The Shrink Agency
One Year Deal
5

By OHH

Harrison had expected yelling. He'd expected anger. He'd expected tears and pain. He loved his wife. He knew his wife. He'd known that when she found out, Jenny would be hurt. He knew that it would be the hardest moment of his life.

He didn't recognise the woman, the living building, towering over him. He didn't recognise the look of utter hatred and rage on her face. He'd never felt smaller or more helpless in his life.

“The deal is over. He’s mine. I’m ending this...this...shitshow.” Jenny wasn’t yelling. She didn’t need to yell. The rage in her voice was evident for all to hear.

Hazel crossed her hands in her lap. She was genuinely concerned that the taller woman might lash out at her if she were to speak.

“Mrs Stuart, by terms of the contract, if you end it now, you will be required to make–” Penny started before Jenny cut her off.

“I don’t fucking care. I’ll pay whatever. But this ends. NOW!”

Deep within Hazel's dress, Amelia could hear everything. She couldn't see a thing, but just from listening she knew how bad it was going. Harrison had told her his wife would be upset. He'd expected weeping, not this. It had Amelia scared.

Scared what she might do with Harrison. This was all her fault. She'd come to love Harrison. He was kind and caring, and it had drawn her to him and she'd taken advantage of that and now...



“Look, this is my fault.” Hazel decided to step in, to try to negotiate an amicable way out of this. A way that everyone could walk away. “He was just so miserable, I thought he needed some comp–”

“So you bought him a little whore?”

Hazel took a breath. Reasoning wasn’t going to work. She needed a new approach. “Ten thousand. Sign him over to me, you keep ten thousand and walk away. You keep everything that you both had, and you never see him again.”

“Or, I give you ten thousand and you give me his little whore.” Jenny countered.

“I can’t do that.” Hazel replied. “I promised Amelia she’d be safe with me.”

“Fine!” Jenny snapped.

Harrison had watched the exchange between the two giant women, a pit growing in his gut. He was pretty sure Hazel was trying to save his life. He didn’t recognise the Jenny she was negotiating with. It was all happening so fast it was hard to follow. He barely even had time to curl as Jenny’s hand swooped down and roughly grabbed him, pinching his ribs tightly and rocketing him upwards.

“Jenny...please...” Harrison grunted, trying to appeal to his wife.

“Don’t ever...EVER use my name again!” She yelled. “You are nothing to me now! Nothing! Let me show you!” Jenny turned to the blonde woman. “Delete his data.”

Penny paused for a second, blinking, then understood. “If...if I do that, we won’t be able to restore him. He’ll be like that forever.”

“Good. Now I own him. I’m telling you to delete his data. Or shall I file a complaint with the Agency that you refused to carry out the simplest of tasks?”

Penny’s smile was polite, professional and didn’t reach her eyes. She crossed the room, sat at her desk and began typing. A minute later, she turned back up to Jenny. “Done.”

Harrison felt himself deflating. It was a fate worse than death. He'd signed up for this for a year. To protect his wife from ending up in the clutches of the Agency. Now here he was, in her grip and reduced to being a mouse forever.

He fell. At first he thought it was an emotional response to his fate, but no. Jenny had let him go. He tumbled down, hitting her breast and sliding into the darkness beneath her top. She was all around him. His mind struggled, caught between the new reality of who she is to him now and the memory of who she'd been. The scent of her body that had once been the safest place in the world was now the woman he'd effectively ended his human existence.



“Is that it? Are we done here?” Jenny’s head turned back and forth between the two other women.

“I can settle up the contracts. You’ll receive a final bill with fees–” Penny explained.

“Good!” Jenny snapped, turned and strode out.

“Jenny, wait! Please!” Hazel pleaded, but there was no stopping the other woman. A moment later, she heard the lift doors closing and Jenny, along with Harrison, was gone.

The worst didn’t come. He’d expected it to. He’d expected Jenny to end him in a momentary fit of rage. He’d earned it, that was very clear.

Instead, she’d trapped him under a glass and walked away. She hadn’t said a word to him. Just left him there like he was nothing but a bug that needed to be dealt with. Depressingly, he realised that’s exactly what he was.



After what felt like an eternity, but was probably under an hour, Jenny stepped into their room. Each step, each movement she made was slow, careful and deliberate. It reminded Harrison of big cats he'd seen on nature documentaries. It did not fill him with hope.

For a moment, she just loomed over him, glaring down at him, her body warped and stretched by his glass prison. Then she bent down to speak.

"Tell me why I shouldn't just step on you here and now?" She asked.

“Jenny...please...” Harrison fell to his knees. He thought she’d kicked the drawers he was standing on, but no, it was his own legs. They’d stopped working, the bones seemingly turned to jelly. “You don’t know what it was like! To be basically a mouse and shoved into places and made to do things...I...I...”

“Fuck...” she snarled. “I can’t even hear you. So fucking pathetic...”

The glass disappeared, and Harrison was quickly enveloped in a very familiar hand that now felt so very dangerous. When the fingers opened again, he was staring up at her face. He dropped to his knees, realising his life may well depend on how this conversation went.

“Jenny, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. You don’t know what it was like! You don’t know what it’s like to be shoved in places...made...made to do things...I can’t explain it...like this...everything is so...so...so...overwhelming...”



“Overwhelming!?” She snapped. “That’s your excuse!? You chose some whore over our marriage because you were overwhelmed!?”

It was only making it worse. Anything he said just made her angrier.

“I’m sorry...” he tried. “It’s all my fault. I...please...let me live. I’ll prove myself to you...please...”

Her eyes narrowed. “I was faithful. This whole time! I was faithful! I worked! I got promoted! Guys hit on me and I waited, miserable and fucking alone. All the while you were fucking some other woman and having a great time!”

“Please...I’m sorry...”

“No! You’re not!” She yelled. She grabbed the drawer and opened it, tossing Harrison inside. “This was my company while you were gone. This was all I had.” A smirk drew over Jenny’s face. “Now look at you. You’re nothing compared to even it. What can you possibly do for me?”

“I can prove it! I’ll do anyth–”

“You don’t get it!” She yelled. “There’s nothing to prove! We aren’t married anymore! Legally, you don’t exist anymore! You’re property! My property! Just like that fucking rubber cock there! And like that rubber cock there, I will do what I fucking like with you!”

“Jenny...please...”

“I am going to use you. You’re going to live to amuse me and for as long as you amuse me. You’re not Harrison. Harrison is dead. You’re just a thing in a drawer that better do everything it is told and never speak a word to me again, because it’s not a fucking a person. People get to speak to me. Things I own get used and then thrown away.”

The world shook and Harrison tumbled on his back. When he looked up again, he was in darkness. The drawer was shut and Jenny was gone. All around him he could smell her.

The smell of her soap on the underwear he sat on. The smell of her sex from the dildo. The smell of her...of his wife. Not anymore. His owner. As he sat in the darkness, he tried not to despair. He'd earned all of this. If he endured, if he did as she told him, she'd calm down. When she did, he could talk to her.

He may never be a man again, but maybe, just maybe, he could get her forgiveness. That hope was all he had left.

Six Months Later...

Jenny hadn't been lying. When she'd locked Harrison in that drawer, he really had ceased to be a person to her. His entire life...his existence became one of patience and endurance. He'd always been patient. Patience had been a point of pride for Harrison for a long time. It had seen him do well, right up until he stopped doing well.

He had hoped that if he had been compliant and patient and endured whatever Jenny threw at him, she might get tired and eventually forgive him. Those hopes were starting to fade though.

He stood in his plastic prison, watching her as she dressed. She was still beautiful, even after all of it. She had always been beautiful. The plastic box was so much worse than the drawer. This was why she'd done it. From here he could see everything he'd lost.

She didn't acknowledge him at all. She didn't talk to him. She didn't look at him. She didn't...anything. She just went about her life as he watched from inside the plastic walls, waiting for what came next. The only contact she had with him was to toy with him in whatever way she saw fit. Over the last six months, she'd found new and innovative ways to test his patient nature. He had done it all without complaint, for her. He owed her that much.

Harrison had always enjoyed watching Jenny do yoga. She was long, lean and limber. Now she turned that memory on its head, dropping him into the confines of her shorts, smothering his tiny body between her toned ass cheeks as she worked out.

He had pinched or slapped her rear so many times as she'd bent down or posed in some elaborate fashion. She'd laughed or feigned annoyance, all of it part of the dance that had been their relationship. Now that ass was crushing him and all he could do was endure the pressure and the heat and the humidity and hope it would be enough to prove himself to her.

At the beginning, it was the hardest. Jenny was at her angriest and her punishments were basic but also exceedingly effective. She worked a lot, throwing herself into her job to escape the tumult of emotions from Harrison's betrayal.

She knew that the effort would pay off. Long days at work now would mean rewards later, so when she was ready to start her life again, there would be money there to do it.

Harrison was there with her, the whole time. Beneath her skirt, out of view of her colleagues, bosses and underlings, Harrison was there. In the morning she'd halfway insert him into her ass, leaving him choked inside her rectum, but also dangling in the air. He'd be in there the entire day as she worked from dawn until dusk. Terrified of falling, but also desperate for release.

“Melissa, how’s the Bakerson’s audit coming along?” Jenny asked, leaning back in her chair and letting herself relax a little. She knew how it was going. She was reading the reports and was CC’d in on all the emails. What she wanted to know was how her team thought it was going.

“Yeah, I think we’re on track.” Melissa replied. “We’ve had a few minor compliance issues. Missing certificates, but we’re waiting on the client locating them. We’ve found invoices to suggest the work was done, it’s just about getting the paperwork.”

As with everything Jenny did, Harrison was with her. The silent, hidden fourth person in the meeting.

When Jenny had gotten bored of having him stuck in her ass, she'd dropped him into her tights instead. As bad as the smell could be, it was better than being stuck up her ass all day. Jenny would often sit back with her heels either off, or hanging loose from her toes. This gave him some relief from the overwhelming heat and pressure.

Still, it was excruciating and bewildering.

Being pressed down by the weight of his two-hundred-foot-tall wife...or ex-wife, he wasn't sure how it worked legally, as she strode around her office. Each step she took was a whirlwind of impossible pressure, followed by a brief respite of motion sickness as her foot swung him through the air before coming back down on top of him.

He had to thank Hazel for paying for the endurance treatments. Without those, he would have been paste within an hour.



It was far from the worst punishment that Jenny thought of for him. There were two that Harrison particularly loathed. The punishments that told him that maybe hoping for forgiveness was pointless.

The first was dropping him in her food. The first time it had happened, it had been terrifying. Jenny's fork would come down time and again, scooping up chunks of meat far larger than he was, but in the end he would be left on her plate.

Right up until the day he wasn't.

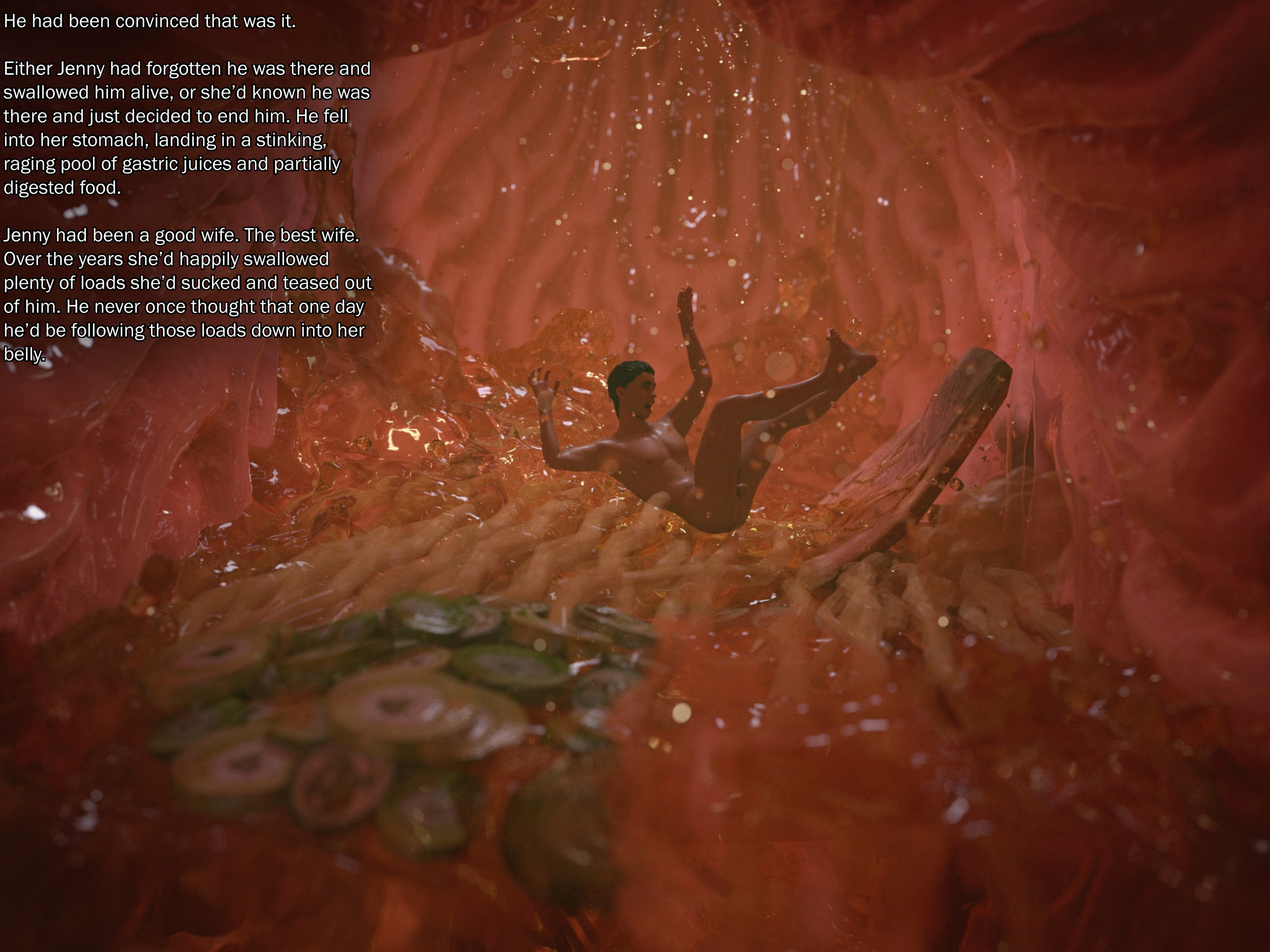
After that it had become habit.

Harrison wasn't sure if she'd swallowed him on purpose or by accident, but either way the result had been the same. She had eaten him alive. He had been fed through the lips that he had kissed so often, tossed by a tongue that once used to caress his, then fallen into the blackness at the back like another part of her meal on its journey to her stomach.

He had been convinced that was it.

Either Jenny had forgotten he was there and swallowed him alive, or she'd known he was there and just decided to end him. He fell into her stomach, landing in a stinking, raging pool of gastric juices and partially digested food.

Jenny had been a good wife. The best wife. Over the years she'd happily swallowed plenty of loads she'd sucked and teased out of him. He never once thought that one day he'd be following those loads down into her belly.



“Mmmmmm…”

Jenny didn’t talk to Harrison anymore. She made a point of never looking him in the eye or addressing him. She wanted him to know that he was just a thing to her now. But it didn’t hurt to talk to her food. To let the meal know it had been enjoyed.

“Yeah…that was good…” she said, patting her stomach. She could only imagine how that felt to Harrison inside her belly.

Inside her, the gentle pats echoed like explosions through Jenny's stomach. Harrison tried to cover his ears. He tried to block out the echoing booms of her stomach pats. He tried to block out her enjoyment, the sound of her body all around him. The sounds of her stomach sloshing and the juices splashing all around him.

The sounds of digestion beginning with him in her gut, no more than another piece of food to be dissolved and become a part of her.



Each time it happened, Harrison was convinced it was his end.

Each time it happened, Jenny brought him back up again.

She wasn't finished with him yet. Though, each time it happened, Harrison really wished that had been the end. He wasn't sure how much more he could take.



The final, and arguably worst punishment he wasn't even part of.

Jenny would go out for the night and leave him in his box. At some point she'd return, and not alone either. Harrison would have to sit in his box, enduring the moans of the woman he loved and the grunts of the man fucking her. Sometimes the guy would notice him and she'd dismiss him as her pet. Mostly they wouldn't, too enamoured with the beauty in front of them to notice anything else.

Harrison endured.

For six months he took everything that Jenny could give him and he didn’t break. He didn’t plead. He didn’t cry. He didn’t try to talk to her. He waited, hoping she would come round. Until one morning, he thought she just might.

As she dressed for work, Jenny plucked Harrison from his box and set him down on top of the bed. Usually, she’d stuff him somewhere on her person, but not today. She was humming to herself, clearly in a good mood. Harrison could feel his chest swelling with hope.

Instead, Jenny tossed a pair of lacey, black underwear onto the bed, Harrison felt himself deflating once more. Today wasn't going to be different. She had just come up with a new way to use him instead of the normal torments.

It wouldn't be the first time Jenny had stuffed him in her panties for the day, though judging from the smirk on her face, she had something different in mind this time. Harrison couldn't help but wonder what it was.

He didn’t have long to wait.

Jenny plucked him, manipulating his body and limbs with little care. He felt one arm extend then lock into place, followed by a leg. One by one, she locked his limbs into straps and then he understood.

The panties were crotchless, save for 4 clips on the gusset he’d been locked into. He was the crotch.

Harrison was tossed around, the world whirling by in a blur. He dropped towards the floor and by the time he got his bearings again, he was looking up between Jenny's long, pillarous legs. For a moment he was excited, the residual love and affection they'd once had for each other telling him this was going to be a good day.

His recent experiences told him otherwise.

Jenny grabbed the sides of the underwear and Harrison rocketed upwards.

Harrison slammed into Jenny's sex, the thick lips parting around his insignificant body. He could feel the heat around him instantly. The heat, the aroma and the thickness of the air. She had been looking forward to this. She was already turned on and he'd only been there for a moment.

"Mmmmm...Yeah, these were a good buy." She cooed.

He could understand why. His head was pressed right against her swollen clit.

“Uh huh...look good...feel good.” Jenny said, taking a long look at herself in the mirror. Well over six feet tall in her boots, a skintight red dress and flush red cheeks. Even her hair looked great and she’d barely touched it.

“Going to turn some heads today.” She smirked to herself.

She was right.

Jenny could feel the eyes on her as she walked to work. Not just men, but women too. Jenny knew she was attractive and she got glances often as she went about her day. Today was different. The glances lingered until they became stares.

“Uhhh...” she closed her eyes, feeling her legs tense as Harrison’s body rubbed against her as she walked. “I’m not getting much work done today...”

“Gah!” Harrison winced with each long stride Jenny took. With each step, her legs pulled the elastic taut, pulling his limbs until they were nearly wrenched from their sockets. His discomfort was mirrored in Jenny’s enjoyment. He was being covered in a slick river of her juices, with each step only basting him even more.

Each step for him was agony, but for her, it was the opposite.

“Hey boss.” Naomi, one of Jenny’s staff said as she walked into the break room. She’d been in meetings all morning and it was the first chance she had to catch a coffee. Naomi reached a hand and passed her a mug. “Made you a cup. Heard you were on with McArthur’s this morning. They’re real ballbusters.”

“Yup...” Jenny smiled, taking the mug. She appreciated the effort, and the empathy. They’d been the same level for a long time and Naomi had taken Jenny’s promotion with grace. “Two hour suck-fest! At least it’s Friday!”



“Well…I think I get it.” Harrison spoke aloud.

He’d been stuck in the same meetings as Jenny. It sucked. The client was a pain in the ass, knew nothing about his own business or tax law, but assumed he knew it all. Jenny had done well to slowly guide him through to understanding. Just as he was starting to understand.

Jenny had put him here to brighten up her day. So, that was exactly what he was going to do.



His body ached, but he was going to do this. Harrison wiggled, the weight of Jenny's moist lips and dried residue holding him in place. He only needed a few inches. Well, a few inches from his perspective. If he could just get close enough to her clit, he could show her he was there for her.

He could prove that he would always be there for her when she needed him.

“Yeah, just the perfect mixture of incompetent and unpleasant. It’s fine to be unpleasant if you know what you’re doing. It’s fine to be incompetent if you’re nice while you’re at it. Both at the same time is just wrong!” Jenny laughed.

“I know!” Naomi agreed, rolling her eyes. “It’s just like–”

“UGH!” Jenny suddenly moaned, clutching the counter and almost dropping her mug.

“Boss!? Are you alright!?”

It had taken a few minutes of struggling, but Harrison had done it. He was now within reach of a clit almost as big as his head. He stretched his neck forwards, reached out with his tongue and started to lap.

Not just lap, but he nuzzled into the warm nub of flesh and nerve endings. He wriggled just a bit more and was able to touch it with his nose. That was good. He could tease it and...

Jenny shuddered all around him. Above, he could hear her moaning. It was working.

Harrison couldn’t help but wriggle and grind himself against the lips straddling him. The smell was overwhelming, but it was unmistakably Jenny. In his mind, that smell meant love and sex. He was never going to be able to change that.

“I’m gonna do this…I’m gonna do it…” he said, feeling hope and determination in equal measure. He was going to make her cum. Then, hopefully, something might change.

“Um…boss?” Naomi’s face had gone from concerned, through quizzical, to slightly amused. Jenny was pretty sure she knew what was happening.

“Sorry…cramps…I’m gonna…” Jenny pushed herself off the counter and walked away as quickly as she could. It was a good thing Harrison had waited until after the meeting to realise he could do more than just sit there.

He didn’t stop even as Jenny hurried through the office. It was Jenny who’d put him here. She’d strapped him to her pussy and went to the office. The intention had clearly been for her to get off while bored at work.

He struggled and wiggled, getting closer and closer to her clit. It had gotten bigger too, which let him put his face right against the thing. Now he could really show her a good time.

“Oooooooh…” Jenny tried biting her lip, but Harrison was really going for it.

“Hey boss! Glad I ran into you. We’ve found som–”

“Not now, Ryan!” Jenny snapped, then realised she couldn’t just do that. “I’ve a…a call! I’ll come by later!”

Jenny didn’t even look back, but she could hear the man deflating. “OK…talk later…” he said.



Jenny closed the door to her office, ran to her desk and sat down. She picked up her phone and hit dial on a contact. It answered almost immediately.

“Hey…” she practically moaned down the phone. She hadn’t realised just how worked up she was, but her little crotch pet had done a good job in getting her going. “What are you doing?”



“I’m so horny right now...”

Harrison’s eyes lit up. Jenny was in her office. She was alone in her office. There was no one else here! That meant...

“She’s talking to me!” Harrison’s face hurt from grinning. He couldn’t stop now. He opened his mouth wide and started to nibble on her swollen clit. He was going to show her. He was going to show her that he still loved her and that he would always be there for her.

“Mmmmm...yeah...” Jenny cooed down the phone. “I can’t wait to finish work...”

Beneath her skirt Harrison was going wild. She had to fight the urge to fidget and cross her legs. She wanted to let him do his thing for a while longer. He was doing a pretty good job for a man who would lose a boxing match to a mouse.

“I can’t wait for later...” she giggled. “Oooooh...that’s nice!”

Harrison was ecstatic. He was elated. This was the best interaction he'd had with Jenny since this all started. He was sore, tired and absolutely coated in sticky juices that were trying to stop him from moving, but he kept going. He was a man possessed. He was going to do this.

He was going to show Jenny he could be there for her. He could do what she needed him to do. He was going to bring her to orgasm and prove his worth to her.



“Oh yeah...dirty man...” Jenny laughed some more. She was so turned on right now. Apparently so was her toy. She was in the office. It was a terrible idea, but she just couldn’t resist. There were blinds that were shut. No one was going to be peering in. No one would be able to see under the desk.

She lowered her hand down between her legs and under her skirt. “I’m going to touch myself...just thinking about you...” she whispered.

It was happening. It was finally happening. After all these months. After everything he'd endured, she was coming around. All around him, Jenny's colossal body shuddered. She was grinding her hips into her chair. Beyond her skirt, her hand stroked her thigh, teasing her even more.

Harrison summoned every ounce of will he had. He was going to do this. He was going to make it happen or die trying.

“Ohhhhh…a balcony? Will there be champagne?” Jenny giggled.

It made Harrison pause. What was she talking about? He couldn’t get her champagne. Was she telling him there’d be champagne if he kept going?

“OH! A wet room!?” Jenny gasped. “Now that sounds fun!”

Harrison knew he should keep going, but he was distracted now. His mind had grabbed hold of a thread and wouldn’t let go.

A finger slammed into him like a truck. Harrison cried out as the air was knocked from his lungs as he was roughly rubbed up and down over Jenny's sex. Where he struggled to even reach her clit, she could effortlessly rub him wherever she liked.

"Oooooh...I'm touching myself just thinking about you." Jenny moaned, and Harrison wondered if she really was talking to him. "I can't wait to feel you inside me later..."



“Jenny! Please! Who are you talking to!?” Harrison cried.

She didn’t respond. Not directly. Her finger spoke for her, continuously using his tiny body to pleasure herself.

“Yeah…I’m in my office…” Jenny half moaned, half laughed. “Anyone could come in. My finger is right there…ohhhh…I wish it was your cock.”

“Mmmmm…yeah?” Jenny cooed. She could feel Harrison now. He’d stopped doing his thing and had just given into her finger. It had been nice, but all he could do was tease her. He was nowhere near big enough to do the job himself. It was funny to think that he’d even tried.

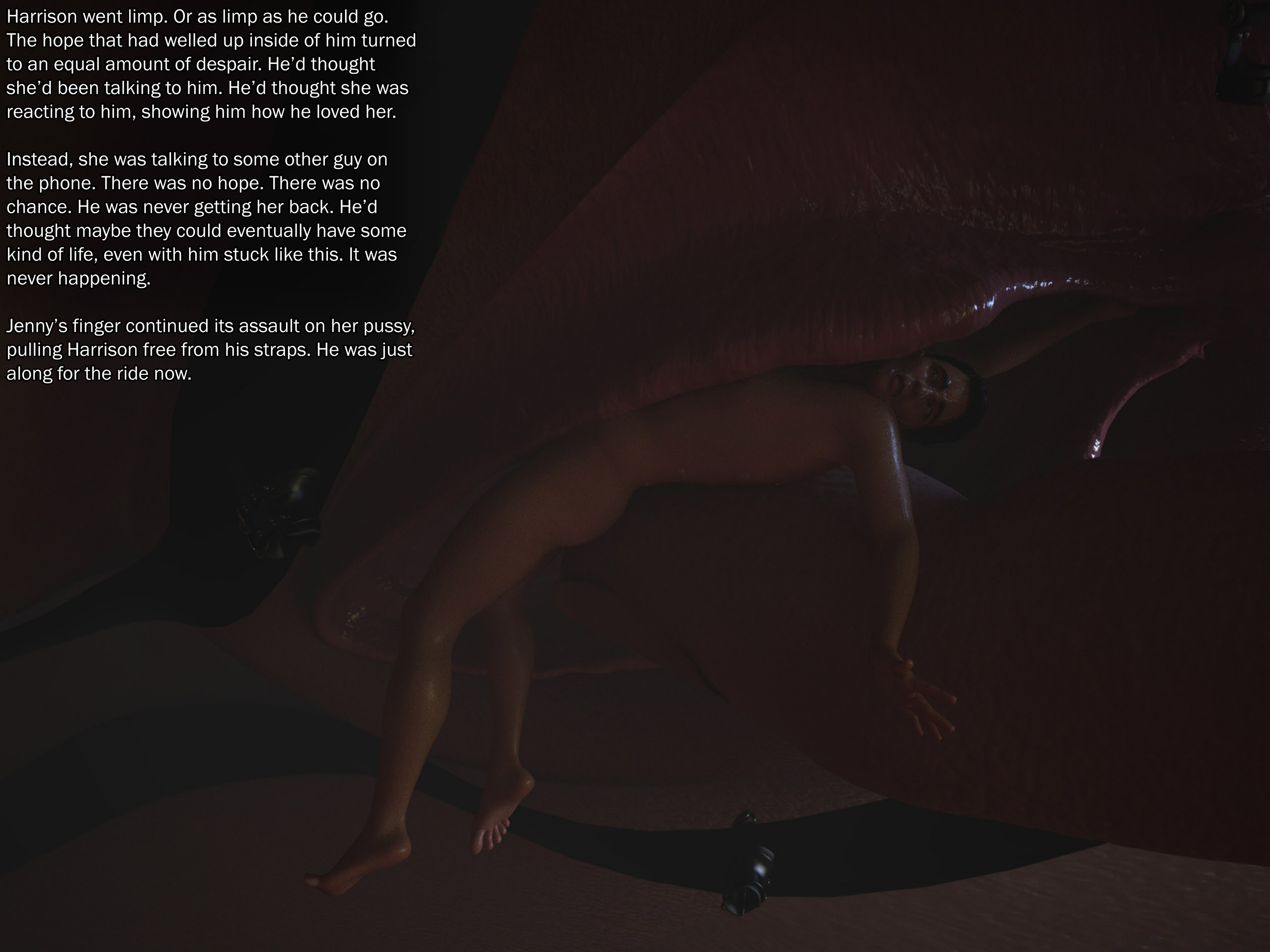
“I’ve got special panties on. We don’t need to wait for the hotel room.” She said in hushed tones. She didn’t know why. It was only her in here. No one was listening in. It wasn’t like Harrison counted.



Harrison went limp. Or as limp as he could go. The hope that had welled up inside of him turned to an equal amount of despair. He'd thought she'd been talking to him. He'd thought she was reacting to him, showing him how he loved her.

Instead, she was talking to some other guy on the phone. There was no hope. There was no chance. He was never getting her back. He'd thought maybe they could eventually have some kind of life, even with him stuck like this. It was never happening.

Jenny's finger continued its assault on her pussy, pulling Harrison free from his straps. He was just along for the ride now.



Round and round he went, pushed into every corner of Jenny's nethers as she moaned and panted, still talking to whoever was on the other end of the phone. Harrison just wished she'd end it. He didn't want to be alive anymore. His life was over. He understood that now.

A barely-finger-sized pet to a woman he didn't recognise any longer, who didn't care for him.

He felt a jolt and he lurched upwards, warmth surrounding him. The finger had pushed him into the sopping wet opening between her lips.



All around him, Harrison could feel it coming. The orgasm that his former wife had been building herself up to. He could feel the slick walls pulsating, getting closer and closer to synchronicity as they trembled.

“Ohhh…ohhhhh…fuck…I’m cumming…” he heard her moan as he felt the walls squeezing him.

A hundred water balloons struck him as cum exploded from inside of her. Her body pulled on him as she came, hauling his body into her as her muscles spasmed and pulsed, indifferent to the man who was between her legs and being pulled deeper and deeper into her.

“Fuuuuuuuck!” Jenny moaned as she fought to not cry out loud enough to be heard by half the staff in her office. She had finished what her toy had started. What he’d been incapable of doing. Something he was too small to do on his own.

Her legs and arms shook and she gripped the desk, only partially embracing the delicious feeling. She wanted to, she just couldn’t. Not here. There would be time for that later. That, and much, much more.



Knock-knock, came the sound of knuckles on glass. Jenny sat bolt upright, very aware of the expression on her face. Clarissa, one of her staff walked in, an apologetic and probably knowing look on her face.

“Hi, Jenny...um...sorry to bother you, but we’ve the guys from Garfield in and they’re insisting we have someone from management in the room for the meeting. Are you free?” Clarissa asked.

Jenny fell back in her chair, harder than she liked. The orgasm had passed, mercifully. All she wanted to do now was nap for twenty minutes.

“No rest for the wicked, eh?” She replied, politely smiling at Clarissa to tell her it was OK.

“I’m sorry. Something has come up in the office. Are you happy for me to address this issue at the meeting we’ve scheduled…yes…yes…” Harrison could hear Jenny talking now. She wasn’t talking to the other woman, it was definitely someone on the phone. Harrison didn’t think his heart could sink any lower, but apparently it could.

“Shall we?” Jenny spoke, standing up. As she stood, her body tensed and shifted, pulling him deeper inside of the darkness between her legs. He didn’t even fight it anymore. He was done.



“Thanks for coming.” Clarissa smiled as they walked. “That phone call looked...important.”

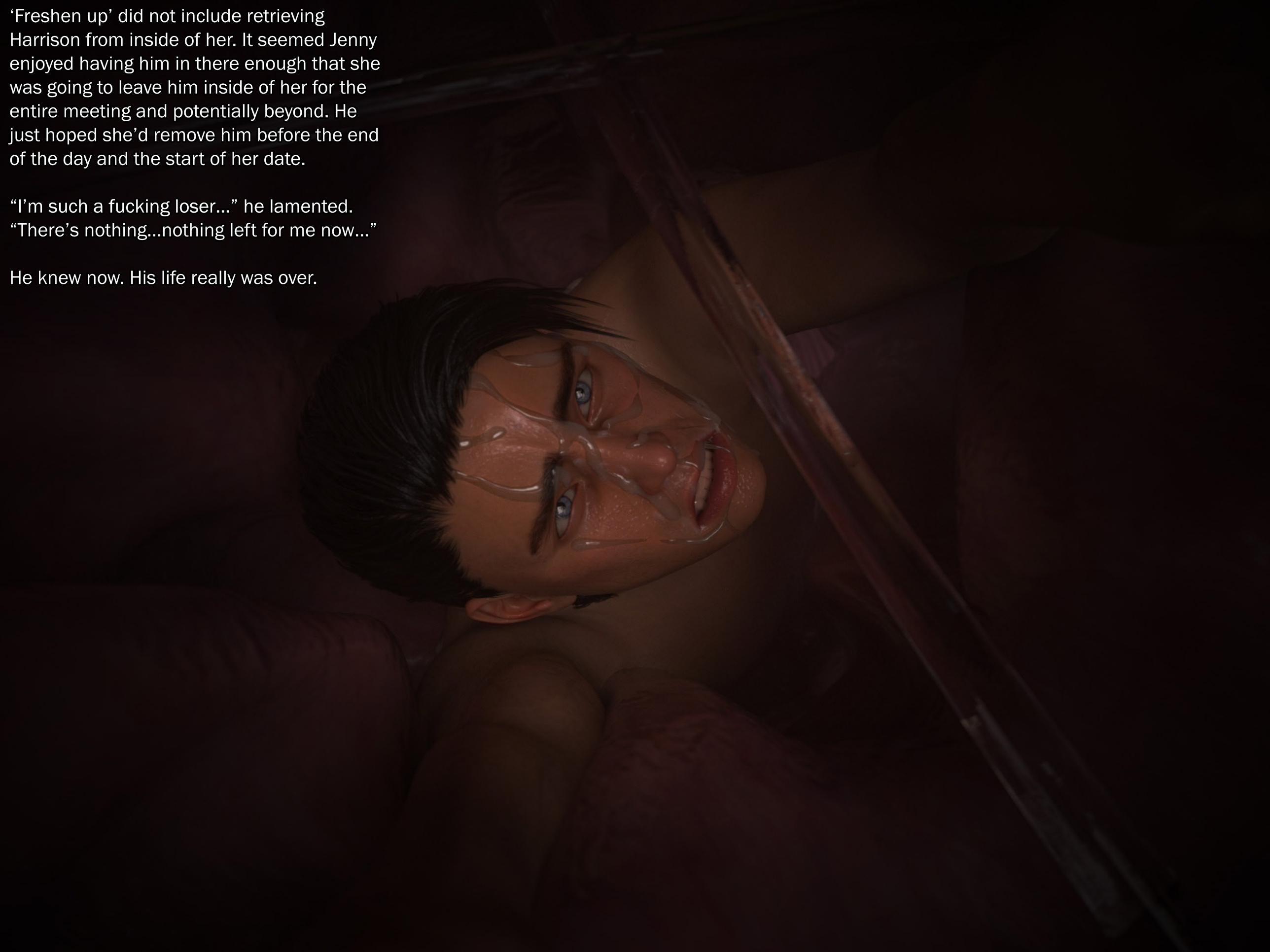
Jenny felt some relief. Clarissa clearly knew, but she could tell from the other woman’s tone that she both understood and sympathised. She did wonder what type of calls Clarissa was taking.

“Thanks.” Jenny grinned. “Would you mind if we swung by the bathroom first? I’d just like to...freshen up...”

‘Freshen up’ did not include retrieving Harrison from inside of her. It seemed Jenny enjoyed having him in there enough that she was going to leave him inside of her for the entire meeting and potentially beyond. He just hoped she’d remove him before the end of the day and the start of her date.

“I’m such a fucking loser…” he lamented. “There’s nothing…nothing left for me now…”

He knew now. His life really was over.



Things could not be going better.

Hazel had hit the ground running as soon as she'd started in her management role at her family's supermarket chain. With everything planned out in advance, the rollout had gone exactly as to plan. The first stores were now already using it and the cost savings and extra data generated were already a spectacular success.



Everything she'd planned. Everything she'd worked for. Every sacrifice she'd made and shitty thing she'd done over the last few years had been for this. Now it was here, it felt good. Not the new apartment or the shiny corner office. It was the bone deep satisfaction that she was capable. It was one thing to have ideas and a belief in yourself. It was an entirely different thing to see all of it be more successful than she had ever hoped.

Her parents were thrilled. Her sister was full of praise. Hazel sat back at her desk and allowed herself a moment to bask in her success.

Her success had created other issues, of course. She had anticipated those also. Her new system had brought about massive efficiency savings, but ‘efficiency savings’ was just a code for being able to get by with fewer staff.

She had anticipated being able to reduce staff count by twenty percent. It had ended up being thirty percent. That meant dozens upon dozens of people, already teetering on the brink and in low-paying jobs laid off.

It was why her parents had wanted her to prove herself. To show to them that she could ruin lives in pursuit of profit. She could do that, but it didn’t mean she had to be cruel about it. She did things her way, as she always did.

From behind walls of glass hundreds of feet tall, Wayne stared up at his former employee. From a once shy, petite young woman, Hazel now towered two-miles tall. He both resented and appreciated her. Resented her, because she was the reason he was here, but he also appreciated her for it.

He had been living on the edge, just making ends meet, always afraid the worst would happen. Now it had happened, but Hazel had made sure the worst wasn’t that bad.



It had come as a shock to Wayne when Hazel revealed herself to be Hazel Taggart, daughter of the owners of the company. It had been an even bigger shock when she started making changes to the company. Changes that made things run smoother and faster.

Changes that made him totally redundant. She had made him an offer. He had been a good boss. He had always looked after her. Now she was offering to look after him. If he couldn't get another job and ended up with the agency, she would make sure he ended up with her. That there would be a safe place for him, no matter what happened.

It hadn’t taken long before the inevitable happened. With AI taking all the jobs, Wayne soon fell behind on his bills and his debts were sold to the agency. As promised, Hazel was there. She’d made sure that when the agency was done with him, he was delivered to her.

Reduced to just a millimetre in height, Wayne was the first to join her little civilisation, but he was far from the last.

It wasn't bad in the end. No work. No job. No bills. No worries. They could just enjoy life. Over the course of months, dozens upon dozens of people arrived in the terrarium on Hazel's desk. Some of them he knew, some of them he didn't. Some had worked in stores. Some had worked in the offices.

Hazel had given them all the same deal. If they ended up at the agency, they sent them to her. Her plans had cost them their livelihoods, but she made sure they were kept safe if the worst happened.

As it turned out, it was one of the best things that ever happened to Wayne. He never would have met Margot if it weren't for Hazel's terrarium. She had been a store manager on the other side of the country. She'd also lost her job because of Hazel's new system. She'd taken the deal and ended up in the terrarium on her desk just like him.

She was the love of his life, and while he'd had regrets when he was first shrunk, she made it all worth it. He'd do everything over again, as long as it meant the two of them ended up together. Even if Hazel was an ever-present third wheel in their relationship.



Hazel looked after them as best she could. She made sure they were well-fed and healthy. She kept the water fresh and the air warm. She made sure they were comfortable, happy and safe.

With no worries to speak of, the tank was a little slice of paradise, even if it was somewhat artificial. Their little world had clearly cost Hazel money and it was a comfortable home, even if the grass under their feet had been 3D printed.

“How’s everyone doing in there today?” Hazel bent down over the terrarium and peered inside. She could easily make out the field of tents between the forest. The people were a different story. She left a paperclip inside, both for them to play on, but also to give her a reference point.

At just a millimetre tall, the inhabitants of the tank were as small as mites. With her poor eyesight, she could barely make them out even with her glasses on.

The inhabitants of the tank weren't Hazel's only responsibilities. She still had Amelia to look after. The little woman didn't like being left alone, so she was always with Hazel these days. She didn't complain. She'd put Amelia through a lot, so it was only right that she did her best to make sure she was happy, or content at least.

Happiness was probably going to be a stretch for a woman she'd tricked into becoming her pet.

Besides, Amelia could also make herself useful.

“Come on...” Hazel reached into her cleavage and plucked out her pet. “I need you to do your thing.”

“Really? I was having a nap. A nice dream too.” Amelia grumbled, sleepily.

Hazel gave her a sympathetic smile and lowered her into the tank. “Come on. Those guys will appreciate it.”

“Fineeeeeeee...” Amelia replied like a sullen teenager.

“Hey gang! What’s up!?” Amelia looked down to the little people at her feet.

It was a strange sensation, to go from mouse-sized one moment to towering giantess the next. To the people living in the tank, Amelia towered as big as Hazel was to her.

A chorus of tiny voices replied, mostly to be polite and acknowledge her arrival. Some people ran up to see her, some made space, not enjoying being so close to a two-hundred-foot-tall woman. Most just ignored her.

“Alright, make a hole. I’m going to take a look around.” Amelia said, following her normal routine.

Hazel was much too big to have any clue what was going on inside her tank. She could barely even see the people. She couldn’t see if they were healthy, if there were problems developing or if anything needed cleaning or replaced. Amelia was small enough she could properly check on the people in the tank without having to worry about how they’d see her.

She could also speak to them one on one. If there were any arguments or issues, she could help to mediate. Hazel had been clear, troublemakers would be removed, so people mostly behaved.



Mostly...

With that many primates in one place, there were always going to be some disputes.

"OK! I'll hang about here with my buddy for a bit!" Amelia announced, leaning against the towering plastic man. "Any problems, let me know."

Amelia stood and heard out the little people one by one. Some problems she dealt with herself, others she made note of for Hazel. It was mostly requests for specific types of food. Hazel did her best to accommodate, but it wasn't like she could get burritos for people that tiny.

There was also some fun to be had once she'd finished her duties.

A group of the speck-sized people quite enjoyed Amelia's visits and were more than happy to spend their time exploring and pleasing her. It was quite refreshing for Amelia, to be the one explored for a change as opposed to being stuffed in Hazel's bra. It was enough to let her forget her heartache for a little while.

“I can’t believe you’ve got this big corner office and you’ve left it absolutely bare!” Hazel’s sister laughed.

Hazel shrugged. “I’ve got a plant...” she gestured to the one plant in the corner.

“You’re the golden girl. You’re going to be running this company in a couple of years. You should kit out your office in a way that makes people respect you.” Jess explained.

Hazel looked around. “Or...I can show them I mean business by having nothing but a tank full of the people I own on my desk.”

Jess laughed loudly. “Fucking hell, little sister. You really are terrifying sometimes! I suppose that works. It’s very...you...”

“I don’t have time to think about decorating, anyway. There’s far too much to be done.”

Jess shook her head. “Profit’s been through the roof since you started. Mum and Dad are overjoyed and prepping to retire. What else could you possibly do?”

Hazel grinned. “So much more. You’ll see.”

“And this is why you’re the golden girl. I’m just happy keeping things ticking over. You never could be happy staying still, could you?”

“You either advance, or get caught in the tide.” Hazel explained. “Anyway, would you mind, you know...doing your thing?”

Jess rolled her eyes. “You’ll need to do this yourself soon. I won’t be able to keep it up forever.”

“Yeah...” Hazel’s sigh was long and dismissive. “I doubt I’ll ever be doing that. Still, they’d appreciate it if you would. Which means I would too.”

Her sister pulled down her dress, looming over the tank with her tit exposed. “Anything for the big boss!”



Jess bent over, letting her free-hanging tit drop down into the tank. She didn't need to squeeze. Her tits were still so full they naturally leaked.

"You're sure they like this? Not that I care, I just think it's...odd." Jess asked as she let her boob leak into the tank.

"They specifically asked for it. I tried cow milk from the fridge, but they prefer yours. Warm, fresh and straight from the source. It's got all the nutrients they need." Hazel explained.

"Little perverts..." Jess smirked. "I should squeeze this thing and–"

"No." Hazel said firmly. "Be nice."

One drop was all it took. One drop of milk was more than enough to feed the dozens of people living in Hazel's terrarium. There was so much it would last them days. The thick, fatty milk kept its shape, the lipids in the liquid helping to reinforce the surface tension. The drop was so big it was like a deep pond. The specks were so small they could swim in it.

Of course, Amelia wasn't going to pass up a chance to get a drink of the warm, sweet, nutritious milk either.



“Damn...that is still freaky...” Jess said as she peered in through the side of the tank. “All those people, swimming in my boob juice. How many are in there now?”

“Almost a hundred...”

“OK...that’s kinda hot.” Jess let out a small moan. “I’ve never been patient. Not like you. I’d just eat them or something. This really is something...”

Hazel stood, stepping back. “This is just the start. I think by the time I’m finished, I’ll need a much bigger tank...”

Despite all of her success, all of her accomplishments, there was still one thing that bothered Hazel.

To prove herself worthy of taking over their business, her parents had forced her to demonstrate just how ruthless she could be. She'd destroyed the lives of Harrison and Amelia to satisfy that request. She was responsible for a lot more pain and suffering on top of that. It had been enough for her parents. She'd manage to save Amelia...mostly, but Harrison's fate had been beyond her control. She had no idea what had happened to him and that thought still sat poorly in her gut, sometimes keeping her up at night.



Now, after Jenny had called her and asked to meet, it looked like she was about to find out.

“Jenny…hi…” Hazel said, nerves obvious in her voice. She didn’t like being nervous. She wasn’t used to it. She hated it when something was out of her control.

“Wasn’t sure you’d show.” Despite the breathlessness, Jenny sounded anything but nervous. Hazel was pretty sure the woman had jogged here.

“Can I get you a drink?” Hazel asked. “You look like you’ve earned it.”

“No. This won’t take long.” Jenny said, pulling out the chair opposite Hazel and sitting down. For a while she didn’t say anything. She just stared at her. Stared long enough to make Hazel feel uncomfortable.

“I–”

“Did you ruin my marriage, or did Harrison do that all on his own?” Jenny asked.

“Will my answer change anything?”

“No, but I want to know anyway.”

Hazel took a breath. “Joint effort. I figured he’d fuck Amelia. He was stressed and always horny. I did dose him a bit to try to calm him down. Still, they kept going at it even after I stopped. You know how hard it is to get pregnant after getting shrunk? Fertility drops to near–”

Jenny held up a hand, cutting Hazel off. “Yeah, that’s all I need to know.” She pushed the chair back and stood up.

“Is Harrison…alive?” Hazel didn’t like the sound of the desperation in her voice.

Jenny glowered down at her. “What if he is? You offered to buy him once. Why?”

“Because I felt bad. I didn’t want you to harm him. I wanted–”

“Here’s the deal.” Jenny said flatly. “I give you Harrison, and I never see either of your faces again. He stays as the snivelling little worm he is forever. Got it?”

“I can do that.” Hazel said.

She watched Jenny’s hand disappear behind her, pushing down into the elastic of her leggings. When the hand reappeared, it was clutching a tiny figure. She held it out and Hazel reflexively held out her own.

Jenny released her grip and Harrison fell into Hazel’s open palm.

“Oh, Harrison…” Hazel gasped.

On one hand, she felt relief that he was alive. That she hadn’t killed him. On the other, he looked…broken. He was soaked in Jenny’s sweat, barely able to even kneel in her palm and trembling.

“Jenny…Jenny…” Harrison coughed, then rasped. He shuffled around, looking for the woman who had once been his wife.

Now it was done, Jenny turned and left. No goodbyes. No sneers. No insults. Nothing.

She just walked away.

“Jenny! Please! Don’t leave me here! Take me with you!” Harrison cried. Even after everything, he didn’t want to leave her. He wanted to keep trying, he wanted to fix it. The doorbell jingled as the door opened, then closed as Jenny walked through and out of his life forever.

“Jenny! Jenny! JENNY! PLEASE!” He continued to cry after she left.

“She’s gone, Harrison…” Hazel said.

“No! No! She’s not! She’ll come back!”

“I’m so sorry…” Hazel said. “I’ve someone who wants to see you though…” She carefully tipped him down towards her bosom.

“Fuck you! You did this!” He yelled.

“I know. I’m sorry.” Hazel replied before gently pushing him down into her cleavage.

“You’re alive!” A voice in the darkness cried out. Tiny arms grabbed him, pulling him into a familiar embrace. “I thought…I was sure you were dead…”

“Amelia?” Harrison asked groggily. He couldn’t help but hug her back. She was his size. She wasn’t some giant monster set on torturing him. Just another person trying to hug him. It was almost enough to make him break down.

“I’m so glad you’re back.” Amelia cried. “I’ve missed…I’ve missed you so much.”

“I…I…” Harrison didn’t know what to say. He just hugged her tightly and tried not to think about Jenny.



Then he remembered.

“What about–” Harrison asked.

The look on Amelia’s face told him everything. She shook her head. “Just me...I...I don’t want to talk about it. It’s over now. I’m just...just so happy you’re alive.”

Harrison just held her, his mind whirling in shock. He’d lost everything. Everything but the woman clinging to him. He needed to remember that.

“Let’s go home...” she said.



Having Harrison back in her possession and having Harrison actually back turned out to be two separate things.

He didn't eat. He didn't sleep. He didn't do anything. All he did was lie around, barely talking to or acknowledging anyone. He didn't even acknowledge Hazel. She was over two hundred feet tall and legally owned him, but she may as well have not even existed.

Harrison just lay there.

They tried everything they could think of. They gave him space. It didn't work. They tried coddling him, which also didn't work. They tried fun activities, which he ignored. They even tried to encourage him through sex, which had always worked in the past, but it was slowly becoming obvious, Harrison was a broken man.

Only Amelia could ever get through to him and that was only when they were alone together.

To Hazel, the solution was obvious. The problem was her.

She had done this to him. She had broken his marriage and his life. She couldn't expect him to be happy now he was back with her.

There was really only one thing she could do.

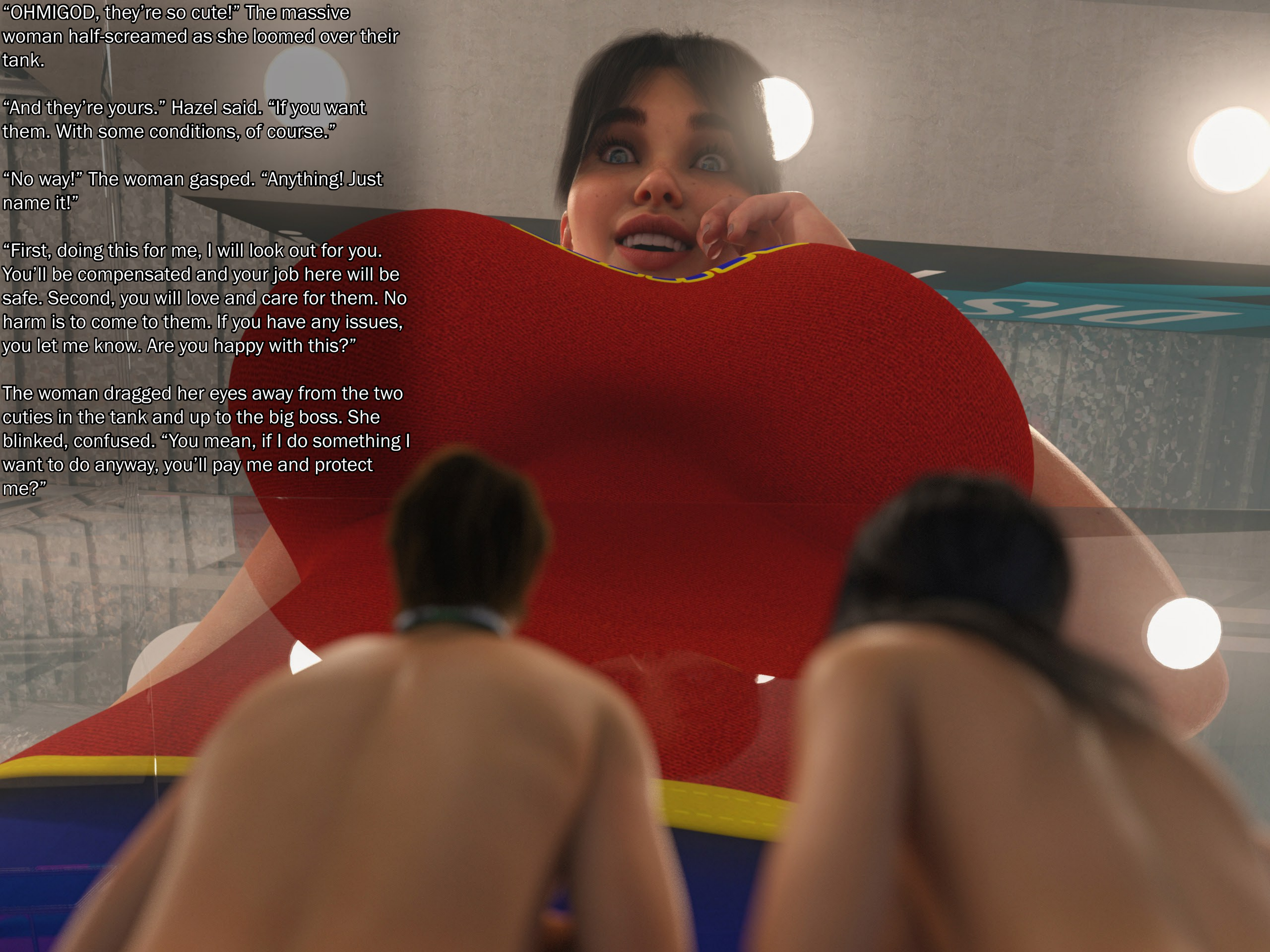
“OHMIGOD, they’re so cute!” The massive woman half-screamed as she loomed over their tank.

“And they’re yours.” Hazel said. “If you want them. With some conditions, of course.”

“No way!” The woman gasped. “Anything! Just name it!”

“First, doing this for me, I will look out for you. You’ll be compensated and your job here will be safe. Second, you will love and care for them. No harm is to come to them. If you have any issues, you let me know. Are you happy with this?”

The woman dragged her eyes away from the two cuties in the tank and up to the big boss. She blinked, confused. “You mean, if I do something I want to do anyway, you’ll pay me and protect me?”



“Well, when you put it like that…”

“Deal!”

A moment later Harrison and Amelia were in her hand. “Hey cuties! I’m Delilah. What are your names?”

“Amelia!” The little woman yelled. “And this is Harrison!”

“He doesn’t speak?” Delilah asked.

Hazel grimaced. “He’s been through a lot. He’ll need a lot of patience and care.”

“Well, I know how to do that.” Delilah smiled warmly.

“So…I guess this is goodbye?” Hazel said hesitantly. She hoped Harrison might decide to engage, but he remained as resolute in his misery as always. He wouldn’t even turn around to look at her.

“You’re giving us away, just like that?” Amelia asked, sounding a little sad. Despite everything Hazel had put her through, despite tricking her into this life, she did feel affection for her owner. It might have been Stockholm syndrome, it might have been real, but it was there.

“It’s for the best.” Hazel forced a smile. “I’m going to be working a lot anyway. At least this way you’ll have a nice home and someone who loves you.”

Hazel had picked Delilah for a reason. Pretty, smart, but not too smart, hardworking and a good track record. She was someone Hazel could trust and control if needed. Also, she knew both Harrison and Amelia enjoyed a large, soft chest and Delilah also brought that too.

She was a good choice, and threw herself into her new role as owner. She read books, signed up to online forums and followed advice. She made sure her new pets had plenty of time to bond with her and get used to her. Even if it made it particularly awkward to talk to customers as they wiggled around her boob while she worked.

One Year Later...

Days off were nice. Hazel protected Delilah, but it didn't mean a free ride. She still had to work, though the extra money in her pay packet to keep her loyal was nice. It wasn't needed, Delilah would have done it anyway, but she wasn't going to say no to it either.

Not in this world or this economy.

Today, Delilah had mostly decided to spend time in the bath, soaking her legs that were sore from standing half the day and reading a good book. Hopefully, without any interruptions.





“Ready?” Amelia whispered.

“I mean, yeah…but she specifically asked to be left alone for a few hours. Are you sure this is a good idea?” Harrison was doing a better job of staying out of sight. Keeping in view of the boobs, yes, but still keeping out of his owner’s eyeline.

“Dude, it was a test. She wants to see how much we love her! She wants us here and if we don’t, she’ll be disappointed and we’ll fail the test.”

“Uhhhh huh…” Harrison wasn’t convinced.

Tiny shrieks of delight shattered Delilah's concentration. She looked up from her book just in time to see two tiny streaks plunging into her bath.

"Really guys!?" She laughed. "I can't even get a bath on my own."

She was feigning annoyance, but doing a bad job of it. She was surprised it had taken them this long to turn up. She found letting the pair have the run of the place, rather than cooping them up in a cage kept them much happier. Watching her step had become second nature to her now.



“Told you!” Amelia laughed. “She totally wanted us here!”

“Yeah, yeah! Yadda yadda!” Harrison laughed, then swept his arm through the water, soaking Amelia. She shrieked with delight, then turned and disappeared under the water.

“Hey! You guys just don’t get to intrude on my bath and then just disappear!” Delilah said, but it was too late. They’d both already disappeared under the water.

Amelia kicked her legs as hard as she could, tucking her arms back to make herself as streamline as possible. Harrison was bigger and stronger, but he was clumsy. It would take him time to get up to speed, and that was her advantage. As long as she got ahead and wore him down, she'd be able to keep ahead.

If she didn't want him to catch her, that was. The chase was fun, but so was the ending too.

Harrison was pretty sure Amelia was letting him catch her. Sometimes she seemed to have boundless energy and ran circles around him, other times he seemed to have the edge, even if he wasn't trying.

He caught her foot, pulled her back, then wrapped himself around her, their momentum and conservation of motion causing them to spin around as they embraced. She kissed him, her tongue pressing into his mouth and her lips creating a seal with his.

After Jenny, he was sure he would never love again. How wrong he'd been. He loved Amelia deeply. In a way, she was better for him than Jenny had been. Where Jenny was a partner and a rock, Amelia was a source of endless joy and passion. The chemistry he'd felt with her when they first met was real. It was just as responsible for his affair as Hazel's machinations. Now free from his marriage, he was free to love her the way his heart wanted to love her.



He thought he'd never been happy again. He thought he'd be miserable, being the pet of some giant shop clerk.

Instead, he'd never been happier. There was no stress. No worries. No bills or commitments. Only day after day of having fun with the woman he loved, and occasionally letting Delilah in on their fun too.

Which, she'd decided was going to happen now, it appeared. Their kiss was interrupted as the water churned, twisting and flowing as gargantuan fingers spread out around them, closing in on them until they were held tightly enough to lift up out of the water.



“Do you two ever stop!?” Delilah laughed. No sooner than her hand opening, Amelia was already on top of Harrison, her hand reaching for his cock. Neither responded, or even acknowledged she was there. They were already starting to fuck in her hand. It was mildly impolite, given it was her hand they were fucking in to not at least thank her. “I guess that’s a no!”

She’d let them have fun for a little while. They’d earned it. Besides, it was always nice to watch her little pets enjoy themselves. In more ways than one.

As enjoyable as watching her pets fuck was, Delilah could only take so much before she started to feel herself getting horny. She was their owner, afterall. It was only fair her pets make her happy when she devoted so much of her time to their care. It wasn't like they didn't enjoy her big, soft tits either.

"That's enough of that." She declared, lowering her and tipping the little couple out onto her boob. It was funny watching them struggling to stand, and her laughter only made it worse. "If you two want to keep fucking, you need to bring me in as well. You interrupted my bath, so time to pay the price!"

Amelia raised her arms in a shrug, knowing full well how her owner liked to join in. Delilah couldn't exactly be fucked by Harrison, so she liked be in charge instead.

"Bend down, grab my nipple." She ordered Amelia. The little woman didn't need to be told twice. She knew this one, and she liked it too.

"Harrison..." Delilah nodded. He grabbed Amelia's hips and slid himself into her, though no more than that. He felt a finger brace at his hips, which started to gently press him forwards. He moaned as he slid deeper into Amelia and she pushed back. Again and again, Delilah pushed him, making him fuck Amelia and setting the pace for the encounter. All he had to do was hold on and not blow his load too quickly. That was easier said than done.

“Oooooh...ohhhh, fuck, this is way too much fun...” Amelia squeaked.

“Nghhh...yeah...” Harrison croaked, focusing on not cumming.

“Hey! Not too soon!” Delilah said, her hand plucking up Harrison before he could climax. She gave him a minute to cool off, then dropped him down onto her nipple. When he looked up, Amelia was dropping down on top of him, held in their owner’s grip.

“Ughhhh...” he groaned as Delilah started to bounce the tiny woman on top of his cock.



“Mmmmm...yeah, that feels nice.” Delilah cooed. “What about for you two?”

Amelia was starting to feel a little motion sick. Even being as gentle as she could be, Delilah was huge. She couldn’t fuck with the same finesse that just Harrison alone could. “I’m...getting...a...little...sick...”

“Eugh...fine...” Delilah relented and let her go. “I’ll just watch! But stay there! I like feeling you both there!”

As much as she liked playing with her dolls, it was still hot to watch her two pets fucking on her nipple. Watching Harrison grab Amelia and position her on top of him. Watching the little things writhe and wriggle on her nipple. Feeling their little limbs grabbing hold of her. Listening to Amelia’s squeaking as she came. She had to give it to Harrison, the man kept going and going. She wished the guys in her life were like him.

After a few more minutes of vigorous fucking and squeaking, the pair collapsed back onto Delilah's tit. She was genuinely quite jealous of the pair. Sure, they were teeny-tiny, owned by her and had little control over their own lives, but their lives were ones of comfort.

The best Delilah could look forward to was a soak in the tub and her cosy bed. These two had just had an epic fuck and were now relaxing atop the comfiest, most luxurious bed in history.

“My turn...” Delilah grinned. Her pets looked like they were about to fall asleep. They’d had their fun, now she wanted hers. She grabbed the bottle of body wash and squeezed a stream out onto her boobs.

“You two have been dirty. You need a good scrubbing!” Delilah chuckled.

She sat up in the warm water, massaging her considerable bosom and coating them in a lather of body wash. She made sure that both Harrison and Amelia were suitably lathered too. She loved feeling them against her boobs as she kneaded them. It felt so good, feeling tiny bodies being utterly buried and rendered insignificant by just her tits.

“Mmmmmm...I will never tire of this. Hope you two don’t either!”

Delilah kept rolling and squeezing her huge, soft boobs, gradually pushing her little pets into her cleavage. Coated in warm water and soapy bubbles, pressed together by a full body massage, Harrison and Amelia couldn’t help but laugh, snatching the occasional kiss or caress as their bodies slid past each other.

“Oooooh...ohhhhhhhhh...” Delilah moaned. While not as quiet as she’d hope, her bath was definitely proving relaxing. The tickles and squirms of little bodies in her cleavage, possibly little bodies trying to fuck some more, was delightful. It complimented the warmth between her thighs as she finger-fucked herself until she had a small but pleasant orgasm.

Delilah allowed herself a few minutes to lay back and just enjoy the afterglow of her orgasm. She'd been in the bath a while now and the water was starting to lose its heat. She could just top it up, but that was probably a sign.

"I should probably just get back to the real world..." she sighed, standing up. For a moment, she wondered where her pets had gone. "Ha!" Delilah laughed. "I think you two have spent so much time with my boobies you're starting to become one with them!"

Life was good.

With a patron covering a chunk of her bills and making sure she had a job, Delilah could just relax and enjoy life. She would have happily taken Harrison and Amelia without any payment and treated them no different.

She guessed that was why Hazel chose her. Still, she had always enjoyed a simple life. She wasn’t going to push her luck on extravagances. A nice flat, peace and security were all she really wanted.

“You know, if you’re hungry, we can just ask her for something to eat?” Harrison said.

Amelia looked back over to him, putting a finger over his lips to quiet him. “Where’s the fun in that? Let’s at least pretend like we can survive on our own if we wanted to. Scavenging for scraps would be most of that!”

“And doing that after the giant, hungry person has gone would be the better plan.” Harrison grinned like it was obvious. “Less chance of getting caught or stepped on. You know Dee, she’ll eat first and clean later.”

“Bah! Just let me have this!”

“Suit yourself.” Harrison shrugged. He stopped, casting his eyes upwards along the towering form of his owner. He’d always preferred leaner women when he was younger. Now, he started coming around to the meatier, softer figure that Delilah had.

It was hard not to be overawed by acres of rippling, wobbling flesh. Especially her tits. As she made her sandwich, they swayed hypnotically far above.

“Oh! Hey guys! Are you hungry!?” Delilah asked. She was just about to walk away with her lunch when she instinctively checked her feet and spotted the two tiny people on the floor among the crumbs. “You can have some of my sandwich. Better than floor crumbs.”

“Dammit! You weren’t supposed to see us!” Amelia yelled, but her minuscule lungs were too small to carry her voice to Delilah’s ears.

“Let me just clean up this mess, then we can get you two something proper to eat.” Delilah said as she knelt down.

Harrison could hear Amelia yelling...something...

He wasn’t quite sure what, though. He was distracted for...reasons...

“You don’t think she’ll be annoyed at us waking her up so early?” Amelia asked.

Harrison shrugged. “Not if it’s a particularly enjoyable wake-up!”

“Well, I am always happy when you let your dick do the thinking!” Amelia gave Harrison a kiss and let him lead the way.

Both of them knew their owner would be fine with them. They'd both learned where the boundaries with her were over the last year. Even when they pushed them, she was always patient with them. She was less concerned for her own privacy than she was for their safety. Delilah believed they should be free to roam as they pleased, that didn't mean putting themselves in danger.

She'd made it clear to them that if they couldn't stay safe, she'd be forced to keep them safe. That didn't mean they still wouldn't test the limits.

"I need to teach this woman how to take care of her feet." Amelia said as she accidentally pulled away a chunk of dried skin.

"She stands for half the day, what do you expect?"



They climbed up on top of their sleeping owner's leg, making their way up to her ass. Harrison had intended on ducking into the gap between her legs, but instead, Amelia rushed past him and scrambled up the steep slope of Delilah's ass.

"Weeeeeeeee!" Amelia cried happily as she bounced.

"That's a tonne of air, you've got going!" Harrison couldn't help but laugh.

"She is so bouncy!" Amelia yelled, continuing to bounce. "Like a super hot bouncy castle!"



After a pleasant few minutes of watching Amelia’s boobs bounce around, Harrison decided it was time to carry on his plan. He didn’t want Delilah to wake up before they got going.

“Hey! Wait for me!” Amelia called, scrambling after him.

Harrison found what he was looking for, the pink gash between Delilah’s legs. He found the opening, put his arms through and then used them to leverage the rest of his body into Delilah’s pussy.

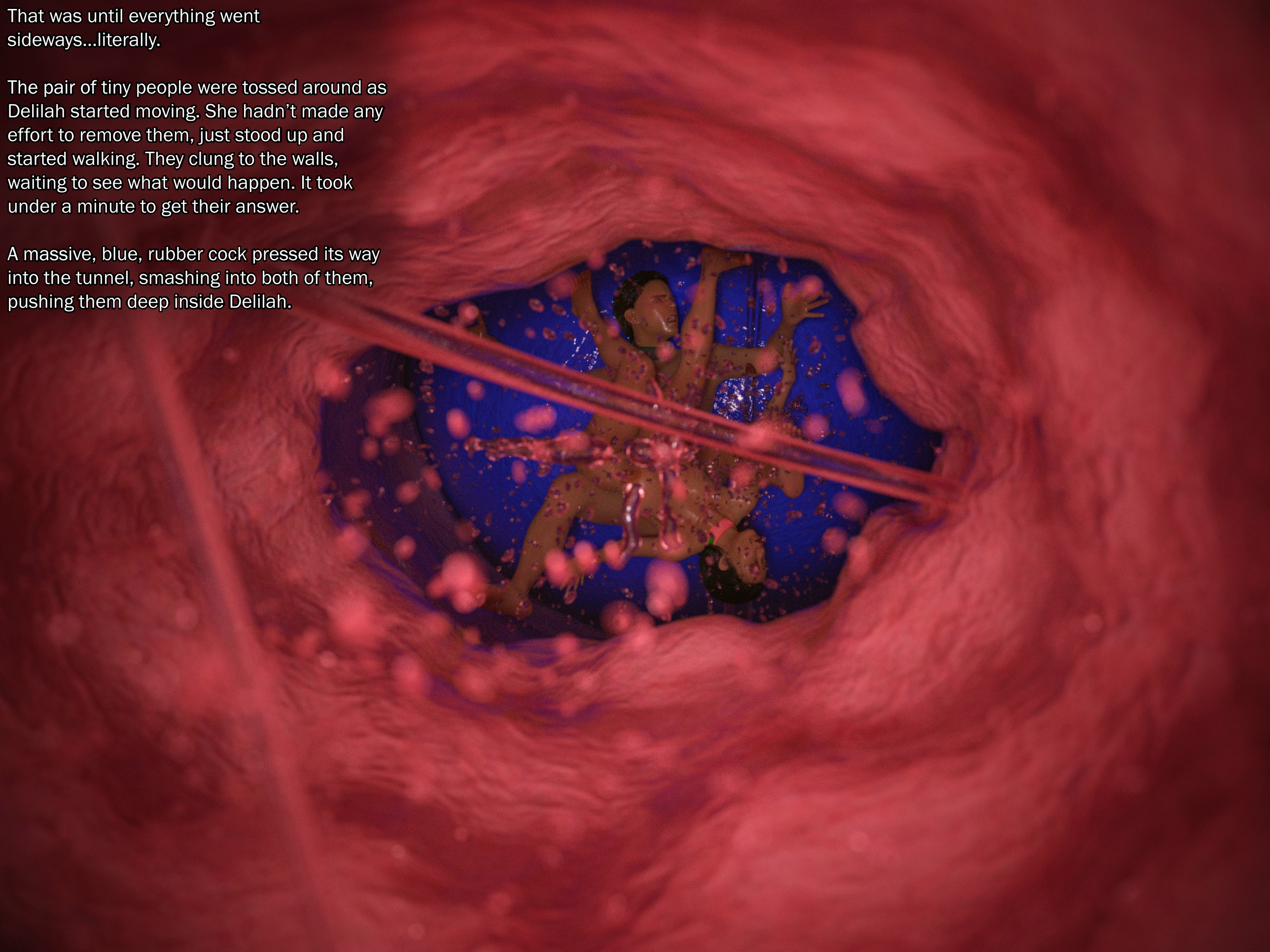
“Oooooooh, fuck!” Amelia groaned. She was having a ridiculously good time. With the heat and the smell all around her, her brain was a fog of fucking and pheromones. Harrison was like an animal. He just kept going.

She didn’t forget about Delilah. She used her arms and knees where she could to make sure that her owner knew what was happening inside of her. The juices flowing freely along the tunnel walls told the little woman it was working.

That was until everything went sideways...literally.

The pair of tiny people were tossed around as Delilah started moving. She hadn't made any effort to remove them, just stood up and started walking. They clung to the walls, waiting to see what would happen. It took under a minute to get their answer.

A massive, blue, rubber cock pressed its way into the tunnel, smashing into both of them, pushing them deep inside Delilah.



“Ooooooooooooh...” Delilah cooed.

Harrison was right. Delilah had enjoyed the wake-up. She’d woken up ravenously horny and desperate for something to fill her up. As pleasant as her little pets felt inside of her, they weren’t nearly enough to get the job done. She was forced to bring in her own toy to scratch the itches they just couldn’t reach.

“Ungh! See what you guys do to me!?” Delilah lifted herself up on the dildo, her lips making a wet smacking sound as trapped fluids and air sprayed out. She looked down, checking on her pets. They were stuck to the dildo by her cum. Fine, but very, very stuck.

“You both started this! So you can enjoy the ride!” Delilah said as she sat back down atop the oversized phallus. This was going to be a big one, she could feel it.

This had been Harrison's plan all along. Although getting stuck to an insanely large dildo while it was fucked wasn't exactly fun, Delilah loved it. They both knew how hard she came each time she did it. The only issue was, she was reluctant to do it. She felt like it was unfair to her little pets to use them like that.

For Harrison, this was his way of saying 'thank you' for all she did for them. He had a life now. Not just that, but he loved his life now. He loved Amelia, and in a way, he loved Delilah too.

He kept that thought in his mind as Delilah spent the next half hour pounding him deeper inside of her. She was restrained most of the time, but when Delilah got going, she got going like no one else. The loud, muffled moaning from outside told him that she'd definitely needed this.

That was life now.

It wasn’t the one that any of them had planned or intended, but it was a good one.

Delilah adored her two loving pets, that she could never have afforded on her own. She loved the security of having a patron keeping her safe. She just loved the quiet simplicity of her apartment and job. If she could pick, she wouldn’t change a thing.

She glanced down to her boob, feeling a little jealous as her pets embraced one another. Maybe that was something she would add one day. Someone who loved her the way her pets loved each other. She turned back to watch the movie. It was always entertaining to watch them fuck on her body, but she decided they could have a bit of privacy this time.

They'd earned it.

"I love you..." Amelia said to Harrison as he moved inside of her.

"I love you too..." he replied, then kissed her.

Many Years Later...

Hazel had come a long way over the last decade. Her parents had retired, secure in the knowledge that their business was in safe hands. Safe hands had turned out to be an understatement.

With Hazel's first goal of efficiency savings realised, her second became attainable: expansion. One by one, she bought out the competition. Small, independent stores at first, then rival chains. She kept going until T-Mart was the largest chain in the country.

Now she was the head of an empire and had built herself a fortune to go along with it. Money had never been the goal. She'd just wanted to see if it could be done.

Of course, buying out the competition meant integrating their businesses into her own. That meant layoffs. Lots and lots of layoffs. As was her habit, Hazel offered them all the same deal she had from the start.

If they feared for their future, she would let them surrender themselves to her and she would keep them safe. After a decade of this, she had gone from having a small tank on her desk, to a small city of thousands. She had so many that she kept a city on her desk in her office and another at home as well.

“She’s got that look on her face again.” Margot said.

“Yup…” Wayne agreed.

As the two-mile-tall goddess of a woman stripped, a crowd began to gather in the street. They all knew what was coming. Hazel was mostly benign, doing as promised and caring for her people, but every so often she got an urge to demonstrate that she really was their goddess.

While most people either gathered in the streets to watch or sheltered in their homes, a dedicated few gathered on the rooftops. Those who wanted to join in on Hazel's fun were welcome.

They were far too small to be felt, but that didn't matter. It enhanced the colossal woman's enjoyment just knowing they were there. Dozens upon dozens of people clambered from the rooftops of the highest buildings and onto a single fingernail.

“Into the hole…” Hazel said. “You don’t want to be out here when I start.”

The first group she dropped atop the dildo. She was pretty sure not all of them would make it back out, but that was their choice. They’d wanted this. As long as they climbed inside, they’d be safe.

She didn’t know when the idea had begun to turn her on, but it did now. The idea of fucking dozens of people at once. All of them inside of her. She liked to imagine that one day it would be a real cock. That it would cum inside of her and fill her up with the specks she cared for. Her body could absorb them and truly care for them that way.

It was only a fantasy, but one she found very hard to shake.



The next group she placed on her nipple. At just a millimetre in height, a single speck was hard to see, but a group of fifty or so together she could make out if she looked hard enough. She liked to look down at them as she thought about the dozens inside of her. They gave her a point of reference for her godliness.

It wasn't all about the specks she owned. She was in charge of a business a hundred thousand strong. Almost all of those lives were hers if she chose to take them. She didn't want to, but the thought occasionally drove her libido into a frenzy of desire. This was the outcome of that.

She positioned her favourite toy in front of the city she owned, clambered onto the marble table, and lowered herself down atop it. As she fucked the thick cock, she thought of the thousands of eyes watching her and her dozens of people inside of her.

All of them had been people once, and now all of them were hers.

The streets were awash with people and cum.

They knew it would happen, but it was an event too powerful to look away. Each of the insignificant specks stood in wonder, looking up at the towering skyscraper of a dildo being effortlessly devoured by Hazel's pussy. They all wondered what it would be like to make the journey to its tip and go inside of her.

Most returned, but not all.

As she kept going, cum rained down like a flood, filling the streets. It was as intoxicating as it was terrifying.

It was done, for now. Her desires were sated.

Hazel lay back, her little city on her stomach, where they could be close to her. She wanted to feel a connection with them. She'd heard stories of a secret government project where one woman ruled over a million specks. Where she was a literal goddess to an entire civilisation.

Hazel had more money than she knew what to do with. She wondered if she couldn't do that. If she couldn't create a place where she could save all the poor souls that the agency would shrink and sell on to be eaten or used.

It would be something worth doing. A project worthy of her time and her talents. A project where she could truly and finally use her talents on a civilisation of millions instead of a business of thousands.

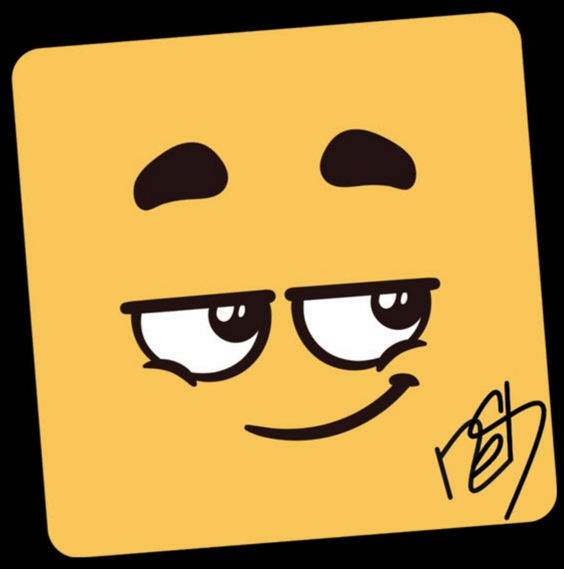
"Goddess Hazel has a nice ring to it..." she smiled to herself. Yes, it very much did.

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Lorelai picked them up and put them both on top of her stomach.

“I will not make it easy; you’ll need to work for it,” she said teasingly.

Reese and Andi met at the base of Lorelai’s breasts, looked at each other, and smiled.

“Don’t get sloppy!” Andi said jokingly.

“Well, I'm about to rock her–” Reese blurted out.

“I already said that. But nice try, Reeree.” Andi kneeled and ruffled his hair.

“Oh, Andi! You'll see!” Reese squinted his eyes.

Reese pressed forward on his journey toward the treasure nestled between Lorelai’s thighs, each step sinking slightly into the warmth of her skin. As he crossed over her navel, he couldn’t help but pause for a fleeting moment, taking in the sight. From his perspective, the shallow dip could easily serve as a small pool, one where he could lounge and float with ease if the circumstances were different. The rhythmic rise and fall of her breathing beneath him made the ground feel alive, a constant reminder of just how small he truly was in comparison. But he couldn’t let himself get distracted while his goal was still ahead, and he was determined to reach it.

Andi stood before Lorelai, contemplating her next move. Lorelai had asked for something different this time, but with Reese already having teased her nipples, as he often did, Andi found herself at a loss for ideas.

“Andi, look at me,” Lorelai boomed in front of her. “Do you trust me?”

“I... do, Miss,” Andi replied.

“Okay, sweetie,” Lorelai reassured her as she grabbed her by the waist.

Nellielle

Reese arrived at the juncture where Lorelai's pelvis met her thigh, gazing down at his intended destination. The drop was steeper than he anticipated, and while the idea of sliding down was tempting, the risk of injury, and the possibility of Lorelai cutting off their fun, made him reconsider. Opting for a safer route, he continued forward, carefully navigating along her leg until he reached her knee.

From there, the descent was far more manageable. He slid down smoothly, only stumbling slightly upon landing, but otherwise unharmed. As he steadied himself and advanced toward his goal, the shift in temperature was immediate. The warmth and humidity surrounding the area made it clear he was getting closer.

“Damn, Andi did a number on her. Good job,” he said to himself, impressed.

As he walked closer, the last thing he saw from Lorelai was her lifting Andi.

“She said we need to work for it, but Andi gets a lift for free. There's some bias going on here,” Reese muttered, not really being serious about it.

Lorelai's crotch was all that he could see in front of him. It was swollen and wet, with some juices still leaking out of her and a feminine musk filling the air.

“Okay, variety… What can I do?” Reese asked, eying up and down until he saw his next goal. A place he had become very personally acquainted with just a couple of weeks prior.

Andi was rarely this high up, let alone in Lorelai's control. She wondered what her keeper was planning to do with her. As she looked below her, she saw Lorelai's face smiling nervously.

"I need your complete trust on this," Lorelei said, to which Andi nodded.

Lorelai parted her lips, revealing glistening strands of saliva stretching across the entrance to the most forbidden place a shrunken human could find themselves. Andi had unwavering trust in her, knowing that at her current size, she was far too large to be swallowed entirely. Still, an instinctive fear stirred within her as she caught sight of the dark abyss of Lorelai's throat.

As she was lowered, her legs spread over Lorelai's cheeks, and the warm, wet mouth closed around her groin and ass, holding her firmly in place.

"M-Miss? What are y–AHHH!" Andi yelped as Lorelai's monstrous tongue gently licked her crotch.

"Mmmmmmhhh!" Lorelai moaned with satisfaction, and her voice rumbled all over Andi's body.

Reese reached the puckering cavern that he was already familiar with. It was blinking non-stop as Lorelai focused on entertaining Andi with whatever made her scream that way.

Lorelai mentioned once before that they had free reign to do whatever they wanted. Reese hoped anal was included in the deal. He got closer and massaged the rim, making her whole body tremble.

A loud pop was heard as if Lorelai had taken a lollipop from her mouth.

“Mmmmm, Reese, going back to finish the job from that day? Don't worry, I won't stop you this time unless you want me to.” Then the sucking noises resumed.

Reese saw that her vagina was still oozing juices from her previous encounter with Andi, so he decided to coat himself with it and use it as lubricant.

“Nothing ventured, nothing gained,” he said and forced himself into the puckering cavern.



“Mmmmgggoooaaahhhh!” Lorelai moaned with Andi over her mouth, sending shivers through her whole body.

“Carajo… M-Miss… ahhhh!” Andi struggled to get the words out.

Andi leaned forward a bit to get a more comfortable position as the monstrous pink beast savored her like an expensive candy. Andi gripped Lorelai’s lower lips for steadiness, since she was beginning to feel weak on the legs already.

“Ah!” Lorelai yelped in reaction to whatever Reese was doing to her, making her tongue more aggressive with Andi.

“Oh, oh, oh! Miss! Miss! Wait!” Andi yelled in a panic as she tapped Lorelai’s lips to get her attention.

“Hm?”

“Can you… slow… down? Please?” Andi asked her.

“Oh, shwowee,” Lorelai said with her mouth full, vibrating Andi’s genitals in the process.

“Let me get more comfortable.” Andi used the lips as leverage as she rotated herself, facing Lorelai’s nose and eyes with her legs spread over the mouth. “I'm ready.”

Lorelai’s tongue then resumed her pleasure quest for Andi’s treasure.

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