

Little Things Inc 5

A Forty-Two Conclusion



BY JSM+OHH

“So is that a no?” Daryl asked the woman standing across from him in the bug box.

“No,” Michelle said back definitively.

“No as in, it’s not a ‘no’, or no, as in you and Nick are NOT up for a threesome?” Daryl prodded further.

Michelle sighed a lungful of air. “Have you always been like this?”

Daryl however was no longer paying attention. His eyes had been drawn to something else behind her.

“Hello? Earth to Daryl!”

“Huh?” Daryl asked.

Michelle turned around to see what had distracted him- two GIANT breasts, rising and falling with each breath the older woman took. “Ah for fuckssake.”



Tess grabbed the packet of Splenda-branded Stevia and ripped it open over her coffee. By now she knew Carol was gone, either captured and taken into custody, or worse. But that was then and this is now. In fact, this was the moment that would determine the rest of her life.

“Let’s skip the pleasantries. Do you have him?” Helen asked. Tess’ old boy toy lay bound on the table beneath her chest in what was an obvious flex of leverage.


Tess picked up her mug and took a slow sip from her hot drink before answering. “Yes, I do.”



The smug CEO stood up, reached into her panties, and fished out the one in question. “He’s right here.”

Tom kicked and screamed as he was dragged out of the hot, cramped confines of Tess’ crotch. He had spent the entire morning wedged tightly beneath her steamy puss. It had been hours since his last breath of fresh air, and it had only come after he was forcefully pinched by his ankle and dangled upside down dozens of feet above the marble conference table.





Tess mindlessly fidgeted with Tom's body as she argued back and forth with Helen, negotiating the terms of her company's surrender. With each exchange she'd wave Tom about, using him to gesture with as if he were any other object.

"Injectables are only one of a few release methods that we've developed. We have two others that are freely available, gas and liquid spray, as well as four that are currently in production. In fact, Carol was even working on a formula that could be given through food. Say, you wouldn't happen to know her whereabouts, would you?"

Helen ignored Tess' jab about Carol's disappearance and continued. "We'll want them all, along with Tom. In exchange I can promise you safety."

“Safety?! Ha!” Tess laughed, waving poor Tom around once more. “Helen, dear, I have a private jet and pilot on standby. I can be out of the country before you could even muster up a warrant. No, I want full immunity, complete access to my bank accounts, and Tom here. Unless of course you’re willing to trade ‘Kyle’ for him.”

“His name is Ken, and he belongs to me now,” Helen firmly responded.

“Whatever his name is. I want HIM, along with everything else I just outlined. Then and only then can you have my company, and Lynn can get her precious Tom back,” Tess demanded with Tom still trapped between her fingertips.



Helen sipped her coffee while she stared back at Tess silently. Her face was completely devoid of any sign of emotion. She set the mug down with a loud clunk and let out an audible sigh.

“No.”



“In that case, I guess I’ll have to keep Tom here. Tell Lynn she couldn’t have him back because you were too greedy to give up that little sex toy of yours.”

Tess brought Tom, kicking and screaming, up to her smiling face. “Hear that lil guy? You and I are going to be spending a whole lot more time together.”



Tom felt the world around him rush by as his giant captress lowered him back towards her waist. Her other hand had already conveniently pried open the waistbands of her pants and underwear. Her thick bush puffed out into the open space of her stretched underwear, taunting him with its unkempt curls. Tess didn't care if he liked it or not, he was a toy. Her toy.

Then, without warning, she let go.

Tom flailed through the air as he fell thirty plus feet, all the way down to the shadowy prison of Tess' crotch.



Tess released her fingers from her waistband and pressed Tom through the fabric. It usually took her a moment to line them up with her opening, but she always thought it was time well spent. Tess then patted her crotch and gestured for them to leave.

“Sorry to cut this short but I have a plane to catch.”

Julia and Helen both got up and headed towards the exit, with Tess trailing close behind. “You do know we’ll find you. We’re the US government. We can find anyone.”

Tess smiled as she brandished a syringe from her front pocket.



Things usually went Tess' way whenever she planned out her moves. Over the past few days, that's exactly what she did. From the pilot on standby, to her negotiation tactics, everything had been carefully mapped out. All she had to do was reach out and take what was hers.

Tess paused for a moment to reflect. She knew things were about to escalate, and she wanted to remember as much about it as she could. From the sounds and smells around her, to even how the air tasted. She wanted to savor every little detail so she could go back to it whenever she pleased. Like reliving a fond memory. After all, winning was one of her favorite things in life.



Tess opened her eyes and stared down at the slowly dwindling rat. Sue, Julia....whatever her name was, she wasn't a person anymore. She was a tiny, shrinking pest in dire need of disposal. That was something that Tess would gladly take care of.



A few feet behind them stood Helen, and in her palm lay someone that Tess was dying to get her hands on. That little cunt. She gave Lynn EVERYTHING, and this was how she repaid her? She'd be lucky if she lasted the night.

Helen on the other hand was a tough read. Tess had tried to flip her, but she couldn't really tell how far she had gotten. Just that she wanted to meet her in person or there'd be a warrant out for her arrest.

Helen must've decided to double-cross Lynn and what's-her-name without saying anything. She would've needed to get ahold of some shrinking formula, but with Carol gone, who's to say she hadn't already?

Still, things didn't quite add up. For starters, when did Helen actually shrink Lynn? Was it before the meeting? If so, why bother to have a meeting at all? If the entire point of it was to throw what's-her-name off, couldn't Helen have more easily shrunk her on her own time, like she did with Lynn?

The biggest elephant in the room was how Helen knew that Tess would go through with shrinking what's-her-name. Sure, it was a likely possibility, but wouldn't that be something she'd want to confirm with her first? Not a single thing about this made any sense.

Tess closed her eyes. It was what she did whenever she needed to concentrate.

“Tess!...Wake up!”

“Who said that?!” Tess yelled back as she darted her head around to see where it came from.

“TESS!” The voice boomed again.



Tess opened her eyes to a view she never thought possible. Hundreds of feet up stood the hulking forms of Helen and what's-her-name. They were humongous, literal titans compared to her.

Only they weren't actually giant. Tess was the one that had changed.

"Look boss, she's waking up!" Julia said.




The three women who had successfully collaborated with one another stood above the pile of clothes where a now five-inch Tess resided. She didn't look like her usual self. Instead, she looked completely helpless- buck naked and shivering.

Tom, who was finally free from Tess' clutches, did his best to make himself known by placing himself on the open tile. This worked, but the women were more interested in Tess at that particular moment.

"So, a deal's a deal. Tom is safe and sound while Tess is yours to do as you please. Can I count on your cooperation before and after the takeover?" Helen asked.

"Yes, of course." Lynn said. "But first, I've got a few things to take care of."



A 3D rendered scene showing a woman with dark hair and a shocked expression being held up by a giant, pink, fleshy hand. She is wearing a white bikini. The hand is part of a much larger, pink, fleshy figure that dominates the frame. The background is a tiled floor with a square light fixture. Other parts of the larger figure, including legs in black underwear, are visible around the edges of the frame.

After carefully retrieving her most prized possession, Lynn reached down and plucked the flailing little bitch she once knew as Tess. Only now she was no longer a person. She was a toy, and an oddly-sized one at that.

Five inches was too large for most things, and too small for that one, other thing. However, Lynn had something specific in mind for her. A job. One that would fit her quite nicely.

“Up you go!” She teased as she whisked her up to her chest.

Tom breathed a sigh of relief as his body was enveloped in warm, lavender-scented flesh. Lynn's bra cup was his bed away from beds and the one that he had missed most. He could see the slightest sheen of sweat on her creamy skin, while a tiny drop of milk began to form at the tip of her nipple. Everything around him was richly scented with Lynn's love. It smelled like home to him.

Lynn smiled down at him. She wanted to take him into one of the empty rooms and kiss him for hours, but she knew she couldn't do that just yet. She had someone else to deal with first. After taking one last look at him, Lynn released her bra cup, sending her loving Tom into a peaceful sleep against her bosom.



Lynn gripped Tess like a microphone and brought her up to her mouth. This might be one of the last moments she'd ever get alone with her, and she wanted to make sure she didn't miss a second of it.

"B...but how?!" Tess yelled. It was tough for her to speak with Lynn gripping her so tightly.

"You can thank Carol for that. Her final act was creating a tasteless formula that we could hide in food. I slipped it into that Stevia crap you're always putting in your coffee."



“Why? I gave you everything, Lynn. Was it Tom? I was planning on giving him back to you!” Tess argued.

“No you weren’t,” Lynn said as she gave her a squeeze. “But that’s beside the point. This, all of this, is for Hannah.”

For years Tess thought that Lynn had still harbored those feelings. It’s why she never invited her into her inner circle. But after the launch of Small Mercies, their conflict with Hannah seemed like a distant memory. She should’ve listened to her gut.

“What are you going to do to me?” Tess asked.

“Well...unlike Carol, you’re too big to swallow- try as I might. No, I have something else planned for you.”



Lynn pried open her bra and deposited the now begging Tess beneath her large breast. “Goodness you’re a lively one. You don’t even know where I’m taking you yet,” Lynn laughed.

Tess was overwhelmed by the sheer size of Lynn’s tit. She wasn’t much bigger than her when they were both six feet tall, but now...

“Please! Lynn, I’ll give you anything. I have money! Lots and lots of money! It’s in an offshore account, I just-“

“You mean the one with 32.4 million? Or the other one you have in bytecoin? Thanks, but I’m good. The U.S. government is going to seize all of it anyway. You should see what they have planned,” Lynn said.

“No...Please..mmpphh!” Tess cried out just before Lynn released her bra.



Lynn took a deep breath and smiled. It was the first time she felt like she could in days. She had her Tom back, and the one thing she had spent years cultivating had finally come to fruition. Lynn had turned the tables on Tess, and now was the time to sit back and enjoy.



“Vick! Come over here and feel her. She’s perfect,” Steph exclaimed while she squeezed, poked, and prodded the five-inch woman.

“In a second! Do you see what I’m dealing with? I can’t even get a moment’s rest without her trying to jump me,” Vicky joked.

She wasn’t wrong. Vicky and Lynn only had a brief exchange of pleasantries before the much younger Steph butted in. She wanted her partner to feel how soft and warm their new toy felt.

Lynn smiled back. “Well, in her defense she’s been waiting awfully long for someone this size to come along. As good as this LONG, THICK little fella to my right must feel, you and I both know there is one specific use-case for a five-incher like Tess.”

“Do they even feel that good stuffed up your booty hole? I’ve never been a fan of anal and I don’t think a tiny is going to change that,” Vicky explained.

“Honey, you have no idea,” Lynn said.



“Ok, enough talk. Let’s seal the deal, Vicks. It’s not going to get any better than this, certainly not after the government takes over,” Stephanie said.

Vicky eyed the tiny brunette dangling from her girlfriend’s fingertips. She looked so pathetic and helpless, a far cry from the powerful, six-foot woman she once was. Maybe she would feel good?

“And you’re saying we’ll be completely immune? So long as we stop the videos and have Henry sign this ownership agreement? I thought we already owned him...”

“You did in the eyes of Little Things. Now that the US government is involved, we need to draft the proper paperwork. Dot our i’s, cross our t’s, you know how these things go,” Lynn explained. “I already have the signed agreement for Tess, so all I need is this one for Henry and I’ll be out of your hair.”

“How did you get her to sign?” Vicky started.

“Oh, I have my ways, BELIEVE me!” Lynn joked.

Vicky looked over at the eight and a half inch man on her table and smiled. “Henry, be a doll and come over here. I need you to sign something.”





Henry didn't have much of a choice. They could always just forge it, and who was going to catch that? At least if he signed it willingly they might be nicer to him.

He grabbed the pen with his arms and dragged it along the doc in what was his best attempt at replicating his pre-shrunk signature. Once he was done, Henry turned towards Steph, who was now on her knees, placing their newly acquired toy down in front of him.

“Henry, I'd like you to meet Tess,” Steph said. “Now I don't want you getting the wrong idea. You've been a wonderful little boy toy for us both. Vick's and I couldn't have asked for a better one, but there's ONE particular spot that you're just a little too big for.”

Henry stared down at the woman who stood roughly in line with his dick. It felt good to look down at a woman for a change, even if it was in this context.

“You can look but don't touch, Henry-bear. She's ours,” Steph instructed. “Hey Vicks, are you ready yet? Lynn's not going to wait outside forever.”

Vicky, who had stepped to the side, was in the middle of fighting her waistband over the bulk of her ass. “Just another second, I think these pants shrunk with the wash.”

“You sure it’s not your ass that grew?” Steph teased.

“Watch it,” Vicky warned.

“KIDDING! You know how much I love that big rump of yours. I’m sure little Tess here feels the same.”

Tess barely had enough time to process what was going on before the redhead snatched her up and held her under her mouth.

“Ready when you are!” Vicky announced.

“Just a moment. I gotta get this one lubed up first.”

Tess looked up and saw a huge glob of spit drooling down from the redhead’s mouth, and directly over her face. The string of drool broke, sending the big glob onto her defenseless head.

spit...cough... “Goddammit, just stop it already! I’ll make it worth your while,” Tess yelled as she tried to wiggle out of the redhead’s grip.

“She’s a lively one, Vicks. I think you’re going to like her,” Steph said as she continued to drool on the little spitfire.






Stephanie approached her bent-over girlfriend with their now thoroughly lubricated toy in hand. Vicky's huge ass was on full display for everyone in the room to see. Steph placed a hand on her left cheek and pried it apart.

This must've sent shocks of electricity through Tess, because Stephanie never felt someone squirm and wiggle that much. Not even Henry on his worst day.

"What's all that screaming? Is that Tess?" Vicky asked.

"Yeah, I think your big booty scares her," Steph said while aiming Tess' head for Vicky's backdoor hole.

"Mmm, you know just what to say to make a girl feel special," Vicky said sarcastically.

A woman in a white bikini is riding a giant penis. She is positioned on the shaft, with her legs wrapped around it. The penis is a large, realistic-looking object that dominates the scene. The woman is looking towards the camera with a concerned expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Tess looked up in horror at what lay ahead. The full weight of her future was finally beginning to dawn on her. Vicky’s huge, jiggly ass spread wide with a dark, puckering hole at the center of it. She could see it pulsating, like it was hungry.

“I have jewellery! Millions of dollars worth in diamonds and gemstones. Stop right now and it’s all yours!” Tess begged.


Steph gave her a playful squeeze and laughed. “No you don’t. It’s all been seized. Besides, we’ve been waiting far too long for a toy like you.”

Vicky bounced her hips in excitement, causing her big cakes of ass to wobble and clap against one another. “Go on and put her in me already!”

“Hear that little one? Vicky didn’t even want to try anal, but after taking one look at you it’s as if she got bitten by the butt bug,” Steph teased.

“Please! I’m...I’m begging you! I’m not even into girls,” Tess yelled.

Steph gripped Tess tighter and brought her right up to Vicky’s pungent hole. “That’s ok. You’re just a toy anyways.”

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's buttocks, showing the skin texture and the crease between the cheeks. A woman's head is visible, stuck inside the opening, with her eyes wide and mouth open in a state of shock or distress. The lighting is warm and somewhat dim, creating an intimate and intense atmosphere.

“Oh GOD no!” Tess cried out as she tried to turn away from the ghastly orifice. Her face pressed against its rough, slimy surface- greased by a thin layer of booty sweat that had dripped down from the small of her back.

The smell was like nothing she’d ever smelt before. She wondered if this was what it was like for her toys whenever she’d stick them down there. Was this how it was for Daryl?

“Mmm, she feels so much smaller than Henry. She’s perfect for this,” Vicky moaned.

“She most certainly is,” Steph agreed as she pressed Tess’ poor head even harder against Vicky’s outer rim and started to draw circles around it.

Cough...cough... “Please...not in there! I’ll do anything!”

Vicky pressed her hips back, threatening to finally swallow Tess’s head. “What’s she going on about?”

“Oh nothing, she’s just acclimating herself to the sounds and smell of your ass.”

“Sounds and smells?!” Vicky barked.

“Oh c’mon, every butt has a particular scent, and makes the occasional noise. Even ones as big and beautiful as yours. Now be a good butt plug and stay nice and stiff for Vicky. She works so hard to provide for us that she deserves a little me-time.”

“Ungh...I can’t take it anymore,” Vicky huffed.

The big booty amazon drove her hips back, swallowing not only Tess’ abused, spit-covered head, but her entire upper body as well in one fell swoop.

“OMG, I wish you could see this. It looks like you grew a little tail with legs!” Stephanie laughed.

Vicky bounced her hips once again, though this time it was out of sheer bodily response to the wonderful tickles that Tess’ body provided her with. Her enormous butt cheeks clapped threateningly around Tess’ half-inserted body, briefly blocking her legs from view each time they came into contact.

“Stop playing and push her in already,” Vicky gasped.

The athletic redhead placed a finger against Tess’ flailing legs and pressed.



“Fuuuuck that feels good,” Vicky moaned. Lynn and Steph were right. She felt as good as Henry did in her pussy, only...different.

“See! I told you you’d like it. We only needed someone the right size,” Stephanie replied.



Slowly but surely, Steph eased Tess' entire, pathetic form into Vicky's butt, all but her ankles. "There! How's she feel?"

"Mmm...like I want to keep her there all day, only taking her out so you can fasten her to our strap-on belt," Vicky moaned as she playfully wiggled her wide hips.

Steph couldn't help but stare down in awe at her girlfriend's big white cheeks, swaying and jiggling from side to side, adorned with two tiny feet kicking wildly from the bottom part of her crack. "You don't have to tell me twice."



Tess was a site to behold- or at least the part of her that was yet to be eaten by that huge lady's ass. Just two tiny feet peeking out of her puckering asshole. They kicked and twitched without remorse, desperately trying to free the rest of her body from that hellish prison. Of course that wasn't part of any well-thought plan, but rather her body's own reaction to being forced into such a hot, smelly, claustrophobic space.



“Fuck! Fuck! Mother fucking shit fuck! Gaaaah!” Tess screamed, clawing and scratching her hands against Vicky’s anal walls. “I gave her everything, and this is how she repays me? All because of that stupid, little cunt who tried to steal from me?! I should’ve shrunk that blonde bitch and ate her when I had the chance.”

The fetid walls around her flexed. A deep, threatening gurgle could be heard in the distance. Tess hoped it was her captor’s stomach and not something far worse.

Was this her life now? To be the living buttplug of a couple of oversexed lesbos? No. Not Tess. She was the CEO of a billion-dollar organization. She swallowed rivals whole- a literal man and woman eater. This was no different than any other boiler-room meeting she used to attend. If she could just hold onto that thought a little while longer, then maybe she could find herself a way out.

Tess would rather die before resigning herself to this fate. It was a disgusting way to live and it didn’t fit her. It was the same kind of life that she had gifted to Daryl, or that pathetic substitute that came before him. They were both little things that in her mind, had found their true calling.

They were toys. Just like she was.





“Ooh, I think I felt her hit something,” Vicky chuckled.

“It really was a pleasure doing business with you,” Lynn said as she shook the 6’3” woman’s hand. Her eyes couldn’t help but gaze down at her wide hips. Vicky’s entire body was thick, yet her butt jutted out like a stadium in a small town. She tried to picture Tess embedded deep between those hefty cheeks, buried beneath so many pounds of Vicky’s booty meat.

“Likewise, but what are you getting out of this? I know you wanted to get back at her for something, but we would’ve paid you. It’s not like we don’t have the means- “

“Vicks, don’t look a gift horse in the mouth!” Steph butted in.

With her hand still grasping the hand of the larger, big-bootied woman, Lynn smiled and explained. “No, no, that’s quite alright. You two have been looking for someone to service your sizable...I mean...healthy backside.”

“Go ahead and say it. Her huge ass,” Steph joked.

“Haha ok, her huge ass....and Tess....well...she wronged me in ways that I’m still coming to terms with. She took someone very dear to me. I had the chance to do the same to her, but thought, why continue the vicious cycle? It wouldn’t bring my friend back. No, she’s much better under your care, serving a purpose that only someone her size can,” Lynn explained.

Vicky gave Lynn’s hand a loving squeeze then released. “Thank you.”

“Yes! Thank you,” Steph beamed with an excited wave. “Now let’s get a move on. We’ve got a lot of ground to cover and I don’t want you hogging all the fun. I may not have an ass like yours, but that doesn’t mean my well-kept bubble butt doesn’t deserve a little love as well.”

It took only a handshake and small exchange of words for Tess’ fate to be sealed. Trapped in the enormous butt of a woman she once considered beneath her. To be used and abused by her and her girlfriend time and time again. It was a fate worse than death, and it was the fate she deserved.

Several Months Later...



Lynn relaxed on the couch with Tom comfortably nestled atop her chest. It was not unlike the many mornings that came before it. Completely devoid of any stress, the two of them simply existed, enjoying each other's company.


That was their life now. Despite not receiving any sort of payout, Lynn had been smart with her money. An investment here, a purchase there, she had used her earnings at Little Things to amass a sizable nest egg for her and Tom. So much so that neither of them ever had to work again.

Despite their relatively carefree life, Lynn and Tom were heavily invested in current events. Although it had been a few months since Little Things Inc. was dissolved, so much had changed so quickly that it almost seemed as though the world around them transformed overnight. In a way, Lynn felt partially responsible for what the future of the world entailed.

In reality though, Lynn was just the catalyst. Even if she and Hannah had never met Tess before, the government would've still caught wind of her actions, and a takeover would follow just as it has today. Despite the general public being unaware of tinies, except for those from the accident, there had been enough leaks to lead Julia and Helen straight to Tess. They didn't even know about Lynn until Tess brought her in and promoted her.

Even if Lynn didn't have any meaningful say in how the government chose to use this newly acquired technology, she was mostly happy with how things had turned out. It's why she liked to tune in to the morning news each day. On this particular occasion, she and Tom were met with a few familiar faces.





In the aftermath of Little Things and Tess' capture, a new government agency was founded with Helen as its Director and Julia as her second in command. It was called the Department of Population Management, and today was their first press conference. This would not only shape public perception of their newly minted department, but also the entire landscape of shrink tech and how it might be implemented. Without the public's support, they'd be fighting a losing battle.

That's exactly why Helen decided to bring along Ken and Alex. People needed to see the kind of positive impact that their department could have on society, along with all the regulations and safety measures in place to ensure shrunken individuals remained unharmed.

“Good morning. My name is Helen Mitchell, Director of the Department of Population Management. To my right is Julia Black, our Chief of Staff. The two small individuals before you are Ken and Alex. I'm sure many of you have a ton of questions, but please hold off until the end since there is a lot I'd like to cover first.”

Alex felt like a small child cradled against Julia's breast. He wasn't sure whether he liked how things had turned out. Before all of this, he was a man in complete control of his destiny. Now he was like some sort of sentient pet, whose only food was milk from Julia's breast. The sex was spectacular, but he missed the taste of a nice juicy burger, and the freedom to go out and pay for it himself.

Still, he couldn't help but marvel at the sheer size of Julia's tits, each of which rivaled his entire body in mass. They were so big and jiggly that they made his stomach hurt.

That was how they affected him now. They were no longer just sexual stimuli, but also his only food source. It had been hours since the last time he ate. Maybe if he was good, she'd step away and feed him again.





“To start things off, I’d like to address the allegations that we are no different than those at Little Things. Let me assure you- we are.

Little Things Inc. was an empire of racketeering that dealt in black-market slave trade, snuff films, and rape, not to mention a laundry list of financial crimes.”

“Freeze! Hands where I can see them!”

Amanda could hardly believe how quickly they arrived. It was only a few minutes ago that she had received Tess’ “DESTROY EVERYTHING” memo. She figured she had at least another hour before she needed to make her way to the airport. That was a mistake she’d come to regret for the rest of her life.

“Every single suspect is either currently under investigation, or has already been arrested and charged. The crimes in question are deplorable, and those responsible will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law,” Helen explained.

“Our reach can only go so far. There is one particular individual who has managed to evade us. She’s amassed what we consider to be a cult following who will stop at nothing to ensure that she remains at large.”

Nikki sipped her Mai Tai as she browsed her new Defiantart profile. This time around, it was under a new username. Her fans made sure of that.

She was a goddess to them, but perhaps a more thankful goddess than she was before. If it weren’t for them, she might’ve not been able to evade capture. They not only warned her, but some went so far as to wipe out every bit of evidence the government had against her. The only things investigators were able to recover were a handful of pictures. Although this was enough for them to issue a warrant for her arrest, it was not enough for them to convince a foreign nation to extradite her.

Consequently, they put a travel ban on her passport. That didn’t stop one of her wealthier fans from offering her his private yacht. He even suggested the destination and port of travel to ensure a problem-free trip. That’s how she got where she was today. Relaxing on a remote, island resort in the South Pacific.

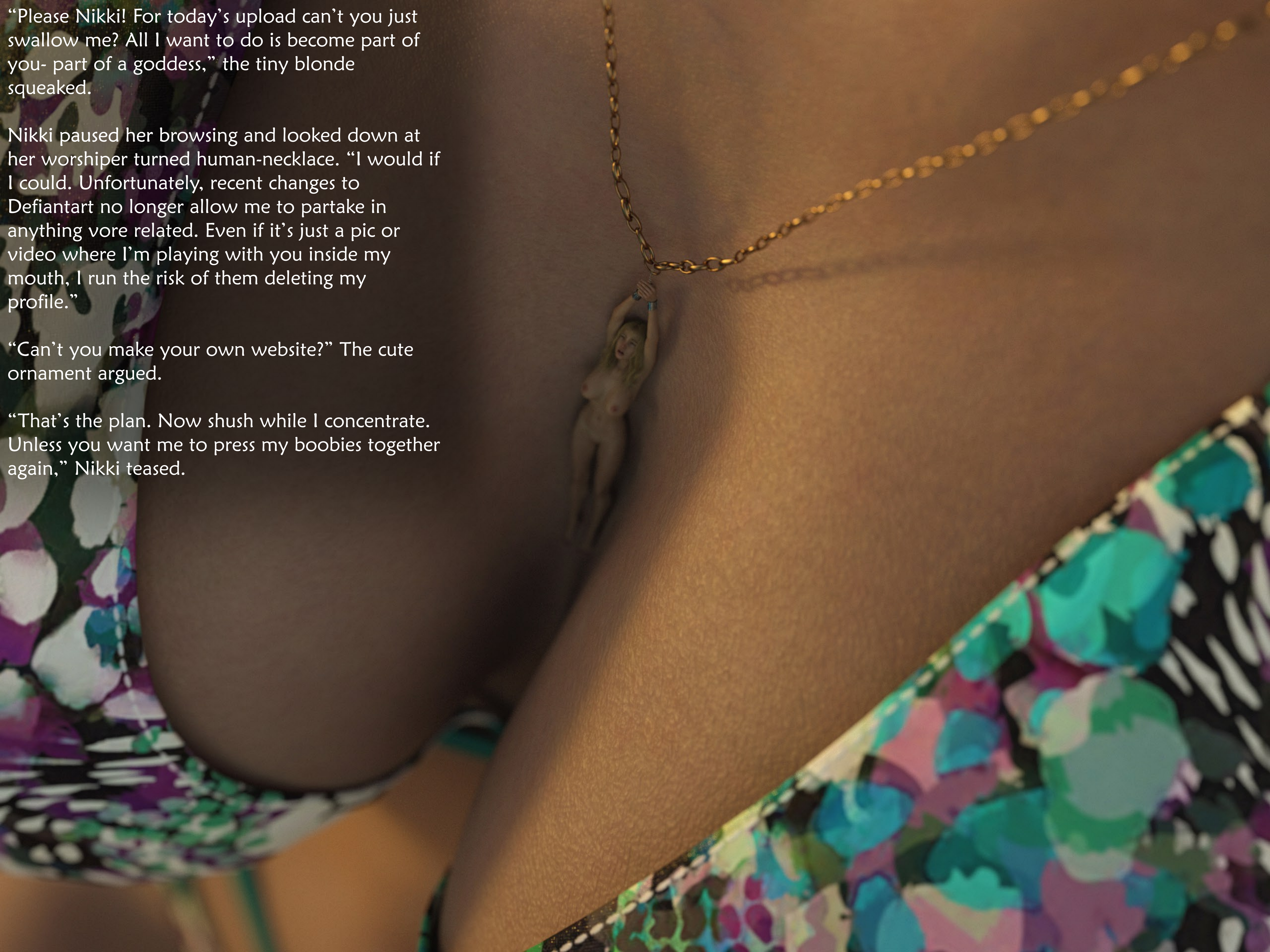


“Please Nikki! For today’s upload can’t you just swallow me? All I want to do is become part of you- part of a goddess,” the tiny blonde squeaked.

Nikki paused her browsing and looked down at her worshiper turned human-necklace. “I would if I could. Unfortunately, recent changes to Defiantart no longer allow me to partake in anything vore related. Even if it’s just a pic or video where I’m playing with you inside my mouth, I run the risk of them deleting my profile.”

“Can’t you make your own website?” The cute ornament argued.

“That’s the plan. Now shush while I concentrate. Unless you want me to press my boobies together again,” Nikki teased.





“Our primary concern is the safety and welfare of resized individuals. Particularly those who are so small that they cannot possibly survive without constant care and supervision. I am talking about those who stand between one and two millimeters in height. Things that you and I take for granted, like shelter, healthcare, or even eating, have to be completely overhauled.”

“Good morning love,” the brunette said.

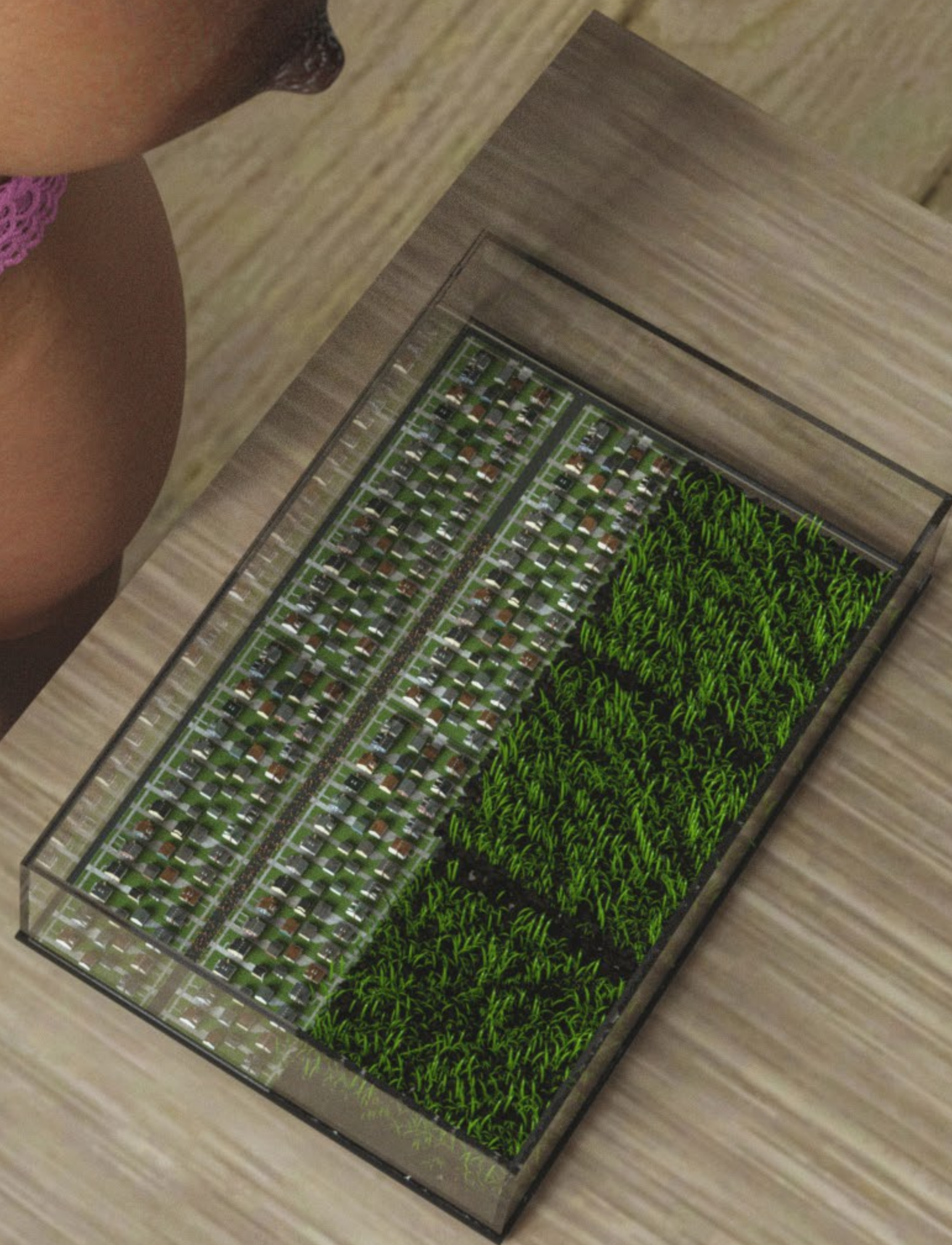
Her lover smiled warmly as he gazed back at her smooth, peach-colored skin. “Is it almost breakfast?”

Far above them stood Aditi, completely nude save for her lacy pink underwear. It didn't make any sense for her to get dressed, not before she served them breakfast.

Aditi stared down at the micro-sized community and smiled. She used to be so shy and bashful. Now she stood above them all completely topless, without a care in the world, while her girls remained on display for hundreds of tiny beings in their respective tiny homes.

The generous government stipend allowed her to provide the kind of life for her son that she could only dream of. All she had to do in return was the very thing she did for her son each and every day, only on a completely different scale. That is, to provide for the tiny little society in her guest bedroom. Their technology, healthcare, even their very sustenance, were completely and utterly reliant on her. Each and every day Aditi came in to greet them, she beamed with motherly pride. She was a provider in every sense of the word.

In their eyes, she was far more than that. She was a goddess to them. Their mother goddess. It's only fitting that their food came from her breast. The beautiful thing about human breast milk is that even for people as small as these ones, it serves as the perfect food source. It's gentle on the stomach and maintains its texture no matter your size.



The young couple looked up at the brown-skinned goddess. To her she looked like a beautiful mother, while to him she looked like a sexual fantasy who always stood out of reach.

The one thing she did represent to the both of them, was food. If they wanted to eat that morning then they'd have to get a move on.



One light squeeze was all it took. More than that would not only go to waste, but could potentially harm some of them. The force behind each dribble of milk was astounding. One can only imagine how direct impact might feel to someone who was only a millimeter tall. If it weren't for their durability, a single squeeze-worth of milk might actually kill some of them.

As soon as the small stream of milk separated from Aditi's throbbing nipple, she released her breast. That small amount of dairy, not even a spoonful to her, came plummeting down to the miniature street below. People scattered about, doing their best to avoid the creamy explosion of titty milk. They, along with nearby yards and houses, were completely drenched with the sweet, warm nectar that filled the road.





Aditi brandished a ripe strawberry that she had brought with her and set it down in the field of tall grass behind the community. They needed their vitamins, and as their caretaker, she felt they deserved the occasional treat.

The warm giantess leaned down and looked at the hundreds of tiny beings that scurried under her care. She marveled at how such a small amount of milk from her breast could provide for so many. As a responsible mother, she gladly accepted payment from the Department of Population Management each month, but as a goddess, this was payment enough.





“Then there are those who aren’t nearly as small, but still require plenty of care, either by an individual or a group of individuals.”

Jackie lay on her bed reading a book, while her little lover scaled her bubble butt for the twentieth time. Hills as he would call it. That reminded her that she needed to hit the gym today. She glanced over at her clock and sighed. If she wanted to fit a workout in, she’d have to leave now.

“You almost done back there? Mama’s gotta keep her booty nice and round if you want to keep doing that,” Jackie said.

“Yes...just one more,” Jack panted.

“Oh god, not again,” Jackie moaned.

Her legs nearly gave out as she braced herself against the wall of lockers outside the gym. She had the brilliant idea of stuffing Jack down the front of her panties and wearing him back to her dorm. It was meant as a way of rewarding herself for working out during the offseason. Despite how mind-blowingly good he felt down there, it was far more embarrassing than it was rewarding.



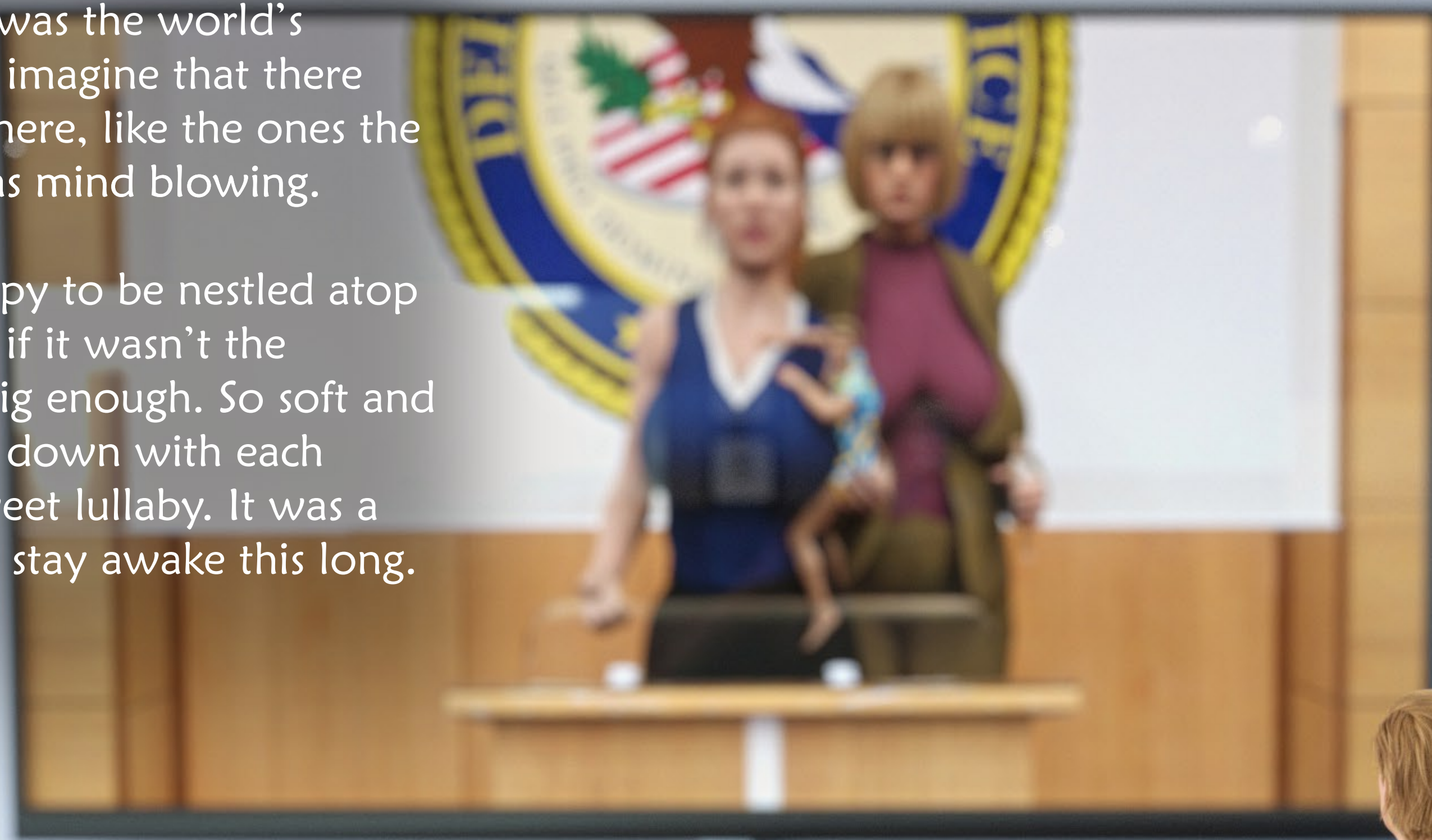
Jack giggled mischievously while he kept his mouth around as much of Jackie's softball-sized clit as he could. spurts of hot cum came squirting out of her, flooding his entire space and even seeping into his mouth and down his throat. Jack coughed, choked, and laughed his way through her pussy's assault on his body, never once stopping from the blowjob he assigned himself with.

Squirt after squirt, Jackie's orgasm went on for an obnoxiously long time, all in public, for everyone around her to see. He knew there'd be hell to pay as soon as they got home. Perhaps he'd have to spend the night in one of her dirty thongs or sweaty gym socks. Still, he couldn't pass up the opportunity to show his owner that he was still a man, and whether she liked it or not, he was a man in control.



Tom's world rose and fell each time Lynn took a breath. It was hard to stay focused when right there, squishing beneath his butt, lay so much enticing real-estate. The old him would've thought this was the world's biggest breast. To even imagine that there were bigger ones out there, like the ones the women on TV had, was mind blowing.

He was more than happy to be nestled atop Lynn's big breast. Even if it wasn't the biggest, it was plenty big enough. So soft and warm, heaving up and down with each lungful like a sweet, sweet lullaby. It was a miracle he managed to stay awake this long.





“Hi, my name is Julia Black. I work alongside Director Mitchell. This here is Alex. Say hi!” Julia leaned her left breast, along with the blonde little monkey that clung to it, towards the audience.

Alex grasped her collar and looked out at the crowd of people. They all looked so big and professional, so much more important than he ever was.

“I hope you don’t mind, he’s a little shy. As you can see we are inseparable. This kind of bond isn’t something you get with same-size couples. That, along with the decreased impact people like Alex have on society, make it an obvious choice for some. Alex, why don’t you tell everyone what it’s like to be the small one in an intersize relationship?”

“S...sure thing!”

“Oh. My. God,” Helen said with her enormous body draped lazily over the side of the bed. Her boytoy had been sloppily discarded on her stomach, where he was left to stew in a puddle of her quickly-drying juices.

Helen was acting as though she had just finished a marathon. Only instead of a run, she just wrapped up a night full of fucking with her favorite Ken doll. Using him was like nothing she had ever felt before. The closest thing she could compare it to was being with the nicest, girthiest dick, only better since unlike a dick she had complete control over Ken. It was perfect, and now that she owned him, she could never go back to sex with a normal-sized person.

“...cough....cough...can I rest now?” Ken said through shallow breaths.

“Sure thing, little fella. You and me both.”





“You like that?” Julia huffed while she gave her hips a playful wiggle.

Alex was struggling to hold back. He wanted her to cum too, but with Julia showing off her newfound kegel strength, not to mention the view he had of her big, jiggly ass, it was quickly becoming a losing battle. Her butt was literally all he could see. It bounced, grinded, and shimmied on him as if she were using it to draw a picture with. He was overwhelmed in every sense of the word. His entire body from the chest down was completely enveloped by Julia’s ass.

“Slow down! I’m gonna...I’m gonna cum,” Alex whined.

“That’s ok. Go ahead and let go. I can always suck you off when you’re done and make it hard again.”

“That’s what being with a normal-sized person is like when you’re small,” Alex finished.

Julia gave his tiny butt a loving squeeze and hugged him against her bean bag-sized breast. “This brings us to the topic at hand. Applications. Helen, why don’t you walk us through the initiatives our department plans to roll out?”

“Gladly. But before I do, I’d like to offer some context. Our nation is at a crossroads. It’s growing faster than our resources can possibly support. We’ve seen other countries struggle with the same, only to implement failing policies, such as China and the one-child act. The tech we’ve uncovered at Little Things is not only a permanent solution, since shrunken individuals cannot be regrown, but one we believe that people will come flocking to.”



"Honey...are you sure?" Steve asked his wife.

"Yes, I'm sure. Between my promotion, the tax breaks, and the early adopter incentives, we'll be able to pay off our mortgage in a year. Us and the kids will be set for life," Mary said.

"But...but...won't I be too small for you?" He worried.

"Nonsense. You'll be the same man I married, only a whole lot cuter."

The red-headed nurse produced a syringe filled with formula. "You're going to feel a small pinch, Mr. Short."



The world around Steve grew and grew, until he was so small that he found himself staring straight at his wife's shins.

"Mary, this isn't what we agreed to! Three feet, remember? I'm like the size of a baby now!" Steve bemoaned.

"Steve, sweetie, the incentives get bigger with each inch you lose," Mary explained.

"But how am I supposed to be your husband like this? How do we..."

Mary eyed him down and looked up at the nurse. "He makes a valid point. His...you know...is way too small for me now. I should've given it more thought, but since we are here, is there any incentive to go even smaller?"

"Yes, of course," The nurse replied.





“That’s just the married couples. Bachelors and bachelorettes will have the opportunity to trade their middle-class lives in for far more luxurious ones. Not just through our tax breaks and early-adopter incentives, but also the significantly reduced cost of living.”

George sat beside his inground pool, just outside of his mansion. A shot glass of his favorite morning spirit, along with a fresh tart, were made readily available to him by his twenty-something girlfriend/caretaker. He didn’t mind that her bra had been carelessly tossed and left on his home since the night before. Plus it meant for a better view whenever she walked by.

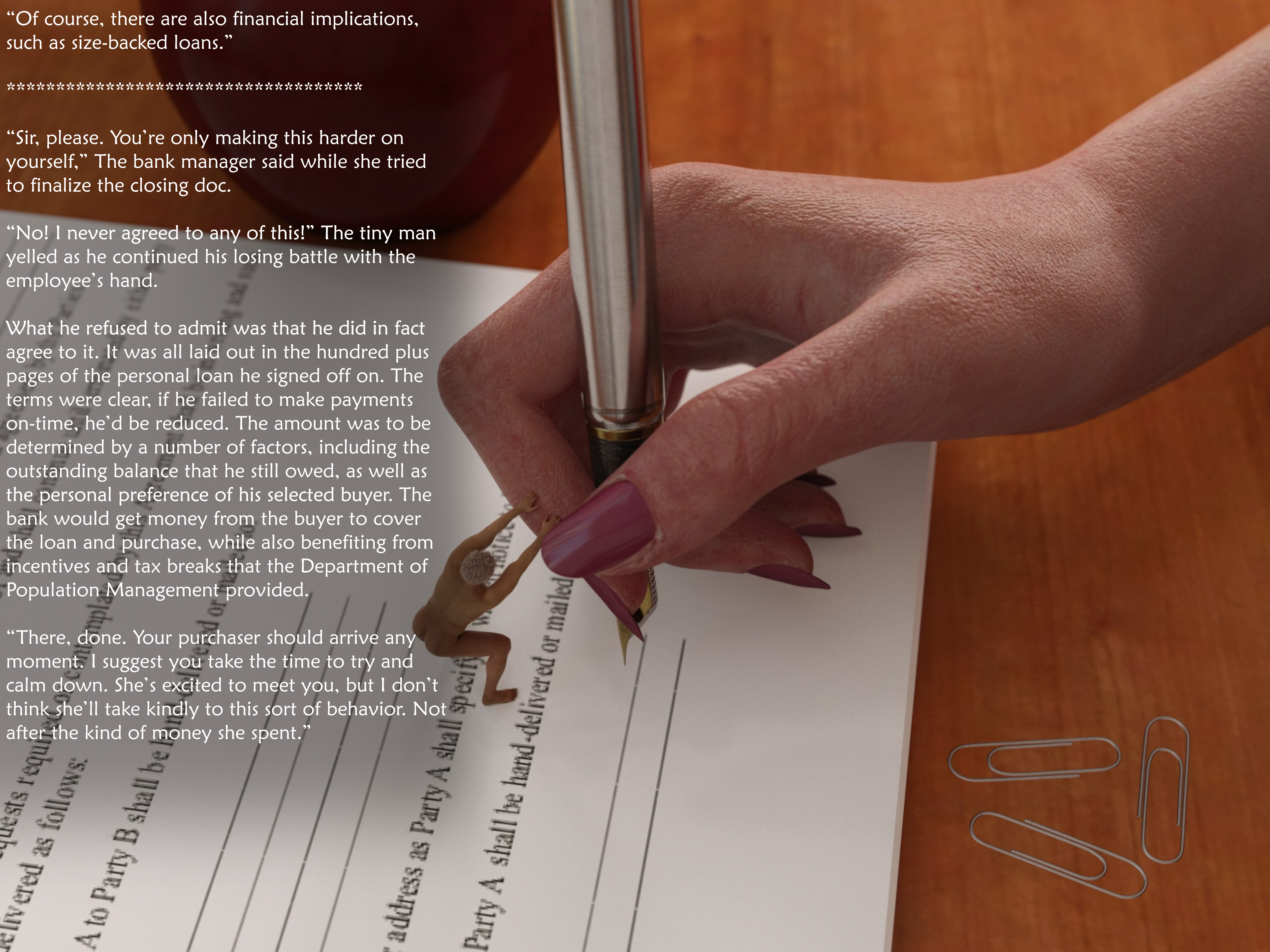
“Of course, there are also financial implications, such as size-backed loans.”

“Sir, please. You’re only making this harder on yourself,” The bank manager said while she tried to finalize the closing doc.

“No! I never agreed to any of this!” The tiny man yelled as he continued his losing battle with the employee’s hand.

What he refused to admit was that he did in fact agree to it. It was all laid out in the hundred plus pages of the personal loan he signed off on. The terms were clear, if he failed to make payments on-time, he’d be reduced. The amount was to be determined by a number of factors, including the outstanding balance that he still owed, as well as the personal preference of his selected buyer. The bank would get money from the buyer to cover the loan and purchase, while also benefiting from incentives and tax breaks that the Department of Population Management provided.

“There, done. Your purchaser should arrive any moment. I suggest you take the time to try and calm down. She’s excited to meet you, but I don’t think she’ll take kindly to this sort of behavior. Not after the kind of money she spent.”



“Our third major application is with the justice system. To help reduce the public burden convicts have on our society, repeat offenders will be reduced. Final heights will be determined in a case-by-case manner, each handled by the judge who presides over their respective case.”

“You promise it won’t hurt?” Johnny asked.

“I promise. You’ll hardly feel a thing,” Elise said.

She did her best to speak with a comforting tone. The young man, not even nineteen yet, was a bundle of nerves. Elise had seen it time and time again. Guy gets caught up in the wrong crowd, and before he knows it he’s here, about to be permanently reduced.

Still, Elise was coming off from a long shift and she wanted to go home and unwind. This guy would know all about that soon enough. It was one of the biggest perks of being a corrections officer now.



“Mheelp....can’t....breathe,” Johnny complained.

In truth, he could still breathe. It was just that much more difficult now that he was squished against Elise’s huge breast by her bra.

“If you can’t breathe, then how are you still able to talk?” She argued. “Try and get some rest. I only get to take one of you home with me at a time, and I’m still trying to figure out a favorite. Maybe it’s you? Maybe it’s not. Either way, I plan on finding out.”



Lynn turned off the TV. She was practically beaming with pride after what she had just watched. Not only was she able to get her revenge and the love of her life back, but through her actions the world had become a better place.

With a deep breath, Lynn sighed. "What now?"



Tom picked himself up from his seat, and stood up as tall as he could, atop her generous breast. He was smiling big. "Well...I can think of one thing."



One Month Later...



“I do,” Tom said.

“I now prooonoouuunce you husband and wife, YOU may kiss the bride,” the pastor said. He completed this line with a confident strum across his electric guitar.

Lynn brought her favorite tiny man up to her face and pressed him against her lips.

Just like that, with a simple yet loving kiss, made in a banquet hall situated at the back of a casino, where a literal line of brides and grooms waited their turn with the only available, non-Elvis impersonating officiator that day, Lynn and Tom were finally married.

“C...can you...*hiccup*...repeat that?” Tom asked.

He and Lynn had just spent the beginning of their first married night together going sip for shot. Even while accounting for their difference in size, Tom never could keep up with Lynn.

“It’s simple. The number of games I win determines the size of the dildo. All you have to do is win two out of three and we’ll go with the green one. Win just one, and it’ll be old faithful in the middle. But if I win all three, then we get to use that big, pink one with all those delicious bumps.”

Tom stared at the giant rubber phalluses to his right and left. Beyond them stood a half-empty bottle of Irish whiskey, and a line of shot glasses, three of which were still full. Sober Lynn was a lot for any guy to handle, especially one as small as Tom. But drunk? That was an entirely different beast altogether.

Tom took a gulp and nervously replied. “Can’t you just strap me to the middle one like we usually do?”

Lynn scoffed. “Women aren’t just cars you can shove your key in and twist, Tom. We need foreplay. Besides, I have to catch up with your drunken little butt, and what better way than a drinking game?”

“*Hiccup*...b...but the pink one? That thing looks posit- ...*hiccup*... -ively monstrous!” Tom yelped.

“Doesn’t it? A girlfriend got it for me as a gag gift at the bachelorette party. Honestly though, I’m kinda curious how it feels with you riding on top.”





Tom stood atop the glass coffee table, surrounded by a literal buffet of garishly large sex toys, staring up at his positively stacked wife as she quickly downed a shot. He took a deep gulp of air and felt his heart leap to his throat. It could've been the liquor, or the added pressure of their first night together as a married couple, or perhaps it was from all of Lynn's brazen teasing, but whatever the reason, Tom was a bundle of nerves.



The two and a quarter inch newly-wed yelped as his enormous wife reached down and plucked him up with her fingertips. “So, I know you’re a little drunk, but this is a drinking game after all, and I can’t be doing all the drinking,” Lynn teased. “All you gotta do is hold out for one minute. Deep breath, now!”

“Please...can’t we talk abou...*ggurrlg*!”

Tom barely got a word in before he was dunked head first into the shot glass full of whiskey. Whether he liked it or not, this game was happening. He might as well try and win.

Tom relaxed his entire body and began counting in his head. One one thousand...two one thousand...three one thousand...

Although his lung capacity had increased quite a bit during his time with Lynn, Tom was at a disadvantage. For starters, he was upside down. He was also drunk. Lastly, he failed to take a deep breath like Lynn had suggested.

Eight one thousand....nine one thousand....

Suddenly, Tom began kicking and squirming, swallowing gulp after gulp of the burning liquid.

Lynn immediately took notice and rushed him out. “Oh my god, ten seconds?! Maybe you should just forfeit right now,” she teased.

“Never! *cough...cough*” Tom yelled.

He may have been hesitant at first, but the little guy hated losing, and with Lynn’s constant quips, he’d be damned if he was going to allow her to come out of this without a single loss. Tom was still in this game!

Lynn brought Tom back up to her face, only this time he was soaked in alcohol. “Is this one going to be just as easy for me or are you going to start putting up a fight?”

“Bring it on!” Tom yelled.

“Haha, OKAY. For this one I’ll make it a little easier. All you gotta do is last five minutes without cumming twice,” Lynn explained. “Now c’mere ya big lug, wifey wants a kiss.”

Lynn pressed Tom’s whisky-soaked pelvis against her lips and vacuum-sealed his flaccid member. The sudden onslaught of pressure and wetness mixed with the warmth of her mouth so perfectly, that every drop of freely available blood in Tom surged straight to his cock. All the while, Lynn kept her eyes glued to the stopwatch.



“Mmm, you are going to make this easy for me. I can feel it starting to twitch,” Lynn said. With each word, her mouth vibrated around his penis, while gusts of hot air blew down from her nose.

“Hahaha...that tickles....oh fuck,” Tom let out.

Lynn pressed her fingers against his butt and forced his cock even further between her lips.



Lynn sucked on Tom's dick like a tiny straw. Her sucks were so powerful that it felt like she might suction it right off. He did his best to hold on, but it quickly became too much for him.

Tom's body began to shake.

"Haha, already? It's only been a minute," She laughed.

His teasing wife opened her mouth wide just as Tom released his load. She'd never admit to him that she liked the taste of his cum, but she did, and allowing him to see his load on her tongue made proving her progress easier.



Only a minute and a half into things, and Tom had already cum and become completely flaccid. Lynn had no doubt of her abilities, but she didn't have time to waste. Without another word, she pressed his butt firmly and vacuum sealed her lips around his dick once again. Three and a half minutes- that would be a new record for her!



It took her a little longer to get him on the brink again. A little over two and a half minutes to be exact. She could've finished him off then, but where would the fun be in that? No, she wanted him to WANT to lose.

Lynn released his cock from her mouth and lightly pressed her tongue against the bottom of his dick. Not to help him along, but just enough to keep him on edge.

“Please...I'm so close!” Tom begged.

“Hehe, are you saying what I think you're saying? Are you asking me to make you cum again?” Lynn replied. She was careful not to allow her tongue to touch him while she spoke.

“Yes! I am!” Tom huffed.

“Alright,” Lynn whispered as she placed her tongue back against the bottom part of his dick and began stroking it.



Tom couldn't take it anymore. He thrust his hips forward and released his load onto Lynn's enormous tongue. With each spurt, it felt like he was losing his essence. In a way he was, having lost two of their drunken games thus far. If he wanted to come out of this with even the slightest bit of pride, he'd have to win the next one.



Of course, Lynn being Lynn, she had to celebrate her victory over Tom with a healthy dose of gloating. After taking a quick swig from the bottle, she lowered him down in front of the stopwatch. On the screen, in big bold numbers, read four minutes and thirty seven seconds. Just twenty three measly more seconds and the win would've been his.


“Aw...you were so close, Tom! I'm almost impressed. But a win's a win,” Lynn said.





After she finished parading her win around in front of him, Lynn brought Tom down to her waist and pried open her panties. The two and a quarter inch man looked through his drunken haze, and down at the lacy pink fabric stretched in front of her healthy bush. He wasn't exactly sure what Lynn had in mind for his last challenge, but he could take a few educated guesses.

“For our last game all you have to do is return the favor. Make me cum in five minutes and it's old faithful, the darker one you're used to. Lose, and I get to try out that great, big pink monster with you riding on top.”



Lynn deposited Tom in the crotch of her panties, taking care to maneuver him right against her lips before letting go.

Tom was instantly shrouded in a forest of pubes and the familiar wet, musky, warmth he had grown accustomed to. Who knew that sucking his dick could bring his wife such joy. He'd have to remember that.

“Ok Tom, your time starts now,” Lynn announced.

Lynn's new husband wasted no time christening their union. He immediately grabbed hold of her button and started nuzzling and licking.

"Mmmm, I could get used to this," Lynn sighed.



Tom knew exactly how to press Lynn's button. He had spent countless hours in this very same spot. From the frequent licks and face rubs he gave her clit, to the little kicks and thrusts his legs made against her opening, Tom was well-versed in how to bring Lynn to orgasm. In his mind, this game was practically in the bag.



What Tom failed to realize, however, was just how resourceful Lynn was. She knew, just as well as he did, that he'd win if she played fairly. Her giantess fetish combined with his skill made that indisputable. So instead, she did the one thing she could think of to take her mind off it. Exercise.

"I forgot how hard this standing leg raise pose was," Lynn joked. "How's it going down there?"



“Mmmhh NO FAIR!” Tom mumbled loudly.

He knew EXACTLY what Lynn was doing. If only he wasn't so drunk, he might've thought to set some ground rules first. Unfortunately, it was too late for that now, so instead Tom began doubling his efforts.



“OH! Oooh...fuuuck,” Lynn moaned.

If she continued standing there like that while Tom went to town on her, then she would surely lose. She had to switch things up and fast. Lynn set her foot back down, spread her stance just past shoulder width, and started to squat.

Despite being good at them, squats were one of her least favorite exercises. She only did them because she knew how good they were for her health and figure. Perhaps now they'd serve her another way, and help her win this game.

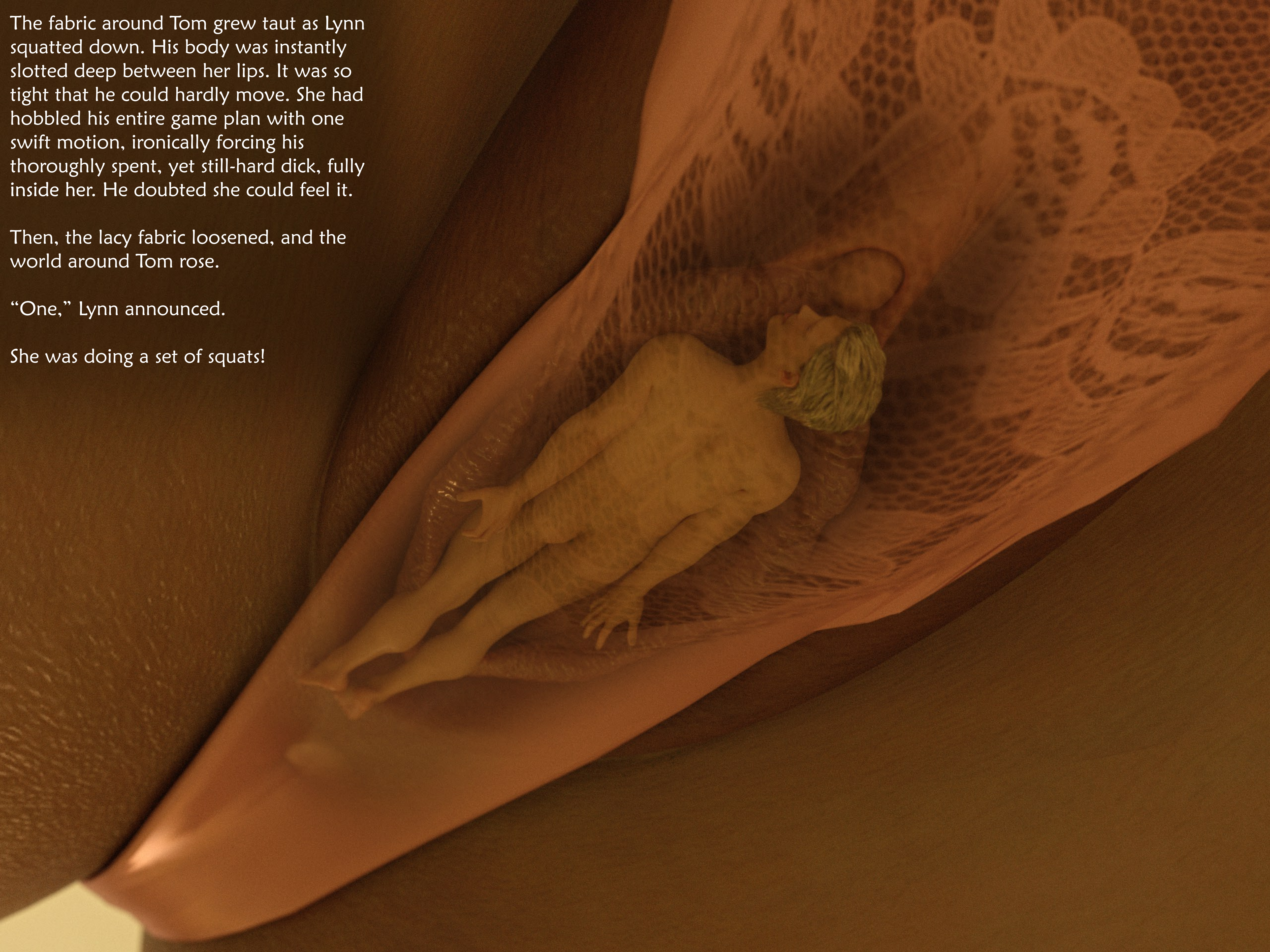


The fabric around Tom grew taut as Lynn squatted down. His body was instantly slotted deep between her lips. It was so tight that he could hardly move. She had hobbled his entire game plan with one swift motion, ironically forcing his thoroughly spent, yet still-hard dick, fully inside her. He doubted she could feel it.

Then, the lacy fabric loosened, and the world around Tom rose.

“One,” Lynn announced.

She was doing a set of squats!



Lynn continued her set for minutes on end. She took breaks between reps that often spanned ten, even twenty seconds at times. This was more her savoring how good Tom felt than it was her actually resting. His whole body had become wedged so nice and deep in her cleft.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, Lynn had reached her limit.

“Twent.....aahh fuck oh fuck....I’m cumming...I’m cumming,” she cried out from the bottom of her squat.

Her vag flexed around tiny Tom’s form while it spat out a thick layer of juices.

Lynn looked over at the stopwatch and smiled. Five minutes and thirty three seconds.



Cold air came flooding in, filling Tom's surroundings, as Lynn forcefully dragged him out from her steamy underwear. He was covered in cum and stray blonde pubes.

"....*pant*...*pant*....did I win?" He managed to ask.

"No. You were close, but not close enough," Lynn said.

"How close?"

"Thirty three seconds," Lynn replied.
"That's ok, little love. Big wifey wanted to use the pink one anyway."





Lynn reached down and grabbed the intimidating phallus from the table, then brought it up and presented it to her still-dangling husband. As she eyed down the pink monster she couldn't help but bite her lip in anticipation. She could only imagine what it would feel like with her loving, little husband riding along like some sort of hood ornament. Plus, dark liquor always made sex that much more enjoyable.



The view for Tom was equal parts hot and scary. His wife's giant breasts far below, rising and falling with each slow, labored breath that she took. Directly beneath him was this obnoxious thing that Lynn wanted to shove inside of herself, only with him riding along. He wanted to have fun with her. After all, it was their wedding night. But sex with drunk Lynn was something he wasn't mentally prepared for.

"OK, honey, I'll do it. I want hazard pay though!" Tom joked in an attempt to lighten the mood.

"Such a little wise ass. Let's see what you have to say after you're done fulfilling your husbandly duty."

Lynn placed her cum-greased husband onto the toy with an ugly sounding splat.

“Eh...honey I can’t move,” Tom said. Her thick juices had glued him in place.

Lynn’s enormous chest shook and jiggled in front of him. “OMG, you’re like a bug in an ant trap. Is my cum too much for you?”

A sober Tom would’ve responded with something witty. Drunk Tom, however, was too busy taking in the sights.

“Enjoying the view?” Lynn teased. She gave them an extra bounce for added effect. “Here, let me help you.” Lynn poked Tom with her fingertip, and he was quickly unstuck from the surface.

Since most of the fluids on Tom’s front side had dried, he was now freely able to move without the risk of becoming stuck again. Whether this was a good thing or not remained to be seen.



Tom knew he was in for it as soon as Lynn got down to the floor right there in the living room. After all that liquor and foreplay, she couldn't even make it to the bedroom.

He could feel the heat wafting from her gaping crotch. His wife's inviting lips spread open without the help of her fingers. It was like her pussy had a mind of its own, welcoming him with open arms. Her husband and pussy's favorite chew toy, coming home after a long trip away. Back to the place where he belonged.

Tom did the only thing he could do. He grabbed hold of one of the ridges and held on tight.



Lynn plunged the dildo into herself. Her greedy snatch hugged its bumpy surface tightly, applying a thick layer of cunt slime to the dildo and Tom.

The size and stimulation of the toy were a bit over-the-top, but feeling her husband get squished against her pussy by something so big and brazenly pink, made it exactly what she needed then.

“Fuck me that’s something else,” Lynn moaned. She gave the dildo a few quick pumps, forcing juices to drip down from crotch and into her buttcrack.



The force of Lynn's thrusts had loosened Tom's grip, sending him tumbling towards the front of the dildo. It wasn't exactly the best place to be, but he held on nonetheless.

Lynn's pussy was like a sauna. Hot and humid, with every inch of its surface dripping wet. Goopy strands of cum spanned across her flexing cavity. Every so-often Tom's grip came loose and he was forced back down between her walls and the bumpy toy. He'd get clenched tight in a loving yet painful embrace, before her plunges sent him tumbling back towards the top again.

Tom could hear her thudding heartbeat. It was faster and more hurried than usual. Perhaps it was his drunken state that made him more aware of some things while less of others.

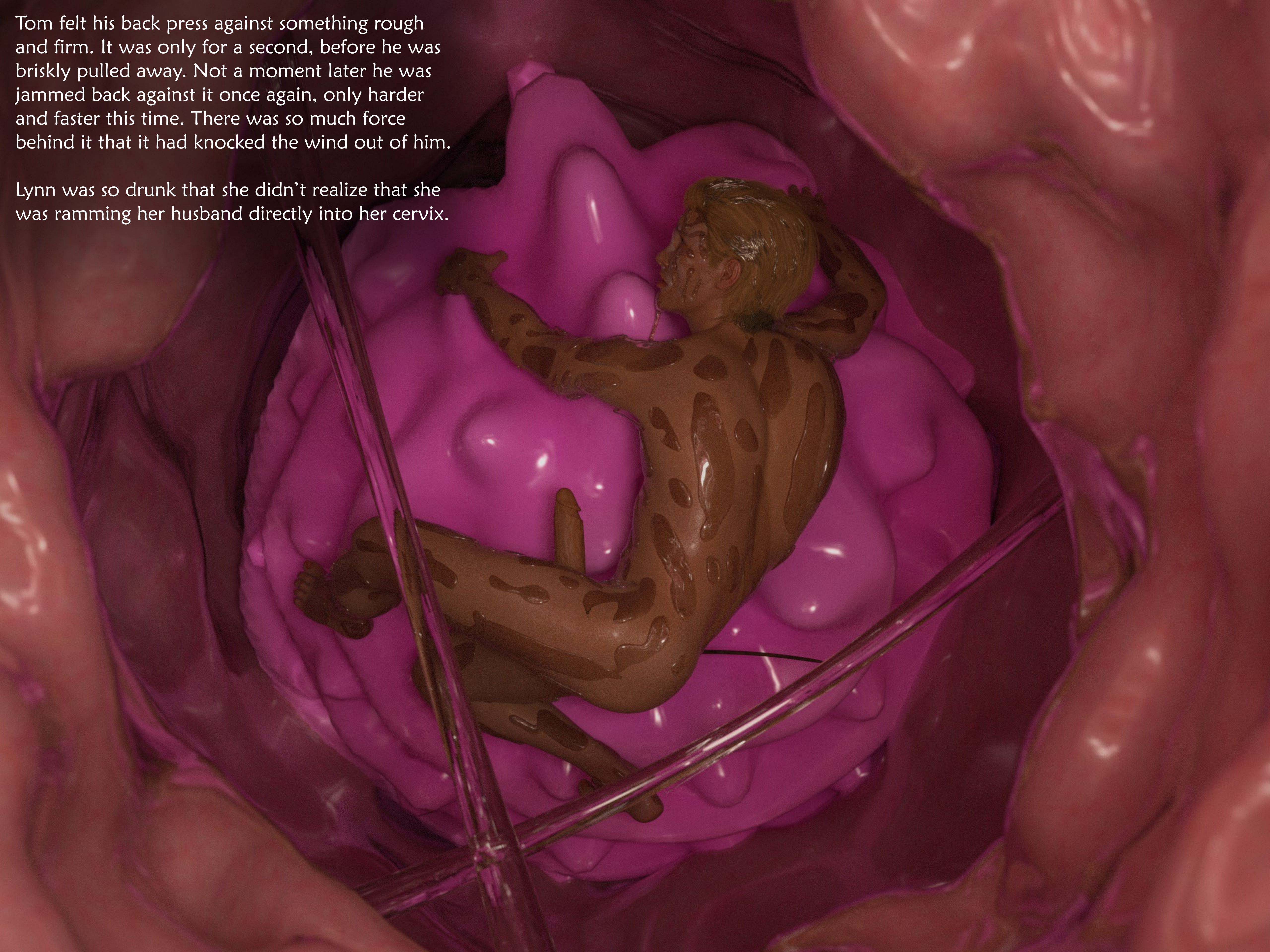
"Oh...OH...mmm," Lynn boomed far above.

Even her voice sounded different. It was deeper, yet somehow more feminine.



Tom felt his back press against something rough and firm. It was only for a second, before he was briskly pulled away. Not a moment later he was jammed back against it once again, only harder and faster this time. There was so much force behind it that it had knocked the wind out of him.

Lynn was so drunk that she didn't realize that she was ramming her husband directly into her cervix.



“Ooh, that felt weird,” Lynn moaned.

She was so lost in the moment that could no longer keep herself up. Instead, she fully resigned herself onto her back with her legs spread wide.

Lynn braced one foot against the coffee table while the other rested on the carpet. This gave her the necessary leverage to continue her thrusts, while also taking the occasional pause to truly dig around, hitting all the spots that made her toes curl. Juices squirted out from the tight squeeze between the dildo and her lips.

She hadn't reached orgasm yet, but it was a good stopping point. Surely Tom needed some fresh air by now. Plus, she could use another drink.





“Isn't it funny how the more you drink...*hiccup*...the easier it goes down?” Lynn announced before downing another shot.

Normally, Tom would respond with a quip of his own, but he was too beat up and exhausted by this point. The little energy he had left was spent holding onto the cum greased dildo.

The sheer size of this ridged, bumpy, monster toy, combined with a whole lot of liquid courage, had made things far harder for Tom. Much harder than any of their prior times together. If it weren't for the love he felt for Lynn, he might even consider this as bad as some of the times he had with Tess.

“Mmm, that was a nice little break. How's about...*hiccup*...we get back to it. Wifey's got a...*hiccup*...whole lot of kinks to work out.”

Lynn set the shot glass down and headed for her bed. She wanted to be as comfortable as possible for what was quickly shaping up to be an explosive start to their wedding night. The drunk giantess plopped her butt down on the bed and scooted back until her back was propped up against the pillows.

The giantess' clumsy movements had shaken Tom from the top of the dildo and down along the side. If it weren't for the thick layer of sticky juices that she had left on it, then he surely would've flown off.

"That's more like it," Lynn gasped. She spread her legs wide and lowered the dildo and Tom past her tummy and blonde bush, aiming its tip for her opening.

Only instead of plunging him right in, Lynn paused to take in the view. It was truly a sight to behold. Her tiny cute lover, stranded on this huge, obnoxiously pink dildo, completely covered in cunt juice. All of this framed by her tufts of pubic hair, her soft belly, and her enormous, heaving tits. She was a goddess to him, and he was nothing but a pet to her. A little man she loved and adored. A pet husband she'd want to feed to her slobbering snatch whenever she felt like it.

"Lynn....please, can you go a little easier on me this time? I'm feeling kind of sore from the last bout," Tom asked.



The only answer Tom got was his wife forcing him back into her gaping crotch hole. As soon as his body was reintroduced, he was immediately squeezed within an inch of his life, only to be dragged out as soon as it started to let up.

Lynn began pumping him in and out as if they hadn't even taken a break. Her thrusts became faster and more powerful each time she plunged him in. She paused every so often with the dildo fully inserted, just so she could focus on the feeling of Tom. Using her powerful vulvic muscles, she'd flex her cunt around the dildo and Tom, squishing him against the nodule-covered dildo. These pussy hugs were so hard that they nearly caused Tom's chest to cave in.

Cum splashed across his body and into his wincing mouth as she gave him another squeeze. The pressure let up, and he was forcefully returned to her previously hurried thrusts.





“OH fuck, right there!” Lynn gasped as she plunged the dildo in all the way.

Her husband’s tiny body became sandwiched between her cervix and the tip of her toy. This odd, yet wonderful sensation made her toes curl. Lynn dug her heels into the mattress as she gripped the base of the phallus and slowly began joysticking it around. Each time he bumped against it, she could feel herself getting that much closer to squirting all over him. It wouldn’t be long now.

“Aaah! God fucking dammit Lynn!
This...*hiccup*...was supposed to be a night of
drunken fun,” Tom cried out.

The giant pink monster pressed hard against his
back. Tom never experienced lumbar pain before,
but after tonight he wondered if that would
remain true.

“OH...oh Tom...I’m so close!!” Lynn boomed,
mashing the dildo even harder against him.

Despite how worn he felt, Tom wasn’t far off
either. Lynn’s latest dig had thrust Tom’s hips
forward, forcing his throbbing member right into
the mouth of her cervix.



Feeling her husband's dick poke inside her cervix was the straw that broke the camel's back.

"Ah fuck. There it is! Yes...YES...YES!!!!" Lynn cried out.

Cum squirted out of her as the horny newlywed continued to plunge out her insides, forcing wave after wave to flow out of her as if she were plunging a backed up toilet. With each thrust she could feel Tom humping the deepest part of her pussy's anatomy.

This continued for minutes on end. Each time Lynn tried to slow things down, Tom's dick would accidentally enter her cervix once more, forcing a new series of cum-squirts she'd have to speedily work through. Lynn needed to make sure that every last drop of her juices were plumbed out.



Tom was blasted with wave after wave of Lynn's cum as she used the dildo to force-fuck him against her cervix. He hoped it would be quick, but Lynn stopped her digging, and returned to pumping him in and out of her soaked hole. Each time putting him at point-blank range of her powerful cunt-clenches and firehose squirts.

Tom had been in similar positions before, but this was by far the most physically tasing romp in the sack he ever had. He hoped this was more of a one-time hurrah. A sort of climactic start to their future together as opposed to a sign of things to come.





Lynn released the dildo between her legs and fell back onto the mattress. She was dripping with sweat, and a big puddle of cum sat between her thighs where the dildo lay.

She didn't care. All she could think about was the feeling of aftershock that was coursing through her. Pulsating tickles sent straight from her crotch and out towards her extremities.

Lynn could feel her drunkenness start to unravel and give way for what would surely develop into an awful hangover. Lucky for her, she was so spent that the heaviness of her eyelids outweighed the pains in her head.

“You were amazing, Tom. My sweet little hubby,” She sleepily said. After voicing her loving appreciation, Lynn shut her eyes and allowed sleep to take hold.

Tom knew he was in too deep for Lynn to get him out. Although it had been intense, this wasn't the first time he had gotten lost in Lynn's depths. He placed his aching arms against her walls to steady himself.

"Mmmm," she lazily boomed at the touch of his hands.





Tom crawled through his wife's pungent, cum greased pussy. Breathing in her humid odor as he did his best to move his aching body. Soon, there was light at the end of the tunnel. Only it was a lot smaller than he was used to. Like it was trying to close.

...SNORE...

“Dammit...*hiccup*...Lynn. Not again!” Tom drunkenly yelled. It wasn’t the first time she passed out with him still inside.

Tom continued forward and managed to squeeze his head through her opening. The sudden burst of cool air felt spectacular on his face.

“Mmm...is that you, Tom,” Lynn sleepily moaned. He could tell by her voice that she was not all there.

Suddenly, the muscles around him flexed and his head was pulled back in.

“Lynn, C’mon!” An exasperated Tom cried out. The only response he got back was the sound of Lynn loudly snoring.

It was going to be a long night.



“I have the attorney general on line six. He wants to know more about the inmates.” Helen’s assistant said.

“For chrissake, I’m in the middle of typing up the email he asked me for earlier today,” Helen huffed.

“What should I tell him?”

Helen knew things would only get tougher from here. The world wasn’t ready for this kind of upheaval. Not without changing with it. “Tell him I’m in a meeting, and as soon as it’s done, I’ll shoot him a detailed email on our department’s plans. If he still wants to meet, schedule it for later this week.”

The assistant nodded then exited her office.

“Dammit, that little Napoleon really riles me up,” Helen sighed. Looking down at her thighs, the big-boned director caught a glimpse of Ken and smiled. “How are you doing down there?”



Ken had spent the entire day stuck either between or under a part of Helen's anatomy. That's how she treated him whenever she felt stressed and couldn't find the time to properly use him.

On the car ride over he was kept stuffed between her breasts. For the hour leading up to lunch she kept him beneath her bare feet. At one point in the day, after finishing a very intense phone call with "Napoleon," Helen shoved his whole form deep between her ass cheeks then sat down for an hour. Although she hadn't physically harmed him in any way, it was degrading for him to be treated like some sort of human stress ball.

Ken winced as he felt his owner's padded thighs cave in around him. "Please....Ms. Mitchell...not too hard."

The thighs around him loosened slightly.

"Sorry, Ken. I've just been so stressed with work lately that I've taken it all out on you. This so-called Attorney General reminds me of my ex-husband. A little man with a big chip on his shoulder. If you ask me, he's the wrong size," Helen said. "Not like you, Ken. You're perfect."



Ken knew the saying- happy wife, happy life. Although Helen wasn't his wife per se, she was as close to one as he'd likely ever get. After all, she took care of him, used him sexually, and had no observable plans of ever seeing anyone else romantically.

It was an abusive relationship by any modern measure, but they were far from equals, and in the eyes of the law Helen owned him. She wasn't cruel like Tess. In that way, Ken felt a sort of obligation to her.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Ken asked. He was still pressed snug between her fleshy thighs as he looked up at his owner's bespectacled face.

"Now that you mention it, I could use something to take my mind off things while I type up this email. Be a doll and eat me out," Helen said, pointing down at him like she always did whenever she gave him directions.



Helen spread her thighs and presented her hairy cunt to him. It was much thicker, and more pungent smelling than Tess', or any other that Ken had experience with for that matter. It wasn't ugly nor did it have the scent of someone unclean or with an unbalanced pH. It was just what you'd expect, only more powerful. Kinda like Helen was. Perhaps that came with her personality, if not her age and weight as well.

Ken approached his owner's pussy and got on his knees. He felt her shiver as soon as he placed a hand on her lip.

"Go on, little dove. Lick," Helen boomed.

Ken did as he was told. He shoved his face past her stray pubes, and against her clit, which he quickly began to lick. He licked and licked, lapping at her fleshy nub as if he were a messy boy licking an ice cream cone.

"Ooh fuck that feels good," Helen moaned, savoring the tiny sensations of her doll's tongue against her clit.



“I can’t take it anymore...I need something in me! Use your arm or leg,” Helen commanded.

A thick strand of cum drooled out of her opening and down to the chair below. It seeped into her fat, asscrack that squished against the seat. Her butt was quite large and lay intimidatingly close to Ken.

Ken shivered at the sight of her fleshy butt. He could smell the sweat between her cheeks that came wafting up each time she moved. The last thing he wanted was to be sandwiched between them for the car ride home. So he did as he was told.

Ken leaned forward, grabbed hold of her flesh, and shoved his arm into his owner’s opening.

“OH...oh yeah, just like that,” Helen moaned.

He began working his arm in and out of her. Cum flowed out and her insides began to clench.

“Yes, Ken! That’s a good doll,” Helen moaned.

It was almost like her pussy was trying to pull the rest of him in. Each time Ken managed to pull back, he’d have to brace himself against her lips while her huge thighs and ass tensed up, flexing and jiggling in protest of his arm’s exit.



Helen was well past the point of being able to type up an email, much less get any work done. Her little boy toy had worked her over so well that she was now chasing a feeling. A feeling she had been after all day, she just didn't know it yet.

“OH fuuuckk, mmmmm...” Helen gasped. Her entire body tensed up. “That’s it! I can’t hold back any longer. You’re going in me.”



Helen got up from her chair and stood with her legs spread shoulder-width apart. She reached down and grabbed Ken.


Ken winced as Helen roughly grabbed him and lined his feet up with her opening.

“Ungh...get in there,” Helen huffed as she worked his girthy form into herself.

Ken could feel her wet walls ease up as he was slowly fed upside down, into his owner’s snatch. It hugged and flexed around his entire lower body, accommodating him like a snake slowly devouring its prey.

Although he was happy to not go in headfirst, he wasn’t exactly excited about the position she had chosen for him. More specifically, with his face pointed directly towards her asshole.



A person with short, curly blonde hair is lying on their back on a dark, possibly black, surface. Their head is resting on a hand, and their eyes are closed. The lighting is dim, creating a moody atmosphere. The person's body is mostly obscured by the dark surface, with only their head and hand clearly visible.

Lucky for Ken, Helen’s pussy was exceptionally hungry today. She pressed his entire form in, preventing any possibility of him being forced into a rimjob. The only thing that remained outside of her was his little blonde head. It was far too small to reach that other hole of hers.

“Mmmm, you feel good down there. Like you belong,” Helen hummed as she flexed her cunt.

Despite Ken’s face being safe from her asshole, he wasn’t exactly a fan of this choice. Who knows how long she’d keep him there. “Helen, please! Can we hold off on this until you get home. Don’t you have that important email you need to send?”

Helen’s ass and thighs jiggled around him as she chuckled at his attempt at reasoning with her. “Not a chance, little man. I’ve been pent up all day and could use the distraction. Besides, if I want this email to contain any of the necessary details, I’ll need to consult with Julia first.”

“But...but,” Ken stuttered.

“Oh my, is that your dick I feel in there? Such a cute little thing,” Helen teased as she flexed her pussy once more. “You know I don’t mind if you cum inside me. Might as well make the most of it.”



Ken looked down at the floor below. The view was almost comical. Looking out from between her legs, suspended in mid-air, with everything but his head trapped within her hairy, soaked crotch, and his entire view framed by her thick legs that spanned dozens of feet to the floor.

Each time he tried to convince her that there were better places to store him on their way to Julia's, he was met with a vaginal flex that literally squeezed the breath from his lungs. Ken did the only thing he could do and readied himself.

“Taxi!” Helen cried out. She could’ve taken an Oober, but the board members weren’t exactly keen on the Department of Population Management. Something about having fewer drivers and customers.

“If you ask me, they’re simply not innovative enough. There’s plenty of ways to transport little folk. Ain’t that right, Ken?” Helen joked as she kegel pressed her girthy stowaway.

She couldn’t hear his response, but she certainly could feel it. “Mmm, those wiggles are something else Ken. I’ll expect payment in full later.



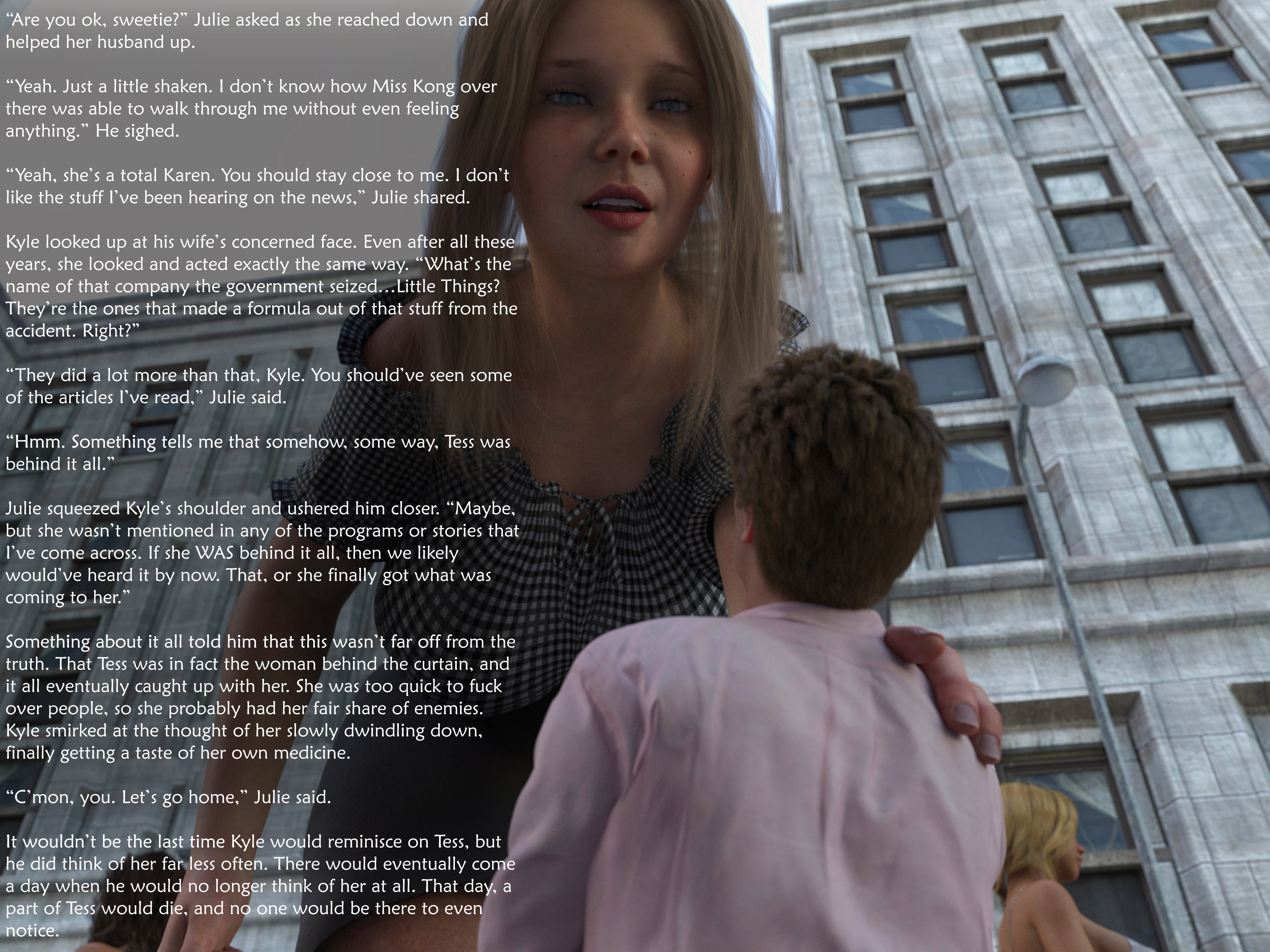


“Finally!” Helen yelled. A yellow cab pulled up to the sidewalk.

Helen was so preoccupied with Ken and her own plans, she failed to realize that a nearby couple were competing for the same cab. Not only that, but she hardly even noticed the forty two inch man crashing against her leg on the way to the door.

“Gah!” Kyle cried out as one of the biggest women he ever saw barreled through him, knocking him down with her shin.

Although Kyle had adjusted well to the world around him, every now and then he was met with someone so big that it reminded him of just how small he was. That’s how big this lady was. Her thick knee was roughly at face height to him. Just like that client he was forced to breastfeed from all those years ago, only with a hell of a lot more meat on her.



“Are you ok, sweetie?” Julie asked as she reached down and helped her husband up.

“Yeah. Just a little shaken. I don’t know how Miss Kong over there was able to walk through me without even feeling anything.” He sighed.

“Yeah, she’s a total Karen. You should stay close to me. I don’t like the stuff I’ve been hearing on the news,” Julie shared.

Kyle looked up at his wife’s concerned face. Even after all these years, she looked and acted exactly the same way. “What’s the name of that company the government seized...Little Things? They’re the ones that made a formula out of that stuff from the accident. Right?”

“They did a lot more than that, Kyle. You should’ve seen some of the articles I’ve read,” Julie said.

“Hmm. Something tells me that somehow, some way, Tess was behind it all.”

Julie squeezed Kyle’s shoulder and ushered him closer. “Maybe, but she wasn’t mentioned in any of the programs or stories that I’ve come across. If she WAS behind it all, then we likely would’ve heard it by now. That, or she finally got what was coming to her.”

Something about it all told him that this wasn’t far off from the truth. That Tess was in fact the woman behind the curtain, and it all eventually caught up with her. She was too quick to fuck over people, so she probably had her fair share of enemies. Kyle smirked at the thought of her slowly dwindling down, finally getting a taste of her own medicine.

“C’mon, you. Let’s go home,” Julie said.

It wouldn’t be the last time Kyle would reminisce on Tess, but he did think of her far less often. There would eventually come a day when he would no longer think of her at all. That day, a part of Tess would die, and no one would be there to even notice.

“Church and third please,” Helen said to the cab driver.

“On it. Hey, aren’t you that lady on the news? The one in charge of shrinking all those people?” He asked.

“Don’t tell me you’re one of those anti-shrinker types? I’ll make you a deal. Get me there in ten minutes, without any chit-chat, and I’ll double your tip,” Helen offered. The annoyedness in her tone was obvious.

“Whatever you say lady. Just don’t go and shrink me, I’ve got mouths to feed,” He quipped back.

Helen smirked and looked down between her legs. “Don’t we all?”



Ken could hear everything. From the poor guy Helen nearly stomped on, to the cab driver she was currently bossing around. He wondered which mouth she was speaking of. His tiny mouth, or the one he currently lay embedded in?

Helen flexed her vagina around him and wiggled her hips. Her squeeze forced a glob of cum to ooze out of her, making its way from beneath his chest, all the way down to the seat below. Helen was clearly turned on by the fact that her cunt alone had rendered Ken completely helpless.

Ken could hear her hushed moans and feel the pulse of her heartbeat through her generous flesh. A slight sheen of sweat had already started to form, dialing up the smell of Helen's sex and ass, which he was currently surrounded by. He wondered if the cab driver might soon take notice.



Other than the occasional squirm from her stowaway, the drive to Julia's went without a hitch. This was good. She needed the time to formulate her thoughts. Which items to stress in her email, which ones to gloss over, and of course, what specific details she needed from Julia.

Knock, knock





Helen was met by the sight of Julia in the doorway, cradling her infant-sized lover to her tit while he breastfed. She hadn't even bothered to cover up.

"Maybe I should get you a cover blanket for Christmas this year," Helen joked.

"What, this? It's just a boob. We all got 'em." Julia argued.

She was half right. Besides, Helen had more important items to discuss. "Have you given this email any more thought?"



Julia led her boss to the living room couch and sat down. “I have. We need to focus on the benefits. Tax breaks, reduction in crime, things like that.”

“Well, OBVIOUSLY. I didn’t come all the way over here to discuss things that even our little ones could figure out. I need specifics,” Helen complained.

“Hmm, isn’t he the sweetest? Such a hungry little fella,” Julia mused. Her eyes remained glued to her pint-sized lover. He looked so peaceful feeding from her breast.

“Julia, focus. This weasly little fuck has the power to shut an entire branch of our department down. Your branch in particular. I need specifics,” Helen urged.



“Why can’t he be a good little boy, like Alex here,” Julia said as she pressed his face against her heaving bosom.

Milk surged out of her fat teat and into Alex’s tiny mouth. He suckled and gulped, downing more of Julia’s milk than he could possibly want. It wasn’t even out of hunger by this point. Just a physical reaction to her warm cuddles and urges.

Whenever he tried to push off, she would simply press him back into herself, bouncing and prodding him to drink more. The flow of her milk was so much and so fast that soon even his mouth couldn’t keep up. It was literally leaking out its sides and down his cheeks.

“If you ask me, maybe someone should cut him down to size. Put a woman in his place. I doubt he’d be much trouble to us then.”

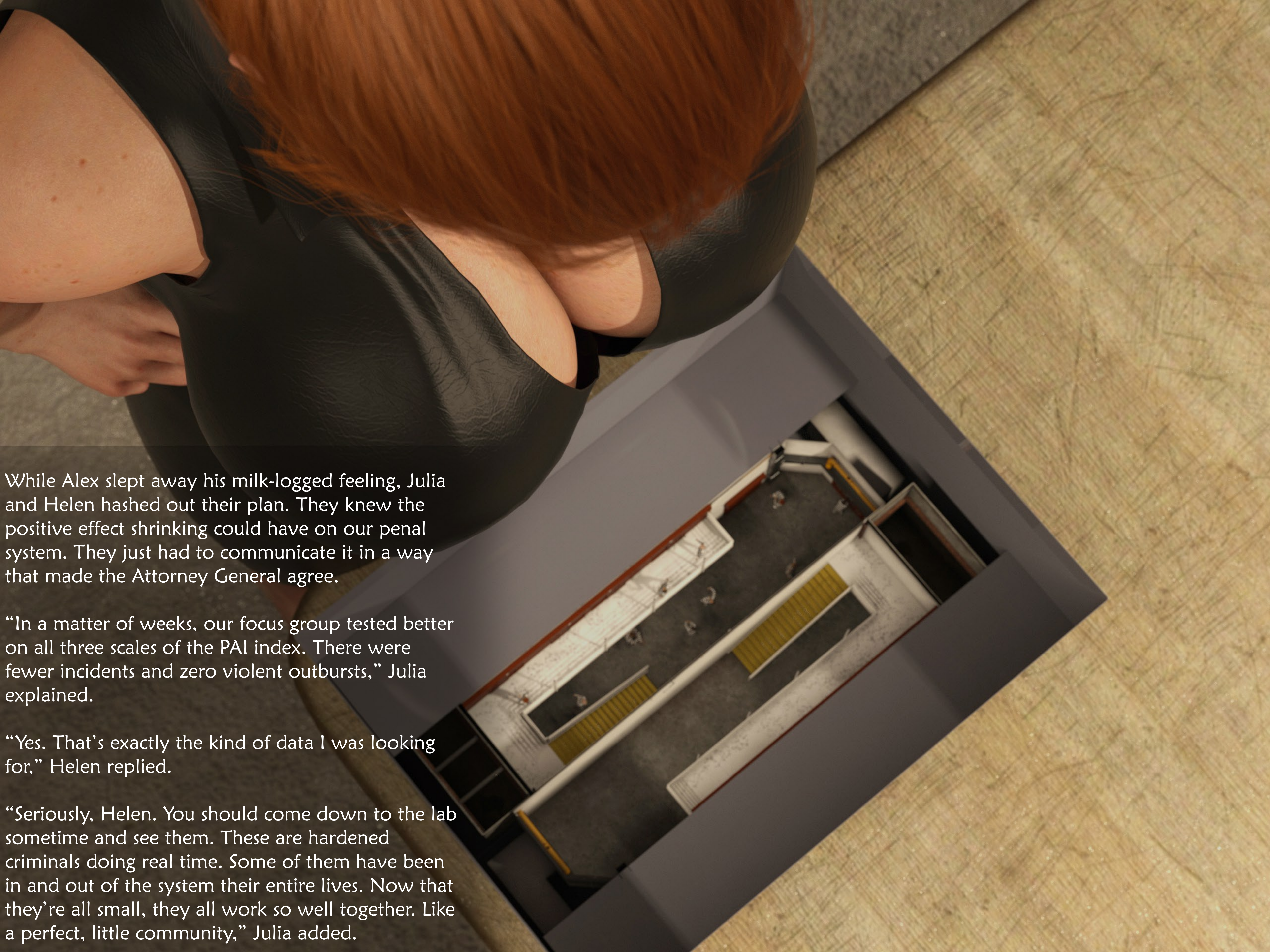


Alex continued to nurse while the two giantesses droned on about some bureaucrat. He fed and fed until his tiny belly couldn't take it anymore.

The giant teat slipped from his mouth with a wet pop, dribbling the last drops of milk onto his face.

Alex was in a milk-drunk trance. He could no longer hear any of their words. Just the sound of his caretaker's heartbeat.

Julia absentmindedly squished him even harder against her chest, blanketing his entire body with her soft, overwhelmingly warm, breast. This forced her nipple back into his mouth. Whether he liked it or not, she wasn't done with him yet.

A woman with long, wavy red hair is shown from a high-angle, top-down perspective. She is wearing a black, form-fitting top and is looking down at a tablet computer. The tablet displays a 3D architectural rendering of a prison facility, showing multiple levels, corridors, and cell blocks. The scene is set on a light-colored wooden floor. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image, partially covering the woman's arm and the tablet.

While Alex slept away his milk-logged feeling, Julia and Helen hashed out their plan. They knew the positive effect shrinking could have on our penal system. They just had to communicate it in a way that made the Attorney General agree.

“In a matter of weeks, our focus group tested better on all three scales of the PAI index. There were fewer incidents and zero violent outbursts,” Julia explained.

“Yes. That’s exactly the kind of data I was looking for,” Helen replied.

“Seriously, Helen. You should come down to the lab sometime and see them. These are hardened criminals doing real time. Some of them have been in and out of the system their entire lives. Now that they’re all small, they all work so well together. Like a perfect, little community,” Julia added.

“Do you think it’s the threat of punishment or...OH! Oooh....”
Helen gasped.

“I think it’s a lot of things. Are you okay?” Julia asked while smirking.
She recognized the look on her face.

Muffled sounds could be heard from between Helen’s thighs.
“Fuuuuck...he won’t stop wiggling.”



“Ha! I knew it. He’s inside you isn’t he?”
Julia exclaimed.

Her sudden burst of excitement shook Alex from his stupor. If it weren’t for Julia’s firm hold on him, he would’ve removed her nipple from his mouth and asked for a break. Instead, he was stuck there, forced to nurse until she was done. He placed his hand on the side of her boob and pressed, hoping it would help speed things up.



“Yes. Between the Attorney General’s sudden interest, and all those public appearances, my stress has been through the roof. So what if I need the occasional release at work? If it helps me...Oh...you little devil!” Helen huffed.

Buried deep Helen’s pussy, surrounded by her generous thighs and mammoth butt, lay Ken. By this point in time, Helen’s pussy was a bubbling creek of juices. He tried to wiggle himself out a little, but that seemed to do more harm than good.

“Ungh! Stop moving down there,” Helen commanded. She rubbed her thighs together and ground her butt against the seat. Her mighty vag hugged and squeezed his strung-out body, forcing the air from his lungs while it dribbled out a few more strands of cum. Poor Ken was already so worn out and soaked that it was as if she had just gotten done using him.



Helen could barely think with all the teasing her little stowaway was providing. She needed a break.

“Sorry, Julia. I know we’re making a lot of headway, but I need to step away for a moment. Do you mind?”

“Not at all. Bathroom’s down the hall.”



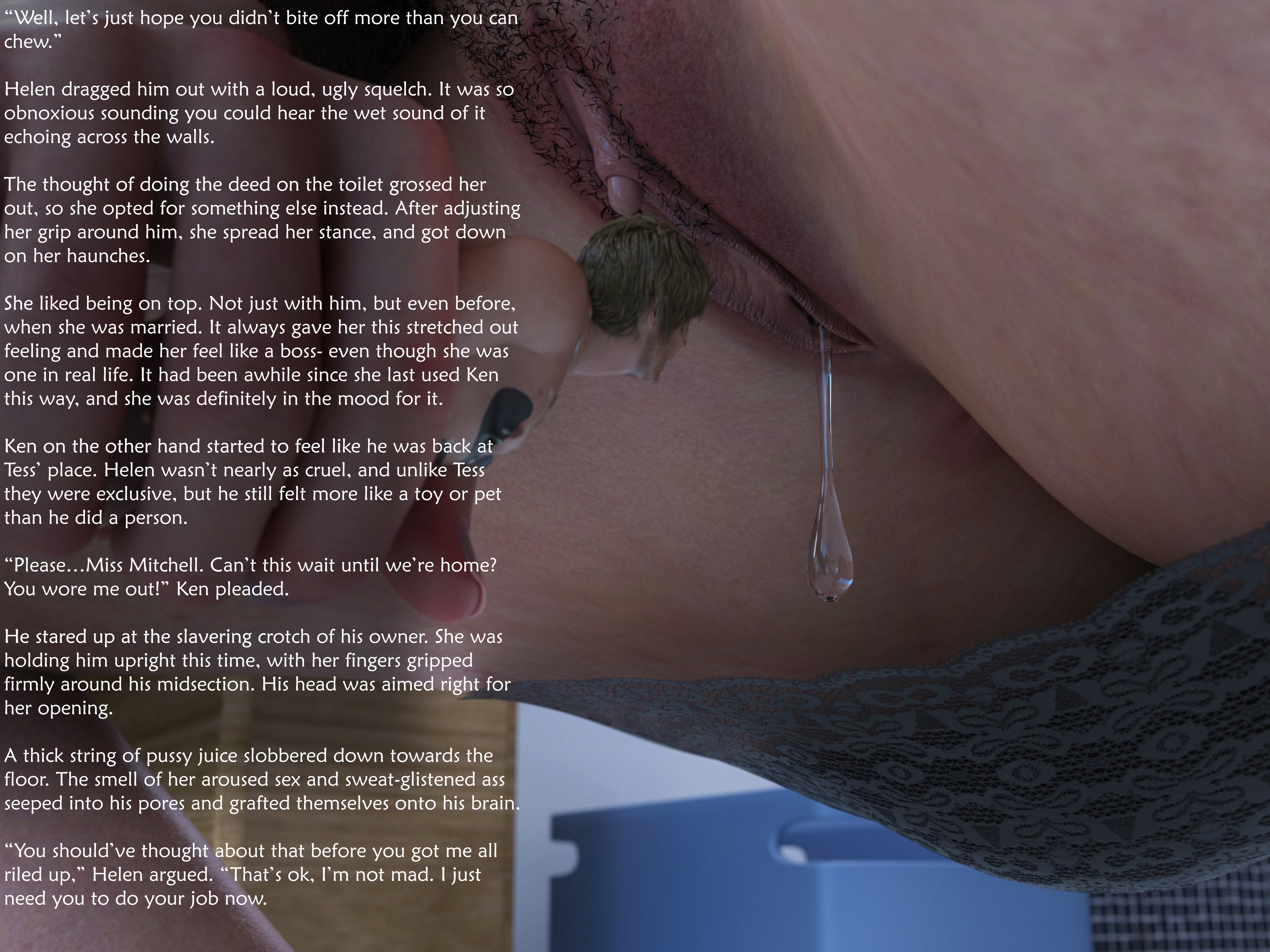
Helen quickly made her way to the bathroom and shut the door. “You must think you’re so slick,” She taunted. Helen was frustrated, but she was far more aroused.

The horned up director turned towards the mirror, spread her legs, and cinched her skirt up. That’s when she finally saw him, or at least the part of him that still showed.

He looked funny down there with his cummy, shaking, blonde-haired head still sticking out from her vag. It was the head of her favorite new cunt toy. Her seven point two inch prized pet.

Her Ken.





“Well, let’s just hope you didn’t bite off more than you can chew.”

Helen dragged him out with a loud, ugly squelch. It was so obnoxious sounding you could hear the wet sound of it echoing across the walls.

The thought of doing the deed on the toilet grossed her out, so she opted for something else instead. After adjusting her grip around him, she spread her stance, and got down on her haunches.

She liked being on top. Not just with him, but even before, when she was married. It always gave her this stretched out feeling and made her feel like a boss- even though she was one in real life. It had been awhile since she last used Ken this way, and she was definitely in the mood for it.

Ken on the other hand started to feel like he was back at Tess’ place. Helen wasn’t nearly as cruel, and unlike Tess they were exclusive, but he still felt more like a toy or pet than he did a person.

“Please...Miss Mitchell. Can’t this wait until we’re home? You wore me out!” Ken pleaded.

He stared up at the slavering crotch of his owner. She was holding him upright this time, with her fingers gripped firmly around his midsection. His head was aimed right for her opening.

A thick string of pussy juice slobbered down towards the floor. The smell of her aroused sex and sweat-glistened ass seeped into his pores and grafted themselves onto his brain.

“You should’ve thought about that before you got me all riled up,” Helen argued. “That’s ok, I’m not mad. I just need you to do your job now.



Helen mashed Ken's head against her swollen sex. After taking a moment to line the rest of him up, she gave her hand a firm squeeze, forcing his entire body to go rigid. Convinced that her human sex doll was now ready for entry, she pressed.

"Miss M...Mitchell, Pl...mppmmm," Ken's pleas became muffled.

"That's enough out of you," Helen spat as she proceeded to work the rest of his form into her chute. She was swift and purposeful. Just like everything else she did. "Gawd, it's like I've been waiting all day for this. I just didn't know it yet."

With Ken firmly embedded up to his chest, Helen removed her grip from his torso and pinched his ankles between her fingertips. She was going to need every last inch of him.

"Yes, yes...god yes!" She cried out as she proceeded to thrust his defenseless body, from shoulder to ankle, in and out of herself, over and over again. Helen was using him like a two-dollar dildo, all while she remained in her deep squat on the bathroom floor.

"Ungh...that's it! Fuck me like you mean it, pussy boy. Make me forget I ever had an ex-husband." She cried out in between grunts. Splashes of plugged up cum spat out of her like water out of a blowhole.

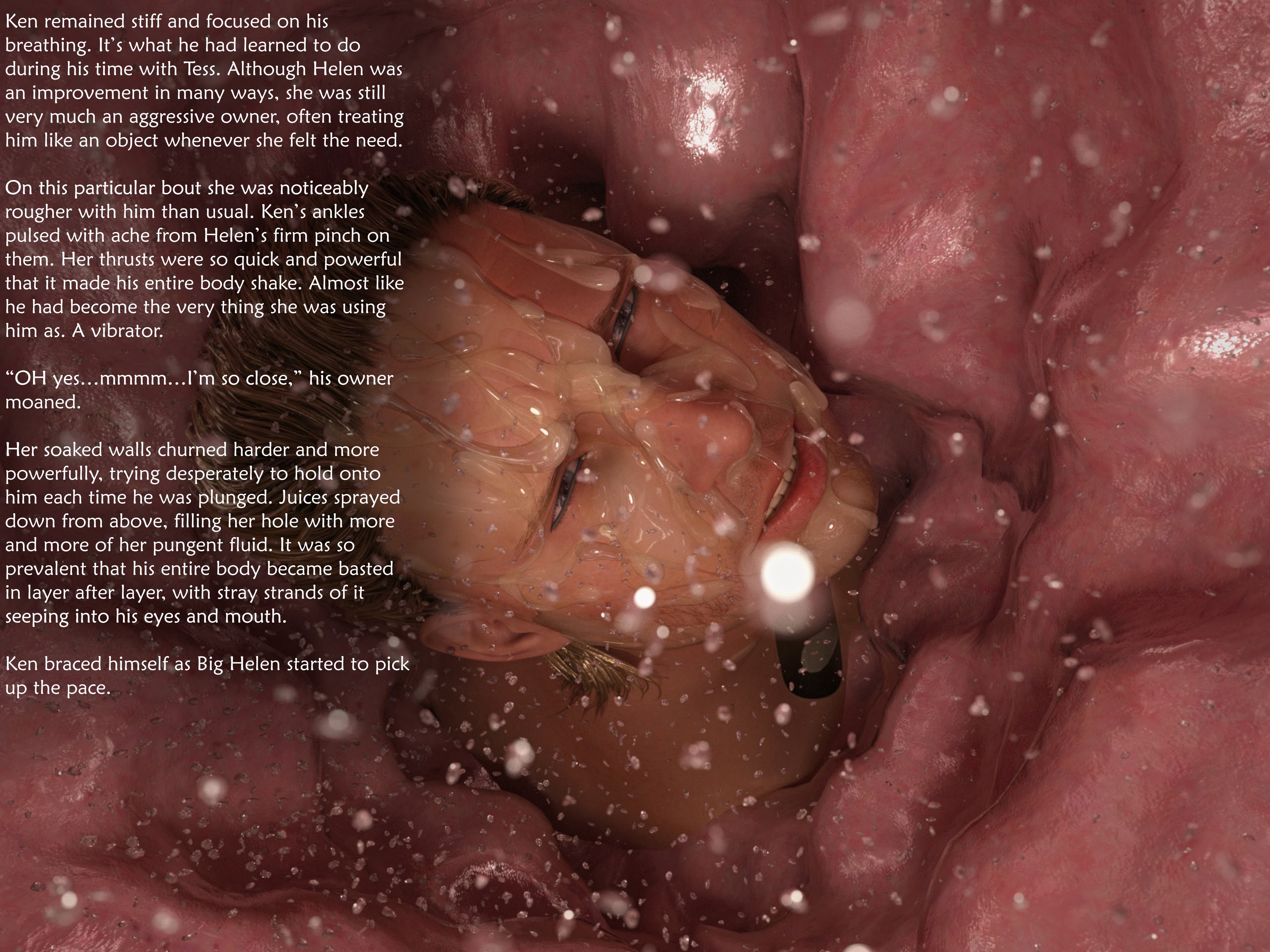
Ken remained stiff and focused on his breathing. It's what he had learned to do during his time with Tess. Although Helen was an improvement in many ways, she was still very much an aggressive owner, often treating him like an object whenever she felt the need.

On this particular bout she was noticeably rougher with him than usual. Ken's ankles pulsed with ache from Helen's firm pinch on them. Her thrusts were so quick and powerful that it made his entire body shake. Almost like he had become the very thing she was using him as. A vibrator.

"OH yes...mmmm...I'm so close," his owner moaned.

Her soaked walls churned harder and more powerfully, trying desperately to hold onto him each time he was plunged. Juices sprayed down from above, filling her hole with more and more of her pungent fluid. It was so prevalent that his entire body became basted in layer after layer, with stray strands of it seeping into his eyes and mouth.

Ken braced himself as Big Helen started to pick up the pace.



Now in the final leg of her determined yet sloppy quickie, Helen shoved her living sex toy all the way in. She immediately started twisting him around, jabbing him against the various odd spots and recesses of her oversexed muff.

“UGh! That’s it....right...there...” Helen barked as she released his ankles and braced herself.

Her toy shook and wiggled just as if he were any other battery operated sex aid. Helen flexed her box around him, paralyzing his entire body.

“GRrraaaahhh...Take it, toy! Take it all!” She howled.

A series of involuntary cunt squeezes quickly took hold. Her pussy literally bent and manipulated his body like a baker kneading dough.

Then came the waterworks. It came shooting out of her in explosive bursts. Like turning a shower on full-blast, but only for seconds at a time.



Soon the thigh-cramping squeezes gave way for more muted clenches, and Helen rode out the lengthy but satisfying aftershock waves left in her orgasm's wake. With the last dribbles of cum leaking out from her crotch, Helen reached down and grasped Ken's ankles once more.

As she slowly dragged out his seemingly lifeless body, she couldn't stop herself from giving him a few more pumps for good measure. A parting gift. "Gawd, my pussy just can't get enough of you."

There'd be time for it later. Right now, Helen had business to take care of.

Begrudgingly, she slid his entire form out from her vag with a grisly slop. A mere second after his head exited her gaping hole, Helen released a rather loud, obnoxious-sounding queef. "Hehe, oops," she said huskily.

With her appetite now satiated, Helen began to notice how icky she felt. She was dripping with sweat, and even she was beginning to smell her own ripeness.

Ken fared worse. In the throws of ecstasy, Helen's pussy had rendered him unconscious. His body was ruddy and glazed over in thick layers of cum, sweat, and stray pubes. Helen held him up to her nose and winced. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Helen was gentle but quick with his wash. She wanted to make sure he was thoroughly scrubbed and rinsed, while also leaving herself enough time to wipe down a few problem spots of her own. That's when she noticed it. Ken's little soldier proudly saluting her touch. Helen smiled and gave it a loving pinch.





Ken woke up to the soft, warm feeling of his owner's huge breasts surrounding him. He used to think Tess', or even Julia's were big, but Helen's were on an entirely different level.


"You were great, Ken. Such a perfect little boy toy," Helen said to him in the mirror.

Ken couldn't believe how tiny he looked sandwiched between his owner's udders.

"Don't think I didn't notice that little hard-on of yours. I may be bossy, but I'm also appreciative," Helen proudly asserted. "No man of mine, no matter how small, gives me that kind of release without me at least returning the favor. What do you say we go another round as soon as we get home? This time I want you to cum inside me."

Ken couldn't begin to fathom another fuck with his enormous owner so soon, but perhaps if he answered the way she wanted, she might use him more gently. "That sounds...um...great Ms. Mitchell.

"Pfff...well don't act too excited," She joked before hefting her breasts together.



The rest of their time there flew by. Helen and Julia finished their email to the Attorney General and tapped send. All the while, Ken remained nestled between Helen's huge breasts, and Alex drifted off to a deep sleep.

"Don't mind him. He's always like that after a feed," Julia said.

"He really is like a little infant. Not too much different from mine," Helen commented. "Speaking of which, I want to fit in another session with Ken before it gets too late. See you tomorrow?"


"See you then."

Helen exited Julia's apartment with a noticeable bounce to her step. She not only was able to get that pressing email out in time, and in the way that she wanted, but she also managed to find enough time to use Ken.

Ring, ring, ring

"Governor Saunders? To what do I owe the pleasure?"





“Don’t play coy with me. You know exactly why I’m calling,” Ms. Saunders said. In between her fingertips dangled a tiny man, barely two inches tall.

“I do?” Helen replied on the other end.

“Yes. To thank you for the little gift you sent over. The one with the name ‘Daryl’ tattooed across his chest, but for whatever reason, goes by David?”

“OH, right. Julia, my assistant, must’ve sent him. I told her to get you a care package and I guess he’s what she settled on.”

Ms. Saunders fiddled with his little arm. “Well, I love him. So much in fact that I think I’ll take you up on that meeting. How’s lunch next Monday sound? You can tell me all about your plans.”

David didn't know what he was in for. He had been tied with a bow, stuffed in a box, and left on Ms. Saunders' doorstep. He remained there, trapped and cramped, for hours.

Finally, she did arrive home.

"What's this?" She asked as she carried the small box into her home.

The rest of the day for David devolved into a big blur of handling, nuzzling, and fondling at Governor Saunders' hands. She simply couldn't take her hands off him. Even during this phone call, she pried her stockings down and trapped him against her thigh. Something about keeping him close in case she needed him?

"Thanks, you too," She finally said. "How's the weather down there, David?"

"It's...fine...but umm...it's a little cramped for my taste," He said. Tess did a lot of things to him, but she never trapped him in her stocking like this before.





Ms. Saunders could hardly hear him. She knew he was trying to convince her to put him somewhere else, but all she could hear were high-pitched squeaks that sounded like words.

He'd learn in time that despite her serious exterior, she was a loving woman. Loving and smart. It was obvious that he had been abused by whomever had him before. The way he'd flinch, not to mention the tattoo of someone else's name branded across his chest, were dead giveaways. She would just have to work the jitters out of him. Exposure therapy did wonders for her fear of public speaking. Surely it could also be used for his fear of powerful women.

75"
6 ft.

Vicky
Height: 6ft3
Weight: 212lbs
M: 38D-32-48

Height to Henry: 57ft
Weight to Henry: 72tns

Height to Tess: 85ft
Weight to Tess: 247tns

Steph
Height: 5ft7
Weight: 158lbs
M: 34D-32-48

Height to Henry: 51ft
Weight to Henry: 54tns

Height to Tess: 76ft
Weight to Tess: 184tns

51"
4 ft.
45"
42"
39"
3 ft.
33"
30"
27"
2 ft.
21"
18"

Henry
Height: 8.5in
Weight: 55g

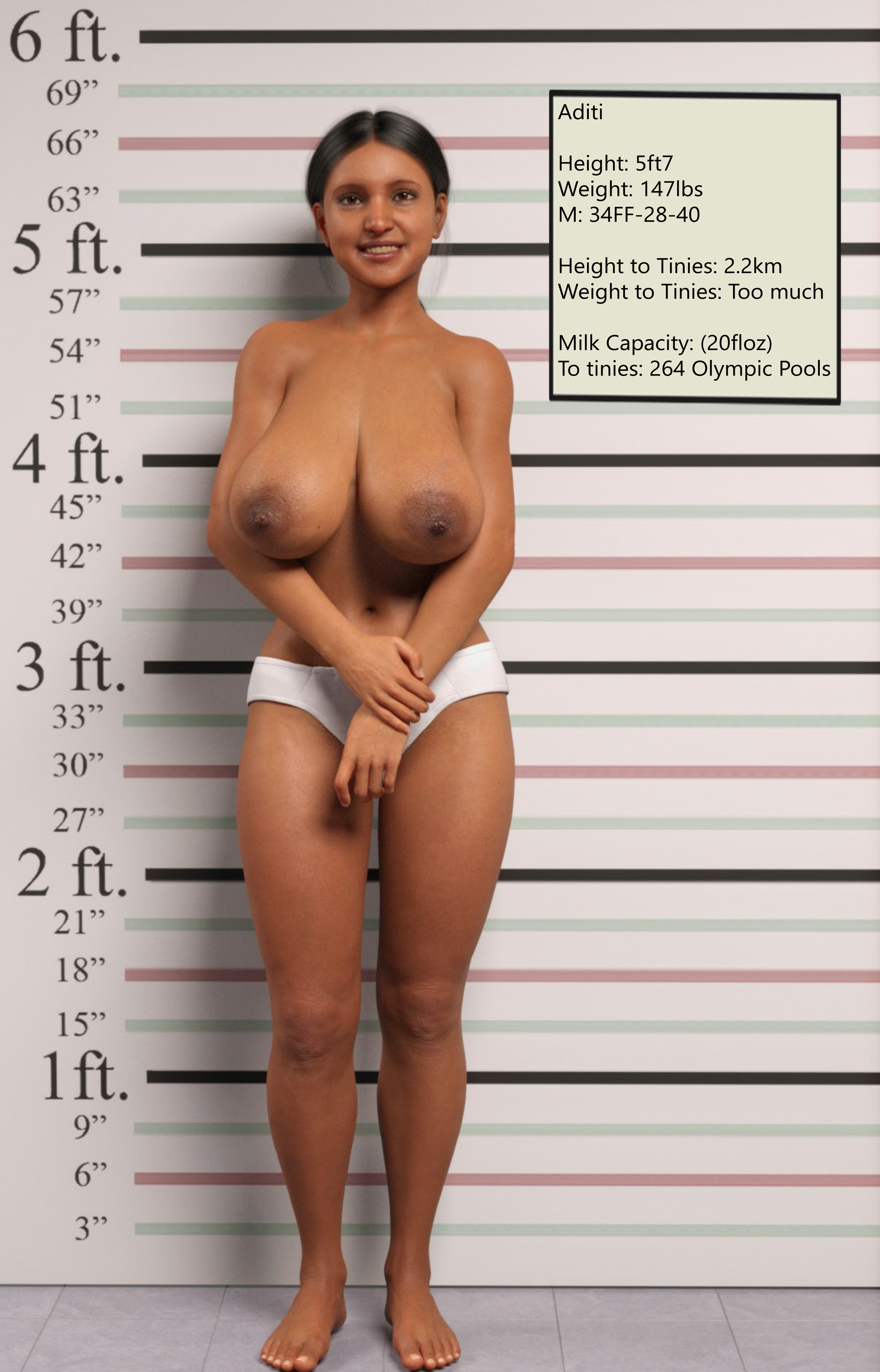
Height to Tess: 9ft4
Weight to Tess: 783lbs

Tess
Height: 5.5in
Weight: 34g

Height to Henry: 3ft11
Weight to Tess: 51lbs

3"





Aditi
Height: 5ft7
Weight: 147lbs
M: 34FF-28-40

Height to Tinies: 2.2km
Weight to Tinies: Too much

Milk Capacity: (20floz)
To tinies: 264 Olympic Pools



Specks
Height: Circa 1.4mm
Weight: Not perceptible

At relative size Aditi can
feed 214,207,500 of this
scale per day

75"
6 ft.
69"
66"
63"
5 ft.
57"
54"
51"
4 ft.
45"
42"
39"
3 ft.
33"
30"
27"
2 ft.
21"
18"
15"
1 ft.
9"
6"
3"



Governor Saunders
Height: 5ft10
Weight: 156lbs
M: 34C-26-36
Height to David: 210ft
Weight to Henry: 3033tns

David
Height: 2in
Weight: 1.7g

To Be Continued...

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