care. Use your imagination," Carol said.

Hannah squirmed and wiggled as she was lowered towards Lynn's chest. She nearly gasped at the sheer enormity of them. They were so huge compared to her, like hills. Big...sweaty...hills.

“Eeep!” Hannah yelped as she was shoved into the sweaty, clammy crevice. Her surroundings became so warm, almost hot even. Her tits were so huge that despite her tiny size, they still sandwiched together around her and kept her from moving. If it weren't for the overwhelming heat, and the sharp scent of Lynn's sweaty, unwashed body, she might've enjoyed it more.



Carol and the security guard led Lynn out of the dorm. During their brief exit, Lynn remained silent and considered her options.

She could cry out for help, but that would require someone close enough to hear and fast enough to act in time. Unfortunately for Lynn, her room was near the stairwell. This significantly lessened the likelihood of them bumping into someone on the way out. Unless of course someone was climbing the stairway at that very moment. That, however, was not the case.

As usual the stairwell was empty. By the time they reached the bottom of it, Lynn noticed a black car parked just outside the side exit, in the loading dock. The armed guard gripped her shoulder and guided her towards the vehicle. Lynn didn't have a choice in the matter as he shoved her into the backseat. He then quickly hopped into the front and sped off.

“Where are you taking me?” Lynn asked.

“Back to the lab,” Carol answered.

Lynn had listened to enough true crime podcasts to know this wasn't good. The only thing that gave her any hope was that Carol hadn't shrunk her as well. At least not yet. “What are you going to do to me?”

“I don't know yet. It's not my call.”




After being pressed down by a finger bigger than she was, Hannah was immediately jostled and squished between her roommates' fleshy orbs. It was hot, sweaty and extremely uncomfortable. Each time Lynn took a step, her body slid up and down the tight, clammy crevice.

Despite how focused she was on her immediate surroundings, Hannah could tell that they were going down the stairs. Soon she heard a door open, followed by the sound of a car unlocking. All of a sudden, Hannah was violently tossed around as her enormous roommate's tits crashed against one another, sandwiching her comically outmatched body between them. Then, the sound of the ignition, followed by the screeching of tires.

She didn't need to hear Carol confirm what she already knew. They were taking them back to the lab.





“Good afternoon, you must be Lynn,” Misty said.

“Boss, can we please skip the pleasantries? I’m already behind schedule,” Carol huffed.

Misty smiled mirthfully at her. “Carol, I’m sure we’ll be fine. Besides, I’m sure Lynn is curious about why we brought her here,” Misty explained, before directing her attention back to Lynn. “Don’t mind her. She’s an expert in R&D, but not very good with people.”

“Why am I here? Why not shrink me down to two inches like you did to Hannah?”

“Because we are entering a new phase and we need someone to lead the way. Someone we can trust,” Misty explained.

Lynn was beyond confused. “So you shrunk my roommate and forced me back to the lab at gunpoint? How does that instill trust?”

Misty nodded her head and smiled. “Fair point. But we couldn’t trust Hannah any longer. Not after her attempted theft of company property.”

“They’re people, not things!” Lynn interjected.

“You know as well as I do that you don’t actually believe that. That’s why you’re standing here in front of me,” Misty said.

Lynn looked at her questioningly. Where was she going with this?

“I’ve seen you with them. You’ve been wanting this ever since you first laid eyes on one of them.”

Lynn’s face dropped. “B...but how? How did you know?”

“Did you really think we’d let Hannah of all people handle our most prized assets without us watching? Without knowing her every keystroke? Her roommate’s every movement? That’s all besides the point. What matters is we know, and Hannah’s channel demonstrated a far more lucrative business venture than our current model of selling tinies directly,” Misty explained.

“I don’t understand,” Lynn admitted.

“Cam shows. We provide the website and tools, while the model does all the dirty work—”

“And you want me to be your first?” Lynn interrupted.

“Exactly,” Misty affirmed.





Carol smacked her forehead in frustration.

“What is it now?” Misty asked with an annoyed chuckle.

“We need more capital if we want to improve the survivability mods,” Carol explained.

“Yeah and...?” Misty asked.

“Isn’t it obvious? The tinies won’t survive. Not with Lynn acting out the most asked about requests, assuming her audience is similar to Hannah’s. No tinies, no show. What then?” Carol challenged.

“We have enough spray stocked up to shrink a hundred tinies or more. I’m not suggesting we completely abandon selling tinies directly, but that along with the capital Lynn raises from the streams will allow us to create said capital. In the meantime we’ll supply her the tinies while she continues to produce content,” Misty explains.


Carol sighed in frustration. Misty was right, assuming that her faith in Lynn wasn’t misguided. “Fine, but if we’re going to do this, we’ll need a fresh batch. This one is tainted. I’ll go start the cleanup while you handle things with Lynn.”



Misty approached Lynn and gently grasped her shoulder. “I’m truly sorry things happened the way that they did. You weren’t supposed to be involved. We didn’t expect you back for at least another ten minutes.”

Lynn looked at Misty’s face. She could see right through her fakeness, but she knew calling her out on it was a bad idea. “What if I don’t want to be involved?”

Misty tightened her grip on her arm. “I’m sorry, but I can’t allow any loose ends. Not with what we’re trying to accomplish.”



Lynn knew what she meant. She was either with them, or against them. “Please! Just let me go. I’ll take Hannah away and you’ll never hear from either of us again.”

Misty gave a sympathetic smile. “I’m sorry, I just can’t let that happen.”

“I....I don’t even know how to be a streamer. And...and what happens after that? I didn’t go to college to be some slutty cam girl for the rest of my life,” Lynn spat back.



Lynn brought up a very good point. What would happen after that? They couldn't just let her go. "You're a business major, right?"

"Business management," Lynn corrected.

"Our business will need a front. Something legitimate. If things work out, perhaps I can find you a place there. After you graduate of course," Misty explained.

Lynn pondered this for a moment. She knew there wasn't much of a choice for her. She'd either play along, or face the consequences. At least this way she could do something that at least felt relevant, even if it was just a front. "Ok. I'll do it."

Hannah may have only been stuck between Lynn's breasts for fifteen minutes or so, but to her it felt like hours. Every inch of her was squished by hot, sweaty boob. Beads of sweat perspired down Lynn's cleavage and onto her, mixing with her own. The air was humid and reeked of post-workout stink, and her skin clung to her roommate's.

Yet at that very moment, Hannah felt a wave of relief rush over her. Lynn had done it. She had gotten them out of this mess. Although she'd stay tiny, she'd go on to live. Likely as Lynn's tiny roommate.





Lynn looked on in shock as Carol lifted a tiny woman up and dangled her over her open maw.

“Stop kicking already. I don’t have time for this,” Carol said to the helpless woman.

She spoke as if this were any other mundane task, riddled with inconvenience. Not like a person who was about to execute someone.

“Speaking of loose ends, where’s Hannah?” Misty asked.

Lynn glanced down at her chest and saw that her tiny roommate had managed to climb halfway out. She reached down and with a gentle pinch, dragged her the rest of the way out.

The poor thing was completely drenched with sweat from her workout. Lynn mouthed an apology then held her up for Misty to see. “She’s right here.”





A tense silence filled the room.

“Like I said before. I need someone that I can trust. You’re here because you clearly enjoy playing with tinies. But Hannah did as well, and look at her now. Prove that you’re different from her. That you’re one of us,” Misty explained.

“H...how?” Lynn stuttered.

“I need you to swallow her.”



Lynn couldn't believe what she just heard.
"You...you can't be serious."

"Actually, I am. It's the only way I'll know that you can be trusted," Misty explained.

Tears streamed down her face smearing her makeup. She could see Hannah kicking and screaming from the corner of her eye. "I..I...can't. She's a person...she's my friend...oh god!"

Misty snaked her arm around the crying blonde's shoulder while she allowed her a moment to cry. "I know it's tough, but this is non-negotiable. Either you take care of Hannah, or I'll shrink you down and swallow you both."

“B...but I...I can’t,” Lynn said.

“Yes, you can. Here, I’ll help,” Misty affirmed. While keeping her hand on her shoulder, Misty stepped back and began slowly guiding her arm up towards her face.

“I’m...I’m sorry Hannah, but if I don’t do this they’ll...they’ll kill us both!” Lynn said. She was so rattled that her hand was visibly shaking.





Hannah kicked and screamed as Lynn raised her up to mouth.

“Please oh my god, no, Lynn please! I’m begging you, just run, run away!” Hannah begged.

“I’m...I’m sorry, but I can’t. There’s an armed guard right outside the door,” Lynn explained through her cries.

“Oh my god, oh my god, please don’t eat me, please Lynn. I’m begging you! It’s Hannah, your roommate. Your friend. For fuckssake Lynn!”

Hannah was met with Lynn’s open mouth. Her body was instantly blasted with her warm gatorade-scented breath.

Hannah was shoved into her roommate's mouth and placed on her tongue. Sticky saliva coated her skin. She could see thick strands of it spanning between her teeth like stalagmites in a cave. Hannah reached out to the world outside, knowing full well this was likely her last chance to see it.

“Please...don’t eat me,” Hannah begged.



As the tiny, defenceless woman looked out from Lynn's mouth and into the brightly lit room, she saw that Misty was now waving to her.

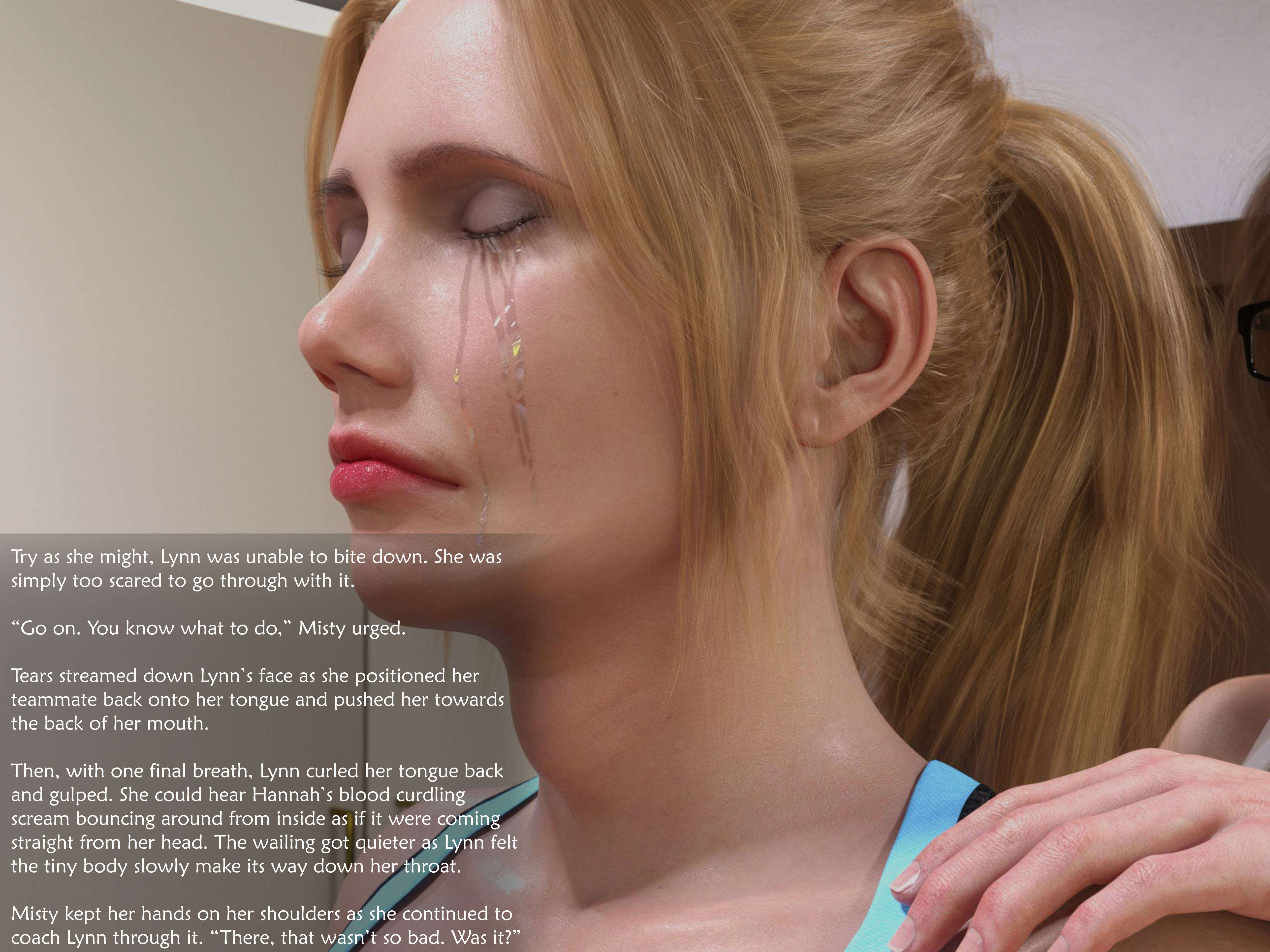
"It's a shame you had to go and try to steal from me. We could've accomplished so much. But we'll never know, will we? Goodbye, Hannah."





All of a sudden, Hannah was rolled between Lynn's teeth. This was it. She was about to be ground to death by her roommate's teeth.

Only instead of biting down, Lynn simply held her there with her tongue. She wanted to make things quick for her, but she simply couldn't will herself to do so.



Try as she might, Lynn was unable to bite down. She was simply too scared to go through with it.

“Go on. You know what to do,” Misty urged.

Tears streamed down Lynn’s face as she positioned her teammate back onto her tongue and pushed her towards the back of her mouth.

Then, with one final breath, Lynn curled her tongue back and gulped. She could hear Hannah’s blood curdling scream bouncing around from inside as if it were coming straight from her head. The wailing got quieter as Lynn felt the tiny body slowly make its way down her throat.

Misty kept her hands on her shoulders as she continued to coach Lynn through it. “There, that wasn’t so bad. Was it?”

Lynn's legs finally gave out, and she fell onto the floor where she sobbed uncontrollably. She couldn't believe what she had just done. She killed her roommate. Not only that. She swallowed her alive.

The only thing keeping her from a complete meltdown was the fact that she didn't have a choice. It was either Hannah or the both of them.

"All set boss. Every asset has been taken care of," Carol said.

"Nice work, Carol. Can you give us a moment though?" Misty asked. She was thankful to have someone on her team like Carol, but at that moment Lynn was her main focus.



Whether she was crying about it or not didn't matter to Misty. Lynn had proven herself trustworthy. To Misty, that meant everything.

She helped the weeping college student back on her feet and sat her down on a nearby stool. "I can't imagine how difficult that must've been, but I needed to know that I could trust you. That you were committed. You proved that to me today. I'm not sure exactly where you'll end up within our ranks, but rest assured, I will take care of you."



When Lynn finally collected herself enough to stand back up, Misty led her out of the lab and towards the exit. For the entire walk she kept her arm wrapped around her, as she did her best to comfort her.

“Think of this as your beginning. Everything that came before doesn’t matter. After Carol’s done with you, I’m going to need you to run our front end. You’ll be running a business that could have a revenue stream of hundreds of millions, if not billions of dollars,” Misty said.



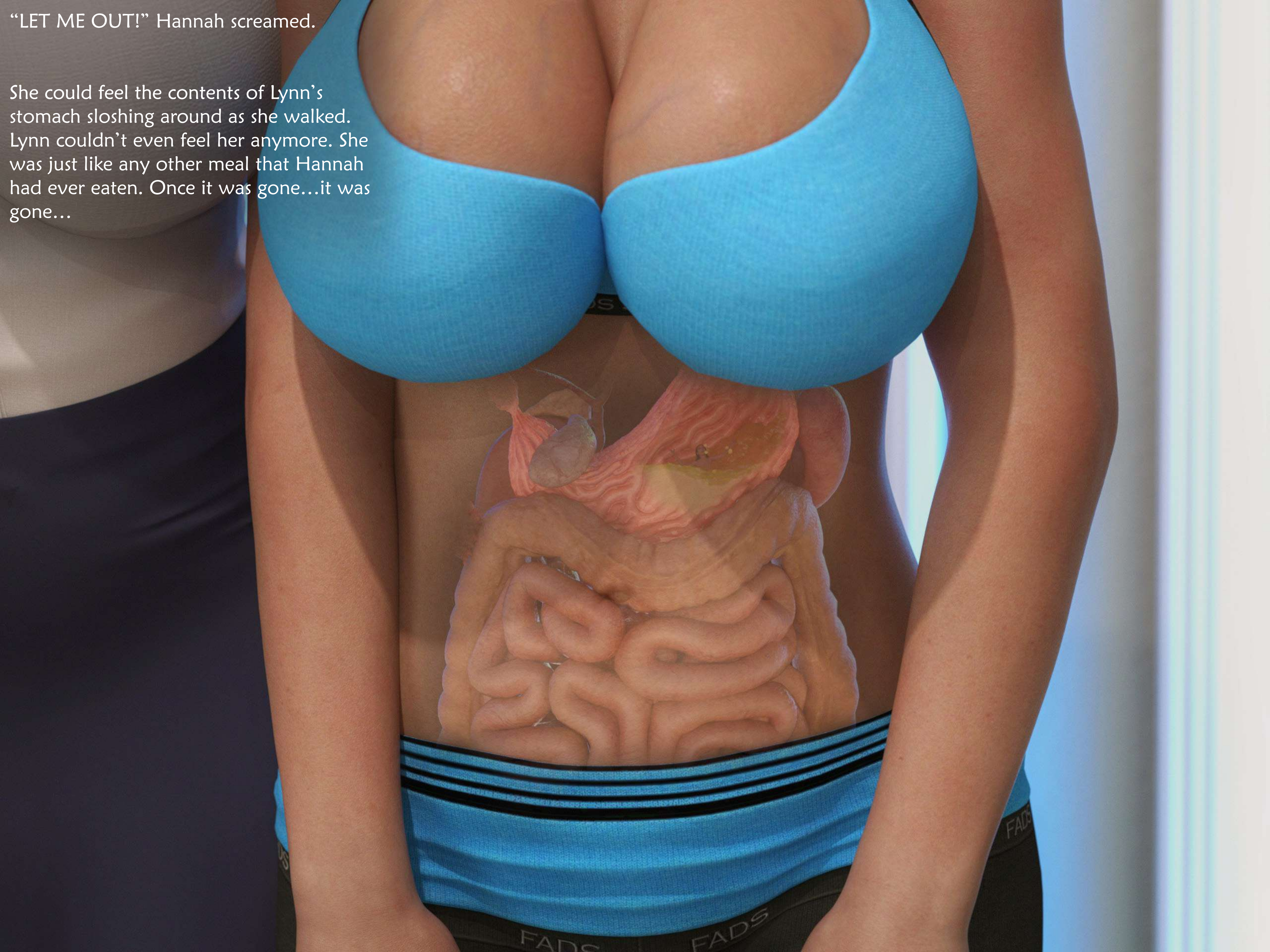
Hannah plopped down in a pool of scalding stomach juices. Chunks of partially digested food that Lynn had ingested earlier floated by. French fries, a piece of bread, the stench of rotten Gatorade...Hannah had been reduced to food. Her body would be slowly digested and absorbed into her roommate, either as fuel, or fat.

It had only been a few seconds and she could already feel the digestive enzymes starting their work on her skin.



“LET ME OUT!” Hannah screamed.

She could feel the contents of Lynn’s stomach sloshing around as she walked. Lynn couldn’t even feel her anymore. She was just like any other meal that Hannah had ever eaten. Once it was gone...it was gone...





NOW...

Tears trickled down Lynn's face like drops of condensation down a soda can. The memory of Hannah's death was so vividly imprinted on her that even fifteen years later, it felt like only yesterday.

"That's how it happened. That's how I killed my best friend."

Julia wrote something down on her notepad. "Then you can appreciate how dangerous Tess is. If we don't act quickly, Tom is as good as dead."

"Don't you think I know that?!" Lynn yelled.



Julia got up and grabbed a tissue. "Here."

"Thank you," Lynn said as she grabbed the tissue and proceeded to dry her tears.

"Like I was saying. We need to act fast. With your testimony, and the case that I've built, we have enough for a judge to issue a warrant. Her place can be raided as early as tomorrow morning," Julia suggested.

"No, no raids. It's too risky. Besides, we need to act sooner," Lynn said. She knew Tess all too well. Even if they caught her dead to rights, who's to say she wouldn't lash out during the arrest. Tom could be killed.

Julia sighed. "Ok, then what do you propose we do?"

"A scalpel not a hatchet. We need to surgically remove them one by one, starting with Carol. Tonight." Lynn said.

Julia nodded in agreement. Carol posed a far bigger threat to the general public and possibly even national security. If she or any of her findings fell into the wrong hands....

"Ok. Then Tess?"



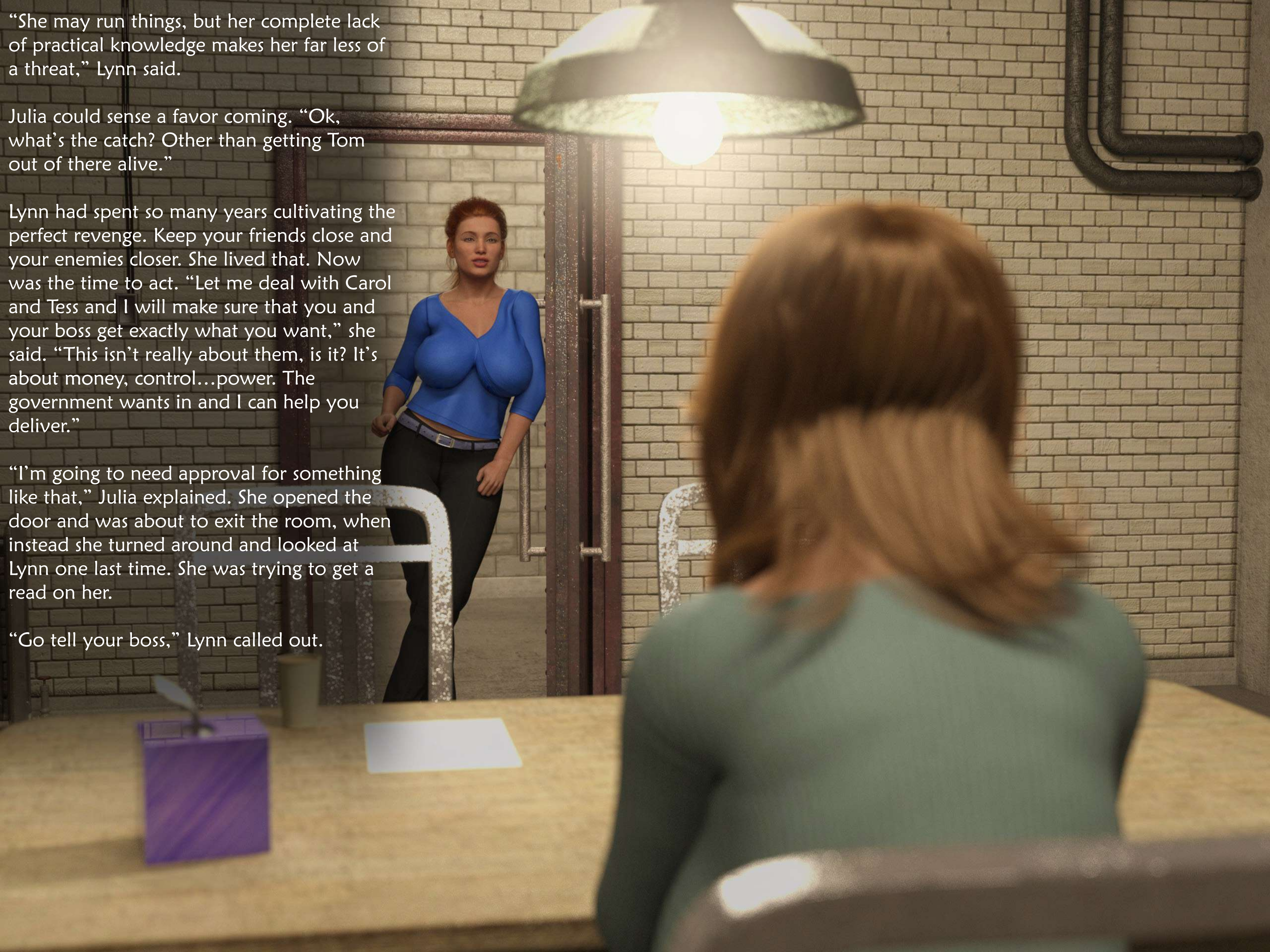
“She may run things, but her complete lack of practical knowledge makes her far less of a threat,” Lynn said.

Julia could sense a favor coming. “Ok, what’s the catch? Other than getting Tom out of there alive.”

Lynn had spent so many years cultivating the perfect revenge. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer. She lived that. Now was the time to act. “Let me deal with Carol and Tess and I will make sure that you and your boss get exactly what you want,” she said. “This isn’t really about them, is it? It’s about money, control...power. The government wants in and I can help you deliver.”

“I’m going to need approval for something like that,” Julia explained. She opened the door and was about to exit the room, when instead she turned around and looked at Lynn one last time. She was trying to get a read on her.

“Go tell your boss,” Lynn called out.





“You know she’s going to kill them right?” Julia said.

Her boss Helen stood in front of her. A thick, statuesque woman who towered over everyone she came across at her staggering height of 6’3”. She was huge, even by normal standards. In her palm sat one of Tess’ most prized possessions. “And that’s a problem?”

“Well, we can’t just let her kill them. That would be murder, and we’d be aiding and abetting her,” Julia argued.

“God, I still can’t get over how I’m holding an entire man in the palm of my hand. What I’d give to swap him with my ex,” Helen said.

“Helen?! Stay focused,” Julia exasperatedly said.

The humongous boss pried her eyes away from the little man and towards Julia. “You heard her. National security. As far as myself and the US government are concerned, neutralizing threats isn’t murder. So long as they’re no longer in the picture, and we secure the data, she can do with them as she pleases.”



“Mmm, I can definitely see the appeal of one of these. He feels like a nice, thick cock.” Helen eyed the toy man hungrily, before bringing him in for a sloppy, open mouth kiss. This involved licking, sucking, and everything in between.

Ken shook his head and spat out the saliva that had encased his head. The entire day had been a rollercoaster for him. After years of torment at the hand of his former owner, he had finally escaped. Him along with his buddy David. Moments after exiting the apartment, they were ‘rescued’, and brought to the authorities. Helen, the big boss, had taken a particular liking to him. She was perhaps the biggest woman he’d ever seen. Not fat, just huge. Taller than he was before he shrank, and with a whole lot more extra padding than he ever had. Even now, after Carol had made him all beefed up. She also seemed to harbor a lot of similarities to Tess in the way that she handled him. That much scared him.

“What are you going to do to him?” Julia asked.

“Well, it’s not like we can grow them back or anything. I think I’ll take this one home with me. See what all the fuss is about,” Helen said.

She separated her enormous udders and wedged Ken in between. His body was quickly covered by a day’s worth of sweat that had collected in the steamy cleft. He tried to move around and unstick himself from her clammy skin, but with how big and heavy they were, he could hardly move a muscle.

Helen looked down at his concerned face and smirked. “I heard all about how Tess would use you. You were her dildo, weren’t you?” Helen asked.

Ken nodded, knowing full well his answer didn’t matter. His fate was in her hands regardless.

“Mmm, now I know why she wouldn’t let you out of her sight. You felt good in my hands and even better now that you’re between my boobies. Tell you what, you keep me satisfied and I’ll make sure you get three square meals and a warm place to sleep.” The utterly huge woman was starting to get off. She couldn’t wait to get home.

“Um...boss?” Julia asked

“You heard my answer already. Get it done,” Helen demanded.



The door swung open and Julia rushed back in. Placing her palms on the table, Julia leaned forward to get a better look at Lynn. She needed to make sure she wasn't fucking with them. That she could trust her.

Lynn looked right back at her without even a flinch.

"Alright, Lynn. We'll allow you to do as you please with Carol and Tess. Provided they're both taken care of and there's a zero percent chance of anything coming back to bite us in the ass."

"Thank you, Julia. You have my word," Lynn said.

Julia smiled as she cocked her head to the side. "So...what's the plan?"






“Oh, hi Carol! I’m so glad you’re here,” Julia said. Only to Carol, she was still Sue.

Carol nearly choked on the cracker filled with tinies. Sue was the last person she expected to run into this late. On a Sunday night no less. “Hi Sue! Is everything alright?”

“Sorry, I was just hoping you could help Alex and I with a little problem we’re having. By the way, I love your dress!” Carol said.

“Thanks! I was about to step out for a conference. I was just having a small bite first.”





Alex looked up at the two giant redheads as they exchanged pleasantries. He knew Julia wanted nothing more than to take that bitch down, but she hid it well.

“I guess that makes sense. Many passersby don’t bother to look closely, except for certain women of course. They love to ogle at any baby they come across,” Carol said.

“Yea, I know. Though I can usually spot them from a mile away. I just turn around as soon as I see them and take a different route.”

Carol nodded. “So long as no one actually notices him, of course. Now what couldn’t wait until Monday morning?”



“It’s his dick. It’s too big,” Julia, or to Carol, Sue complained.

Carol giggled at this. The little guy was only as tall as their knees. There’s no way it was too big at his height, no matter how much he’s packing. “You can’t be serious.”

“I am. Not for sex of course. I mean, he’s got a great dick, but you’re right about it being functionally tiny to someone normal. When I breastfeed him, though, it kinda gets in the way,” She explained.

“Ok, ok. Lemme get a look at him,” Carol said.

Alex looked up at the bitchy science lady as she bent towards him with her arms held out. She had this smile on that made it look like she was normal. He knew from experience this was all an act.

Carol grasped his torso and whisked him up to the countertop nearby.



“I guess I can see what you mean. Are you sure you want to go smaller though? I can’t imagine you’d feel anything at all if and when you use him for sex,” Carol said as she pinched his hard-on. She usually wasn’t the type to admire shrinkees, but it was hard for her not to admire how beautiful it was.

“Well, I mean, can’t you just make it resizeable or something? Like with an app or remote? It would be nice to have a full or near-full sized unit when we fuck, but I’d want him back to average whenever I feed him.”

Carol burst out laughing. The things people think are possible. “This isn’t some made-for-TV movie on SciFi. Even if that were possible, it would take decades to achieve something like that. The tech to beef up ‘Kyle’ took years, and that was only girth.”





Carol finally let go of Alex and looked directly at Julia. “Are you sure? With the tech we have now there is no going back.”

“Yes I’m sure. I plan on shrinking him down enough so that I can use his whole body anyways. The last thing I’d want is for it to get caught on something.”

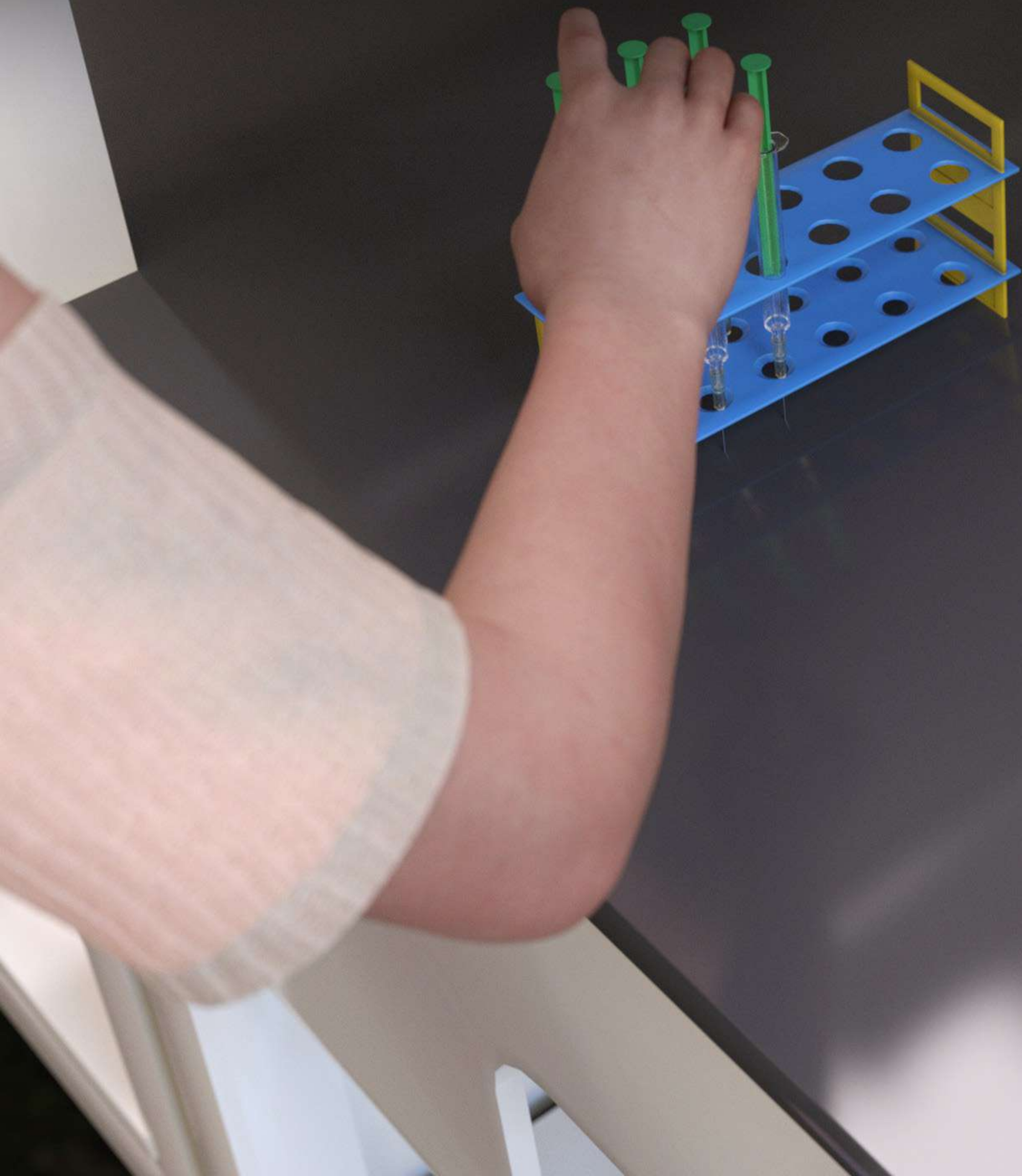
That was her cue. Lynn quietly opened the rear door and tip-toed in. In front of her were Carol, Julia, and Alex. Just as they planned, Carol was completely engrossed with Alex with her back towards Lynn.


Lynn quickly scanned the room until her eyes locked onto their target.



Resting on top of the counter behind them, right next to two caged tinies, was a tray filled with syringes. Lynn immediately recognized them as the same ones she used on Jez and Jack.

Lynn slowly made her way to the tray, careful not to make a sound. As she reached for the syringe she made eye contact with the two tinies and hand signalled for them to be quiet. They likely knew she was their only chance at rescue.





There she was, that smug little bitch, toying with Alex's dick as if she hadn't had a care in the world. As if she hadn't been responsible for the deaths of hundreds if not thousands of innocent people. She had this stupid grin on her face. The kind you get when you laugh at a joke that no one else understands. This would likely be the last 'happy' moment of her life.

For Lynn, the fun was only just beginning. She had been waiting for this moment for fifteen years. Every choice she made, every email she sent, all of it had been done with this goal in mind. The exact way in which she'd arrive there wasn't figured out until recently, but this was the start of an ending she built her entire career around.

With the syringe in hand, Lynn carefully approached her target.



Lynn wrapped her arm around Carol and plunged the syringe into her neck. The smaller woman didn't have any chance of resisting the much bigger, stronger woman.

"AAah, what the...?!" Carol cried out as she was stuck with the formula.



“What the fuck, Lynn?! What did you do?!”
Carol screamed.

“What’s it look like I did? I shrunk you,” Lynn
said as she stepped away from the dwindling
redhead.

Within seconds she was down to their stomachs.
Her little black dress had turned into a sleeping
bag.

Soon, the cruel scientist was nearly down to their knees.

“Goddamn, Carol. Is that a new formula? You’re shrinking way faster than anyone I’ve ever seen,” Lynn laughed.

Julia couldn’t help but join in. “Yeah, it must be. It usually takes twice as long to get down to that size. How small do you think she’ll get?”

Carol looked up at Lynn’s amused face. “Why?! Tess and I gave you everything! You’d be nothing if it weren’t for us.”

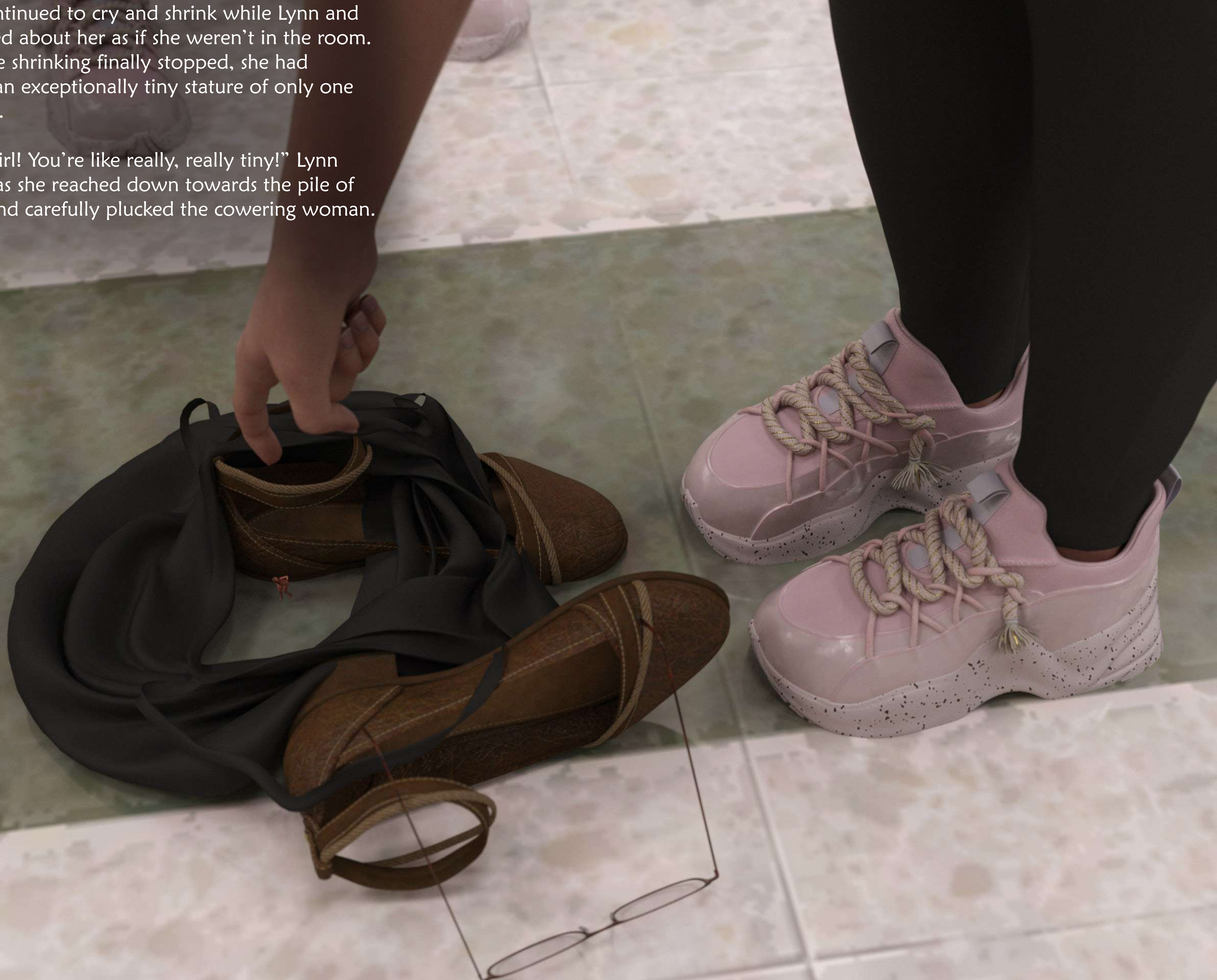
“You and I both know Tess was the one behind everything, including my career. You were always just her lackey. Her trusty, little dog,” Lynn replied.


“This is you getting ahead, isn’t it? I should’ve known!”

Lynn glared down at the bitchy redhead. “No, Carol. This, all of this, is for Hannah. Tess is next. But first, I’ve got a little dog to put down.”

Carol continued to cry and shrink while Lynn and Julia joked about her as if she weren't in the room. When the shrinking finally stopped, she had reached an exceptionally tiny stature of only one inch high.

“Damn girl! You’re like really, really tiny!” Lynn laughed as she reached down towards the pile of clothes and carefully plucked the cowering woman.



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and light-colored eyes is looking down at a tiny, brown, insect-like figure she is holding on a thin string. She is wearing a light-colored, off-the-shoulder top. The background is a white brick wall with a green-framed picture hanging on it.

“Hi, Carol,” Lynn said.

Carol stared at Lynn’s titan-sized face. She had a look on her face that she knew all too well. It was the look someone had just before eating a tiny.

“Please! Just turn me into the authorities!” Carol pleaded.

“God you’re so tiny now that I honestly can’t hear you. I assume it’s something along the lines of giving you up to the Feds. Well, Julia over there, that’s her real name by the way, IS the Feds. And part of my deal with them is that I get you and Tess,” Lynn said.

Carol was visibly trembling. “Wh...what are you going to do to me?” She asked.

“Sheesh, there you go with all that squeaking. Who would’ve thought that such a bite-sized snack could be so talkative?”

“For the love of god, Lynn! Please don’t do this!” Carol screamed as she was brought over her open maw. She could feel her balmy breath envelop her entire form.

“Hehe, now I can hear you. Maybe if I wasn’t so hungry. Too bad there isn’t more of you. I’ll probably have to stop for coffee and a pastry on the way home,” Lynn said.

Carol was now hyperventilating.

“Tell you what. What’s your favorite food? I’ll go grab that right after I’m done swallowing you. We’ll call it your last meal.”



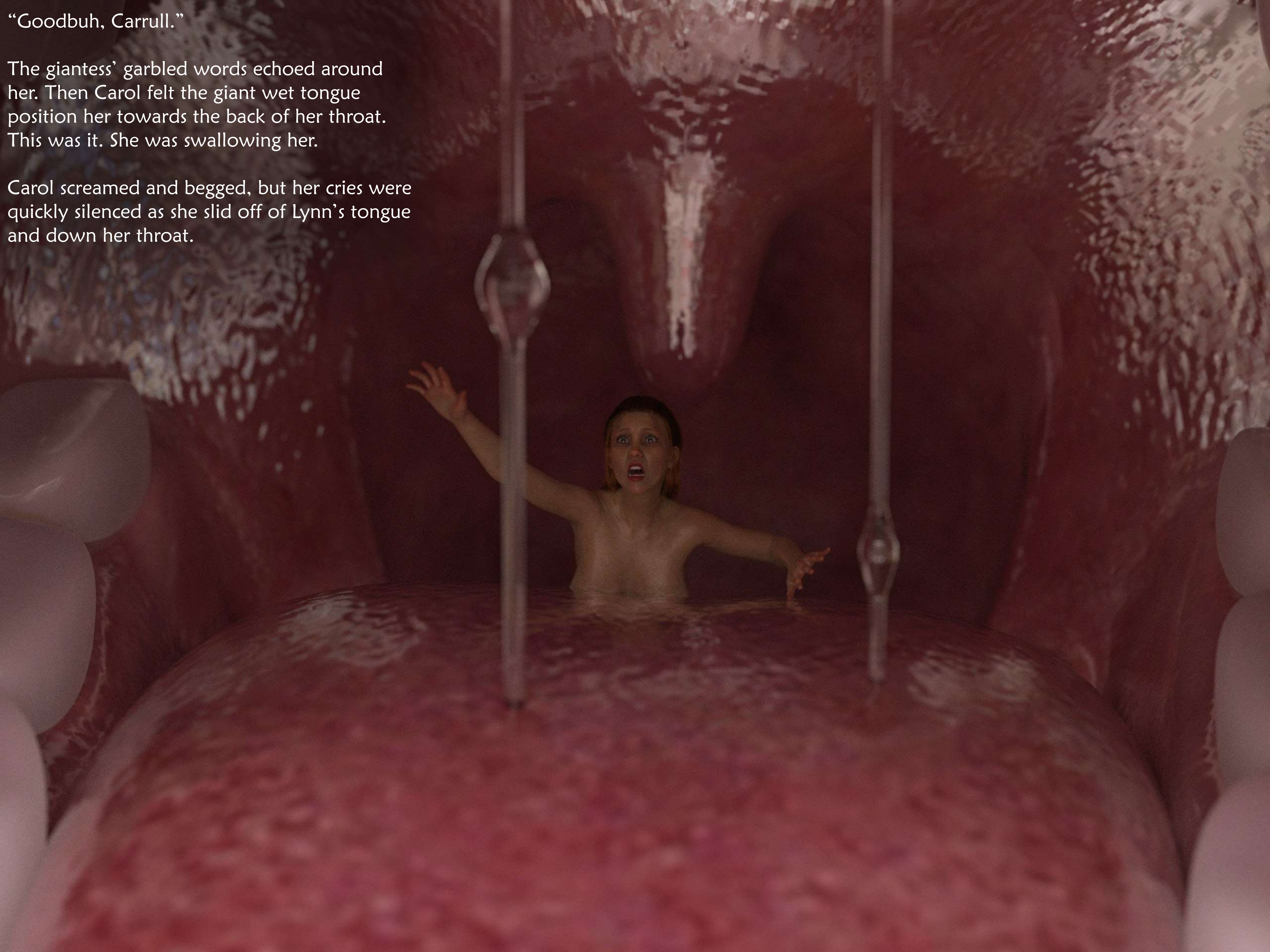
Carol was placed onto Lynn's tongue, just like she had done countless times to others. Never in a million years had she thought she'd be in this situation herself. Yet here she was, in Lynn's giant open mouth, moments away from being swallowed.



“Goodbuh, Carrull.”

The giantess’ garbled words echoed around her. Then Carol felt the giant wet tongue position her towards the back of her throat. This was it. She was swallowing her.

Carol screamed and begged, but her cries were quickly silenced as she slid off of Lynn’s tongue and down her throat.



Carol fell down the dark void that was Lynn's throat. She was so tiny that she barely even grazed the sides of it on her way down.



The tiny redhead was unceremoniously dumped into the fetid cavity that was Lynn's stomach. It was filled with hot scalding liquid that burned every time she inhaled. It smelled like a dumping ground.

Huge chunks of half-digested food, some bigger than her entire body, floated by. Just moments ago, Carol was a well-respected scientist at the top of her game, about to attend a conference and likely receive a prestigious award. Now she was no better than the things around her. Food.



Carol climbed on top of the poorly chewed piece of bread. Her skin was starting to burn and it was fast becoming more difficult to breathe.

“You fucking bitch!” She screamed. The fuming scientist knew there was no getting out. She was going to die inside of Lynn’s stomach.

Carol cried and cried. She cried until her eyes could not produce tears anymore. Not just over her imminent and likely painful death, but over the fact that she had been outsmarted by someone so much simpler than her. Someone like Lynn.



MONDAY...

“Hi Misty. Can I talk to you for a sec?” Lynn said as she reached out and touched her boss’ arm.

“Oh there you are! Yes of course we can talk. I hope everything is alright. You’re usually the first one to a client meeting,” Misty commented as she turned around to face her.

“Sorry about that. I had a bit of a tummy ache this morning. Must’ve been something I ate,” Lynn admitted.

“I know the feeling.”



“So, what is it that you wanted to talk about?”
Misty asked.

Lynn had planned for this. She knew exactly what to say and how to say it. Practicing countless times the night before and on the way in. She wasn't sure what Tom had told her, but if she was smart enough with her words, her boss would fill in the gaps. “I'm not sure how to say this, but I think you might have something of mine. More specifically, someone.”

Misty allowed Lynn's words to settle for a moment before breaking her silence. “You know, if you wanted a promotion you could've just asked. Instead you send your little man pet into my apartment and try to steal trade secrets?”





Lynn was surprised with how easy she had made it for her. All those years spent getting on her good side must've paid off. Now Lynn had everything she needed to corroborate the story and set herself up for the next phase.

"I'm....I'm really, truly sorry. I was never actually going to do anything with it. I guess I just thought you'd respect me that much more for, you know, taking the initiative," Lynn explained.

"You know, if you were anyone else, I wouldn't be talking to you right now. You'd be shrunken down and on someone's plate. Or better yet, given as a toy to one of our business partners. I hear the lesbian couple is looking for another strap-on. Someone a little smaller that they can use on the other hole."

Lynn smiled. "Thanks, I really do appreciate that. Now can I have my Tom back?"


A 3D rendered scene showing two women in a conversation. The woman on the left, Misty, has dark hair, wears glasses, a red blazer over a white top, and a red skirt. She has her right hand raised in a gesture. The woman on the right, Lynn, has blonde hair and wears a teal sleeveless top and a black skirt. She has both hands raised in a similar gesture. They are standing in a room with a brown wall and a framed picture on the wall behind Lynn. A small green plant is visible in the bottom left corner.

“I’m sorry but that’s just not possible,” Misty said.

“And why is that?” Lynn asked.


“Well, for starters I’m missing ‘Kyle.’ It’s not like him to run away. You wouldn’t happen to know where he is would you?”

Lynn knew exactly where KEN, not ‘Kyle,’ was. “He went missing? Misty, I swear to you that I have no idea where he is. How could I? I haven’t seen you since Friday.”



Misty looked her in the eye, scanning her face for any sign of dishonesty. She usually had a knack for that. This time was different, however. “I suppose you’re right.”

Before Lynn had a chance to respond, her boss had already turned around and entered the conference room, ushering for her to follow.



“We’re not done here,” Lynn urged as she followed.

After noting their potential investor was currently on a phone call, Tess turned towards Lynn to finish their conversation. “If everything goes well, we’ll finally have the capital to fund our next phase. Then we can discuss the possibility of you getting Tom back. Now, are you sure this investor isn’t skittish? What we do here is not for the faint of heart.”

“Yes, I’m certain. She’ll fit right in with us,” Lynn said.

“Where is it you said you met again?”

The best lies are the ones you don’t say.
“Through a friend,” Lynn replied.



After exchanging pleasantries, the female execs at Little Things, along with the notably statuesque client, took their seat. All except one.

“Where’s Carol?” Misty asked.

No one responded. They all just looked back at her quietly.

“Being late isn’t like her. I was supposed to give Michelle and Nick back to her. Now what am I supposed to do?”



Julia, who was still undercover as Sue, saw this as the perfect opportunity to rescue additional survivors. "I can watch them for you."

"You would?" Misty asked. Although she enjoyed toying with them, their exceptionally tiny size made them better in small doses.

"Yes of course," Sue said as she reached out her hand.

Misty reached between her breasts and produced what looked like a miniature plastic vial. Inside, stood Michelle and Nick.

Michelle and Nick were passed along like a note between classmates. Only this one was someone she hadn't seen before. Sue?

Whomever she was and whatever her motives were, Michelle couldn't help but gawk at how utterly humongous her breasts were.

A giant hand appeared from off to the side. It grasped one of the huge freckled breasts, and pried it from the other. Michelle and Nick's world suddenly became dark as she was shoved down the deep dark, sweaty crevice that was this woman's cleavage.




A woman in a red blazer and glasses stands at the head of a long, dark conference table. Three other women are seated around the table, looking towards her. The room has a modern aesthetic with a wall of textured, square tiles and shelves of binders in the background. A window with blinds is visible on the right side of the frame.

“We should get started. I can fill Carol in afterwards,” Misty said to the group.

Misty ran the meeting like a boss. Allowing others in the room to chime in on their areas of expertise, while maintaining complete control. The calm kind of control that you only get with years of experience. She noticed that the very tall blonde entrepreneur sitting on the opposite side of the table exuded that same kind of cool confidence.

It bothered her. Even with Lynn vouching for her, someone so new to the world of tiny human trafficking, not so much as batting an eyelash. In the back of her mind, she knew something was off. First Tom, then Carol goes missing, now this investor pops up out of nowhere to give them everything they need to take Little Things into the future.

A photograph of two women in professional attire standing by a window with horizontal blinds. The woman on the left is wearing a red blazer over a white collared shirt and glasses. She has her hair in a ponytail and is smiling while looking at the other woman. The woman on the right is wearing a black short-sleeved top and a blue skirt, also wearing glasses. She has short blonde hair and is looking back at the first woman. Her hand is on the first woman's shoulder, and they appear to be in a friendly conversation.

Tess learned years ago not to let fleeting concerns get in the way of progress. It's what she built her alter ego Misty around, and it's how she was able to build Little Things into the highly successful business that it was today.

The meeting went about as well as it could, with the investor giving her verbal commitment.

"I'll have my lawyers draft up a contract as soon as I get back."

Misty reached out and shook the enormous blonde's hand. It wasn't often that she met women who were taller than her. She must've been at least 6'3", and a good amount sturdier than her. "It was a pleasure doing business with you. You know, if you want to take home a sample, I'd be more than happy to give you one of our disposables."

"Thanks, but not at this time. See you soon."

With the meeting officially over, it was finally safe for Tess to put Misty away, and it couldn't have come at a better time. Throughout the entirety of it, Tom had been squirming around against her sensitive lips. She was able to ignore it for the most part, but after getting up and saying goodbyes, it practically became unbearable.

Tess rushed into the bathroom and exhaled. The little gnome in her crotch was living rent free, and it was time he paid up.



After a moment spent guarding the door, Tess stepped farther into the bathroom, reached beneath her skirt, and lowered her panties.

She could feel Tom pressed snugly between her lips. So much so that her cunt actually had a bit of a hold on him. She had to give it a hard tug in order to pull him and the crotch gusset free from her pussy's grip.

"H...help," Tom croaked.

He had been in a pungent, hellish sauna all night and morning. Even Lynn would usually give him the occasional break. Not Tess. After spending most of the evening looking for her other, much larger toy, she had settled on taking out her frustration on Tom.

Tess was in every way just as insatiable as Lynn was, only without any of her soft nature or subtle kindness. Even her pussy was more demanding. Its smell, strength, and sheer amount of juices it produced made her crotch far more overwhelming than anything he had ever experienced with Lynn. Being wedged between its gooey lips, beneath god knows how many pounds of female business owner as she went about her work day, certainly didn't help.

Tess looked down at her prize and immediately took note of his state. His entire body had been creamed over by a shiny layer of cum, and a few of her loose pubes along with it. "Well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes?"



Tom looked up at the half naked Tess looming above. Her cheeks were sweaty from being squished against each other tightly, stuffed inside her undersized skirt with very little room to breathe. At least he was lucky enough to not be resting on the other end of her thong.

Tess reached a giant hand down between her legs and started fingering herself. Tom could hear her grunt and moan as her fingers rubbed against her visibly wet lips.




Within a matter of minutes, Tess had gone from gently masturbating to full-on fingering herself, plunging four fingers in all the way to their knuckles, then back out again. Wet noises along with her hushed moans echoed around the walls of the bathroom.

“Fuuuuckk,” Tess moaned, as she allowed the satisfaction of her orgasm to wash over her.

All of a sudden, a huge wave of cum squirted out of Tess and down onto Tom below. His entire body was completely blasted by the pungent, thick goo.





“Mmmm, I’ve been waiting all day for that,” Tess moaned. “Well, better get you back to where you belong.”

The satisfied giantess reached down and grasped the waistband of her panties and carefully slid them up her thighs.

Although Tom wasn’t tied to them this time. It wasn’t like he could go anywhere. The fall to the tiles below would likely hurt, and even if he were to immediately enter a sprint as soon as he hit the ground, there was nowhere he could go where Tess couldn’t catch him.

Tom stared up at the open, soaked labia, and took a deep breath. His body was haphazardly mashed against it, while his giantess captor tugged on the waistband and wiggled her hips, doing her best to work him as deep as she could.

“Gawd, you feel good down there, Tom. Like a little candy for my pussy to suck on,” She huffed.

Tom kicked and squirmed against the force of her underwear, as it seemed to be trying to force him into her. This nearly brought her over the edge, but the day had been long, and she wanted to get home.

While biting her bottom lip, Tess squeezed her thighs together and flexed her kegel muscles. This seemed to do the trick, as Tom instantly became still.

She quickly walked towards the bathroom exit, ready to start her commute home.



Back at her apartment, Tess wasted no time undressing herself. She had unfinished business with Tom to attend to.


Poor Tom dangled from Tess' fingers as she carried him towards her nightstand. His heart leapt to his throat as soon as he saw what was there. Two giant black dildos, many times his size, standing on top.



Tess lowered her arm and dangled Tom next to the fatter of the two. “Tom, meet Gus. He and I go back a ways. Lately I’ve been neglecting him. Now that ‘Kyle’s’ gone, I figured you could help us try and rekindle that spark. You see, he’s too smooth for my taste, and could use something extra. Something to give him some added texture.”

Tom found it hard to listen to her diatribe. He was too distracted by the daunting size of this rubber phallus. It was so much bigger and wider than he was, and far exceeded anything Lynn had ever used.



A woman with dark hair and glasses is shown from the chest up, holding a black vibrator. A tiny, nude man is perched on the tip of the vibrator's head. The background is a dark, marbled wall.

Tess produced what appeared to be a rubber, translucent cock ring. Placing Tom near the tip of her toy, she looped the ring around him, and secured him to the fake rubber glans.

“You know, Tom. I’m not sure how much you heard, but I spoke with Lynn about you earlier today. We spoke about the possibility of me returning you, but if I’m being honest, I still haven’t decided yet.

Tom had heard, and he knew better than to get his hopes up. People like Tess never give, they only take.

“I was thinking that maybe instead I could find her a real man. One to help her move on from you.”

“What makes you think she'd want that?” Tom argued. “We love each other, and she’s just as into the giantess fetish as I am.”

“Silly little man. Always thinking with the thing between your legs. Giantess is just a fetish. Something to help pass the time. Deep down, every woman wants the real thing. A man who can hold her, take her on dates, even marry her someday. A man who could actually fuck her proper. Not some toy to twiddle her bean with. Lynn’s no different.” Tess said, allowing a moment for her words to sink in. “Don’t worry, I’ll let her borrow you from time to time. Like whenever he goes away on business.”



Tom was about to respond, when all of a sudden he was brought towards the giantess' open mouth.

“Let’s get you lubed up first,” Tess said.

Tom, along with the tip of the dildo, were shoved into her mouth. Tess sucked on it like an oversized popsicle. When she finally did remove him, he was completely covered in stale saliva. A strand of her drool still adhering to him like a clingy ex.

“There, now you’re ready.”

Tess lowered the dildo down between her legs with Tom facing the ceiling. She wanted to be able to see as she slowly fed him to her snatch.

“Take a deep breath. It might be a while before you get another.”



Tom looked up towards the ominous hairy gash.
After an entire day of sitting and teasing herself,
Tess' arousal was as pungent and overpowering as
her personality.

"In you go," Tess said.

Tom let out a whimper as he along with the dildo
were slowly fed to the giant pussy.



“Ooh yea!” Tess exclaimed as she shoved the entire dildo all the way inside.

It wasn't the same as 'Kyle,' but in some ways, better. With the addition of Tom, she was able to enjoy the additional girth her old dildo provided her without sacrificing the grooves and textures a shrunken body provided.



Tess twisted the dildo and Tom around inside her as if he were a pig on a spit. All the way around, until she felt Tom right back at the top, pressed up against her g-spot.

“Ah fuck!” She cried out.

Tess clenched her kegel muscles as hard as she could. She felt herself squirt a little, having what she’d categorize as a mini-orgasm.

Then, without any further ado, she started plunging him in and out. Over and over again. Moving slow at first, but quickly ramping up to a nice, steady rhythm.



As soon as he was plunged into her depths, Tom's entire body was coated by a thick film of her juices. Warm, humid air, pungent with her scent invaded his senses.

All of a sudden, he was twisted around. It was as if Tess was trying to make sure he touched every single inch of her. Then, once he was back up at the top, he felt her walls starting to cave in. Thousands and thousands of pounds of raw, sexual power, came down on him. He could hear her cry out above, as juices sprayed all around him.

Then, the walls around him began to relax, and Tess slowly began removing the dildo. For a moment he thought it might be over. That this was only meant to be a quickie.

His hopes were quickly dashed away when she began shoving it back in. In and out he went. The soaked walls of her greedy snatch rubbing and squeezing him with each pass.





With an ugly, wet-sounding queef, Tom and the dildo were removed from Tess' vagina. A thick layer of cum was basted onto him, while more of it trailed behind, out of her opening.

"Ah...ah....please...no...more," He panted.

Tess held him there, just outside of her drooling pussy.

"Nuh, uh little man. This is just a little break to catch our breath."

Before he could so much as protest, Tess shoved Tom and the dildo back inside.

This time she didn't need any sort of warming up. She rammed him in and out of herself as routinely as she would any other dildo.

Tess curled her legs back, savoring the stretched sensation this position provided her. She could feel Tom's struggles a little more, each time he was shoved inside like this.





Tom was like a sculpture on a battering ram, as Tess used him and the dildo to wage war on her insides. Cum was literally everywhere around him. Splashing all about, getting into his every orifice. Her walls were spasming so powerfully that he could hardly get a breath in. And the speed at which he and the dildo were being pumped inside of her was like nothing Lynn had ever done to him before. It was a miracle he had remained conscious.



Tess shoved the dildo in as deep as it would go, finally allowing her orgasm to take over.

“Aah...yes...yes you fucking bug, ungh!” She screamed.

Tess removed the thoroughly used up dildo and Tom, and carefully dumped them onto the stained bedsheets between her legs.

“Ah, that was nice,” She sighed as she laid back to enjoy the afterglow.

Tom was a barely-alive wreck. His head wrung and his body felt bruised. Each time he tried to breathe, he instead hacked up a thick glob of cum.



The giant CEO sat up and eyed the mess she left below. Tom looked worn, even to her.

“Was it as good for you as it was for me?” She joked. “Here, let’s give you a little time off the clock. I think you earned it.”

Tess reached down and plucked him from the rubber strap that he was fastened with. Instead of bringing him up to her face, she placed him on the inside of her left breast. The cum he was still covered with acted as an adhesive, instantly glueing him to the warm, fatty flesh.

“There, where it’s nice ‘n warm.”



Daryl looked up from the red mug on the nightstand, and up at the giant bitch he knew as Tess looming over him. She had a comically large dildo in hand, and a big, smug grin plastered across her face. He knew he was next, and exactly how she planned on using him.

As much as he despised anal at this size, if that's what you'd even call it, he couldn't help but get hard at the image above him. "No, down boy," he whispered down towards his junk.



Tess removed Daryl from the mug and knelt down on the floor beside her bed. Daryl could see Tom plastered to her tit, his body covered in dried cum.

“Now it’s your turn,” Tess said as she suctioned the dildo onto the floor and carefully placed Daryl on its tip.

Daryl wrapped his arms and legs around its girth, hugging it like a monkey. “How about a little wine to loosen things up a bit?”

“You’re a toy. Toys don’t drink wine. Besides, I’m already loose,” Tess replied.



Daryl hung there as Tess got on her knees and positioned herself over the dildo. Her huge butt and hairy gash took up his entire landscape. The smell of her sweaty ass and aroused sex was thick in the air.

As daunting as this imminent threat was, his dick remained rock hard. “Seriously, little guy? You want to go into that?”



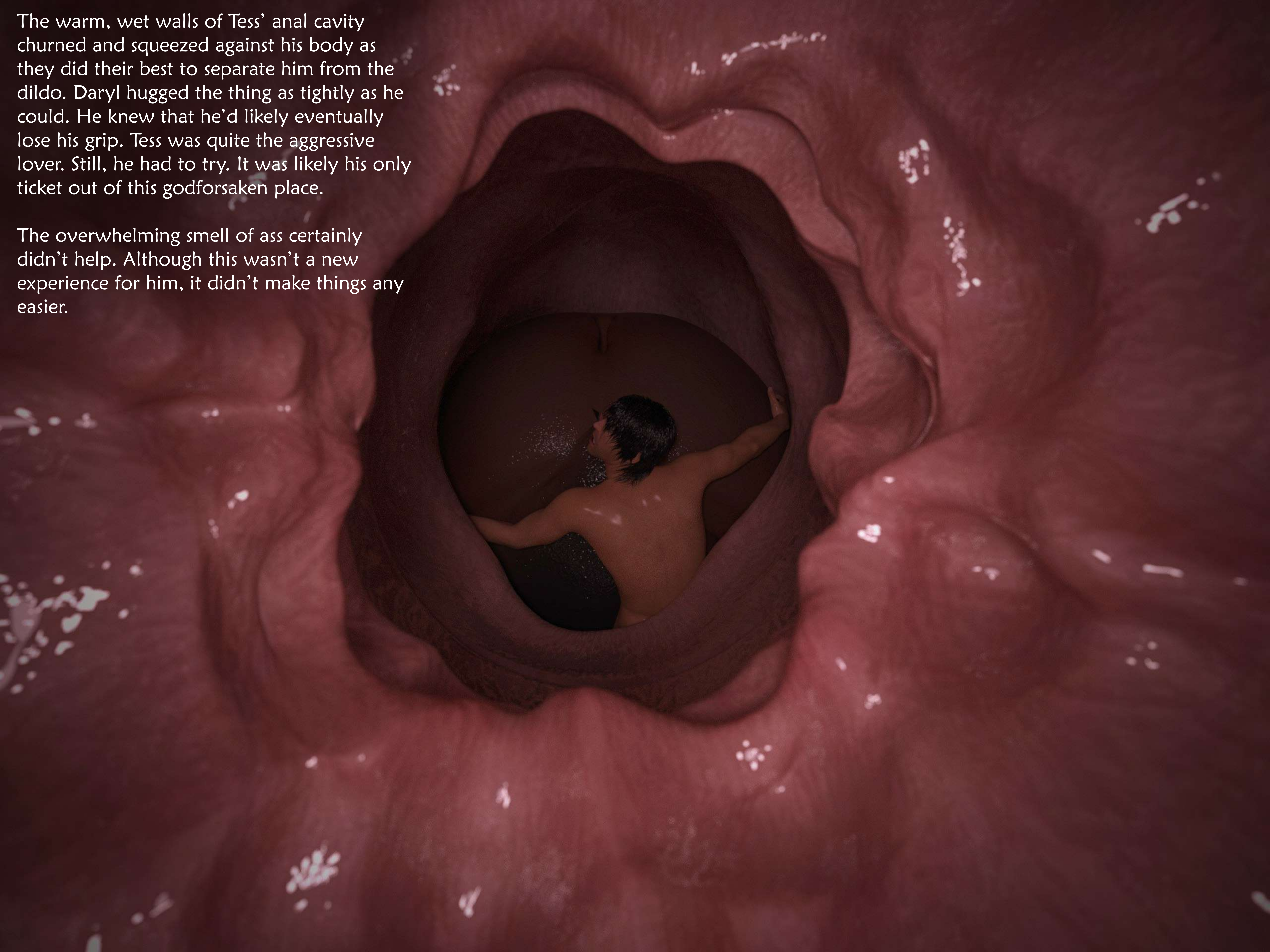
All of a sudden, Tess sat down.

The entire top of the dildo, along with the upper half of Daryl's body, was instantly plunged into the musty orifice.

"Mmm, I needed this," Tess moaned as she continued to sit down.

In a matter of seconds, Daryl was completely entombed within Tess' anus.





The warm, wet walls of Tess' anal cavity churned and squeezed against his body as they did their best to separate him from the dildo. Daryl hugged the thing as tightly as he could. He knew that he'd likely eventually lose his grip. Tess was quite the aggressive lover. Still, he had to try. It was likely his only ticket out of this godforsaken place.

The overwhelming smell of ass certainly didn't help. Although this wasn't a new experience for him, it didn't make things any easier.

Tom winced as Tess' right breast swung against him. It had been doing this each time she sat or rose from the dildo. And each time he just laid there, plastered to her breast with her dried-up cum, arms and legs glued down in a spread eagle position.

No matter how hard he tried, Tom couldn't unstick himself. He was completely defenseless, unable to shield himself or his crotch, from the jiggly onslaught of Tess' heavy udder.



Up and down, up and down, the world around him went. Daryl clung on for dear life, hoping Tess would soon tire or reach her completion. In his heart, he knew this not to be true.

Time wore on. Daryl's arms and legs began to grow tired. Soon, he was unable to hold on any longer.

With one final plunge, Daryl was shot off the dildo, and into Tess' colon. As he looked around he realized that this area was unfamiliar to him. It dawned on him that he was deeper than he'd ever been before.

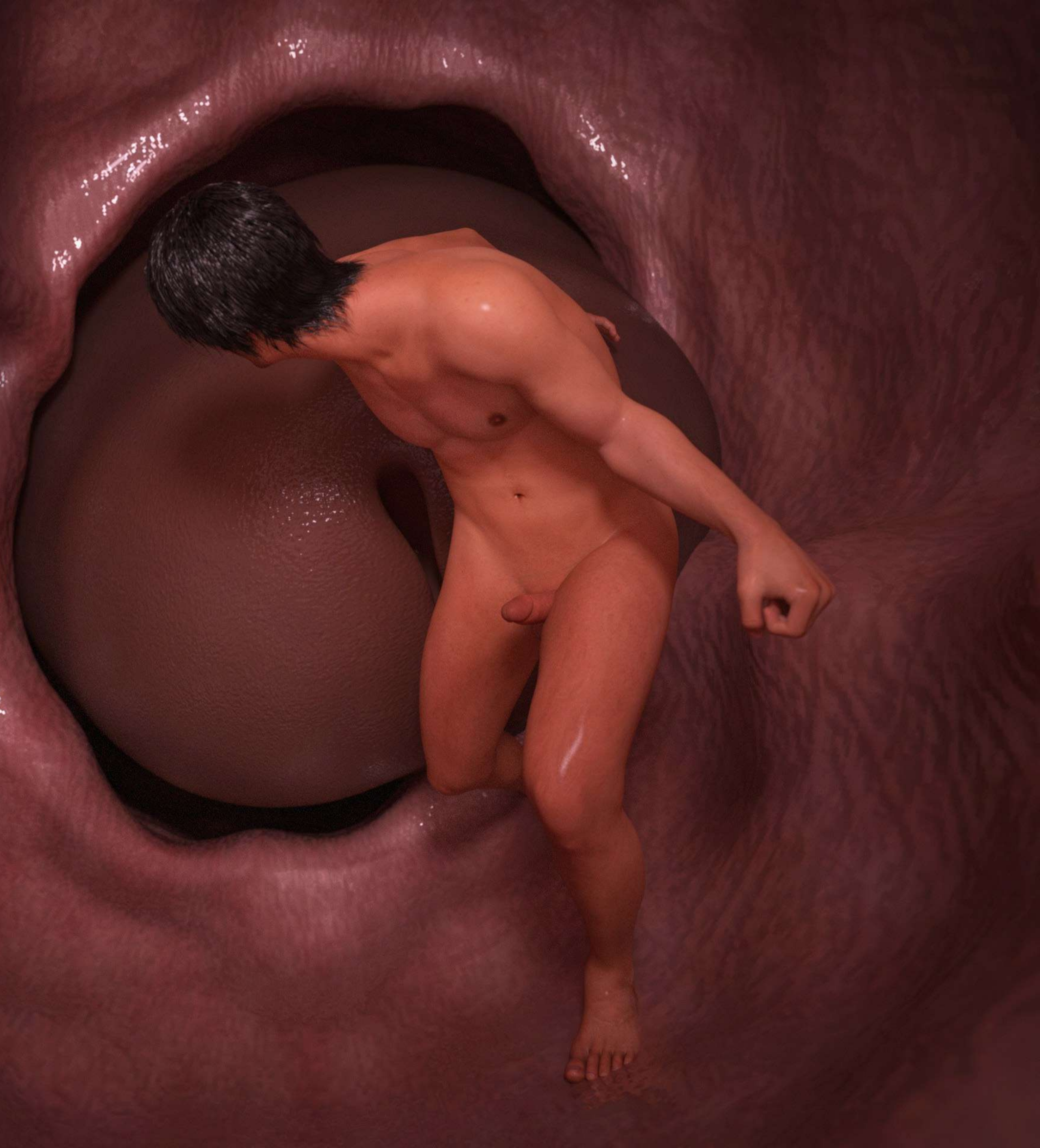


“OH, take it you little shit,” Tess’ loud voice boomed above.

Daryl couldn’t help but chuckle at her choice of words, He really did feel like a turd right now.

The world around him began to tilt forward. Tess must’ve been arching her back. She’d do that whenever she was close.

Suddenly, the Dildo came tunnelling towards him. Daryl jumped to his feet and ran the only direction he could. Up.





“AAah!” Tess screamed as she sat all the way down.

Pangs of pleasure shot through her body like jolts of electricity. Cum squirted out of her while her anus spasmed around the dildo and her favorite anal toy.

The whole time, Tess pictured Daryl, humiliatingly shoved to the deepest parts of her ass. It took every ounce of willpower not to fall into an orgasmic heap on the floor.

Tom, just like Tess, couldn't hold back any longer. The constant bumps and rubs against her lively breast became too much for him to handle. Try as he might, he simply couldn't stop his body from reacting to the stimulation and raw sexual power that Tess surrounded him with.

As Tess sat down fully and cried out in ecstasy, her breast swung against Tom once again, rubbing and smothering his nob in fleshy warmth.

"Ah!" He cried out.

Tiny ropes of seed shot out of Tom and onto Tess' breast.

Tom looked down at his crotch in shame. He knew it wasn't his fault, but that didn't stop how disgusted he felt. Like after one of his chat sessions with Jez.



Tess slowly raised herself off of the dildo. She had half a mind to continue, but the day was growing late, and she had other things to tend to. As soon as the dildo was finally released, she noticed that Daryl was no longer on it.

She clenched her anus, attempting to push the little turd out. Only instead of feeling his pathetic little body mole his way out, she felt a slight tickle deep inside.

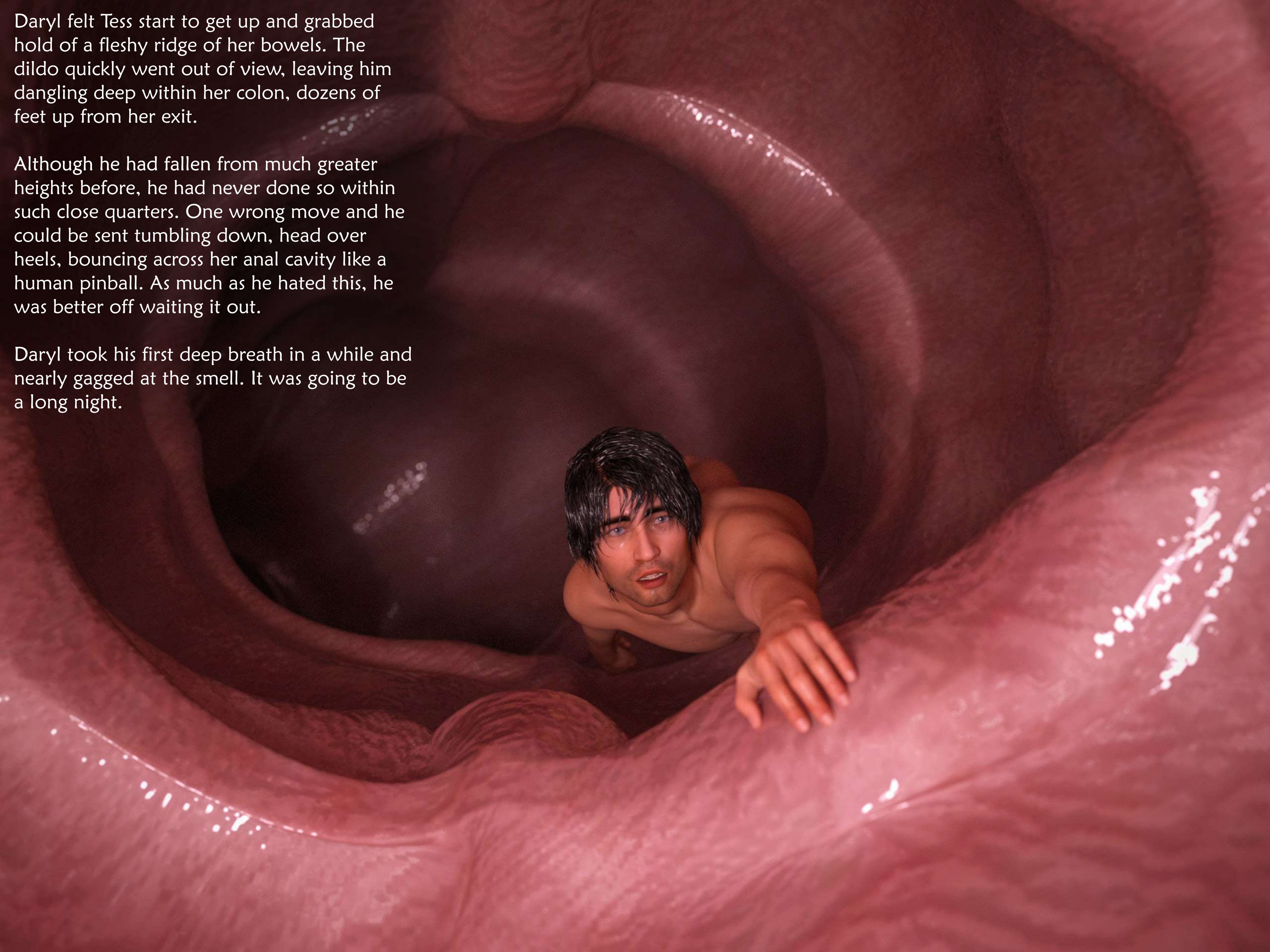
“I guess you really were home sick. That’s ok, I won’t kick you out. Not until morning at least,” Tess said.



Daryl felt Tess start to get up and grabbed hold of a fleshy ridge of her bowels. The dildo quickly went out of view, leaving him dangling deep within her colon, dozens of feet up from her exit.

Although he had fallen from much greater heights before, he had never done so within such close quarters. One wrong move and he could be sent tumbling down, head over heels, bouncing across her anal cavity like a human pinball. As much as he hated this, he was better off waiting it out.

Daryl took his first deep breath in a while and nearly gagged at the smell. It was going to be a long night.



“What do you think of that smell, pussy boy?” Tess taunted as she shoved the head of the dildo in front of Tom.

Tom tried to turn away from the dildo. It was so emasculating, not to mention smelly. The thing smelled like a horrible mix of cum and ass.

“Ooh, are you getting another hard-on? And so soon after you came. You must really like the smell of my ass, huh lil guy?”



“Well, don’t expect me to even feel that thing. I had a hard enough time feeling your whole body, let alone your pinprick for a cock,” Tess added.

While Tom remained stuck, Tess grabbed her pajamas and began dressing herself.





Tess checked her phone to see if Carol had responded. Nothing yet. That wasn't like her. She was usually quite good with her communications. Slightly worried, she sent another message, before moving on to the next contact.

But before she was able to get very far, a tiny Tom had caught the corner of her eye. He looked so pathetic stuck to her tit in dried-up cum. Tess giggled slightly as she pictured how Lynn might react.

Tess waited another moment before setting her phone to silent. If Carol didn't respond by morning, she could always just go to her address and sort things out in person. Until then, she needed a good night's rest.

Tess grabbed her favorite book and carefully laid down on her bed. She smiled at the small squeak Tom let out as her enormous breasts steamrolled over him. Then, after turning the page to where she last left off, Tess began to read.



“Mmmmyou luiike thaat?” Julia garbled.

Alex grabbed her hair and humped back. He was still taken aback by how much bigger than him she was. Julia’s head was nearly half the size of him. And with that size, came power. The blowjob she was giving him felt like a wet, warm vacuum.

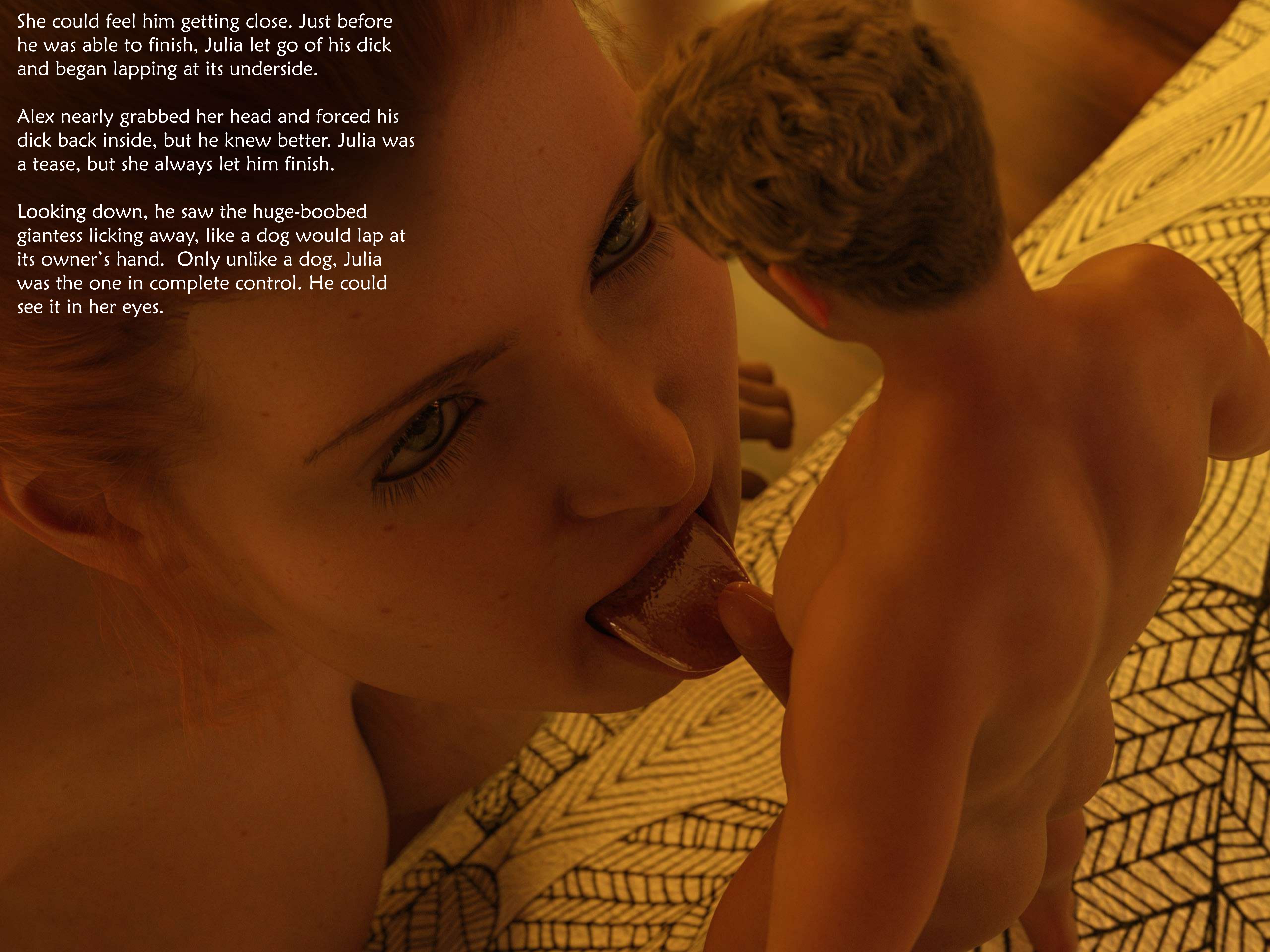


Julia cupped his tiny little bum and pressed him against her lips.

“”Oh...fuck. That’s it. Just like that,” Alex moaned.

“Mmmhmm,” Julia hummed around his lips as she continued her oral assault on his genitals.





She could feel him getting close. Just before he was able to finish, Julia let go of his dick and began lapping at its underside.

Alex nearly grabbed her head and forced his dick back inside, but he knew better. Julia was a tease, but she always let him finish.

Looking down, he saw the huge-boobed giantess licking away, like a dog would lap at its owner's hand. Only unlike a dog, Julia was the one in complete control. He could see it in her eyes.

“Ah!” Alex cried out as Julia pressed him against her head and lifted him up.

He instinctively grabbed hold as his giant lover sucked on his dick. She was holding him at head height, yet to him it felt like he was over twenty feet up. Her sucking now felt like a warm shop vac strapped to his dick. It hurt as much as it felt good.



“Eep!” Alex yelled.

Julia slammed Alex’s fragile body against the wall. She used one hand to hold both his arms above his head while the other spread his legs.

“Hold still, lover.”

Alex was completely defenceless as his T-Rex-sized lover forced her face against his abdomen and sucked harder than she ever had before. It felt like she was trying to suck his dick clean off. As she was doing this, she began using her tongue to flick and stroke his shaft.

It all became too much for Alex. With a pathetic cry, he finally let go.



Julia continued to suck as Alex's dick pumped out more and more seed. It was surprising how much sperm a guy his size could produce. Eventually, her mouth became completely full. With a final suck, she removed her lips from his dick and allowed the rest of it to spurt out over her tits below.



After allowing him to finish, Julia carefully set her teddy-bear sized lover down. Only as soon as she did, she noticed that he was yet again sporting a raging boner.

Julia leaned over him, fascinated by his superhuman refractory period. "How is that even possible? You practically released your weight in cum just seconds ago."

"Hehe, sorry. It's hard not to be constantly turned on around someone like you," Alex complimented.

Julia smirked at the ease and level of confidence in his game. "Well, maybe I'll help you out again. But first, you owe me one."





Alex looked up in awe as his twenty one foot lover stepped forward and straddled his much smaller body. Calves bigger than he was led up to powerful thighs, each of which was the width of an oak tree. Between them lay a quickly widening gash, adorned with a healthy landing strip just above its puffy lips. Past that, sat a soft yet trim belly, with breasts the size of yoga balls resting just above. Each had a nipple he could literally grasp like a joystick. Above all this sexual real-estate, sat Julia's flushed face, complete with a toothy smile.

Alex could feel the love in her expression. It was practically beaming down at him. But there was also something else. Something more primal. Hungry even. Like a cross between desire and domination. Whether he liked it or not, he belonged to her, and he had no say in what happened next.

"Looks like you're a little too short to get on this ride," Julia joked. "Hold on, I have an idea."

Julia thought back to when she was a little girl and too short to see over the table. During that time, her mom would often place a stack of books on the seat for her to sit on.

Half laughing to herself, Julia walked over to her bookshelf and retrieved a stack that she was certain would boost Alex to his target height.

“Upsy daisy,” she joked as she grasped her diminutive lover and placed him on top.



Alex ignored the emasculating ramifications of this book stunt, and instead looked ahead. Love it or hate it, Julia was right. He was precisely the right height.

“I hope you’re hungry,” Julia huffed.





“Don’t move,” Julia said.

Alex did as he was told and stood there, motionless, as his lover stepped forward. The puffy lips of her vagina, and the thick landing strip of curly red hairs just above it, took up his whole field of vision. The smell of her excitement mixed with sweat and body wash filled his nostrils. His entire world was her crotch.

With her womanhood presented to him on a silver platter Julia was more than ready for him to return the favor.

“What are you waiting for? Lick,” She commanded.

Alex didn't need to be told twice. He spread his arms as wide as he could and braced himself against her thighs.

“Ooh, your hands feel so tiny,” Julia shivered.

“Now you hold still!” Alex joked. He then leaned forward and began to lick.



Julia's reaction was instant. Her body stiffened, and she immediately reached down and pressed Alex against herself. He felt so good down there with his little head pressed between her lips. Like an oversized dildo fighting to get past. Maybe it could with a little time and work. Julia groped her breast and started aggressively humping his face.

"Ungh, right there you little manlet," She cried out.



Alex barely got a breath in before Julia took over. As much as he loved the effect he was having on her, it felt less like oral and more like she was using him. Roughly rubbing and pressing his head into herself as if his head were an oversized sex toy.

“Fuck me, just get in there already, will ya?” Julia huffed. If only you were just a little bit smaller. Then your head would pop right in.”





Julia had manhandled Alex's head into just the right angle. Then, after using some of her weight, she squatted down until his entire face was completely inserted.

"MMmm...almost, just a little bit more," Julia huffed.

“Godammit, Alex. Quit putzing around and....HOLY shit!”

Jolts of electricity shot from her loins spread across her entire body. She had humped and wedged his head so hard against her opening that it finally passed its threshold.

Julia wobbled back and steadied herself from falling. Only instead of Alex slipping out like one might expect, her snatch clamped down even harder, resulting in him being left suspended in midair. Julia’s pussy was so powerful that it was able to hold his entire weight.



What started as traditional oral sex, quickly turned into his Julia using his head like a sex toy. Her incessant comments about wanting him smaller while she humped his head certainly didn't help.

She eventually pressed so hard that his entire head had been forced into her. Now he was left trapped between her legs, suspended in midair, while her greedy pussy squeezed his head and constricted his airway.

Alex's entire head was completely drenched in Julia's wetness. He couldn't even scream let alone breathe as her pussy continued its relentless hold.





“Oh god. I’m cumming! I’m cumming!!” Julia cried out.

A firehouse of cum squirted out from the cracks between Alex’s neck and her fat lips, while her crotch clamped down and began a series of spasms. It was a miracle she hadn’t fallen to her knees, but in the back of her mind, she knew something like that could result in serious harm to her undersized lover.

After what felt like hours to Alex, but only seconds to Julia, the oversexed redhead released her pussy's hold on his head. An obnoxious queef could be heard echoing across the room as his skull splotted out from her opening. The worn head-giver fell to the floor in a tired, cum-stained, unconscious heap.





Julia never came that hard before. It was practically life-changing. She made a mental note to do this more often with him.

For now, she wanted to show Alex how much she appreciated him. She carefully grasped him from the floor and pressed him into her warm, inviting breast.


The sudden warmth startled Alex, but he quickly calmed when he realized where he was. Julia may have gone a little too far, but she made him feel safe, and that meant the world to him.

Julia sat down and cradled him against her breast.
“Here, you need to eat.”

Alex couldn't argue. Their little session had left
him quite hungry. He hugged the sides of her
breast and dove right in.

“Ooh, somebody's hungry!” Julia commented.
“Save room for the other one. You know how I
hate feeling lopsided.”



A photograph of a woman lying in bed with a man and a child. The woman is on the right, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The man is on the left, lying on his side with his back to the camera. A small child is lying between them, also on their side. The bed has a patterned blanket with large, stylized leaf or feather designs. The room is dimly lit with warm, yellow light.

“I’m sorry I got carried away back there. You know I already decided how small I wanted you, so you needn’t worry. That was just bedroom talk,” Julia whispered.

Alex didn’t respond.

Julia draped her arm across her chest and hugged the sleepy body that lay sandwiched between her tits. He was far too warm and tired to remain awake. Not while he was nestled somewhere so soft and inviting.

“Hehe, look at you. All tuckered out. You’re like a little stuffed animal laying there between my boobies,” Julia cooed.

It felt good having him like this. A little human wedge to support her achy breasts. Only there was no way he could stay asleep like that. Not while hunched over in his adorably awkward position. Perhaps she could slide a pillow beneath his legs so she could keep him between her breasts while they slept. For now, she wanted to enjoy this moment.

A moment with her expert cuddler and head-giver. A moment with Alex.

Carol
Height: 5ft6
Weight: 123lbs
M: 32C-24-36
Height to tinies: 200ft
Weight to tinies: 2957tns



Tess
Height: 6ft
Weight: 154lbs



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



Hannah
Height: 1.94in
Weight: 1.3g
Calories: 35



Lynn
Height: 6ft
Weight: 156lbs
M: 36E-30-44
Height to tinies: 229ft
Weight to tinies: 3845tns



Susan
Height: 5ft10
Weight: 177lbs
M: 36G-34-44
Height to Alex: 12ft8
Weight to Alex: 4tns

Alex
Height: 1ft7.5
Weight: 4lbs



Helen
Height: 6ft3
Weight: 198lbs
M: 38G-36-52
Height to Ken: 63ft
Weight to Ken: 89.8tns



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

Ken
Height: 7.2in
Weight: 81g

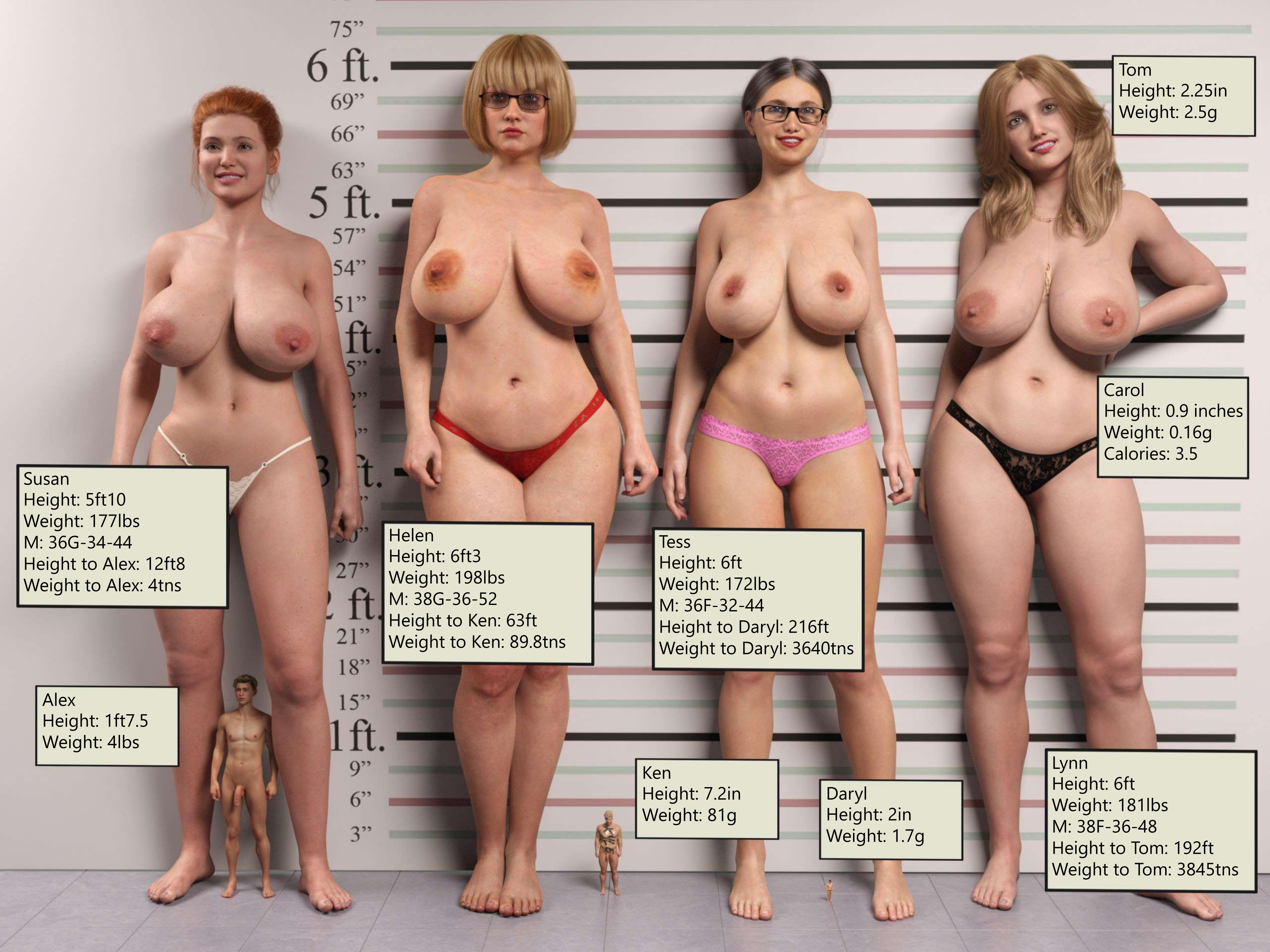
Daryl
Height: 2in
Weight: 1.7g



Tom
Height: 2.25in
Weight: 2.5g

Carol
Height: 0.9 inches
Weight: 0.16g
Calories: 3.5

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



To Be Continued...

Thank you for purchasing and supporting my work. More of my work is available for free at <https://openhighhat.deviantart.com>

Thanks to ryald666 for proofreading. Check out his excellent size photography and renders at <https://www.deviantart.com/ryald666>