

# Little Things Inc

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## A Forty Two Conclusion



BY JSM+OHH

THEN...

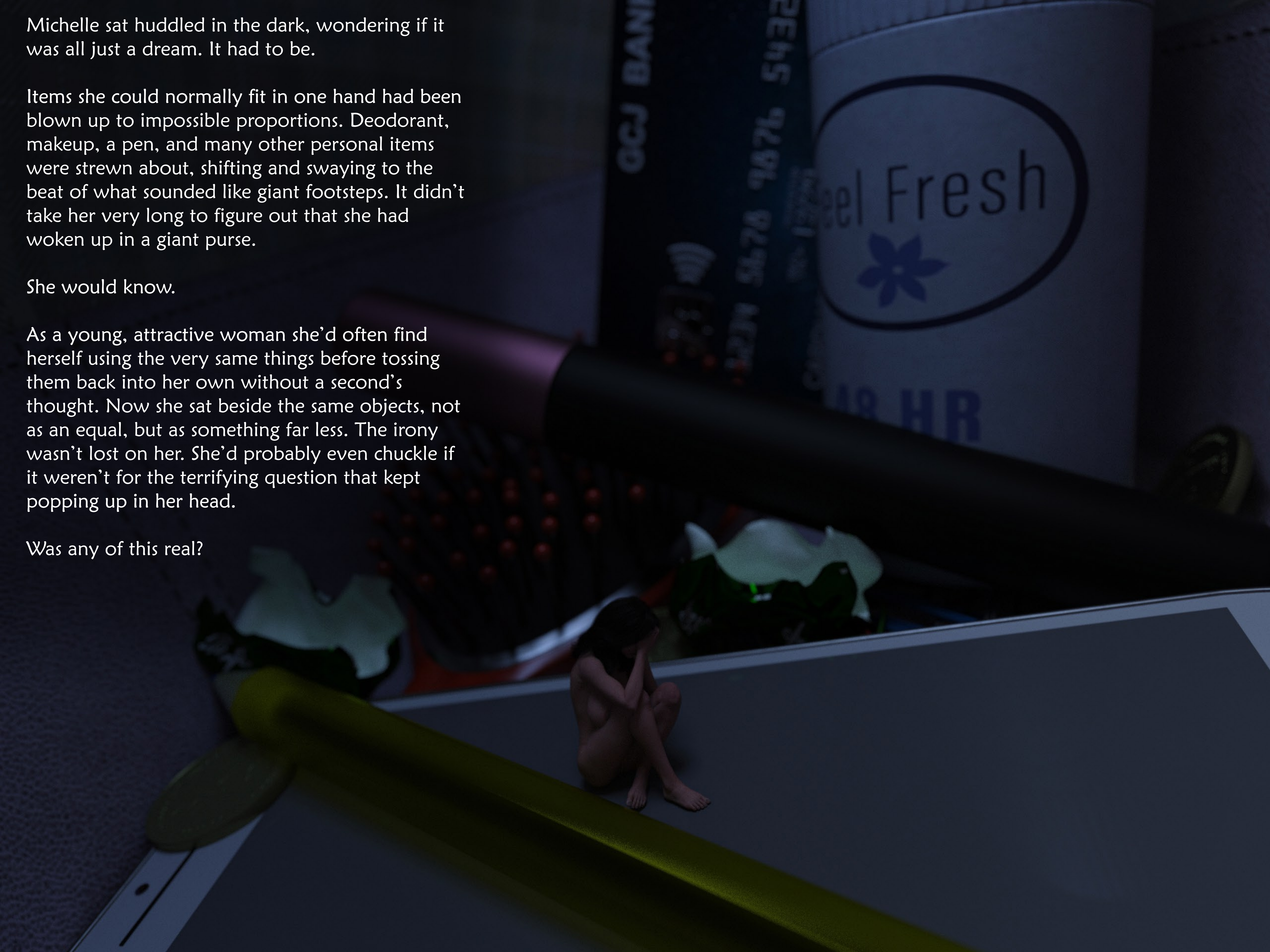
Michelle sat huddled in the dark, wondering if it was all just a dream. It had to be.


Items she could normally fit in one hand had been blown up to impossible proportions. Deodorant, makeup, a pen, and many other personal items were strewn about, shifting and swaying to the beat of what sounded like giant footsteps. It didn't take her very long to figure out that she had woken up in a giant purse.

She would know.

As a young, attractive woman she'd often find herself using the very same things before tossing them back into her own without a second's thought. Now she sat beside the same objects, not as an equal, but as something far less. The irony wasn't lost on her. She'd probably even chuckle if it weren't for the terrifying question that kept popping up in her head.

Was any of this real?



A dark, atmospheric scene with a person's silhouette in the foreground. The person is seen from behind, with their arms outstretched. In the background, there is a large, glowing, irregular opening, possibly a doorway or a hole in a wall, which is the source of light. The overall mood is mysterious and slightly ominous.

A giant hand appeared from above, lowering towards her like a hungry spider approaching its prey. That's how she felt. Like prey.

“Eeep!” Michelle cried out. She was lucky to even get that out. She was so wracked with fright she could barely speak.

But that all changed as soon as the giant hand reached her. Michelle kicked and screamed as fingers the size of trees pinched her body and plucked her up.

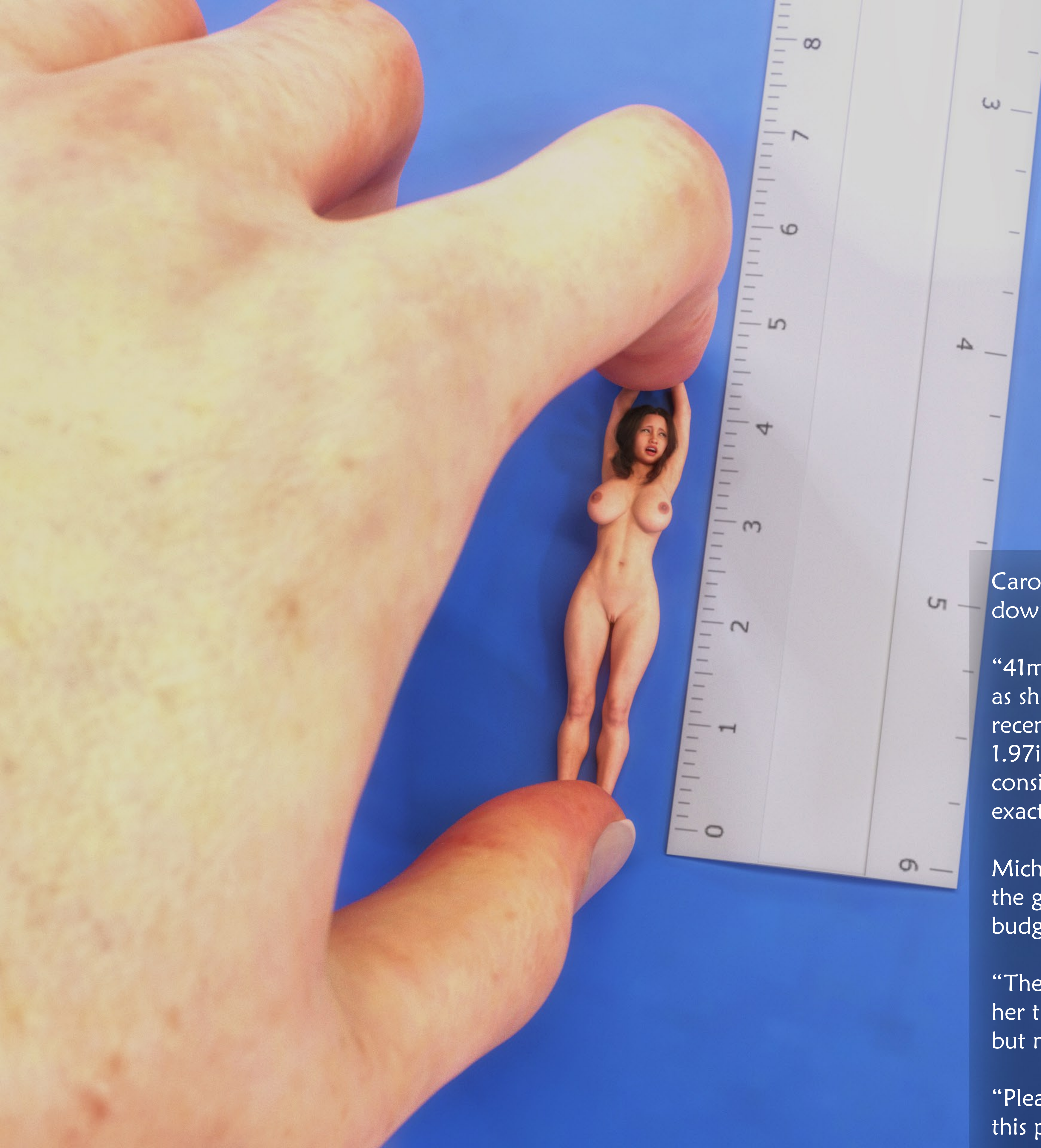
The purse's interior lining rushed past as Michelle was whisked away from the shadowy confines of the purse, into a brightly lit room. An enormous, lightly freckled face, adorned with trendy glasses and red pigtails, stared back at her in fascination.

She had this odd look on her. Not of anger or sadness. It was the kind of look someone had when handling an interesting object. Like a shopper holding a piece of jewelry, deciding whether it was worth buying or not.

"No apparent signs of injury. The body seems fully intact. Brunette hair, athletic build, the subject looks the same as she did before reduction." Carol said.

"Who....how....?" Michelle croaked. She was so frightened she could hardly speak.





Carol ignored her squeaks and set the tiny woman down on the examination table.

“41mm. That’s 4.1cm or 1.61in.” Carol said aloud as she considered the implications. “Our most recent subject, Five, went from a 6ft male down to 1.97in, or 50mm. The formula seems to work consistently at shrinking the subject down to exactly 2.77% of their original height.”

Michelle did her best to squirm out from beneath the giant fingertips, but she couldn’t so much as budge.

“The female seems reasonably distressed. I can feel her trying to slide out from beneath my fingers, but making no actual progress.”

“Please! Why are you doing this? How is any of this possible?!” Michelle cried out.

Carol pinched Michelle's body once more and gently set her down on a cold metal surface.

"Now for a proper weight reading. If she weighs anything at all," Carol chuckled.

Michelle looked down at her reflection on the cold metal surface. How was any of this possible?

"0.98 grams. That's a perfect match for her pre-reduction weight of 100lb or 45kg. And I thought I was petite at 120. You were always such a little thing, weren'tcha?"

"Please wake up...please wake up...!" Michelle repeated. This was a nightmare. It had to be.





Carol picked her subject up and placed her back down on the examination table. Using one hand to hold her face down, the scientist taped her arms to the surface.

“What are you doing?” Michelle asked nervously.

Carol continued to ignore the tiny woman while she propped her hips up and taped each of her legs.

Michelle had been secured face-down and ass-up. There was no doubt that the menacing giantess had quite the view. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw some sort of white instrument that resembled a giant syringe.

“The subject is bound and in position. Proceeding with fertility sample.”

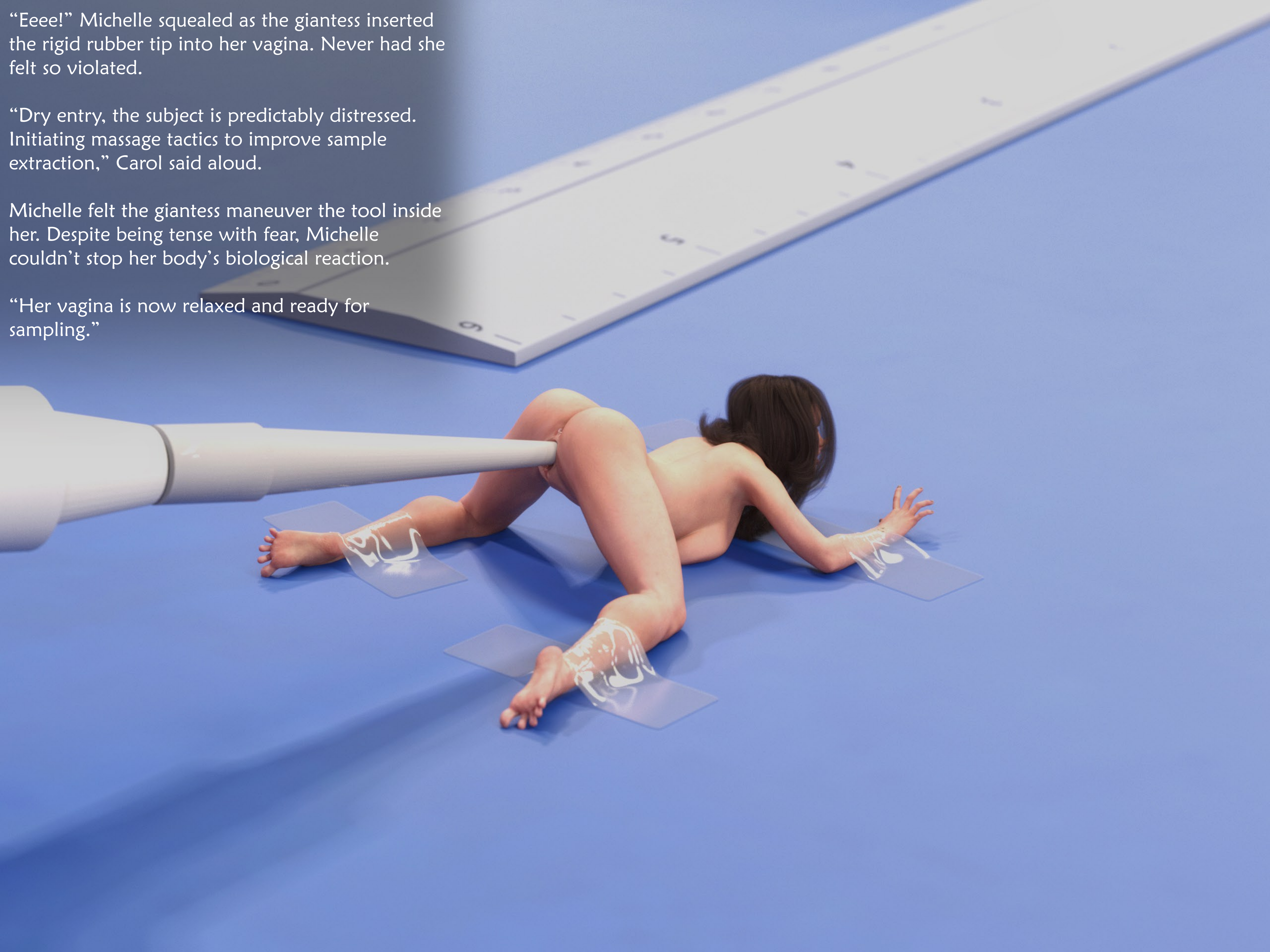
“Fertility sample?!” Michelle panicked.

“Eeee!” Michelle squealed as the giantess inserted the rigid rubber tip into her vagina. Never had she felt so violated.

“Dry entry, the subject is predictably distressed. Initiating massage tactics to improve sample extraction,” Carol said aloud.

Michelle felt the giantess maneuver the tool inside her. Despite being tense with fear, Michelle couldn't stop her body's biological reaction.

“Her vagina is now relaxed and ready for sampling.”






Michelle felt a strong sucking force as her insides were being vacuumed into the device. She felt like a turkey being prepped for a feast, only instead of being stuffed she was getting sucked from the inside out.

“PLEASE STOP!” Michelle cried out, desperately trying to wake herself from the bizarre nightmare.

“Fertility sample collected. She seems to be in good health, pending results of course.”

A woman with red hair, wearing glasses, a red spaghetti-strap top, black shorts, and black sneakers, stands in a laboratory. She is looking towards a set of shelves. The shelves on the left contain several small wire cages on a shelf, with a yellow biohazard bin on top. The shelves on the right are glass-fronted and contain various laboratory glassware, including test tubes in racks and bottles. In the foreground, a lab bench has a rack of blue test tubes and a blue mat. A green stool is visible in the bottom right corner.

Carol shuddered as she removed the subject's tape and picked her up from the table. She couldn't figure out the exact reason why she enjoyed working with tinies so much. The science of it all was groundbreaking, and the technology they were developing from it was on the cutting edge, but that was only part of it.

At 5'6 she wasn't exactly short, but she wasn't imposing either. In the lab though, she was a literal goddess. Nothing could ever come close to the raw power she felt when holding an entire being in the palm of her hand. With just one squeeze she could end her.

Carol brought the subject to her cage and opened the spring-locked door.

Carol tossed the tiny girl onto the wood chip bedding. “Six meet Five. Five, please show her around.”

The man known as Five looked up at the giant redhead. He was about to say something but stopped just before. He didn't want to stand out.

Carol was equally quiet as she stared at the two subjects intently. She was fascinated by their tiny little features. They looked like humans but reminded her of the many lab mice she'd worked with.



Satisfied that she had gotten a good enough look, the giant scientist closed the latch and lowered the glass window, distorting the world beyond their shelf.

With the scientist now returning to her desk, Five felt comfortable enough to approach the poor woman and introduce himself.

“Hi, I’m Nick.”

Michelle cowered away.

“I’m not gonna hurt you,” Nick assured her. “The same thing happened to me.”

“D...don’t come any closer!”

He couldn’t blame her. Just a couple of weeks ago, he had gone through the same thing. The measurements and...sampling.

“Who are you? Why are we tiny?”

“I’m Nick, and I don’t know why. All I remember is meeting up with the giant scientist lady at her apartment after we matched on Tinder. One thing led to another, and while we were...you know...she started gassing me with some sort of air can.”



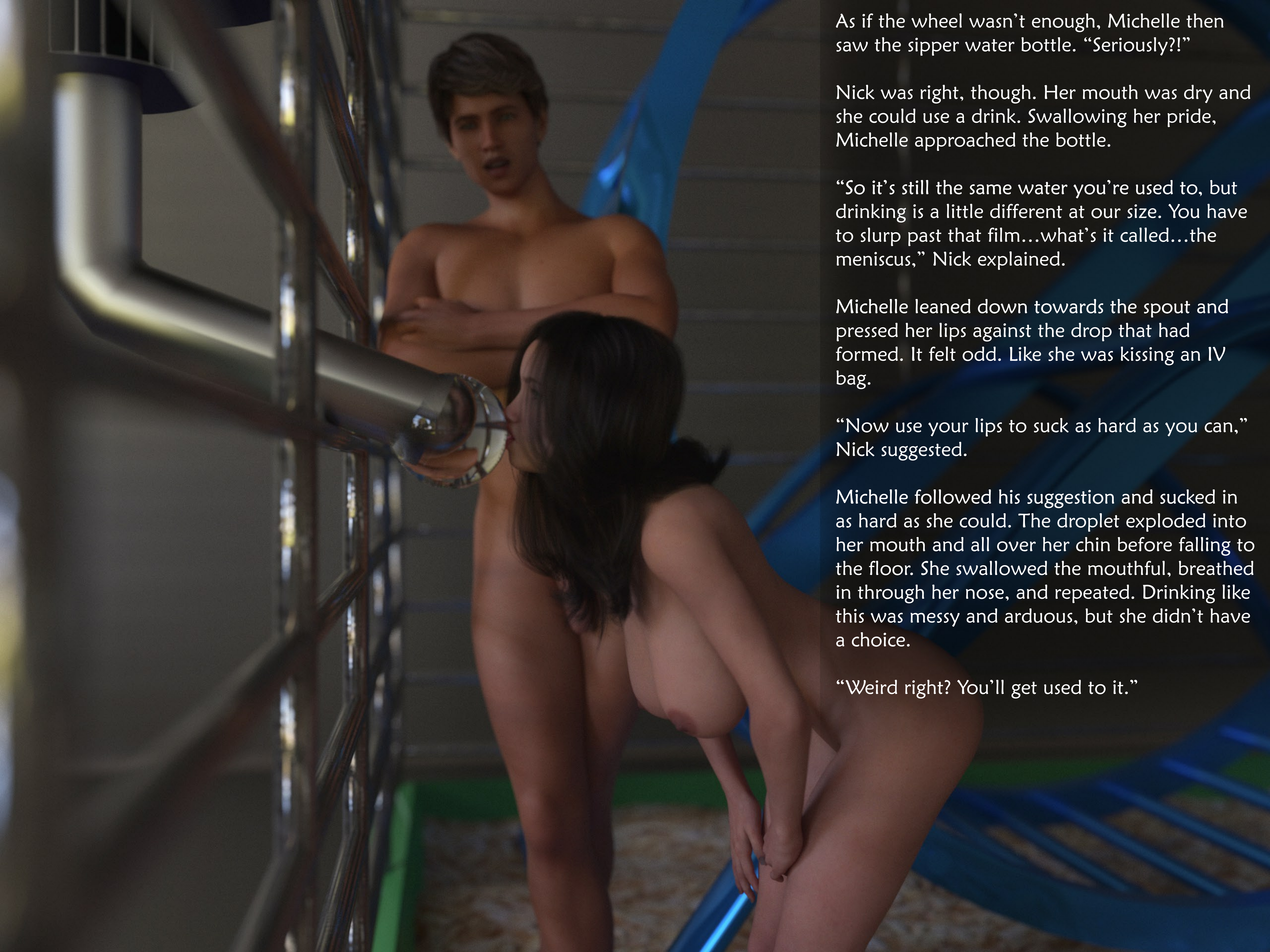


Michelle remembered the air can as well. Despite how impossible everything seemed, she knew deep down that all of it was real. “It can’t be! It just can’t!”

“Woah, calm down,” Nick said.

“Calm down? I’m like an inch tall, living in the cage of a mad scientist like some sort of lab mouse. There’s even a goddamn hamster wheel?!” Michelle panicked.

“You’re right. I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking, it’s just something people say,” Nick explained. “You must be thirsty, let’s get you a drink.”



As if the wheel wasn't enough, Michelle then saw the sipper water bottle. "Seriously?!"

Nick was right, though. Her mouth was dry and she could use a drink. Swallowing her pride, Michelle approached the bottle.

"So it's still the same water you're used to, but drinking is a little different at our size. You have to slurp past that film...what's it called...the meniscus," Nick explained.

Michelle leaned down towards the spout and pressed her lips against the drop that had formed. It felt odd. Like she was kissing an IV bag.

"Now use your lips to suck as hard as you can," Nick suggested.

Michelle followed his suggestion and sucked in as hard as she could. The droplet exploded into her mouth and all over her chin before falling to the floor. She swallowed the mouthful, breathed in through her nose, and repeated. Drinking like this was messy and arduous, but she didn't have a choice.

"Weird right? You'll get used to it."

“Why are they doing this to us?” Michelle asked.

“I’ve been trying to figure that out. There’s six of us so far, each given a number for a name,” Nick said.

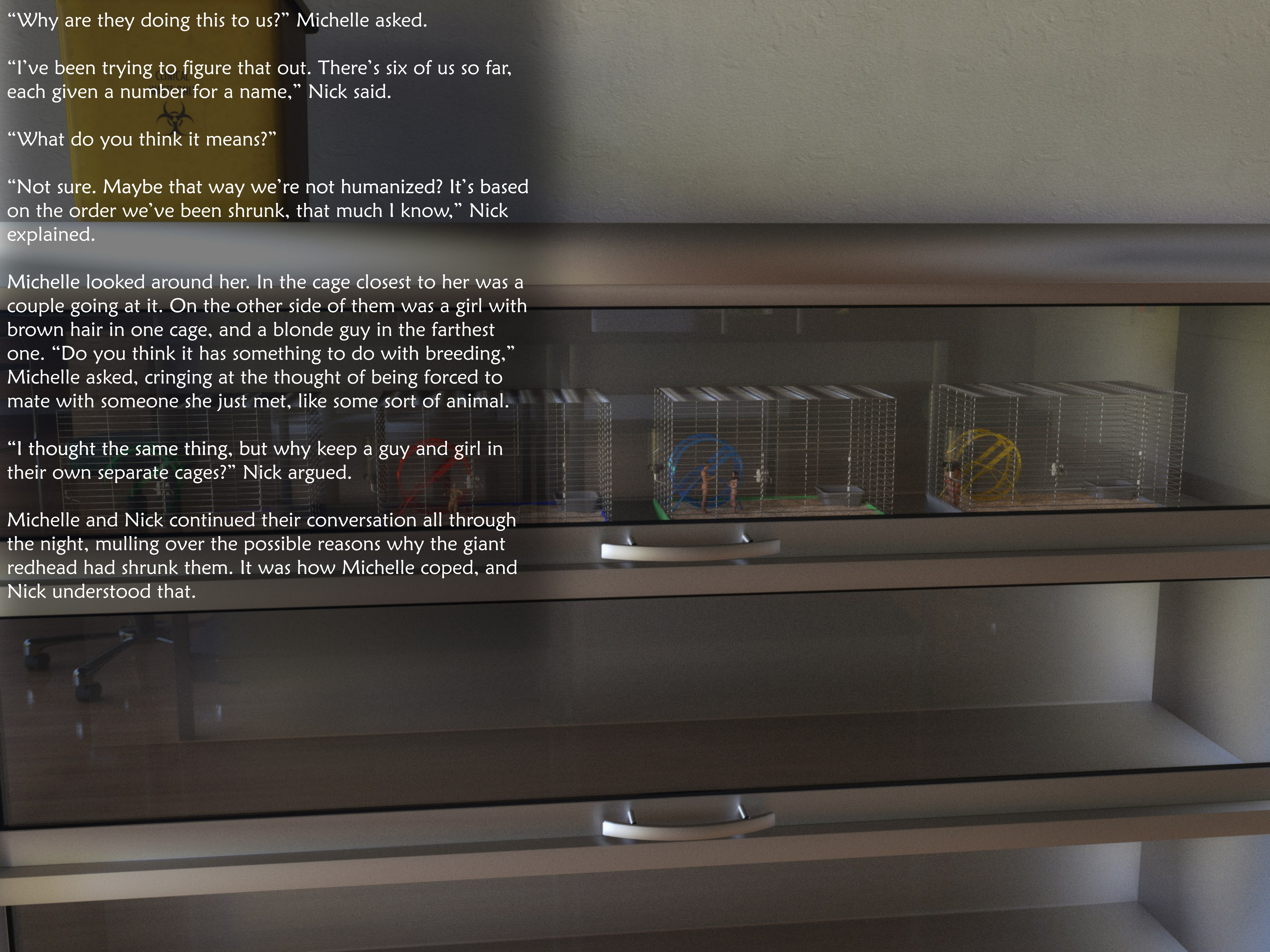
“What do you think it means?”


“Not sure. Maybe that way we’re not humanized? It’s based on the order we’ve been shrunk, that much I know,” Nick explained.

Michelle looked around her. In the cage closest to her was a couple going at it. On the other side of them was a girl with brown hair in one cage, and a blonde guy in the farthest one. “Do you think it has something to do with breeding,” Michelle asked, cringing at the thought of being forced to mate with someone she just met, like some sort of animal.

“I thought the same thing, but why keep a guy and girl in their own separate cages?” Nick argued.

Michelle and Nick continued their conversation all through the night, mulling over the possible reasons why the giant redhead had shrunk them. It was how Michelle coped, and Nick understood that.



A woman with a stethoscope around her neck is talking on a white smartphone. In the foreground, several tiny, nude human figures are gathered around a large jar of baby food. One figure is bent over, eating from a pile of orange baby food. Another figure is standing nearby. The scene is set on a desk with a yellow folder and a white jar of baby food. The jar has a baby face on it and the text 'NET WT 5 oz (141g)'.

Soon it was morning, and the giant scientist returned. One by one she opened each cage and scooped up their tiny occupants. She set them down on a board on her desk where a pile of baby food had been dumped. Everyone but Michelle got on their knees and began scarfing it down.

“You should try to eat. We don’t get fed very often,” Nick said between mouthfuls.

But Michelle ignored him and stared at the jar in awe. A meal meant for an infant was now enough to keep the six of them fed for weeks, maybe more. The only thing that did manage to break her stupor was the giant redhead. She was talking to someone on the phone.

“Yes, Misty. There’s six of them now,” She boomed.

Misty? That must’ve been her boss.

“No, our lead participant had a conflict. She’ll be here tomorrow,” Carol explained. “They’re eating right now. Testing will begin as soon as they’re done.”

After finishing her phone conversation, the massive scientist cleaned up the uneaten food, then went and got one of the empty cages.

All six of them stood there, helplessly locked away behind the metal bars. Carol loomed above them like a red-haired goddess as she carried the cage and all six tiny people effortlessly. Her breasts were so gigantic they blocked most of her face.

“Testing Phase One: Physical Limits. Subject Three’s ability to breathe beneath crushing weight will be assessed using pocket change. Subject Two’s ability to withstand cold temperatures will be tested with ice water,” Carol narrated. “Temperature readings will be taken from her before and after.”



Carol placed Three down on the surface and carefully rested a single coin onto his chest. Based on her calculations one should suffice.

Three pressed and wiggled with all of his might while the rest of the group watched in fear. Despite the difficulty of it all, the little guy managed to press the coin down his body enough to squirm his way out.

“Three shows abnormal strength for his size.”

Carol replaced the coin and added another smaller one on top.

Three struggled beneath the crushing weight, unable to escape from beneath this time.



Satisfied that she had arrived at the proper weight, Carol shifted her attention to the tiny brunette. After carefully pinching her between her index and thumb she brought the subject up to her face. The thermometer she did have wasn't properly sized so she had to be careful.

The tiny woman began kicking and screaming as soon as she felt cold metal press against her cheeks.

“Stop squirming or you'll only make it worse,” Carol scolded her as she gave her butt a slight pinch. She then proceeded to carefully insert the device into her anus. The cruel scientist couldn't help but stare in amazement at how much the tiny orifice could stretch.

Beep

“Subject Two, temperature reading one normal. 37C, or 98.6F.”



Carol moved subject Two over to the glass filled with water and ice cubes and tossed her in.

“Aaah! It’s fucking freezing,” she squeaked.

But the scientist ignored her outburst. She simply looked down at them in fascination. Subject Three’s tiny little arms flexed as he tried to push spare change off his body. Subject Two’s little legs kicked about, trying to keep her head afloat amongst ice cubes that had more mass than her.

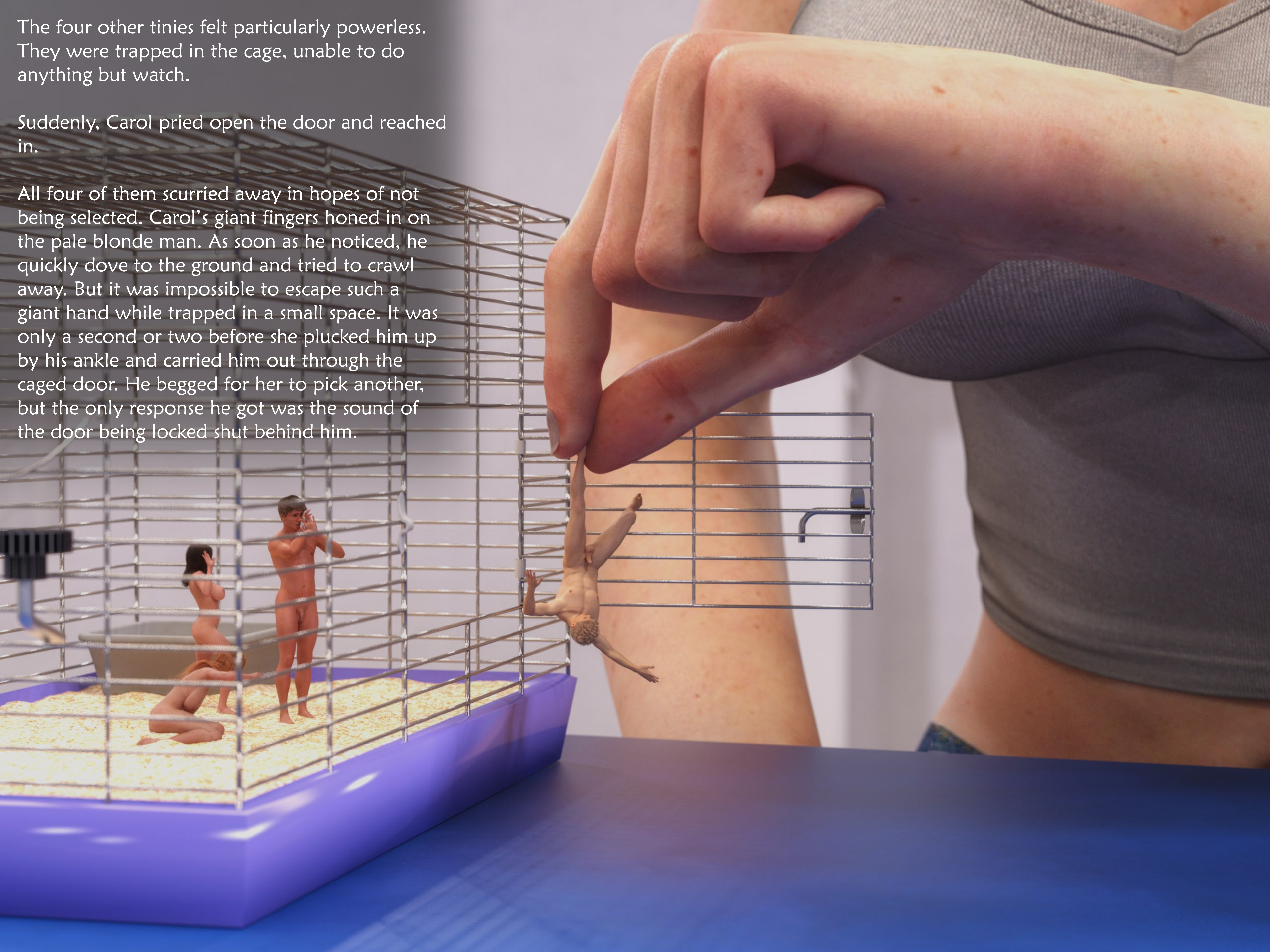
It was as interesting as it was cartoonish.



The four other tinies felt particularly powerless. They were trapped in the cage, unable to do anything but watch.

Suddenly, Carol pried open the door and reached in.

All four of them scurried away in hopes of not being selected. Carol's giant fingers honed in on the pale blonde man. As soon as he noticed, he quickly dove to the ground and tried to crawl away. But it was impossible to escape such a giant hand while trapped in a small space. It was only a second or two before she plucked him up by his ankle and carried him out through the caged door. He begged for her to pick another, but the only response he got was the sound of the door being locked shut behind him.





“Subject One, running test one....attempt four,” Carol announced.

The tiny man had been placed into a green hamster wheel atop a stack of books. As ridiculous as that may have seemed, it wasn't entirely unfamiliar to him. He had been there before. In fact, on his last attempt, he nearly broke his ankle.

“Go on, mouse. You know what to do. Move those little legs as fast as you can,” Carol said.

The miniature man looked up at her pleadingly, hoping she'd have a change of heart. But she simply stared back expectantly.



He knew he wasn't getting out of this. So he sucked it up and started to run. Each time he stepped, his heart went to his throat. The slats were spaced so far apart that one wrong step could send him tumbling face-first.

Just as he feared, his foot eventually missed the bar, sending him flying. The wheel turned back and forth a few times before coming to a complete stop.

"Get up," Carol demanded.

"I'm...I'm sorry, I can't run like this. The wheel, it's so stiff, and the bars, they're so awkwardly spaced," he squeaked.

"I said, get up. You're a tiny little thing, not a person. You don't get to make that decision."

“I’m...I’m sorry,” He said.

“Why haven’t you practiced in your cage more? This is our fourth attempt!” Carol scolded. She clearly was annoyed with him.

“I’ll try again, please...just give me a sec.”

“I don’t have time for this, mouse,” Carol huffed. She brought her finger up to the wheel in what could only be described as a flicking gesture.

“Start running or I’m going to flick you as hard as I can.”

“Ok, ok!” He said as he got up and started pumping his legs again. Though this time a bit more carefully.





Carol continued with the experiment, moving on to the next subject, the tiny redhead. In this experiment, she would assess the bodily impact of falling from a proportionally deadly height. That is, if she were to grow the subject to normal height and make her fall the same distance relative to her body, she'd surely die.

“Subject four, test fall one.”

“Oh god, please! Don't do this. I'll do any other test...PLEASE!” She begged.

Carol ignored her and continued. “Approximate height, 76cm, or 30 inches. This converts to over 27m relative to the subject, or 90ft.”

All of a sudden her heart rushed to her throat as the tiny redhead felt a rush of air sweep by. Carol had let go.

“Aaaaah!” She screamed. A fall from that height would surely kill her.





She hit the ground with a thud. Shooting pain rang down her body and out through her left leg, where she had landed awkwardly. Despite how much it hurt, the tiny redhead couldn't help but feel a sense of relief. She had survived a fall that looked like a 90-foot plummet to certain death

“Owe,” She gasped as she tried to get up. The entire left side of her body was already starting to bruise.



Carol picked her up and placed her on her feet. The test seemed to go as expected, but she still needed to examine her.

“Subject Four seems to be alright. Able to stand with no observable breaks. This seems consistent with a normal person’s fall from the same height,” Carol said. She noticed some marks on the tiny girl's side and pointed at them in fascination. “Are those bruises?”

The tiny redhead looked down at the markings she was pointing towards.

“Hmm, this may suggest faster healing patterns at reduced sizes. I’m going to recommend further analysis. The implications are pretty spectacular though.”

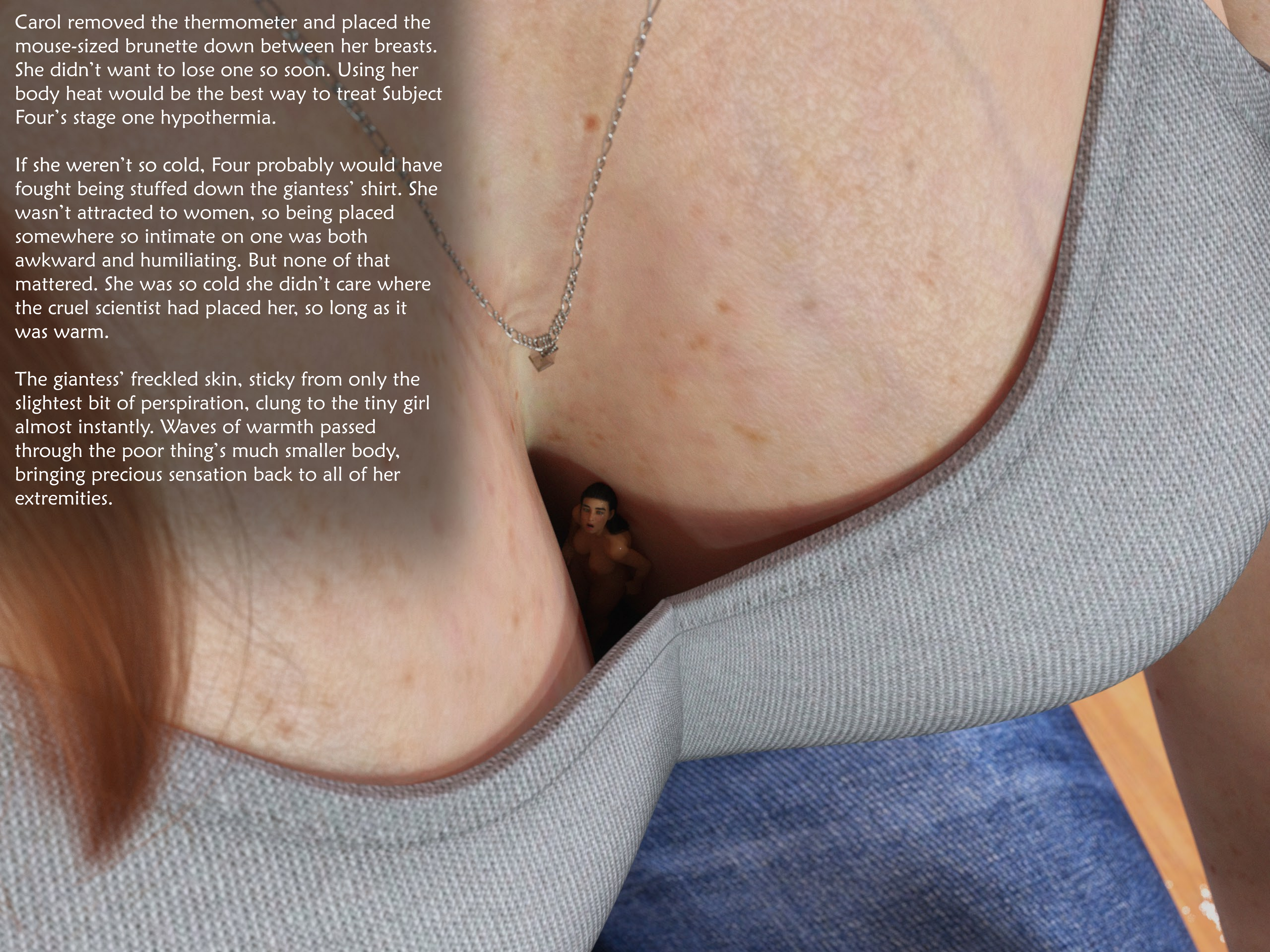


After setting the redhead down, Carol returned to the brunette. She had been treading in ice-cold water the entire time.

The giantess' warm fingers were an ironic relief for the shivering tiny's body as she was plucked from the freezing cold. This feeling, however, was short-lived. The gigantic scientist pinched her still, forced the cold, fat tip of the thermometer back between her cheeks, and pressed.

"Eeep!" She cried out as her anus was stretched to its absolute limits. The cold had made it even worse than before.

"As expected, Subject two's body temperature is extremely low. Early signs of hypothermia are prevalent."



Carol removed the thermometer and placed the mouse-sized brunette down between her breasts. She didn't want to lose one so soon. Using her body heat would be the best way to treat Subject Four's stage one hypothermia.

If she weren't so cold, Four probably would have fought being stuffed down the giantess' shirt. She wasn't attracted to women, so being placed somewhere so intimate on one was both awkward and humiliating. But none of that mattered. She was so cold she didn't care where the cruel scientist had placed her, so long as it was warm.

The giantess' freckled skin, sticky from only the slightest bit of perspiration, clung to the tiny girl almost instantly. Waves of warmth passed through the poor thing's much smaller body, bringing precious sensation back to all of her extremities.



“Now for the last test,” Carol said.

Nick and Michelle yelled in unison as the giantess pried open the door and reached in. They knew attempting to evade her was futile, but that still didn’t stop them from covering beneath her pinching fingertips.

Carol barely even noticed, and quickly plucked the final two subjects up from their cage.

Carol placed the two tinies in a Petri dish and held them up at arm's length.

“Subject Six, semen sample two,” she boomed. “New girl, make your little mouse boy here, cum.”

Did she just...?

Michelle turned towards Nick shyly, hoping to find some form of validation.

To her surprise, he appeared to be even more shaken than she was. He couldn't even look at her. The guy just stood there, quietly staring down at the glass dish while he covered his privates.



Michelle had heard what the scientist lady said, and she knew better than to disobey someone so much bigger than her, but she couldn't get her muscles to move. She was in shock. It was all so ridiculous.

Carol raised her hand and braced her forefinger against her thumb threateningly. "Make him cum, or I'll flick you both off the petri dish."



Needing no further encouragement, Michelle approached Nick and got on her knees. She was attracted to men, and Nick was certainly good-looking enough, but being forced into something like this didn't exactly get her going.

But a job's a job, and it was either do this or get flicked off the cruel lady's hand to the hard floor below. She eyed his dick for a moment before grasping it in her hand. Back and forth she began stroking it.



Carol watched the tiny girl grip and tug the little guy's dick. All of which was happening in the palm of her hand. They were two little lab mice she could force-breed whenever she wanted.

"That's it. Make him like it. Use everything you learned before you became a test mouse," Carol urged.





Michelle wasn't listening. Instead choosing to throw herself into the task at hand. Using both hands she tugged, gripped, and pulled his rock-hard member. Each time she made it a point to note the fullness of his erection, as well as his moans and twitches.

She read him like a book and brought him to orgasm in record time.

“OH fuck, I'm....” Nick moaned.

A thick stream of punk shot out of him, which Michelle only barely managed to evade.

With the experiment over, Carol set the Petri dish down.

“Sorry about that,” Nick apologized.

“It’s fine,” Michelle said.

“Are you ok?” Nick asked.

“No, but it’s fine. You were fine,” Michelle assured him. “Thanks for not being smelly or gross.”

As the two tinies chatted amongst themselves, doing their best to move past the uncomfortable situation, Carol brought a q-tip roughly twice their height down to the surface and scraped up the sample.





Michelle and Nick watched as Carol strolled across the room with the sample in hand.

“What do you think she wants with it,” Nick thought aloud. “Do you think it’s...”

“For breeding?” Michelle interrupted. “Yes. I do.”

The following day, Carol greeted her lead participant in the hallway. She was ten minutes late as usual. This frustrated the ever-punctual scientist. Didn't she ever bother to consider how her tardiness affected others?

It didn't help that the young college student was a solid ten with a perfect face, trim waist, and curves for days. Despite feeling pretty, Carol always acted a little jealous around her.

"You're late," Carol said.

"Sorry, my ride had to stop for gas. You can call her if you like," Hannah suggested.

"There's no time for that. We're already behind schedule," Carol huffed.





“Strip,” Carol said.

Hannah barely had the chance to sit down before Carol blurted out the odd command.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Didn’t you read the contract? The position requires nudity. Surely you won’t let a little self-consciousness get in the way of scientific progress?” Carol argued.

“I...I did, I just didn’t expect it so soon,” Hannah said.

Carol could see she was getting nowhere fast. So she softened her tone and tried a different approach. “It may seem a bit awkward at first, but you’ll get used to it. Part of the reason we selected you was your experience with nudity and your own body. You perform on camera. This should not be a problem.” Carol said.

Hannah didn’t appreciate the jab, but she needed the money. So instead of arguing with Carol, she started to strip.



After she finished stripping down, save for a pair of pink lacy underwear, Hannah was instructed to lie back. She did so without question. That is until Carol started tying her up.

“What are you doing?!” Hannah asked.

Carol sighed as she continued to tie her wrists down to the examination chair. “It’s crucial that you don’t interfere with the other participants.”

“I’m sorry, did you say...other participants?” Hannah asked. No one ever told her there’d be others.

“Yes...if you’d even consider them that,” Carol said. “There! All done.”

“Ok....but, can you at least loosen my bindings? They’re a little tight and I’m not sure I like the idea of being tied down around a bunch of strangers,” Hannah asked.

“They’re loose enough for you to slip out if needed. But trust me, they’re more scared of you than you are of them.”

Hannah's eyes went wide as she watched Carol produce what looked like two tiny humans.

"Hannah, meet subjects Five and Six," Carol said.

"Wh....a?" The young coed was so astonished by what she was seeing that she could barely even speak. It was as if her brain had overheated and was starting to shut down.

Carol paused with her hand over the busty woman's naked breast. "Remember that accident a few years back? The one that made that tiny celebrity dentist...what's his name...Daryl?"

Hannah nodded silently.

"Well, where others saw catastrophe, my boss and I saw opportunity. Here, give these two a try," Carol said. She then turned her hand and let go.

Hannah didn't care anymore that she was naked. She was too taken by their tiny little bodies flailing through the air.





Hannah stared at the tiny couple in wonder. At least that's what they looked like. A tiny, rather good-looking, couple standing on her breast as if it were a hill.

The male, handsome and fit, who appeared to be in his twenties, approached her while the trim brunette stayed back.

"Hi...I'm Nick," He squeaked. He did his best to speak loudly, but it wasn't easy under the current circumstances. Each of his footsteps pressed down into the squishy flesh. It wasn't like anything he felt before. Being around someone so huge that he could literally sink into the fat of her breast. It was hot, but it was also frightening.

Hannah couldn't help but giggle at the sound of his squeaking.

Carol had been leaning in the entire time. Watching them both with a curiosity that seemed to go beyond scientific interest. "They sound funny don't they," Carol said. "They're squeaking. It sounds like mice. I even find myself calling them that at times."

What Carol had said didn't quite register with Hannah. She was too struck by the adorable, fit little humans stranded on her tit.

"Ok Five and Six. It's like we discussed, start stimulating her nipple," Carol commanded.

In any other circumstance, Hannah would get up and run. But this was too good to pass up. Who else in the world could say they got to second base with a guy and girl the size of an army toy?





Nick pounced on the stump-sized teat and started to squeeze. He could feel it begin to harden as blood rushed beneath him.

Meanwhile, Michelle resorted to the type of playful teasing she used to enjoy. Walking about the edges of the giantess' areola, she used her tiny little feet for stimulation. The textured surface beneath her feet quickly rose, forming discernible cracks and bulges that she could press down on.



“Oh my, they feel...”

“Good?” Carol interrupted.

“Mmm...yes. I can feel their little hands and feet...”

Carol was almost as happy as Hannah was. This is exactly the kind of data Misty and her were hoping for. “Tell me, Hannah. Have you ever had a nipple orgasm?”

Hannah was finding it hard to hold a conversation. She was turned on by the pretty little humans that worked so hard to please her. “No...I don’t think so.”

“I’m not surprised. Most women haven’t. Funny when you think about it. There are hundreds of nerve endings in each nipple. For women these are far more sensitive, likely due to hormones and them being spread out,” Carol explained.

As Nick continued using his arms to squeeze and rub the giantess' fat nub, Michelle reached a point where she was no longer making any progress. You can only tease the outer parts of a nipple so much, and this one was as distinct and bumpy as can be. So she walked over to the fleshy stump that Nick was hugging, and proceeded to sit down on it as if it were a piece of furniture.

“What are you doing?” Nick asked.

“We can't keep doing the same thing. Women need variety. So I'm improvising,” Michelle explained.

She knew what she was doing. Nick had thought he had done a good enough job on his own, that is until Michelle decided to join. The already engorged teat somehow got harder, and it rose right before his eyes.





“Ok little mice. Stand for me,” Carol ordered. Part of the test was determining the stimulation level of all parties, not just the lead participant. Even someone as cold as her couldn’t help but crack a slight smile at how silly they looked. “Aah, so it’s not just Hannah who’s enjoying herself.”

Hannah was beside herself. What began as a nightmare, being made to strip and tied down by some bitchy science nerd, had evolved into one of the most memorable sexual encounters she ever had. They looked so tall and cute standing there on her huge heaving breast. Just the erect part of her nipple looked to have about the same mass as each of them.

“Hey, little guy. I can see your toy pistol waving about. Is that for me, or the hot piece standing next to you?” Hannah teased.

Nick looked up at Carol. He was having fun, but he had been there long enough to know who was in charge. The last thing he wanted to do was get ahead of himself. A flick from someone her size could be deadly.

“She asked you a question,” Carol said.

“C’mon, Carol. Make them start again!”



“Hold on, Hannah. There’s a plan. One that I think you’ll enjoy,” Carol explained.

The bossy redhead lowered her face towards the nipple the couple stood upon. She got so close that for a moment, Hannah thought the lady was going to put it in her mouth.

“Ok, you two. It’s clear that you’re both ready for the second part of this study. I need you both to start fucking, right on top of this big nipple, here.”

The two of them were stunned. Carol was scary, and neither of them felt comfortable around her. But they’d be lying if they said they didn’t find the idea hot.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Hannah moaned in the background. “Face me when you do it. I wanna see your little faces when loverboy’s railing her from behind.

Nick needed no further encouragement. He took Michelle by the shoulders and bent her over the engorged nipple.

Michelle was beyond turned on. She always had that fantasy of being taken. But it was the kind of thing she would only think about. Any normal scenario where that might happen would surely involve some scumbag that she wasn't into.

This, however, wasn't normal at all. She had been shrunk down and forced into a threesome with a hot guy she barely knew, on top of the enormous breast of some coed. Michelle knew that he was just as powerless. So when he bent her over, she couldn't be angry with him. She'd just have to take it.

"Oooh," Michelle moaned at the feeling of Nick entering her.





Hannah watched the two little things fuck atop her nipple like it were a kitchen table. They may have started because of Carol, but they were doing it that way because of her. He was plowing her from behind, giving Hannah a clear view of each of their faces, because she told them to. It was her very own private show. Out in the real world, she was the one that did as she was told. But down here, she was a goddess.

Carol on the other hand didn't seem affected by anything she saw. She simply stood in the background and scribbled notes. Scientific observations her boss would be keen on.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Carol set her notepad down and approached them. Just like before, she got in real close, but instead of bringing her head to Hannah's breast, she pointed her finger at them.

“Don't you dare cum yet! Not until Hannah here says so. Understood?”

Nick looked over at her and nodded. It wouldn't be easy, but it wasn't like he had much of a choice.

Hannah was just as turned on as they were. She'd wanted to join Carol and give them even more commands. But she was so aroused that she struggled to come up with something good to say.



“I’m not sure I can last much longer,” Nick whispered.

Michelle had already orgasmed earlier and not even Nick had noticed. She could just as easily fake one later. Nick on the other hand was an entirely different matter. Especially with Carol and Hannah studying their every move. They needed to switch things up and fast.

“Hold that thought,” Michelle said. She got up, led Nick to the side, and pounced.

Nick was forced to sit down on the nipple like it was a living room chair. Despite her petiteness, Michelle certainly knew how to throw her weight around.



As hot as this new position was, Michelle could force more of her weight on his thighs. This in turn reduced some of the blood flow while she rested in between thrusts.

“Better?” Michelle asked.

“Yeah.”

“Fuuuck, that’s it. Keep going but start making out. Show her how much you like it,” Hannah commanded.







“OH fuck, I’m about to...” Nick warned.

“Not yet. Oooh....mmmm...don’t do it. We’re so close. Here...grab my ass!” Michelle moaned.

“That’s not gonna help,” Nick huffed.

“I don’t care! Just do it!”

Nick did as he was told and grasped each of her fleshy cheeks.

Michelle let out a deep and guttural moan as she drove her hips down and forward. This added force kept him from finishing. She was simultaneously getting herself off while she kept him at bay.



Hannah looked at the two of them through bedroom eyes. She had had her fun and now was as good a time as any.

“Cum. Cum for your goddess,” She boomed.





Both tinies did as they were told.

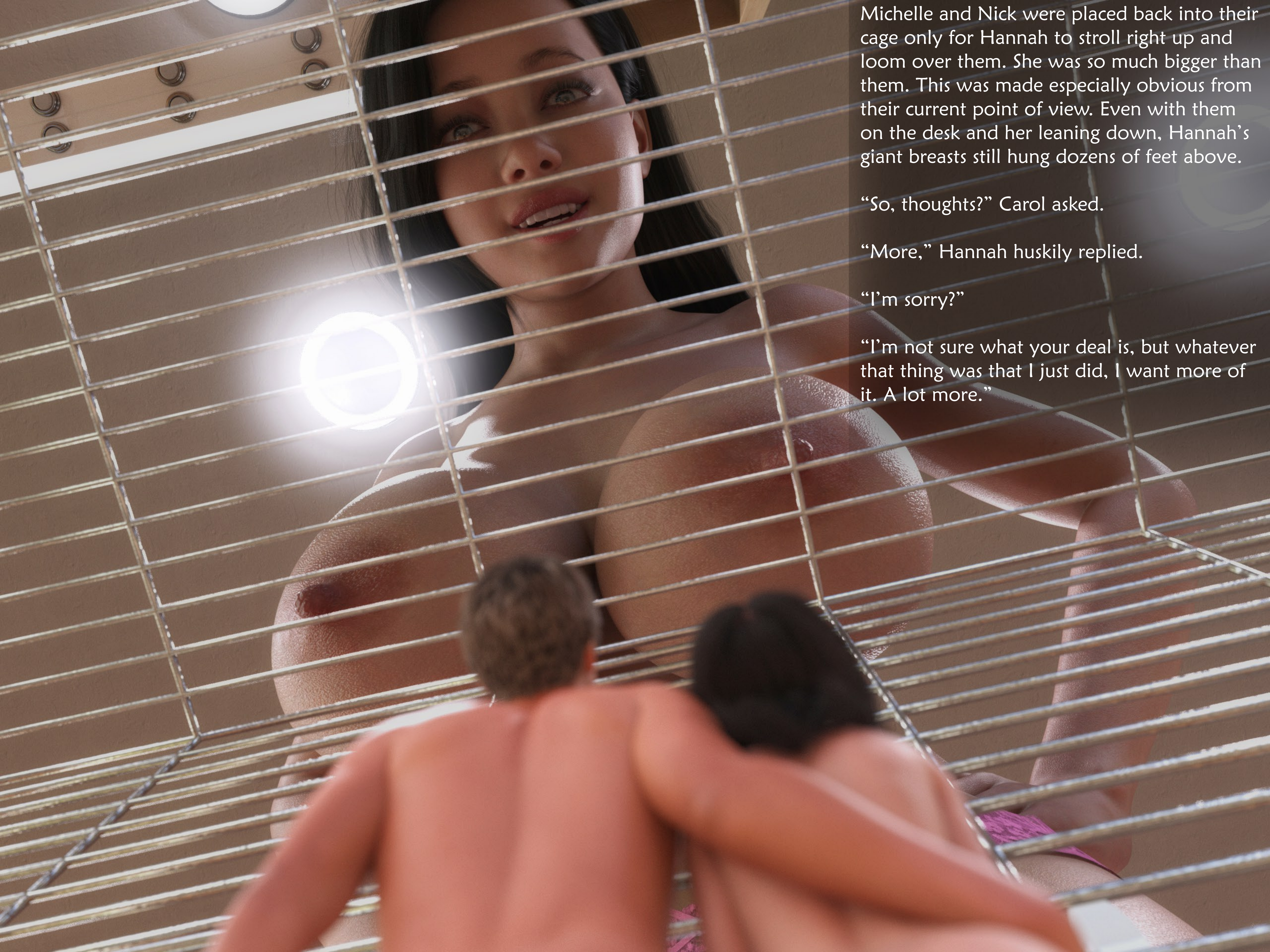
For Nick, it felt like he was a teenager again. Having to hold back for so long and under the current circumstances made it feel like he hadn't cum in years.

Michelle didn't have to fake anything. For the first time in her life, she achieved multiple orgasms in a single fuck, and somehow, this one was even better than the last.



With relieved sighs, Michelle and Nick rolled off the giant teat and onto the bumpy expanse of her pink areola. Michelle draped a thigh across his waist and looked at him through her post-coital haze.

He was the one. This man she just met, complete with a stupid-looking grin on his face. He was the one she's been looking for. She knew it in her gut. Michelle had found the love of her life while trapped in what could only be described as a living nightmare.



Michelle and Nick were placed back into their cage only for Hannah to stroll right up and loom over them. She was so much bigger than them. This was made especially obvious from their current point of view. Even with them on the desk and her leaning down, Hannah's giant breasts still hung dozens of feet above.

"So, thoughts?" Carol asked.

"More," Hannah huskily replied.

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm not sure what your deal is, but whatever that thing was that I just did, I want more of it. A lot more."

Lynn stood outside the building waiting for her roommate and fellow teammate. She had so many questions, especially regarding pay. All of a sudden the door swung open and out walked Hannah. She looked even better than usual, almost glowing.

“Wow, you look amazing!” Lynn said.

“What? This old thing?” Hannah quipped.

“God, for someone so hot you can be such a dork sometimes,” Lynn rolled her eyes. “Now hurry up and get in. I wanna hear all about your new gig, but we can’t be late for practice again. My ass still hurts from all those jump squats last time.” Lynn said.

“Sure thing, I can’t really say much. They had me sign a nondisclosure agreement,” Hannah explained.

Lynn looked at Hannah skeptically as she entered the driver’s side. “You do realize that just makes me want to ask you more.”

“Haha, stop! I don’t want to be late either, so let’s get a move on.”



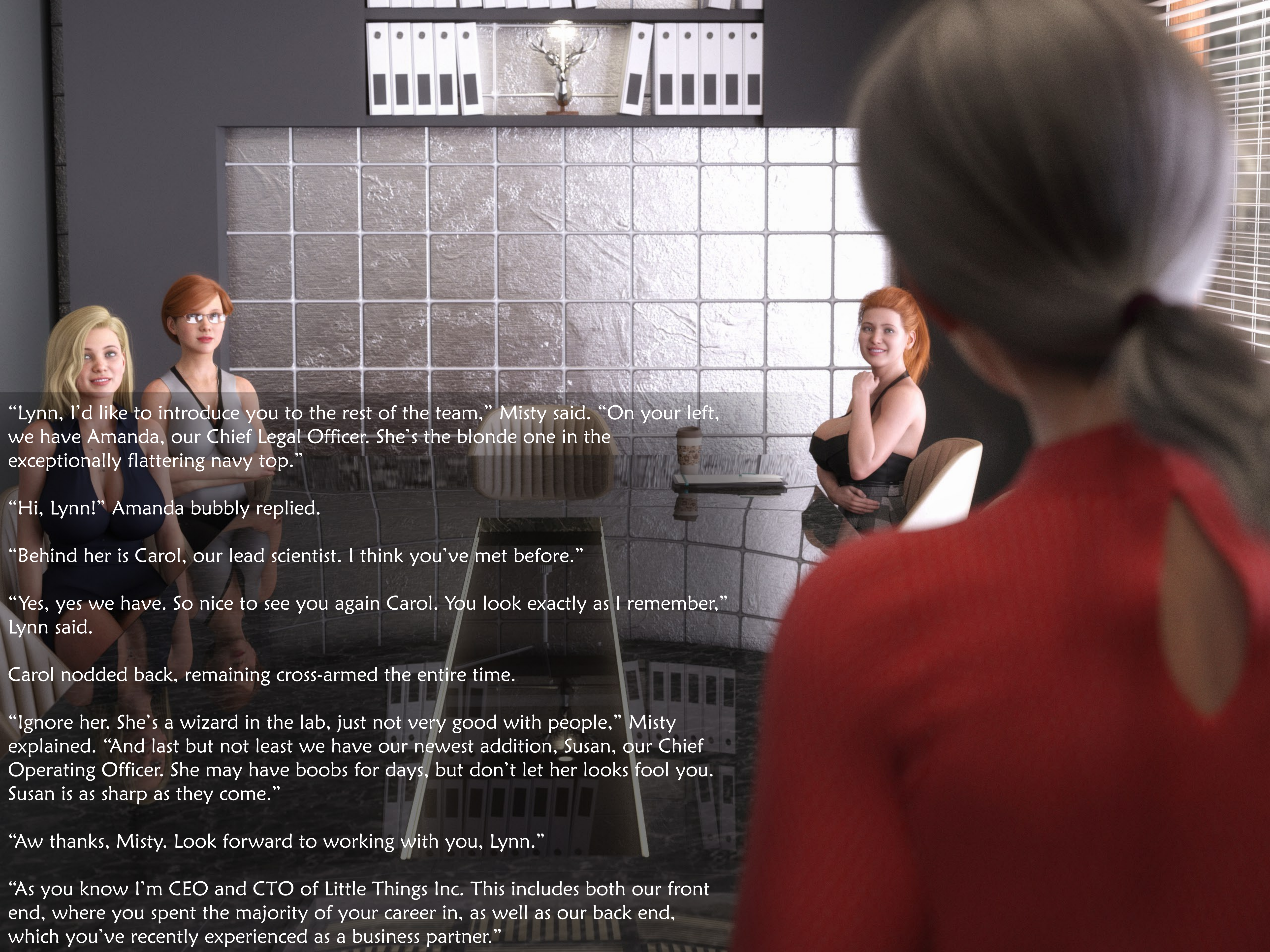
NOW...



“The star of the show!” Misty sang as she embraced the new head of client relations. It was such a pivotal moment in Lynn’s career that a simple handshake just didn’t feel right.

“Thanks, Misty! You look fantastic. Is that a new top?” Lynn complimented.

“It is,” Misty replied. She brought her cheek close to hers and whispered, “You’ve worked so hard for this. Enjoy. You earned it.”

A 3D rendered office scene. In the foreground, the back of a man's head and shoulders in a red shirt is visible, looking towards three women. The women are seated around a table in a modern office with a large window of frosted glass blocks. On a shelf above the window, there are several white binders and a silver trophy with antlers. The woman on the left has blonde hair and is wearing a dark blue top. The woman in the middle has red hair and glasses, wearing a grey top. The woman on the right has red hair and is wearing a black top. A coffee cup and papers are on the table.

“Lynn, I’d like to introduce you to the rest of the team,” Misty said. “On your left, we have Amanda, our Chief Legal Officer. She’s the blonde one in the exceptionally flattering navy top.”

“Hi, Lynn!” Amanda bubbly replied.

“Behind her is Carol, our lead scientist. I think you’ve met before.”

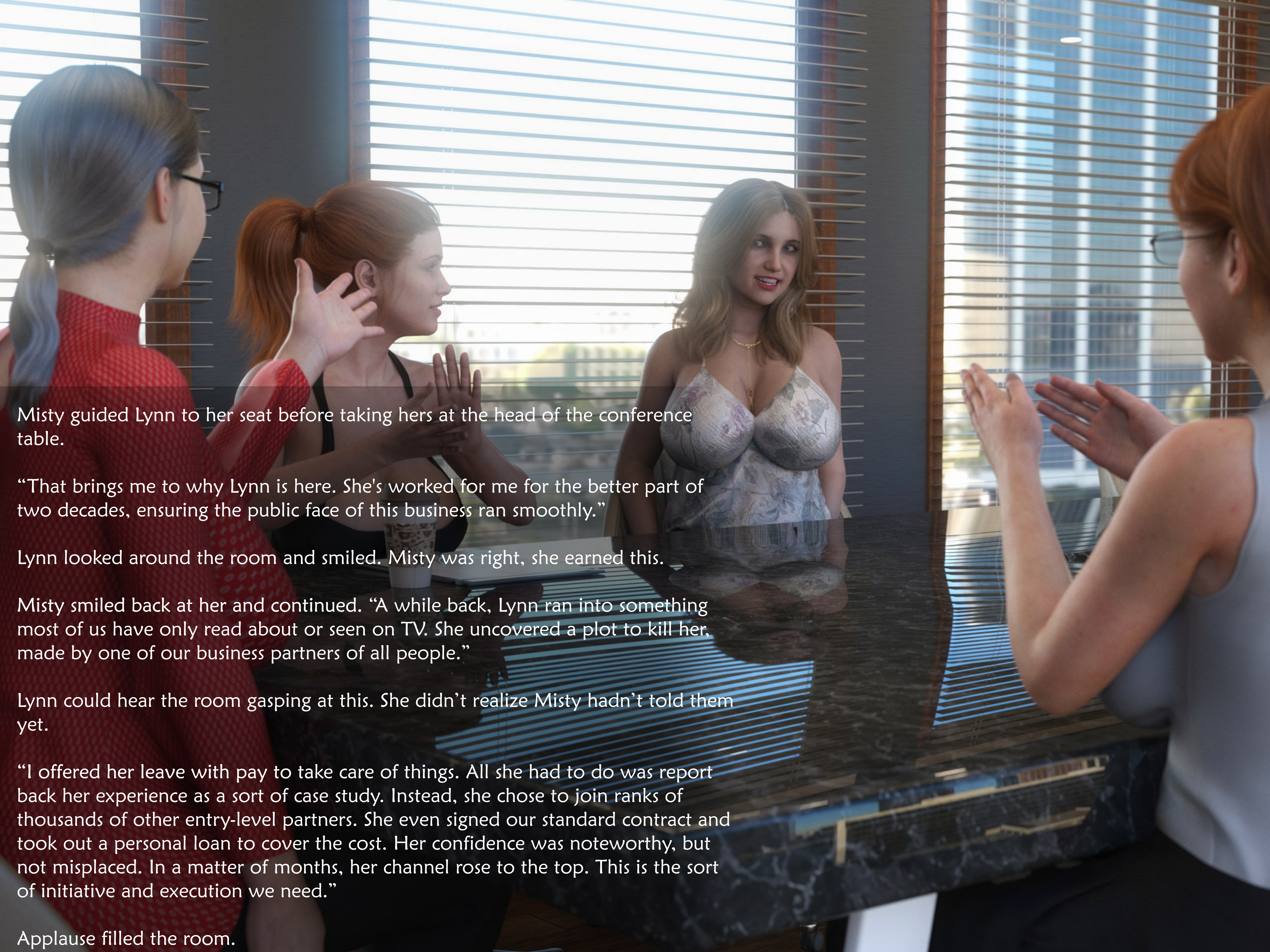
“Yes, yes we have. So nice to see you again Carol. You look exactly as I remember,” Lynn said.

Carol nodded back, remaining cross-armed the entire time.

“Ignore her. She’s a wizard in the lab, just not very good with people,” Misty explained. “And last but not least we have our newest addition, Susan, our Chief Operating Officer. She may have boobs for days, but don’t let her looks fool you. Susan is as sharp as they come.”

“Aw thanks, Misty. Look forward to working with you, Lynn.”

“As you know I’m CEO and CTO of Little Things Inc. This includes both our front end, where you spent the majority of your career in, as well as our back end, which you’ve recently experienced as a business partner.”



Misty guided Lynn to her seat before taking hers at the head of the conference table.

“That brings me to why Lynn is here. She’s worked for me for the better part of two decades, ensuring the public face of this business ran smoothly.”

Lynn looked around the room and smiled. Misty was right, she earned this.

Misty smiled back at her and continued. “A while back, Lynn ran into something most of us have only read about or seen on TV. She uncovered a plot to kill her, made by one of our business partners of all people.”

Lynn could hear the room gasping at this. She didn’t realize Misty hadn’t told them yet.

“I offered her leave with pay to take care of things. All she had to do was report back her experience as a sort of case study. Instead, she chose to join ranks of thousands of other entry-level partners. She even signed our standard contract and took out a personal loan to cover the cost. Her confidence was noteworthy, but not misplaced. In a matter of months, her channel rose to the top. This is the sort of initiative and execution we need.”

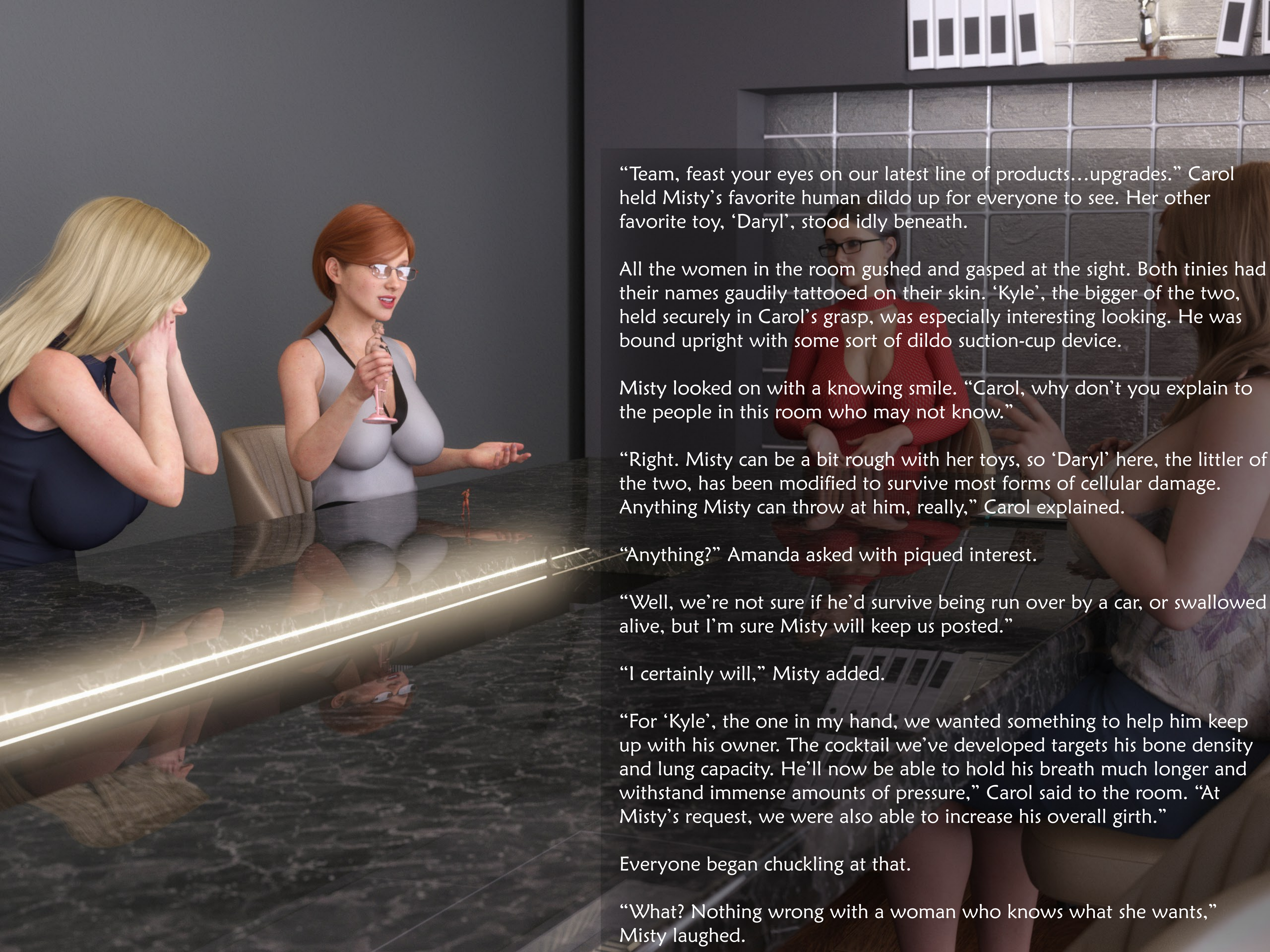
Applause filled the room.

'Daryl' and 'Kyle' sat in the dark handbag while the giant ladies spoke around them. They could hear Misty going on about someone named Lynn, followed by applause.

Then, their red-headed ward spoke for a while.

All of a sudden her hand appeared from above.





“Team, feast your eyes on our latest line of products...upgrades.” Carol held Misty’s favorite human dildo up for everyone to see. Her other favorite toy, ‘Daryl’, stood idly beneath.

All the women in the room gushed and gasped at the sight. Both tinies had their names gaudily tattooed on their skin. ‘Kyle’, the bigger of the two, held securely in Carol’s grasp, was especially interesting looking. He was bound upright with some sort of dildo suction-cup device.

Misty looked on with a knowing smile. “Carol, why don’t you explain to the people in this room who may not know.”

“Right. Misty can be a bit rough with her toys, so ‘Daryl’ here, the littler of the two, has been modified to survive most forms of cellular damage. Anything Misty can throw at him, really,” Carol explained.

“Anything?” Amanda asked with piqued interest.

“Well, we’re not sure if he’d survive being run over by a car, or swallowed alive, but I’m sure Misty will keep us posted.”

“I certainly will,” Misty added.

“For ‘Kyle’, the one in my hand, we wanted something to help him keep up with his owner. The cocktail we’ve developed targets his bone density and lung capacity. He’ll now be able to hold his breath much longer and withstand immense amounts of pressure,” Carol said to the room. “At Misty’s request, we were also able to increase his overall girth.”

Everyone began chuckling at that.

“What? Nothing wrong with a woman who knows what she wants,” Misty laughed.



“Anyone care for a try? Nothing too crazy, just holding and looking,” Carol said.

Susan, the exceptionally busty redhead could hardly contain her excitement, as she reached across the table and practically snatched ‘Kyle’ from Carol’s hands.

Amanda wasn’t far off. She plucked up the man the size of a toy soldier and brought him in for a closer look.

Susan pulsed and squeezed her fingers on the man fashioned like a girthy sex toy as she looked down at him hungrily. “OH, my god. Me being new and all, I’ve only got to see and hold the little inchlings. But this guy, he’s got some meat on him.”

“See! I’m not the only one,” Misty said. “Far from it. You all remember that lesbian couple, right? The one with the lawyer? They’ve got a following nearly as big as Lynn.”

“I wonder if I could fit him between my tits? I usually dwarf most guys’ “you-know-whats”, but this dude’s pretty big,” Susan mused.

“Only one way to find out,” Misty hinted.

Using her free hand to pry apart her boobs, Susan tipped the bound captive towards her chest and brought him closer. ‘Kyle’ could feel the warm, moist air that was trapped in the fleshy crevice wafting onto his skin.





“What?” Susan chuckled.

The room quickly filled with giggling as two naked legs sprouted up from Susan’s chest, wagging in the air like a perverse tail.

For the busty redhead though, it wasn’t all laughs. Sure, she found it funny like the rest of them. But she also found it intoxicating. Having an entire man that she could completely overwhelm with just her tits alone. One that was small enough for her to grasp in one hand, but was big enough to satisfy. God, could someone like that satisfy... Just thinking about it made her wet.

“Go on, Susan. Give him a nice, big, hug,” Misty urged.

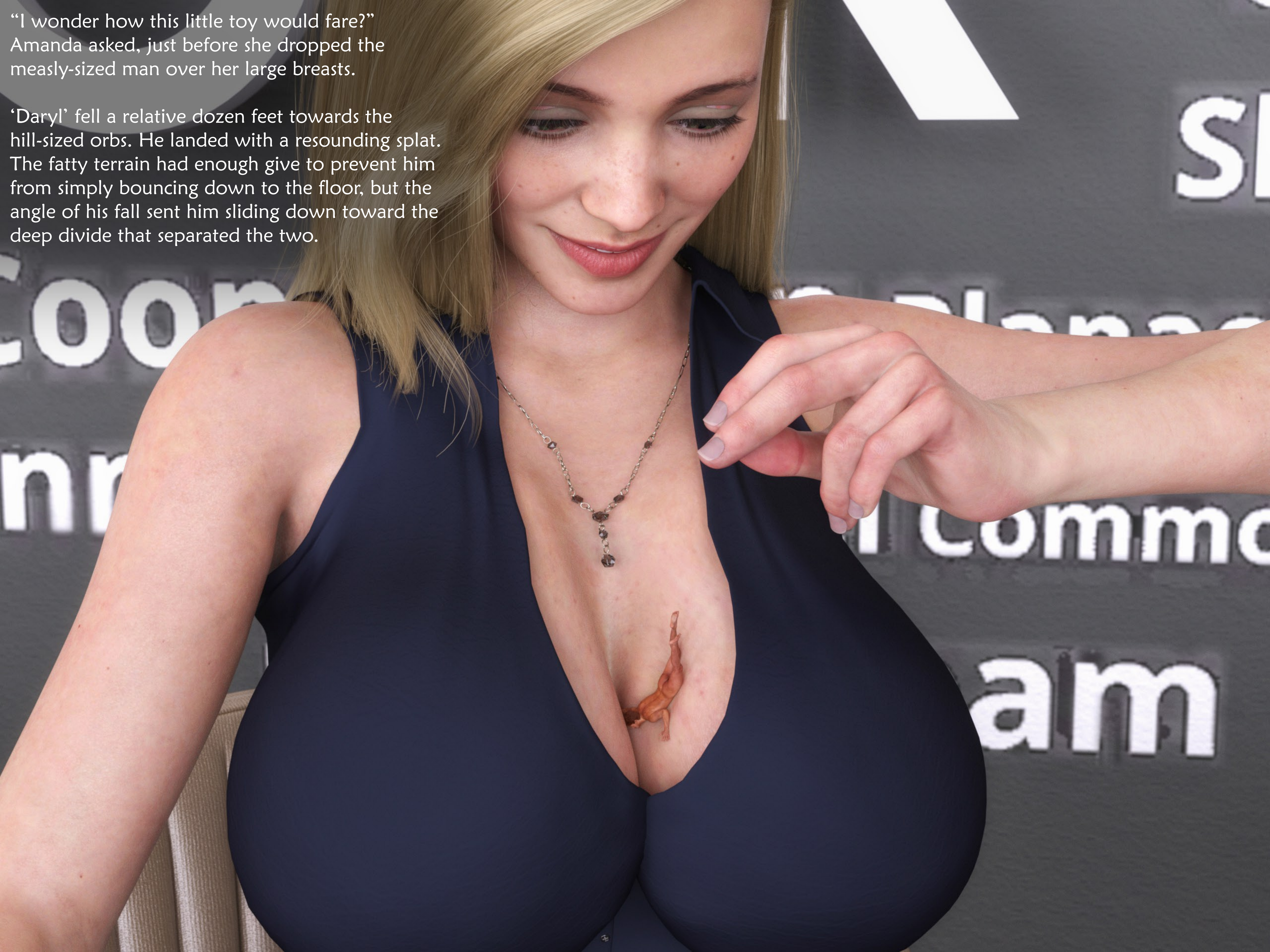
Doing her best to keep herself together, Susan smiled back at the group. Then, using the palms of her hands to grip the sides of her breasts, she started pressing.

‘Kyle’s legs kicked back and forth at the overwhelming force of breast fat squishing around him. It felt like his chest was caving in. But to his surprise, and despite all the pain he felt, nothing seemed to break. He could even catch small breaths if he tried hard enough.

Susan was astonished. “Wow, I seriously pressed hard, girls. And he’s still kicking. Whatever Carol did to him, it worked.”

“I wonder how this little toy would fare?”  
Amanda asked, just before she dropped the  
measly-sized man over her large breasts.

‘Daryl’ fell a relative dozen feet towards the  
hill-sized orbs. He landed with a resounding splat.  
The fatty terrain had enough give to prevent him  
from simply bouncing down to the floor, but the  
angle of his fall sent him sliding down toward the  
deep divide that separated the two.



'Daryl' soon found himself trapped deep between the chesty blonde's tits. Balmy, alabaster flesh, decorated by the occasional pink blemish, pressed against him from all sides.

"Should I?" The giantess boomed above.



Every inch of him suddenly became squished. There wasn't a single part of 'Daryl' that wasn't being utterly smothered by the playful giantess' breasts. The soft fat that cradled him became increasingly harder, as he imagined her squeezing them closer and closer together.

"Umm...I don't think I can press them any harder," Amanda boomed before finally releasing.





“Ok, Susan, I think you’ve had enough fun. Can I have him back now?” Misty asked.

With a disappointed sigh, Susan removed ‘Kyle’ from her breasts and reluctantly handed him over.

Misty looked at her new and improved toy with a hungry smile. He felt good in her hands. Nice and thick. She couldn’t wait to go home and try him out. Her fingers absentmindedly tapped and explored his wider features. The young thing still looked scared of her as always, but his body told a different story. At least the part of it she felt pulsing against her fingers.

After removing his suction cup, Misty separated her enormous udders and lowered 'Kyle' down in between.

"C'mon 'Kyle', will you fit already?" Misty said half laughing, half in frustration. As much as she enjoyed his newfound girth, that, combined with the slight residue left from Susan's tits, did not make it easy. His extra thickness squished against the sides of her breasts, and the slight sheen of sweat made their skin stick to one another. Misty clumsily forced him down her cleavage until even his head was almost entirely obscured by her overflowing breasts.

"Well, that was harder than I remember," Misty joked. "But look how perfectly he fits. Even with his added size, my tits are like a custom-made bed for him. Carol, you outdid yourself."





Now that 'Kyle' was back where he belonged, sandwiched between the tits of his owner, Misty shifted her focus back to her other toy. The fun-sized one she aptly named 'Daryl'. Carol had given him some improvements she was excited to test out. Perhaps even more so than 'Kyle.'

The ladies in the room had read her like a book. While she was busy fitting 'Kyle' between her boobs, Amanda had pulled 'Daryl' out from his boobie trap.

"This little guy can take quite the beating," Amanda commented as she set him back down on the table.

"I think that's enough fun time for now," Misty said. "Lynn, be a dear and help me put 'Daryl' back in his home?"

'Daryl' tried to make a beeline for the edge. But this was more panic than it was planned. The oxygen still hadn't fully returned to his brain.

Lynn quickly got up and reached towards Amanda's side of the conference table. "No you don't," she chuckled as she plucked the tiny man up off his feet.

By the time she sat back down and faced her boss, Misty had already turned around and presented her plump backside to her.

'Daryl' could do nothing but stand by and watch as the blonde giantess pried back his owner's leggings and brought him over it.

He had been there so many times before, but that still did nothing for his nerves. Her plump cheeks housed a hole that he learned to respect and fear.

'Daryl' kicked and fought as he dangled precariously above the ominous opening.

"My, My, isn't he a feisty one! I can see why you like to keep him down there, boss." Lynn laughed, before finally letting him go, sending 'Daryl' plummeting toward the last place he wanted to be.





The meeting went on. They briefed their monthly earnings report, provided updates for each of their respective departments, and calibrated over plans.

There was a lot to look forward to at Little Things.

“Well, that's about it for today, unless any of you have anything to add?” Misty asked the room.

“I just wanted to say that this was really inspiring. Thanks again for everything, Misty. I won't let you down,” Lynn said.

“I know you won't. Now go home, all of you. It's been a long day and we'll all be better for it tomorrow.”



As they all began to exit the room, Carol stood back, hoping to catch one of them before she exited. “Susan, wait up, I wanted to ask for your help on something.”

The big-breasted COO stopped in her tracks. “Yes?”

“There’s this new product I’ve been developing that we need feedback on. We need a real-life opinion from a smart yet sensible woman. It’s too early for our lower-level testers. I thought you might be perfect for it?”

Susan couldn’t help but smile at this. After holding ‘Kyle’ earlier, she was very interested in what else Carol had up her sleeve. “Do tell.”

“I’d rather show you. Follow me,”



“Meet Alex,” Carol said as she presented Susan with a 29-inch, young participant. Back in her lab now, he had been kept in a cage like a dog. He even had a leash on him whenever he was brought out. “Alex is currently testing out our slow-shrink serum.”

“How small will he get?” Susan asked.

“Well, that’s up to the woman of course. So you get to decide. The whole idea behind this is that many of our non-business partner clientele desire more intimacy with their tiny. These are rich, lonely ladies who don’t have anyone. We believe allowing them to own a tiny through our modified shrinking process can provide that.”



Susan crouched down and approached the miniature man. He looked young. Perhaps eighteen or nineteen, and quite handsome. "Hi, Alex. I'm Susan."

Alex looked up at the enormous woman lowering herself towards him. Her generous chest hung right in front of him, making it difficult for him to focus on anything else. But he managed to pry his eyes away and focus on her face. She looked pretty, but also nice. A welcome change from the other redhead.

"Alex, she's talking to you. Say hello," Carol said.

"That's ok. Here lemme get this," Susan said before reaching for his leash.

"Are you sure?" Carol asked.

"Positive," Susan affirmed. "C'mon, cutie. Let's get you home."

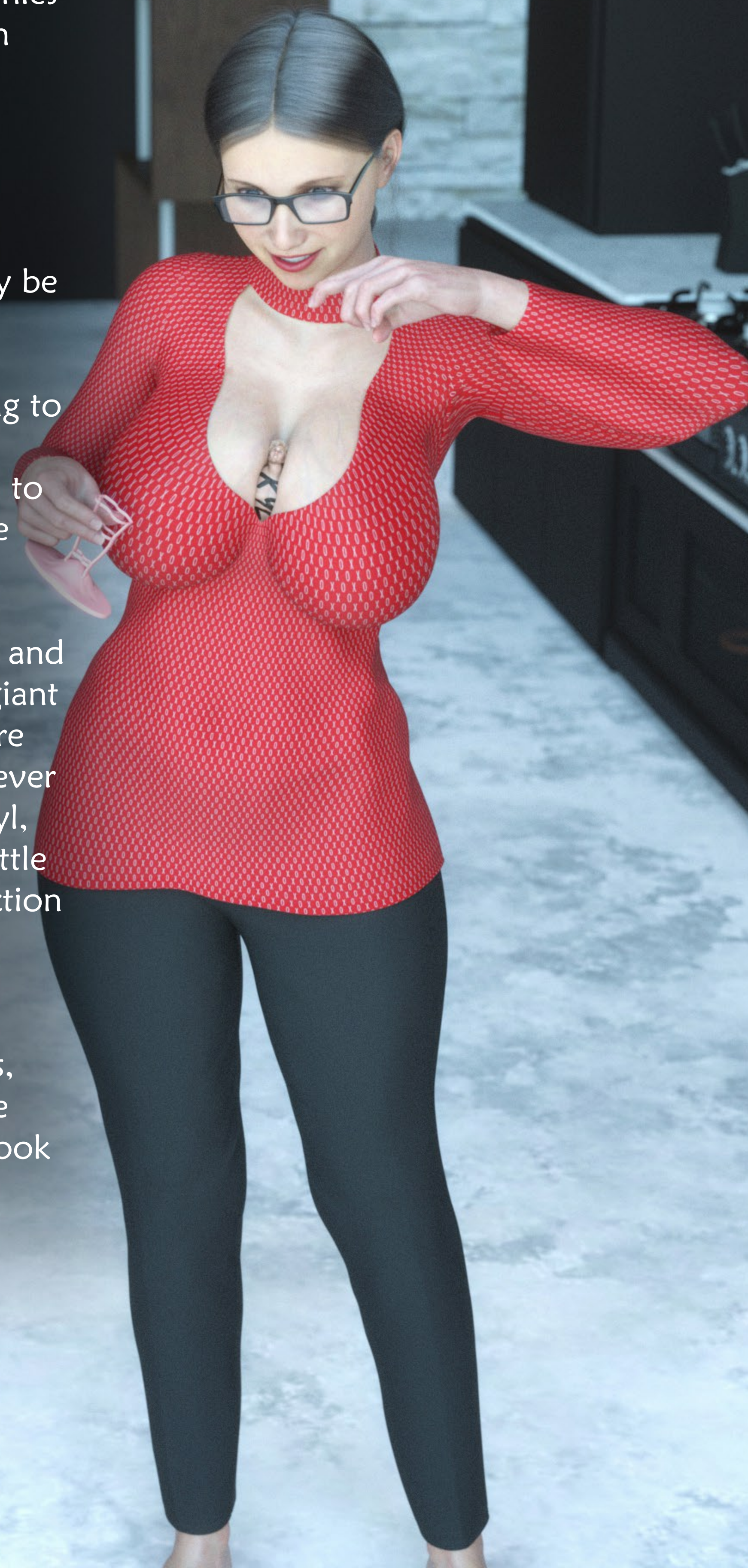
After the meeting, Tess rushed home where she could finally unwind. She was keen on putting her new and improved tinies to the test, starting with 'Kyle.' After brandishing his suction cup from her handbag, she tossed her items out of the way and reached down toward her cleavage.

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead! We're home now, and your loving owner wants to try out the new 'Kyle'." It was here that she felt safe enough to drop the Misty alias, and simply be Tess.

It wasn't that she was trying to hide her past. She was trying to hide from it. If the real Kyle and Daryl wanted her behind bars, they could've accomplished that years ago. But who's to say they wouldn't change their minds after seeing her name pop up on a Forbes list?

God how she hated them. All she did was have a little fun, and it wasn't without its rewards. Kyle got to breastfeed from giant boobies, and have sex with her, a ten. While Daryl got more action than most men might get in a lifetime. And did she ever get thanks for any of it? No, not once. Not even from Daryl, who clearly enjoyed every second of it. That insufferable little bugman! No, all she got from them was a threat of legal action unless she quit her job and left everything behind.

The stakes were much higher now. Kidnapping, human trafficking, and murder were all offenses committed by Tess, her employees, and her business partners. The last thing she needed was people from her past poking around. So Tess took a step back and Misty was born.





In his short time with Tess, 'Kyle' had grown to learn the various versions of her. There was the one that usually occurred right after orgasm. That Tess was usually appreciative. She'd often shower him with affection, and even return the favor at times. Then there was the Tess who returned after some perceived slight. This usually happened when she ran errands. This was his least favorite version, and he'd have to act extra careful around her to avoid her wrath. However, that wasn't the scariest Tess.

There was another one that he'd only seen a few times before. She had always been very sexual. Just look at what she turned him into! But even within that context, there were a few times when Tess was so horny that she actually became dangerous. It was during those times that she was hardest on 'Kyle'. He knew that this was the Tess he came home with today. It was painted all over her. The focused look on her face, her open-mouth breathing, her flaring nostrils; even her palms were clammy as she clumsily pressed his feet into the suction cup and discarded him on the countertop.

"I'll be with you in a second 'Kyle.' I just need to get this little pest out of the way." She said as she walked out of his view.

Tess loved making 'Kyle' feel like an object. Her dildo, specifically. She was a natural domme, and their dynamic was the ultimate act of domination. Even his recent upgrade was her dominating him. He had spent the last few days being force-fed and injected by some cruel scientist. All so he could grow a little thicker for Tess. He knew size mattered, but this was absurd.



Tess slid her underwear down and reached into her ass. ‘Daryl,’ who had been dropped in her underwear, had since been forced deep between her cheeks during the car ride home. “I see you were trying to get back into your home,” Tess joked.

‘Daryl’ felt the shock of cold air blowing on his skin as he was dragged out of the giant butt by his arm.



No sooner was 'Daryl' removed than he was tossed into a dog bowl filled with soap and water. The water was a bit too cold for someone as tiny as 'Daryl,' especially after having spent the ride home beneath so much warmth. He hugged his chest in an attempt to stop his shivering.

Tess loomed far above him. Her breasts were so big that they nearly blocked out her face. Judging by her nipples, which stuck out from each of her tits like two hard, thick tree stumps, 'Daryl' wasn't the only one who was cold.

"I'm going to go play with 'Kyle.' By the time I'm done, I expect you to be clean enough to eat off of." Tess said. "So get to work."



After sliding the kitchen stool out in the open, Tess retrieved 'Kyle' from the counter and suctioned him down to the center of the seat. She couldn't wait to get started. She had been waiting all day for this.

"Perfect," She said before releasing him.

'Kyle' heard Tess' footsteps boom on each side of him. He could feel her warmth and smell her musk as she got into position. 'Kyle' looked up and was immediately greeted by her pried-open lips. She was ready for him.

"Take a deep breath, 'Kyle'. I don't expect you'll be getting a break anytime soon."



Even for someone as tall as Tess, the stool was a bit too high for her liking, especially with a toy as long and girthy as 'Kyle.' She carefully climbed up onto the stool and squatted herself down onto his head, burying his shoulders up within her pussy.

"Fuck...get in there," Tess huffed while fighting to get past his widest part. He was barely even inside her and she had already felt a difference.

For 'Kyle' the difference was equally as noticeable. He struggled beneath her impossible weight as she sat down on him, trying to wedge his shoulders into herself. He could've sworn he felt a pop when they were finally slotted inside.



The horned-up giantess slowly lowered her hips, settling onto his length inch-by-inch until her ass finally rested on the seat.

“Mmmm, you’re a big boy. Aren’tcha, ‘Kyle’?” Tess moaned. Gawd, did he feel good inside her. All packed in, nice and tight.

‘Kyle’ was no slouch before, but with his newfound girth, he was able to provide her insides with even more of a stretch. It felt like her entire pussy was being rubbed by him all at once. Carol certainly outdid herself with this one.



‘Kyle’ felt exceptionally good, almost too good. Not wanting to reach the finish line so soon, Tess reached for the remote and turned on the TV.

Speak of the devil, it was Daryl, standing in the palm of some famous woman’s hand like a tiny, little emperor.

In the years since, he had made a name for himself as some sort of gimmicky, celebrity dentist. Apparently, being the size of a mouse gave him the advantage of reaching hard-to-reach places, spotting problems before they became serious.

“That little fucker thinks he’s so smart,” Tess snapped. God how she wished it was him in her possession and not that imposter in the doggy bowl.

She wiggled her hips and gave ‘Kyle’ a powerful squeeze. Tess could hear his muffled cries below. She was horny, and now angry. It didn’t matter that it wasn’t his fault. He was her dildo, and whether he liked it or not, it was his job to help her work through this.



Tess gripped the back of the stool and slowly rose up his length. She could feel the juices dripping out of her while her lips gripped his thighs. Fuck, did he feel good. Like a nice, fat, dick...only better. He wasn't attached to anyone. There'd be no backtalk or sneaking out afterward. He was hers.



Tess paused for a moment, holding herself up while she reveled in 'Kyle's' plight. It felt good, feeling him struggle inside her while she worked out her aggression. She then let go, releasing all of her weight and allowing her ass to slam back down in one fell swoop.

"That's right...mmm...'Kyle'. You know your proper place in life. Unlike...oOH...some," She moaned.

Tess raised her ass once again, only to plop it right back down more quickly this time. She didn't feel the urge to pause at the top, and only spent a half-second's worth of grinding at the bottom. She was too busy working herself into a rhythm.

Soon, Tess was bouncing up and down his length as if she were fucking a full-sized person.



'Kyle' heard the TV in the background, followed by what sounded like Tess yelling at it. Soon after, he was rocked around in circles while being squeezed within an inch of his life. Then the bouncing started. It was slow and irregular at first. But this quickly gave way to faster, more rhythmic thrusts.

No doubt, whatever Tess had tuned into sent her into a rage. A rage she was clearly taking out on him. His added girth certainly didn't help. If anything it made her even more aggressive, as she had to be that much harder and faster to keep things running smoothly.



Tess continued fucking 'Kyle' as if he were any old dildo. She wanted to test the merchandise, and in order to do so, she had to let loose. Seeing that little asshole on tv only helped things.

By now, she was imagining all the things she would do with the real Daryl, if only she could get her hands on him.

"You little...shit... That's where you'd live...deep in my ass. You'd...ungh...never see the light of day," Tess moaned between bounces.



'Kyle' could hear Tess talking to herself, but it was too muffled to make out. Then, the bouncing somehow got faster, and even more frantic. Each time she plopped down her cervix would bump right against his face. 'Kyle' actually dated a few petite-sized women whom he had that issue with. All of them complained whenever that happened, but Tess seemed to love it, as she kept doing it to him over and over again.

All of a sudden, the bouncing ceased. Tess was sitting down with all of her weight, her cervix pressed right up against his head. 'Kyle' heard a muffled cry from above. It was nothing like her earlier moans. This time it was louder, almost animalistic sounding.

He felt the walls around him start to cave in. She was squeezing him, only this time, it was almost like her walls were spasming. Then, her cervix opened. 'Kyle' was blasted with a literal fire hose of feminine cum. He felt like a woman in one of those facial fetish videos he used to watch. The ones where they were blasted by guy after guy, getting a literal train ran on their faces.

Tess' musky cum, continued showering down on him. Getting into every crack and crevice of his body. And it just kept on coming. Soon, her entire vagina was practically filled with the stuff, while her walls continued to spasm around him.



“Yes...unGh...TAKE IT....FUCKING TAKE IT!”  
Tess cried out.

Even she wasn't sure to whom her animalistic moans were directed exactly. The human toy trapped in her cunt? The Daryl on TV she was imagining herself abusing? It didn't matter. She had been waiting for this moment all morning, building herself up with each fleeting thought.

Tess drove her hips down on 'Kyle' and practically through the seat, as the orgasm she had been chasing all morning finally washed over her. She could feel her cunt begin to spasm uncontrollably while it spat out load after load of hot, feminine cum onto her little bitch toy. Every so often, her Kegel muscles would clench on their own, squeezing him still before allowing him to struggle once more.

It must've been around a minute or so of nonstop, intense stimulation before Tess could even relax enough to get a breath in.



Tess remained seated for a few more minutes while she enjoyed the aftershocks of her orgasm. Then, slowly but surely, she started wiggling off of him.

“OHh...mmm...” She moaned as she squatted herself up his length. Tess could hear the ugly squelching noises as more and more of her toy was freed, until finally, his shoulders popped out, quickly followed by his head. Adding insult to injury, a final helping of plugged-up juices was dumped down from Tess’ satisfied pussy, and onto ‘Kyle’ below.

She had cum on him so much that by now he was more than just covered in it. His entire body had been basted in layer after thick layer. So much that even with a big toy like him plugging up her insides, a sizable puddle had still collected around his suction-cup base. Even her pussy, which now pulsated hungrily above his head, remained tethered to his crown by a thick strand of her cum.

“Fuck that was good. That extra half inch of girth makes the world of difference.” Tess sighed. “How about you, ‘Kyle’? Did you enjoy your time with me?”



‘Kyle’ could barely move his head, much less respond to Tess’ question. He was so exhausted and had swallowed so much of her cum, that saying anything at all seemed damn near impossible. Still, despite all of his aches, he had come out completely conscious and with barely even a scratch or bruise. Whatever treatment he had been given certainly did the job.

“A man of few words. That’s ok, you go ahead and rest up. I’d like to take care of our mutual friend before our next round.”

‘Next round?!’





Tess clearly liked to imagine 'Daryl' and 'Kyle' were the real ones from her past. Especially 'Daryl,' whom she had a particular hatred for. Whenever she saw him on TV, surrounded by money and fame; all a result of his pathetic size and not because he had actually earned any of it, it really got her blood boiling. That made the next part she planned for her substitute 'Daryl' all the more enjoyable.

She quickly approached the bowl on the countertop where she had stowed 'Daryl.' God he looked small. So small that even a dog bowl served as a makeshift prison.



He barely had the chance to cry out as she plucked him up by the leg and brought him up to her face. 'Daryl' didn't like the look on her face. The focus in her eyes, her tongue sticking out...even from his upside-down position he could tell that she was looking at him like someone would a snack.

"You know, Carol said that you could withstand almost anything," Tess said. "The key word here is 'almost.' She actually went out of her way to tell me that you might not survive being digested. Said it might be worth testing."

"Please! Tess...I've...I've never done anything wrong! I've always d...done exactly as you asked! Please!" 'Daryl' begged.

"I know. You've always been so helpful. That's why you're gonna help me with this," Tess explained.



'Daryl' was whisked up above Tess' giant face as she looked up and opened her mouth. Strands of saliva spanned from her teeth and tongue to the roof of her mouth. She was so big that even from where he was dangling, he could still feel her balmy breath wafting onto him.

The scariest part of it all though was the look in her eyes. They were completely dead. No emotion behind them at all. It was the same kind of thoughtless look someone had when they were staring at a snack they were about to eat.



A rush of cold flooded past ‘Daryl’ as he was dropped into the giantess’ open mouth. He immediately bounced off her tongue and was quickly pushed toward the back of her throat. Tess’ swallowing reflex took hold, forcing ‘Daryl’ down her throat.

The terrified inchling let out a blood-curdling scream as he was squeezed down Tess’ giant throat.

'Daryl', who was once a normal, 6-foot man known as David, had been reduced to something even lesser than Tess' asstoy. He was Tess' food now. If being swallowed wasn't enough to drive that home, the chunks of poorly chewed spaghetti and vegetables that floated around him certainly were.

The pool of enzymes had already caused his skin to start itching like crazy. He wasn't sure how long he had now. Panic and dread sunk in as the full weight of his surroundings overwhelmed him completely. So he did the only thing he could do and wept.





“Mmm, not bad for a little guy,” Tess joked as she placed her hand on her stomach. She could feel the pitter-patter of his tiny arms and legs in her stomach. ‘Daryl’ was a decent enough buttplug, but if he didn’t make it out alive she could always get another.

“Be back in a minute, ‘Kyle’. Just want to send Carol my regards before we start going at it again. My record is six by the way. Think we can break it?”



“Hey, big sis! Sorry, I’m late,” Jackie said as she hugged her slightly shorter sister.

“No worries, I did a quick warmup while I was waiting... Jeez, Jackie, you didn’t have to rush out so fast that you skipped putting on clothes?”

“What, this? I always work out in my underwear. No one’s ever here, especially at this hour,” Jackie explained.

“You’re so lucky. The one at our complex is always packed,” Lynn said.

“Did you bring him?” Jackie asked.

“Who, Tom?” Lynn laughed.

“No, the president. Yes, TOM. Who else?”

“Yeah, he’s right here,” Lynn said as she shifted her eyes down toward her chest.

Jackie followed her sister’s lead and looked down. She nearly laughed out loud at what she saw. There he was, Tom, staring right back at her. His tiny, little body was completely surrounded by Lynn’s enormous boobs, both of which jiggled around him from even the slightest movement or chuckle.

“Hehe...hi, Tom,” Jackie said, waving down at him playfully.

“Uh...hi, Jackie,” Tom groaned.




Jackie looked like a goddess, with her face bathed in light, looking down at him in his shadowy confines. Just like her sister, Jackie always looked half fascinated, half turned on whenever she stared at him. Size kink must run in the family.

“He loves being kept between my big boobies. It must be like a return to childhood for him or something,” Lynn mused. “I love the feeling myself, it makes me feel good that he’s close and safe. Kinda like being a mother, only stronger since he’s so tiny, but also different because he’s my man.”

“I know exactly what you mean,” Jackie said.

“Oh do you? Where’s Jack then...can I see him?” Lynn asked.





Jackie bit her lip and looked away. “Umm, he’s kinda indisposed right now.”

“You whore!” Lynn laughed.

“What?!” Jackie replied half offended, half giggling.

“You know exactly what. You’ve got him pressed right up against your puss don’t cha?” Lynn said.

She was right. At that very moment, Jack had been wedged right up between the wet lips of his giantess owner’s crotch.

Jackie’s lips quivered at the sensation of his little head rubbing against her clit. “So what? You’re the one that gave me the idea. Remember that time at brunch...”


“That was brunch. We’re here for a workout,” Lynn exclaimed.



Jackie led her sister into the empty gym, stopping at one of the nautilus pieces of equipment. “Here’s what we call a fly machine.”

“I know what this is, sis. It’s not like I’ve never worked out before. It’s just been a while,” Lynn said.

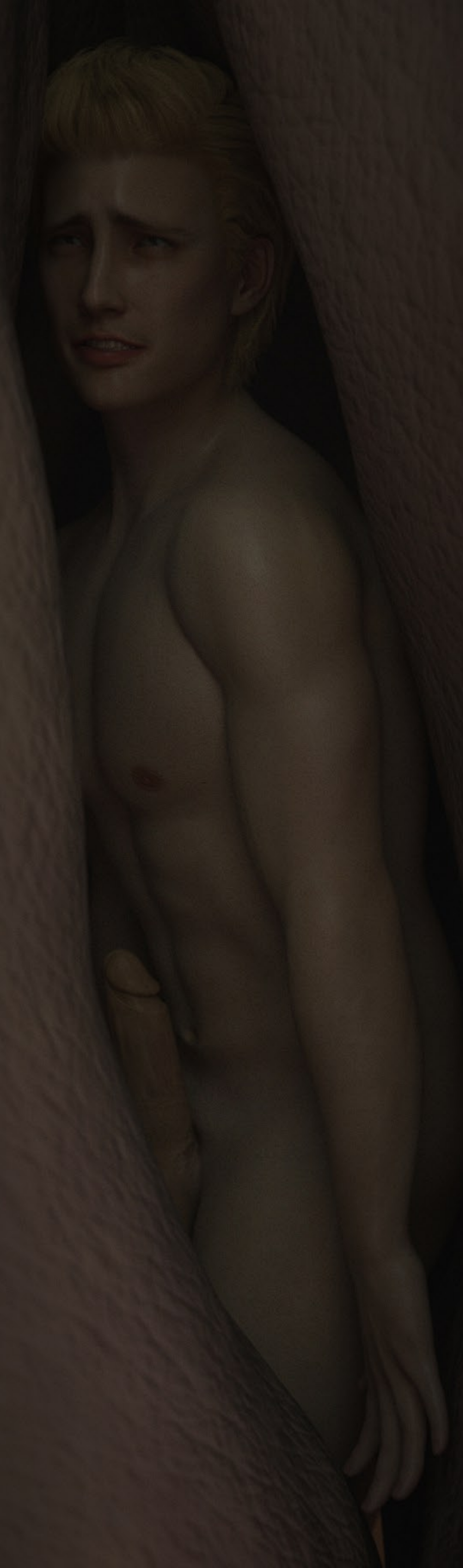
“Right, sorry. Since most women tend to neglect their upper body, I figure it’s best you focus on that today. Also, since I’m doing lower body, that’ll mean less switching between us,” Jackie explained.



Lynn placed her forearms on the pads and gripped the handlebars tightly. She was a bit cross over her sister treating her like a clueless beginner. Sure, she had taken a years-long break, but she was once on the volleyball team same as Jackie was. She'd show her.

“Are you ready down there?” Lynn asked the pet boyfriend who resided between her breasts. It was more a warning than anything. He needed to brace himself.

Tom nodded.



Tom felt a metric ton of breast fat start to close in on him. He knew he'd be alright. He'd been squished by Lynn's titties before, and as overwhelming as they were, they were soft and had enough give to them that he likely wouldn't be injured.

Despite knowing that he wasn't in any real danger, Tom still winced at the sensation of being compressed by boobs the size of large hills. He turned his body sideways in an effort to lessen the pressure around him. It worked for a moment, but Lynn's tits quickly filled that additional space as well.

Although most of his body pined for room and oxygen, there was a particular part of him that loved being squished by his owner's giant boobies.

“Grrrr,” Lynn grunted.

“I think five sets of ten is quite enough,” Jackie urged. She could tell Lynn was focused more on trying to prove something than she was getting a workout.

“Eleven....twelve!” Lynn gasped and released, allowing the weight to come crashing down with a resounding clank. She was visibly exhausted and covered in sweat. But she had also managed a new personal record, despite having been out of the workout scene for so long.

“I never got that many reps before, not at that weight at least” Lynn panted.

“Good to see that some of the pounds you put on were muscle. What do they call that...Mom strength?” Jackie teased.

“Watch it, little sis. I know where you live” Lynn jokingly warned as she got up from her seat.

“Kidding! Seriously though, that was impressive. I don’t think I ever got anything close to that,” Jackie admitted.





“Are you sure this is your first time back?” Jackie asked. Lynn may have not looked it, but she was impressively strong.

“Yup. Muscle memory maybe? Or maybe it was all those hours spent carrying my little one,” Lynn said as she followed her sister towards the smith machine. She didn’t think she did that great, but she welcomed the compliment nonetheless.

“Whatever you say, wonder mom,” Jackie joked. “Why don’t you take a breather while I get a few sets of squats in? I’m sure Tom would like that. Is he even still alive?”


“Yes, Tom’s still alive and kicking,” Lynn laughed. “And sure, a break sounds nice.”



“That’s a lot of weight, Jacks. Sure you don’t want to warm up with something lighter?” Lynn asked.

“Nope. I’m warm enough as is,” Jackie said with a hint of a smirk on her face. Her little Jack had been pressed so snugly against her crotch that part of him had been forced inside of her.

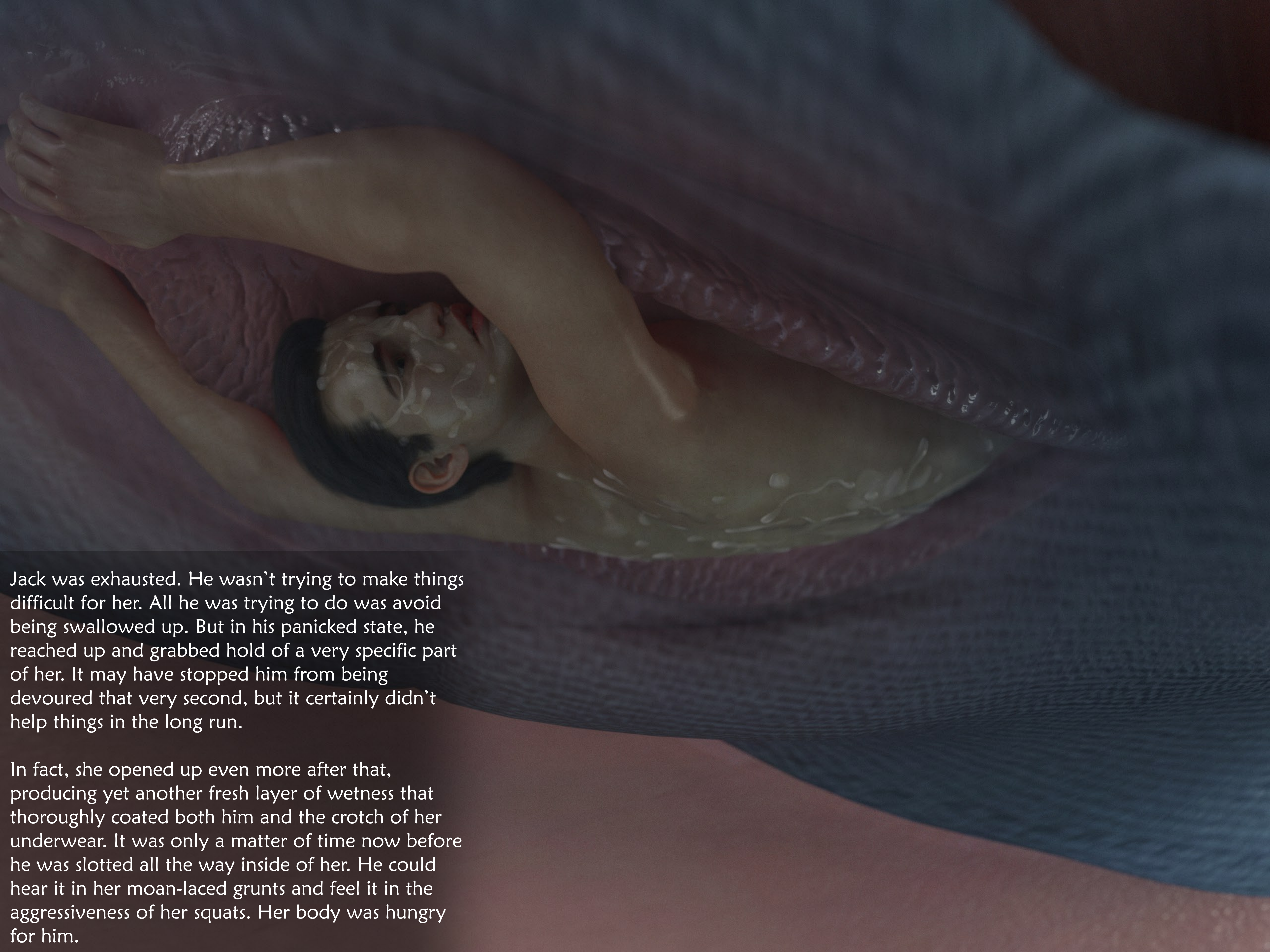
With a determined look on her face, the athletic blonde gripped the bar, dipped her head, and stepped beneath it. Using her hands and feet as reference points, she took a moment to center herself, then stood back up. The bar pressed evenly across the back of her shoulders, proving the measures she had just taken to be worthwhile. It was her pre-squat ritual, and to her, it was as important as the actual workout itself.



“1...whew...2...,” Jackie counted out loud, taking quick but necessary resting breaths between each one. It was a lot of weight for her, more than her normal working set, and a potential PR if she were to get enough.

But that was getting ahead of herself. She had to actually do all of the squats first. And the weight that rested on top of her shoulders was only part of the struggle. There was something far lighter and tinier that had proven to make things much harder. Each time Jackie squatted down, her little pet Jack was forced further and further into her pussy. And when she ascended, the fabric of her panties would stretch taut, rubbing his upper body against her lips and clit.

“Mmmgrrrr,” Jackie half moaned, half groaned as she settled into the deep squat of her third rep. It proved to be too much for a certain part of her. The giantess’ pussy spasmed around its little snack, squirting strands of warm excitement down her leg and onto the floor below.



Jack was exhausted. He wasn't trying to make things difficult for her. All he was trying to do was avoid being swallowed up. But in his panicked state, he reached up and grabbed hold of a very specific part of her. It may have stopped him from being devoured that very second, but it certainly didn't help things in the long run.

In fact, she opened up even more after that, producing yet another fresh layer of wetness that thoroughly coated both him and the crotch of her underwear. It was only a matter of time now before he was slotted all the way inside of her. He could hear it in her moan-laced grunts and feel it in the aggressiveness of her squats. Her body was hungry for him.



“Hahaha...I’m sorry Jacks...this...this is too much...,” Lynn laughed. She could hardly contain herself.

“Shut....up....,” Jackie huffed.

She didn’t even sound angry. More annoyed than anything. She was too focused on trying to get through the workout without exploding all over the floor again. Not an easy feat. Not since Jack started holding onto her clit.

“11....” Jackie gasped as she squatted down for her last rep.

Only this time it felt different.

Not the weight. Sure that felt even heavier now that she was on her 12th rep, which would be a PR for her no less.

But Jack felt different. Like he wasn’t on the outside anymore.

“Oh fuck...” Jackie gasped.

Jack was all the way inside of her now. Her wet walls churned violently around him, hugging and squeezing his body while bucket loads of cum spat out from above.

He heard Jackie let out a guttural, almost animalistic moan. It was so loud and primal that it reverberated through her flesh and literally shook his bones. Then, her pussy started spasming erratically, clenching him at unpredictable intervals. The strength behind each one was powerful enough to bend his ribs inward. Jack screamed in pain as his entire surroundings filled with her cum.






“AAaahh...12!” Jackie screamed. She quickly racked the weight and started walking away.

“Hehe, leaving so soon?” Lynn joked, feigning surprise over how abrupt her sister was being.

“Just a need a moment. Be right back,” Jackie said back to her giggling sister. Her legs were still shaking, both from the lift and the orgasm.

A close-up, high-angle photograph of a person's legs. They are wearing blue leggings with a white mesh stripe down the side and black sneakers with black laces. A small, brown, gummy object is stuck to the inner side of the right leg. The background is a light-colored tiled floor.

Jackie hurried into the locker room and started to pull down her underwear. There was so much cum and sweat that it clung to her skin. She practically had to pry it off of herself. She was immediately hit with a cloud of her scent.

“Whew, I can smell you all the way from up here,” Jackie joked.

“Uggghhh,” Jack groaned. He wasn’t sure what ached more, his body or his lungs.

“Holy fuck Jack, you’re completely covered” Jackie commented as she dangled him from his arm.

A thick strand of her cum that spanned a length that was nearly twice as long as he tall oozed down his legs and hung below him. It looked like someone had hawked up a loogie and drooled it down to see how far it would go.

Despite the mess originating from her body, she didn’t exactly want to get any of it on her. Still, it was a fascinating sight to behold. Not to mention hot. Jackie loved dominating her little guy, and this was the epitome of that.

Except for the fact that Jack had distracted her so much that he had nearly robbed her of a PR. She couldn’t have that.

“You know, you almost cost me my 12th rep,” she said.

“Jackie, there wasn’t anything I could do,” Jack said.

“You didn’t have to grab my clit,” Jackie playfully argued.”

“I was trying to hold on! Every time you squatted down, more of me was forced inside,” Jack explained.

Jackie smiled back mirthfully. “I guess we’ll have to find a new place for you then.”



With her underwear still at her knees, Jackie shuffled the short distance over to her locker and opened it up. After a brief moment of rummaging through it, she retrieved a small ball of yarn in the same colorway as her underwear. After hearing one of Lynn's stories with Tom, she browsed an online craft store until she came across an assortment that matched her underwear collection. She wasn't full-on OCD, but she did like things to match.

Jack was then brought down to her underwear, only this time, she had situated him on the rear side. Knowing full well what she was up to, he immediately started squirming. "Please don't."

"Stop fighting and hold still," Jackie commanded.

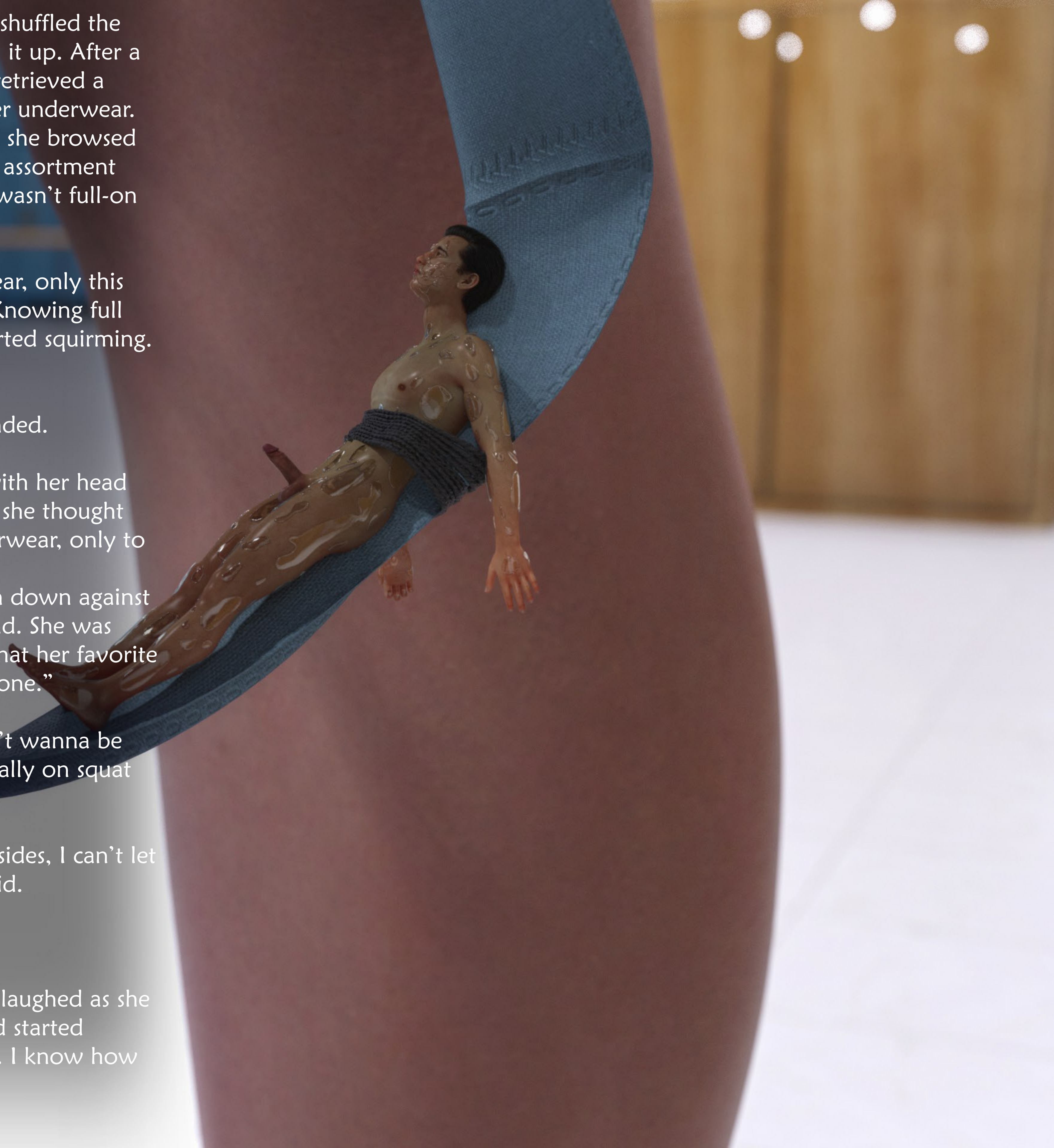
It was an awkward position, bending over with her head upside down, but in her post-orgasmic haze, she thought it'd be quicker that way. Removing her underwear, only to put them back on a minute later, seemed counterproductive. Jackie held his slimy form down against the fabric and started looping the yarn around. She was thorough in her work, but not so thorough that her favorite part of him would be covered. "There! All done."

Although Jack loved his owner's ass, he didn't wanna be kept in there for one of her workouts. Especially on squat day. "Can't you just put me in your locker?"

"Nope. You're my motivation, little man. Besides, I can't let your little charade go unpunished," Jackie said.

"But...but..."

"No butts! Except for mine of course," Jackie laughed as she grabbed the waistband of her underwear and started pulling them up. "Feel free to hump one out. I know how you get when you hold it in too long."





As she walked out of the locker room, Jackie couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. Jack was no longer the huge distraction that he was. But she could still feel him down there.

With each step her cheeks bounced against one another, forcing him along with the fabric, deeper and deeper in between. By the time she had arrived back with her sister, she could feel that he had ridden up the lower part of her ass crack, with his legs wedged between lips, and his head pressed right up against her puckered hole. It was the perfect amount of stimulation.

"You look different," Lynn commented, still giggling from before.

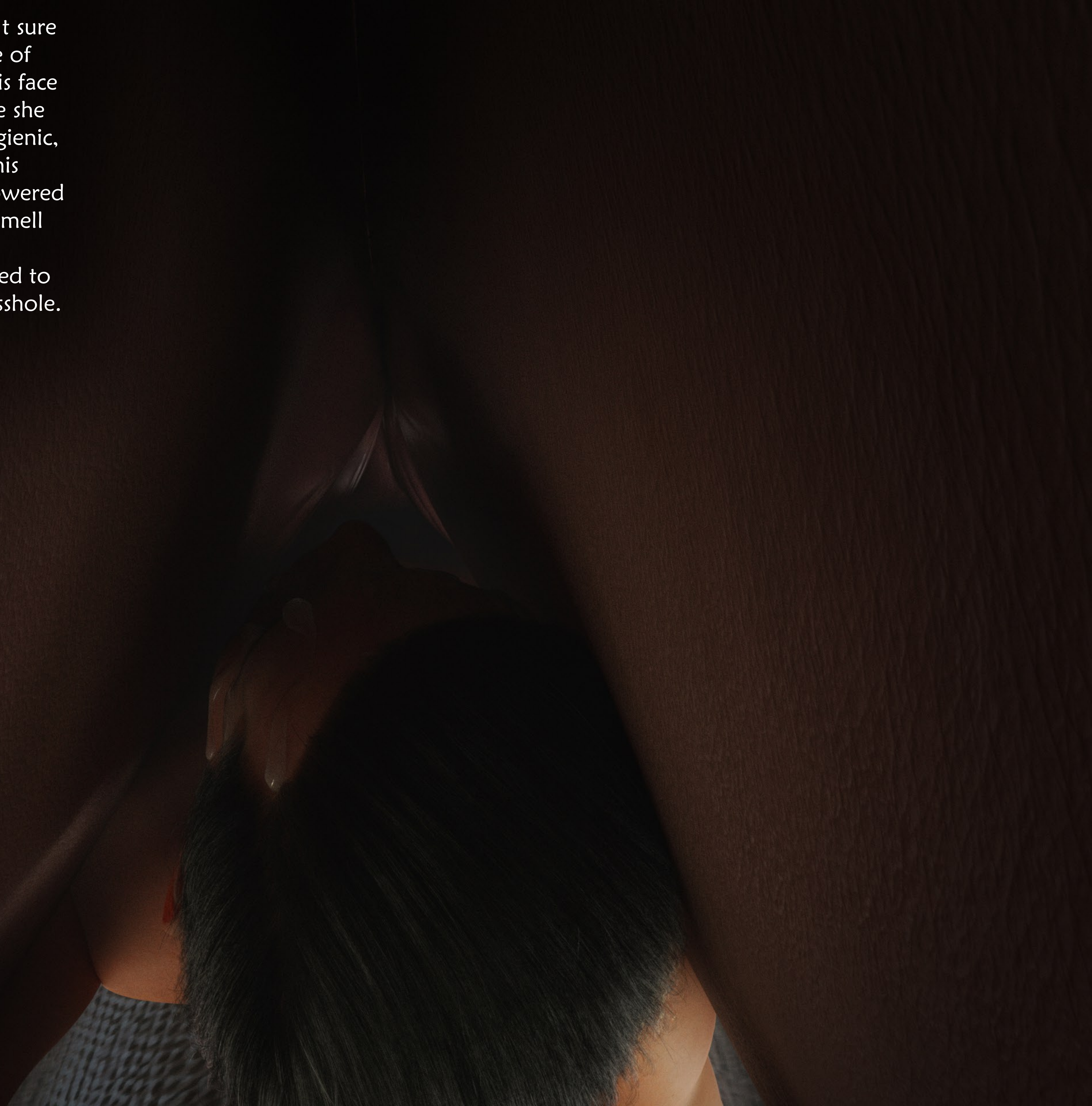
"Needed a change of pace," Jackie said. Not only did she adjust Jack's placement, but she also let her hair down. Despite the inevitability of it getting in her face, it was a little thing that made her feel more empowered. Like she could take on the world.

Looking even more determined and ready than before, Jackie approached the smith machine to finish what she started.



Following her routine, as she always did, Jackie took a moment to center herself, then un-racked the weight and began squatting. It was much easier this time around as she wasn't distracted by Jack nearly as much. She could focus solely on her weight and her form.

For Jack on the other hand, he wasn't sure which was worse, being forced inside of her overpowering pussy, or having his face pressed against her sweaty anus while she worked out. Jackie was definitely hygienic, but being as small as Jack was, and this close to her dirtiest part while she powered through her squat routine made the smell of ass almost dizzying. Each time she squatted down, he was basically forced to perform a rim job on her tire-sized asshole.





Jackie and Lynn continued their respective workout routines with little to no distractions. Four more lifts later and they were finally done.

“You should really come by more often. Showing up is half the battle, and having a workout partner adds that sense of accountability,” Jackie suggested.

“I dunno, with the new job it’s gonna be tough,” Lynn said.

“Right. You’ve worked so hard for that and for so many years. I still can’t believe the company you work for, the same one I got that necklace from, is responsible for shrinking my Jack and your Tom,” Jackie admitted.

“I know. It’s certainly not what you expect. But at least the name matches, Little Things...” Lynn said.

“Ha! True. See you ‘round sis. Give my regards to Tom,” Jackie said as they left the gym.

Lynn turned back as she approached her car. “Same to you and Jack. Wherever you moved him to.”



Alex looked up at his nude owner as she stood above him with her hands on her hips. It was the morning after a night spent in her arms. He had been in her possession for a few days now and if he had learned anything, it was that she was caring. Dominant, but motherly in nature. It made sense as she was in fact a mom, though a relatively new one at that.

“Good morning, Miss B,” Alex said to her warm yet mischievous-looking face. When they first met, she had introduced herself as Susan, but ever since they got home she insisted on being called Miss B.

“Good morning, Alex.”

“Slept well?” Alex asked.

“Yeah, you?” Miss B sighed.

“Yeah. Beautiful morning isn’t it?”

“Small talk was never your thing, was it little love?” Miss B asked.

She reached around her head and fiddled with her ponytail. It was an obvious excuse to shove her enormous chest even more out than it already was.

“Hehe...no. No, it wasn’t,” Alex admitted.

“That’s ok. Talking can be...overrated,” Miss B said, her voice taking on a more sensual tone.

“Why don’t you c’mere and give me a hug? Show Miss B how much you appreciate being hers.”





Alex didn't need to be told twice. He approached her tree trunk-sized leg, wrapped his arms around it, and pulled himself against it. He was so turned on that he absentmindedly lifted his leg and thrust his hips against her, sandwiching his throbbing member between her fleshy calf and his taut stomach.

“Mmmm, is that a little banana in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?” Miss B joked.

“Umm...I...” Alex stammered.

“That's ok. You're like a little puppy, only that thing of yours is hardly little, at least for someone your size.” Miss B assured.

Over the past couple of days, she had grown very fond of the newest member of her household. To her, he was like a cross between a pet, and a lover, only someone she'd likely want to keep a secret. Like a teacher and her student.

“Thank you, Miss B,” Alex huffed back up at her.

“You're welcome. But I'm afraid that's not enough. In this household, we finish what we start.”



Alex was then lifted up by his armpits and placed on Miss B's bed. She then turned around and pressed her big butt against his torso. Though she had successfully aimed for his crotch, it was so big compared to him that it spanned all the way up to his chest and far beyond his narrow sides. For Alex, it was as erotic as it was intimidating.

"Go on, Alex. Fuck me like a man. Show me that you're more than just a well-equipped puppy," She teased.

Alex lined himself up and slowly inserted himself into the horny Amazonian's cunt. It felt amazing. Despite being so much bigger than him, it was still a great fit.

“Oh, Miss B. You feel...amazing,” Alex moaned.

“Mmmm, not too bad yourself. Now let's see if you can actually handle all this.”



All of a sudden, the giant redhead thrust her hips back, sending her pint-sized lover tumbling backward.

“Woah!” Alex stammered. He was not ready for that. Not from a woman her size.

Miss B looked over her shoulder and spotted Alex’s cowering form on the bed. A huge, mischievous grin grew across her face. “Haha, guess not.”

“Miss B, I’m...I couldn’t,” Alex tried to explain.

“That’s ok,” She said through her giggling.



Miss B turned around and started crawling over Alex's much smaller body.

"I'm sorry I wasn't..."

"Shh," Miss B interrupted. "God, you look so cute down there. I could just eat you up."

Alex paled at her particular choice of words. At the lab, he had heard and seen all sorts of things. Being eaten was not out of the question if he were to get small enough


"Relax sweetie. I'm no monster. But I do wanna get my money's worth on that morning wood you've got," Miss B assured.

After lining up her crotch with his, she reached down and gripped his rock-hard erection. She could feel it pulsating in her grip.

"Ohh," Alex moaned.

Miss B had to push him down to keep him from humping into her before she was ready. "Hold on there, Sparky. Give mama a sec to get herself situated," Miss B chuckled.






With his hard dick still gripped in her hand, Miss B lined the tip of it up with her opening and slowly eased herself onto it. “Mmm, what I would give to try this out at full size.”

“OH fuck...” Alex gasped. Breasts bigger than his torso wobbled and shook just above his face as his dick was encased by more and more of her wet warmth. He reached up to grasp one of her breasts, only for Miss B to place one of her hands over his and force it back down the bed.

“Gimme a sec, sweetie. We only have about ten minutes and you’re perfectly lined up with my G-spot.”




The horny giantess thrust downwards, pressing her clit against his pubic bone while she smothered him with her breasts. “FUCK!” She cried out.

Alex wrapped his lips around her engorged nipple and grasped both of her breasts. The weight of Miss B was overwhelming, almost painful to him. But the strong, wet grip her pussy had on him felt amazing. It was astonishing how someone so much bigger could fit him so well, even after taking into account how well-endowed he was.

‘Mmphhp,’ He moaned into her tit.

“Ungh...time yourself with...me,” Miss B demanded as she started using his entire body as a hump pillow.

Alex did his best to listen, though he could hardly move beneath so much womanly mass. Miss B was literally throwing her weight around as she used his fragile body to work herself over.

A woman with red hair is lying on a bed, talking on a black smartphone. She is looking down and to the side with a slightly concerned or thoughtful expression. Her hair is pulled back. In the foreground, the back of a man's head and his hand are visible, suggesting he is leaning over her. The bed has a patterned sheet. The background shows a window with light-colored curtains.

Alex continued to do his best to match his rhythm with hers. Not that it mattered all that much. He was so much smaller than her. Still, it helped keep his mind off her crushing weight and focus on the pleasurable aspects. One of which was her breasts. God, they were so big and beautiful. He loved how she reacted each time he sucked or nibbled on her nipple. Then something unexpected happened. Milk started flowing out of her and quickly filling his mouth.

“Grgggl,” Alex mumbled into her breast.

“Oh, sorry, sweetie. I forgot to pump last night so I’m pretty full. Oooh, keep doing that. It feels really good,” she admitted.

Alex knew she was a mom but hadn’t realized she was still lactating. He found the whole experience strangely erotic. Being humped into submission while he was forced to nurse from a giant tit.

Then her phone rang. A caller she couldn’t send to voicemail.

“Hello?... Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure. He’s gone.” Misty said as she sat on the toilet.

It had been a few days since she had swallowed ‘Daryl.’ Every day, after she finished her morning business, the giant CEO would grab the toilet brush and search through the filthy water. But just like the other times before, ‘Daryl’ was nowhere to be found. It was frustrating to no end, losing her toy like that.

“Please...can you give me a bath when you’re done?” Kyle interrupted.


His body ached from his owner’s aggressive use of him that morning, and the thick layer of cum she had left him with was starting to crust over. The warm water would feel nice against his skin. Not to mention that the soapy fragrance would be a welcome break from the otherwise unagreeable smell that had filled the room.

“Shhh, not now. The adults are talking. Besides, I still have a few more kinks I need you to work out,” She explained. The giant CEO liked keeping him close by whenever she wasn’t using him. Even here. “No, not you, Susan. Like I was saying, I’ve checked every day. He’s gone.”

‘Kyle’ couldn’t help but shed a tear over his friend. He already feared the worst, but hearing her say it out loud like that made the reality of his death finally set in. He couldn’t imagine the hell he must’ve gone through just before he died.

“Yes, I’m being serious. Daryl, you know, the tiny dentist? Who do you think I named him after?” I want him, not a stand-in.”



A woman with red hair is humping a man on a bed. She is holding a smartphone to her ear and talking. The man is lying on his back, looking up at her. The scene is set in a bedroom with a window in the background.

Alex felt so good nursing from her engorged boob as she humped the crap out of his pretty penis. So good that she was literally having an orgasm in the middle of her conversation.

“Aaah...catfish him? No, not me, Amanda. Yes, guys love b...blondes...mmm....I’ll help her come up with a plan as soon as I get in. Gah...Gotta go,” She gasped before finally ending the call.

“Aaahhhh!” The giant redhead cried out as her loins squeezed and spasmed around Alex’s throbbing dick, squirting her fragrant juices well past his groin, and all over his stomach and thighs.

As the chesty mom came down from her orgasm, she couldn’t help but chuckle at the struggling man beneath her tit. She had produced so much milk that it had spilled out the sides of his mouth and formed a puddle beneath him. But as inadequate he was at nursing from her, he more than made up for it in other areas. In fact, despite how aggressive her lovemaking was, he managed to stave off orgasm before she had reached hers. Even now, after she had exploded all over him, he remained as hard as a rock.

“You didn’t cum yet, did you Alex?” Miss B asked as she flexed her pussy around his throbbing cock.

“Gmphh!” He mumbled.

“Quite the stamina for a little guy,” Miss B laughed as she started humping him once more. “That’s ok. We can go until the baby wakes. But I’m gonna need you to switch to the other one first. I hate feeling lopsided.”

75"  
6 ft.  
69"  
66"  
63"  
5 ft.  
57"  
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27"  
2 ft.  
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18"  
15"  
1 ft.  
9"  
6"  
3"

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

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

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

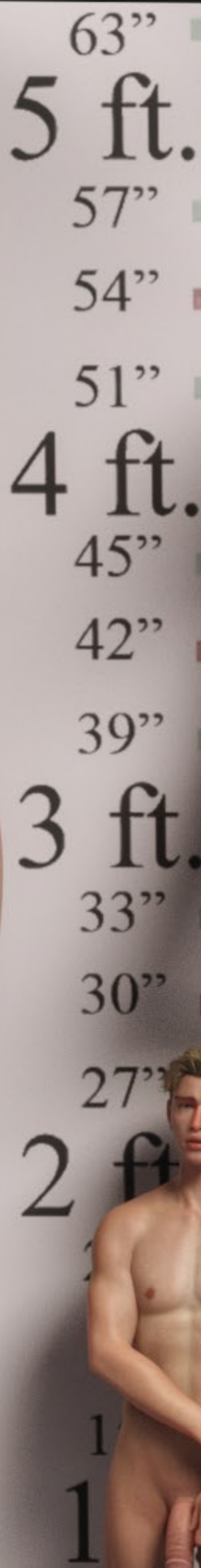


Michelle  
Old Height: 5ft  
Old Weight: 100lbs  
New Height: 1.7in  
New Weight: 0.98g

Nick  
Old Height: 6ft  
Old Weight: 180lbs  
New Height: 1.9in  
New Weight: 1.6g

Jackie  
Height: 6ft2  
Weight: 167lbs  
M: 34F-32-42  
Height to Jack: 145ft  
Weight to Jack: 1150tns

Tom  
Height: 2.25in  
Weight: 2.5g



Susan  
Height: 5ft10  
Weight: 177lbs  
M: 36G-34-44  
Height to Alex: 16ft7  
Weight to Alex: 2tns

Tess  
Height: 6ft  
Weight: 172lbs  
M: 36F-32-44  
Height to 'Kyle': 60ft  
Weight to 'Kyle': 86tns

'Alex'  
Height: 2ft5  
Weight: 12lbs

Jack  
Height: 3in  
Weight: 6.4g

'Daryl'  
Height: 2in  
Weight: 1.7g

'Kyle'  
Height: 7.2in  
Weight: 81g

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



# To Be Continued...

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