

CAKE QUEST!



BY
DANNTHEMUSE
AND OHH



Nancy Fletcher definitely had a sweet tooth. Cakes, pies and pastries were her favourite, but coffee flavored drinks were a close second. Sure, she knew it was bad for her, but she was an adult, and she could eat as she liked. That was the number one perk of being an adult, if you decided to have cake for breakfast, nobody could stop you. Of course, then you had to live with the fact that you had cake for breakfast.

That was the major disadvantage of being an adult, nobody was responsible for your stupid decisions but you.

Nancy was plenty responsible, far more so when the welfare of others were in question, and not simply her own. Such was the case when the subject of her pets Hazel and Jerry, who she took much better care of than she ever did herself.

Oh, sure for a pair of sentient pets, smart enough to know an imbalance when they saw one, this almost felt unfair, hypocritical even. None of that mattered of course, as Nancy was in charge and as such she didn't have to justify her decisions. They'd do as she said, because she loved them and knew what was best.

And that was the end of that.



Most smalls were content living as they were told, free of responsibility and glad to let their owners handle the hard things in life. Hazel, of course, was an exception. While she was still happy, content and friendly enough, especially toward her partner Jerry, when it came to Nancy, Hazel preferred to challenge the norms, rather than submit.

“Jerry, come look...quick.” She snapped in a low, breathy tone.

“I’m a little busy.” Came Jerry’s delayed response. Jerry was never one to obsess about how he looked, he was toned, fit and his ideal weight according to the vet. So he only worked out casually, and not with the same fire and passion that Hazel did.

“You have arms like toothpicks, it won’t matter if you miss a few reps, come and look!” Hazel snapped back, face pressed against the terrarium glass.

“Sheesh, harsh.” Jerry treated the gym equipment more like a suggestion rather than a necessity. Nancy wanted to avoid expensive vet bills, so she insisted they eat right, stay active and took measures to ensure their constant romping didn’t result in unwanted pregnancies. She kept their terrarium clean and paid them plenty of attention. Their lives were that of luxury, they both wanted for nothing.

“I need that.” Hazel exclaimed, with laser focus.

Well, almost nothing.



“For your information, I’m working on my balance. It’s an important skill to have, you know? Not everything is about python arms.” Jerry defended himself. It was difficult to stay balanced with Nancy stomping about, but that much more important he learned anyhow.

“You’d make a lovely gymnast, just about the size of one too.” Hazel laughed, drawing her attention away from the cake and moving back as she felt the signature tremors of Nancy’s approach. It wasn’t so much she had something to hide, and more just keeping Nancy guessing. Hazel wasn’t one to show her cards, ever. “And the only thing you have in common with a python Jerry, is maybe being small enough to make a light snack!”

“Well, when you’re tumbling around next time Nancy wants to play, I’ll be as agile as a cat, and swift as a mouse!” Jerry, to emphasize his point leapt up, both his feet leaving the balance bar, turned and landed the opposite direction, gracefully.

Nancy smiled, clapping at his minor feat. She wasn’t really all that bad, and the two of them enjoyed each other’s company, more so than most. Hazel was easy going, and Jerry, while more cautious, went with the flow most of the time, together they fit well. “Let me get up there and I’ll show you how it’s done.”

“And how are my lovelies this morning?” Nancy’s voice dominated the small enclosure they called home, drawing their attention immediately.



Hazel turned at the rhythmic tapping of Nancy's finger on the outer pane of glass, soon joined by Jerry, who'd hopped off the balance beam to greet Nancy.

"Hi Nancy!" He shouted, always forgetting how poorly their voices traveled through the thick glass. Thick to protect them of course, as glass that easily shattered was a health hazard.

"She can't hear you." Hazel smiled, waving cheerily, her tone of voice not matching the painted expression on her face.

"I always forget that." He shrugged, waving while he was talking. "You two keeping out of trouble?" Nancy leaned in to get a better look, opening her cleavage up for a sneak peak, drawing Jerry's attention right away, followed by Hazel's only much more subtle a glance. "Hazel, you're not pestering poor Jerry again, are you?" Nancy's face twisted to a look of faux concern.

"See, she notices it too." Jerry laughed, eyes never leaving Nancy's breasts.

"Stare a little harder, I don't think your cocks hard enough yet...maybe if she lingers you can rub one out?" Hazel winked, rolling her eyes. "Why are you still waving?" Hazel asked, quickly realizing she was too and pulling her hand down, irritated.

"I don't know, good question." Jerry brought his hand down too, as Nancy continued to fawn over them, muttering something about being adorable and something about going easy on each other.



“Listen, I have an idea and I’m going to need your help for it.” Hazel snapped, her expression not betraying the stealthiness of her words.

Jerry sighed, making no such attempt to hide his intentions, “Why do I already hate this idea?”

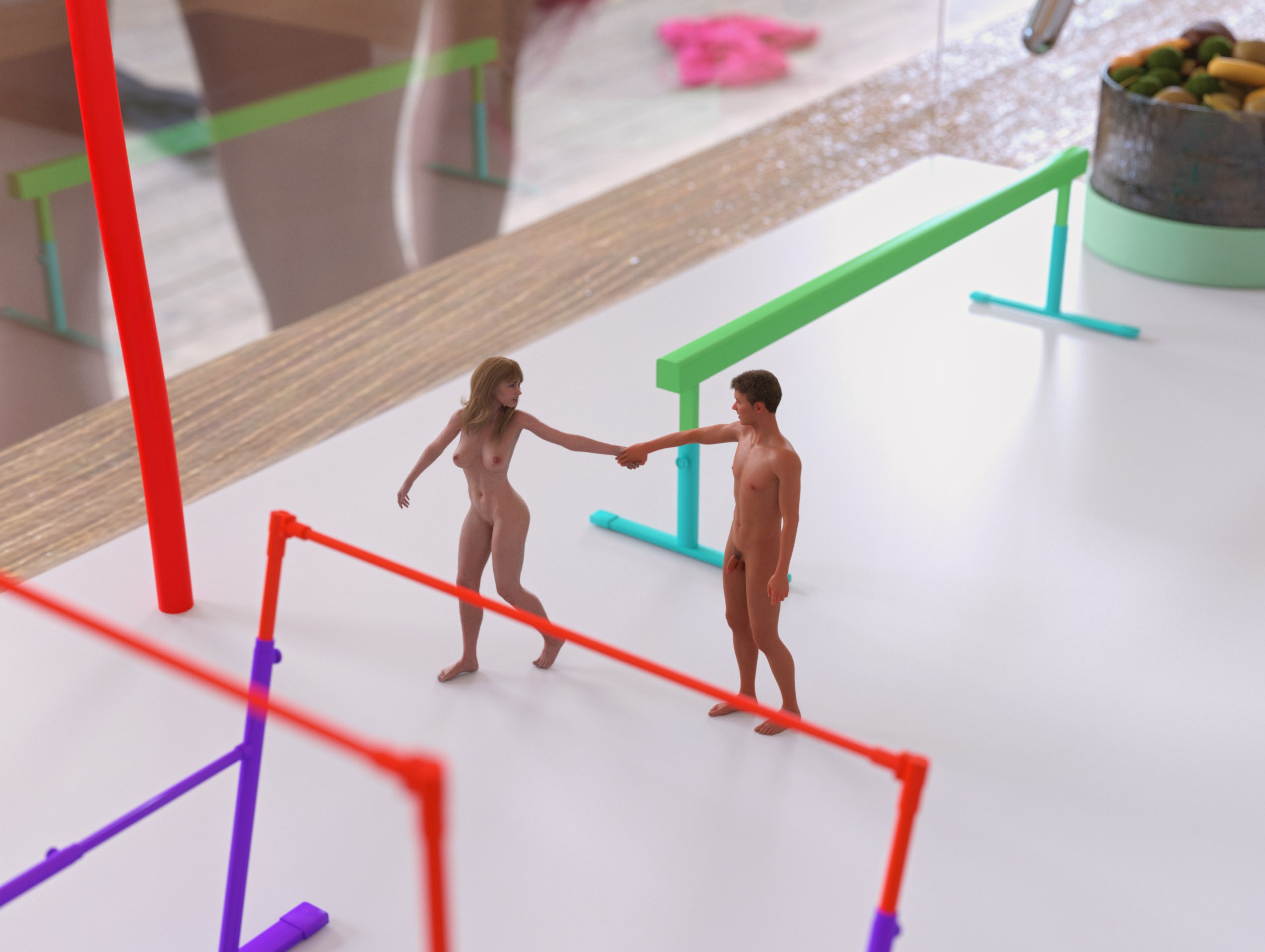
“Because you love me, now listen up...” Hazel drew near, taking great care to whisper her plan in Jerry’s ear. Not because she was worried about Nancy listening. She was too busy cooing and fawning over them, and before long would move onto other things. Whispering was the best way to get Jerry to understand she was being serious.

Jerry pulled back, cutting her off mid sentence and eyeing her as if her head had suddenly fallen off, “Are you mad?”

“Shhhhh!” Hazel hissed, Nancy had already slipped away, and could be seen making for the kitchen, which was exactly where Hazel’s gaze went, “No, I’m not. I’m bored, so we’re going to go get some of that!” Her attention was on the plate Nancy had set on the counter when she came home.

“What even is that...should we be eating it? If Nancy wanted us to have it she’d-” Before Jerry could finish his thought, he felt a weight on his back as Hazel wrapped her arms around him, chewing on his ear with a grin.

“Can we skip the part where you whine, and get right to agreeing to come with me?” Her smile was nothing short of innocent, and maybe a bit sinister.



Hazel's plan was barebones, with the meat and potatoes of the idea being that they'll figure things out as problems arise. Hazel was comfortable flying by the seat of her pants. If something came up, she'd worry about it then. One step at a time, tackling problems as they appeared.

Jerry needed more, he needed assurance, an A to Z plan to alleviate his anxiety. Hazel couldn't offer him that. But what she could offer him was a practised 'puppy dog' face, and a sweet sugary tone asking him to come with her, and of course with the promise of a reward later he accepted.

"You promise?" He questioned, as Hazel lead him along the workout equipment, trying to get them both higher.

"Would I lie to you?" Hazel ignored his glaring expression, adding, "When it's important?"

"I guess not..."

"You help me get this cake, and we'll shag all night long." Hazel was quick to add, "But wuss out on me and deal's off?"

"You drive a hard bargain." Jerry laughed, following quickly after.



The stage was set. Hazel explained the finer points of her plan to Jerry, where she made sure to outline how they'd climb out and where they would land once they did.

Nancy grew to almost expect escape attempts with Hazel, as such she didn't make it impossible or all that difficult and made sure there were strategically placed 'aids' here and there to get the job done. This was a bit of a strategy on Nancy's part to keep the adventurous Hazel safe, knowing she was much happier the little woman was if she thought she was escaping on her own accord, and much less of a problem for Nancy if Hazel felt content.

Nancy loved her pets. Loved them like family. She was as close and intimate with them as she would be a lover so she hated seeing them hurt, afraid or uncomfortable. While she ruled by the stance of 'I know what's best', she wasn't above compromise, as it always made them both feel like they had a say in their own care...even if that wasn't actually the case.

"It doesn't sound to me like you've put a whole lot of thought into this?" Jerry warned, as Hazel was already busy visually mapping their route out of the terrarium, following the bars of the home gym, where it came closest to the top of the terrarium.

"Better this way." Hazel responded after some time, "Best not to overthink it really." She looked down, eyes hungry, lips curled back into a grin, "Ready? Let's go!"



Jerry encouraged Hazel as she made short work of the rope, making up for in determination what she lacked in upper body strength. It was quite a sight, watching her climb and he would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy the view.

"Getting a good look at my ass down there?" Hazel shouted down, nearly halfway up before Jerry even began his climb.

"I'm giving you a fair head start, wouldn't want to show you up or anything." Jerry called back, casually, cracking his knuckles and stretching.

Hazel held back a laugh, rolling her eyes, "Oh fuck off, you just don't want my ass in your face the whole time. Not sure why, you seem to love ea—"

"Hey! What happens in the pillow-corner, stays in the pillow-corner THANK you very much!" Jerry barked, glad Hazel couldn't see his flushed cheeks from where she was.

"Awww, I didn't mean to embarrass wittle Jerry! I'm sorry." Hazel may not have seen it, but that didn't mean she didn't KNOW it was happening.

"You know what, I think I changed my mind...you can get your own cake!" Jerry pouted.

"Shaddap and climb!" Hazel could feel the rope move as Jerry began his climb, a satisfied grin creeping onto her lips as she continued her climb. Jerry never REALLY needed that much coaxing.



“Be careful please, it’s only a soft landing if you make it to the clothes pile, remember!” Jerry called up, making it about halfway up by the time Hazel was positioning herself for her ‘leap of faith’.

“I’d survive even if I missed...oh I’m sure it would hurt...but I’d survive nonetheless.” Hazel insisted, her voice not carrying as well as Jerry’s but good enough to do the trick.

“Huh? What did you say...are you thinking of jumping elsewhere? Don’t be stupid Hazel!” Jerry screamed, his pace increasing.

Hazel grumbled to herself and shook her head, grunting as she hoisted herself to the top, “I never said that...open your ears.” She laughed, “I’m not one to look a gift horse in the mouth!”

“What? Don’t hook a swift horse in the south? The fuck does that mean?” Jerry stopped, looking up at Hazel, brow furrowed.

Hazel sighed, closing her eyes for a second then screamed, “Just climb you moron!”



“You see that?” Hazel pointed across the way, her eyes wide pools, mouth salivating in anticipation of her upcoming reward. For Hazel, it was not a question of if, but when.

“Yeah.” Jerry was also salivating, though his gaze was markedly focused elsewhere.

Hazel groaned, helping her tank-mate up to the ledge and tousling his hair with a silly grin. “Not her you horndog, that!” Hazel gripped the top of Jerry’s head, turning it toward the cake on the kitchen counter, so many miles away.

“Yeah, I see it...do you always think with your stomach?” Jerry watched the cake for a moment until Hazel released his head and his range of motion returned.

“Do you always think with your penis?” Hazel asked, blinking several times in quick succession.

“Touché.” Jerry looked unapologetically back to Nancy, who made for her bed, which Jerry took as a sign there may be a show soon. This of course excited him far more than the prospect of a sweet treat he may or may not ever even get to. “So, how are we going to do this?” Jerry yawned, eyes never leaving Nancy.

Hazel’s eyes remained focused on her cake, “One step at a time, are you ready to jump?”



Nancy didn't mind when the two broke the rules from time to time. Owning smalls came with the understanding that you were taking on pets as smart, or smarter than you, with a complex array of needs and desires your standard dog, cat or goldfish just didn't have to worry about. For males, there was libido and wanderlust. Some were known to be so horny, they practically walked around with their hands on their cocks all day if you didn't provide an outlet. Jerry was no different, though he at least was a little less creepy about it.

Females could have the same problem, but more often than not came across as needy, clingy and aloof. Hazel, of course, broke the mold. She was aloof, yes. But otherwise she was a closed book. She could be affectionate, definitely sexual when she wanted to be, incredibly passionate about what she believed in, always willing to go toe to toe rather than bend, and when she wanted something, she could be demanding and ruthlessly snarky. This, as Nancy was learning, was just part of the challenge of owning smalls.

So letting them escape from time to time, watching them scurry about on their little missions, gave them agency, engaged their critical thinking and problem solving skills, and was absolutely adorable.

She just had to make sure the apartment was safe, as well as keeping an 'eye out' for them, without making it too noticeable.



“I don’t know why we need to go all the way to the kitchen, when we have perfectly good ca...” Jerry nearly fell off his feet, put off balance by Hazel as she tugged at his arm.

“Eyes on the prize, Jerry. Help me get my cake, and you can eat all the pussy you want. I promise, I will personally volunteer as tribute.” She winked, nothing in her voice suggesting she was lying or trying to trick him.

Actually, when she got what she wanted, Hazel could be quite agreeable.

“Oh?” Jerry’s eyes lingered on the much larger, horizon sized prize, then looked back to Hazel, “Interest peaked!”

“Piqued, Jerry, your interest is piqued. Not peaked...PEAKING is what you’re currently doing to Nancy.” Hazel rolled her eyes, dragging Jerry onward away from his entertainment. “Come on, we have to get some before her greedy ass eats it all.” Hazel huffed, pleased when Jerry finally relented and started walking with her willingly.

“Seriously, how can you not stare at that, it's glorious. Honestly, is there anything a nice tight ass DOESN'T make better? Man...I'd love her to sit on my....”

Hazel broke out laughing, nearly spitting all over Jerry as she did, “Gerald, if that woman sits on your face, there'll be nothing left of you but a smear! Now cut it out, my sides can't take anymore. Get me my cake and I'll practically smother you with mine...okay?” Hazel tried to stifle a few last giggles.

“Don't threaten me with a good time.”



Hazel pulled Jerry down behind the cover of a book, there she waited, allowing Jerry to finish watching her change while she waited for a better chance to make a go of it across the room.

“Remind me again why we’re putting so much effort into being quiet? She never gets mad when she catches us, and we don’t really make a lot of noise. We can probably be as loud as we want, honestly.” Jerry’s attention drifted back to Hazel once Nancy was busy getting changed into something more comfortable.

Hazel gave Jerry a pointed look, narrowing her eyes and digging her finger into his chest, “Oie, don’t ruin this for me. Let me have my challenge. Besides,” Hazel cleared her throat and gathered her senses before looking back out into the distance, Nancy has good eyes, she’ll spot us if we’re just meandering around carefree like a bunch of fools. We have to handle this carefully!”

Jerry laughed, shaking his head then shrugging in acceptance, “Fine with me, lets go Mission Impossible the fuck out of that cake!”

Hazel was about to make a run for it, when she stopped dead in her tracks, looking back at Jerry with the most confused look he’d ever seen painted on her face, “The hell does that mean?”

Jerry shrugged, eyes wide for a second then shook his head, “It...it sounded a lot less strange in my head, honestly.”



“You do anything to that cake and I swear to god I’ll...shit! Get down!” Hazel quickly dropped to the ground, seconds later when Jerry showed no signs of joining her, she reached up and pulled him down to her level.

“Ow...rip my arm out of its socket will ya...why are you being so quiet it’s not like she can-” Jerry’s words ended in a muffled collection of garble as Hazel covered his mouth with her hand.

“Shht, she’ll hear you.” Hazel kept her hand over Jerry’s mouth for a few more seconds before letting it go, both of them watching in awe as Nancy’s impressive physique loomed near them, then stepped over them both as if they weren’t even there. Her footfalls created noticeable impact tremors as her long strides took her away from them as quickly as she had overcome them.

“Goodness, she can cover a lot of ground.” Hazel whispered, impressed by the athleticism and raw power, while Jerry simply gawked upward, sad the view had ended so quickly. “Oh Christ will you stop, acting like you’ve never been fucked before.” Hazel reached down, gently grabbing hold of Jerry’s member and tugging at it gently. “Come on Little Jerry, I’m going to start giving my instructions to you instead? You’re clearly doing the thinking here.”



“Shit, lookout!” Jerry yelled, taking Hazel by the hand and pulling her forward just in time to avoid becoming a little more intimate with the sole of Nancy’s foot. It was a jarring experience, both smalls could feel the displaced air from the colossal impact Nancy’s foot made with the floor.

“Crap!” Hazel screamed, losing her footing from the incredible impact tremor that shook the ground. “That was way too close, what’s her problem?” Angry, Hazel held back the urge to kick Nancy’s foot, choosing instead to play the long game instead and pay Nancy back with her own sweet victory.

“Relax, I doubt she would ever do that on purpose.” Jerry immediately leapt to Nancy’s defense, thinking with his dick again of course.

“Right, because that makes it so much better.” Hazel rolled her eyes, taking deep calming breaths. “We have to get out of here, this isn’t a safe place to be right now.” Hazel narrowed her eyes, pursing her lips in thought.



“Kinda like the view, if I’m being honest.” Jerry, still on his back, looked up at the glorious view overhead, his cock growing erect betraying his true feelings.

“Only you can get wood at the prospect of nearly getting stepped on.” Hazel, also still on her back took a few seconds to catch her breath, watching in awe as Nancy’s enormous form moved with the fluidity and grace of a feline, carrying her away from them almost as quickly as she’d come.

“That’s not why.” Jerry groaned, sitting up first, then hoisting himself to a standing position. “Here, let me help you?” He turned to stand over Hazel, who closed her eyes and shook her head.

“Oh, right that’s what I want right in my face. Easy Tex, I said you’re not getting anything until AFTER we get the cake. Tell Jerry Jr to simmer!” Hazel laughed, taking Jerry’s help and pulling herself up. “Come on, let’s get out of here before we end up dead?” Hazel didn’t think for a moment there was any chance of that, but Jerry did and buying into Nancy’s game would only serve to motivate him further.



Hazel led Jerry away from the messy pile of clothes, across the flat toward the relative safety of a huge pair of red Doc Martens boots. These were the good, classic, well-built kind made to last decades and not the new, cheap, poorly made imitations. Nancy had owned these longer than she had either Hazel or Jerry and were perhaps the only thing in the apartment better cared for than the two of them.

“Maybe we should go back...we just started and already nearly ended up dead. I don’t know if cake is worth this? Anyhow, if we ask, she’ll just give us some?” Jerry insisted, feeling a lot less vulnerable now that they weren’t out in the open.

Hazel stopped, turned and dug a finger into Jerry’s chest, “No, she’ll whine about good health and better eating habits then direct me to the rabbit food and hard ass pellets in the feeding corner.”

Jerry shrugged. “It tastes good to me, I dunno...strawberry and...”

Hazel huffed, fists balled. “I don’t want hamster pellets and fruit, I want cream and frosting! I want cake!” Hazel pointed across the vast expanse of the apartment and snapped her head back to Jerry, “That cake!” She turned to face him, running a finger slowly across his chest and drawing him near, “And you PROMISED to help me get it...”

Jerry groaned, “I did...didn’t I?”

Hazel nodded, “You did, and if you back out now I’ll never forgive you.”

“Bah, you will too.” Jerry grinned.

Hazel’s reply was nothing more than a click of her tongue as she led him away from the boots, closer to their goal.



“Explain to me one more time, why following her around is the best way to get to the kitchen.” Jerry tried to focus on Hazel, he really did. But a half-naked Nancy, partially obscured by a colossal dildo, larger than them both made it difficult.

“We’re not following her...we’re...keeping track of her location. If we know where she IS, then it’s easier to know where she ISN’T? Get it?” Hazel smiled, drawing Jerry’s gaze by gripping his chin in her hand and turning his head to face her.

“No.” Jerry shook his head.

Hazel sighed, “Just let me do the thinking?”

“Then why am I here?” Jerry narrowed his eyes. “If you can do this on your own, why do you need me?”

“Moral support? Company...it’s more fun? Don’t make me say nice things, you’ll ruin the mood!” Hazel winked, taking Jerry’s left hand in hers and drawing it up to her chest, inviting him to cop-a-feel.

“Wow, does breaking the rules turn you on?” Jerry asked, stifling a laugh.

Hazel narrowed her brow, shaking her head, “No...not really...look it’s just the adrenaline, okay?”

Jerry nodded, his gaze suggesting he didn’t buy into Hazel’s poor excuse for an explanation. “Well, now I know why you took us to the giant blue cock?”



“This just happens to be the best place to wait, Gerald!” Hazel scoffed, pulling Jerry’s hand away.

Jerry laughed, making a face behind Hazel’s back as she turned her attention back to Nancy. “Riiiiight...hey you don’t have to justify your kinks to me...if you like a big hard cock, I can...”

“Don’t make me compare you to the big blue dildo sweetie, it’ll just crush your confidence.” Hazel winked, then without skipping a beat, “We just...need her to...turn around...” Hazel took Jerry by the hand, tugging at him to follow, “NOW!”

They both took off running, through the maze of discarded clothes, out from Nancy’s shadow toward the kitchen. Hazel took a distinct lead as Jerry kept looking back to take in the sight of a stretching, fully nude Nancy.

“Goddamnit, think with your head brain!” Hazel shrieked, slowing down long enough to grab Jerry’s hand again and force him onward.

“Just let me watch...come on...don’t be cruel!”

“How are you this horny? All you do is fuck me and masturbate...your nuts can’t be THAT full?”

“Can and are...” Jerry sighed, turning at last to follow Hazel properly. “You’re so cruel...”

“I’ll take care of little Jerry later...now focus!”



Hazel led Jerry under the relative safety of a pair of heels beside Nancy's computer desk. The aim was to head under the desk, a dark and cool place for the two adventurers to gather their strength and regroup for the next leg of the marathon. Jerry seemed fine, not winded in the least, while Hazel's focus was solid, locked on her prize, with no time to worry about exhaustion.

"We're about halfway, Nanc' shouldn't be a problem anymore. If we're lucky she might even lay down for a nap or..." As if fate had ears, the thump-thump-thump of Nancy's footfalls garnished with the distinct impact tremors of her approach warned them both well before her legs blocked their only escape. It seemed Nancy too was on the same page.

"Ha, okay that's funny." Jerry laughed, making a motion to the pair of smooth legs guarding their retreat.

Hazel huffed, a low growl escaping from her throat as she crossed her arms, "Yeah, really funny." Her cheeks inflated as she held in a breath, taking a few steps back and reaching out for Jerry while she did. She dragged him out along the front of the desk, determined to push on to her destiny. "Careful if we touch her feet she'll notice and send us back to square one." Hazel didn't seem as worried about consequences as she did about the fear of starting from scratch.



“She won't even be mad, she never is. I don't see the problem, just ASK her for a piece.” Jerry did as he was instructed and took a few steps back. There was still the faint hope that Nancy might move on. “Maybe she just needs to grab something off the–” Jerry's foolish optimism was cut short as the rolling office chair was pulled back, wheels scratching against wooden floor, causing both smalls to cover their ears.

“Had to open your mouth eh.” Hazel sighed, pulling Jerry back to the far end of the 'cave' to give Nancy a wide berth just in case she decided to stretch her feet out and relax. “She could be here for hours...fuck...this sucks.”

“Well...actually maybe this is a good thing?” Jerry shrugged, eyes on Nancy's feet as she rubbed them together idly. “You said it before, if we know where she IS, we know where she ISN'T?”

Hazel was about to refute Jerry's optimistic outlook, then laughed at her own short sightedness. “Actually that's a good point.” Hazel leaned in, gripping Jerry's hand and squeezing it, “Good point, see this is why you're useful!”

The rumble of wheels on wood broke them of their moment, forcing Jerry to take a hold of Hazel and pull her back, “Hey watch out!” he helped, but Hazel was already on it, covering her head with her arms.



Hazel was frustrated. This was more than a minor setback, this definitely put a major kink on the garden hose that was her plan. “Who the hell checks their email in their underwear?” Hazel groaned, pacing back and forth, while Jerry focused instead on the view before him.

“I don’t know, this really isn’t so bad when you think about it?” Jerry tried to sound upbeat, expecting a swat or an ear cuff from Hazel any moment. “I could think of worse people to be stuck under a desk with than you?”

“Jerry, Jerry, Jerry, the eternal optimist.” Hazel smiled, it really was hard to be angry with him, and it wasn’t as though any of this was his fault. “That was actually kind of sweet.” She made sure not to let on too much how she was feeling.

“I have my moments.” Jerry winked, his attention soon back on Nancy, who could be heard typing away at her desk, her random movements adjusting herself on the chair and fidgeting keeping the two from braving an escape.

Hazel surprised Jerry indeed, but it wasn’t with an ear cuff or even a slap, rather it was her arms around his shoulder around his neck, drawing him in for a passionate kiss. “I guess you’re not so bad.” She smiled, her voice soft.

“Not so bad?” Jerry grinned, kissing her back.

“Don’t push it.” Hazel laughed.



Hazel kissed Jerry deeply, pulling him close and wrapping her arms tightly around his neck, she let him enjoy the moment before pulling back, but keeping them close enough she could whisper. “You’re doing great, I really couldn’t do any of this without you.”

“Sure you could, but it would likely be a lot less exciting?” Jerry was a lot more focused on her now, which made him easier to talk to and direct.

“Don’t sell yourself short.” Hazel played a bit with his hair, before pressing their foreheads together, “Are you ready for the next step?” She whispered.

“Why are we whispering?” Jerry was trying very hard not to laugh.

“I’m setting the mood, now shush and listen. We need to get past her, she could be here for hours, or just a few more minutes. Regardless, when I say run, I want you to follow me, okay?” Hazel slid her arm down, taking Jerry’s hand in hers, and pulled back, offering him a smile.

“Isn’t that dangerous?” Jerry looked back to Nancy, who was still for the time being.

Hazel shrugged, “Sure, but it’s more fun that way...” Hazel turned, this was as good a time as any, “Ready?”

“Sure, I guess so.” Jerry squeezed Hazel’s hand.

“RUN!”



Hazel and Jerry made a run for it, past Nancy's legs as she went about her work, dodging an unexpected movement of her right foot and making it past the rolling office chair without ending up as paste on the floor. From there was a simple matter of crossing over to a bookshelf acting as a divider between rooms, over the small lip and past a colossal teddy bear.

Jerry was disappointed Hazel didn't want to take some time to climb it, but a quick reminder of their goal, and a little attention paid to Jerry Jr. by means of groping his junk put him back on track, with a silly grin.

"Why do men like their cocks being played with so much? I'll never understand." Hazel was able to both run and talk, in no small part thanks to Nancy, who kept them both fit as a fiddle.

"A man's cock, and knowing how to use it properly is a lifetime key to pleasing a woman, I'll have you know." Jerry defended, keeping up with Hazel as they ducked under the bear's paw. "And besides, we just think its...neat...that's all."

Hazel laughed, but nodded in agreement, "That's a much better answer than I'd expected, you get points for that!"

"One of these days I'm going to start cashing out these, Hazel points, you keep giving me!"



Nancy's footsteps and the impact tremors they caused broke the two from their discussion, causing them both to stop and look toward the source of the chaos. They easily spotted Nancy making her way across the apartment, her strides easily leaving them both behind.

"Aww crap, she's up already?" Hazel groaned, shifting into high gear, enough to pass Jerry.

"Hey, slow down...you didn't tell me this was going to be a race!" Jerry groaned, matching Hazel's speed reluctantly.

"She's going for the damn cake, I swear if her fat ass eats it all I'll..."

"You'll what?" Jerry asked, curious.

"Well I won't be happy that's what...okay..." Hazel said, deflated.

"Aww, I'm sorry. Well...I'm sure you can voice your outrage after the fact, shall we head back and fuck now?" Jerry asked, but kept pace.

"No snusnu till I get fed, now mush!" Hazel snapped back, some of her whimsy and much of her patience gone. "Under here...we can take the shortcut!" Hazel redirected Jerry toward the couch, both of them easily able to sneak right under without the need to duck.



Nancy took a seat on the sofa, making sure to make as much noise as she could, the smile hidden from sight on her face betrayed her amusement. She didn't always love it when Hazel caused trouble, but every so often, she found playing along much easier and far more effective than always being the big bad wolf and ruining their fun.

Nancy propped her feet up on the coffee table, wiggling herself into a comfortable spot then set her computer on her lap. She wasn't doing anything important, mostly shitposting and doom scrolling. She only had to make sure SHE was where THEY were. The reason for this was quite simple, if she just happened to be where they didn't want her to be, Jerry and Hazel would have to work harder, think smarter and move faster. This was a total body workout and a brain teaser all in one.

"I surprise myself sometimes." Nancy whispered to herself, "go me!"

She couldn't hear them, but she knew right where they were. When she sat down they would be sure to take notice, stop and overthink the situation.

It was perfect.

A little cruel.

But Fun.



“Oh wow, what a coincidence, she keeps parking herself right where we don’t want her to be!” Jerry mused, cautious as the cave around them shook, dust from the underside of the couch raining down onto them.

“Right.” Hazel grumbled, eyes narrow. “I can’t see her legs...she must have her feet up...she’s relaxing.” Hazel took a few wary steps forward, once her suspicion was confirmed she turned back to Jerry. “We’re fine, lets go.”

“Wait, shouldn’t we-”

“Ho and humm and deliberate over what to do? That’s a waste of time...let’s just go, we’ll be fine.” Hazel pressed onward, not waiting for an answer this time.

“Woah, okay I’m coming...shit.” Jerry jogged after, eyeing Hazel for a moment, “You’re really taking this seriously...what gives?”

“I take everything seriously, my mind works in two modes, off, and top gear...sorry but thats just the fun of living with me.” Hazel almost sounded apologetic, almost. “Besides, I don’t think we’re in any danger at all and I think you’re starting to figure out why.” Hazel broke out from the safety of the underside of the sofa, jogging toward the coffee table.

“I am?” Jerry stopped mid way, scratched his head, shrugged then ran after, “Wait a second, what is it I’m starting to figure out again!?”



Hazel stopped about halfway through the gap to the coffee table, eyes cast upward at Nancy's legs as she loomed above. "You know, it's really not fair!" Hazel sighed, crossing her arms.

"What's not fair? Being a fraction of her size in a world that works against us, subject to her whim and pleasure?" Jerry asked, only half serious.

"We have to eat healthy, stay fit and exercise...meanwhile this fat cow is getting chubbier by the day!" Hazel let out an indignant growl and shook her head, "Who is she to tell me I need to lay off the junk food, most of her diet is cheese, junk food and wine!"

"Right, priorities, almost forgot." Jerry shook his head, nudging Hazel forward for once. "Lets go before you blow a gasket."

"If I had thunder thighs like her I wouldn't be telling anyone else they need to loose weight, and another thing—"

"Come on Killer, you're starting to froth at the mouth a little, and I hate to admit it but it's kind of hot when you get all angry and shit."

This was enough to pull Hazel out of her tantrum, "Seriously, is that all you think about is sex?"

"Says the woman who set us on a Hero's Journey for a cupcake?" Jerry tugged Hazel's arm, pulling her forward.

"That...that's different!"



With the threshold of the living room behind them, the change in the floor to tile meant one thing and one thing only. “We’ve made it!” Hazel exclaimed, shouting with arms in the air.

“Woohoo, we’re officially halfway to nowhere! Go us!” Jerry sang out with a mix of cynicism and salt only he could master.

“We’re half way to our goal, and we’re finally ahead of Nancy! We’re almost there, my prize is in sight and the hard part is behind us!” Hazel turned to Jerry, there was legitimate joy and elation on her face and her excitement was only growing the closer they were to the tart.

“Wait, so this is the easy part?” Jerry looked up, and up and up still, his eyes following the monolithic expanse of the kitchen counter top as it stretched into the heavens, a dizzying sight if ever he saw one. “Getting up THERE is easy?”

Hazel nodded, taking both his hands and squeezing them for encouragement. “Come on, climbing is easy, we can do that in our sleep! We just have to find the right angle...that cake is practically mine!”

“Ours...you mean ours?” Jerry corrected, brow raised.

“Yeah yeah...you know what I mean.” Hazel dismissed Jerry’s concern, turning to eye the kitchen space with an eye of scrutiny. “We just have to find the best way up. Easy-peasy.” Of course, no sooner had Hazel voiced her victory than life decided to throw a wrench in her plans.



Nancy stood, setting her laptop down and made slow, lazy steps into the kitchen, eyes on nothing in particular. She'd decided now was a good time to further frustrate their efforts. Of course, she couldn't just let them off the hook too easily. If they wanted a treat, they would have to work for it.

She almost wished she could hear their tiny voices in panic as she made right for them, wondering how it is they thought she was totally oblivious when they were right out in the open like that.

A spider a third their size was impossible to miss when it crossed the floor, how then could she ever not see two clowns like them?

Nancy kept a straight face, suppressing a giggle. She would amble around the kitchen, doing nothing important and heading nowhere in particular for a while, before really giving them a heart attack by going for the cake itself.

That is what they were after, it was the only reason Hazel would pull a stunt like this, she always had a reason, and their beeline right for the kitchen betrayed their intent clear as day.

But for now, she would make them scramble, because that would get their blood pumping for sure!

One way or another, they WOULD earn their treat.



“Tell me again how you plan to get up there?” Jerry asked, keeping pace with Hazel.

“Haven’t thought of that.” Hazel’s reply was short and sweet.

Jerry was quiet for a moment before he spoke up once more, “Don’t you think that’s kind of an important step to just wing?”

“The thought had occurred to me, yes...but I have a feeling that will work itself out.” Hazel grinned, looking momentarily at Jerry and winking.

Jerry shook his head and narrowed his brow, “I...wait a second slow the fuck down.” Jerry slowed to a casual jog, “Did we really come all this way, without so much as clue how we’re going to get up there?”

Hazel’s expression was cautious and mildly embarrassed, but still seeded deep inside was that signature confidence, she pressed her lips together until they were thin, and shrugged, “I always figure it out...besides I wouldn’t say I was clueless...I have a...well I kind of have a plan?”

“Please, feel free to share.” Jerry laughed, he wasn’t upset, this was typical Hazel.



“Okay, well the fridge is plugged into a twenty amp socket right above the kitchen counter, it’s a steep climb and a short leap, but we’re both in shape and besides, a fall wouldn’t kill either of us. Oh sure, it might be painful but we’d survive...still...I don’t suggest falling.” Hazel explained, poking Jerry’s arm before jogging on.

“I don’t know what any of those words mean...what’s a socket and why are amps important...isn’t that like...what you plug a guitar into?” Jerry scratched his head, eyes going wide as he caught up to Hazel’s train of thought, “Woah...go back to the part about falling to our deaths?”

“I said it wouldn’t be deadly...we’d break an arm or leg at most. We’re small, we’d survive.” Hazel insisted, her voice light hearted to take some of the stress away from what she was saying.

“None of this seems fun anymore, can we just ask Nancy for some cake, then get to the sex part?” Jerry jogged after, a sour look on his face.

“No pain, no gain...she won’t give us anything unless we work for it, and we haven’t worked for it yet. Now heads up, you’re lagging behind.”



“Here, I’m tired of fruit and nutrition pellets. I want something sweet, sinful and fattening. If Nancy wants to eat rabbit food, that’s on her. I want cake.” Hazel insisted, back stepping a bit to stand next to Jerry.

“I don’t know Haz, I always back you on this stuff, but I kind of think Nancy knows best? We won’t live as long if we’re out of shape, and it’s a lot harder to move about if we get fat?” Jerry hesitated, he didn’t want to get on Hazel’s bad side, but he definitely didn’t want to incur the wrath of Nancy.

“That’s not how it works, we won’t get fat from one treat. Besides, we’ll burn more energy climbing up that cord than we’ll eat. How much cake do you think we can eat? Anyhow, I’m starving, it’s been...half an hour at least since we’ve had anything to eat.” Hazel pushed Jerry forward, and together they moved at a slow jog.

“That’s a good point, I am feeling peckish. Hey, why is it you suppose we eat so much more than Nancy?” Jerry asked, confused.

“We don’t, she can shovel more back in one bite than we eat all day...we just eat more frequently, and I have no idea...maybe it’s because we’re small and can’t fit as much inside us...so we eat more often? Now stop asking silly questions and get your head in the game!”



It was about now that Nancy decided to make her presence known, interrupting the two fleeing smalls from whatever adorable little conversation they were having. Nancy couldn't exactly tell, but she knew what she'd done as soon as they froze, like little mice scurrying towards whatever cover they could find. It really was adorable how human they could be sometimes, then in the same instant, how much like little mice they seemed to act.

Nancy took slow, lazy steps into the kitchen, but kept to the other side of the kitchen island, making a beeline for the cake she'd left. This would fire Hazel up, this would get them both moving, she thought, as she effortlessly picked up one of the remaining pieces, taking a big bite of the sweet delight, making sure to catch the crumbs in her free hand so as not to deliver anything to them without the right amount of effort.

Nancy made short work of the small piece of cake, finishing it and running a finger over her lips, licking it afterwards with a satisfying smack of her lips. She made sure to make indirect eye contact with the two, leaving just enough doubt in their wee minds as to if she could see them or not, then in a move that would no doubt throw them both off, she crossed the kitchen, heading right for them.



“Oh screw that, are you fucking serious!?” Hazel cursed, hands balled into tight fists. “She’s doing this on purpose, did...did you see what she did there? She looked right at us, urgh!” Hazel let out a shrill scream, making a beeline for the kitchen counter. “Bitch wants to play chicken, I’ll play!”

Jerry stumbled forward after Hazel, confused and alarmed by her sudden outrage. “Woah...slow down...hey come back what are you...shit...” He hardly had time to react, Hazel was off the chain at this point, acting purely on instinct. One second she was fuming, the other she was running straight for a steamrolling Nancy, and he knew exactly how this collision would end. “Hazel!?”

Hazel knew something Jerry did not, Hazel was almost certain Nancy was well aware of what was happening, where they were, and what they wanted. So when she made a beeline for Nancy, she didn’t for a second believe either of their lives were in danger. Nancy would never, could never. She didn’t have it in her.

Nancy, for her part, had taken out her smartphone and was either talking to herself, pretending to talk to someone else, to further sell her ‘unaware’ charade, or was checking her voicemail. It didn’t matter, Hazel didn’t buy into the ploy, she wasn’t going to back down, and as Nancy drew nearer, it became clear, neither would she.

After all, why should she? She was the large one after all.



Jerry reached Hazel's side in time for both of them to dodge an enormous foot that came crashing down directly between them. If Nancy was pulling her punches, it was certainly difficult for Hazel and Jerry to tell.

Hazel went one way, while Jerry went another, both startled by the proximity to Nancy's footfall and the terrible impact tremor it caused. To make matters worse, Nancy stood in spot for a second, pivoting her heel and turning to walk the other direction, giving them both a moment of confusion as to where her next step would land, and what direction she would continue to move.

"Hazel, look out!" Jerry shouted, covering his head as he ducked and ran for his life.

"You're going the wrong way...get over here!" Hazel screamed back, her own ingrained survival instincts keeping her moving at a fast pace away from Nancy's feet.

"I can't, she's being all weird...what way is she going!?" Jerry shouted back. Nancy was indeed being sporadic, talking out loud on her phone and pacing back and forth covering very little actual distance.

By the time Hazel stopped to get her bearings, Jerry was well out of earshot, and to make matters worse he'd gone the wrong way. She contemplated going back for him, but knew getting past Nancy would be a problem, no, she had one choice.

Press onward.

Jerry would catch up. OR offer a suitable distraction. Both worked.



Nancy was well aware of how close she'd come to ending the lives of both her little pets, or at least how close it seemed. Truthfully she was in control the whole time, and knew no matter how slow and careful she was, they would interpret a booming step as a booming step with very little attention paid to how careful she was being. If she knew Jerry and Hazel, they would both panic and run, and why not, she must look absolutely enormous from all the way down there.

Nancy often tried to place herself in their situation, she wondered what it would be like to be a tiny, loved, pampered little small. To have all her needs met, with nothing to do but screw, eat and play. Sometimes, she envied them both. No bills, no responsibilities and nobody else relying on them for anything. It really did seem like a pampered life sometimes.

Of course, the trade-off was to surrender control of your own life to somebody else? Someone else to decide what you ate, when you ate, and what your day looked like.

Nancy was careful, kind and loving, she never hit, yelled at or frightened her smalls, only ever disciplining them with positive reinforcement, rather than physically reprimanding them.

If she had ended up a small, if she was like them, she could only hope to find herself in the care of someone like her.



Jerry couldn't hear Hazel. All he could focus on were the thundering footsteps and Nancy's voice as she chatted idly on the phone. He wasn't afraid of her, he knew if she saw him, she wouldn't be angry. She would coo, ask him how he got there, pick him up then carry him right back to the terrarium.

But he wasn't thinking with his logical, reasonable brain, he was thinking with his lizard brain. Something huge, enormous and frightening was chasing him, so he had to find a place to hide. That was all there was, the only thing on his mind after such a close call with death.

Jerry ran as fast as he could toward the towering cylinder stretching into the sky in the distance, like one of those huge buildings the humans vanished into from time to time when they went to work. He ran, his lizard brain convincing him that at any moment an enormous foot could come down and crush him into a greasy smear on the kitchen floor.

He knew Nancy was following him, he could feel her footfalls as she went about her business, but she wasn't directly following him, just pacing back and forth as she talked on her phone, laughing every now and then at whomever she was talking to. Jerry didn't care, he wasn't about to stop and look back. Bad things always happened when people stopped and looked back.

That was when he would be crushed, or worse.



With Nancy occupied, Hazel's jaunt to the refrigerator was eventless and calm. She made it without issue, stopping to look back at Jerry, who was making for the garbage can, as Nancy kept up her charade, moving closer and closer to him each time she paced. It was enough to cause Hazel to sigh and shake her head, rubbing her temples. "You have got to be kidding me, come on Jerry she's corralling you." Hazel huffed, crossing her arms.

If the situation was reversed, Hazel would call the bluff, as she had just attempted to do. It didn't matter that technically Nancy had clearly won that little game of 'chicken', Hazel had her pride, and besides she was now closer to her goal than she had been before, so victory was kind of in the eye of the beholder?

Jerry was in no real danger, Hazel knew this, Nancy knew this. The only one in question was Jerry himself, who as far as Hazel was concerned was being naive. It was clear enough Nancy was playing with them, if he didn't realize that, it was his own fault.

"Okay, time to start climbing!" Hazel spat in her palm then rubbed her hands together, grasping the cord tightly, then began her climb.



Jerry found refuge behind the trash can, taking a moment to catch his breath. Both he and Hazel were in shape, so he wasn't out of fuel yet. Most of the exhaustion came as the adrenaline that had fueled his sprint wore off, allowing his rational brain to take over once more.

Nancy was looming close, talking on her phone standing over the garbage can. It was convenient how she seemed to stop in just such a place, how of all the places in the vast flat she could have stood, this was where. He shook the feeling off, entranced by the sight before him and with no Hazel around to smack him out of it, he had all the time in the world to enjoy the view.

Hazel wanted cake, she thought with her stomach and would often get hangry when she was hungry. Add to that her burning pride and the result was a Hazel dead set on one thing and one thing only, he had no doubt she would reach her goal.

As for him, he liked cake...sure, he was really more of a savory and salt person, but cake was fine. Jerry wasn't above motivation however, it was just a different reward he was focused on, and as Jerry Jr. stood full erect, he knew exactly what he wanted that reward to be.

He wanted Nancy to play with them, and he could be just as determined as Hazel when he wanted to be.



Hazel made short work of the lengthy climb to the countertop, focusing on putting one arm over another and using mostly her legs to make the climb a breeze. Nancy made sure Hazel and Jerry were both in shape, and their tiny frames and light weight made most physical tasks easier than they would have otherwise been.

Nancy always said, a healthy pet is a happy pet. Hazel knew the truth was far more practical, an out of shape pet was an unhealthy pet and an unhealthy pet was expensive. Keeping them both at peak physical form both benefited Nancy's wallet, as well as Hazel and Jerry's sense of wellbeing.

Hazel had to admit, it was a lot easier getting around when she was in shape, even if she thought Nancy was overstepping her limits.

"I should really get to eat what I like, nobody tells her what to eat...and I'm in much better shape than she is." Hazel mumbled to herself, thinking it a good sign that she could both climb and talk at the same time. "I bet she couldn't climb a rope if her life depended on it." Hazel smirked, size wasn't everything after all.

It wasn't uncommon for Hazel to imagine herself pitted against Nancy in games of speed, strength and skill. Of course, this was assuming they were on the same, level playing field. Scaled down, Hazel was all but convinced of her superiority, both mentally and physically.

Though, for the sake of harmony, Nancy didn't need to know that.



Jerry froze, watching as Nancy took her time looming above, doing whatever it was she did on her rectangular talking device. It was a phone, it was a tv, it was just about anything Nancy needed it to be, which was confusing because everyone just called it a phone. But it was just as much a calculator, calendar, radio, and computer as it was a telephone.

Big ones were strange.

Jerry kept still not because he was afraid, but because of instinct. Deep at the back of his mind, some small primal part of him always told him to freeze when in the vicinity of an enormous predator. It just felt like the wisest course of action, even when it wasn't. As was the case now, as Nancy's eyes remained fixated ahead as she talked on the phone, unconcerned with the goings on below.

This didn't actually make Jerry feel any better, as an unaware Nancy was a careless Nancy, and when you're lingering near the feet of one so large, it's always better they know where you are, than not. Not even the spectacular view was enough to convince Jerry to remain; however, libido be damned, Jerry knew he had to put distance between himself and Nancy, lest he end up on the business end of those feet.

"Right, that's enough out of you." He spoke down to Jerry Jr., eyes forward now looking for a better place to hide.



Hazel hoisted herself up to the top of the pristine kitchen counter, taking a moment to catch her breath and admire the view. She always liked being higher up, it gave her a better view of her surroundings and just felt safe. Like a cat, Hazel preferred the advantage of heights over the inconspicuous advantage the ground gave her.

Sure, she was easier to spot on higher surfaces, much easier for Nancy to locate, but it just felt right, better, natural.

Of course, now that she was so close to her prize, she definitely had to up her game. Nancy would play for keeps now. There would be no carelessness or pretending not to see her. One mistake, one screw up and Nancy would pounce on her like a jaguar.

Hazel was fine with this. The added challenge made her heart beat faster, senses sharpen and the tips of her fingers tingle as her body prioritized blood flow elsewhere.

Also she was cold, and naked, but that was another issue altogether.

“Almost there...” Hazel licked her lips, mouth salivating, she was so close, the smell was overwhelming. “Keep her busy Jerry...” Hazel peered over the vast distance from her to the ground, looking for any signs of Jerry.

She wasn’t worried, she knew he was safe, Nancy wouldn’t let any harm come to him.

Not much anyhow.



Nancy crossed the kitchen in less time than it had taken Hazel to weigh her options, giving the tiny adventurer very little time to find a safe place to hide from view.

That was the major disadvantage that no amount of fitness or street smarts could ever hope to overcome. Nancy was fast. Stupid fast. She could cover distances so incredible it was difficult for Jerry and Hazel to comprehend. It almost didn't seem right for something so large to move so fast. Giants were supposed to be big, dumb, slow and lumbering. Clumsy and stupid, Nancy was many things, but slow, lumbering and stupid she was not (maybe a little clumsy though).

"Shit." Hazel grumbled, ducking low and scrambling for the first cover she could find, the back side of the sugar jar. "Go away...shoo...come on..." Hazel whispered under her breath, keeping as still as she could.

"But the thing about that is, I already handed in quarterly reports friday. I always do, who sends an email at 2:55? He damn well knew I would be out of office and I don't check my work email from home. The bastard did it on purpose...AGAIN." Nancy spoke about as much with her hands as she did with her mouth, making for quite the animated display as she ranted, ass leaning against the counter between the stove and sink.

Much to Hazel's annoyance, Nancy wasn't going ANYWHERE.

"Fuck...." Hazel cursed, as Nancy's shadow settled in, blocking the ambient light, darkening her hiding spot.



“I hate climbing, stupid heights...why does up have to be so goddamn far away?” Jerry grumbled. His arms hurt and the cord he was climbing was chafing between his legs. Climbing wasn’t as easy for Jerry, he weighed more and while he had more upper body strength, Hazel spent more time climbing all over their tank like a spider than he did. He was the stronger of the two, but Hazel had the endurance and the technique.

As such, Jerry took to the climb like a bull, burning off most of his energy half way up, causing the final stretch to become more of a slog than it needed to be as his muscles ached and screamed.

“Don’t even know why we need stupid cake, she’s probably gonna give us a piece anyhow, she always does. Why can’t we just ask...asking works, and it’s easier.” Jerry was getting his frustrations out NOW, so that once he reached the top, he wouldn’t be tempted to lay them on Hazel, who by this point of the game would certainly hear none of it. Also, complaining helped get his mind off the climb, distracting him from how far he still had to go.

Considering he was climbing the equivalent height of a downtown office building, this was no small task.

“Urg...why are counter tops so high!?”



Hazel hugged the side of the cylindrical jar, keeping herself as flat as she could. Nancy had finished on the phone and was keeping quiet and still, or at least as quiet and still as a building sized woman could anyhow. This concerned Hazel, who had to fight not to peak too far over to see exactly what her keeper was doing.

“Come on...go away...” Hazel whispered, carefully creeping over to get a peek, using every bit of her small size to her advantage.

Sure enough, Nancy was still there, and as luck would have it she was reaching right for Hazel.

The diminutive thief had to fight to keep from screaming, instead deciding not to give herself away and to see how this would play out instead, after all it wasn't over until she was either well fed, or captured and she sure as hell wasn't about to make that any easier for Nancy.

The shadow of Nancy's hand loomed over as she reached out, eyes locked on sometime near, but not directly ON Hazel. It was a tense moment, but Hazel's patience proved the right choice as Nancy reached for the jar beside the one Hazel was hiding behind.

“Ha...perfect.” Hazel gloated, keeping still as Nancy easily lifted the massive jar as if it weighed nothing at all. “Pfft...show off.”



Of course, with Nancy leaning in close, this meant the chances of being spotted increased drastically. To compensate, Hazel kept her body flat against the sugar jar and shimmed around, making sure to keep the jar between her and Nancy at all times.

It was difficult to imagine what Nancy could and could not see from her perspective, but Hazel knew her best chance was to use the jar as an obstacle and was hopeful that as long as SHE couldn't see Nancy then Nancy likely couldn't see her.

This may sound remedial, but it was Hazel's best chance against such overwhelming odds. "Come on Jerry, you're doing a lousy job distracting her." Hazel barked, feeling her heart threatening to beat through her chest as Nancy seemed to linger near, residual body heat enough to literally FEEL the giant woman's presence.

But for her part, Nancy simply took the small jar from the counter and focused her attention elsewhere. If she knew where Hazel was, she did absolutely nothing to betray that.

Maybe she had lost track of her, maybe Jerry's little goof had worked to her advantage? Maybe she would make it to the cake after all and get as much as she wanted before discovery? Maybe, just maybe.



Nancy glanced back, eyeing the sugar jar from the corner of her peripheral vision. She was convinced Hazel was hiding there, not because she had spotted her, if Hazel had been careless enough to get spotted the game would be over. No, she had figured Hazel's hiding spot out because it was really the closest and most logical place to hide, and Nancy knew Hazel.

Jerry was impulsive, reactive and simple. Hazel on the other hand was careful, rational and cunning. She would react logically, to every step of the challenge as such challenges presented themselves.

Hazel was so much more fun to spar with like this, and right there was the reason Nancy allowed this game to continue as long as it had.

Hazel needed the challenge, it was almost as important as keeping her physically healthy. If Hazel was allowed to get bored, neither of them would be happy. This way, Hazel was happy, Jerry was active, and she could pat herself on the back for a job well done.

Either way, Nancy came out as the winner, or at least that was the case from her perspective.

With a suppressed chuckle, Nancy shook her head and made for the other side of the kitchen. Otherwise, there was no way poor Jerry was going to make it, and this would be far more fun the closer she let them both get to the prize.



“Aha, perfect....” Hazel peaked out from behind the salt shaker, letting Nancy put a good distance between them before she even dared come out from the safety of the shadows.

“I told Jerry this would be a breeze...heh...silly Jerry...wait...crap...Jerry!” Hazel groaned. It had been a while since they parted, and with Nancy focused on her, he should have easily made it across the kitchen and up the cord.

“I swear if I have to rescue his ass again....” Hazel groaned, looking to her immediate vicinity to see if Jerry was near, when she didn’t spot him she sighed, this meant he hadn’t made it yet and was likely stuck.

Hurriedly, Hazel snuck across the counter back across the rangetop toward the cord, she heard it well before she saw it, the familiar squawking of a distressed Jerry.

“Hazel...Hazel where are you...I need help!”

Hazel groaned, “Of course you do....”



“What are you doing all the way up there?” Hazel shouted.

“Climbing, what does it look like?” A frustrated Jerry yelled back.

“Okay, but the counter is down here?” Hazel calmly offered back, crossing her arms over her chest.

“You don’t say?” Jerry groaned, “I was trying to get some height clearance before I made the jump...”

Hazel giggled, covering her mouth with a hand, “Overshot it a bit I guess?”

“Aren't you observant?”

“Slide down a bit, I’ll help you across the gap.” Hazel shook her head, trying to speak without laughing.

“Look, it seemed like a good idea at the time. The higher I am, the more clearance I have when I jump...I’m not a spider like you, Hazel. Some of us respect gravity, IT IS a LAW after all.” Jerry slowly shimmied down, arms screaming in protest as his knees hugged the cord tight.

“Laws are meant to be broken, bent and shaped...and the fall wouldn’t kill you so stop being a baby.” Hazel rolled her eyes.

“I’m sorry if the prospect of a broken leg doesn’t appeal to me...”

“If you stopped your bellyaching you’d be down by now?” Hazel rolled her eyes.

“I’m not bellyaching, I’m distracting myself...don’t rush me!” Jerry insisted, making slow progress.

Hazel smiled, it was quick and subtle and meant only for her knowledge, but a smile nonetheless, “What would you do without me, Jerry.”



“I don’t know what you would do without me, you know that?” Hazel teased as she helped Jerry up and onto the counter. He had just managed to miss the mark, but caught himself on the very edge of the counter, preventing a rather nasty fall.

“Very likely, not get myself into shit like this and relax instead?” Jerry shot back, without missing a beat.

“A life not lived is no life at all, Jerry. You’re much happier with me.” Hazel groaned, pulling Jerry up and onto the counter, no easy task considering. “You can thank me later.” Hazel grunted out, with one final pull she had Jerry up and onto the counter but fell back onto her rear end from the force, sending Jerry tumbling down on top of her. “Woah...I mean this is one way to thank me I suppose?” Hazel’s face went flush.

Jerry rolled his eyes, taking a second to catch his breath, “Right, thanks for nothing I suppose.”

“Don’t be such a sour-puss. You’re getting your dues for helping me, don’t forget.” Hazel scoffed, taking a moment to look Jerry over for damage, her hand making its way to his cheek to softly cup the flush red flesh in her hand, “Really though, I appreciate this...having you here I mean.”

Jerry smiled, touching her hand with his and grinning something fierce, “That was almost sweet, you’re getting so close!”

Hazel’s smile fled, leaving way for a sour expression and quickly she turned her head, “Don’t be a jerk.”



“Well....” Jerry pretended to muse, lightly pinning Hazel down under his weight, hips tightening just a little, “I guess you did just save my life just now...”

“Snatched you from the jaws of death...swooped in like the eagles and pulled you out of the fires of Mount Doom.” Hazel added, her voice soft and sweet.

“That deserves a proper thanks indeed.” Jerry leaned in, brushing Hazel’s hair from her face, and cupped her face in his hand, kissing her slowly and passionately.

Hazel moaned, kissing Jerry back. The tension she had been holding onto since their adventure started begun to melt away and she found herself dangerously close to letting herself get wrapped up in the moment, “You know, if all you wanted was to get me in bed, we didn’t have to come this far?” Hazel whispered, a frog in her throat from the passion of their kiss.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you...” Jerry groaned, pulling back for a moment to make pointed eye contact with Hazel, who clearly didn’t appreciate how quickly he agreed with her.

Hazel’s entranced gaze snapped back to a forced glare and she gently but firmly shoved Jerry off, wiggling her way free from his embrace and standing, despite his protests.

“Awww...come on I didn’t...Hazel...” Jerry sighed, reaching out for one last desperate hope, snagging her ankle, “We’re more than half way, clearly I’ve earned a down payment hmmm?”



“Payment due on delivery, you know the rules.” Hazel easily tugged her leg free, making for the other side of the kitchen counter. “I know how you get after sex, I’m not doing this alone while you curl up for a nap by the stove. Come on, up and at them soldier.” Hazel glanced back, focusing on Jerry’s erect member, “Both of you.”

Jerry sighed, making a point to do so as loudly and dramatically as he could and very slowly and deliberately pulled himself up. “Fine...but I’m going to start charging extra for dangerous situations...call it an...emergency tax?”

Hazel rolled her eyes, a wild grin hidden behind her locks of hair, “Oh Jerry, you know a toy is less work, and I don’t have to listen to it whine the whole time? Don’t make me replace you with something much less whiney?”

Jerry quickly caught up, a look of feral determination in his eyes, “Oh, is that a challenge? Don’t worry I can show you why I’m a lot better than some toy!”

“Hey!” Hazel sprinted away, making for her goal, “Where was this fire when you were climbing!?” She laughed, hardly able to stay ahead of her feral partner.



Nancy went about her business, the benefit of her size advantage over Jerry and Hazel giving her a panoramic view of the kitchen counters without actually appearing to look directly at them. Thanks to her innate knowledge of her own kitchen she knew exactly where they were as they scurried along. Nancy had excellent peripheral vision, a must when such tiny pets were often scurrying around.

Adopting Jerry and Hazel had not been something she'd ever thought she would find herself doing. She wasn't fond of pets...not that she hated animals, she loved them. But never saw herself as overly maternal or nurturing. The cleanup was always a pain too. Cats needed their litter boxes cleaned, dogs required daily walks and both needed grooming.

Fish needed their tanks cleaned, even birds had to be preened on occasion. Nancy loved animals, she just didn't trust herself to care for another living being who relied on her so much that without her constant care and attention they'd die.

Then she met Hazel and Jerry and all that changed.

They were so much like her, were nearly self-sufficient as far as grooming, and required very little as far as walking, cleaning up after and were incredibly cheap to feed. On top of all that they made for great company.

And as was the case now, they were very amusing to watch.

So she tried her best to go about her business as if nothing was wrong, pretending she had no idea where they were. It was much more fun to watch them scurry about this way.



“Not yet...” Hazel whispered, holding Jerry back.

“Why not...she’s distracted...” Jerry answered back, talking at his normal volume.

“Because it’s not the right time...and stop yelling.” Hazel’s whisper-yell was nearly as loud as Jerry’s talking, a fact not at all lost on Jerry, who rolled his eyes in response before answering.

“Are you sure...” Jerry tried to look where Hazel was looking, to see what she saw, to figure out what she was basing her decision off.

Sure enough, Nancy turned, making her way to fetch something in the distance. What and how didn’t matter, to Hazel this was the golden moment to make her move.

“Okay now!” Hazel took Jerry by the hand and made a run for the cover of a salt shaker across the way. They both ran as though their lives depended on it, with Hazel ahead and Jerry fumbling to keep up.

“Slow down...she’s not even looking at us...jeeze!” Jerry whined, he was tired at this point, and without the same excitement for ‘cake’ as Hazel, he was finding it difficult to find motivation to keep going.

“If she sees us now, she’ll definitely stop us. I didn’t come this far to be caught now...come on!” Hazel insisted, her words alone enough to spur Jerry on.



Jerry did his best to coax Hazel into a little fun time, which normally wasn't too difficult to pull off as she was always quite the willing participant. But not now, not today. Not with such a delicious prize so close she could smell it, taste it, see it.

Bask in its shadow.

"Mmmmm, tempting, but we're so close...come on...can't you smell that Jerry?" Hazel loved when Jerry was confident, when he took the lead and initiated intimacy like this. Nothing got her in the mood more than a little well placed aggression and confidence.

BUT her other senses were all focused on one thing, sugar.

They were so close, not even the overwhelming scent of Nancy's tea could turn her off the trail, nor apparently the randy advances of her lover.

"I may be a little more motivated after a bit of a kiss? Hmm, and maybe a little more?" There was a growl in his voice as he pushed Hazel's hands back over her head and swept in close for a kiss.

"Not yet...but soon...I promise." Hazel ducked away from the kiss and deftly pulled her hands free, wriggling herself out of his embrace and making a beeline for her goal, the cake!



Jerry tried to stop her, to distract her...beg her even. But Hazel was too close, too focused, too set on her prize.

“You are very focused...you know she was likely going to give you some anyhow.” Jerry groaned, but Hazel was already off, sprinting toward her next hiding place, a fruit bowl adjacent to the tart.

“Come on, we’re too close to stop now!” Hazel whisper-yelled back, prompting Jerry to follow, however belligerent and frustrated he was.

Both focused now, completely unaware that Nancy was now looking directly at them, watching them both with a shit-eating grin on her face.

How could she not, this was the best part, the climax, the pinnacle of the whole game. Watching them bicker and whine as different motivations pulled them each in separate directions.

Jerry motivated by his cock, Hazel by her stomach. It was too good, too funny.

Oh, she could end the game now. Sneak up behind them and snatch them both easily off the counter. But where was the fun in that? To watch the hope drain from both their eyes? She wasn’t heartless, they’d both worked hard to get where they were, Nancy considered this a personal victory. They were fit, smart and keen on their feet.

This was, after all, what she wanted. Healthy, fit, smart and active.



“Hazel...this doesn't seem right....” Jerry ducked behind the plate of fruit, keeping a close eye on Nancy in the distance, who seemed engrossed in her cup of tea.

“What? What do you see...what's wrong?” Hazel's eyes remained locked on the plate ahead on which sat the cake, her prize.

“Nancy...she's...I don't know...why is she spending so much time looking directly at her mug? That's not like her...she doesn't linger...she should be thumbing through her phone or something?” Jerry narrowed his eyes.

“It's fine...let's go.” Hazel kept low at first, then as she picked up speed she took off at a full sprint towards the cake.

“I just think it's all been too easy. She could have caught us both a dozen times by now? Why hasn't she? It's like she's doing this on purpose...it feels off?” But Hazel was already gone, well out of earshot.

Maybe if she'd took the time to listen, maybe she would have slowed down enough to consider his words.

Or maybe she already knew. Maybe she knew it was a trap the whole time, and was taking the only chance she would ever be given?

Jerry didn't know, and at this point it didn't matter. Hazel was in the homestretch and all would be revealed soon enough.



Jerry ran after Hazel at a full sprint, faster than he'd managed to run all day, he caught up to her and grabbed her by the arm, "Hazel just stop for a second, this doesn't feel right."

"Finally figured it out?" Hazel lurched back from the sudden stop, but simply forced herself forward, pulling Jerry with her.

"Figured it out?" Jerry shook his head.

"She's been watching us all this time." Hazel stated simply, "What kind of owner would she be otherwise? Naw, she's known we were out...oh probably since the living room?" Hazel was moving slower now as Jerry was weighing her down, but as he processed her words his pace increased.

"This whole time?" Jerry gasped.

Hazel nodded.

"Shit...well that's dumb...why didn't she just stop us?" Jerry whined.

"She wants us to succeed." Hazel answered, tugging Jerry forward. "We get what we want, she gets what she wants, everyone is happy. She gets to feel like she's a good owner, watching us defy our limits and do amazing things, and we get a sweet treat. She'll feel like we've earned it and we'll give her a break for a few days...its a win win." Hazel groaned, "BUT not if she catches us fucking around and decides to end it soon. SO...HURRY UP!"

Jerry blinked several times, that did make sense. He laughed, and soon sprinted after Hazel, "I don't know if that's the smartest, or the dumbest thing I've ever heard...clever girl."

"She's the owner for a reason I guess..."



Nancy watched them both stop a few inches from the plate, she couldn't hear them from here but she could imagine what they were saying. If she knew her Hazel and Jerry like she thought she did, Jerry was desperately looking for the trip line that would trigger some sort of proverbial trap, while Hazel was insisting she was actually one step ahead.

She could tell from the occasional glance her way they were both on to her now, not that she would give herself away just yet.

Hazel was confident, too confident and that was her weakness and greatest strength. Jerry was careful, cautious and smart like a rodent. This too was a strength, it was an effective strategy for mice and insects and it was an effective strategy for him.

Together they didn't make too bad a team, when they could get over one another's approaches and actually focus.

They were so close now, she pondered lunging forward to startle them. Or maybe she would wait until they were about to dig into their prize before looming over them, and pulling the "angry giant" routine.

Neither of them were particularly afraid of her, she'd never given them a reason to be. But it always stopped them in their tracks, as well it should.

Nancy felt a smile creep to her lips, this was more fun than it should be.



The celebratory mood Hazel felt upon reaching her prize was not without its own heartache. She had accomplished what she had set out to do and was not within reach of her prize. She could see it, smell it, nearly reach out and touch it. But at the same time, as she drew nearer, she felt a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. The familiar footfalls of Nancy, growing heavier, louder and more intense as she drew near as well.

A shadow soon blotted out the light, draping her in the shade of Nancy's immense body. "Tut-tut...is somebody getting into the sweets? Tisk, my fault for leaving sweets out I guess. Always the way of it, sugar attracts bugs." There was a teasing ring in Nancy's voice, filling it with sarcasm and humor, rather than annoyance or disappointment.

Hazel, like the graceful feline, was fast and swift, and aimed to get as much as she could, as fast as she could before Nancy could strike.

And strike she would, even if this had been her plan all along, even if Hazel had played everything right. Nancy wouldn't let this go down without first asserting herself, her dominance. She had to remind Hazel who was in charge, after all.



Hazel lept for the plate as it began to levitate into the sky, grasping hold of the ledge in the nick of time. Before she knew it, her legs left the ground and she was dangling on the edge of the plate as it continued its ceaseless ascent into the sky.

“Ha...Hazel let go...HAZEL!?” Jerry yelped, reaching out for Hazel and making a futile dash toward her as Nancy pulled his partner further and further out of his stratosphere.

“Oh no you don’t!” Hazel growled, swinging one leg skillfully toward the ledge of the plate and while she missed the first and second time, on the third swing she managed to get her leg up and over, better securing her position. “I’ll have that cake if it kills me, woman!” Hazel squeaked, a mighty roar to her, a defiant whimper to Nancy.

“Will you now? Are you sure?” Nancy laughed, eyeing her little pet with a surprise look of respect and perhaps...pride?

After all, how could she not feel just a small swell of pride? This was her little Hazel, breaking limits, shattering her boundaries and going after what she wanted.

Not always something you wanted in a pet, but a good way to ensure her own survival, and that, while inconvenient, was respectable.



“I will, you’ll see!” Hazel wasn’t normally so willing to allow Nancy to break her concentration like this, but the shouting back gave her an outlet for her frustrations, helping her stay focused and keeping the adrenaline moving.

The moment she let go of that, the moment she allowed herself to feel the aching muscles, the terrifying vertigo, and the mental exhaustion. The moment she let go of this high, it would be over.

The slight shaking of the plate as Nancy lifted it, repositioning it for optimal viewing, caused Hazel’s secure grip to loosen, as her leg slipped off its precarious perch on the ledge of the plate.

“I don’t know, you are hanging in there...hehe...get it...hanging in...because you’re hanging?” Nancy snorted a laugh. In reality, while it might appear to Hazel that her life was in peril, Nancy had already snuck her other hand below the little woman and was ready to catch her wee pet should this situation should go south.

Hazel didn’t laugh, she didn’t scream back. Instead, she focused all her remaining strength on pulling herself up.

But sore muscles, aching bones, as well as mental and physical exhaustion were starting to take their toll, and Hazel felt sweaty fingers begin to lose their grip as she struggled to pull herself up.



Hazel groaned, her arms were on fire, her palms were sweaty and her mind was starting to fog over. She contemplated quitting, letting go and falling into the palm no doubt waiting for her below.

There was no shame in giving it your all and coming up short.

She'd once heard someone on the T.V say, "If you aim for the moon, and miss it's never a loss, as you're still among the stars". She couldn't remember who, when, or where? Some movie she'd watched with Nancy and Jerry likely, but it always made sense.

Whatever the stars actually were, they seemed like a magnificent consolation prize.

Hazel furrowed her brow, let out a determined scream and swung her leg up toward the ledge again, just missing, but used the momentum to try again, and again, and one last time, catching the ledge at the pivotal moment before her strength could fail her.

"HA!" She cried out, partly out of pain, partly ecstasy, partly relief.

Fuck the stars, she was going for the moon or bust!



“Are you sure this is safe...Hazel you’re gonna fall...maybe we should call this off before somebody gets hurt?” Jerry shouted up to Nancy and Hazel, who were both far too engaged to pay him any mind, at least at first.

Jerry winced, covering his eyes and turning away as Hazel struggled to keep her grip. His mind raced with what-ifs? What if she fell? What if Nancy was too slow to catch her? Humans were slow, clumsy and awkward. She could fumble and drop Hazel?

Could he make it alone? Nobody his own size, nobody to talk to.

His stomach was tied in knots as he wrung his hands together. “Hazel!” Jerry couldn’t help but find his gaze drawn back to the spectacle, she was losing her grip.

“Come on Jer, cheer her on?” Nancy laughed, trying to calm Jerry by proxy. If he saw she wasn’t worried perhaps he would chill too.

“But...”

“Come on little guy, what say if she makes it, you both get as much as you like!” Nancy teased, unaware that her own words just sealed the outcome of this contest then and there.



“Deal!” Hazel screamed, nearly biting a hole through her bottom lip as she dug deep for everything she had left. It wasn’t easy for her to both support her own body weight to stop from falling and pull herself up. All while the plate was moving all at the same time.

But Nancy’s own words gave her something to focus on, because now she’d said it herself, and Nancy rarely...if ever went back on her word.

Nancy laughed, turning her head away for just a moment as not to dislodge Hazel unfairly from her perch, “Oh dear...have I just fucked myself over then?” Nancy looked back, hardly able to hold in another laugh.

“Remember...” Hazel groaned, “You said as much as I want!”

“I did say that, yes.” Nancy nodded.

“Promise?” Hazel quizzed.

“On my heart, hope to die...stick a needle in my eye!” Nancy said, serious as she could.

Hazel’s tongue poked out just a little and she bit down to keep it in, “I got this!”



“You got this, Hazel! Show her how its done!” Jerry shouted from below, Nancy’s trickery succeeding in pulling him on board. Though not for the promise of sweets, but rather the reward Hazel promised him...and maybe...if they played their cards right...more?

He looked down to his “little Jerry” very rapidly rising to a full salute and quickly shook his head, turning back to focus on Nancy and Hazel. “You got this!”

Hazel hoisted herself up, rolling onto the plate with one last burst of strength, screaming loudly to force it all out in one last gambit for the prize.

And then it was over.

She felt solid ground under her once more. She’d reached the top, she’d crossed the finish line and felt the soft grass on the other side. Well, firm porcelain, but it felt divine.

“I...” She groaned, resisting the urge to pass out, instead crawling toward the cake to “tag” her prize, “...did it!”

“Yay! Good job!” Nancy, genuinely elated and impressed, smiled so wide her eyes were pulled into the mix as well, and cheered on her little pet.

How could she not? That was impressive.



Jerry leapt up and down, pumping his fists in the air. They had done it, it was a team effort...okay mostly driven by Hazel's fierce determination, but they did it.

He allowed the tension he had been holding in to release, fell to his knees, then his buttocks, then laid back, arms sprawled out on the counter, head lolled to the side lazily.

Hazel wasn't going to fall.

Nancy wasn't going to be mad at them.

Nobody was going to be stepped on, swept up or lost in the darkness between kitchen appliances.

It was over, they'd won...and he could rest tired bones.

Plus, the view was quite something.

"Thank fucking fuck..."



Nancy leaned lazily into the counter, hovering over her two pets as they nibbled away at their reward.

Well, Jerry nibbled...Hazel gorged herself. Taking hungry greedy bites as though she was determined to eat as much as she could.

“Slow down, don’t choke.” Nancy laughed.

Jerry watched Hazel, eyeing her as if he may lose a hand if he got too close and edged away slightly.

Hazel’s eyes went wide, face covered in cake, she looked from Jerry to Nancy, swallowed her mouthful and wiped her face. “S...sorry.” Hazel’s cheeks turned red, just a little and only for a moment.

“Savor it.” Jerry laughed, “Enjoy the moment.”

“I am.” Hazel said, mouth full already.

Nancy shook her head, “You’d almost think I starve you or something...”



Nancy glanced down at the two as they happily ate their hard earned reward.

Well, Hazel was happily eating anyhow, Jerry seemed to have other things on his mind. By the look in his eyes, the distracted way he kept looking around, and his general disinterest in the cake, other than a few bites here and there.

“What...stop looking at me like that?” Hazel grumbled, mouth full of cake.

“Like what?” Jerry tried to look away, distract himself with something else, anything else.

“You’re staring.” Hazel mumbled, swallowing what she had in her mouth but quickly replacing it.

“Am I?” Jerry’s eyes searched for a distraction, for a second landing on Nancy’s breasts acting as a tempting and gorgeous backdrop to their conversation, but quickly looked back to Hazel.

That was not the distraction he needed.

“Well stop, it’s creepy.” Hazel sighed, swallowing and flicking cake crumbs off her hand. “I remember what I said, and don’t worry...I’ll deliver.” She smiled, no doubt trying to look ‘cute’ and ‘seductive’ through frosting covered lips.

Jerry laughed, “Might...wanna...you have something right...” He motioned to his own face subtle like then looked down and cleared his throat.

“Oh...you mean right here...I have something right here?” Hazel challenged, reaching out and smearing frosting all over Jerry’s face.

Jerry sighed, nodding, scooping up some frosting with his finger and sucking it off, “Um...yeah...y...you got it.”



Nancy waited until Hazel appeared to have had her fill, then carefully picked one up, then the other, resting them both in one open hand. “Now come on you two, don’t leave me out of this conversation? I’m liable to have my feelings hurt.” Nancy teased, watching her two pets shimmy close together to find a comfortable spot on the limited space offered.

“It’s nothing, Jerry’s just getting blue-balls is all.” Hazel dismissed, rolling her eyes and sending Nancy a look.

“Oh? What’s the matter Jer? Didn’t rub one out before you started? Not like you...” Nancy flashed a crooked grin.

“Well...I was going to...however...”

“HOWEVER...” Hazel interrupted, “we had another arrangement.”

“Oh?” Nancy flashed a serious and interested look.

Jerry nodded, waving a hand to Hazel so she could continue.

“I kind of told him...if he helped me...then...I’d...you know...help him?” Hazel flashed a smile, it wasn’t anything other than what it appeared to be, a genuine smile.

“Awww, what a trooper. Well I say you did your part, right Jer?” Nancy looked down past her nose toward Hazel.

“I did.” Jerry nodded.

“You did.” Hazel shook her head, and laughed. “Though I had to save you like...twice...”

“Only once!” Jerry protested vehemently.

“Still, a deal’s a deal’s a deal, right Hazel?” Nancy objected.

Hazel mulled for a moment, just to make Jerry sweat, then nodded, “But...cake...” Hazel looked down off the ledge of Nancy’s hand to the cake.



“Urg, don’t eat so much you explode, I don’t wanna fuck you if you’re going to lose it all again half way through!” Jerry whined.

Nancy’s eyes went wide and she laughed at the thought, free hand covering her mouth, “Okay, eww...thanks for putting THAT idea in my head.” Her expression calmed and she looked down to Hazel, “He did fulfill his end of the bargain, you know?”

“He did.” Hazel sighed.

“I did.” Jerry added.

“I say, fair is fair.” Nancy suggested, though her tone was a little more commanding than anything else.

“Can’t I have just a bit more first?” Hazel gave Nancy her best ‘doe eyed’ stare.

“Ha, you’re gonna eat so much you pass out.” Jerry teased.

Nancy shook her head, tilting her gaze just a little, “That sounds like something she’d do, yeah.”

Jerry stood, stretching his arms above his head as if to limber himself up, “You never would have made it if it wasn’t for me, I distracted Nancy really good.”

Nancy did a quick double take and laughed, “What am I, a cat?”

“I guess you did huh?” Hazel looked up at Jerry. “That was clever...”

“Hey...I’m right here guys...I knew where BOTH of you were, thank you very much.”

“The old statue of liability play.” Jerry proudly exclaimed.

“I think It’s the Statue of Library...”

Nancy exhaled sharply, then shook her head, “Not quite you two...”



“You got your cake, Jerry played his part.” Nancy stated, while gently stroking Hazel’s back with her forefinger.

Jerry perked up a little, with no small bit of pride swelling in his chest. He couldn’t deny it, he liked it when he was praised.

Hazel shoved another bit of cake into her mouth, loath to admit she enjoyed the stroking, especially along her back.

“I say, Jerry gets a good, hard, energetic fuck?” Nancy wasn’t giving an order, but rather a request. She knew better than to force the two together. That wouldn’t end well for poor Jerry at all.

Jerry’s attention snapped to the words coming out of Nancy’s mouth. He was sore from all the climbing and wasn’t sure just how much energy he could put into this. Still, he was not about to argue.

Hazel looked to be contemplating the situation and while she was at it, enjoying the gentle strokes, doing everything short of purring. Of course, a few slightly more forceful strokes reminded her she didn’t have forever to decide either.



Hazel looked up to Nancy, then shifted her gaze over to Jerry, or rather his erect member staring her right in the face. He was already starting to get wet. That gooey pre sex excitement that told her he was already ready to and roaring to go.

“Alright then, if that’s how we’re going to do this.” Hazel finished her cake, mouth full like a chipmunk, then wiped her face clean with her arm. She took the time to swallow her well-earned reward before slowly looking toward Jerry.

Nancy was right, he HAD played his part, he always did. He never let her get into trouble on her own, he was always there to look out for her. Offer her an opposing point of view, and when push came to shove he never backed down. He was the best roommate, partner and friend she could ask for, and a promise was a promise.

Jerry watched her, the feral look growing ever more aggressive in Hazel’s eyes. It was both exciting, and a little bit intimidating. Before he could comment, or even rightly process this however, she was up, lunging at him like a lion after a gazelle.

“Gah!” Jerry yelped, as Hazel was upon him with animalistic hunger.

He saw what she’d done to that cake, and now the first course was finished, all eyes were on him.



Hazel wrapped her arms around Jerry's neck and her legs his waist, her grip like a python. Quickly, she kissed him, pressing naked flesh against his and pulling his head into hers with her hands on the back of his head. She kissed him for a long time, until both of them threatened to run out of air, then pulled back, taking a deep breath and keeping her eyes on his.

"I..."

"Shut up." Hazel interrupted, though her voice was drained of all aggression. "Look, I know I'm a lot okay...I can be moody, and cranky, and when I don't get what I like I can be a little bit insufferable."

"A little bit?" Jerry grinned, then winced at a sharp pain in his thigh, caused by Hazel's heel. "Sorry...go on..." He groaned.

"Anyhow...thanks...for putting up with me...and letting me have my way...and you know...everything else?"

"Heh...don't mentio-" Jerry began, but found it a bit difficult to talk with Hazel's tongue halfway down his throat.



Nancy watched her two beloved pets enjoy one another. It didn't take long for Jerry to hit his stride and recuperate from Hazel's surprise assault either, which caused Nancy to laugh, covering her mouth with her free hand.

Jerry lay Hazel on her back in the soft flesh of Nancy's palm, kissing the nape of her neck and working his way from there up her cheek to her lips. He stopped for a brief second to look into her eyes, anticipation had driven them both to feral levels and the look Hazel sent him back was more than enough to send them both over the edge.

"You did good." Hazel whispered.

"You had mentioned." Jerry replied, before silencing her again, pinning her arms behind her head and kissing her.



“Not that I need to tell you two how to do it.” Nancy cut in, tapping her chin in thought, “But if this is Jerry’s reward for a job well done, shouldn’t he get the night off...er...so to speak?”

Hazel and Jerry were already in the process of fucking like rabbits, when the spark of suggestion hit Hazel like a freight train. Nancy was right, this was her job, she definitely shouldn’t be on her back taking it all in? “Hey, that’s right...” Hazel exclaimed, before bucking her hips and gyrating to the right, sending Jerry tumbling off her.

“Wahh...hey!” Jerry protested, landing on his side then rolling onto his back.

She shuddered as she felt Jerry’s swollen cock exit her, but wasted no time, mounting him quickly and pinning his shoulders under her knees. “Sit, relax...I got this.”

Jerry, who wasn’t opposed to letting Hazel take the reins every now and again, only smiled in return. Hazel’s nails left marks on the glistening skin of his chest as Hazel shimmied back, biting his chest gently and caressed his nipples with her thumbs. The sensory input he was receiving from all of this, matched with the soft backdrop of Nancy’s hand was almost enough to send him into a blissful coma, if not for the very mild but arousing pain from a gentle nibble on his chest from Hazel.

“Mmm, okay...I’ll admit...you taste better than cake.” Hazel purred.



Nancy bit her lip, free hand running down her hips, gently caressing herself as she watched Hazel and Jerry tear each other apart. They were aggressive lovers who both seemed to like it rough. Biting, scratching, wrist restraints and such. It was all harmless to her, and apparently incredibly passionate and enjoyable for them. But her mind couldn't help but wander to other places, she would often place herself in Hazel's position and imagine a nameless lover doing such things to her.

Perhaps someone she met at a bar? Nothing lasting, just a fun time, a good fuck and gone by morning. The things they could do to one another, the ways they could explore themselves without fear of judgment, commitment or consequences.

Or she would often imagine herself in Jerry's place, allowing Hazel to take command and do with her as she pleased. Hazel knew things, and after all why not? Fucking was their number one pastime, and without fear of pregnancy, bills, depression and the crushing defeat of life to weight her down. She had nothing else much to focus on than getting better at it.

Nancy sighed, sometimes she wished the roles had been reversed, sometimes she thought...she was really the one held captive...while Jerry and Hazel...they were closer to freedom than she ever could be.



Jerry sent waves of pleasure cascading down Hazel's entire body and she bucked back, throwing her head back and screaming. Whatever he had done, however he had managed to do it, Nancy hadn't been able to see. They were small and pressed together tightly, but she heard the feral moan and watched as Hazel snapped back like a switch and slapped Jerry square in the jaw.

"Don't write a check your ass can't cash, little man..." Hazel growled and lunged forward, her hips doing half the work for her as her pelvis assaulted him, bouncing up and down so roughly, Nancy was afraid poor Jerry would burst.

"Oww, I felt that one from here Haz..." Nancy laughed, touching her own cheek with her hand. She didn't need to intervene, she knew Jerry...and Hazel enjoyed it rough, and this was just one of many creative roleplaying games she often lay witness to.

Cock and ball torture, bondage and orgasm denial and back door entry was never off the table...for either of them.

Nancy sighed, her pets had a better love life than she did...and that was a little sad. "Let's make this a little more interesting, shall we?" Nancy said, as she began to curl her fingers into a fist.



“What’s she doing?” Jerry asked, breathlessly.

Hazel ran her fingers through Jerry’s sweat soaked hair, tightening her fingers into a fist encompassing a good bit of his hair, “You just worry about me, no seconds until you’re done with the main course, hmm?” She purred, feeling one hand on her back and the other gripping her breast.

Dessert is never supposed to be more grandiose than the main course, but Jerry wasn’t suicidal, saying that aloud was liable to cause Hazel to tense up so hard she’d crush his cock to slurry.

Hazel had an incredibly strong pelvic floor.

Nancy’s fingers soon forced the two of them together like a sandwich, hot glistening bodies pressed so tightly they well may have merged into one.

“Oh...f...fuck...” Hazel screamed, she couldn’t hold back anymore and the pressure on her back and sides from Nancy was simultaneously activating every G-spot and pleasure center she had. She liked to be tied down, restrained and controlled every once in a while, so this was like that only a thousand times better.

Jerry moaned softly as he felt himself climax, he gripped Hazel’s flesh, tensed up then relaxed.

It was the perfect finish, with a not at all unwelcomed assist from Nancy.



Hazel and Jerry felt a drop as Nancy's hand fell to her side, carrying them both in her grip like a pair of keys, or the T.V remote. It seemed cold and ruthless, but didn't seem to effect either of them as they kept going at it without a pause.

"Already going for round two, without a break? Give the man a bit Hazel." Nancy laughed. She could feel them squirming around and not for the purposes of escape either.

No, Nancy had watched them enjoy themselves...she had allowed them to escape and feel the thrill of the chase and the satisfaction of a successful hunt, and now she was going to get in on things too. Now it was her turn for a little bit of fun.

"Where is she taking us?" Hazel exclaimed, through breathlessness.

"I don't know...but I bet it'll be fun!" Jerry licked his lips in anticipation.

"Still not satiated?" Hazel laughed.

"I'm always ready, remember?" Jerry answered back with pride.

"I guess so..."



The cold air hit them both as soon as Nancy opened her hand and the warmth and protection her fingers offered was taken from them.

Hazel gasped, hugging herself close to Jerry for warmth, while Jerry stared in awe at the enormous globes of flesh that greeted him in the background.

“How was she able to get naked so fast?” He wondered out loud.

As for Hazel, she wasn’t focused on Nancy’s breasts, tantalizing as they may be. No, Hazel was focused on Nancy’s facial expression, which was one of seriousness and contemplation.

“Uh...Jerry...” Hazel shook Jerry, breaking his attention from the venus fly trap he had been lured into.

“Huh?” Jerry blinked, following Hazel’s gaze. “Oh...heh...guess she’s ready for a go too huh?” Jerry turned his attention back to Hazel, already upon her once again, roaring and ready to go.

“Gah...hey wait....”

“Ahem!” All of that excitement gone in an instant, with a simple clearing of Nancy’s throat and a focused stare.



“Don’t either of you two for a moment think I’ve forgotten about that little escape business.” Nancy chastised, pointing an accusatory finger at them both, “Recklessness you know...you’re both liable to get hurt...or worse.”

Hazel looked to Jerry, who in turn looked back at her, then they both looked toward Nancy once more.

“But...”

Nancy silenced Hazel with nothing more than her eyes, then continued. “I can’t afford medical bills if either of you breaks a leg. Do you think I want to be the one to put either of you down over something so trivial?” Nancy was either pulling from some deep-seated acting skills neither of her pets knew she had or was at least partly serious.

Neither knew which was which...yet.

Jerry whispered to Hazel, “Are we really in trouble?”

Hazel whispered back, too afraid to break eye contact with Nancy, “Maybe...but then why is she naked?”

“Good question... aren’t we naked all the time though?” Jerry leaned closer to Hazel.

“Not the same thing...”

“...which leads me to the hard part...punishment.” Nancy, who had been talking the whole time, managed to draw their attention with the dreaded ‘P’ word.

“Punishment?” Hazel squeaked.

“Punishment.” Nancy confirmed.

“Punishment?” Jerry swallowed.

“Did I fucking stutter?” Nancy sighed.



Hazel tried to argue her case, it wasn't fair...Nancy had never reacted like this before, they had an unwritten agreement...why was she...

None of those questions would be dignified with a response, however, as the platform of Nancy's palm soon evicted them from their place, tilting ever so gradually until both began to slide down and off, falling a short distance onto Nancy's breasts.

Jerry clawed for support but was the first to fall in, sliding down into the valley of Nancy's cleavage, followed by Hazel tumbling down after him. They landed together in a tangled mess of bodies, unable to gather their bearings before the walls quickly closed in on them, smashing them together between the ultimate form-fitting body molds.

"Can't...move..." Hazel groaned, as flesh all around her absorbed even the most trivial of movements, sweet smelling after hints of Nancy's body wash assaulted her senses as flesh filled every crack and crevice.

They were trapped well and good.

"So, I guess it's round two then?" Jerry could be heard, struggling a lot less, seemingly resigned to their fate a lot more willingly than Hazel had.

"Shut up." Hazel groaned.

This...was going to be a workout.



The unrelenting pressure only continued to increase as Nancy adjusted herself, and their position to better avoid suffocation. The warm, dry flesh of her breasts began to flush and soon the already sweat-soaked bodies of Jerry and Hazel began to feel as if they were in a furnace.

Nancy's breathing went from slow and steady to fast and shallow between gasps and gentle moans of pleasure. Neither of them could see what she was doing, however both easily picked up on the reality soon enough, Nancy was cleaning the pipes, so to speak.

"Oh...that's interesting." Jerry laughed.

"Urg...think moron...what's going to happen when she gets there?" Hazel groaned, really wishing she had a little more personal space.

"She'll climax and we'll all have a nap?" Jerry answered, far less put off by any of this than Hazel.

"You...you really...wow...okay...no...well, eventually but first." Hazel craned her neck back, the only muscle in her body she could properly move, to get a look at the underside of Nancy's chin as she threw her head back slightly as well. "Well...we won't have to wait long to find out."

"Oh? Neat...sounds fun!" Jerry, very much enjoying the physical closeness, began to wiggle one of his arms, spider-crawling it down the length of Hazel's body toward her crotch.

"What are you...what...nooo...Jerry that's still ultra-sensitive...s...s...top..ahh...cut it out!"



Nancy bucked up on her knees, massaging herself slowly at first then increasing in speed and ferocity gradually. She could hear and feel the commotion down between her breasts and it felt great.

Power was a funny thing. Those that had it seldom deserved it while those without it often sought it relentlessly. As for her, there was nothing particularly special that set her apart from Hazel and Jerry. She wasn't born rich, wealthy or with a name that carried any weight. But she was given complete and absolute control over these two homunculi, complete and absolute control.

She could do with them as she pleased. She could spoil them and lavish them with attention, she could deny them food, love and affection, she could abuse them, toy with them and forget about it the next morning.

Anything she wanted without consequence. They had no rights, well very few anyhow. There were no checks and balances keeping her honest and true other than that of her own conscience and moral compass.

It was arousing. Power was sexy, and control was the catalyst. Jerry and Hazel were stuck where they were, at the mercy of something as trivial as her mammaries, stuck as nothing more than prisoners to her carnal desire, to wait and observe until she finished.

It was pure ecstasy, and she loved it.



Nancy, ever the quiet lover, climaxed with very little huzzah and fanfare, letting out nothing more than a quiet groan. The real telltale sign of her climax was the immediate relaxation of every muscle in her body.

Like a ragdoll, Nancy sat back on her haunches, the arm supporting her breast slid down her belly releasing her tits from their confines.

“Wah!” Jerry screamed as the ground beneath him gave way. For a second he tried to support himself between the two breasts, but with nothing holding them together, the once restrictive flesh was now incredibly yielding, offering no support. “That was quick!” Jerry yelped as he felt himself sliding downward. Hazel sighed, “She’s not done.” Hazel, anticipating this was in a better position and seemed to be using Nancy’s breastbone as a precarious foothold.

“She wants more?” Jerry laughed.



Nancy let out a soft moan, she shifted positions, leaning back further against the headboard of her bed, increasing the angle Jerry and Hazel precariously held to. This made the potential of a fall less intimidating, but no more easy to hold on than before.

Hazel managed to maintain her hold, despite the sweaty flesh, “Oh you poor thing, bound by your own biology. Naw, she doesn’t need a break between fucks, we can keep going...and going...and going.” Hazel hugged herself tight and low, so Jerry would slide off her back, rather than falling and taking her with him.

“That’s...kind of creepy...like the Terminator.” Jerry’s voice became thinner and thinner as his precarious hold gave and he felt himself tumbling down Nancy’s chest.

“It’s not creepy, it’s normal...what’s pathetic however is that you need a ten-minute nap between fucks...” Hazel held low, so as not to get caught when Jerry fell.

“Not my fault my batteries need a charge every so often...” Jerry tried to turn his body to grab hold of Hazel, but missed and continued sliding, “Oops...see ya Hazel!”

Hazel shook her head, unable to hold back a laugh, “Have fun down there...don’t get into any trouble!”



Jerry went down, sliding like a child on a toboggan while Hazel army crawled up, aiming for the safety of Nancy's neck. She wasn't opposed to sexy fun times, but she'd been through a marathon, her arms were near jelly, her stomach was full and her groin felt ultra sensitive from the sound and passionate pounding she had given Jerry. She wanted to curl up in a warm, safe place and take a long nap to let her food-baby digest.

Nancy, it would seem, was not quite ready for that yet.

Jerry tumbled down until he reached Nancy's navel. This managed to slow his fall enough, but not stop it altogether. No, he was destined for one location and one location alone. He watched Nancy's arm in the distance, as her slow and rhythmic massage increased in ferocity once more. It was like watching a crane operator work a tower crane. It was awesome and magnificent to watch, but dangerous if not deadly up close.

'She knows I'm here...I'll be fine...probably. She...she probably remembers I'm here?' Jerry mused to himself as the light began to dim, he was about to slide off the cliff at the bottom of the hill, destination...pussy.



Hazel, watching Jerry tumble over the edge, vanishing into the depths, sighed. "Of course he fell." She turned gradually and allowed herself to slide down a little, keeping her footing far better than Jerry had. Nancy's incline helped as the closer she came to a second orgasm, the more she leaned back against the head of the bed, this gave Hazel the ability to walk, carefully as though walking down a steep hill. "You moron...why didn't you grab hold at her belly button!"

Jerry, far from worried, had no intention of allowing himself to fall all the way to the mattress. He had one place in mind and would get there or bust. Reaching out, he managed to grab hold of the soft, spongy flesh of Nancy's labia, stopping himself from falling. "Ha...got it!" Jerry cheered.

Above him, Nancy's hand worked away at her clitoris, while two fingers worked the inside of her vagina. Jerry, for his part, hoisted himself up and crawled inside.

He'd already made one woman climax today, why not go for broke?

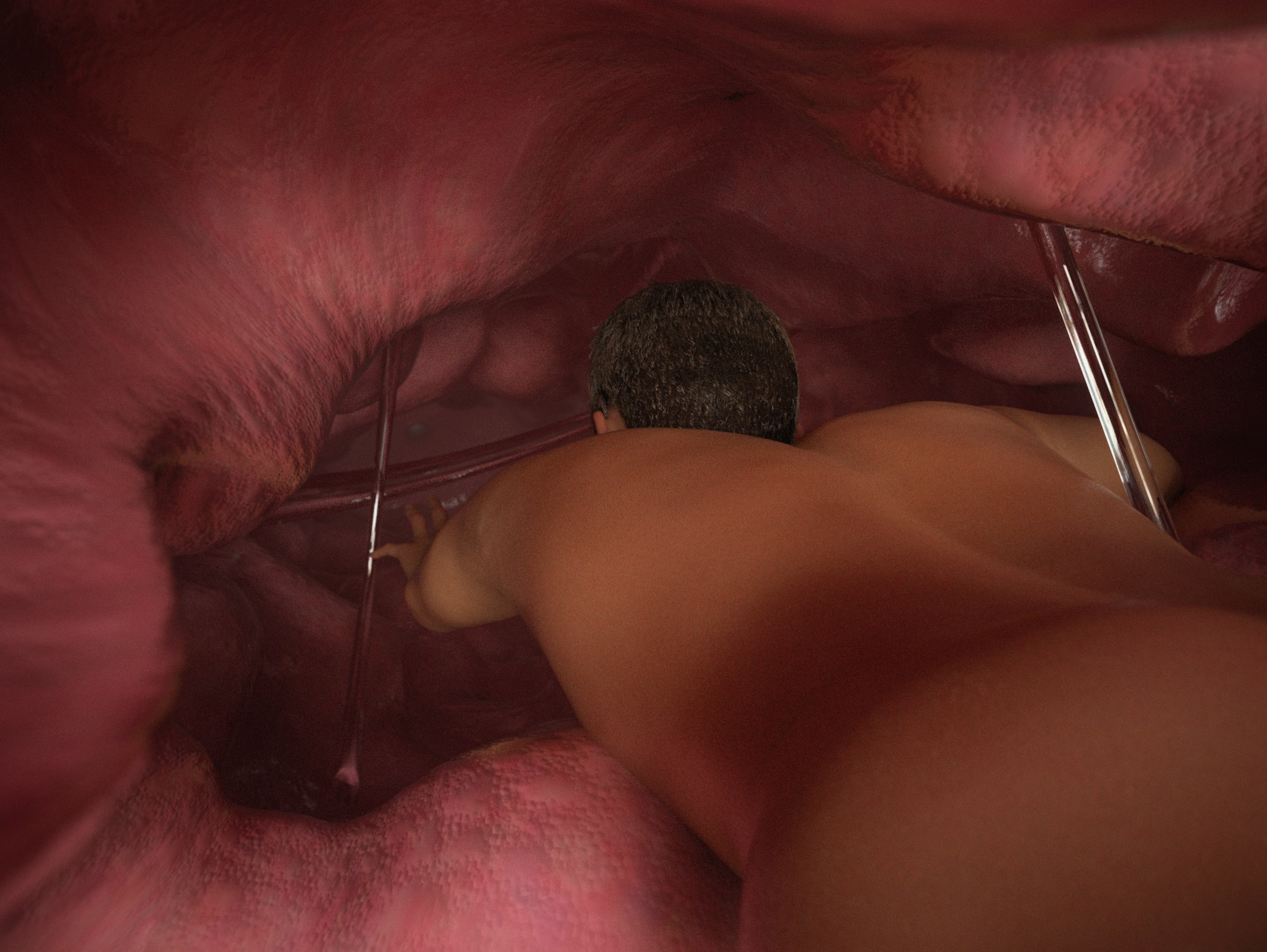


Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more! And so it was that Jerry, gathering forth his bravado, crawled into the moist cavern of Nancy's vagina. Greeted by hot, humid air and wet pulsating muscular walls, all to the rhythmic moaning and humming of Nancy's building pleasure.

"Here we go, this is what we've trained for..." said Jerry, who immediately went to work, army crawling through the pink cavern as Nancy's vaginal walls hungrily assaulted him. Constricting and relaxing, coating him in her juices as he made his way back.

"Oh Fuck..." He heard Nancy shout, a sign he was on the right track and doing a good job, also the stuttering that came with Nancy's moan was a good sign as well.

This wasn't Jerry's first adventure scuba diving in the great depths below, and hopefully if he played his cards right, it wouldn't be the last either.



His goal was clear, he was going to make it all the way to the back and massage that big, round portal thing. He wasn't exactly sure what it was called, nobody had every felt it necessary to label the female anatomy for him. But he knew one thing, it was one hell of a G-spot, and whenever he made it all the way back, Nancy went wild.

Of course, he wasn't quite aware that it wasn't just the destination Nancy enjoyed, but the voyage as well. For Jerry's progress was not as simple as crawling back to Nancy's cervix, not that it would be a quick trip.

Every move of his arms or wiggle of his hips...every millimeter forward was met with crushing, intense pressure pushing him back out. He would crawl a bit forward, then Nancy would bear down on him, closing in on him in every direction and pushing him just a little bit back.

Slow, steady, hard-earned progress, but Jerry was no quitter! "I'll get you, big red lifesaver thing!" Jerry shouted, bracing himself as Nancy squeezed down on him. Her feral moans of ecstasy rippled through her body.



“It’s called a cervix, you moron.” Hazel’s voice interrupted, causing Jerry to cease his progress and look back.

This was the LAST place he was expecting company. “Hey...room’s full...you get backdoor this time!” Jerry grumbled, not keen on sharing.

“Eww, no I’m not taking backdoor, she doesn’t even like that stuff anyhow.” Hazel argued. The validity of her statement was, however, up for debate.

Nancy did have her moods.

“Well, whatever, I don’t think we’ll fit...as soon as she...” Jerry began, but soon found himself crammed and smashed into Hazel once more, though far less gentle and comfortable than before.

“Plenty of room.” Hazel teased, fitting herself next to Jerry like a perfect game of Tetris.

“I’m so gonna need a bath after this...why do you still smell like cake?” Jerry furrowed his brow.

“Really...that’s what you’re smelling? We’re a half foot deep in Nancy and you smell the cake I ate?” Hazel laughed, “You really are something!”

“Whatever...just help me get the big red doughnut thing...”

“Cervix.” Hazel purred, as she latched onto Jerry, “I have other plans!”



Hazel squeezed past Jerry, the slippery vaginal walls making it an easy process, like two greased-up hams. Now blocking his path, she turned to face him, her lips carving a feral grin onto her face.

“You’ll have to get past me first.” Hazel growled, doing her best to look both hungry and sexy.

“Really?” Jerry perked up, interest piqued. “I can do that.” Jerry crawled forward, attempting the same trick Hazel just pulled off, only to feel Hazel’s arms and legs latch around him like a vice, nails digging into his back. “Hey...cheater...” he began, then felt a sharp pain on his shoulder. “Did you just bite me?” Jerry gasped.

“I’m still hungry. Got a problem with that?” Hazel’s voice was a deep low rumble, though a squeak in comparison to the white noise all around them from the passionate moans of Nancy.

“Um...no...I guess not.” Jerry pressed forward, doing his best to wiggle free from Hazel, and make it to his destination. So focused on his goal, still clueless to the truth.

All of this, the wrestling, the struggling, this was more stimulation than Nancy needed, and together they were quickly filling her pot to bursting.

And soon it would boil over.



“What...what the hell are you two doing in there?” Nancy’s voice, perhaps as high as she’d ever heard it, rang out between breathless gasps for air. “Whatever you’re doing, don’t stop!” She commanded, though her words held very little aggression or authority by this point.

She massaged her clitoris, throwing her head back and gripping the sheets with her free hand, though not for long. From sheet to breast, working both her nipple and her clit, with the two inside having some sort of wrestling match, Nancy wasn’t sure she had any more erogenous zones left to stimulate...or of she could handle it for that matter.

“A...ah....oh fuck...fuck...FUCK!” When this was over, she made a mental note, she definitely had to reward these two.

Hazel could have all the cake she wanted after this.



Jerry had almost made it past Hazel, when he felt her nails dig into the flesh of his leg. She quickly pulled herself up, straddling his waist and pressing him roughly against the undulating walls. “Get back here!” She growled, her legs constricting around his, her arms pulling his up and around her waist.

Jerry growled right back, feeling his cock slide into her vagina as it smoothly devoured his member with a voracious appetite of carnal lust. “Hey...Hazel...we’re fucking in a pussy while my dicks in your-”

“Shut up!” Hazel snapped, gripping Jerry’s chin between her fingers and tilting his head back, stealing his breath with a kiss and gyrating her hips aggressively.

Meanwhile all around them, the walls continued to constrict, tighter, stronger. The humidity levels rose as did the temperature as they both found themselves practically swimming in Nancy’s sex.

She was close, very close.

“Listen to me you little shit...you better get me off before she does...do you understand?” Hazel commanded, bucking her knee into Jerry’s side.

“Um...really?” Jerry answered back, the salty sting of sweat and vaginal secretions stinging his eyes.

“Did I fucking stutter!?”



Jerry, never one to back down from a challenge, waited for the perfect moment to thrust forward and flip Hazel over. She was strong, he was stronger, and sometimes...if the situation was right, she loved nothing more than to find out just how much stronger.

“Alright, I think I’m up for the challenge.” Jerry boasted, mounting Hazel from behind and rocking back and forth doggy style, holding her down with assistance of course from Nancy’s vagina.

Hazel resisted, of course, but only enough to force Jerry to work for it. He wasn’t doing anything to her she didn’t consent to after all, and where was the fun in the hunt if he didn’t have to work for it. “All talk big man, I can smell it...she’s close. I don’t....d...doo...fuck...” She gasped, Jerry was approaching this with a two pronged assault, pounding her from behind and massaging her hips with his hands. The odds were against him, but he was giving it his best.

Maybe, she thought, he stood a chance after all.



Nancy gripped the sheets, nearly pulling the fitted sheet off the mattress. Her legs swept from under her and she threw herself back, thrashing about the mattress as if she was having a seizure. She gasped, clenching down her pelvic floor muscles to ride this out.

Hazel and Jerry were both giving it their all, and while Hazel was never one to rule out playing dirty, their friendly competition had slightly switched to a more engaged affair as Jerry mounted Hazel from behind and penetrated her, gently swaying and rocking back and forth while Hazel, who was now fully engrossed in Jerry, lost complete focus of what was happening around her.

“God damn it you two, what ar...w...what are you both doing in there?” Nancy called out, her voice high and cracked.

“Dessert.” Jerry answered, though mostly for his own ears than anyone else.



Hazel and Jerry felt the walls surrounding them tense, embracing them both tightly for one last hug that left them both breathless. The raw power of Nancy's pelvic floor displaying its ability to crush them into pulp, held back only by the faint remaining wisps of willpower Nancy had left as her body, and the commotion within, brought her to climax.

"Here it comes!" Jerry called out, his own body tensing up as he gripped Hazel and held on for the wave that was to follow.

"Shit..." Hazel screamed, vigorously pulling Jerry's hands to her chest and gripping them in hers. She let out a scream in unison with Nancy, whose scream echoed through the flesh walls around them.

And in the end, neither Jerry, Hazel or Nancy climaxed first, but together in one loud, humid, glistening finale, the force of which began a muscle contraction that would force Jerry and Hazel out of their warm, claustrophobic bed and out into the cold evening air.



Nancy's scream went silent, she convulsed, fervently massaging her clitoris as Jerry and Hazel slipped out from between her labia, dropping in their semi-liquid state down Nancy's thigh to the bed below.

"I don't know...but I think I won." Jerry whispered, breathlessly.

"Uh-huh." Hazel shivered, soaking wet, sticky, and soaking in the afterglow of ecstasy.

Jerry dragged himself closer to Hazel, the canyon walls around them, fleshy pink smooth porcelain moved as Nancy adjusted herself, laying flat on her back, head lolled onto her pillow.

"Go...good job you two..." Nancy purred.

"Uh-huh..." Hazel whimpered once more, still in a trance, staring up at the ceiling.



Now relaxed, Nancy felt as heavy as Jerry and Hazel believed she was, like every bone in her body now weighed a tonne. Basking in the warm afterglow of carnal delight, the only thing missing was somebody to snuggle up to.

Her eyes scanned the bed, she couldn't see them between her thighs very well, not unless she moved, she had just enough angle on them to catch them, embracing one another for warmth, wrapped together like a burrito.

She sighed softly, laying back down and staring up at the ceiling fan. In a way she envied the two of them, they had each other and nothing else to worry about. They shared a bond she never could, blocked by a barrier her size and theirs and the nature of their relationship forbade.



“But as the cold air began to dry the sweat off her body, the warm afterglow faded away, leaving Nancy feeling cold, sticky and damp, and of course if that’s how she felt, Hazel and Jerry had to feel a hundred times worse.

“Urg...up we get.” Nancy groaned, carefully sitting up until she was looming over the pair, who had also stood once the canyon walls around them began to shift. “I don’t know about you two, but I feel gross now...I think its time for a bath?” Nancy asked, though she knew there wasn’t much choice in the matter.

She was not about to let them go to bed covered in her juices.

“Oh, yes please!” Hazel nodded.

“Eh, I guess.” Jerry nodded, understanding that of course this would be anything but a nice, quiet and relaxing bubble bath.

“You guess?” Hazel questioned, sending Jerry a look.

“Yeah, I’m always up for more cardio!” Jerry shrugged.

As the realization hit Hazel, she sulked, letting out a small whimper, “Goddamnit.”



“How long can you tread water for...my record is two minutes ten seconds!” Jerry boasted, using only his legs to tread.

“Big deal...think you can swim to the bottom?” Hazel begrudgingly kept up with Jerry’s pace, though with far less enthusiasm.

“Is that...is that even safe? Won’t our lungs explode or something? We’ll get the bents.”

Hazel muttered something softly then sighed, “The bents, and no I don’t think that’s how it works.” Hazel shrugged. “I’ve done it plenty of times and I didn’t explode.”

Jerry’s eyes went wide, “Is that what happens when you get the bendies?”

“It’s the bents, I think...and I don’t know why you are asking me...all I know is I’ve done it before.” Hazel scoffed.

“Bet you haven’t...”

“I have so.”

“Then show me?”

“No, I’m tired and my arms feel like noodles. Anyhow Nancy told me It’s perfectly safe and I trust her because honestly why would she put us in danger like that, also she’s right here watching us.” Hazel insisted.

Jerry shrugged, “Excuses, excuses.”

“You guys okay? Need something to hold onto?” Nancy asked, a protective and matronly tone in her voice.

Neither were listening.



“Fine, if you’re afraid...” Jerry teased before diving underwater, swimming with all he had for the bottom.

“The man is curious if it’ll kill him, takes my word on it at face value then fucks off down.” Hazel mused, laughing, “Brilliant.” She sighed, following after Jerry, never one to be outshone.

“Woah...hey you two be careful...let your muscles rest...guys!” Nancy scolded, but the two were already well on their way to the bottom, or at least as close as they could each some in one breath. “That must be so much water for you two...I wonder if I could hold my breath that long?” Nancy mused, furrowing her brow.

She didn’t need to wonder at all, she knew Jerry and Hazel were in much better shape than she was, and if size was taken off the table, there was no doubt in her mind how she would measure up next to the two of them, who were both magnificent specimens of fitness. “Mmmm, I’m such a good owner!” She gloated.



Hazel and Jerry's race to the bottom ended with Jerry making it to the bottom first, but Hazel kicking it into high gear and surfacing a half second before him, both gasping for air, but too engaged in arguing over who won to care.

"I made it to the bottom first, which means I won." Jerry insisted.

"A rock sinks faster, that doesn't make it better. I crossed the finish line first so I win." Hazel teased.

"The finish line was the bottom, that's what we were racing for!" Jerry contested.

"It doesn't matter how fast you can make it to the bottom, if you run out of breath and die before you make it back?" Hazel laughed.

"The bet was if we could swim to the bottom without exploding and I got there fi—"

"Incoming!" Nancy warned, before stepping into the tub. The warm water was a shock at first, but her body soon adjusted as she melted into the water, leaning back and allowing herself to submerge fully, as a small tidal wave carried Jerry and Hazel toward the back of the tub, away from each other, ending their little feud.



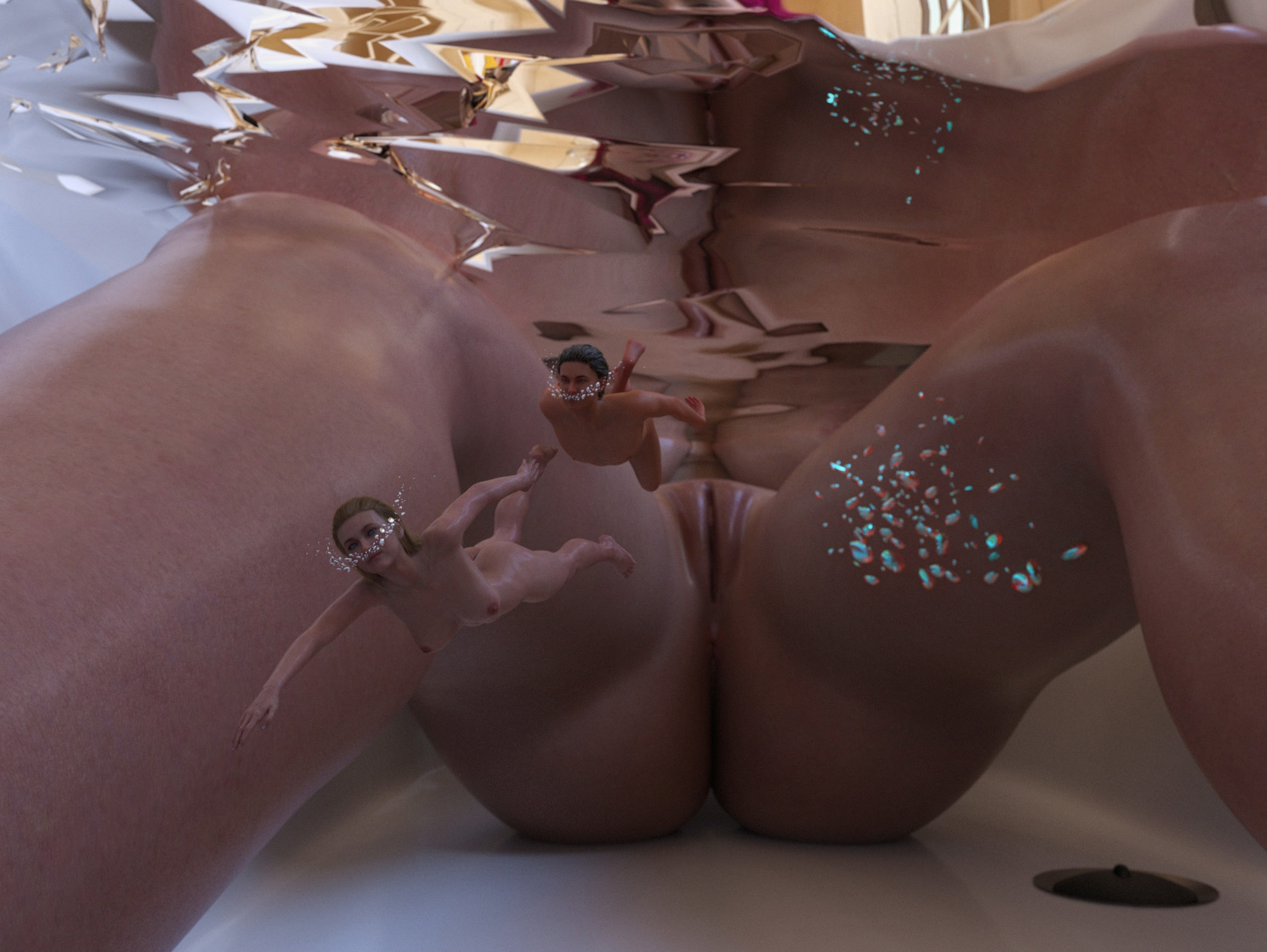
Nancy enjoyed the spectacle Jerry and Hazel put on for her as she let the warm water wash away the sticky post-sex, sweat and grime from her body.

First Hazel would shout something toward Jerry, who would respond in turn, causing Hazel to splash at him aggressively, then scream as he made a beeline for her.

“Play nice you two.” Nancy laughed as Hazel dove underwater in an attempt to lose Jerry, only to surface with her back to him, scream and try to swim away, bombarding him in a deluge of water as she kicked. “Hey, that’s cheating...” Nancy giggled.

Jerry swam after Hazel, catching up to her and despite her screaming and protesting pressed down on her shoulders, dunking her under water.

“Careful!” Nancy warned, as Hazel broke free and took off underwater, using her superior speed to slip away from Jerry. “Aren’t you two tired enough? Christ I can hardly move and you guys are practically ready for more!”



Jerry chased after Hazel, watching her lead grow steadily wider as she swam. 'Not so fast!' He thought to himself, picking up speed, by furiously kicking his legs behind him.

He managed to catch up, but just enough to snag Hazel's foot. Hazel responded by quickly turning about and pulling her foot from Jerry's hand, the buoyancy the water gave her allowed her to position herself in a defensive posture, like dancing with a shark, she motioned for Jerry to have a go at it, a silly grin on her face.

Jerry gave it his all, even managing to lay hands on Hazel, but wasn't able to keep her slippery body in his grasp and could only watch as she slipped away from him, pulling ahead once more and diving deeper into the water. He was no match for her below the waves, this was her domain.



Jerry's prey was snatched from before his eyes by a monster from the depths. It happened so fast and so precisely, neither of them had very much time to react. One moment Hazel was diving lower, trying to put a gap wider gap between Jerry and herself, the next she was pinched between two fleshy appendages and quickly pulled toward the surface. Snatched like bug wading on the surface, she was gone.

Jerry blinked, looking through the bubbles caused by the great beast, and swam for the surface after Hazel, surfacing to witness the tail end of the breach.

"Yoohoo!" Hazel called down, resting snug between Nancy's first and second toe.

"That's cheating." Jerry whined.

"Is not, nobody said Nancy was out of bounds!" Hazel teased.

"That's an assist!" Jerry protested.

"Quit bitching and come get me if you're so upset!" Hazel laughed.

"Eh, pass...I've done enough climbing for today, thank you VERY much!"



Hazel had just begun to allow herself to catch her breath when she felt Nancy's foot ascend into the sky, and her with it. "Ahh, hey wait!" Hazel cried out, latching onto Nancy's big toe.

Nancy giggled, not saying a word, but locked eyes with her tiny ward, her lips curling into a wicked grin.

"What? No! Come on, I'm tired!" Hazel cried, hugging Nancy's toe tighter.

"What's that? I'm sorry I can't hear you from up there. Come down closer, hun?" Nancy cackled and began to tilt her foot back.

"Nancy!" Hazel hissed, her arms were still sore from dangling off the plate so long, so she wasn't able to hold on very long before plummeting toward the water below, aimed for a small reservoir beneath Nancy's breasts and above her thighs. "Goddamnit!" Hazel yelled, as she hit the water with a clumsy splash.

"Ahahah, got her!" Jerry laughed, backing away carefully as Nancy's leg lowered back into the water.

"Oh fuck you Jerry!" Hazel barked, as soon as she surfaced.

"You didn't even hear what I said!?"

"Don't have to, I just know!" Hazel blew a stream of water out her mouth and sighed. "Can I be done now you guys? I'm tired!"



“What’s that hun, I can’t quite hear you?” Nancy lied, watching Hazel swim up and climb aboard her belly.

“You heard me.” Hazel grumbled, making for the valley of her breasts.

“Tell you what, make it to the top and we’re done?” Nancy smiled, the challenge had been issued.

Hazel cracked her neck, elbows, and every finger, one at a time, then took a moment to gather her motivation.

There was no more cake.

She’d been satisfied.

This? What was this for then? Praise?

Naw, this one was for bragging rights. “Easy, peasy.” Hazel nodded, then began the next climb.



Jerry watched Hazel making the plunge, and for a second his heart stopped. That was a long way to fall, if she landed the wrong way there was always the risk of injury. Thankfully not long after her “dive” into the water, he saw her putzing along, swimming for Nancy.

“Hey, wait for me!” Jerry, unlike Hazel, wasn't feeling the motivation and swam much slower as he made his way back. His swimming lane marked off by Nancy's long, sexy legs stretching out from here until forever. “No, seriously don't have any fun without me...I'm just a little tired, but I can go again...really...” Jerry huffed, mumbling to himself after, “Was the bathtub lake always this long?”

Jerry dove under water, finding it easier and less stressful on his muscles, though this may have just been a personal preference given the sights under the water were a fair bit more tantalizing than what he had to look at above, not that thighs were anything to shake a fist at, or in Jerry's case, a cock.



Under the water, through the thighs as the gap began to narrow, leading Jerry straight to Nancy's vagina, the prize at the end of the...under...water...rainbow?

Jerry had climbed down earlier before, bringing Nancy to glorious climax before shooting out like a greased ham. The water felt nice, washing all of Nancy's sex off him, as well as his own sweat, grime, and leftover cake from Hazel. He was tired, but the good sort of tired where you just wanted to curl up and have a nap in front of the fireplace, beside your naked partner.

Jerry knew the end of the adventure was nearing, one more climb and soon he would be in a nice warm towel, drying off and then to bed where they would finally get the break he so proudly earned.

Well, he hoped anyone, there was still one last climb.



Hazel, making it up Mt. Right-Boob, began to knead, preen and settle into a comfortable place to lay down and nap. The air above the water was cold, but Nancy's tub soaked body was warm to the touch and right now her legs and arms screamed, 'rest'.

"Yay, good job!" Nancy cheered, feeling too lazy and heavy in the warm water to pull her arms up to clap, though the idea of drenching Jerry and Hazel in the deluge of water that would come with did cause her to chuckle just a little.

"I told you, easy stuff." Hazel bragged, laying on her stomach and nestling into the warm fleshy pillow.

"I never doubted you, not for a moment." Nancy assured, holding back the urge to scoop Hazel up and snuggle her to her cheek, "Oh, you're too adorable..."

"Urg, I'm tired..." Hazel whimpered, having heard this tone in Nancy's voice before.



Jerry found the climb up a lot easier thanks to the buoyancy the water offered, and the banter between Hazel and Nancy from above. He loved listening to the two of them fire back at one another. Jerry always wondered what Hazel would be like as an owner. Would she be as kind and attentive as Nancy, or would she be cold and distant with an icy demeanor?

Hazel was clever, but Nancy was skillful with her words. She had such a way with them that she could convince you the sky was orange and that water was dry, all she needed was enough time. True, she had a bit of a temper on occasion, but would he prefer that over Hazel's icy personality and aloof wanderlust?

"Well, Hazel if you insist...but remember hun, stop when you're tired." Nancy cooed, breaking Jerry from the trance his little 'what if' scenario had put him in.

Thoughts of giant Hazel aside, he look up, the sight awaiting him causing him to laugh out loud, "I said no fun without me!"



Hazel had straddled Nancy's nipple and was pretending it was a bucking bronco or a bull at a fair she'd read about. Of course, Nancy offered a few customary wiggles and jiggles to make the experience a little more lively.

Hazel had no trouble holding on.

"You can't get me off!" Hazel teased, tightening her thighs and holding on for dear life.

Nancy of course was enjoying every second of this, and sat back in awe of how much pleasure one so small was capable of causing with arms and legs so tiny. Nipple stimulation was high on her list of exciting things to do in bed, leading to many adventures with Jerry and Hazel trapped in her bra.

She'd always pondered bringing them to work, stuffed into her bra, each attached to a nipple. Could she manage?

Would they be safe?

Would she be able to get through the day without soaking through her panties?

"I guess you win, sweetheart." Nancy grinned, biting her lip.



Jerry had nearly made it up the slope, his intentions had been to climb the other breast and mimic what Hazel was doing, however when the Isle of Nan began to sink, they both found themselves in the drink once more.

“That’s cheating!” Hazel whined, treading water as Jerry made his way over.

“Hey you.” Jerry greeted her, smiling as she embraced him, arms latching onto his shoulder.

“Where’ve you been?” Hazel used Jerry’s buoyancy to support herself, kissing him on the cheek before dunking him under water.

“I’ve been...gah...” Jerry yelped, as he sunk under the surface.

Hazel had already begin to fervently swim away by the time Jerry surfaced, trying to put as much distance between them as she could.

“Oh you better swim, woman!” Jerry teased, arms ripping into the water as he swam after.

“Ahh!” Hazel screamed, kicking and paddling with all she had.



Jerry swam after Hazel, but his prey managed to stay just far enough ahead of him, spurred on by her own survival instinct. Below them both, Nancy watched like a Great Old One of Yore, much larger and far more intimidating than any kraken, or Sleeper of R'lyeh ever was.

Hazel's crime had been twofold. First, she had attacked in a moment of trust and vulnerability, and second and perhaps the greatest threat to her own wellbeing, she'd only managed to arouse Jerry once again.

"I take it back, I take it back!" Hazel shrieked, ducking under water to confuse Jerry and buy herself more time.

"Duh-nuh...duh-nuh, duh-nuh...duh-nuh-duh-nuh-duh-nuh, ree ree ree ree!" Jerry hummed the Jaw's theme as he neared, reaching out only to just miss Hazel by a hair.

"I invoke the right of parsley!" Hazel begged.

"I don't think that's the right word?" Jerry furrowed his brow.

"Whatever, same thing!" Hazel insisted.

They both stopped, watching the water around them go from calm, to turbulent as something rose from the depths below..



Nancy surfaced from below, her breach sending water splashing everywhere, and two tiny little pets scrambling for a surface to hold onto.

“Up here!” Jerry yelled, clinging onto Nancy’s nose.

“On it!” Hazel answered back, white knuckled, “I already fell once, I’m not keen on doing it again!”

Jerry and Hazel held on as best they could as Nancy threw her head back, blowing a deluge of water out from her mouth.

“Crap, I think she’s going up!” Jerry laughed as he felt the ascent into the sky, the g-force pressing him against Nancy’s nasal bridge.

The surface of the water became a distant hazy memory as Nancy bucked up on her knees, a far more impressive feat than any humpback whale breach, hair flipping back sending droplets of water cascading through the air. Thankfully, she only stayed like this for a second before settling back down, sliding back against the contour of the bathtub and slipping back into the water like a silent torpedo, leaving just her head and neck above the surface.



“I think I’m falling!” Jerry stated, matter-of-fact.

“Better hold on then?” Hazel contemplated kicking Jerry off, after all she had made the plunge, it was only fair he try as well. Her desire for intimacy after sex won however, as the thought of somebody to cuddle up to for warmth was a much more enticing option. “Fine, I guess I can help?”

“Oh, that tickles!” Nancy giggled, tilting her head back to assist.

“Hold on, maybe I can...if I just...wait a second I got this...” Jerry insisted, trying to get a good grip on Nancy’s wet nose, but her soft, slippery skin was difficult to hold onto, even though his fingers were waterlogged prunes at this point.

“Now, this looks familiar, hmm?” Hazel purred, taking hold of Jerry’s arms with her own.

“Awww, Haz...you gonna ‘Lion King’ me into the water?” Jerry sulked, giving his best ‘puppy dog’ expression.

“I have always wanted to say the line...” Hazel brought her lips close to Jerry’s ear and whispered, “I...KILLED...it today...” she smiled, kissing his cheek.

“Ha, um, I guess thanks...that’s a lot nicer than being thrown into the water?”

“I have my moments.”



With Jerry pulled up, Hazel turned, focusing her attention now on not falling as Jerry scrambled to find better footing on the tip of Nancy's small nose. "This would be so much easier if she had a bigger nose."

"I heard that, and my nose is plenty big, thank you very much." Nancy replied with a huff.

"Even bigger to us, it's like...ginormous!" Jerry made an exaggerated size comparison with his arms, though quickly grabbing hold once more, nearly falling for all his effort.

Nancy puffed out her cheeks and held it in for a second before exhaling quickly, "I'll pretend I didn't hear that, you little brat..."

"He's not wrong, everything about you is exaggerated from our perspective, technically." Hazel offered up.

Nancy, unsure if that was an attempt to be comforting, laughed, "Hazel stop being so literal."

Hazel furrowed her brow, "How else am I supposed to be?"

Jerry laughed, "I like Hazel, Hazel."

Nancy shook her head, nearly dislodging both pets in the process, "You're both strange. Now if you two want down, you're going to have to find a way down yourself!"



Nancy tilted her head back a little to ease the tension, giving her two adventurous pets more ground to stand on.

Hazel looked to Jerry, reading the look in his eyes and nodded. "I agree."

"Really?" Jerry perked up, catching his second, or in this case third or fourth wind.

Hazel nodded, "Why not, I've never tried it on her face before."

"Tried what, what haven't you tried...what are you talking about? Guys?" Nancy kept as still as she could, eyes narrowing as she felt Hazel and Jerry moving about. "Hello? Am I talking to myself?"

"How'ya wanna do this?" Jerry asked, eyes lighting up.

"I haven't done good old doggy style in a while.

Jerry laughed, winking, "You mean SOGGY style...eh...eh?"

Hazel sighed, "Don't make me regret this, Jerry."



“I don’t know how I feel about this you guys...are you...are you fucking on my face?” Nancy tried her best to see what was going on, but her vision this close was blurry leaving only a hazy blob of movement. Though what she couldn’t see, she could certainly feel and hear as the two lovers wasted no time in going at it.

“Not so rough, it's slippery.” Hazel warned, though her mind was already finding it difficult to focus on anything else.

“Shht.” Jerry cut her off, penetrating her from behind with consistent, firm and slow thrusts, his hands gripping her, pinning her across the bridge of Nancy’s nose.

“Don’t mind me...I’ll just sit here...I guess...and wait?” Nancy exhaled sharply. She wasn’t angry, actually she was quite amused to be honest. Jerry and Nancy could fuck like rabbits, that was commendable.

“I want a quiet, trouble free evening after this, capiche? If I’m going to be the platform for your romping, I think I deserve something out of this too?” Nancy waited for a reply, the passionate moaning and grunting of Jerry and Hazel her only answer. “I’m taking that as a yes...”



And so it was, that Jerry and Hazel joined the mile-high club...so to speak. Adding the bridge of Nancy's nose to their ever growing and ever more impressive 'fuck list'.

Nancy allowed it, in part because it was entertaining and also because of the bond it created between the three of them. "I envy you two sometimes." Nancy whispered, her mind drifting off to another place, in another world where she was the pet, and Hazel and Jerry were the owners.

She would eat all day, lounge in her comfortable little cage, browse social media and act cute for treats. No grand adventures on the ground, or death defying acrobatics. She would be happy and content just to pay no bills and not have to go to work every day.

Hazel and Jerry would still be madly in love, no matter what universe they found each other in. Be it in her apartment as her beloved pets, or with roles reversed. Nancy liked to think, even if they found themselves on a far off alien world, those two would still find each other.

She let her mind drift off, creating the wildest scenarios in her mind, as Jerry and Hazel, two souls intertwined, brought each other to the cliff of ecstasy once more.

"You better not cum on my face...I'm serious...."



“So, you got your cake.” Jerry whispered, finished now, he was leaning against Hazel’s back as the two of them rested to catch their breath.

“I did.” Hazel purred.

“Was it worth it?” Jerry hummed, the rise and fall of Hazel’s breaths calming as they soaked in their afterglow.

“Mmmhmmm.” Hazel sighed. “You?”

“Always.” Jerry answered, after a moment of silence. “Though, I have a confession.”

“Oh?”

“Mhmm.” Jerry exhaled deeply. “It was never about the cake...”

Hazel laughed. “Really? I’m shocked...SHOCKED!”

“...and all about the company.” Jerry finished, strategically.

“Awww...Jerry!” Hazel cooed, sitting up, their two bodies sliding into place naturally as Hazel sat with Jerry wrapped around him. “You big dumb, sweetheart you...”



Hazel leaned back, grabbing the back of Jerry's head, leading him into a soft, gentle kiss. They embraced one another, both shivering from the cool air on their wet bodies. When Jerry finished, slowly pulling away, allowing their lips to linger just shy of touching for a second, she whispered softly, "I love you."

Jerry smiled, stroking her hair, "I love you too."

"Thanks for putting up with my insanity, it means a lot." Hazel spoke just shy of inaudible.

"Aww...are you two having a moment? Guys that's so sweet...but speak up I can't hear the good part!" Nancy whined, eyes going crossed.

"It's my pleasure, always." Jerry snuck one more kiss before he felt Hazel start to squirm free.



“Ok, enough mushy stuff, catch me if you can!” No sooner had Hazel slipped from Jerry’s embrace than she was gone, ‘nose’ diving off Nancy’s nose skillfully toward the water below, landing with hardly a splash, a much cleaner ordeal than her clumsy fall earlier.

“Hey, wait for me!” Jerry watched Hazel land, then began to dolphin-swim away through the canyon of Nancy’s stretched out legs.

“Better hurry Jer, your woman’s getting away!” Nancy began to tilt her head forward, giving Jerry the ‘motivation’ he needed to give chase.



“No way, that's way too far...I don't think...w...woah...hey Nancy wait...Nancy...NANCY!” Jerry yelled as he tumbled awkwardly off Nancy's nose, careening toward the water and landing between Nancy's legs with a splash.

Nancy winced, “Ohh...that looked painful.”

Hazel groaned, “Oh Jerry...you moron.” She sighed, turning about and heading for Jerry, who was floundering on his back, groaning.

“Oww...” Jerry whined.

“Are...are you okay?” Nancy asked, concerned.

“He'll live!” Hazel shouted up, reading Jerry's side.

“Nothing hurts but my pride....” He lied, groaning. “Why is water so hard?”



And so it was, with all bodies exhausted, even Jerry, whose balls at this point were as empty as they'd ever been. Nancy finished cleaning herself off, making sure to spend extra time and care to wash both Nancy and Jerry as well.

Not because she had to, and not because they couldn't do so themselves, but because she wanted to. It allowed her to bond with them, and helped foster trust with her pets.

Clean, satisfied and exhausted, Nancy exited the tub carefully, scooped her bleary-eyed pets from the tub and set them in a warm hand cloth on the bathroom sink.

Jerry and Nancy cuddled in the warmth as Nancy finished cleaning up, wrapped her own towel around herself, and scooped her pets up, making for the bedroom. "Remember our deal?"

"Mmmhmm." Hazel mumbled, sleepily.

Jerry just held up a thumbs up and yawned.

Nancy giggled, "Awww, all tuckered out? Pity..."



Just as she'd hoped, Nancy was rewarded with a quiet, stress-free evening. Just her, a cup of hot tea and her book.

She'd had reservations about taking on two pets, especially ones as intelligent as Jerry and Hazel. They required more than food and water, but even when things got tense, it was always worth it.

Some days she imagined her life without them, with a dog or a cat instead. That would never do for her, not really. The chaos was worth it, and honestly a little fun. Jerry and Hazel kept her on her toes, and feeling young, and in the end, that made everything worth it.



Jerry and Hazel kept warm, embracing one another and softly giggled as they shared thoughts born from Jerry's wandering mind.

"I'd keep you in a barred cage and I'd let you have whatever you wanted to eat!" Hazel mused.

"Aww, that's nice of you. What if I get fat?" Jerry asked, nestling his nose into hers.

"Then I'd help you work it off." Hazel growled.

"I bet you would." Jerry laughed.

Hazel was quiet for a moment, letting Jerry's arm support her, resting her head against his chest, "But I'm glad I'm not Nancy...I like it better this way. I get to be with you."

Jerry was quiet, listening to the sound of Hazel's gentle breaths, with the rhythmic motion of Nancy's chest rising and falling beneath. "What if...it didn't matter?"

"How so?"

"Would you still love me, if you were big, and I was small?" Jerry tipped Hazel's head back to catch her gaze.

"Depends, are you still this adorable in this make-believe world?" Hazel grinned.

"Yes?"

Hazel kissed Jerry softly, "Then...yes...."



The next morning, Nancy greeted her pets with a smile. As always, they were up before her, eagerly waiting their morning meal with all the patience of a grumpy pair of felines.

“You sleep too late!” Hazel whined.

“We’re hungry.” Jerry added.

Nancy yawned, giving them both a good show and a glorious view of her underboob in the process. Smacking her lips she shrugged, speaking with a yawn in her throat, “If you two slept in, you wouldn’t need to eat until later?”

Both Jerry and Hazel responded by talking in unison, listing off all the reasons that was a terrible idea and explaining how long they had been up, and why it was absolutely crucial she feed them right away.

Nancy listened, nodding on occasion, cupping her face in her hand and responding with a dispassionate, “Mhmmm”, every so often.



After feeding them, changing their water and cleaning their litter box, Nancy explained the day's events, when she would be home and what she expected while they were gone, paying particularly close attention to their 'escape attempts'.

"We've had our fun, how about a quiet day today, hmmm?" Nancy's eyes widened, showing she was serious.

Jerry nodded.

"Sure, no problem." Hazel answered, much too quickly for Nancy's taste.

"I mean it!" Nancy tried to sound sharp, but beneath all that lay evidence of anxiety, and hopelessness.

"Would I lie?" Hazel's icy blue eyes maintained contact with Nancy's.

"..."

Jerry sighed.

"I'll be home at six...try to survive until then?" Nancy pleaded.

"You got it, boss." Hazel nodded as Nancy closed the lid.

"We're not staying put...are we?" Jerry asked, quietly.

"Nope." Hazel exclaimed, already plotting out with her eyes, their plan of escape. "She brought home a package yesterday, I wanna see what it is...you game? Same deal as always?"

Jerry thought for a moment, "Under one condition."



“Oh?”

“I want half now, half later!”

“Deal!”

And so, it began...all...over...again...

The End



“Oh?”

“I want half now, half later!”

“Deal!”

And so, it began...all...over...again...

The End



Nancy Felcher

Likes : reading, dancing, board games.

Dislikes: small talk, cooked vegetables, animal cruelty

Personality : Nancy is a smart young lady majoring in thetical physics currently in her third year at university. Socially awkward and a bit shy, she's taken to adopting two micro-sapiens to fill the void in her life since she moved out.

Though she has a bit of a temper, an issue that has stood in the way of a healthy love life, she has done well with counseling and pet therapy. Overall, she's a kind soul with plenty of love to give.

Height: 5ft4

Weight: 147lbs

M: 34E-26-40

To her pets...

Height: 161ft

Weight: 1854 tonnes

Boob weight: 57 tonnes each

Foot length: 25ft



Hazel

Likes : sweets, mischief, lounging

Dislikes : exercise, spiders, blow hards, touchy-feely stuff.

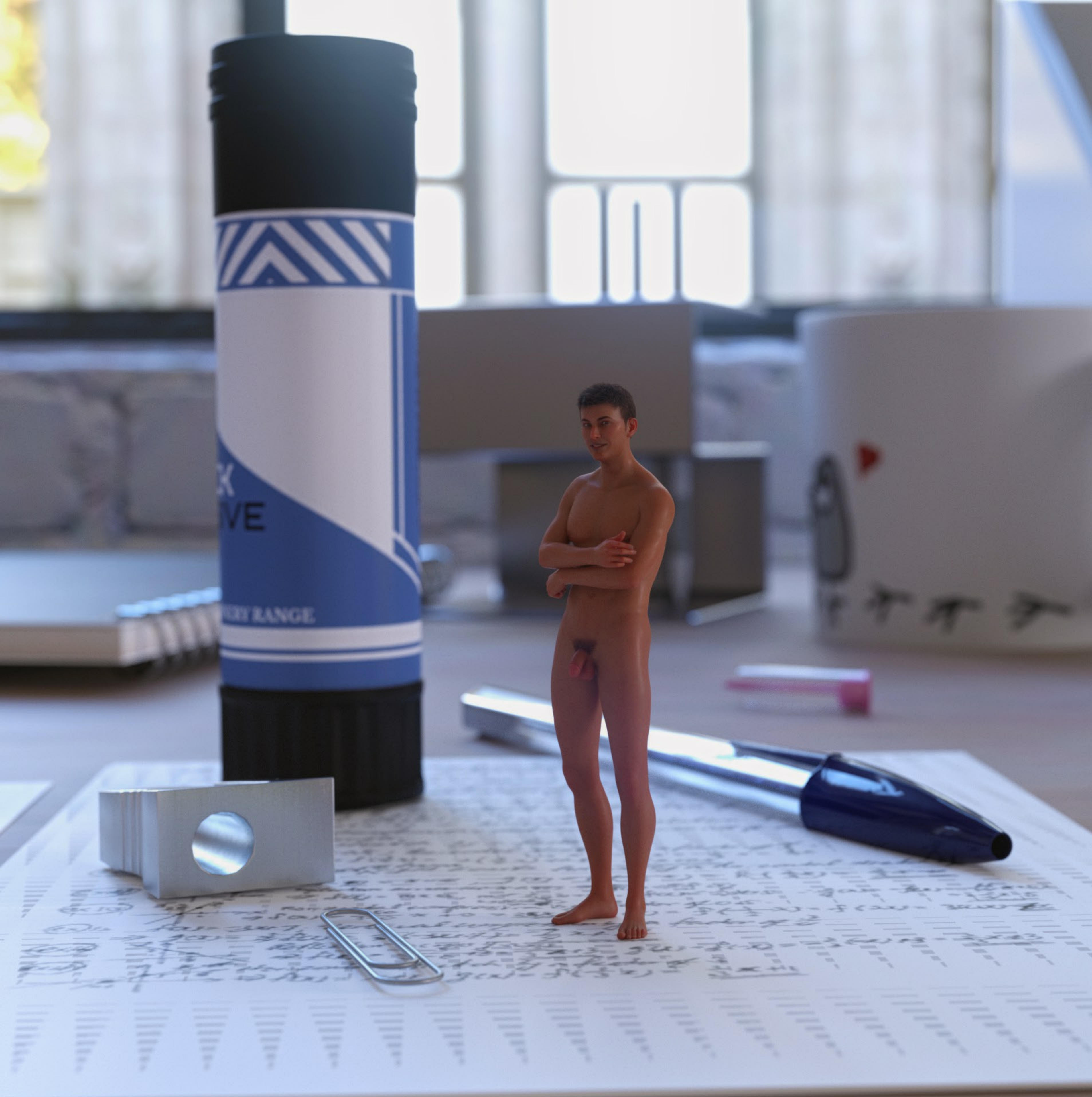
Personality: thoughtful, headstrong and stubborn, Hazel was born a few inches tall with a mindset much larger. Rarely does as she is told, never shy about giving her thoughts on the matter, truly does care for Jerry, though she'd never admit it freely.

Hazel is grateful for the care she receives but her headstrong nature and strong sense of justice refuses to allow her to accept the rules as easily as Jerry. When she can't get what she wants, she simply goes about it her own way.

Height: 2.1 inches

Weight: 1.9g

Measurements (proportional): 32C-22-34



Jerry

likes: sex, making people happy, a good run.

Dislikes : conflict, yelling, heights

Personality : Jerry is an easygoing fella with a huge libido and a heart sized to match. He cares for Hazel deeply, and wants nothing more than to make Nancy happy. He hates getting into trouble and can sometimes be put off by Hazel's freespirt. Through thick and thin he stands by Hazel however, even if sometimes he wishes she'd just calm down.

Jerry was adopted at a young age and has a fierce respect and loyalty to his owner, feeling separation anxiety when ever she's away. Hazel was introduced to help with his clingy tendencies and so far has worked well, though he still gets anxious when Nancy is away too long.

Height: 2.3 inches

Weight: 2.9g

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