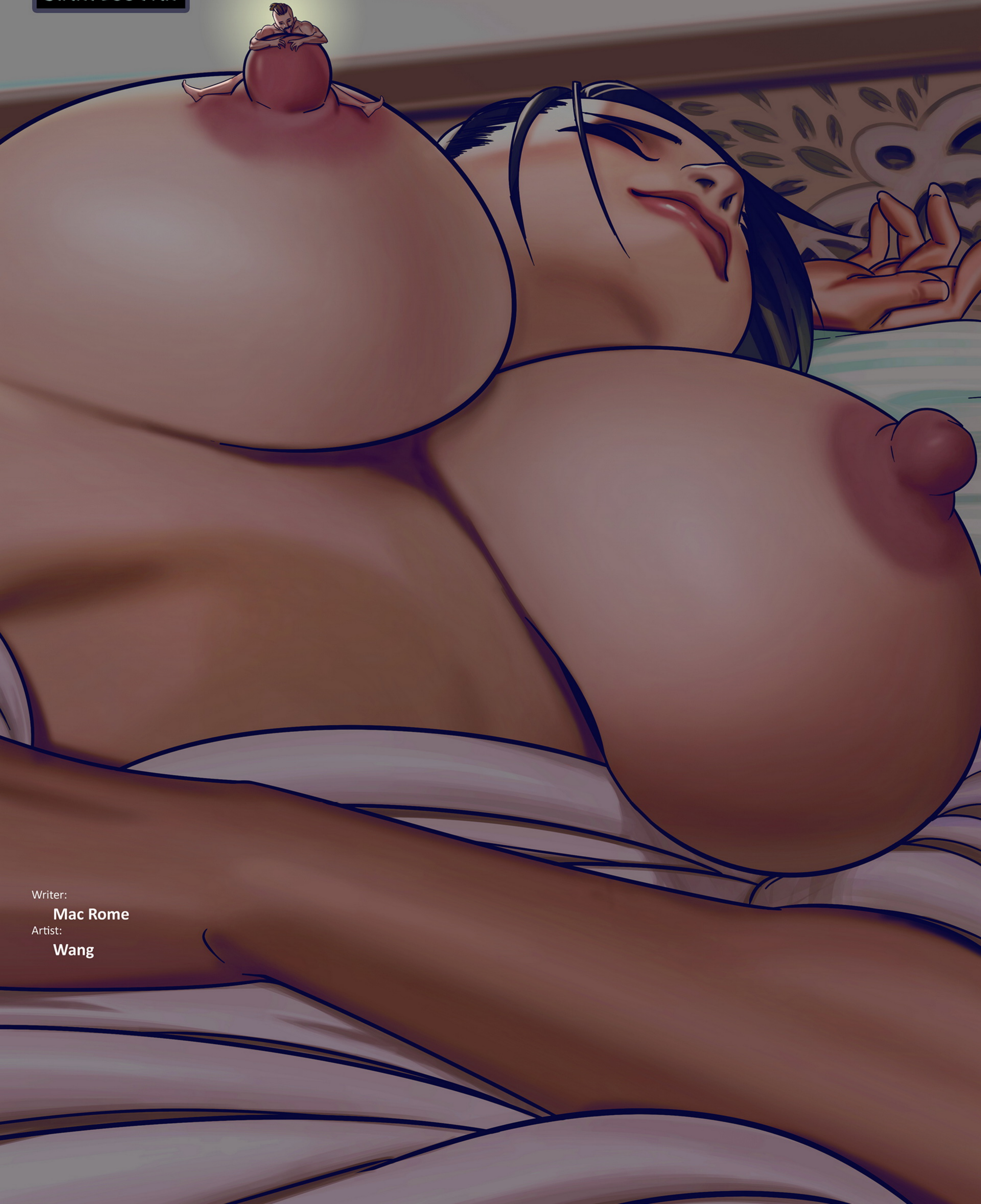




MY SHRINKING HUSBAND



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GIANTESS FAN

MY SHRINKING HUSBAND

Jim Alger hasn't just contracted a rare shrinking virus; he has the most intense case in the world!

The one enjoyment he has as he dwindles away is exploring the ever-increasing size (from his perspective) of his wife Kim.

To help herself cope, Kim decides to keep a diary of events as her husband becomes more and more impossibly tiny, although he seems to be enjoying how big she has become to him.

Can anything stop Jim from shrinking?



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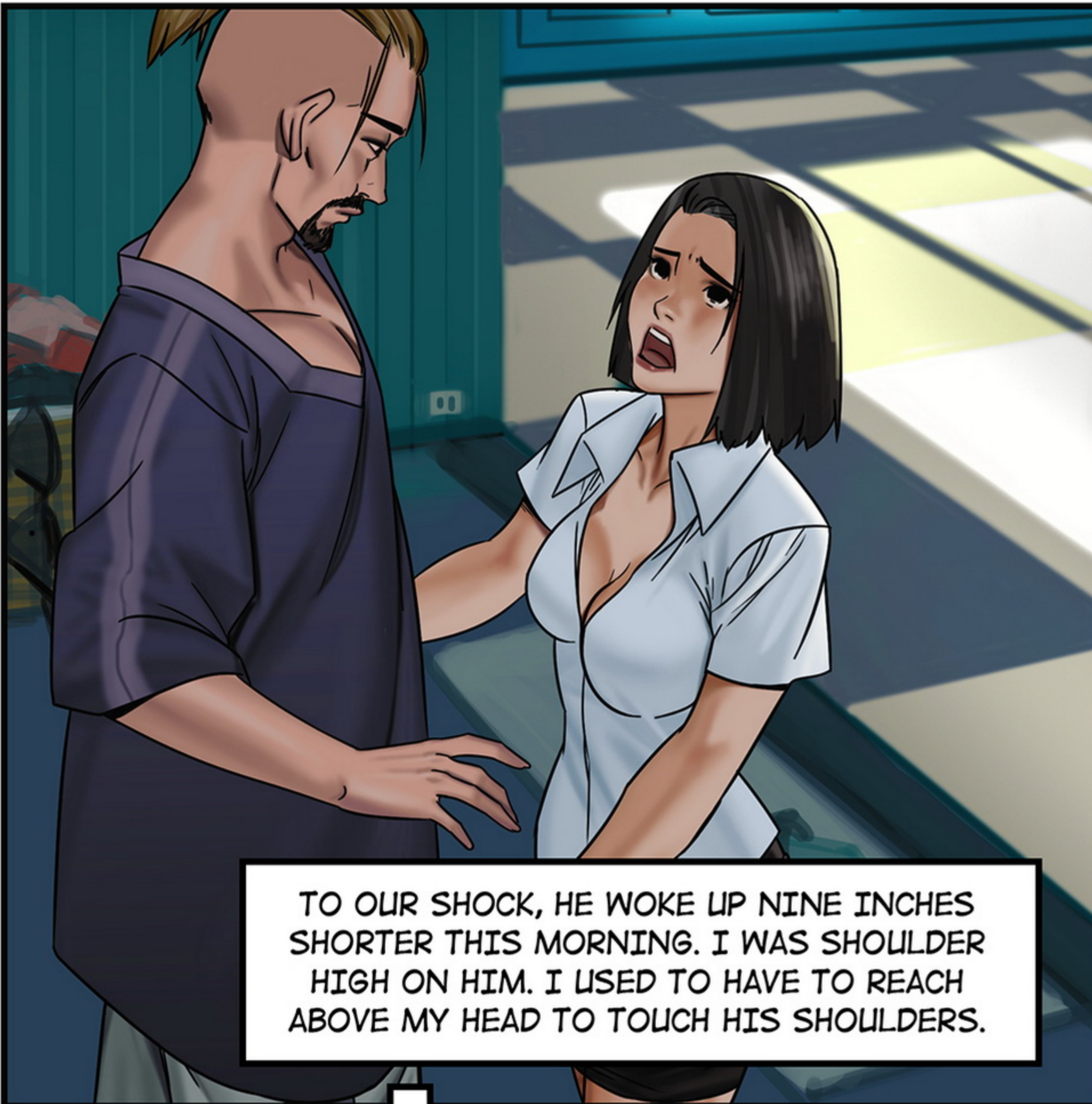
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JOURNAL OF JIM'S SHRINKING, DAY 1. TODAY I AWOKE TO A SHOCK. MY TOWERINGLY TALL HUSBAND, JIM, HAD SHRUNKEN OVERNIGHT.

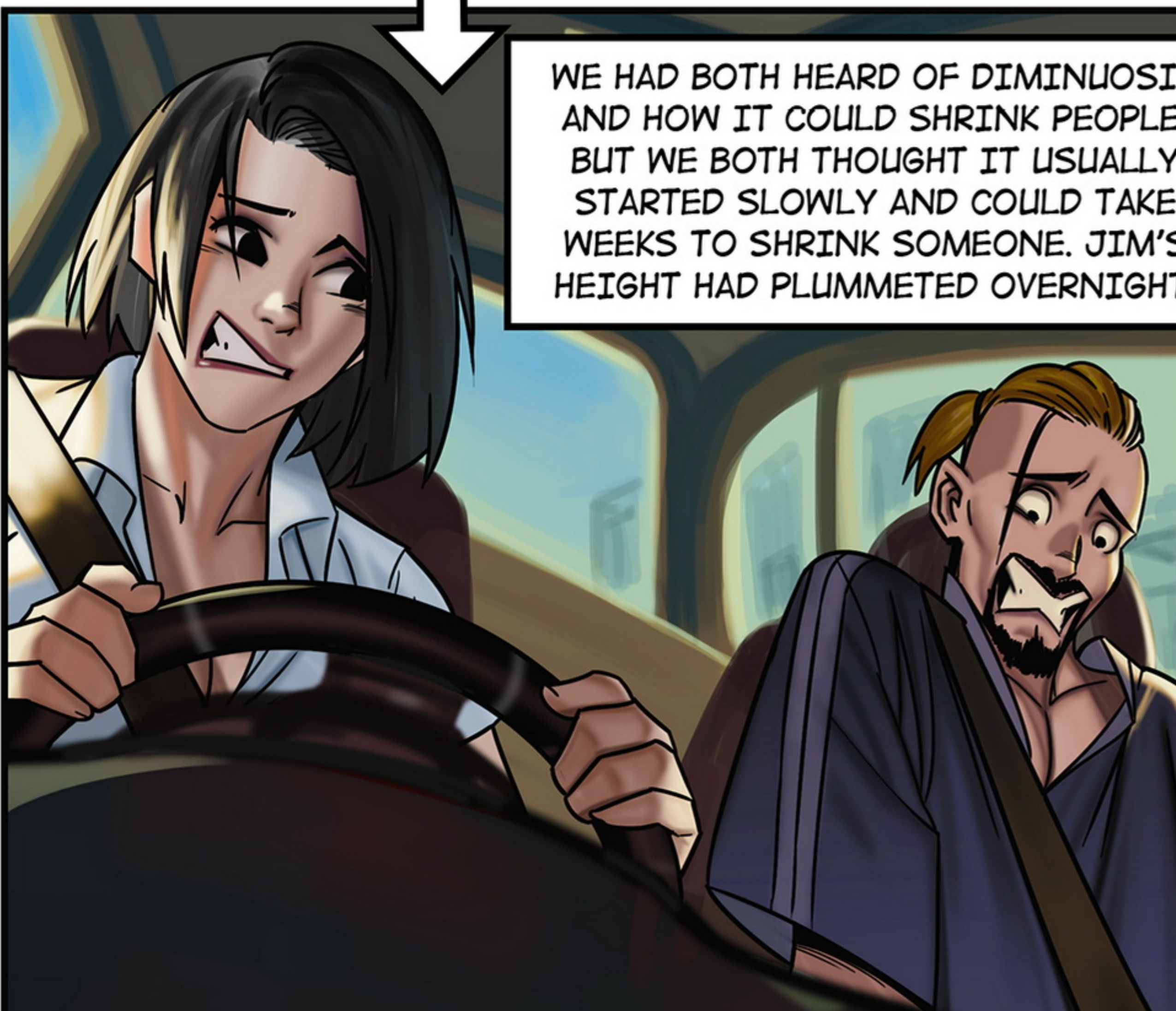
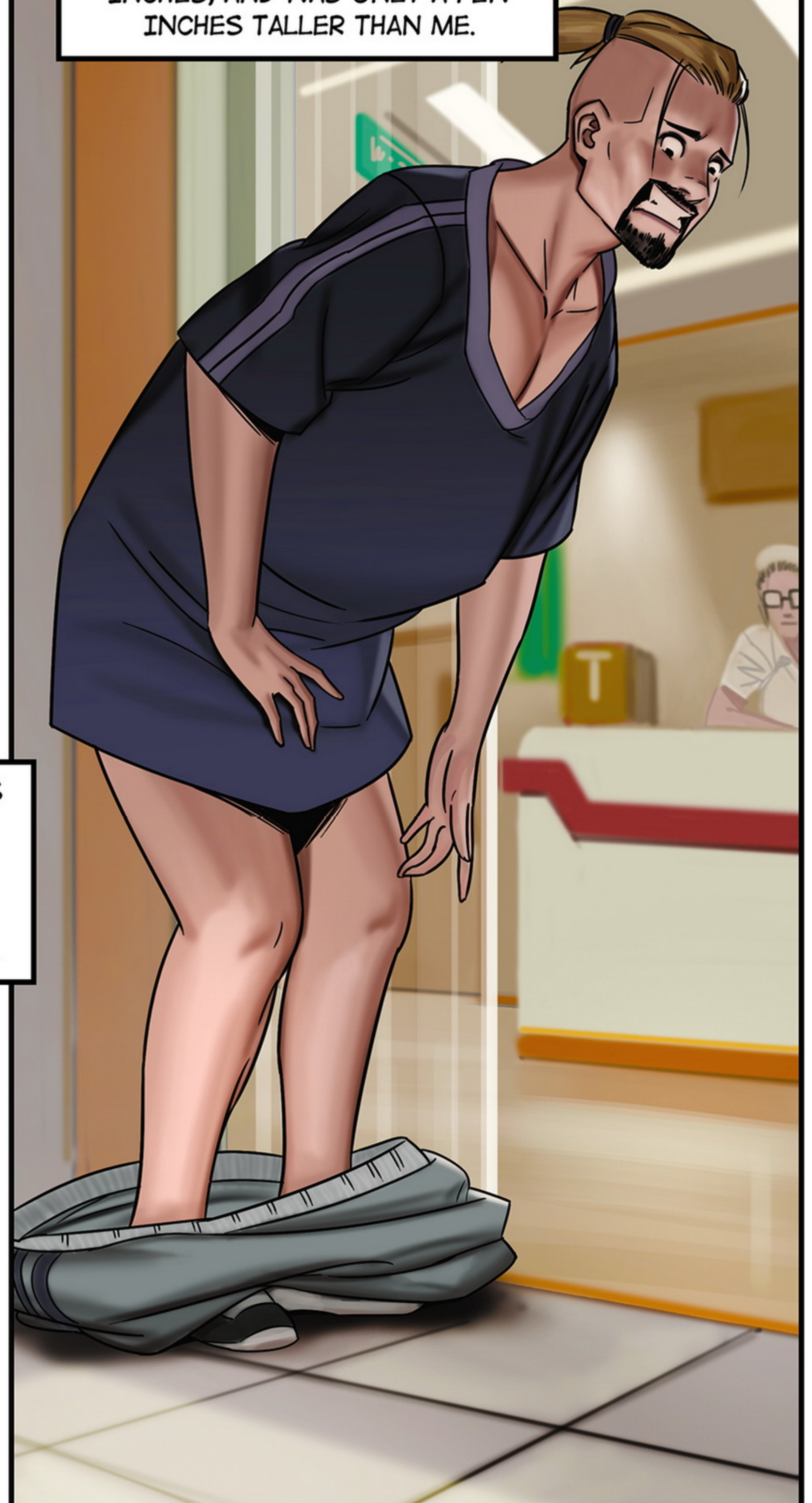


WHEN WE WENT TO BED, HE WAS STILL SIX-FOOT-FOUR, TOWERING OVER MY FOUR-FOOT-ELEVEN FRAME.

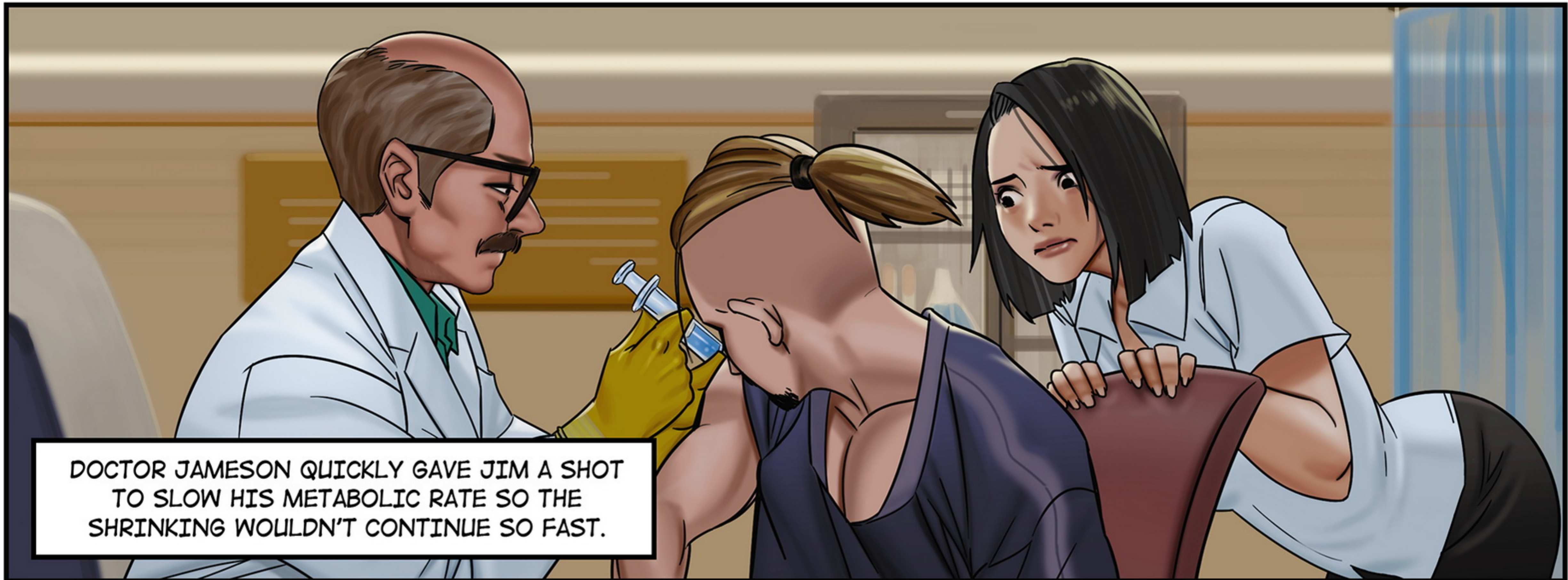


TO OUR SHOCK, HE WOKE UP NINE INCHES SHORTER THIS MORNING. I WAS SHOULDER HIGH ON HIM. I USED TO HAVE TO REACH ABOVE MY HEAD TO TOUCH HIS SHOULDERS.

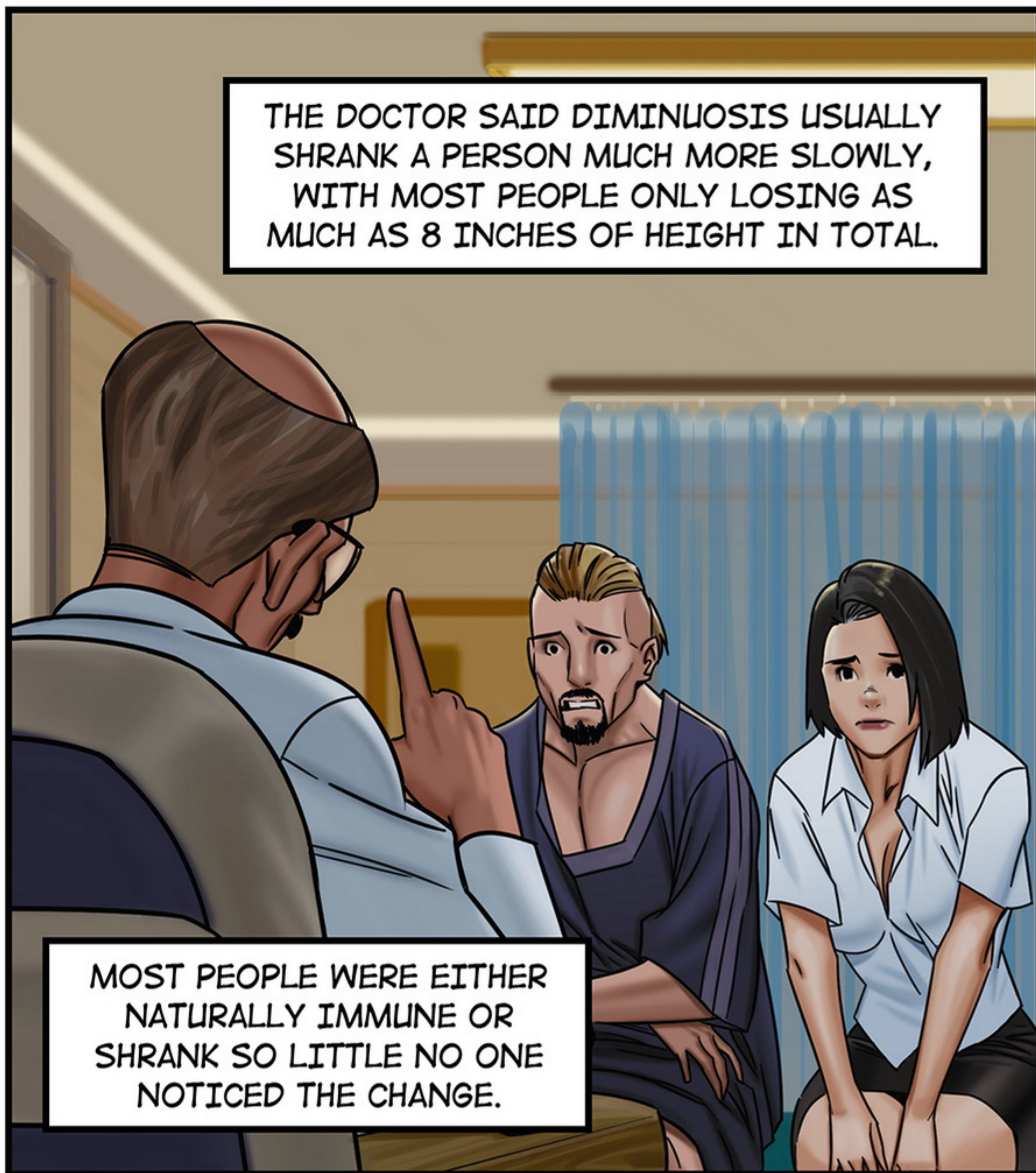
WORSE, WE REALIZED WHEN WE GOT TO THE HOSPITAL HE WAS STILL SHRINKING FAST. BY THAT TIME, HE'D LOST ANOTHER FOUR INCHES, AND WAS ONLY A FEW INCHES TALLER THAN ME.



WE HAD BOTH HEARD OF DIMINUISIS AND HOW IT COULD SHRINK PEOPLE, BUT WE BOTH THOUGHT IT USUALLY STARTED SLOWLY AND COULD TAKE WEEKS TO SHRINK SOMEONE. JIM'S HEIGHT HAD PLUMMETED OVERNIGHT.

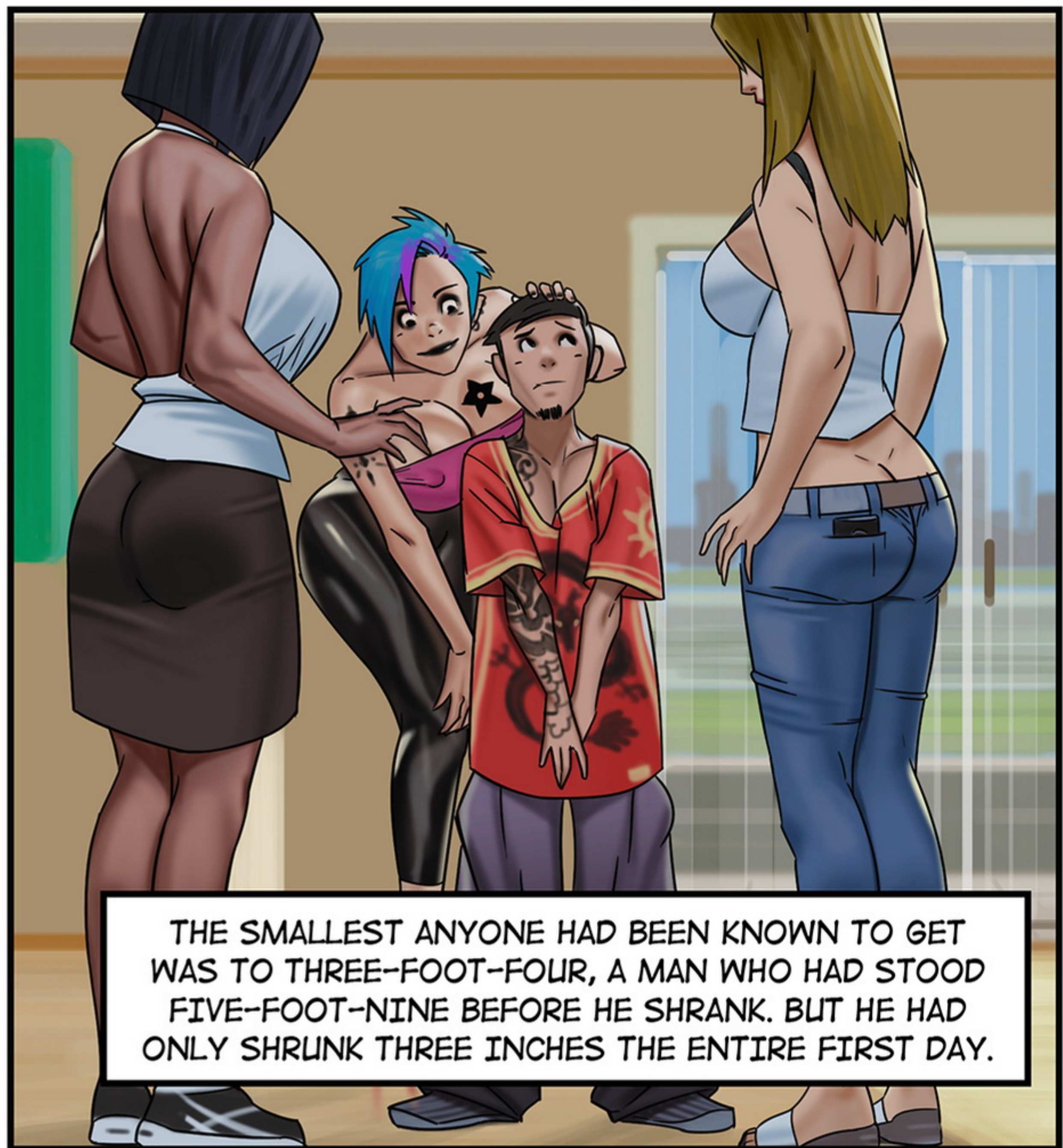


DOCTOR JAMESON QUICKLY GAVE JIM A SHOT TO SLOW HIS METABOLIC RATE SO THE SHRINKING WOULDN'T CONTINUE SO FAST.

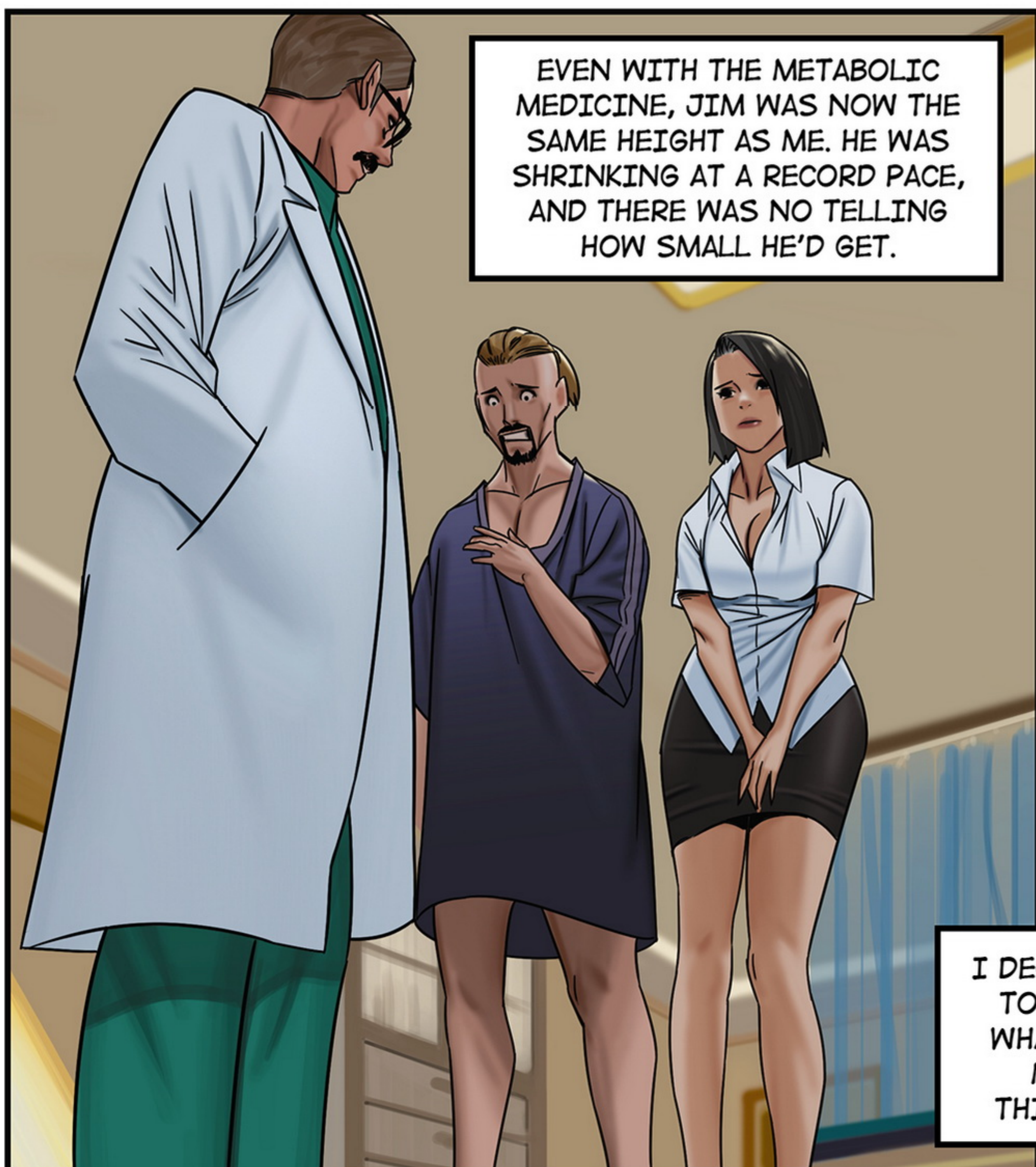


THE DOCTOR SAID DIMINUIOSIS USUALLY SHRANK A PERSON MUCH MORE SLOWLY, WITH MOST PEOPLE ONLY LOSING AS MUCH AS 8 INCHES OF HEIGHT IN TOTAL.

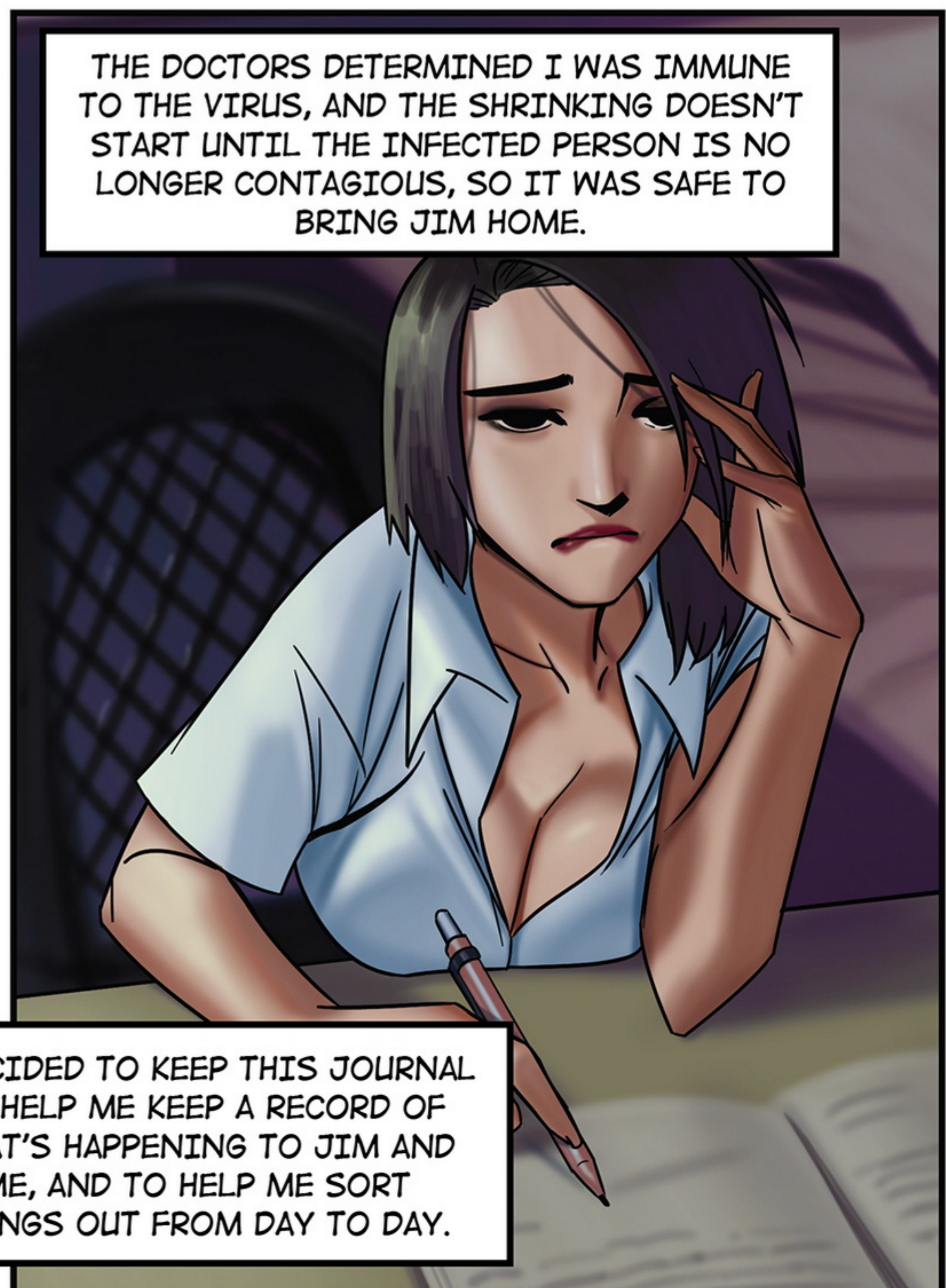
MOST PEOPLE WERE EITHER NATURALLY IMMUNE OR SHRANK SO LITTLE NO ONE NOTICED THE CHANGE.



THE SMALLEST ANYONE HAD BEEN KNOWN TO GET WAS TO THREE-FOOT-FOUR, A MAN WHO HAD STOOD FIVE-FOOT-NINE BEFORE HE SHRANK. BUT HE HAD ONLY SHRUNK THREE INCHES THE ENTIRE FIRST DAY.



EVEN WITH THE METABOLIC MEDICINE, JIM WAS NOW THE SAME HEIGHT AS ME. HE WAS SHRINKING AT A RECORD PACE, AND THERE WAS NO TELLING HOW SMALL HE'D GET.

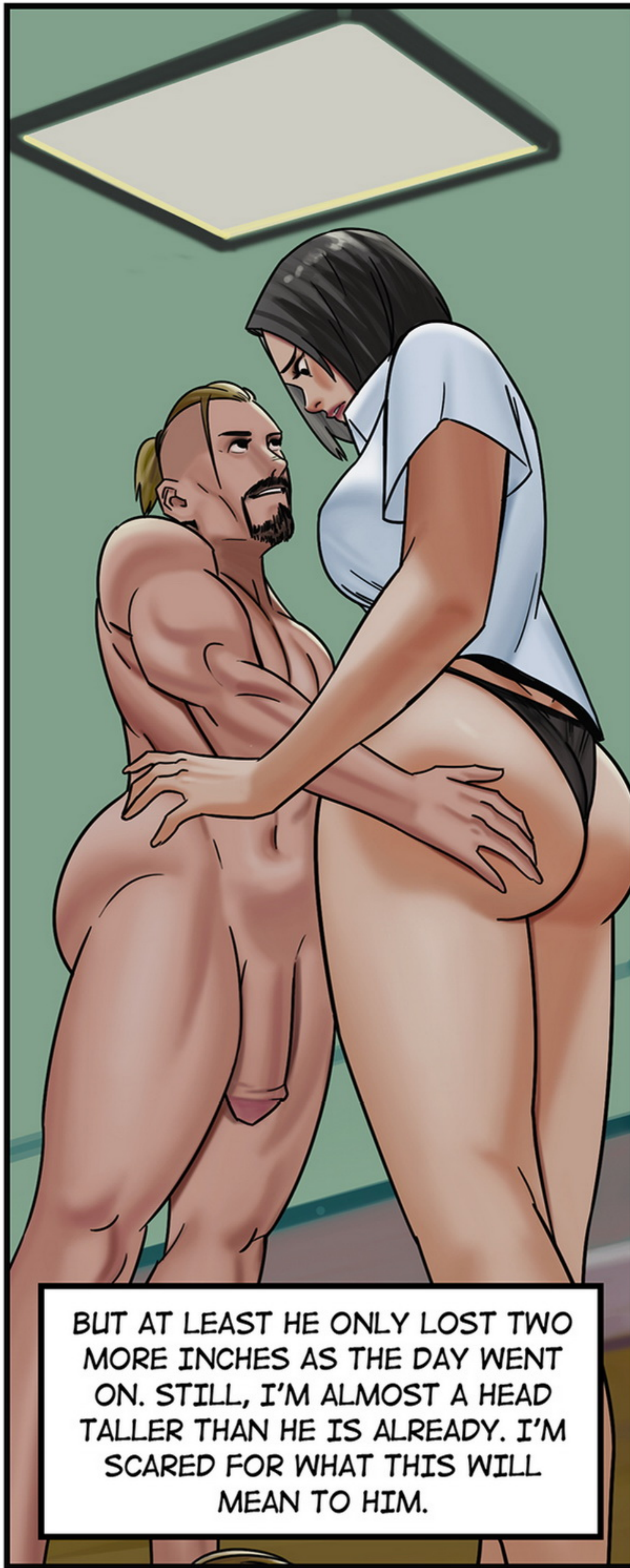


THE DOCTORS DETERMINED I WAS IMMUNE TO THE VIRUS, AND THE SHRINKING DOESN'T START UNTIL THE INFECTED PERSON IS NO LONGER CONTAGIOUS, SO IT WAS SAFE TO BRING JIM HOME.

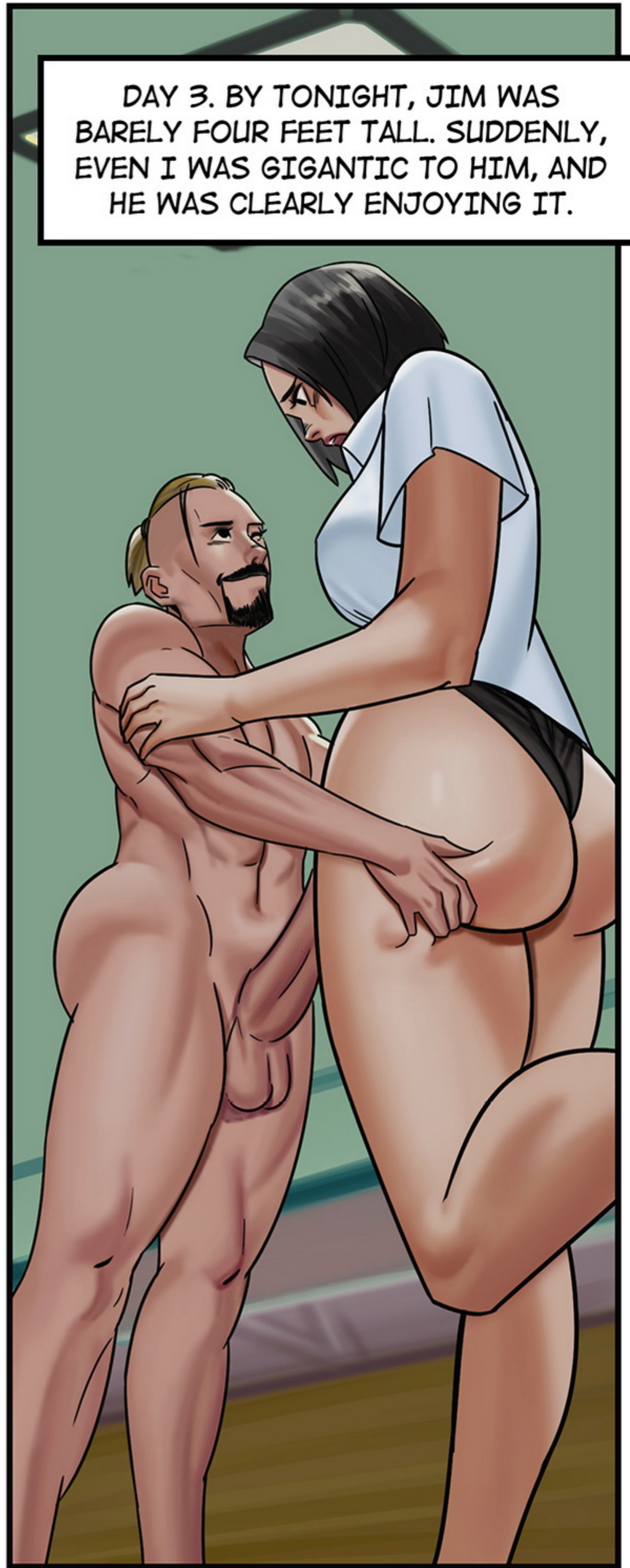
I DECIDED TO KEEP THIS JOURNAL TO HELP ME KEEP A RECORD OF WHAT'S HAPPENING TO JIM AND ME, AND TO HELP ME SORT THINGS OUT FROM DAY TO DAY.



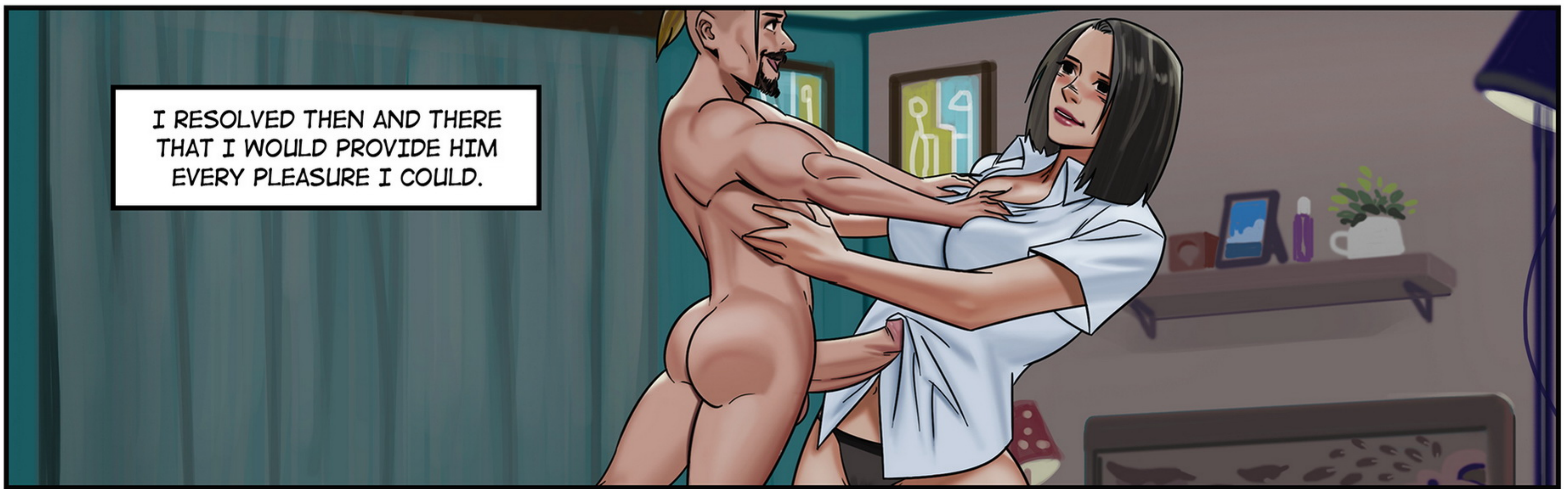
DAY 2. IT WAS BIZARRE THIS MORNING WHEN I REALIZED I WAS TALLER THAN JIM. HE WAS ONLY ABOUT FOUR-FOOT-EIGHT AT THE TIME.



BUT AT LEAST HE ONLY LOST TWO MORE INCHES AS THE DAY WENT ON. STILL, I'M ALMOST A HEAD TALLER THAN HE IS ALREADY. I'M SCARED FOR WHAT THIS WILL MEAN TO HIM.



DAY 3. BY TONIGHT, JIM WAS BARELY FOUR FEET TALL. SUDDENLY, EVEN I WAS GIGANTIC TO HIM, AND HE WAS CLEARLY ENJOYING IT.



I RESOLVED THEN AND THERE THAT I WOULD PROVIDE HIM EVERY PLEASURE I COULD.




AND, THE TRUTH IS, I ENJOYED IT, TOO.




BY THE TIME WE GOT TO OUR NEXT DOCTOR APPOINTMENT, JIM HAD SHRUNK SIX MORE INCHES.

THE ONLY NEWS WAS THAT THE DOCTORS CONFIRMED JIM HAD NO NEW VARIANT OF DIMINUOSIS. HE WAS JUST ESPECIALLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO IT. ALL THEY COULD DO WAS LET IT RUN ITS COURSE.



WE BOTH KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT. THE BEST-CASE SCENARIO WAS THAT JIM WOULD STOP SHRINKING AT THE SIZE OF A BUG. THE WORST WAS THAT HE COULD BECOME MICROSCOPIC, OR SHRINK TO DEATH.



FEELING IT WAS BEST TO FOCUS ON THE POSITIVE IN THE TIME WE HAD, I DECIDED TO DISTRACT JIM.



IT WORKED.

HIS DICK WAS RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF ME. ON IMPULSE, I LEANED IN, CLOSED MY EYES, AND BEGAN TO SUCK.



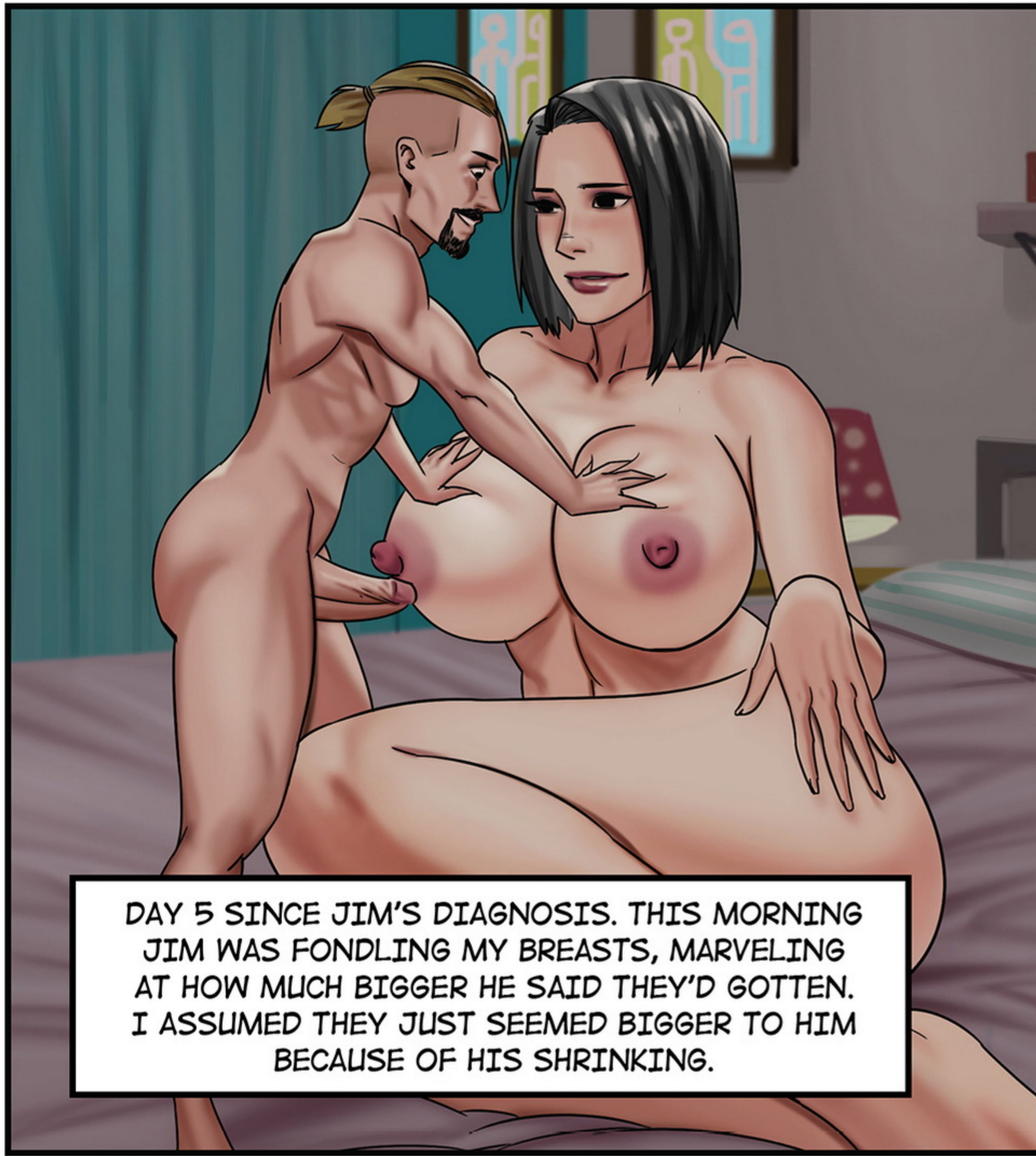
I WAS SURPRISED AT HOW MUCH CUM HIS BODY PRODUCED. AND IT TASTED DIFFERENT THAN I REMEMBERED---STILL SALTY, BUT SWEET AS WELL NOW.

HIS SEXUAL STAYING POWER ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BE INCREASING AS HE SHRINKS. HE WAS READY TO CUM IN MY VAGINA WITHIN A MINUTE OR TWO, AND HE JUST KEPT CUMMING AND CUMMING FROM THERE.



JIM FINALLY GOT WORN OUT, AND I'M TIRED, TOO. WE'LL NAP TOGETHER HERE ON THE BED.





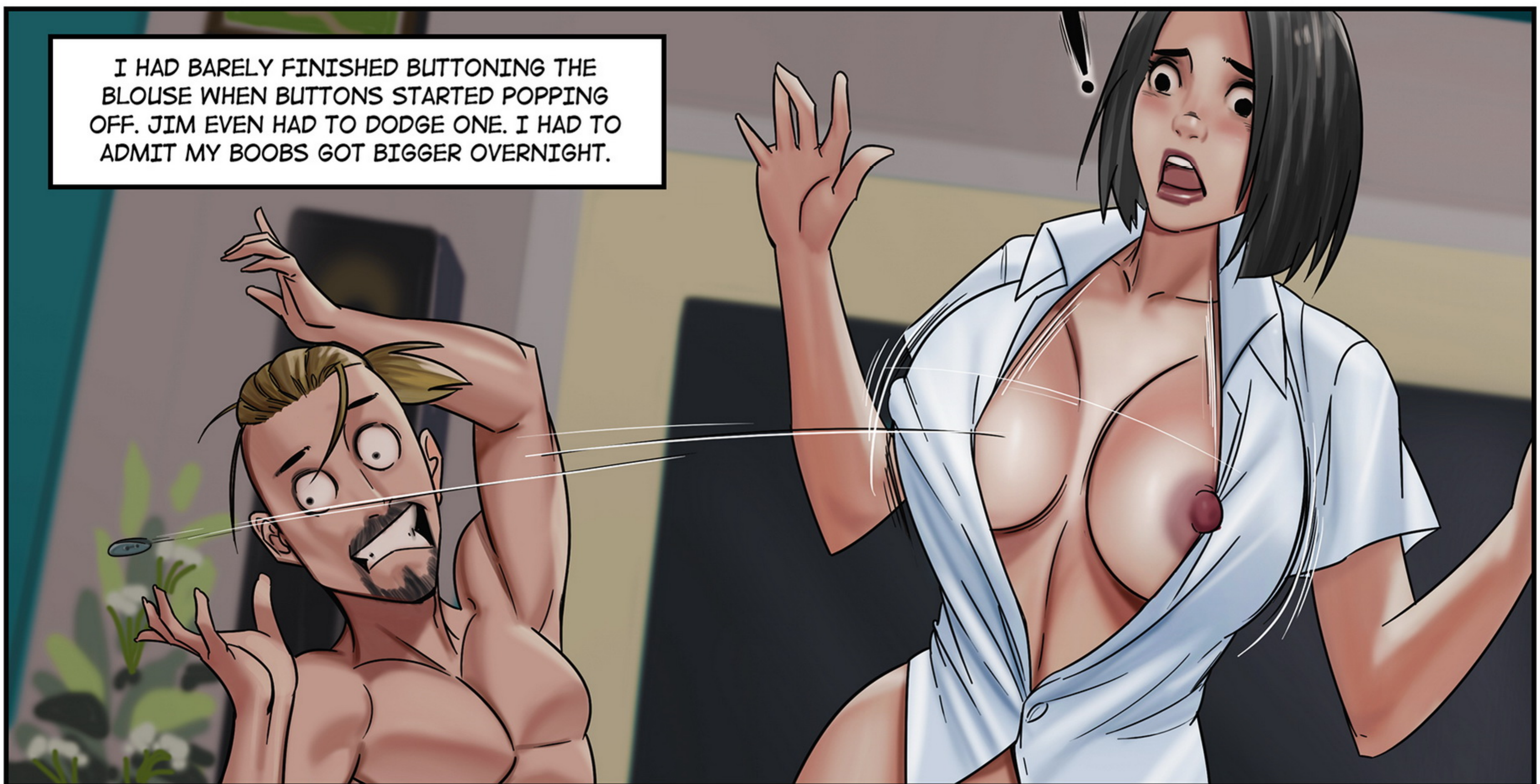
DAY 5 SINCE JIM'S DIAGNOSIS. THIS MORNING JIM WAS FONDLING MY BREASTS, MARVELING AT HOW MUCH BIGGER HE SAID THEY'D GOTTEN. I ASSUMED THEY JUST SEEMED BIGGER TO HIM BECAUSE OF HIS SHRINKING.



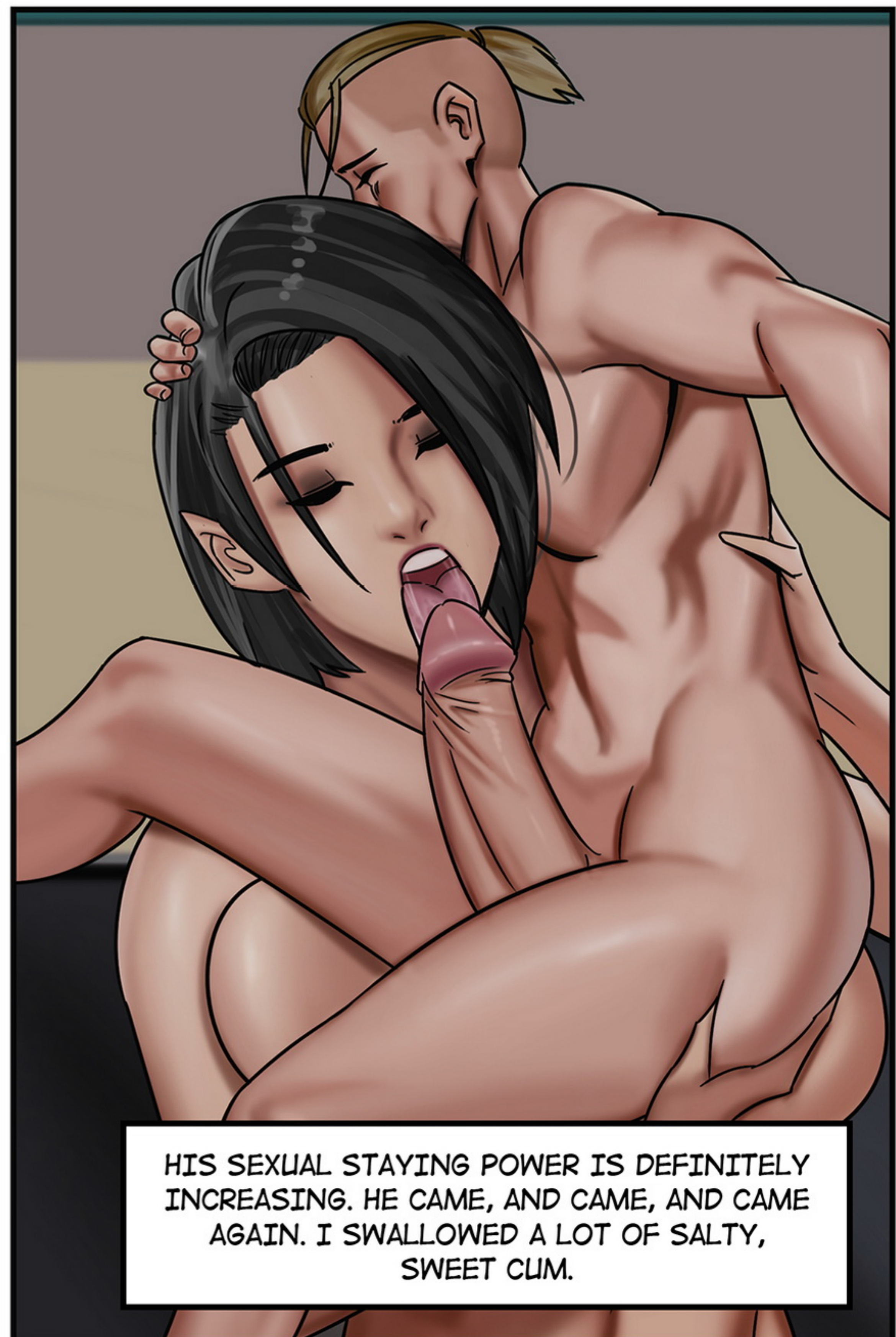
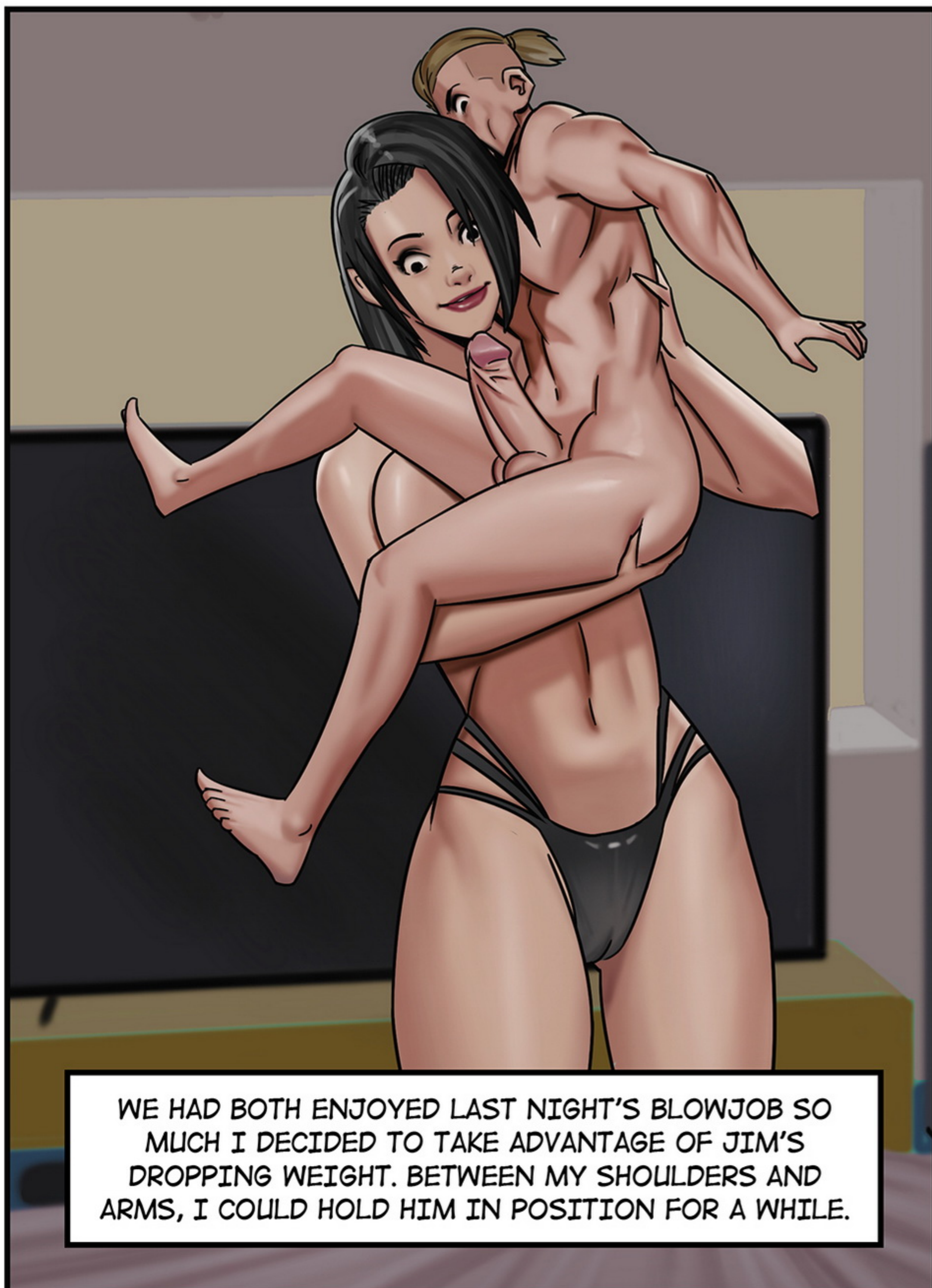
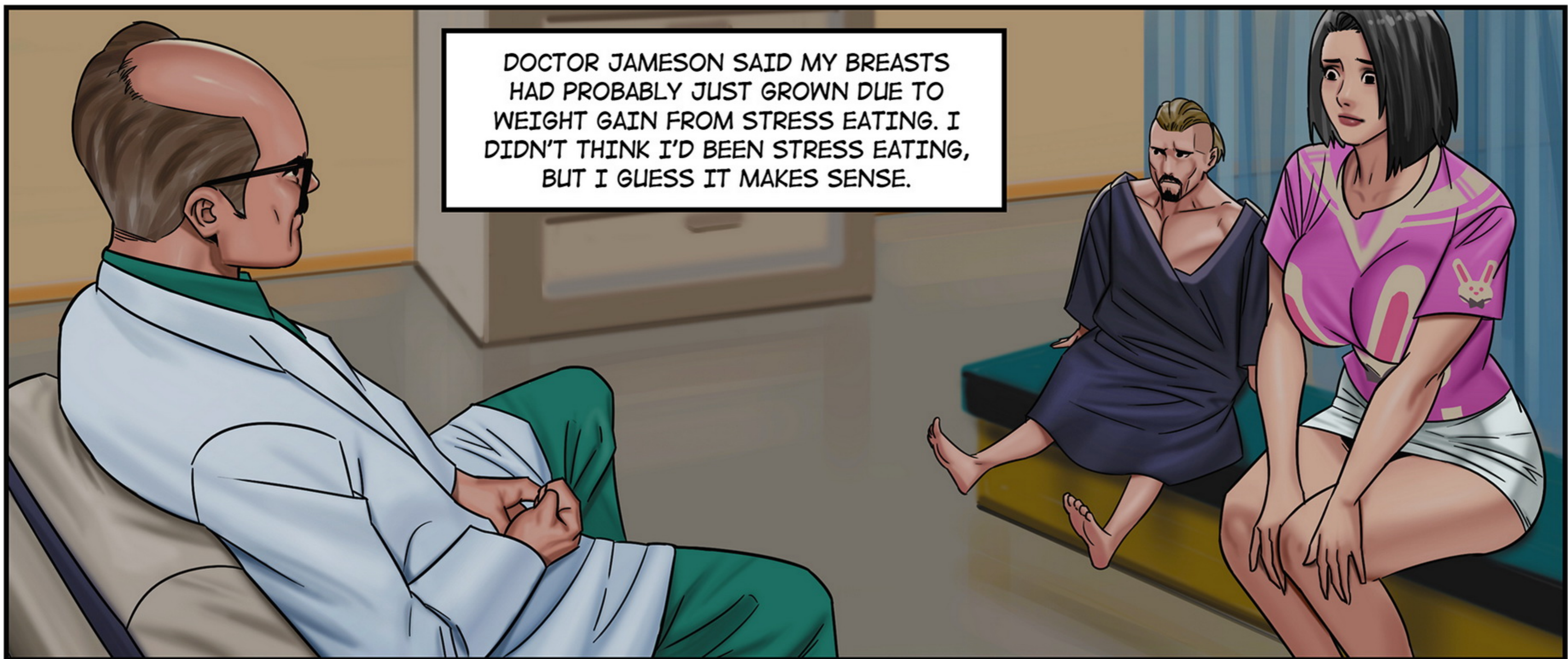
THEN I TRIED TO PUT ON MY BRA. IT WAS TOO SMALL.

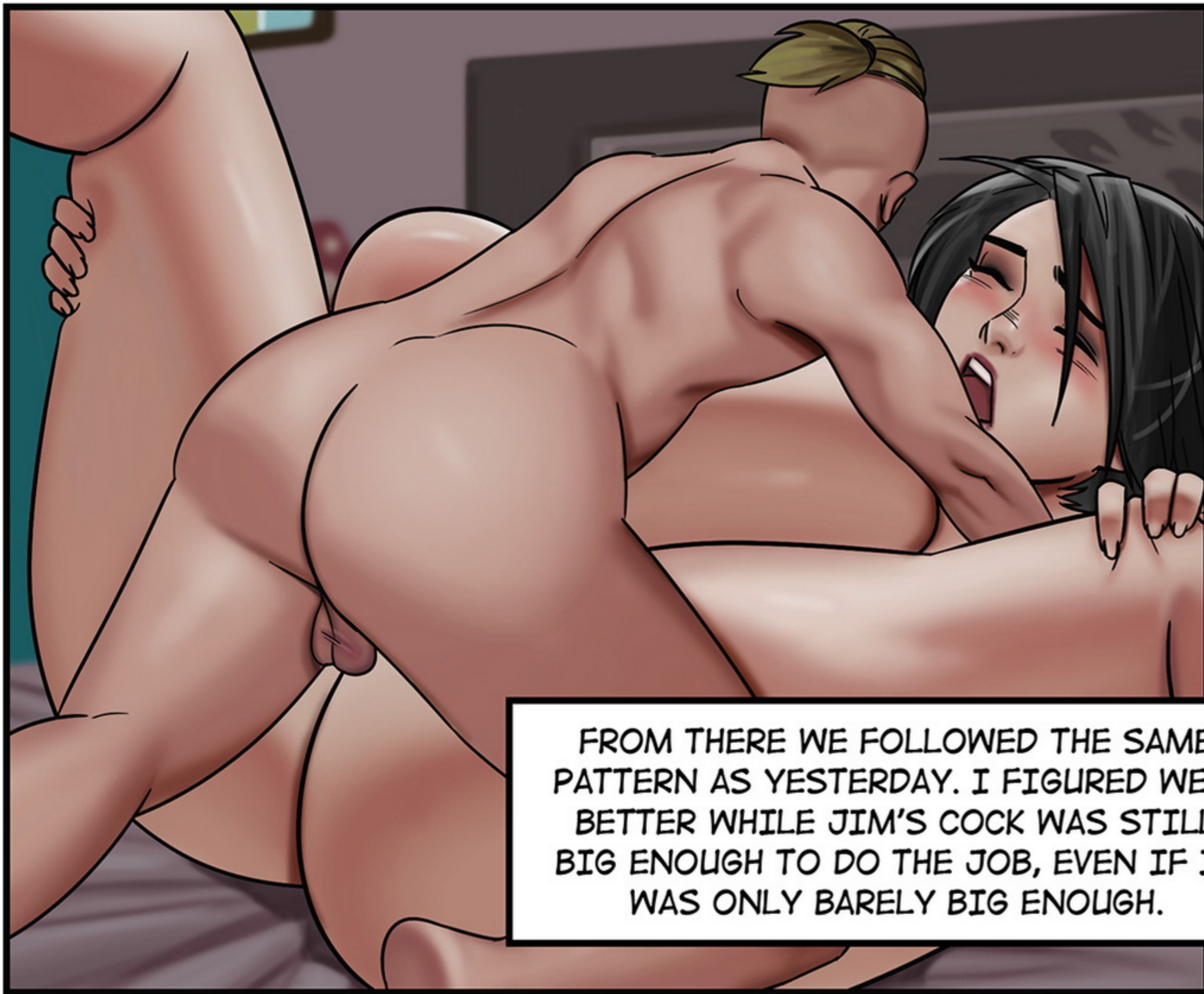


I GAVE UP ON THE BRA AND TRIED TO BUTTON UP A BLOUSE. IT WAS CLEARLY TIGHTER ON ME, ESPECIALLY THROUGH THE CHEST.



I HAD BARELY FINISHED BUTTONING THE BLOUSE WHEN BUTTONS STARTED POPPING OFF. JIM EVEN HAD TO DODGE ONE. I HAD TO ADMIT MY BOOBS GOT BIGGER OVERNIGHT.

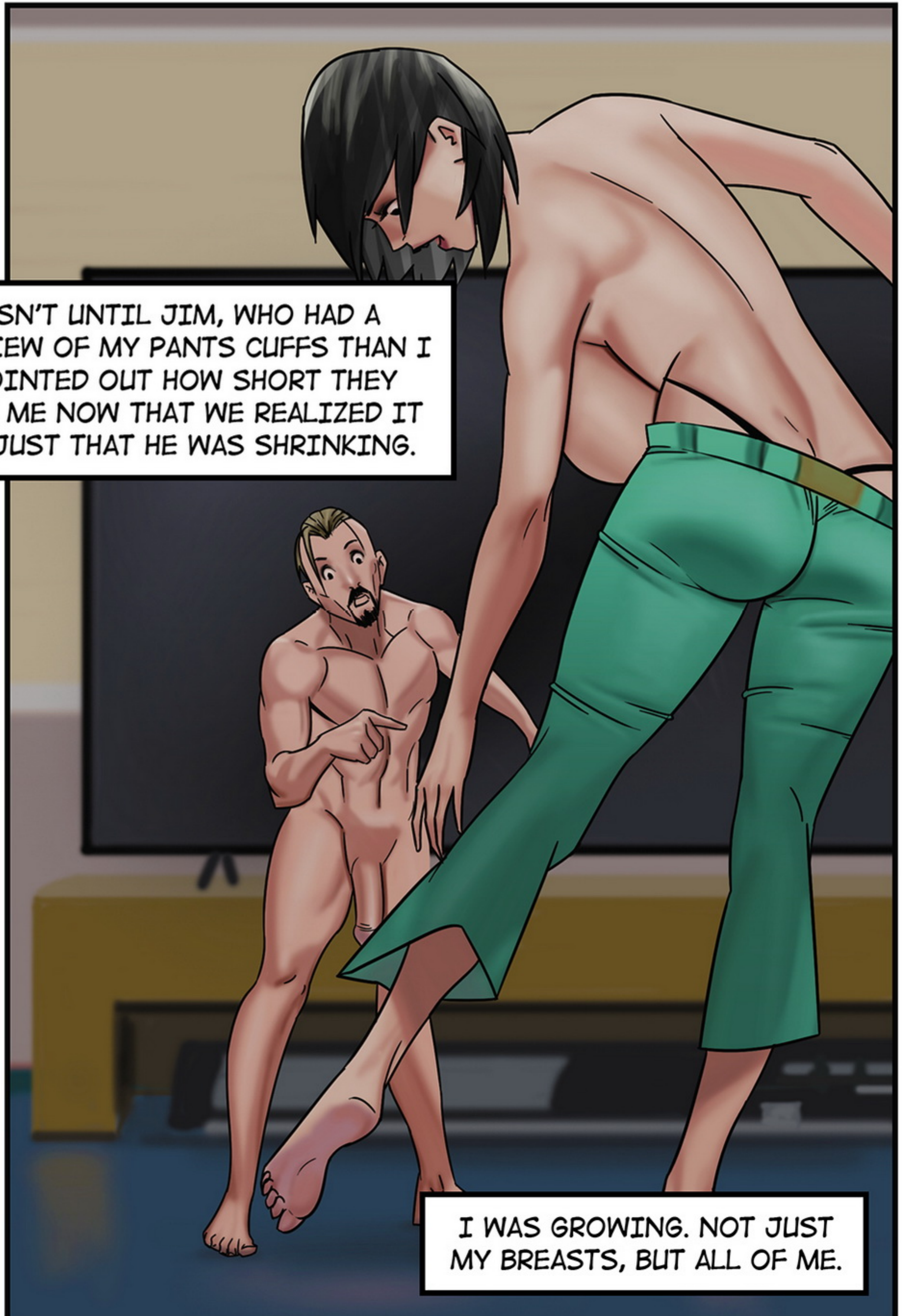




FROM THERE WE FOLLOWED THE SAME PATTERN AS YESTERDAY. I FIGURED WE'D BETTER WHILE JIM'S COCK WAS STILL BIG ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB, EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY BARELY BIG ENOUGH.

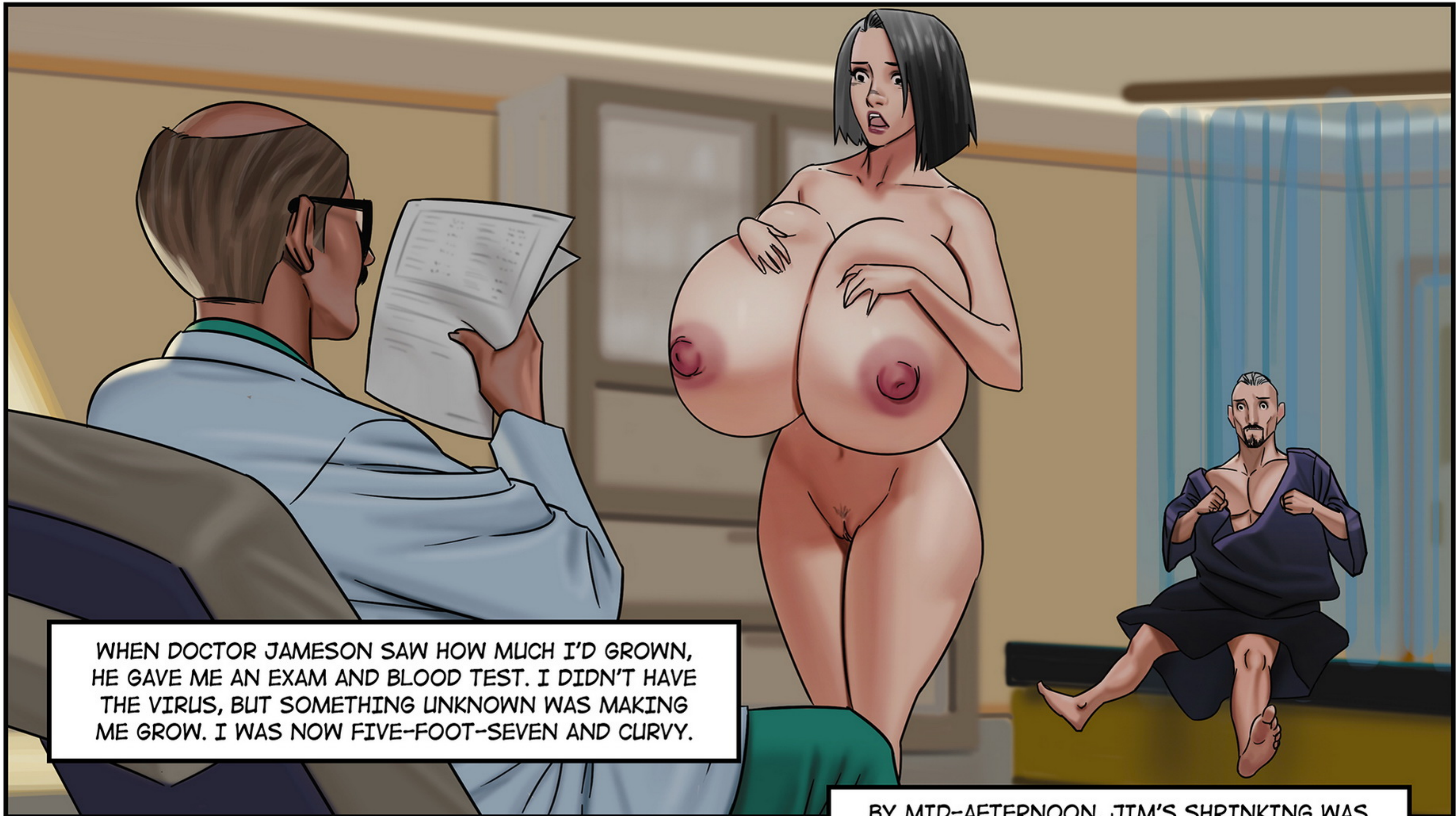


DAY 6. WHEN WE GOT UP AND I SAW JIM WAS LESS THAN HALF MY HEIGHT, I THOUGHT HE'D SHRUNK A LOT OVERNIGHT.



IT WASN'T UNTIL JIM, WHO HAD A BETTER VIEW OF MY PANTS CLIFFS THAN I DID, POINTED OUT HOW SHORT THEY WERE ON ME NOW THAT WE REALIZED IT WASN'T JUST THAT HE WAS SHRINKING.

I WAS GROWING. NOT JUST MY BREASTS, BUT ALL OF ME.



WHEN DOCTOR JAMESON SAW HOW MUCH I'D GROWN, HE GAVE ME AN EXAM AND BLOOD TEST. I DIDN'T HAVE THE VIRUS, BUT SOMETHING UNKNOWN WAS MAKING ME GROW. I WAS NOW FIVE-FOOT-SEVEN AND CURVY.

BY MID-AFTERNOON, JIM'S SHRINKING WAS STILL GOING STRONG. HE'D LOST MORE THAN TWO INCHES OF HEIGHT SINCE MORNING. I THOUGHT HE WAS SHRINKING FASTER, ALTHOUGH HIS RATE OF REDUCTION VARIED.



JIM LOVES HOW BIG MY BREASTS NOW ARE, ESPECIALLY COMPARED TO HIM. WE BOTH KNOW SOON HE'LL BE SO SMALL THEY'LL BE AS BIG TO HIM AS HOUSES, THEN HILLS, THEN MOUNTAINS.



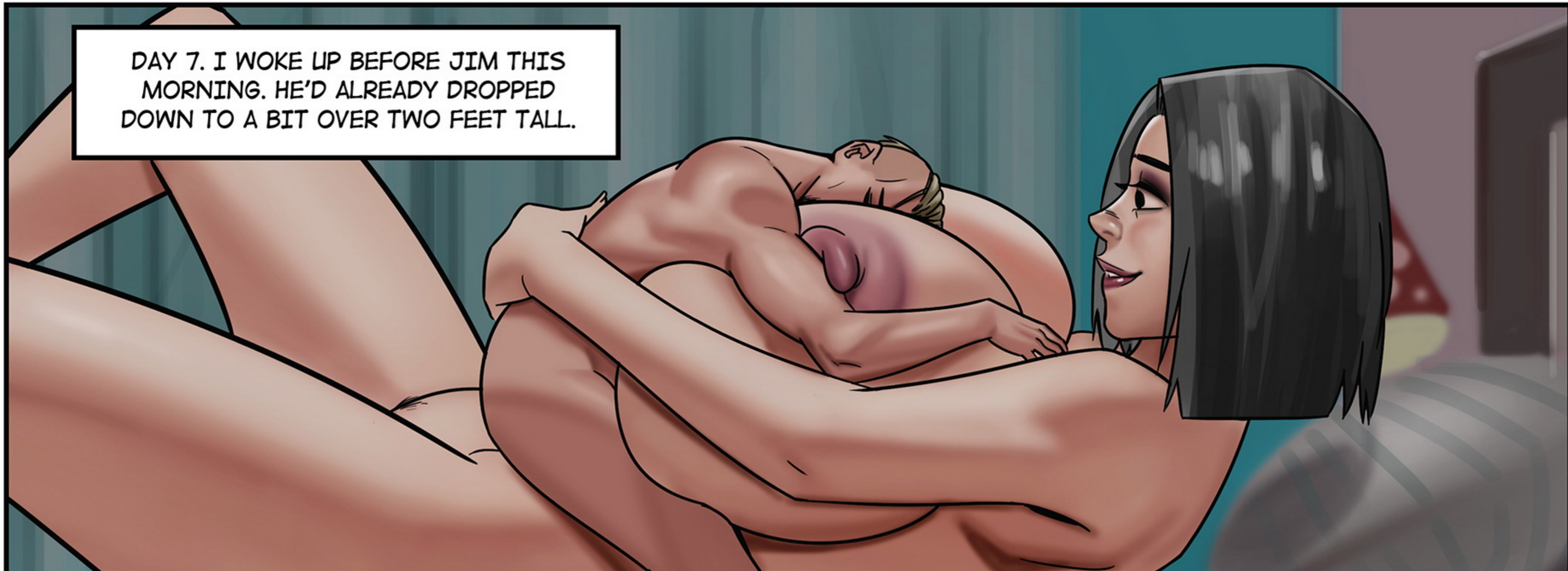
JIM WANTED SEX, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE INCREASING GAP IN OUR SIZES TURNED HIM ON.



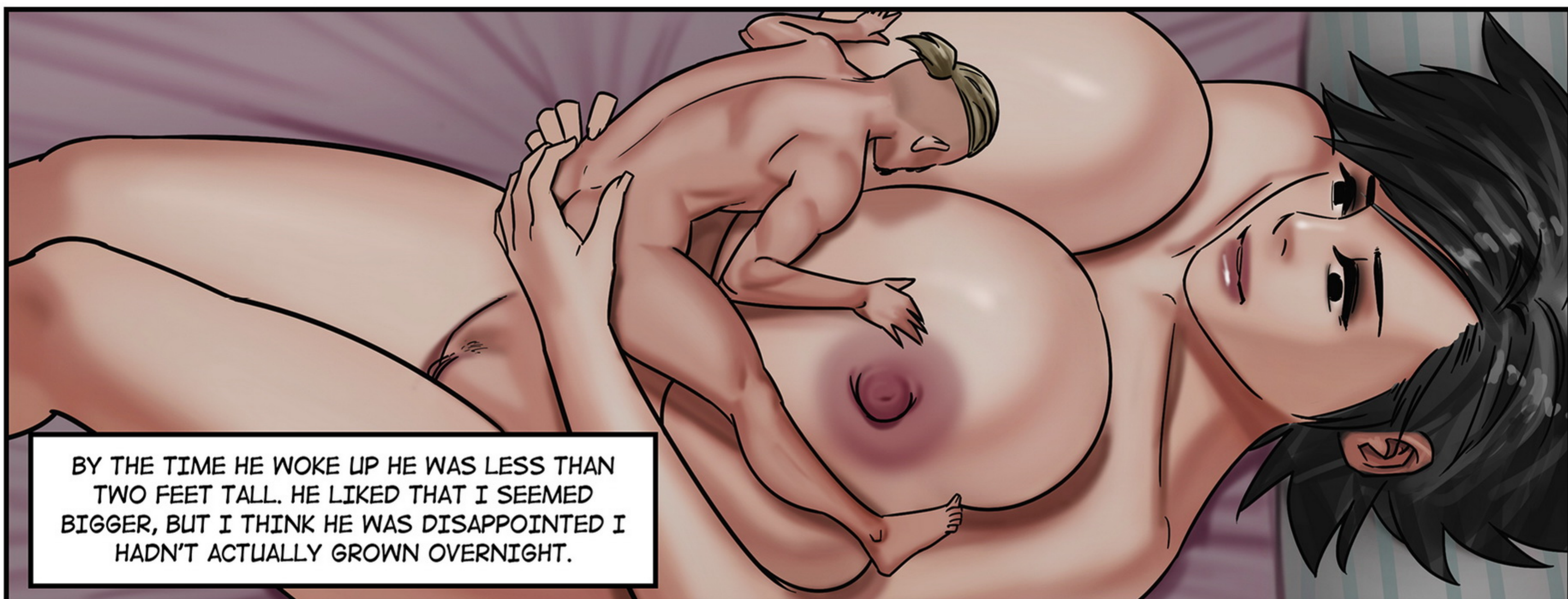
WHO WAS I TO REFUSE HIM? BUT HE WAS GETTING SO SMALL I FIGURED HE'D BETTER GO MISSIONARY WHILE HE WAS STILL BIG ENOUGH.

BESIDES, I HAVE A HUNCH ABOUT WHY I'M GROWING, BUT I WON'T KNOW UNTIL I EXPERIMENT A BIT.

DAY 7. I WOKE UP BEFORE JIM THIS MORNING. HE'D ALREADY DROPPED DOWN TO A BIT OVER TWO FEET TALL.



BY THE TIME HE WOKE UP HE WAS LESS THAN TWO FEET TALL. HE LIKED THAT I SEEMED BIGGER, BUT I THINK HE WAS DISAPPOINTED I HADN'T ACTUALLY GROWN OVERNIGHT.



IT WAS CLEAR BY MID-AFTERNOON JIM WAS SHRINKING FASTER. HE WAS WELL UNDER TWO FEET TALL NOW. AT THIS RATE, HE MIGHT BE DOLL SIZE BY BEDTIME. GOD ONLY KNEW HOW SMALL HE'D BE BY MORNING.

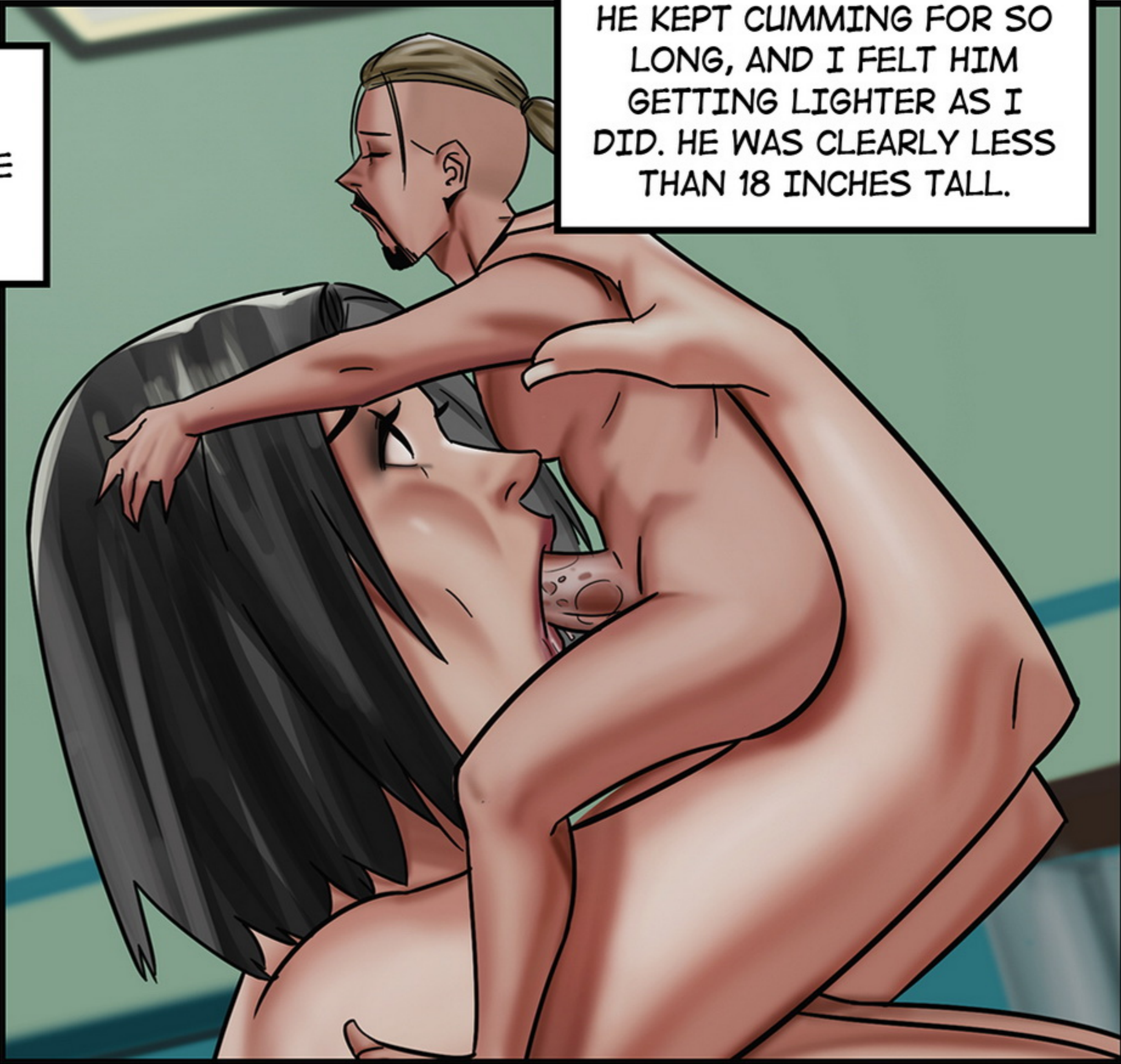


I CALLED DOCTOR JAMESON TO SEE IF WE COULD GET THE METABOLIC AGENT FOR JIM AGAIN. HE SAID JIM'S SHRINKING WAS SO FAST AT AT SUCH A VARYING RATE THAT THEY COULDN'T CALCULATE A DOSAGE.





JIM WANTED ME SO MUCH,
AND HE WAS GETTING SO
SMALL. I DECIDED TO TRY THE
SECOND STEP IN MY TEST
AND GIVE HIM A BLOWJOB.




HE KEPT CLUMMING FOR SO
LONG, AND I FELT HIM
GETTING LIGHTER AS I
DID. HE WAS CLEARLY LESS
THAN 18 INCHES TALL.



I USUALLY DON'T GET SLEEPY IN THE
LATE AFTERNOON, BUT I DID TODAY.



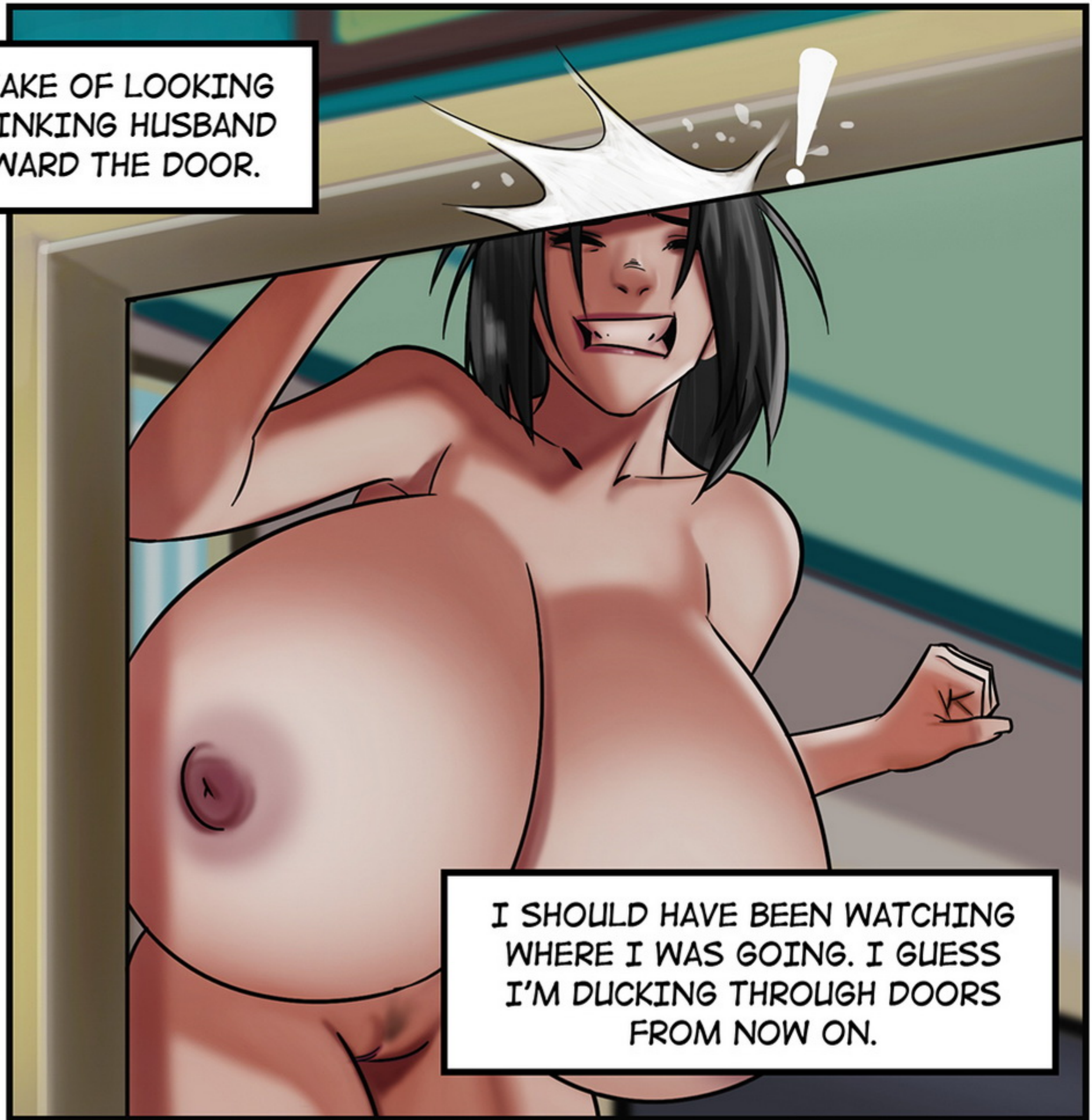
IT WASN'T UNTIL AFTER I WOKE UP
THAT I REALIZED JUST HOW BIG MY
OWN CHANGE WAS.



I WAS TALLER THAN AN NBA CENTER, TOO BIG
FOR THE BED, AND MY BREASTS WERE ENORMOUS.
IT WAS HARD TO TELL, BUT I WAS ALSO PRETTY
SURE JIM WAS ONLY ABOUT A FOOT TALL.



I MADE THE MISTAKE OF LOOKING DOWN AT MY SHRINKING HUSBAND AS I WALKED TOWARD THE DOOR.



I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING. I GUESS I'M DUCKING THROUGH DOORS FROM NOW ON.



I CALLED DOCTOR JAMESON. WE BOTH REALIZED THAT JIM WAS SHRINKING SO FAST NOW HE'D BE NO BIGGER THAN A BUG -- AND MAYBE MICROSCOPIC -- BY THE END OF THE DAY.

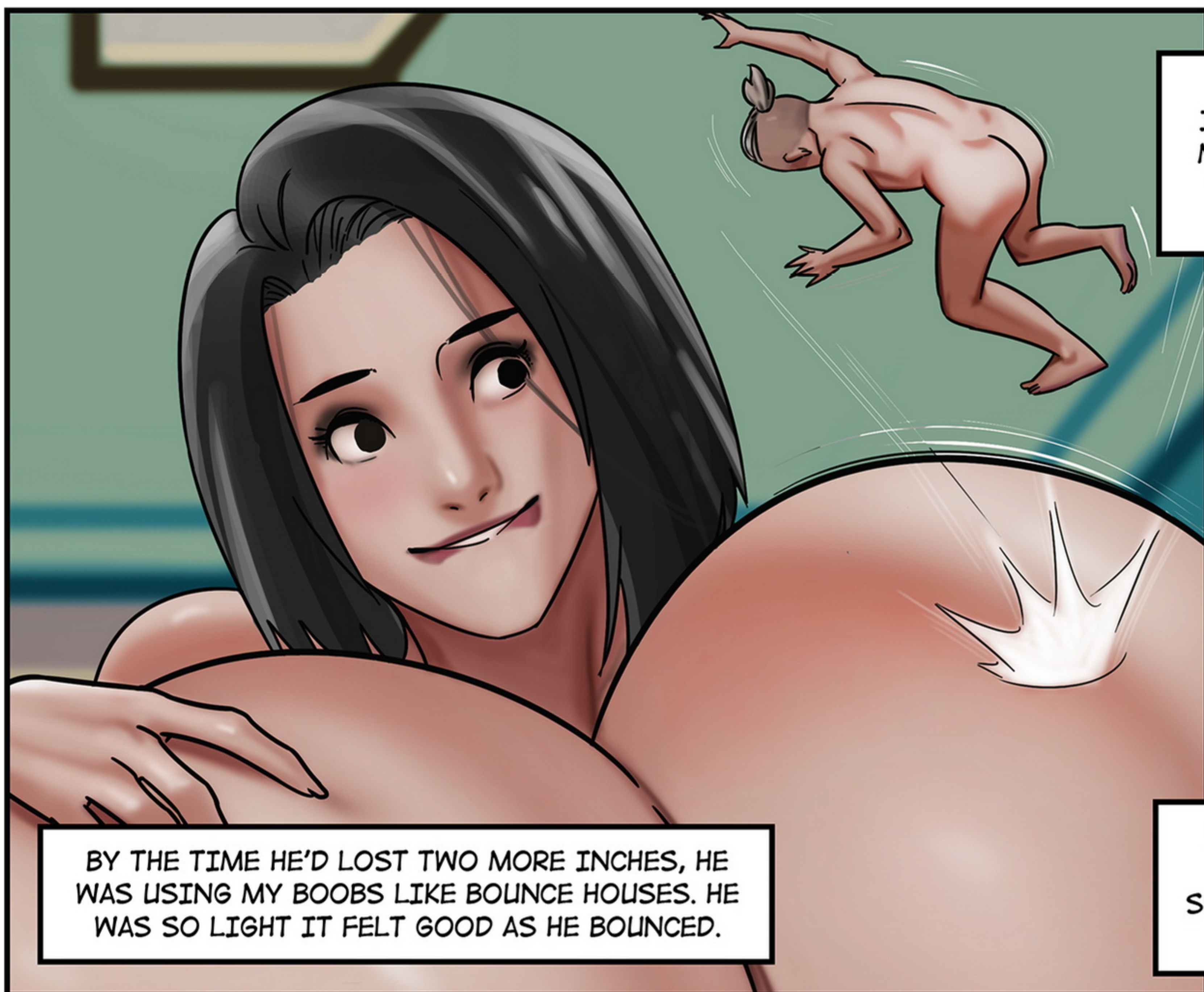


I WAS LEFT WITH A CHOICE: BRING MY TINY HUSBAND IN SO HE COULD BE OBSERVED AS HE SHRUNK, KNOWING IT WOULD DO HIM NO GOOD; OR STAY HOME AND MAKE HIS LAST HOURS OF CONTACT HAPPY.

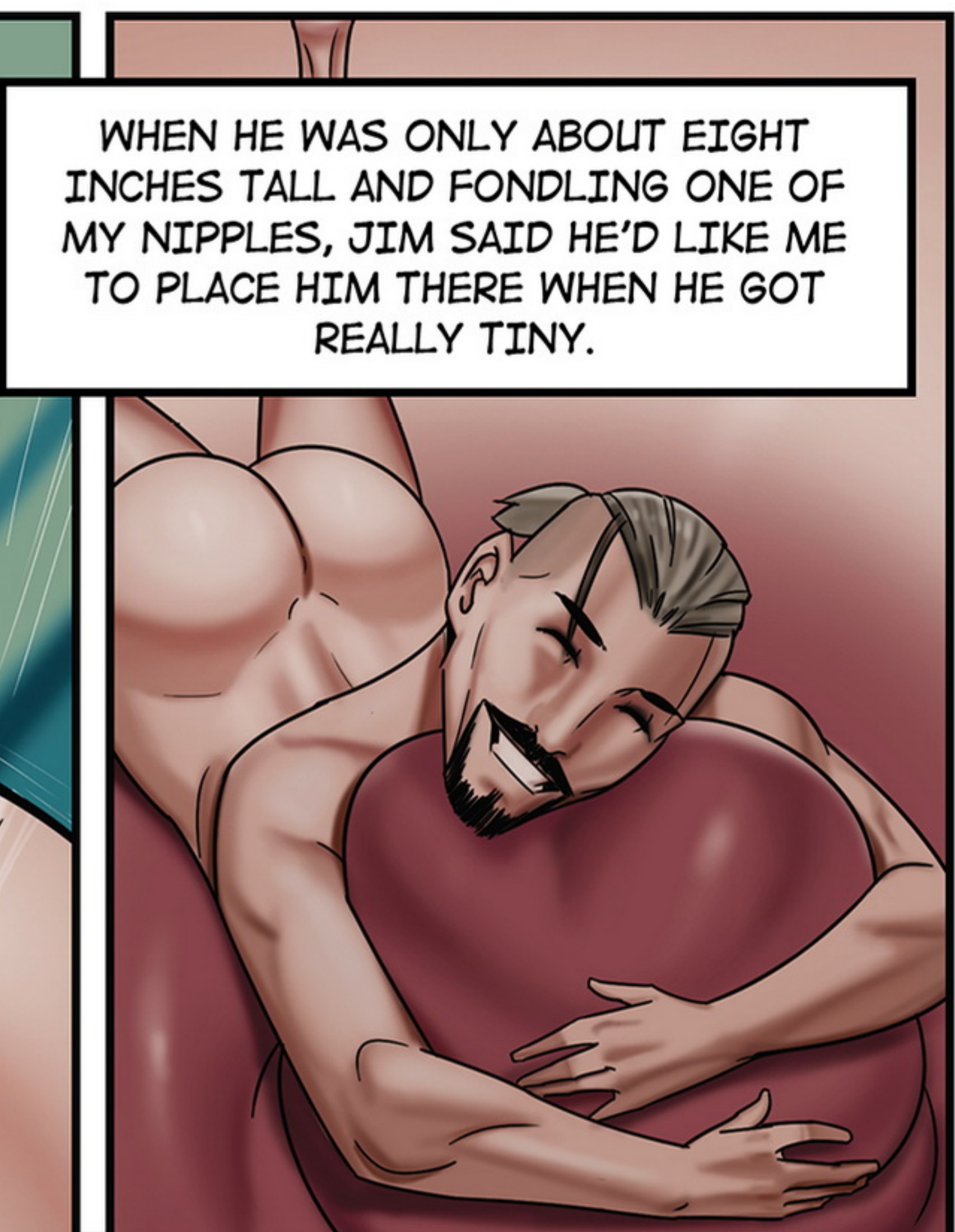
I CHOSE THE LATTER. HOW COULD I DO ANYTHING ELSE? I WANTED THE MAN I LOVE'S LAST HOURS TO BE ENJOYING MY LOVE, NOT LIVING LIKE A LAB ANIMAL.



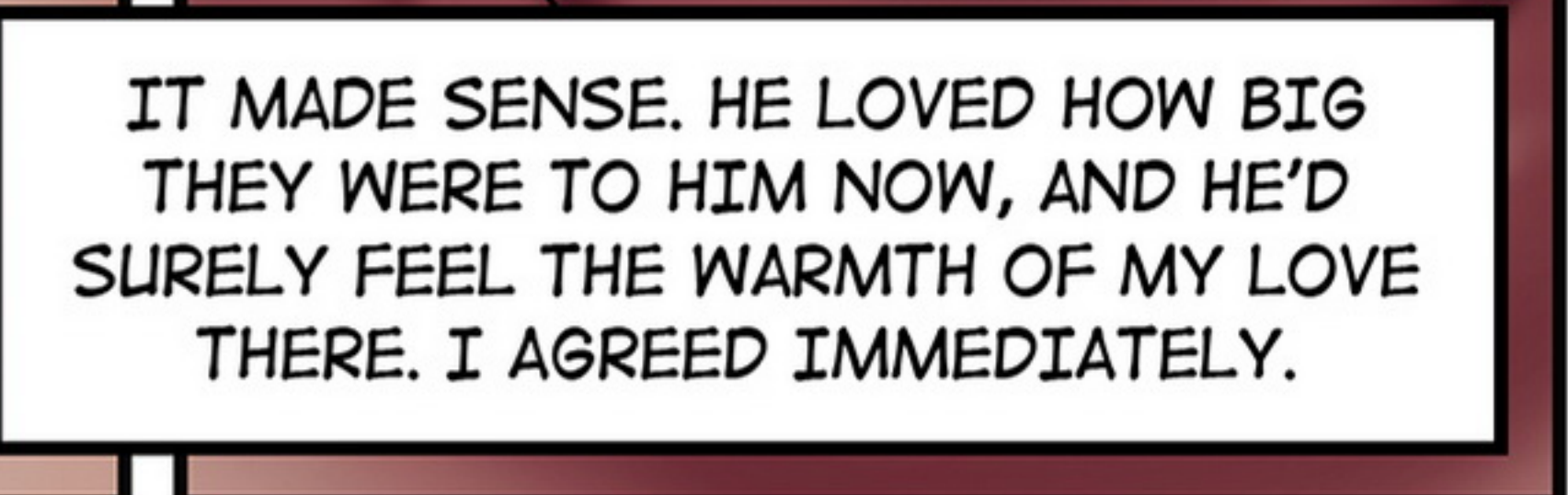
TO JIM, MY BREASTS WERE NOW BIGGER THAN BED MATTRESSES. HE LOVED FEELING THE WARMTH OF ONE AS HE RUBBED IT.



BY THE TIME HE'D LOST TWO MORE INCHES, HE WAS USING MY BOOBS LIKE BOUNCE HOUSES. HE WAS SO LIGHT IT FELT GOOD AS HE BOUNCED.



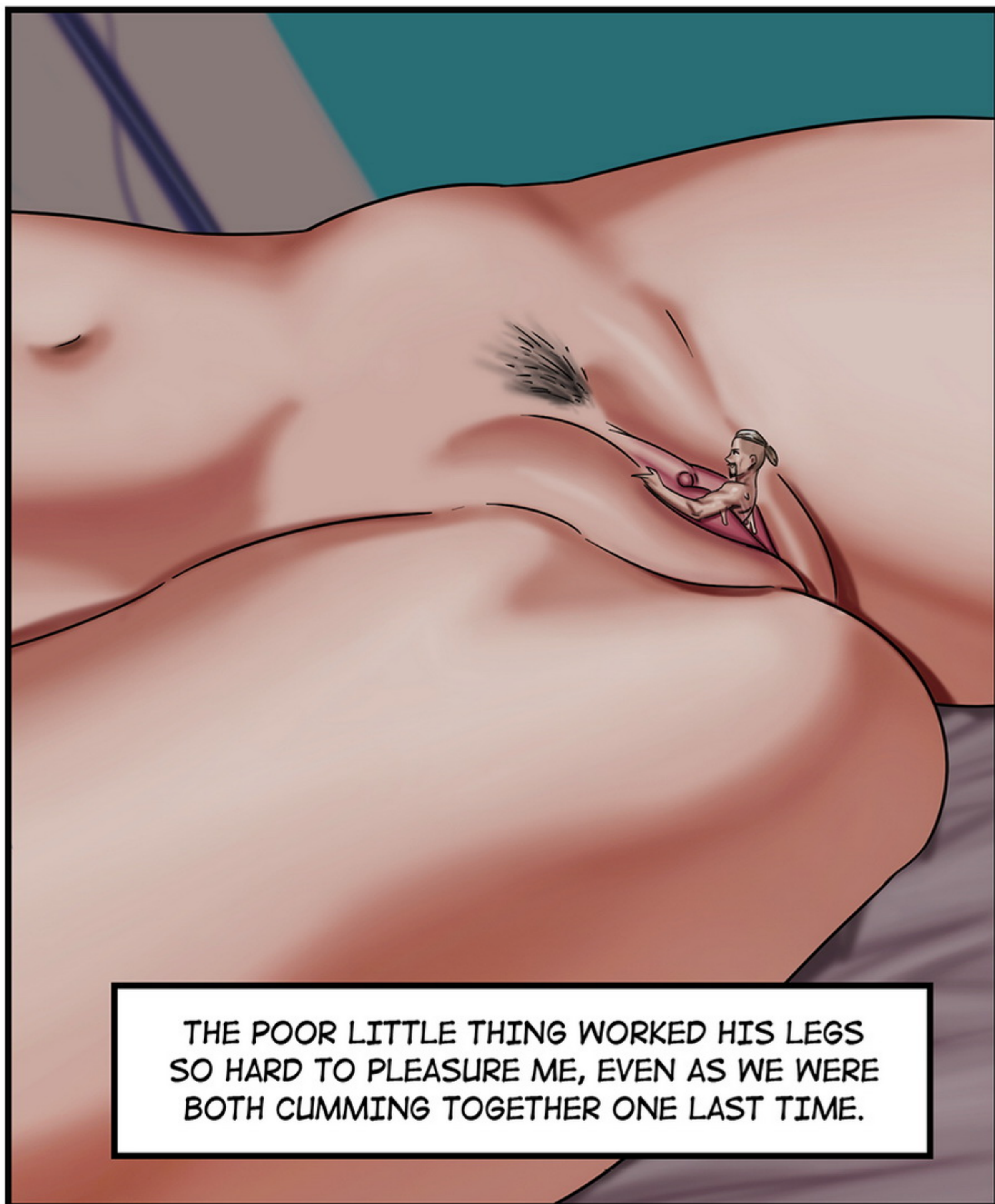
WHEN HE WAS ONLY ABOUT EIGHT INCHES TALL AND FONDLING ONE OF MY NIPPLES, JIM SAID HE'D LIKE ME TO PLACE HIM THERE WHEN HE GOT REALLY TINY.



IT MADE SENSE. HE LOVED HOW BIG THEY WERE TO HIM NOW, AND HE'D SURELY FEEL THE WARMTH OF MY LOVE THERE. I AGREED IMMEDIATELY.



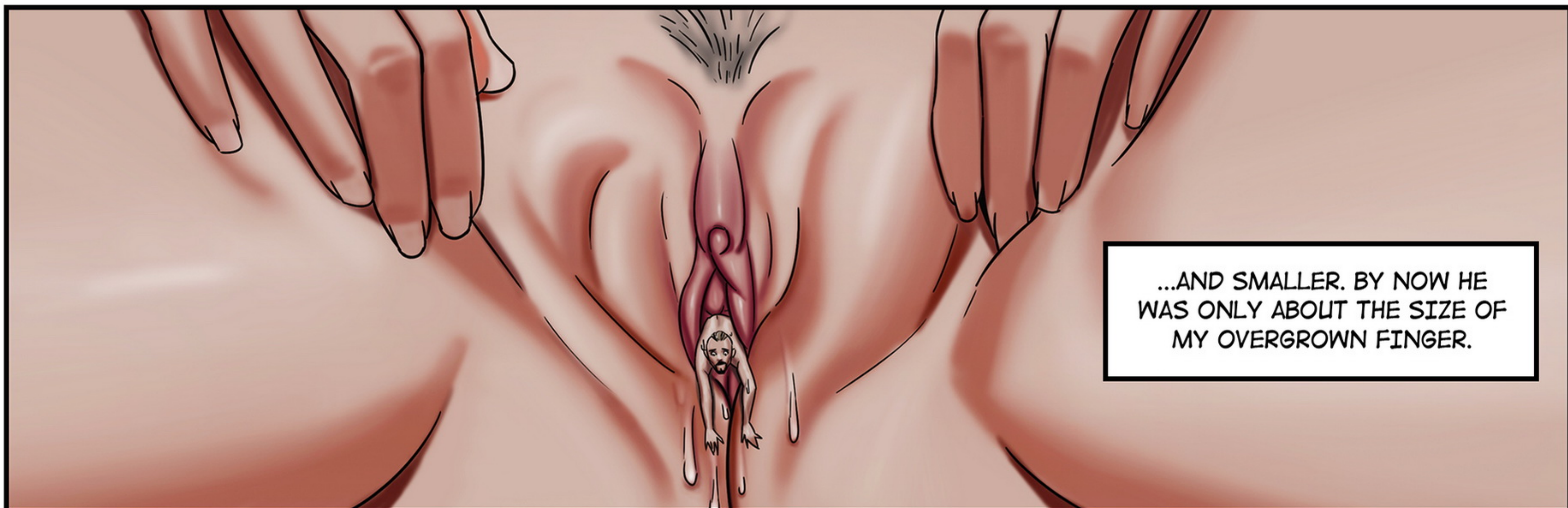
I WANTED JIM TO MAKE LOVE TO ME FOR WHAT WE BOTH KNEW WAS PROBABLY THE LAST TIME. HE WANTED THAT, TOO. I GOT ON THE BED AS BEST I COULD AND HE SLID, FEET FIRST, INTO MY VAGINA.



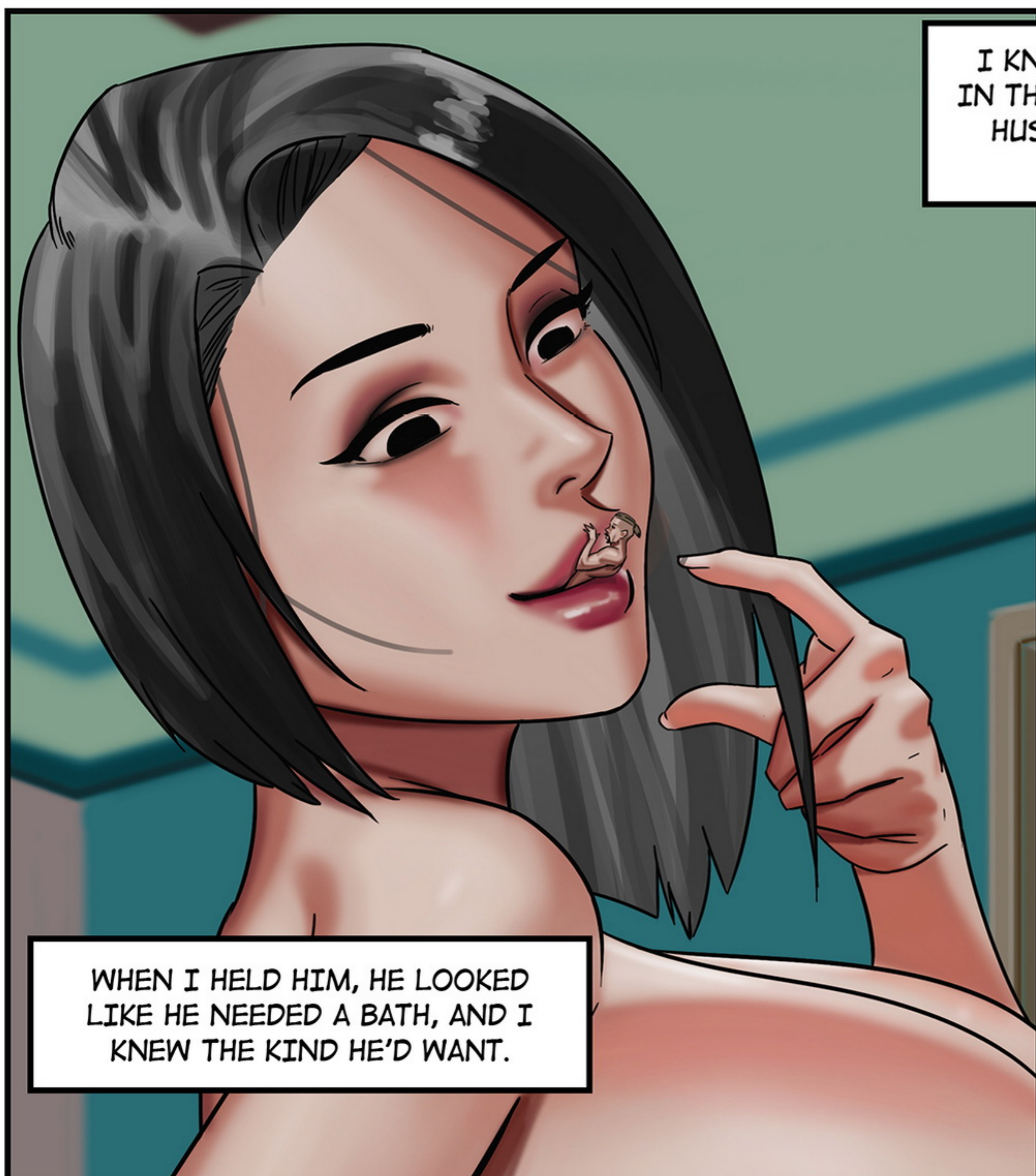
THE POOR LITTLE THING WORKED HIS LEGS SO HARD TO PLEASURE ME, EVEN AS WE WERE BOTH CUMMING TOGETHER ONE LAST TIME.



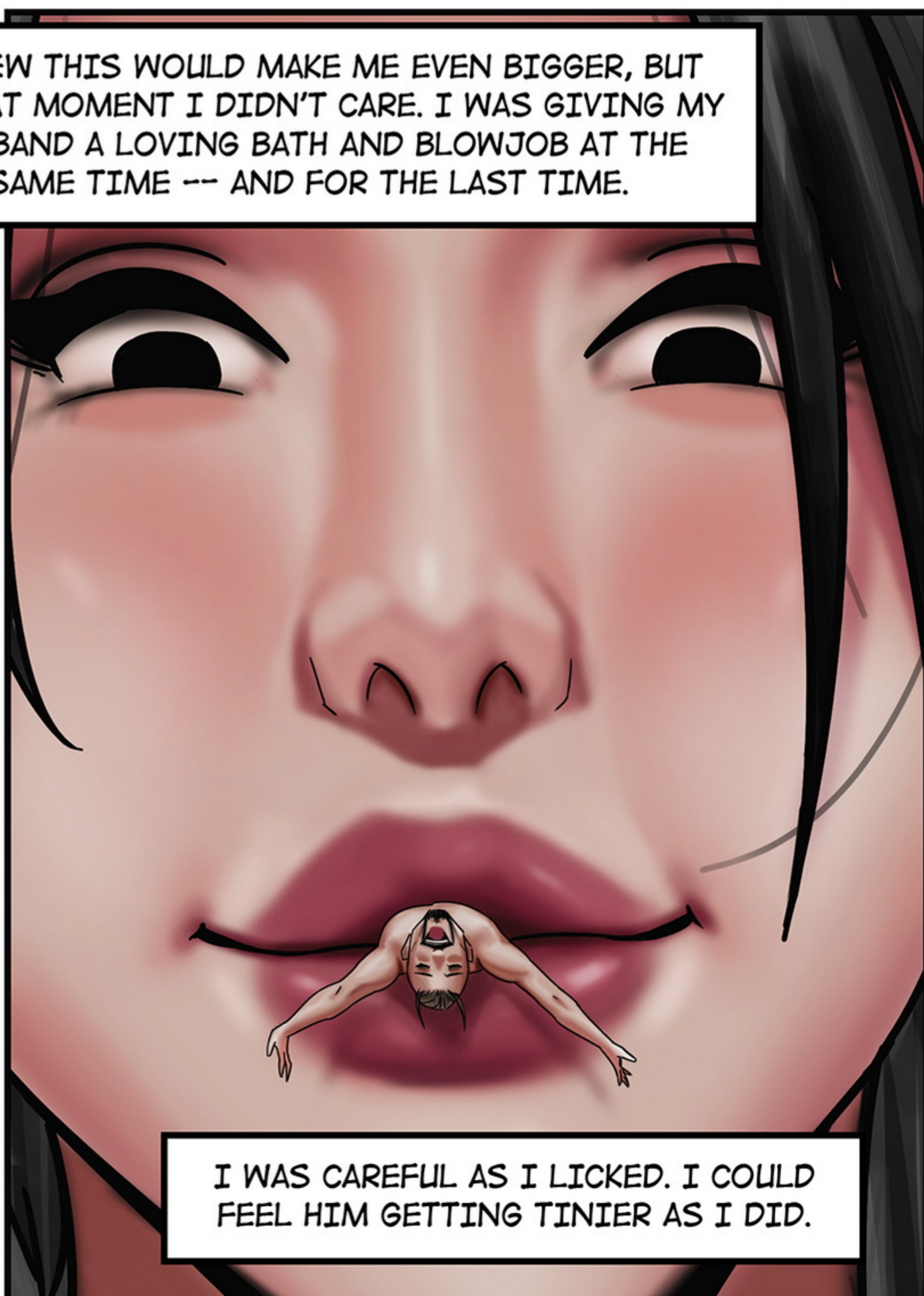
I COULD FEEL HIM AS HE CAME, GETTING SMALLER...



...AND SMALLER. BY NOW HE WAS ONLY ABOUT THE SIZE OF MY OVERGROWN FINGER.

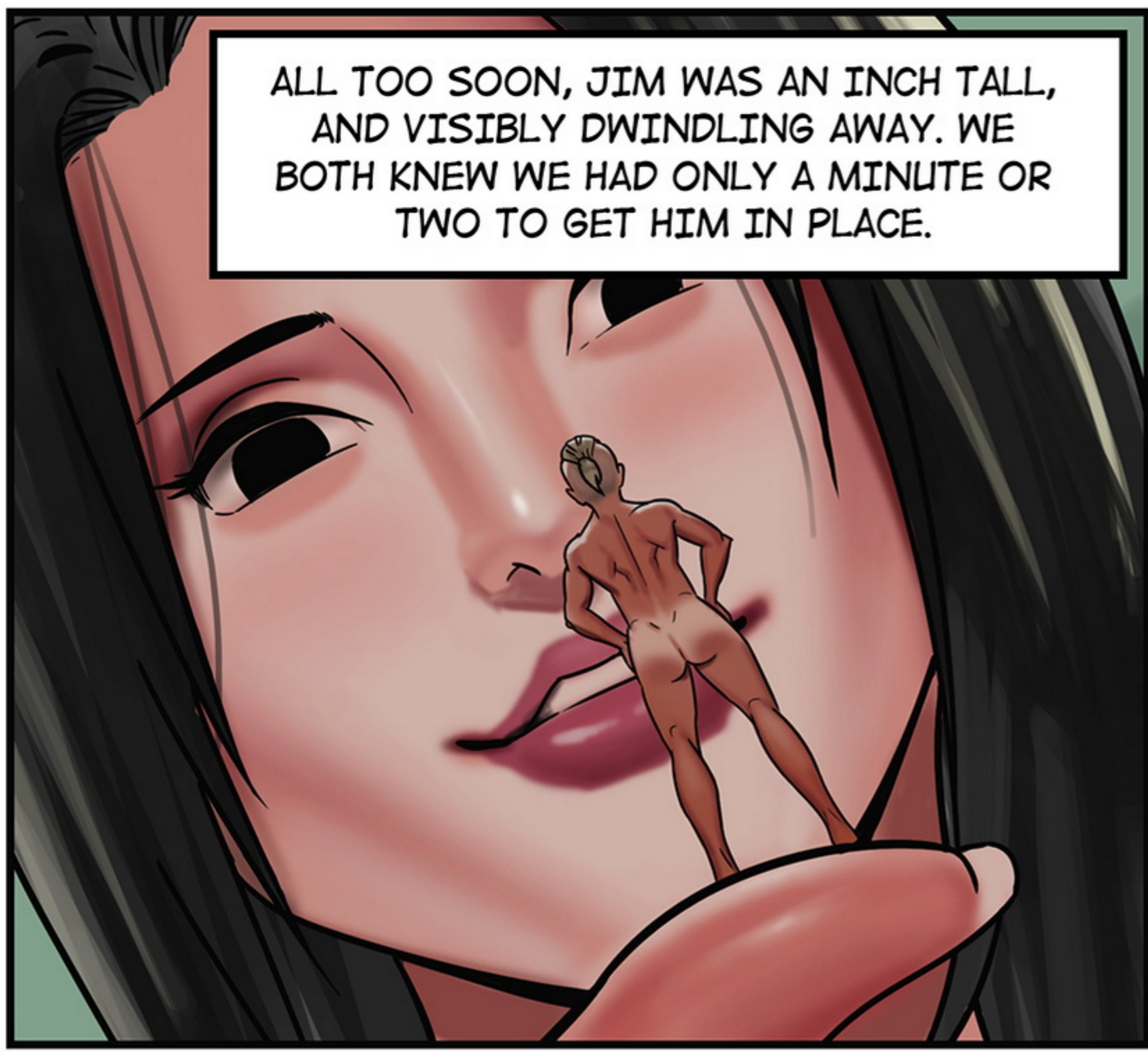


WHEN I HELD HIM, HE LOOKED LIKE HE NEEDED A BATH, AND I KNEW THE KIND HE'D WANT.



I KNEW THIS WOULD MAKE ME EVEN BIGGER, BUT IN THAT MOMENT I DIDN'T CARE. I WAS GIVING MY HUSBAND A LOVING BATH AND BLOWJOB AT THE SAME TIME -- AND FOR THE LAST TIME.

I WAS CAREFUL AS I LICKED. I COULD FEEL HIM GETTING TINIER AS I DID.



ALL TOO SOON, JIM WAS AN INCH TALL, AND VISIBLY DWINDLING AWAY. WE BOTH KNEW WE HAD ONLY A MINUTE OR TWO TO GET HIM IN PLACE.



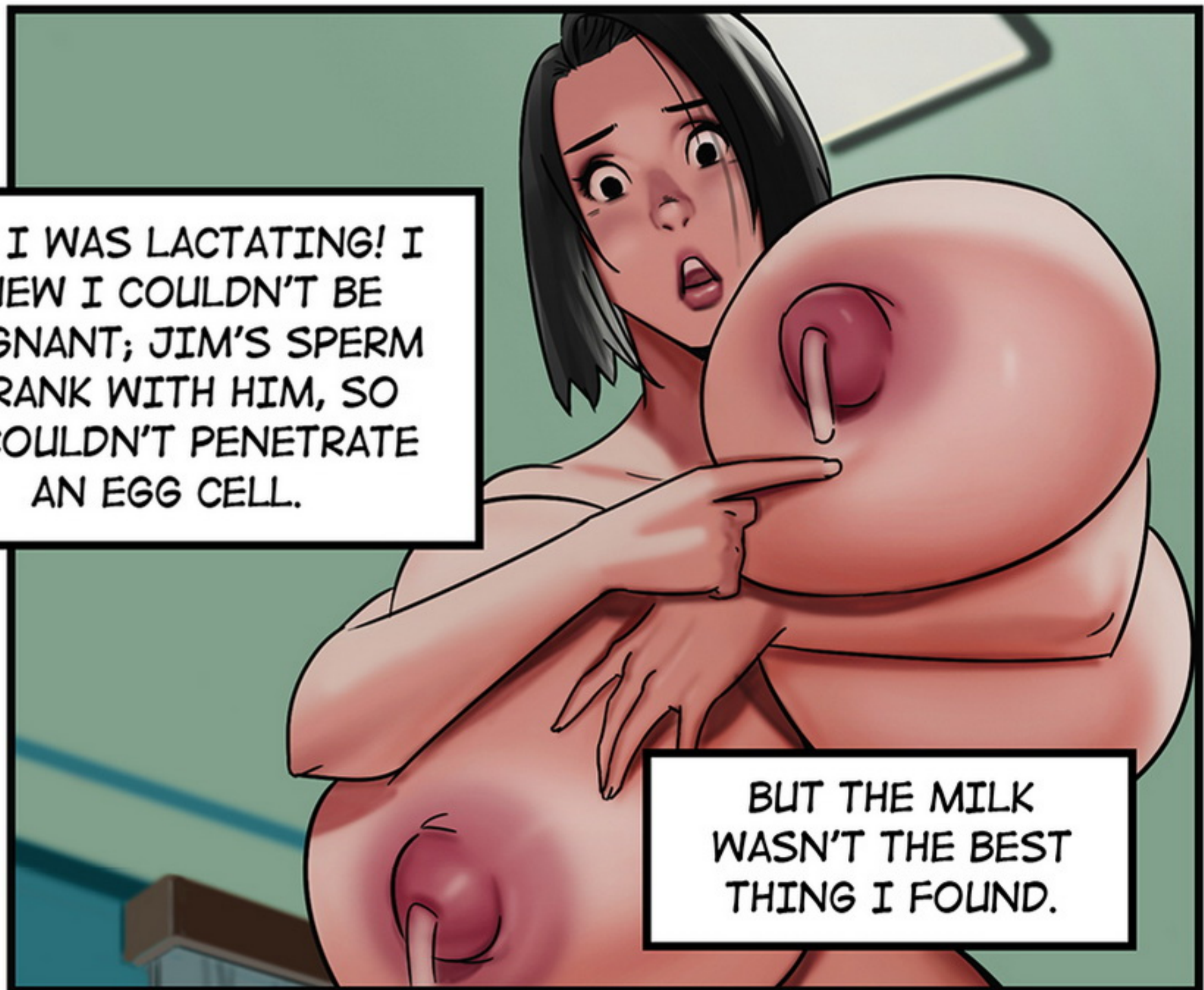
ONCE JIM SHRINKS OUT OF SIGHT, I'LL LAY ON THE FLOOR FOR THE INEVITABLE NAP AND GROWTH THAT'LL FOLLOW.



I PUT HIM ON MY LEFT NIPPLE SO HE'D BE OVER MY HEART.

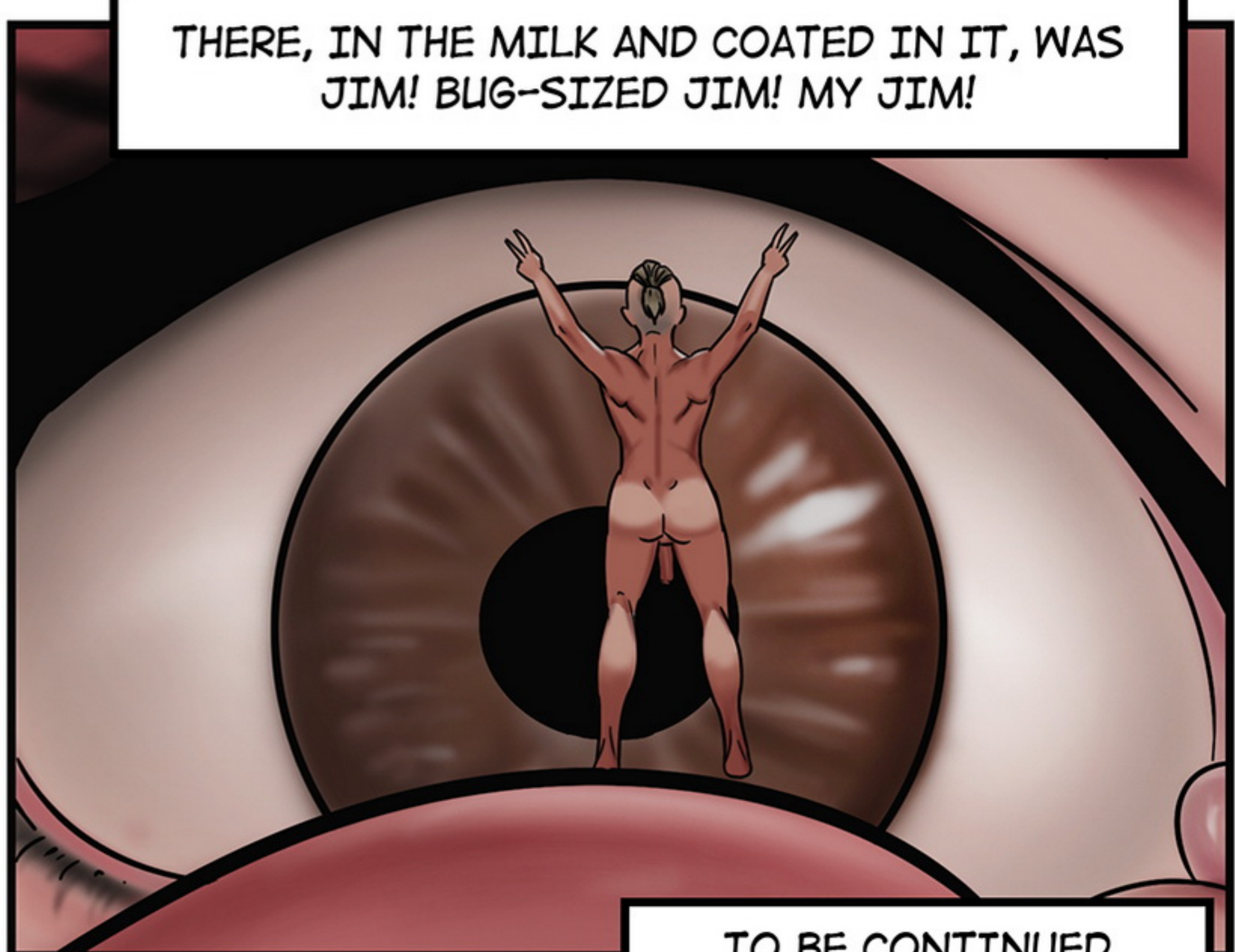


DAY 9. WHAT AN UNBELIEVABLE START TO THE DAY! I WOKE UP HUGE -- ABOUT 10 FEET TALL AND WITH BREASTS AS BIG AS KEGS!



AND I WAS LACTATING! I KNEW I COULDN'T BE PREGNANT; JIM'S SPERM SHRANK WITH HIM, SO IT COULDN'T PENETRATE AN EGG CELL.

BUT THE MILK WASN'T THE BEST THING I FOUND.



THERE, IN THE MILK AND COATED IN IT, WAS JIM! BUG-SIZED JIM! MY JIM!

TO BE CONTINUED



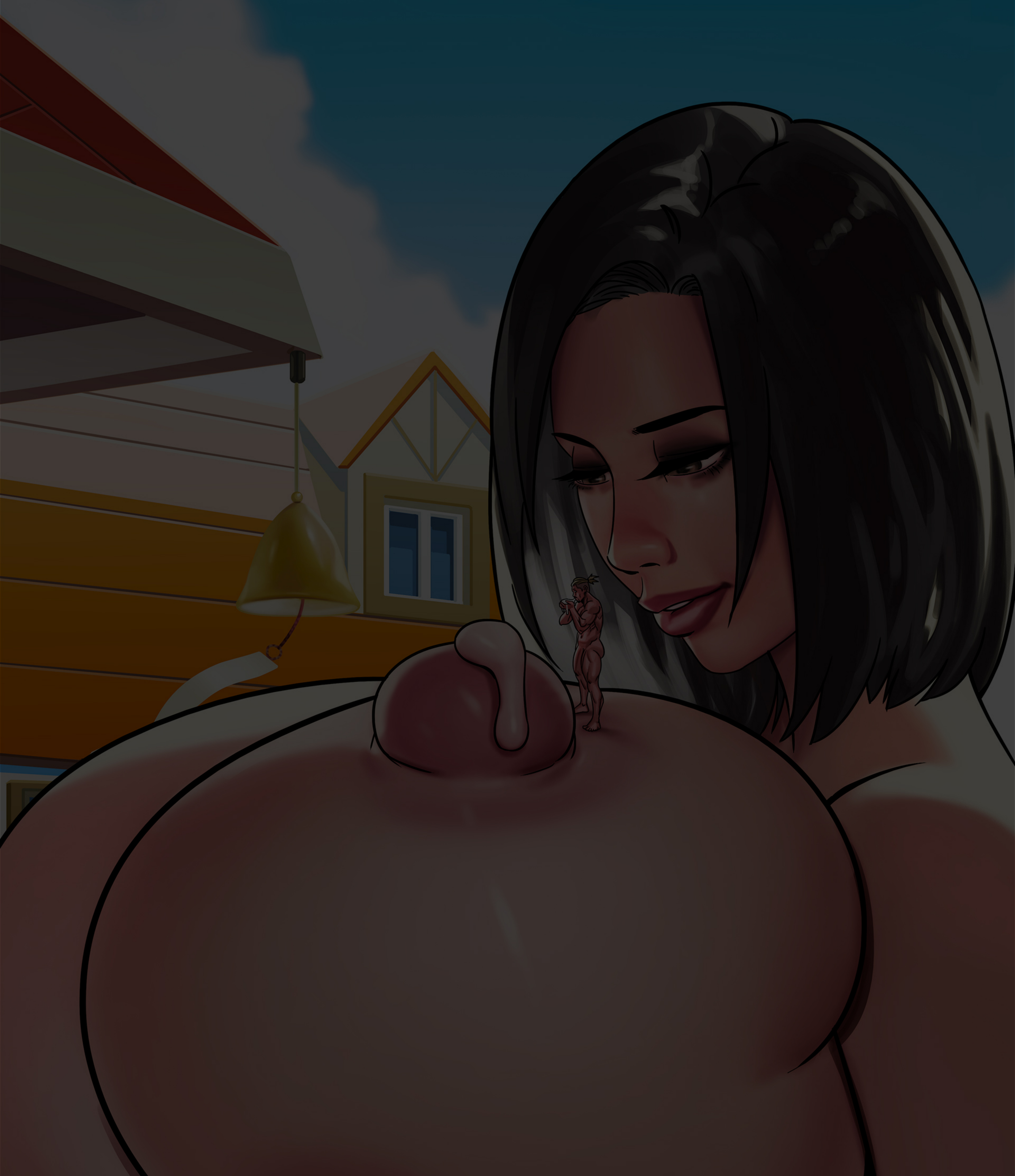
MY SHRINKING HUSBAND



Writer:
Mac Rome
Artist:
Wang

STORY
MAC ROME

ARTWORK
WANG (SEDNA STUDIO)



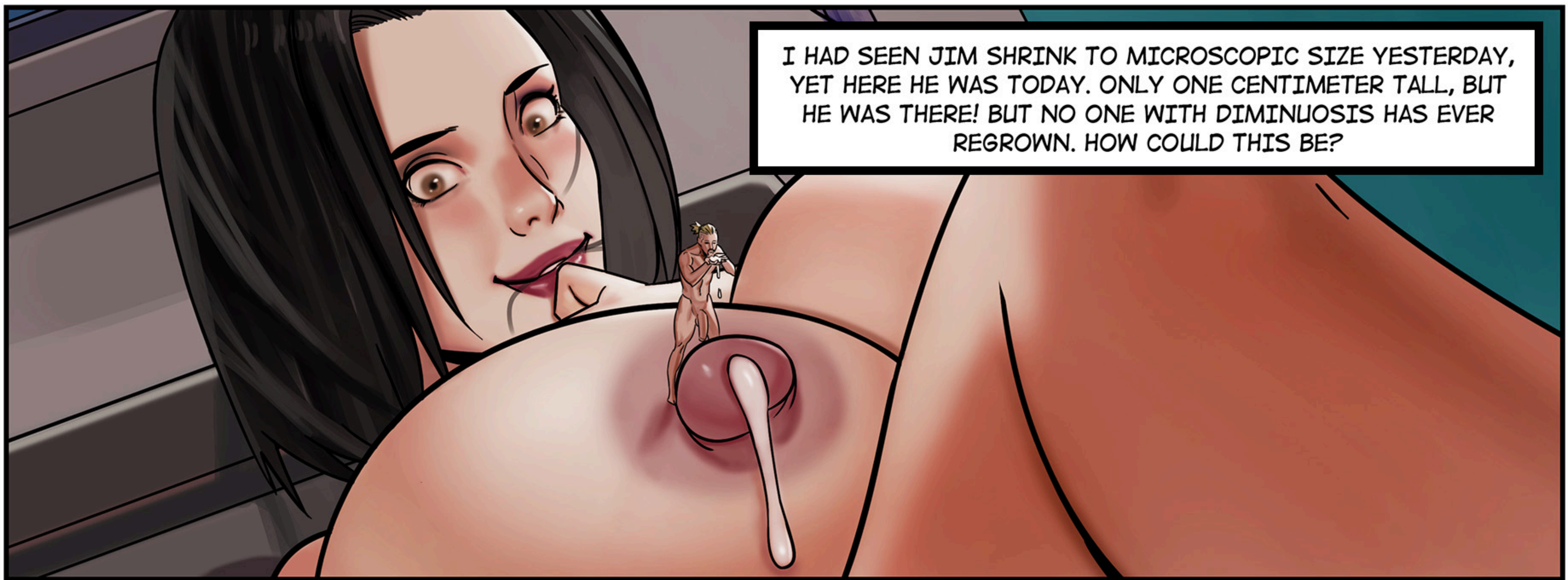
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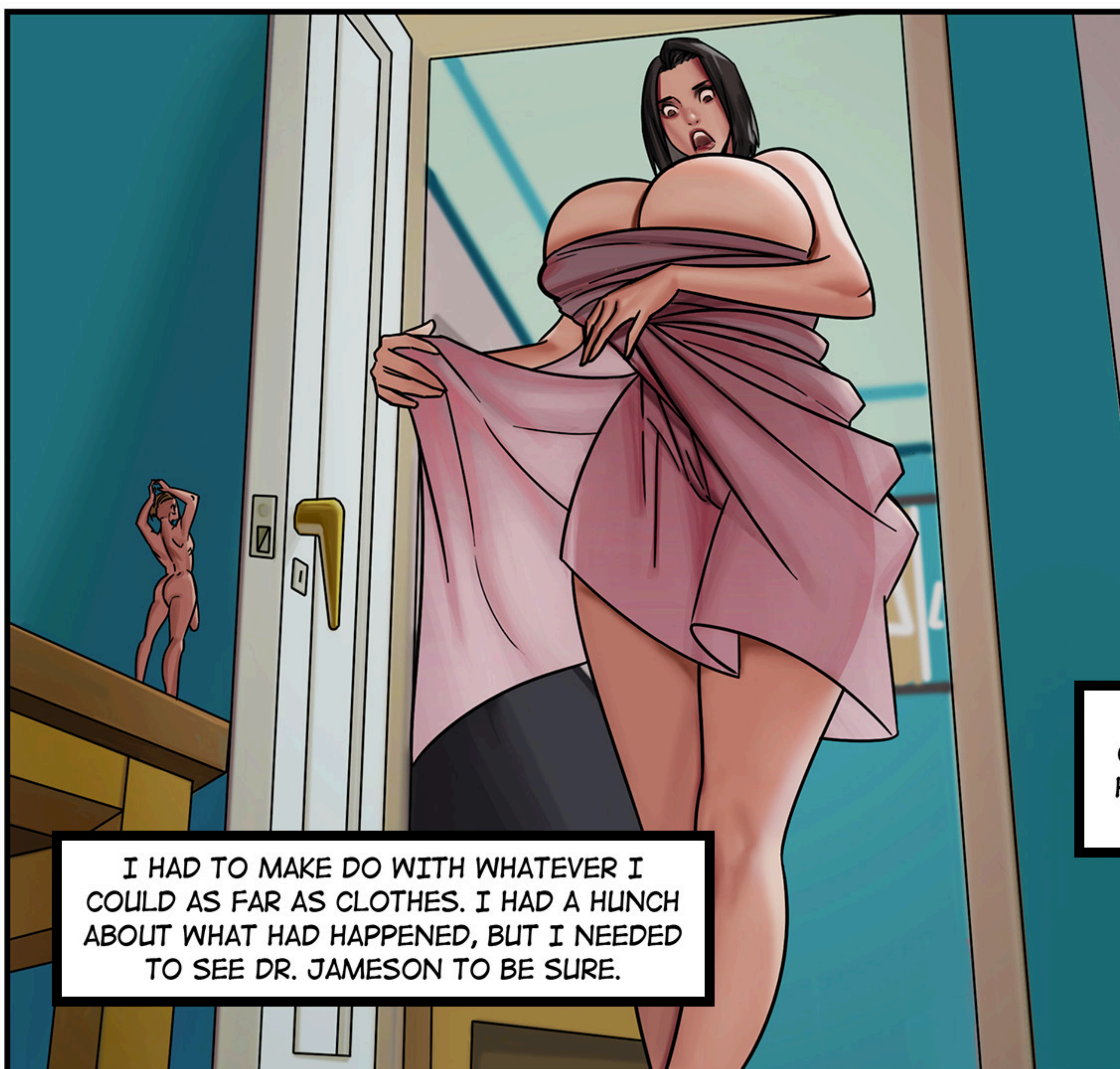
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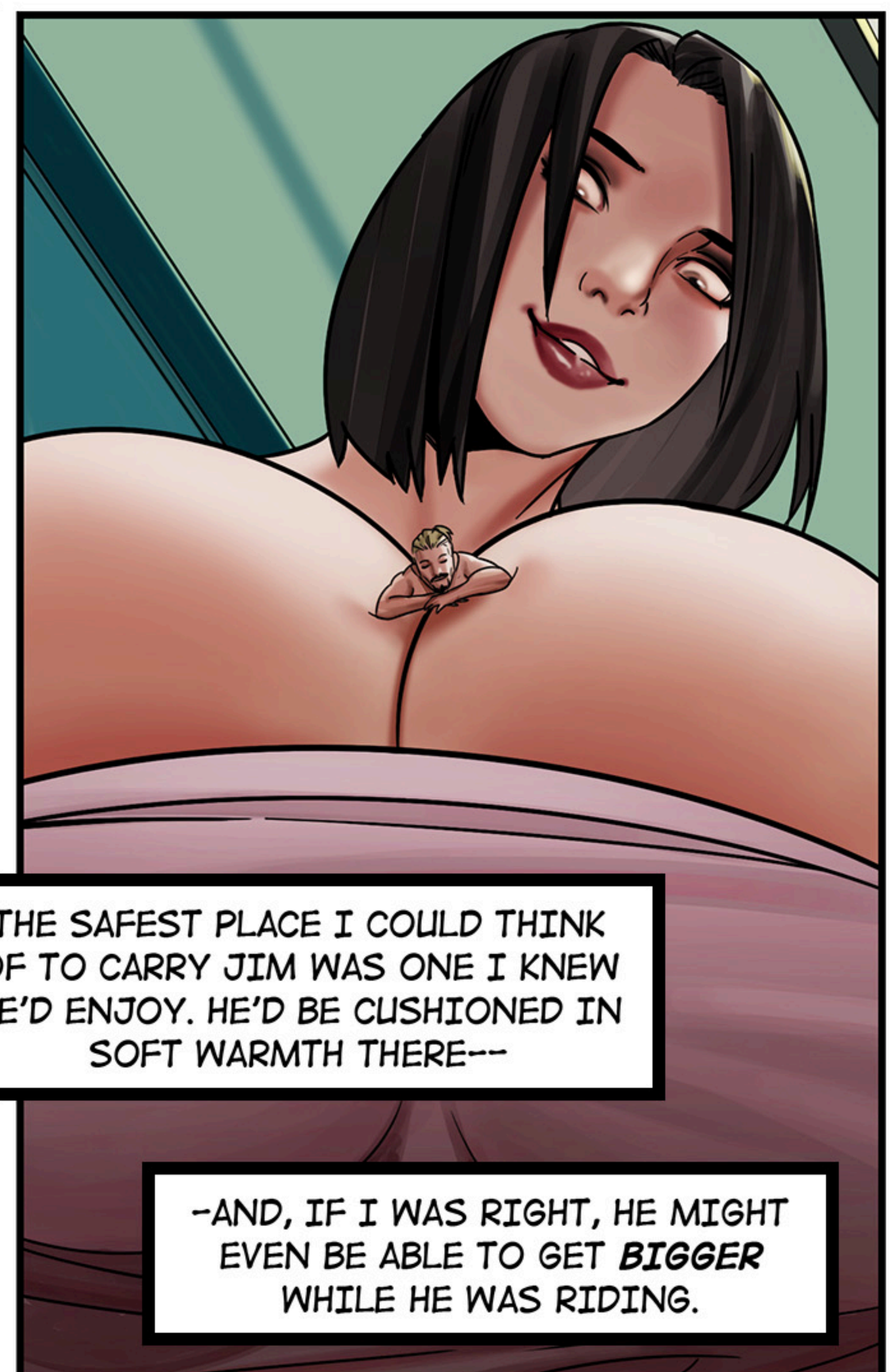
I HAD SEEN JIM SHRINK TO MICROSCOPIC SIZE YESTERDAY, YET HERE HE WAS TODAY. ONLY ONE CENTIMETER TALL, BUT HE WAS THERE! BUT NO ONE WITH DIMINUOSIS HAS EVER REGROWN. HOW COULD THIS BE?



JIM WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD GROWN. I WAS **HUGE** -- SOMEWHERE AROUND 10 FEET TALL. MY BREASTS GREW MORE THAN THE REST OF ME, BUT THAT MADE SENSE; THEY WERE FULL OF MILK.

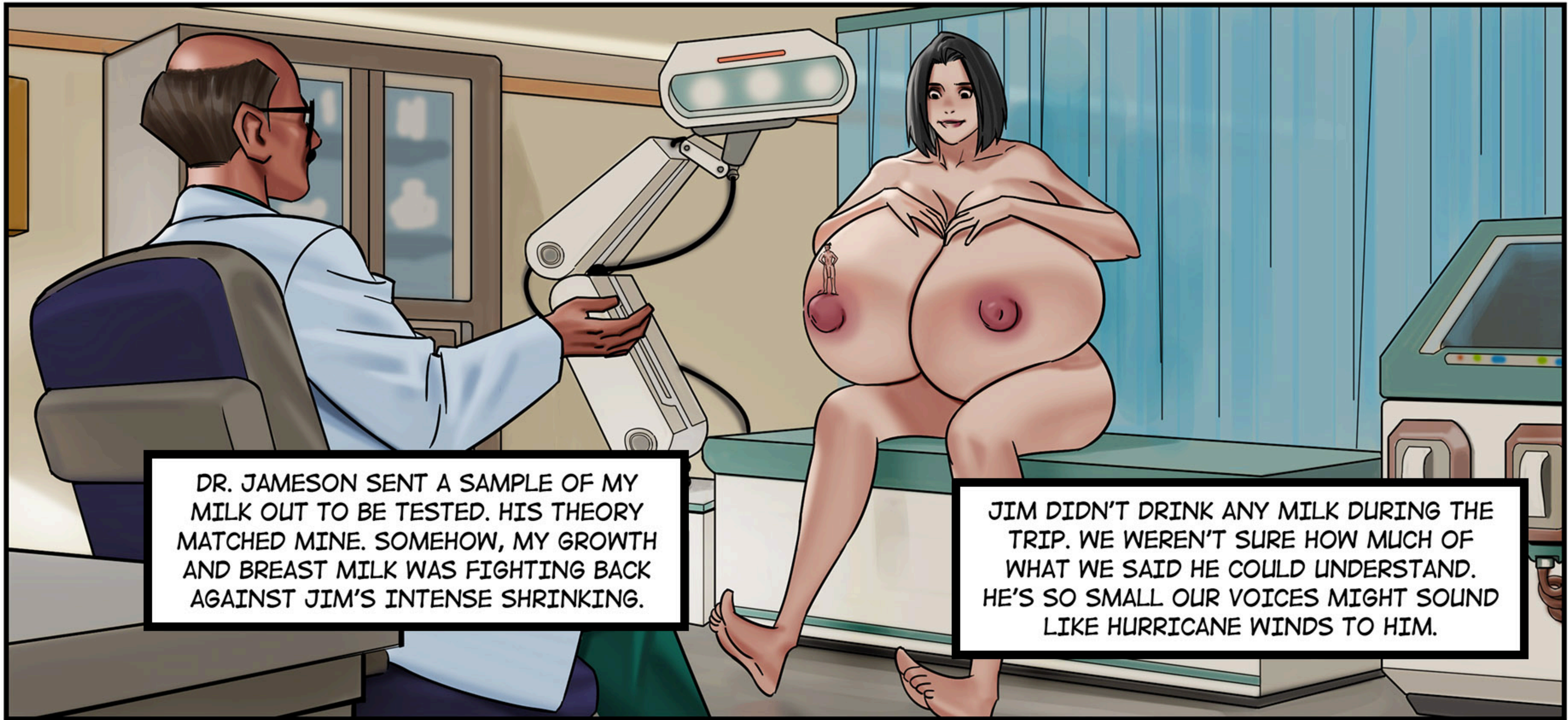


I HAD TO MAKE DO WITH WHATEVER I COULD AS FAR AS CLOTHES. I HAD A HUNCH ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED, BUT I NEEDED TO SEE DR. JAMESON TO BE SURE.



THE SAFEST PLACE I COULD THINK OF TO CARRY JIM WAS ONE I KNEW HE'D ENJOY. HE'D BE CUSHIONED IN SOFT WARMTH THERE--

-AND, IF I WAS RIGHT, HE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO GET **BIGGER** WHILE HE WAS RIDING.



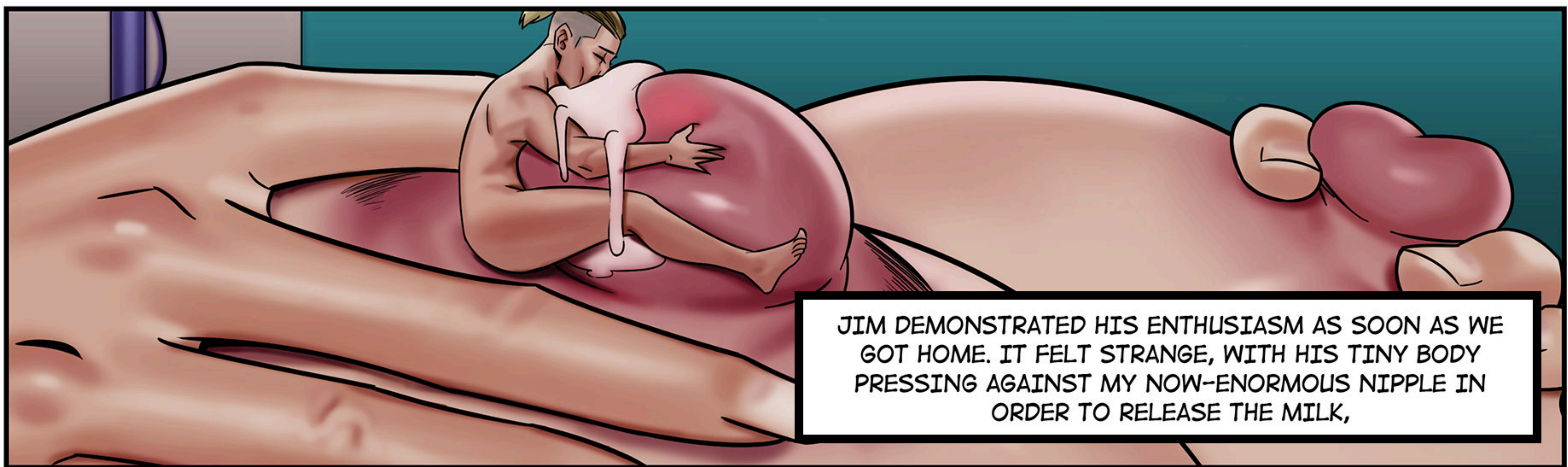
DR. JAMESON SENT A SAMPLE OF MY MILK OUT TO BE TESTED. HIS THEORY MATCHED MINE. SOMEHOW, MY GROWTH AND BREAST MILK WAS FIGHTING BACK AGAINST JIM'S INTENSE SHRINKING.

JIM DIDN'T DRINK ANY MILK DURING THE TRIP. WE WEREN'T SURE HOW MUCH OF WHAT WE SAID HE COULD UNDERSTAND. HE'S SO SMALL OUR VOICES MIGHT SOUND LIKE HURRICANE WINDS TO HIM.



DR. JAMESON WROTE HIM A NOTE SO HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO. JIM SIGNALLED THAT HE UNDERSTOOD.

ACTUALLY, HE LOOKED REALLY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IT.



JIM DEMONSTRATED HIS ENTHUSIASM AS SOON AS WE GOT HOME. IT FELT STRANGE, WITH HIS TINY BODY PRESSING AGAINST MY NOW-ENORMOUS NIPPLE IN ORDER TO RELEASE THE MILK,



BY DRINKING MY MILK, JIM GREW TO A FULL INCH TALL. HE WAS PROUD OF BEING SO BIG. I COULDN'T HELP BUT SMILE AT MY TINY HUSBAND, STANDING ON MY VAST BREAST.



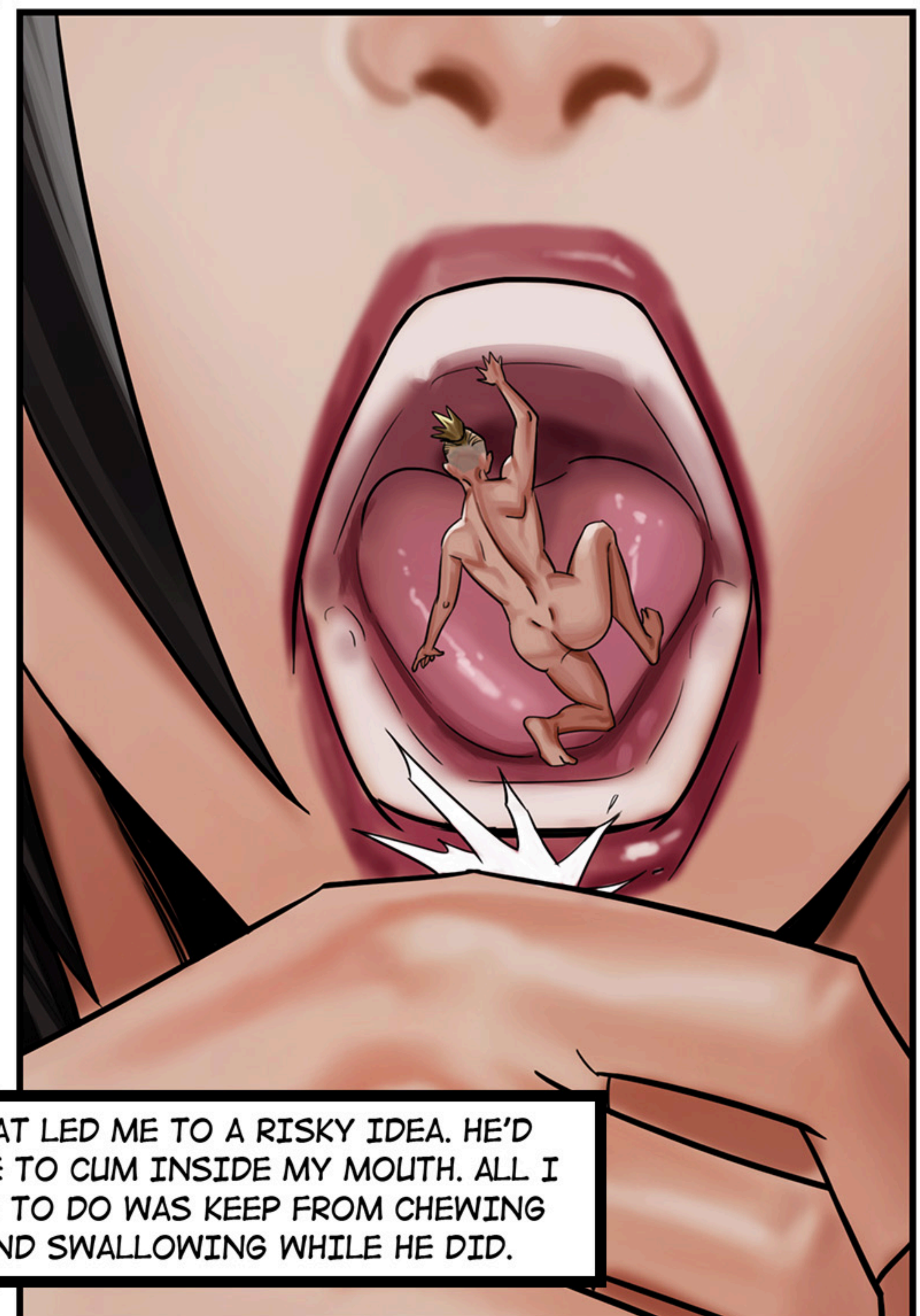
DAY 10. BY THIS MORNING JIM AND I KNEW WE HAD OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US. HE HAD SHRUNK BACK TO 1 CENTIMETER TALL.



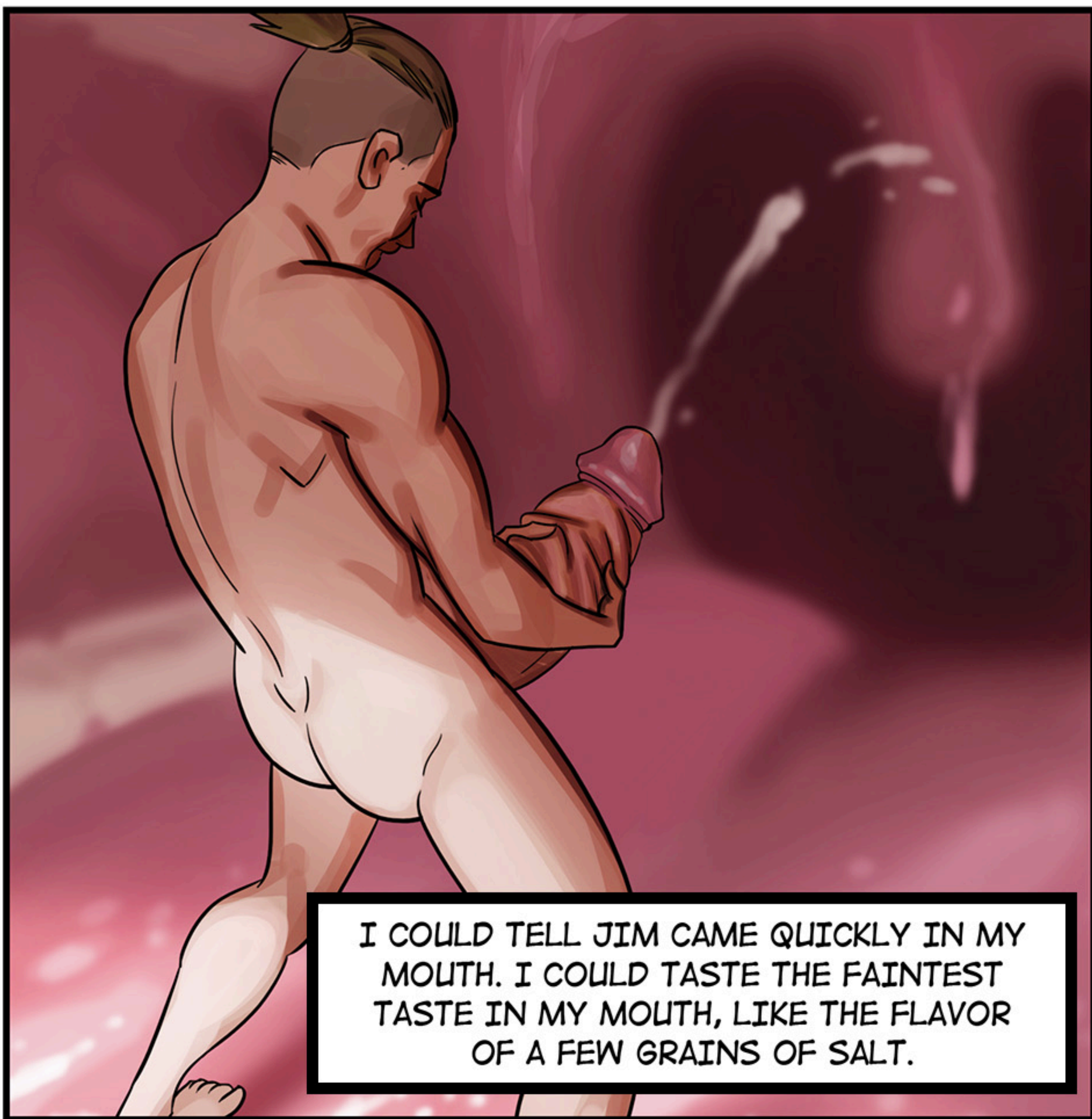
HE DRANK MORE MILK AND QUICKLY REGREW, BUT HE COULDN'T GET BIGGER THAN AN INCH TALL, NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE DRANK.



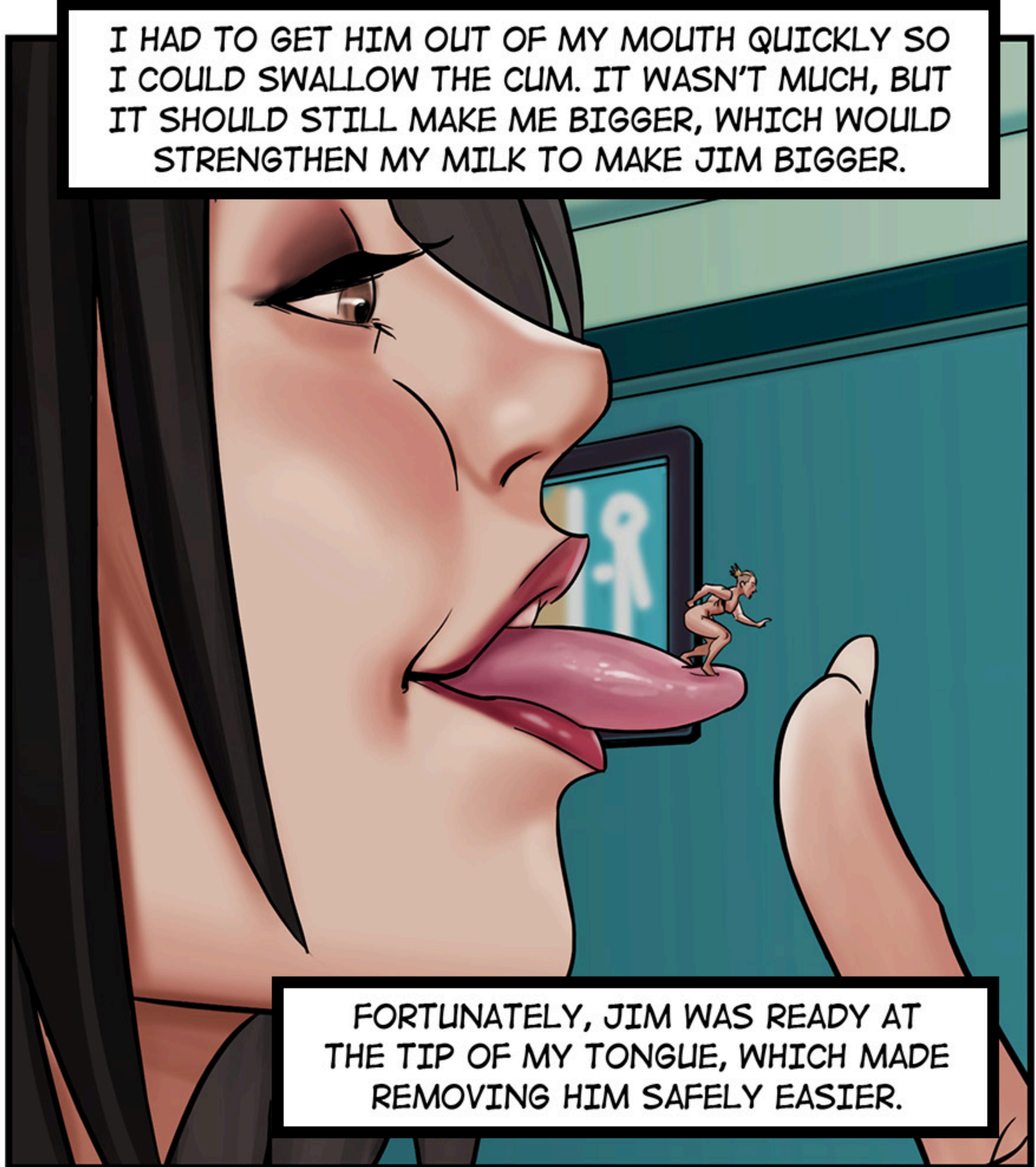
I BELIEVED I COULD MAKE MY MILK STRONGER SO HE'D GROW MORE BY DOING WHAT WE DID BEFORE, BUT JIM WAS TOO TINY FOR A TRADITIONAL BLOWJOB, ESPECIALLY AS BIG AS I WAS GETTING.



THAT LED ME TO A RISKY IDEA. HE'D HAVE TO CUM INSIDE MY MOUTH. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS KEEP FROM CHEWING AND SWALLOWING WHILE HE DID.



I COULD TELL JIM CAME QUICKLY IN MY MOUTH. I COULD TASTE THE FAINTEST TASTE IN MY MOUTH, LIKE THE FLAVOR OF A FEW GRAINS OF SALT.



I HAD TO GET HIM OUT OF MY MOUTH QUICKLY SO I COULD SWALLOW THE CUM. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT IT SHOULD STILL MAKE ME BIGGER, WHICH WOULD STRENGTHEN MY MILK TO MAKE JIM BIGGER.

FORTUNATELY, JIM WAS READY AT THE TIP OF MY TONGUE, WHICH MADE REMOVING HIM SAFELY EASIER.



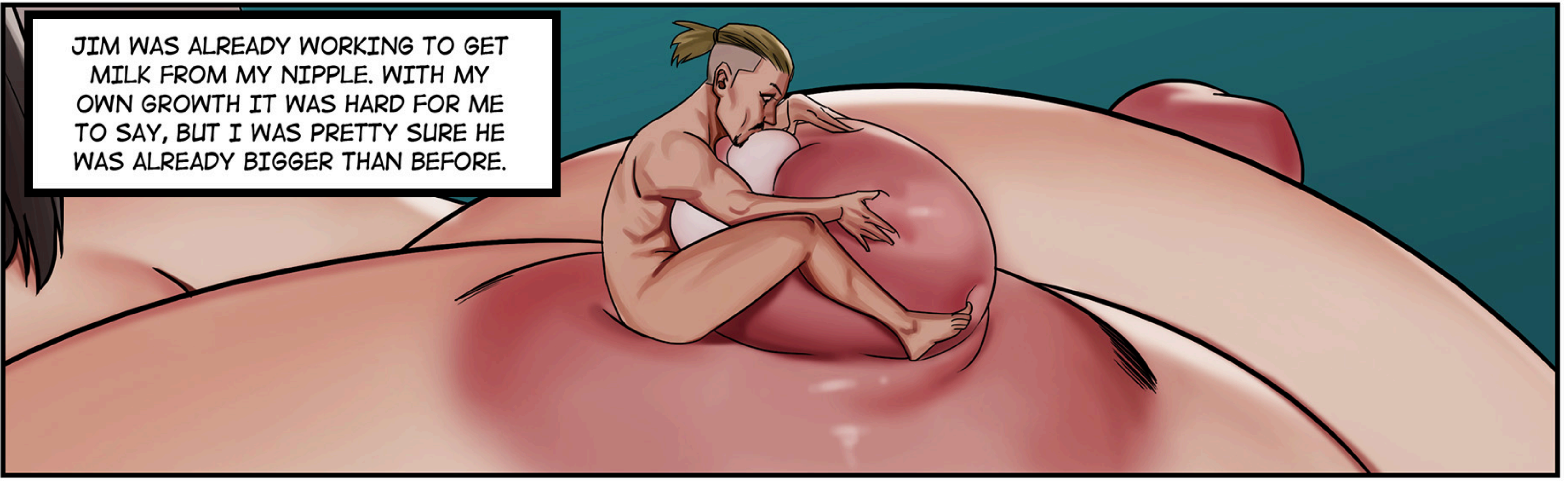
I KNEW IT WAS WORKING WHEN I GOT SLEEPY. I KNEW BY NOW THAT MEANT A GROWTH SURGE WAS COMING ON FOR ME.



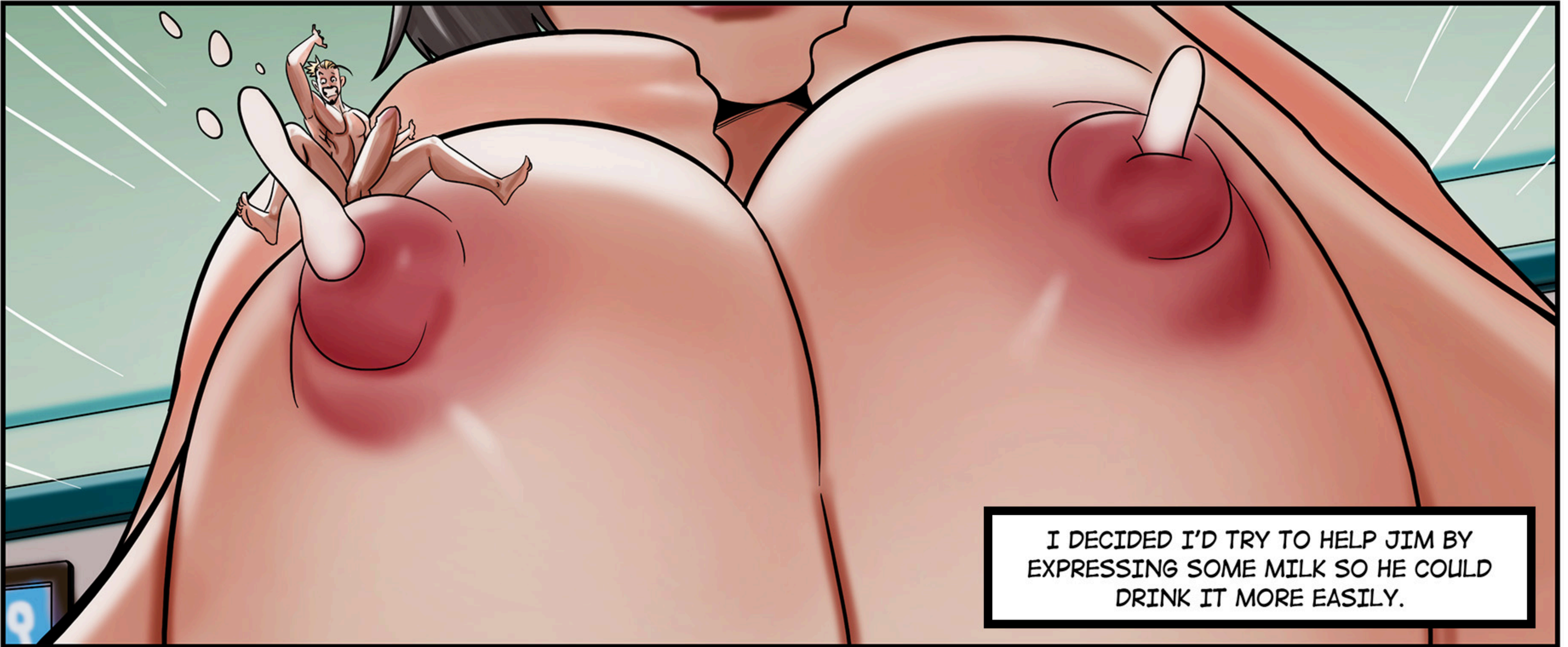
WHEN I WOKE UP, I WAS SURPRISED BOTH BY HOW MUCH AND HOW LITTLE I'D GROWN.

AT 12 FEET TALL, I'D GROWN MORE THAN I ANTICIPATED WITH THE TEENY AMOUNT OF CUM I'D SWALLOWED. BUT MY BOOBS LOOKED THE SAME SIZE TO ME.

JIM WAS ALREADY WORKING TO GET MILK FROM MY NIPPLE. WITH MY OWN GROWTH IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO SAY, BUT I WAS PRETTY SURE HE WAS ALREADY BIGGER THAN BEFORE.



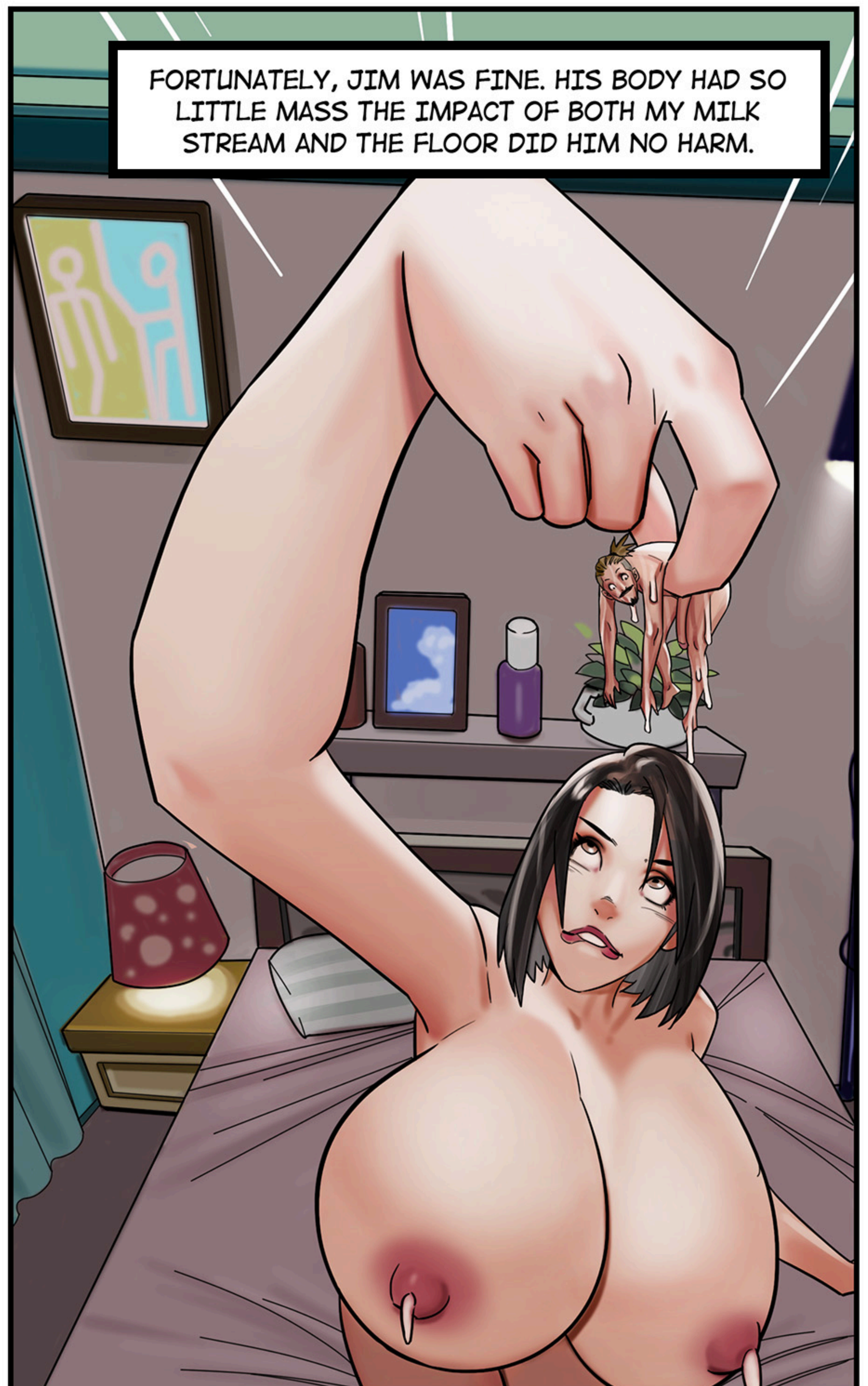
I DECIDED I'D TRY TO HELP JIM BY EXPRESSING SOME MILK SO HE COULD DRINK IT MORE EASILY.



THAT TURNED OUT TO BE A MISTAKE. MY BREAST SHOT SO MUCH MILK OUT JIM WAS SENT FLYING!



FORTUNATELY, JIM WAS FINE. HIS BODY HAD SO LITTLE MASS THE IMPACT OF BOTH MY MILK STREAM AND THE FLOOR DID HIM NO HARM.



SOON JIM HAD GROWN TO SIX INCHES TALL. BY NOW WE KNEW HE'D GET NO BIGGER FROM MORE MILK, BUT AT LEAST WE KNEW I COULD KEEP HIM THAT BIG.

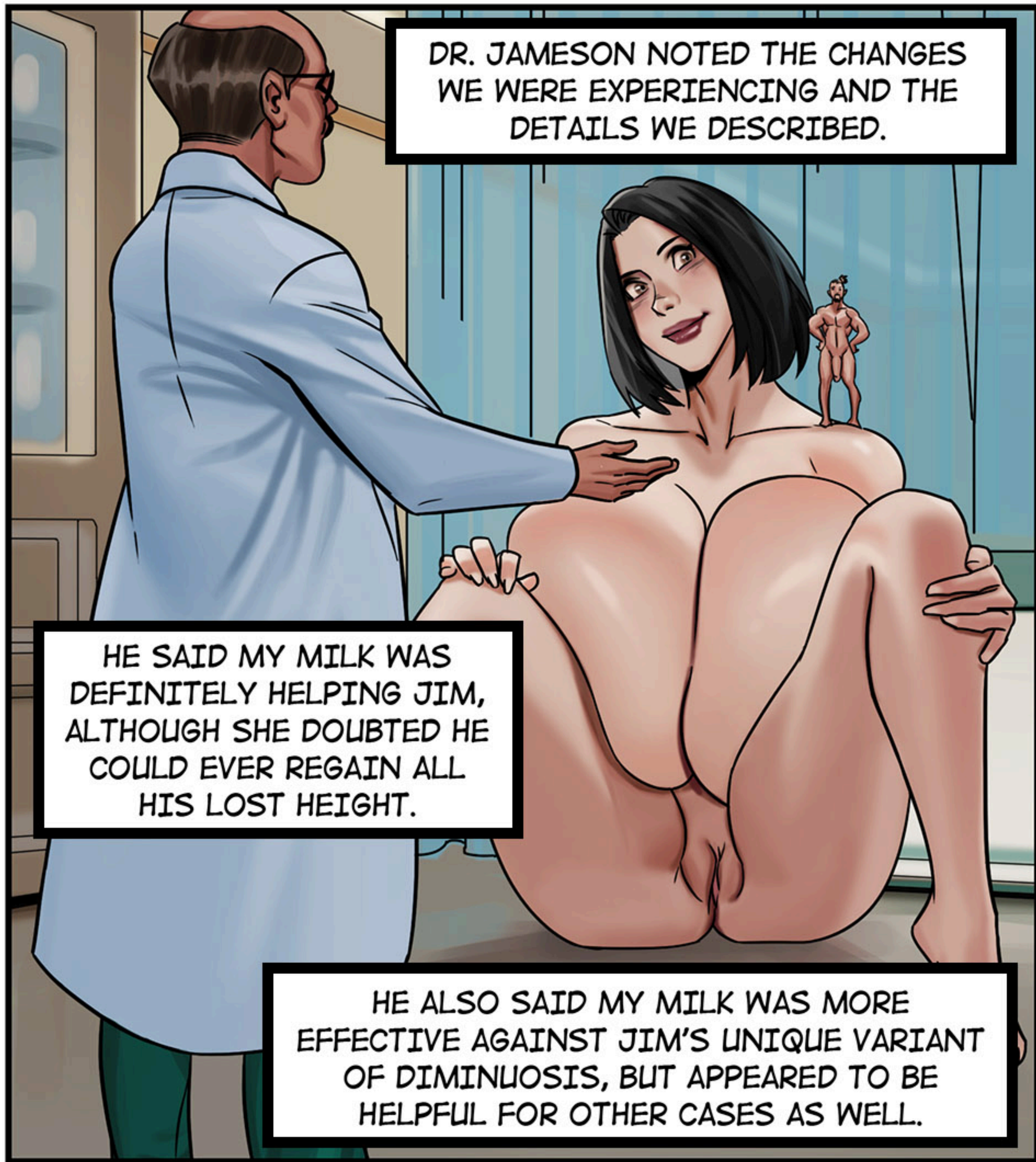


DAY 11: WE GOT A LATER START FOR DR. JAMESON'S OFFICE TODAY, WHICH MEANT WE DREW MORE ATTENTION WALKING THERE THAN AT THE RELATIVELY LOW-TRAFFIC TIME YESTERDAY.



WELL, I DREW MORE ATTENTION. WITH JIM BEING SO SMALL AND HIDDEN BETWEEN MY BOOBS, I DON'T THINK PEOPLE REALLY COULD SEE HIM, OR NOTICED HIM, FROM THE GROUND.

DR. JAMESON NOTED THE CHANGES WE WERE EXPERIENCING AND THE DETAILS WE DESCRIBED.



HE SAID MY MILK WAS DEFINITELY HELPING JIM, ALTHOUGH SHE DOUBTED HE COULD EVER REGAIN ALL HIS LOST HEIGHT.

HE ALSO SAID MY MILK WAS MORE EFFECTIVE AGAINST JIM'S UNIQUE VARIANT OF DIMINUOSIS, BUT APPEARED TO BE HELPFUL FOR OTHER CASES AS WELL.



I TOLD THE DOCTOR I WAS ALREADY PRODUCING FAR MORE MILK THAN JIM NEEDED, SO I COULD PRODUCE DOSES FOR OTHER DIMINUOSIS PATIENTS. BUT I HAD AN IDEA THAT COULD HELP EVEN MORE PEOPLE.



THE CATCH IS THAT, TO DO IT, I NEED TO BE BIGGER. **WAY** BIGGER.

DAY 14. THE WAIT FOR THINGS TO BE RESOLVED IS FRUSTRATING.

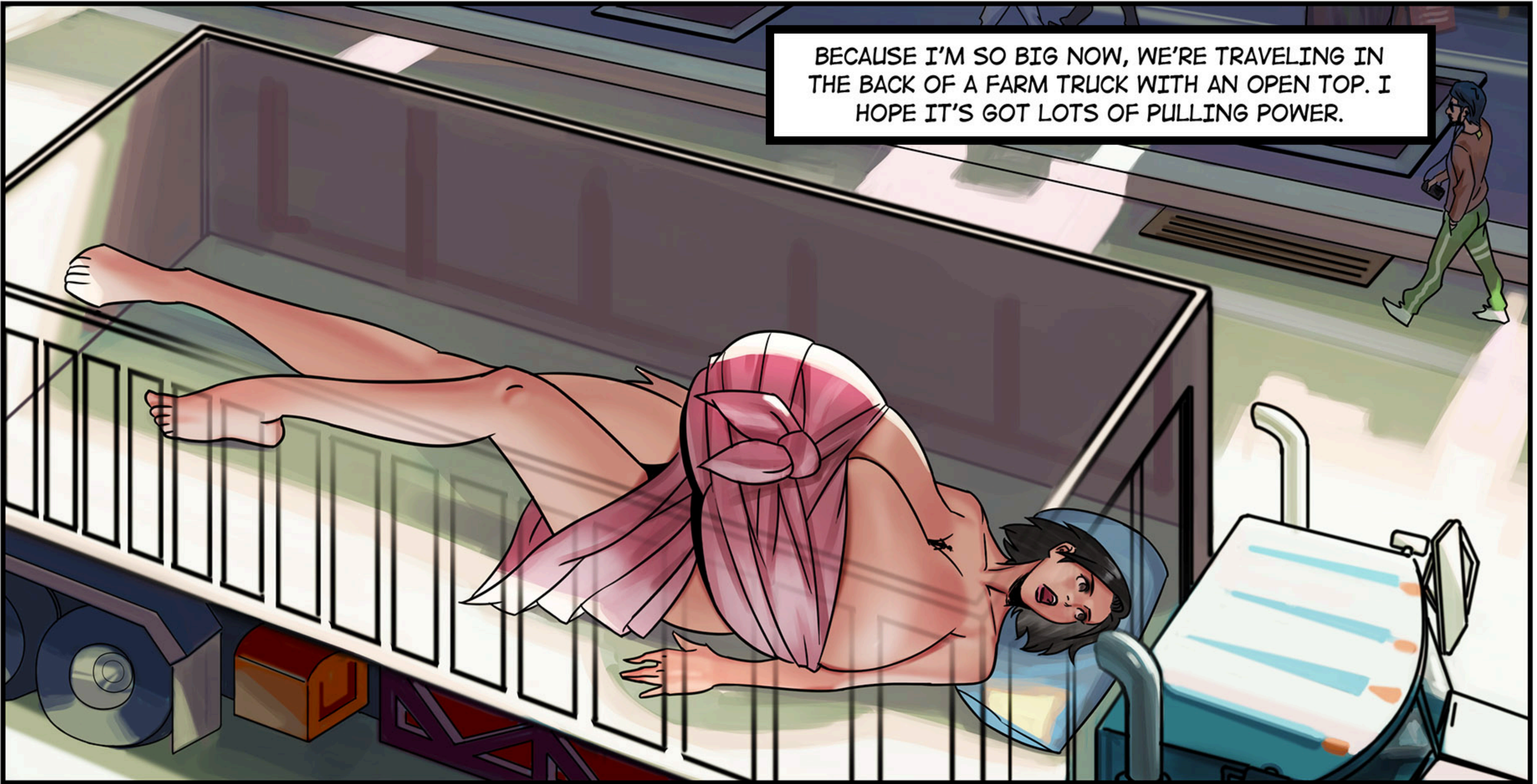


JIM IS SUSTAINING HIS SIZE, BUT, UNTIL WE CAN GET ARRANGEMENTS MADE, I HAVE TO HOLD OFF ON WHAT HE, DR. JAMESON, AND I KNOW NEEDS TO HAPPEN NEXT.

DAY 22. WE'RE FINALLY ABLE TO MOVE TO WHERE I HOPE WE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP BOTH JIM AND OTHER DIMINUOSIS VICTIMS. BUT I'M STILL SAD TO LEAVE OUR HOME... ESPECIALLY OUR BEDROOM.



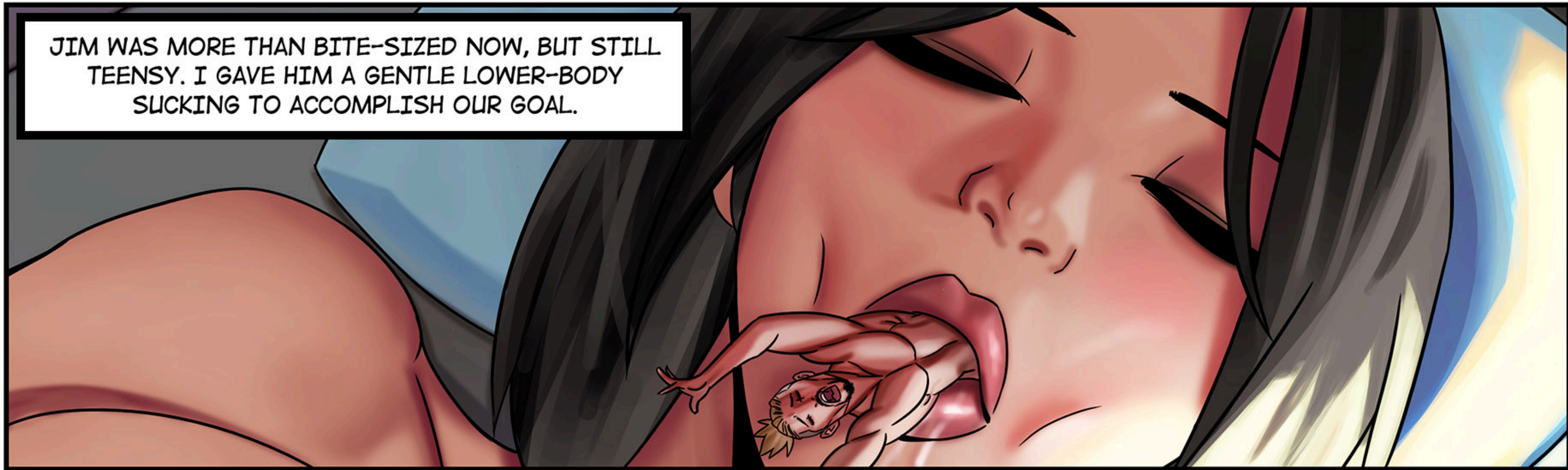
BECAUSE I'M SO BIG NOW, WE'RE TRAVELING IN THE BACK OF A FARM TRUCK WITH AN OPEN TOP. I HOPE IT'S GOT LOTS OF PULLING POWER.



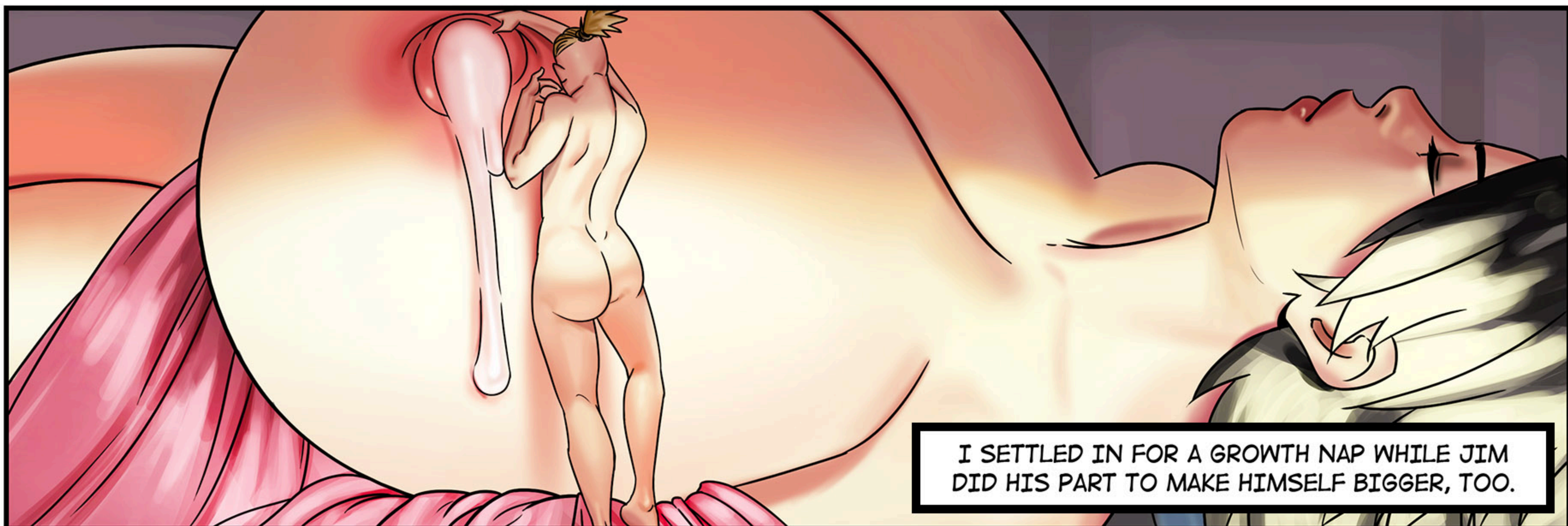
I PLAN TO BE **BIGGER** AND **HEAVIER** WHEN WE GET TO OUR NEW HOME AND BUSINESS. JIM HAS WAITED LONG ENOUGH... AND SO HAVE I.



JIM WAS MORE THAN BITE-SIZED NOW, BUT STILL TEENSY. I GAVE HIM A GENTLE LOWER-BODY SUCKING TO ACCOMPLISH OUR GOAL.



I SETTLED IN FOR A GROWTH NAP WHILE JIM DID HIS PART TO MAKE HIMSELF BIGGER, TOO.



I WOKE UP BEFORE WE GOT TO THE NEW PLACE. BY NOW I WAS ABOUT 18 FEET TALL, AND MY BREASTS WERE EACH BIGGER THAN MOST PEOPLE.



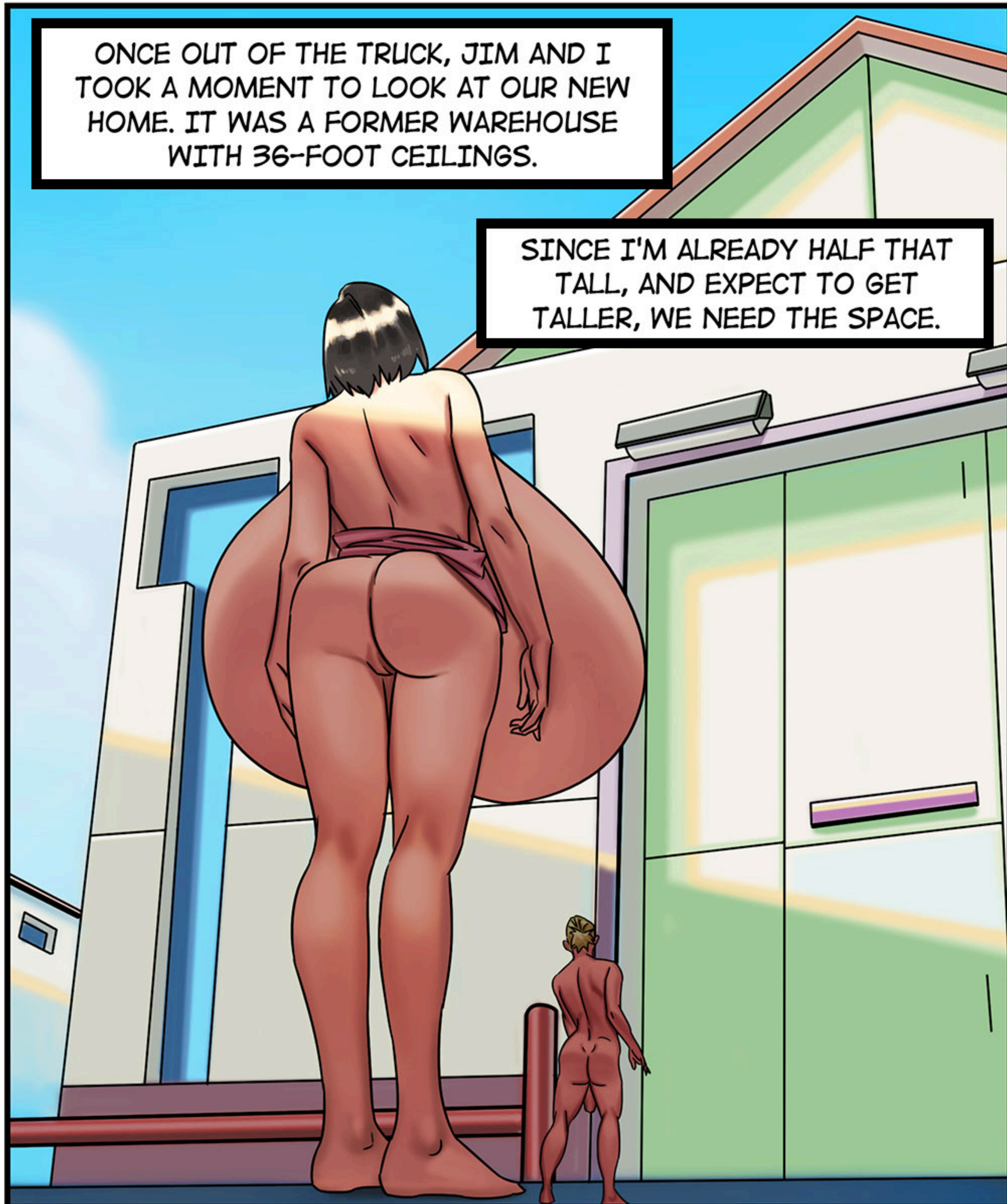
I HAD GOTTEN SO BIG THE TRAILER WAS TOO TIGHT A FIT. I NEEDED TO SIT UP TO GIVE MY TITS SOME ROOM -- AND NOT WRECK THE TRUCK,

JIM HAD DRUNKEN HIS FILL, AND WAS BIG ENOUGH TO JUMP OUT OF THE BUS ON HIS OWN. HE TOLD ME LATER HE LOVED DOING THAT.



ONCE OUT OF THE TRUCK, JIM AND I TOOK A MOMENT TO LOOK AT OUR NEW HOME. IT WAS A FORMER WAREHOUSE WITH 36-FOOT CEILINGS.

SINCE I'M ALREADY HALF THAT TALL, AND EXPECT TO GET TALLER, WE NEED THE SPACE.

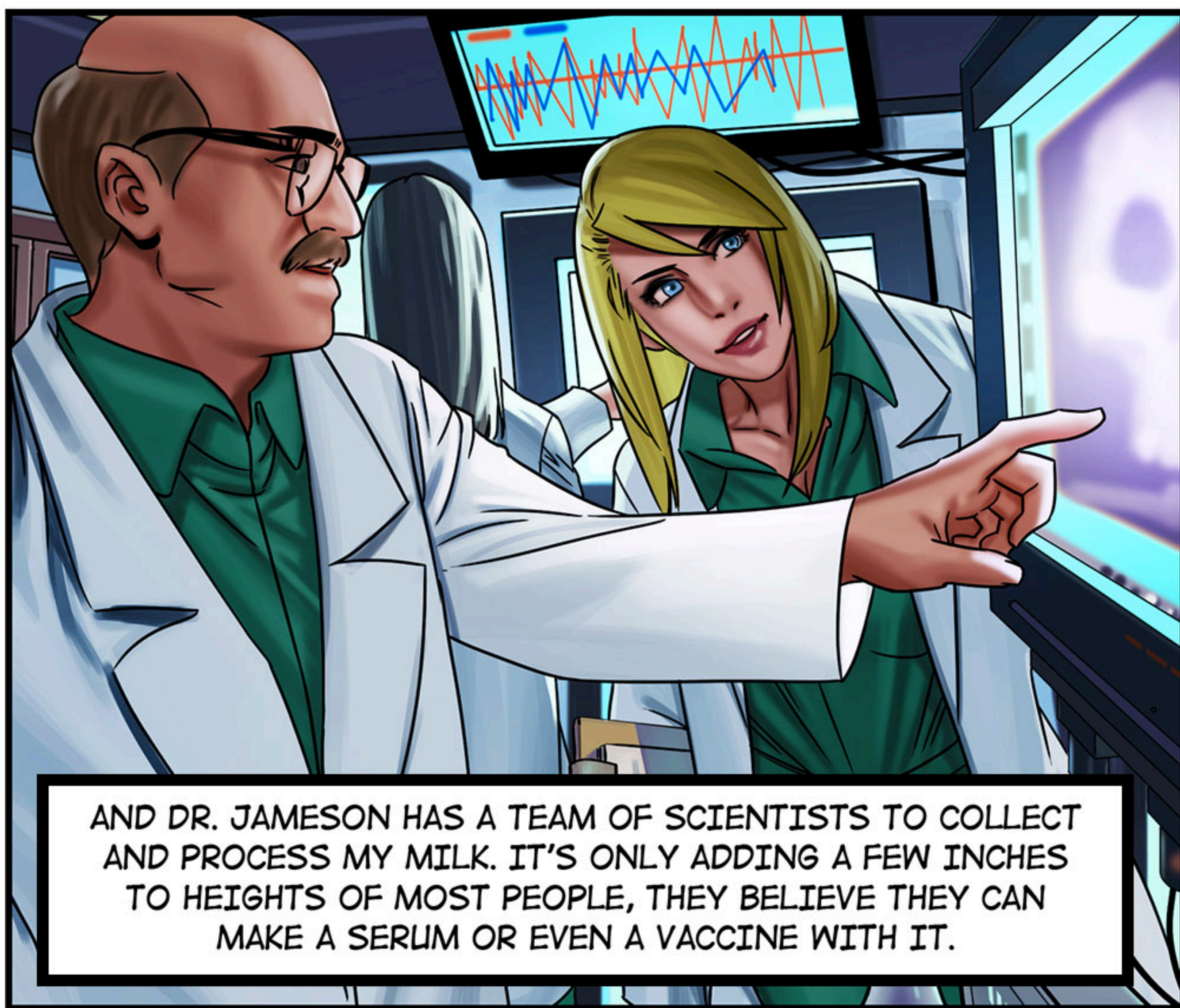


I HAVE TWO CONCERNS AT PRESENT.

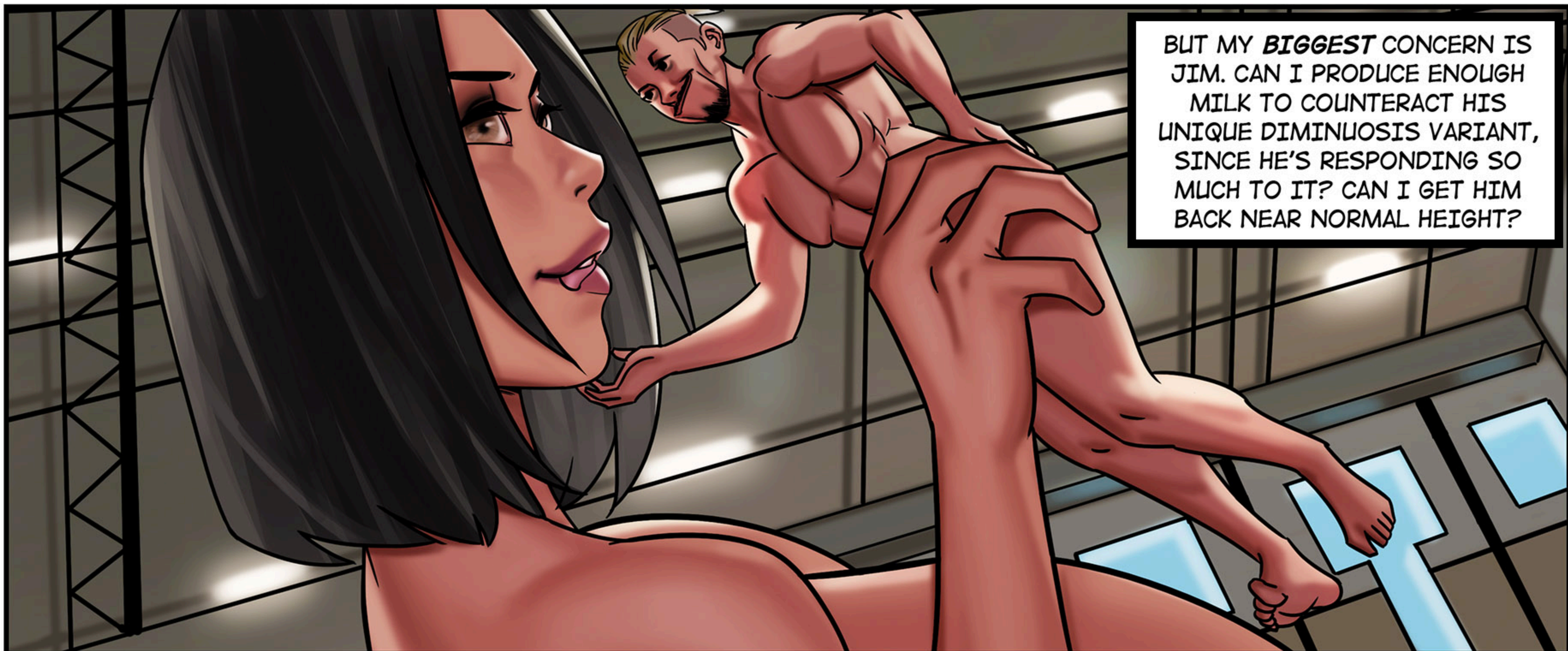
MY SECONDARY CONCERN IS THE CEILING HEIGHT. I'VE MORE THAN TRIPLED IN HEIGHT WITH JUST A FEW BLOWJOBS FROM JIM. THIS BUILDING IS ONLY A LITTLE MORE THAN DOUBLE MY CURRENT HEIGHT.



AND DR. JAMESON HAS A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS TO COLLECT AND PROCESS MY MILK. IT'S ONLY ADDING A FEW INCHES TO HEIGHTS OF MOST PEOPLE, THEY BELIEVE THEY CAN MAKE A SERUM OR EVEN A VACCINE WITH IT.



BUT MY **BIGGEST** CONCERN IS JIM. CAN I PRODUCE ENOUGH MILK TO COUNTERACT HIS UNIQUE DIMINUOSIS VARIANT, SINCE HE'S RESPONDING SO MUCH TO IT? CAN I GET HIM BACK NEAR NORMAL HEIGHT?



DAY 23. TODAY WAS A FINANCIAL SUCCESS, BUT A PERSONAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

I STARTED THE DAY GIVING JIM ANOTHER BLOWJOB, KNOWING IT WOULD INCREASE MY MILK CAPACITY AND HOPING TO INCREASE IT'S POTENCY.

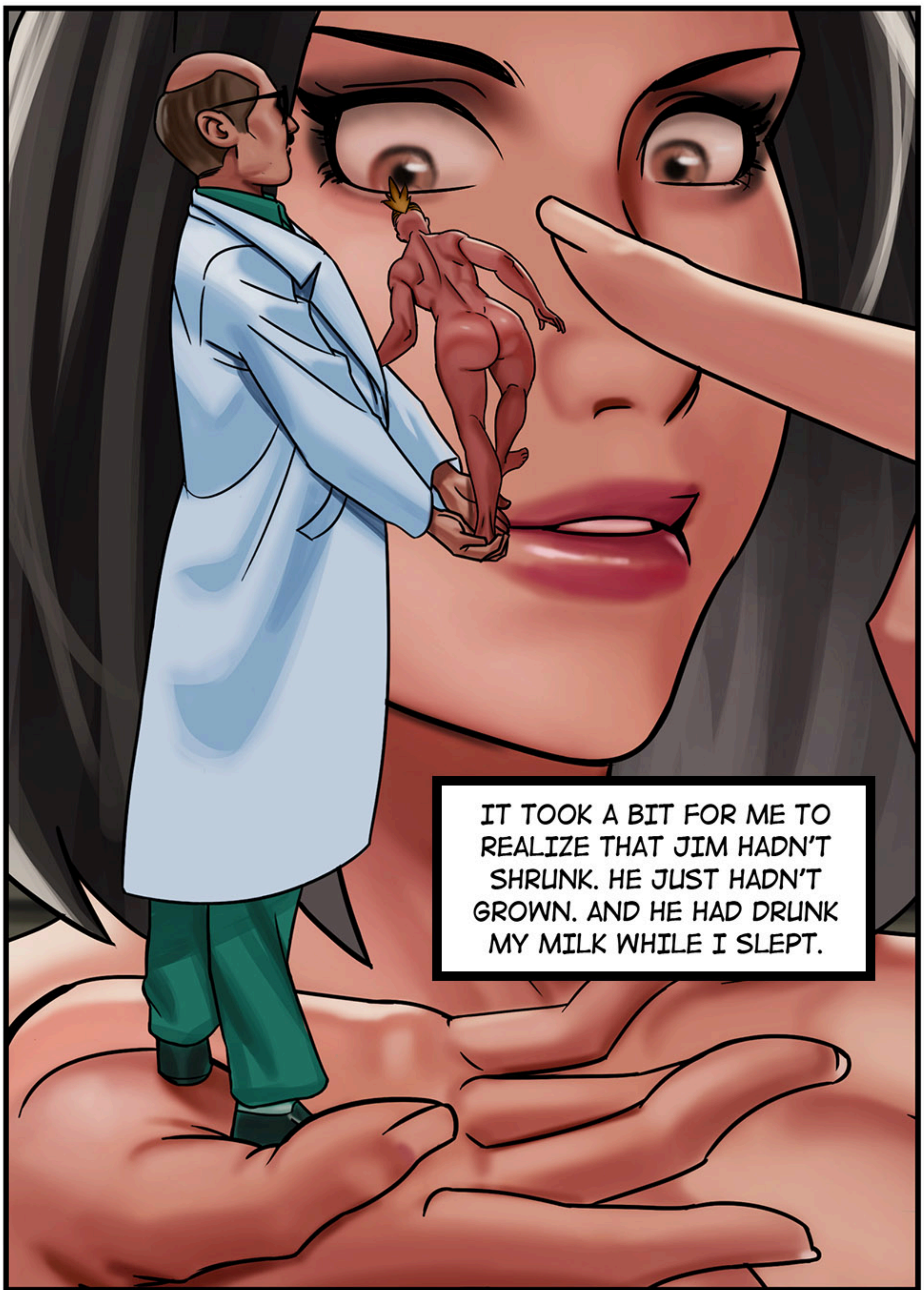
AND IT WAS FUN, TOO.

AFTERWARD, HE DID SOME FOOTWORK INSIDE ME. THAT FELT SO-O-O-O GOOD.

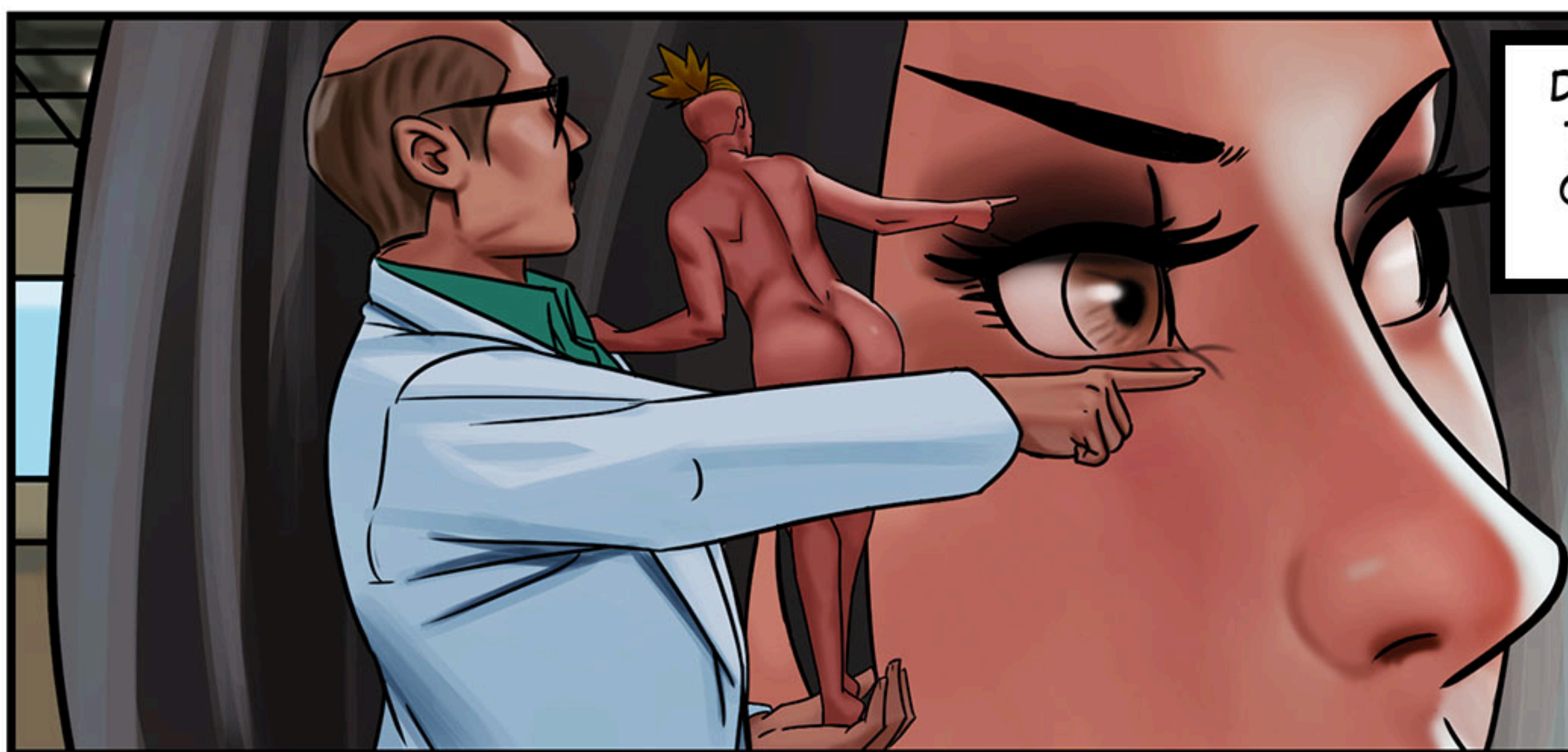
THEN I LAID DOWN FOR MY GROWING NAP. JIM CLIMBED ATOP MY TIT, READY TO DRINK WHEN MY MILK PRODUCTION KICKED UP TO THE NEXT LEVEL.



WHEN I WOKE UP, I WAS NINE FEET TALLER AND TONS HEAVIER -- ESPECIALLY IN MY BREASTS. AND JIM LOOKED SMALLER TO ME.



IT TOOK A BIT FOR ME TO REALIZE THAT JIM HADN'T SHRUNK. HE JUST HADN'T GROWN. AND HE HAD DRUNK MY MILK WHILE I SLEPT.



DR. JAMESON SOON CONFIRMED THAT JIM'S HEIGHT HAD MAXED OUT. HE WOULD NEVER BE MORE THAN THREE FEET TALL.

AND HE WAS STILL SHRINKING. HE NEEDED MY MILK TO SUSTAIN HIS HEIGHT, OR TO RESTORE IT TO THREE FEET IF HE SHRANK SOME.



BUT THERE'S AT LEAST ONE BENEFIT. I CAN PRODUCE MORE AND STRONGER MILK TO FIGHT DIMINUOSIS IN OTHER PATIENTS. AND THAT MEANS JIM AND I WILL BE FINANCIALLY SET FOR LIFE.

DAY 30. ONCE THE STORY OF JIM AND I WENT OUT ON THE NEWS, I WAS SURPRISED TO GET CALLS FROM A NUMBER OF AGENCIES WANTING TO REPRESENT ME AS A SPOKESPERSON OR MODEL.



I SIGNED WITH THE MOST LUCRATIVE DEAL, OF COURSE. BEST TO MAKE THE MONEY WHILE I CAN.



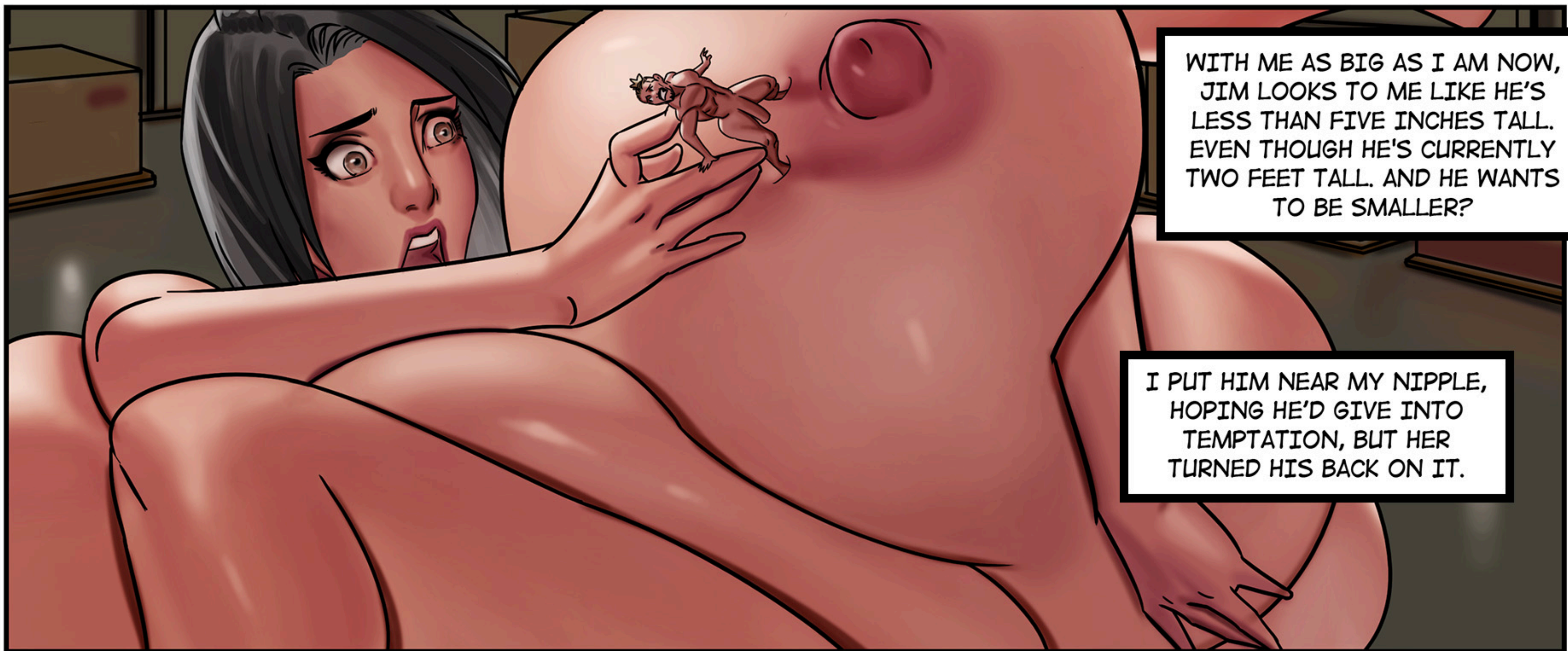
DAY 45. PART OF THE DEAL FOR THE BRA ADS WAS SOME SPECIALLY MADE CLOTHES FOR ME. I WAS IMPRESSED THE BRA COULD LIFT MY TITS. IT WASN'T AS COMFORTABLE AS GOING NAKED, THOUGH.

DAY 60. THE PHOTO SHOOT FOR THE MAGAZINE WAS AN ADVENTURE. THEY POSED ME WITH NORMAL-SIZED MODELS TO SHOW HOW BIG I AM. COULDN'T I HAVE JUST STOOD BY A PALM TREE?



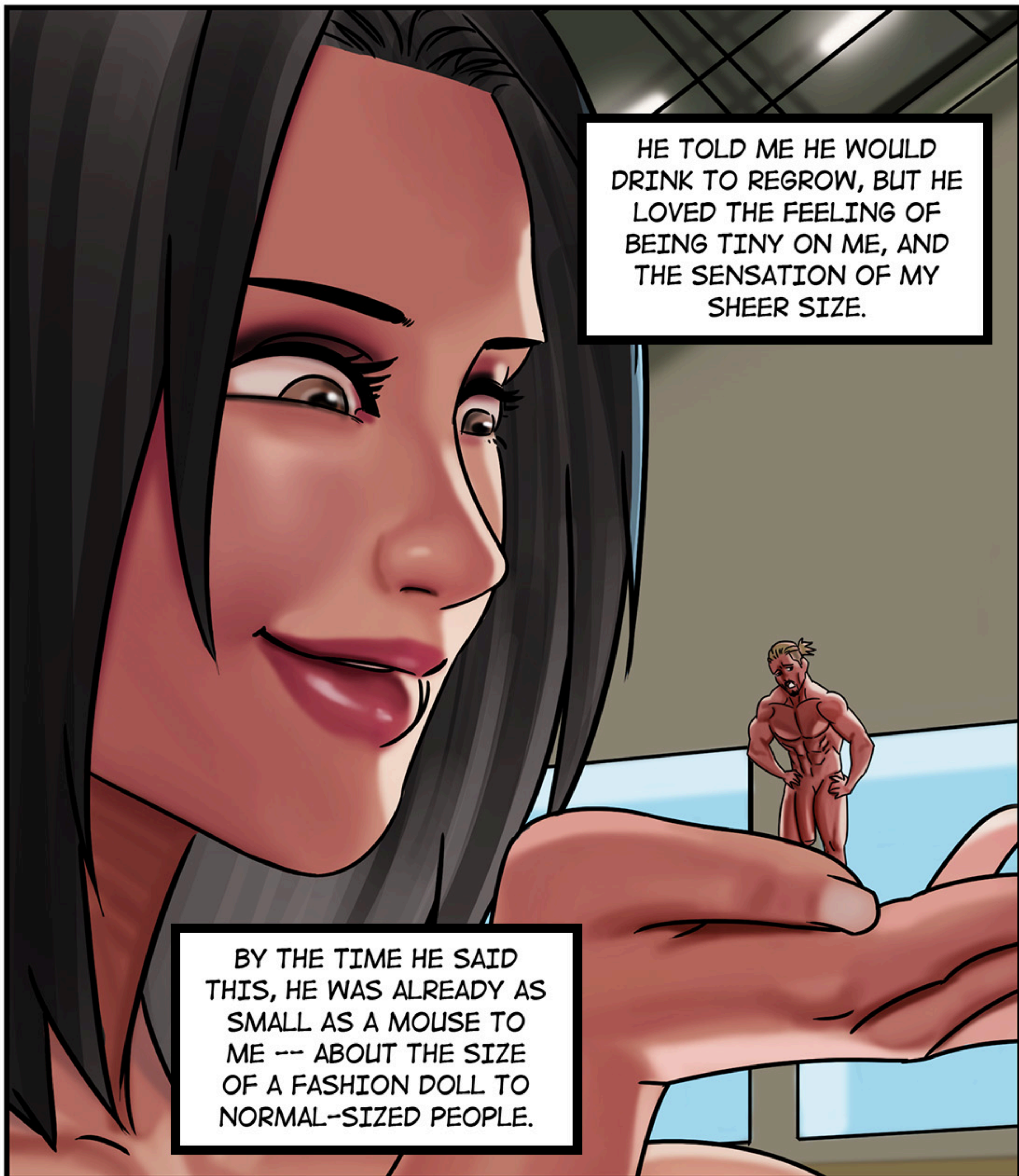


DAY 75. JIM STUNNED ME TODAY WHEN HE TOLD ME HE ENJOYED BEING SMALLER, AND WANTED TO SHRINK.



WITH ME AS BIG AS I AM NOW, JIM LOOKS TO ME LIKE HE'S LESS THAN FIVE INCHES TALL. EVEN THOUGH HE'S CURRENTLY TWO FEET TALL. AND HE WANTS TO BE SMALLER?

I PUT HIM NEAR MY NIPPLE, HOPING HE'D GIVE INTO TEMPTATION, BUT HE TURNED HIS BACK ON IT.



HE TOLD ME HE WOULD DRINK TO REGROW, BUT HE LOVED THE FEELING OF BEING TINY ON ME, AND THE SENSATION OF MY SHEER SIZE.

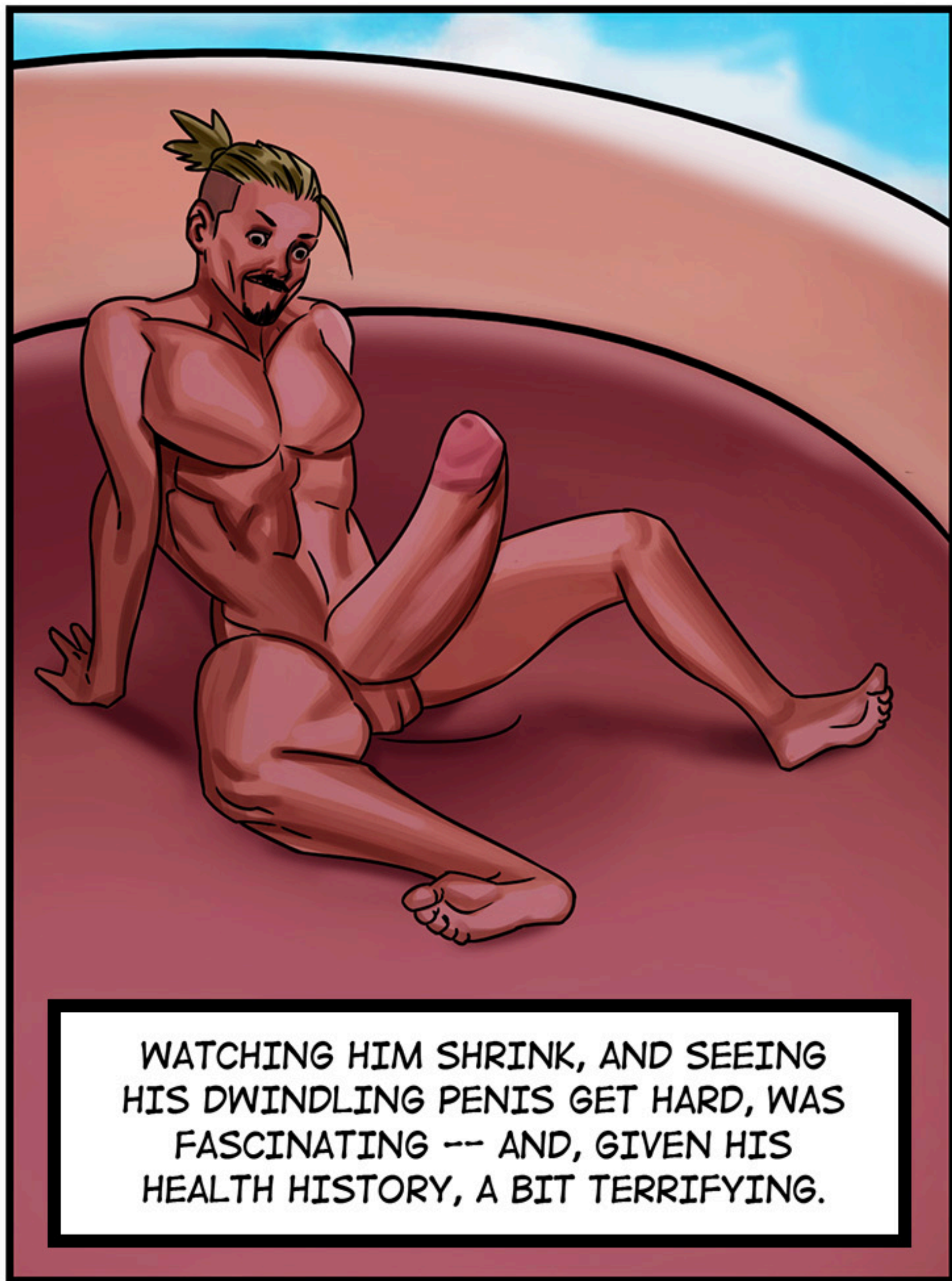
BY THE TIME HE SAID THIS, HE WAS ALREADY AS SMALL AS A MOUSE TO ME -- ABOUT THE SIZE OF A FASHION DOLL TO NORMAL-SIZED PEOPLE.



WE AGREED I'D PUT HIM NEAR A NIPPLE SO HE COULD DRINK AND GROW WHEN HE WAS READY.



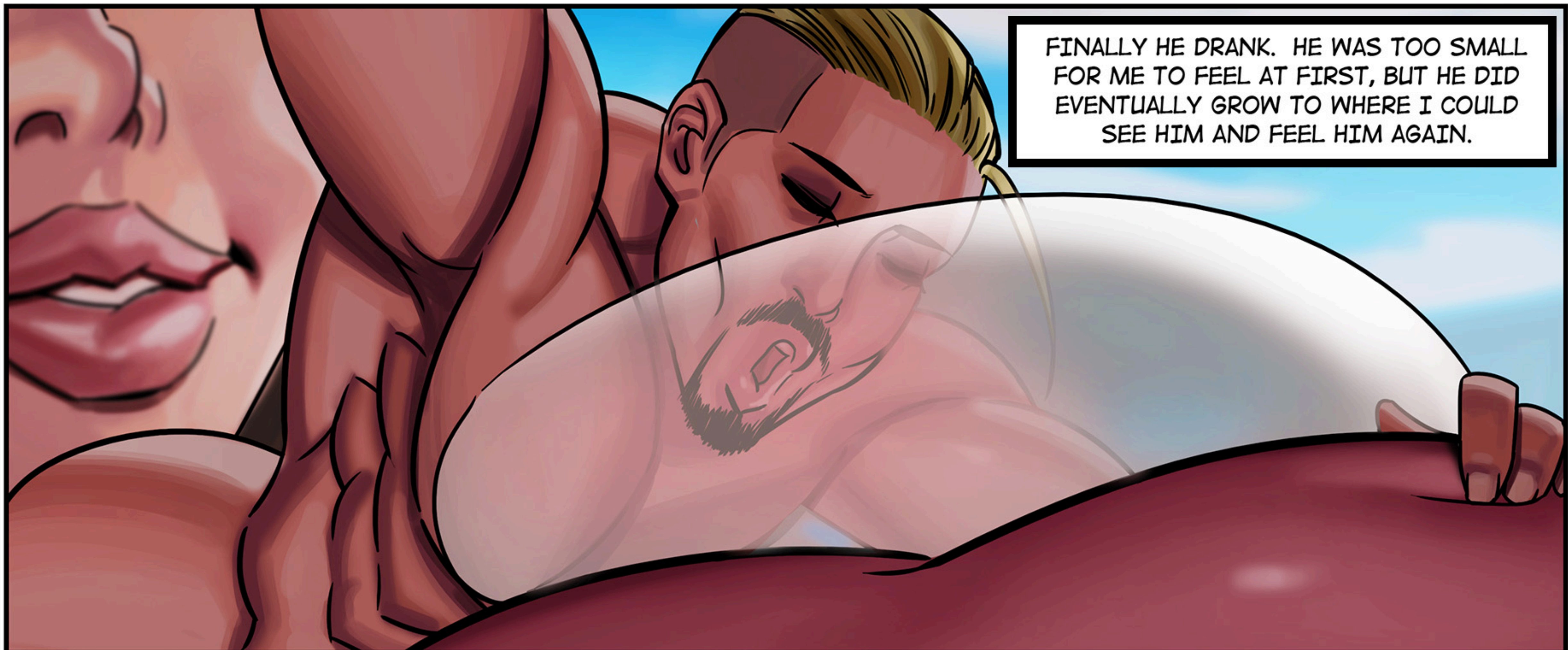
HE CLIMBED ATOP THE NIPPLE TO REACH A MILK DUCT SOON AFTER I PLACE HIM NEAR IT.



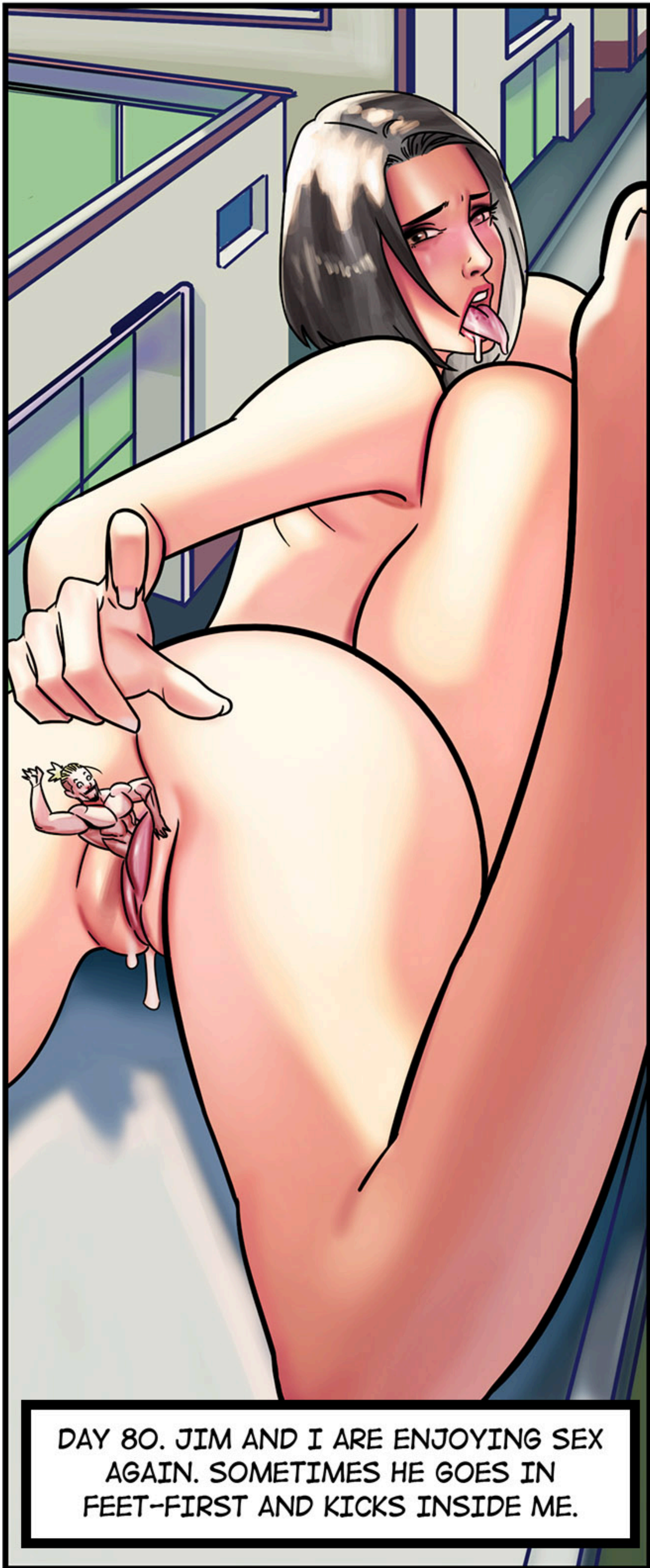
WATCHING HIM SHRINK, AND SEEING HIS DWINDLING PENIS GET HARD, WAS FASCINATING -- AND, GIVEN HIS HEALTH HISTORY, A BIT TERRIFYING.



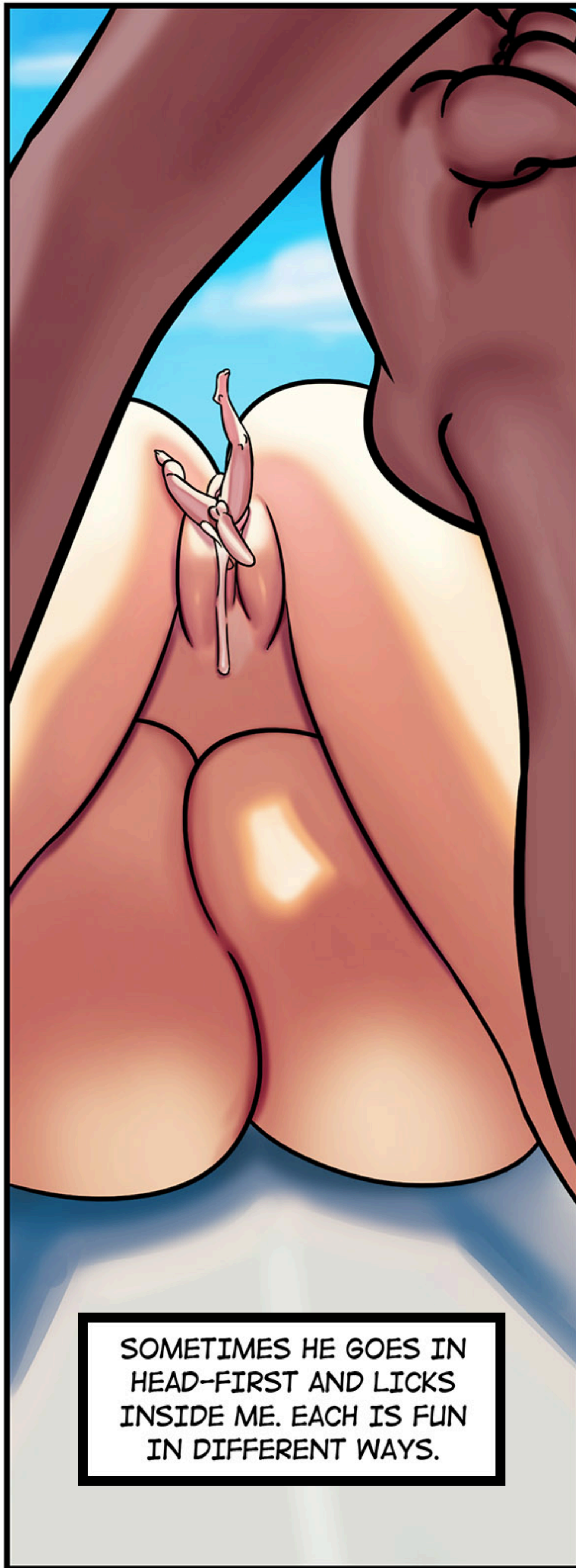
EVENTUALLY, HE GOT TOO SMALL FOR ME TO SEE. HE SAID THE VIEW WAS LIKE STANDING ATOP A BUTTE IN THE WESTERN U.S.



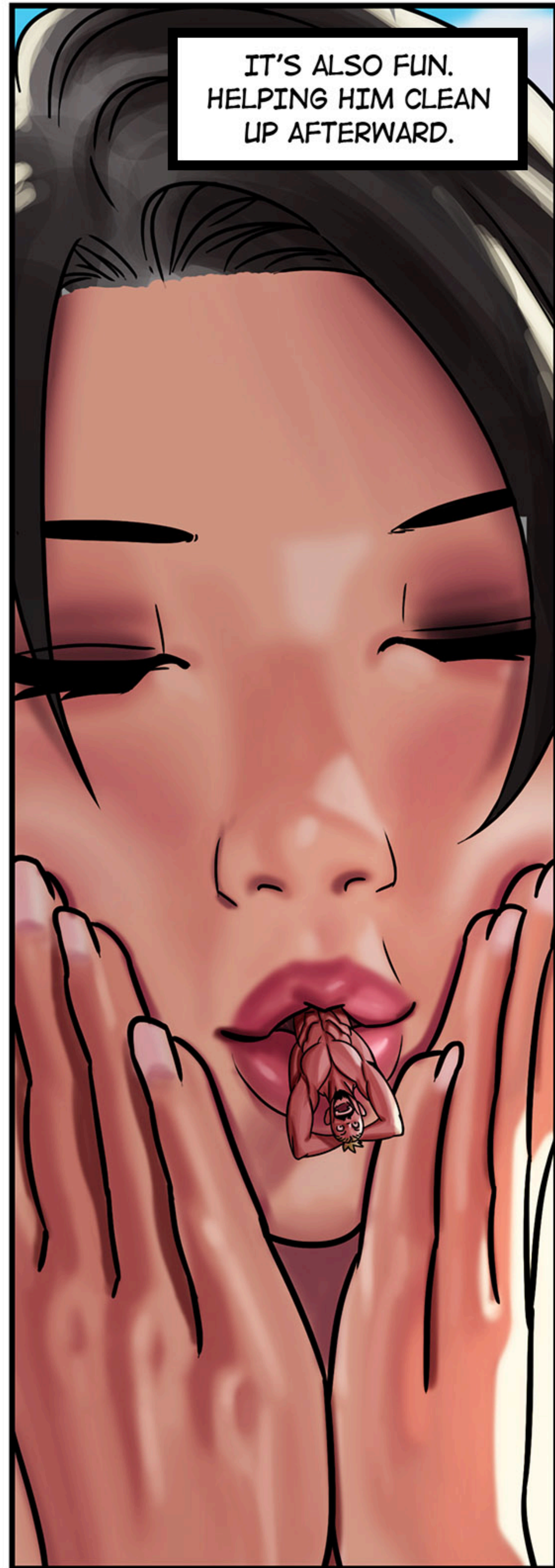
FINALLY HE DRANK. HE WAS TOO SMALL FOR ME TO FEEL AT FIRST, BUT HE DID EVENTUALLY GROW TO WHERE I COULD SEE HIM AND FEEL HIM AGAIN.



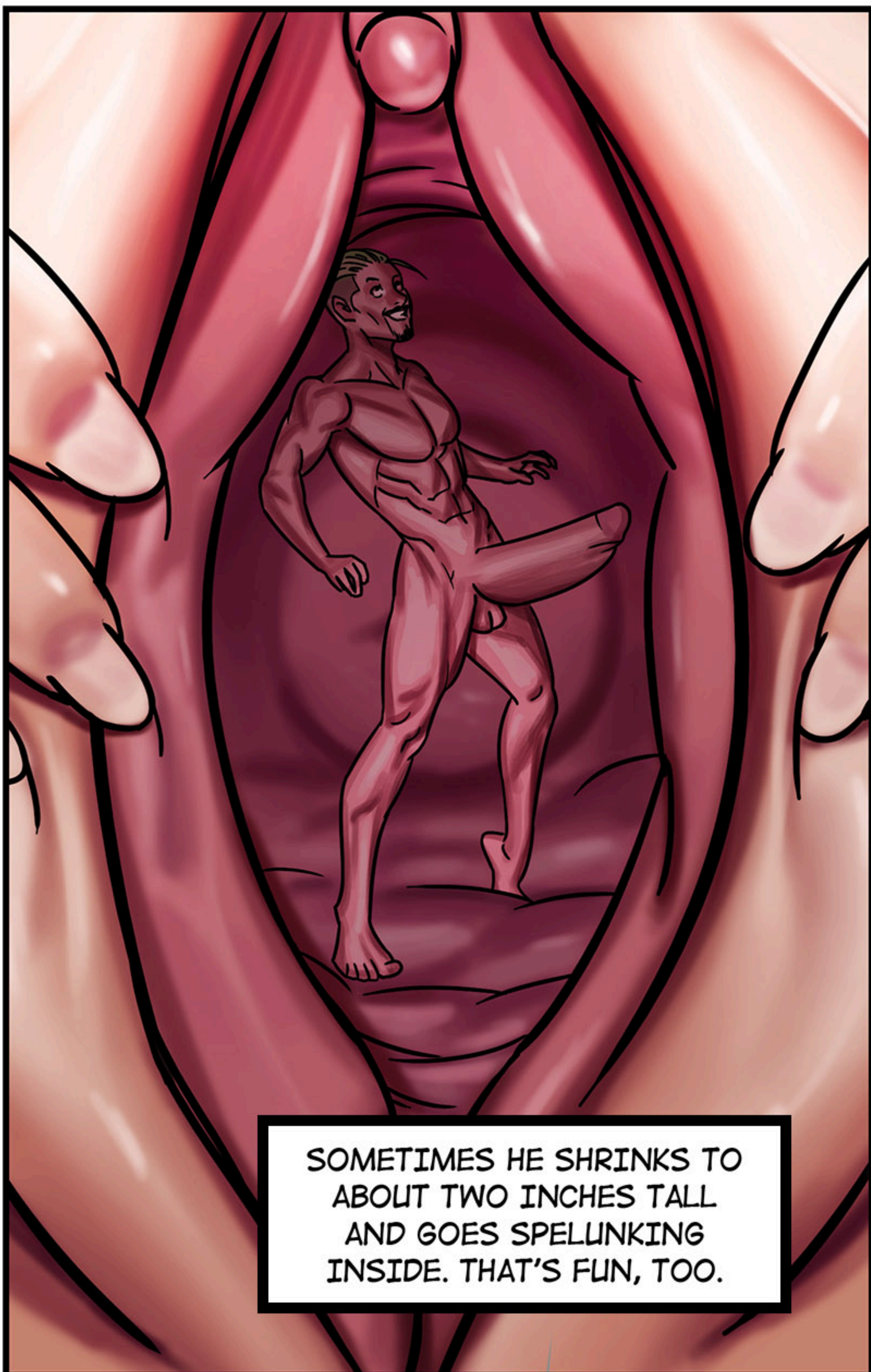
DAY 80. JIM AND I ARE ENJOYING SEX AGAIN. SOMETIMES HE GOES IN FEET-FIRST AND KICKS INSIDE ME.



SOMETIMES HE GOES IN HEAD-FIRST AND LICKS INSIDE ME. EACH IS FUN IN DIFFERENT WAYS.



IT'S ALSO FUN. HELPING HIM CLEAN UP AFTERWARD.



SOMETIMES HE SHRINKS TO ABOUT TWO INCHES TALL AND GOES SPELINKING INSIDE. THAT'S FUN, TOO.



THAT'S OUR LIFE THESE DAYS. ME, MODELING AND BEING MILKED, AND JIM ENJOYING THE BENEFITS OF BEING A TINY GUY WITH A GIANT, HUMONGOUS-TITTED WIFE.

Y'KNOW, I THINK I *LIKE* HAVING A SHRINKING HUSBAND. AND I *KNOW* I LOVE JIM, WHATEVER OUR SIZES.

THE END

CHECK OUT SOME
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



THE DEMONIC DEAL

AUTHOR:
A0040PC

ARTIST:
YOULZ (STUDIO ARIETA)



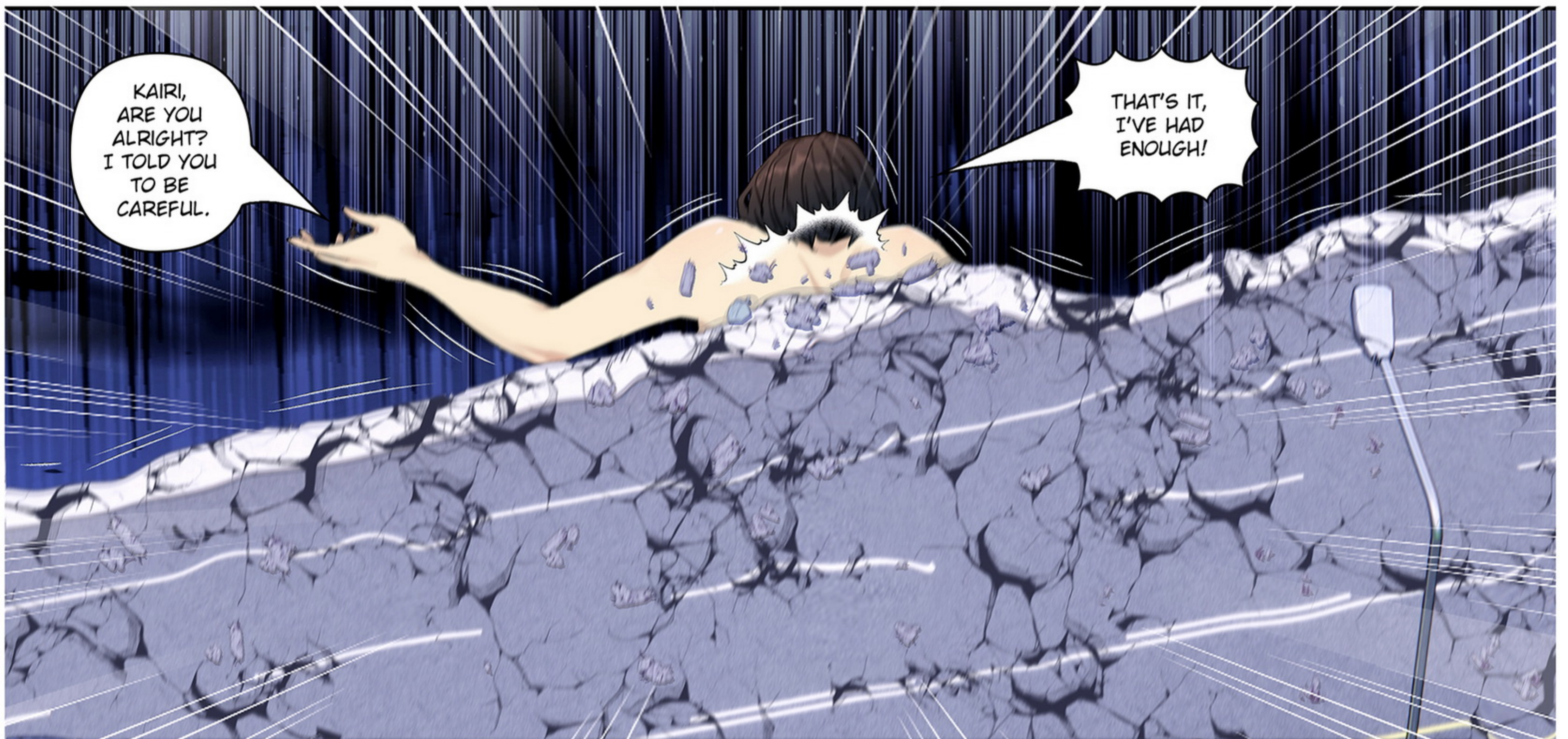
DON'T TELL ME TO NOT LOSE MY TEMPER!

I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW YOU WOULD GET ON BEING A GIANT LIKE ME.

BE CAREFUL, YOU'RE ABOUT TO-



SLAM!



KAIRI, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I TOLD YOU TO BE CAREFUL.

THAT'S IT, I'VE HAD ENOUGH!



I'M SICK OF EVERYTHING BEING SO DAMN SMALL!

I'M THROUGH BEING CAREFUL!



IF I SMASH A BUILDING THAT'S IN MY WAY, SO BE IT!

IT'S THEIR FAULT FOR PUTTING IT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

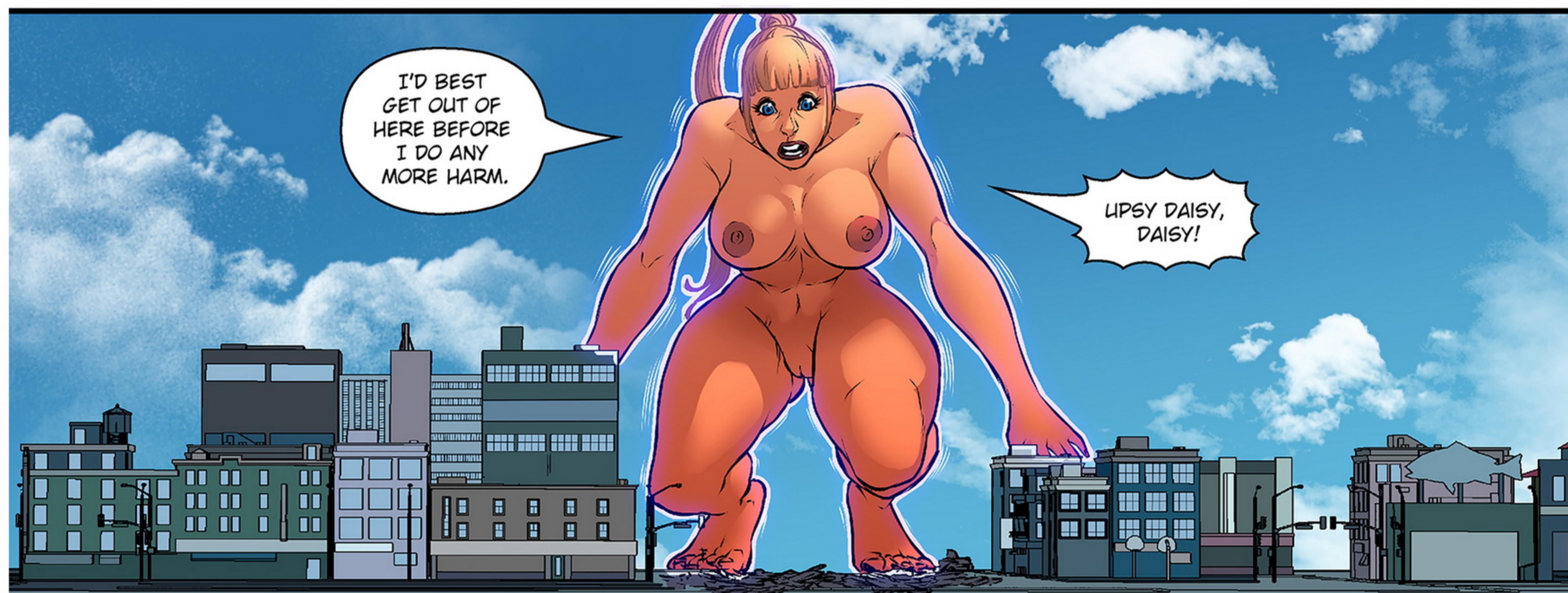
KAIRI, YOU'RE SQUEEZING ME TOO HARD!

LIPSY DAISY

AUTHOR:
MAC ROME

ILLUSTRATOR:
SALO

INTERIOR COLORIST:
YLENIA DI NAPOLI



SUPER SPY

AUTHOR:
NEWSCHOOL2626

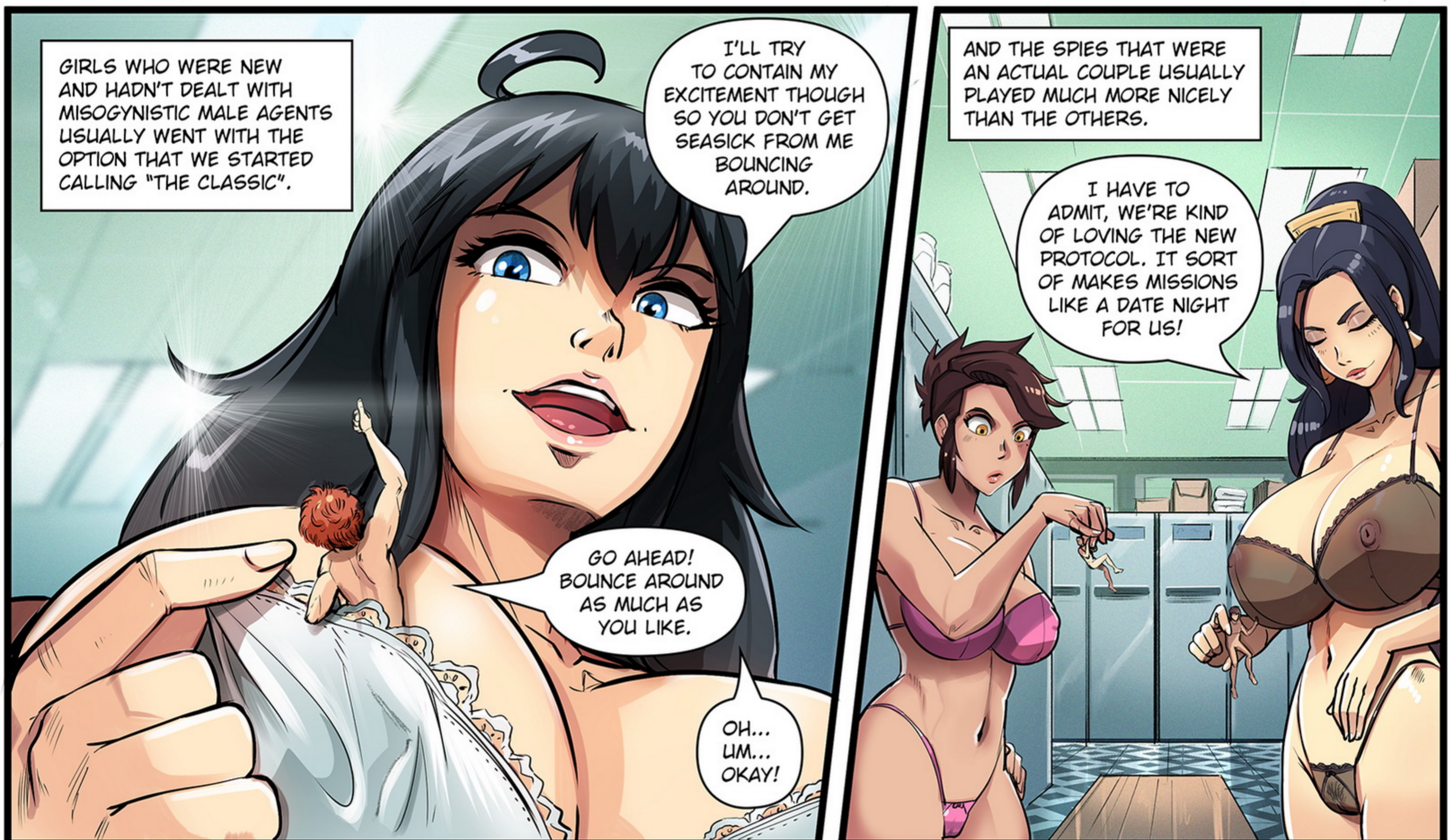
ARTIST:
HIMAGE



OF COURSE, THE GIRLS ALL HAD THE FREEDOM TO HIDE THEIR PARTNER IN WHATEVER LOCATION THEY DESIRED. THEY WERE THE LEAD AGENT, SO IT WAS THEIR CALL.

I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE FOR A FEW MONTHS, BUT I ALREADY GET TO BE A LEAD AGENT!
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW EXCITED I AM!

AS SOMEONE WHO LOVES BIG TITTIES, I THINK MY EXCITEMENT FAR EXCEEDS YOURS!



GIRLS WHO WERE NEW AND HADN'T DEALT WITH MISOGYNISTIC MALE AGENTS USUALLY WENT WITH THE OPTION THAT WE STARTED CALLING "THE CLASSIC".

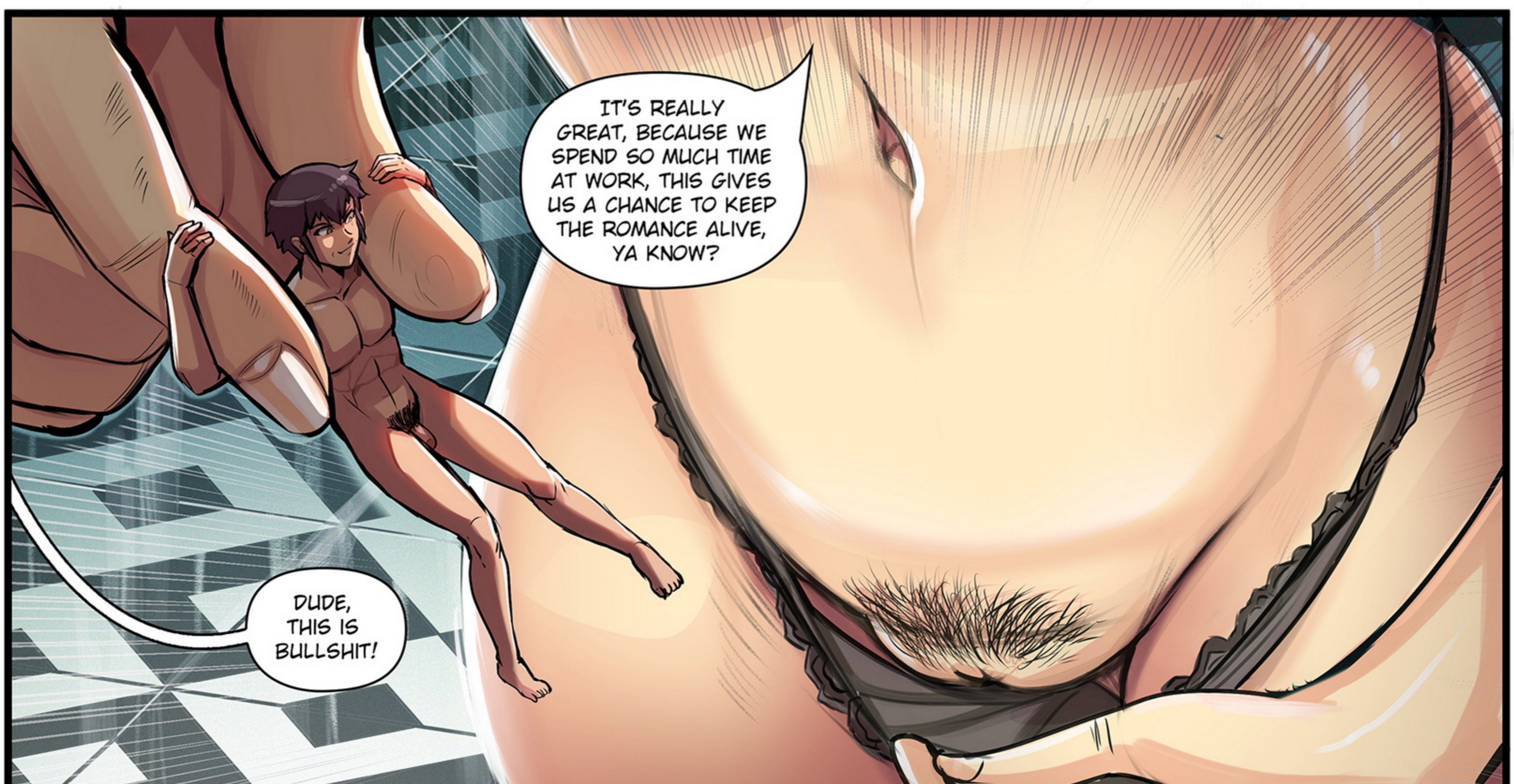
I'LL TRY TO CONTAIN MY EXCITEMENT THOUGH SO YOU DON'T GET SEASICK FROM ME BOUNCING AROUND.

AND THE SPIES THAT WERE AN ACTUAL COUPLE USUALLY PLAYED MUCH MORE NICELY THAN THE OTHERS.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, WE'RE KIND OF LOVING THE NEW PROTOCOL. IT SORT OF MAKES MISSIONS LIKE A DATE NIGHT FOR US!

GO AHEAD! BOUNCE AROUND AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE.

OH... UM... OKAY!



IT'S REALLY GREAT, BECAUSE WE SPEND SO MUCH TIME AT WORK, THIS GIVES US A CHANCE TO KEEP THE ROMANCE ALIVE, YA KNOW?

DUDE, THIS IS BULLSHIT!