

The Shrink Agency

One Year Deal

By OHH



A man with brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a grey t-shirt and dark blue jeans, is talking on a silver smartphone. He is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression. In the background, a woman with brown hair, wearing a pink long-sleeved crop top and a black skirt, stands with her hand covering her face, appearing distressed or sad. The setting is a modern living room with a wooden floor, a white wall, and a dark door in the background.

“Yes...yes...uh huh...right now?”

Jenny listened as her husband talked on the phone, feeling fear in the pit of her stomach and her heart aching. They needed money desperately. Life had been good. They’d done everything right. They’d managed to save enough to buy a modest apartment but now the building needed repairs and they’d been hit with a bill they couldn’t afford.

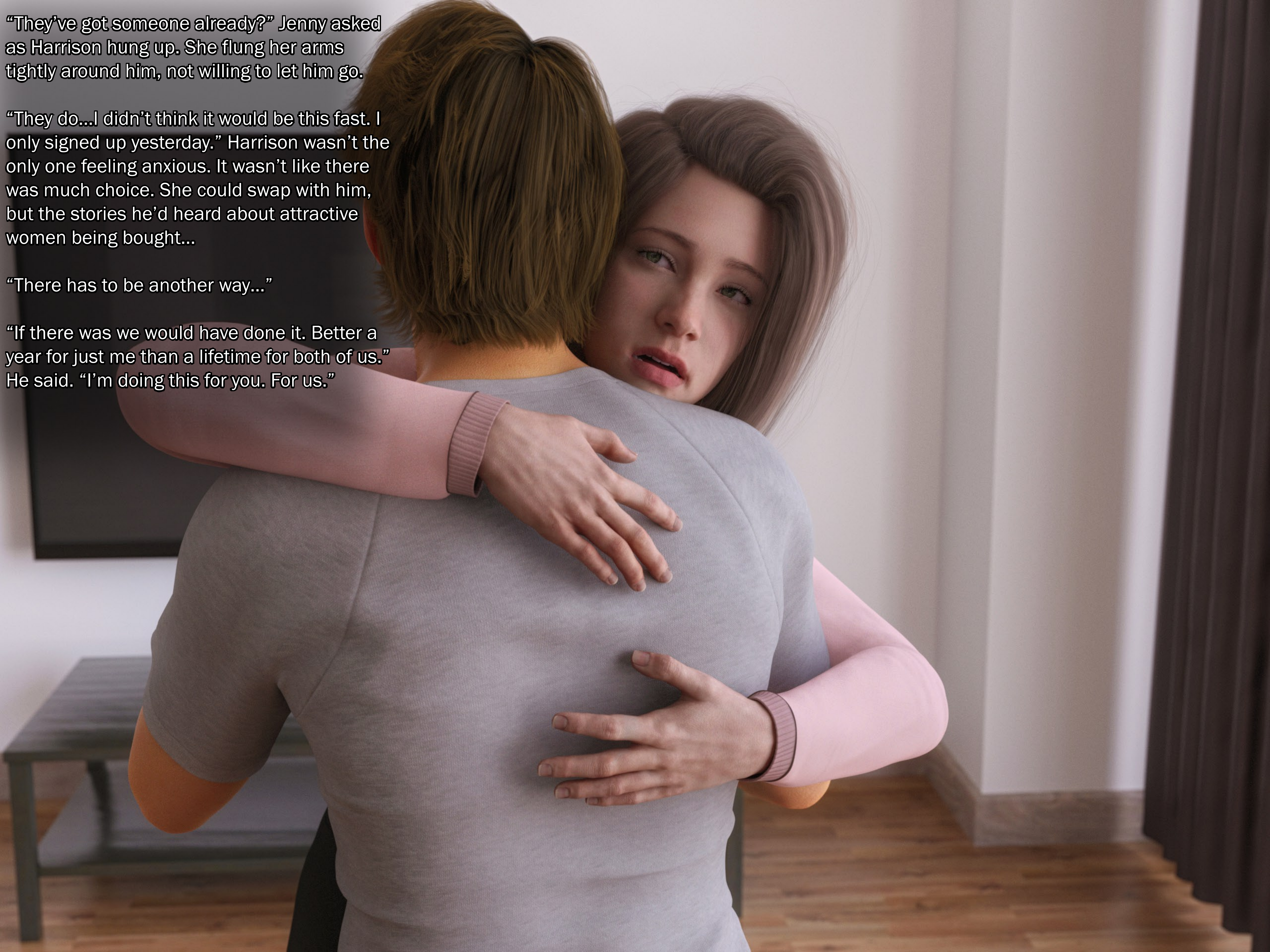
They had one choice. Harrison was going to take a deal with the Shrink Agency. He would sign up for a year under his own terms, rather than both of them being seized when they eventually couldn’t make the repair payment.

“They’ve got someone already?” Jenny asked as Harrison hung up. She flung her arms tightly around him, not willing to let him go.

“They do...I didn’t think it would be this fast. I only signed up yesterday.” Harrison wasn’t the only one feeling anxious. It wasn’t like there was much choice. She could swap with him, but the stories he’d heard about attractive women being bought...

“There has to be another way...”

“If there was we would have done it. Better a year for just me than a lifetime for both of us.” He said. “I’m doing this for you. For us.”



“How long do we have?” Jenny asked.

“We need to go now. There’s paperwork and such to go through. For both of us apparently, so you need to come too.” Harrison explained.

“I hate this...you’ll be gone for a year...anything could happen.” Harrison grabbed Jenny’s hand and tried to pull her towards the door. She wasn’t moving.

“I’ll be gone for a year, but on my terms. We can still say no to this person. We can make sure that I’m well taken care of so you don’t need to worry, OK?” He said.

Jenny reluctantly agreed.




“Mr and Mrs Stuart, welcome! My name’s Penny, it’s nice to finally meet you. I’ll be your representative here at the agency.” the perky blonde shook Harrison’s hand eagerly, then moved on to his wife.

“I was surprised to get a call so fast.” Harrison said.

“There’s been a lot of interest in you, though given the price tag you set and the length of the deal I will admit it’s been quick. Most of our deals are in days.” Penny explained.

“So, you have a match?” Jenny jumped straight to the point.




A woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a white button-down shirt and a black skirt, is standing in the center of a modern office. She is gesturing with her hands as if in conversation. To her left, a man with dark hair, wearing a grey t-shirt, is seen from the back. To her right, a woman with long dark hair, wearing a pink long-sleeved crop top and a black skirt with gold buttons, is also seen from the back. The background features large windows with a view of a city and vertical wooden slats.

“We do! She’s lovely. Her needs match yours perfectly.” Penny smiled. “She’s a young woman seeking a long-term companion. She’s from a wealthy family and they’re covering the bill. She’s not looking for any specific requirements and promises a large focus on care and attention. She’s even specified that medical checkups will be expected by her, with her covering the cost. I really don’t think you could do better here.”

“What’s the catch?” Jenny jumped in before Harrison could agree.

“None that I can see. Come on into my office and you can see for yourself.”



“This is Hazel Taggart.” Penny held up a picture of a pretty brunette. That made Jenny uncomfortable. She knew her husband’s type well. “Her family runs a large chain of supermarkets. She’s highly educated and has impeccable references. The main reason for her application is that she is uncomfortable dealing with people. Her family feel her having the opportunity to take care of a person for a year will help teach her to deal with people in general.”


“That sounds ideal.” Harrison was feeling much better about this. Especially given how pretty the girl was. She looked sweet and kind. “I’m a people person. I can help with that.”



“I was hoping you’d say that. The money has already been transferred to us. They’ve agreed payment in advance for the year. They’re also covering all fees which is usually the sticking point in these deals. We have one hundred thousand in an...”

“That’s incredible!” Harrison felt relief wash over him. Jenny would walk out a free woman. There’d be nothing hanging over her head. In fact, they’d have more money than they needed now.”

“This just feels too good to be true. It feels...wrong...” Jenny said, looking at the picture of the woman once more.



“How do we know she won’t break the deal? How do I know Harrison is safe?” Jenny asked.

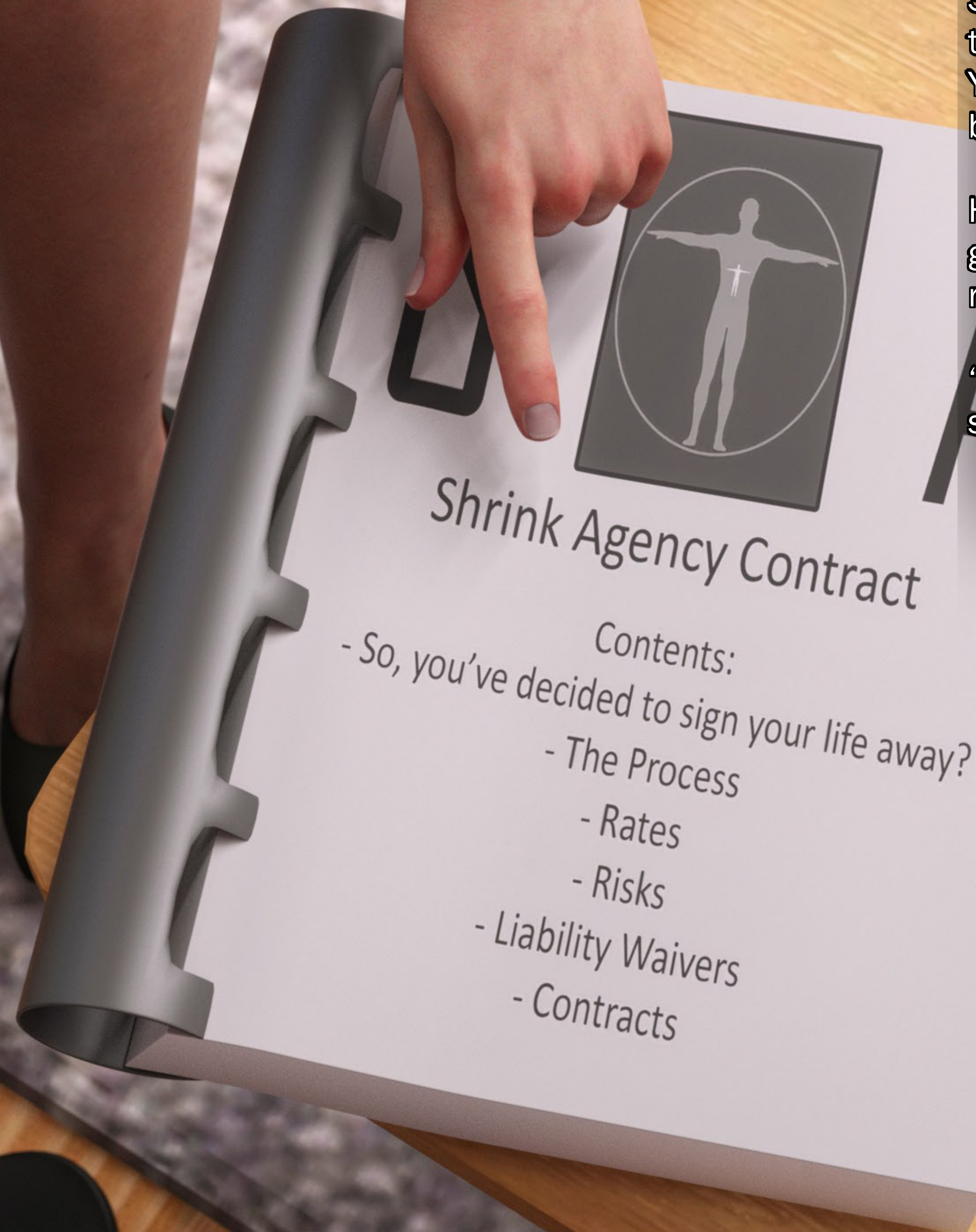
Penny smiled and nodded. “That is where you come in.” She pointed at Jenny. “As you know, once shrunk Harrison we legally no longer be a person. He will be property. Legally, he will be your property. The agreement will loan Harrison to Miss Taggart for a period of one year. The framing of the agreement means he needs to be both physically and mentally well-kept. Miss Taggart also offered check-ins. This means can be responsible for his welfare.”

“Me!? Own Harrison!?”

"It's all in here." Penny set down a thick binder on the table. "You'll both need to read and understand this before signing the contracts. This is not a risk-free process. Mr Stuart will be as small as a mouse. People at that size are very frail. Accidents can happen. You need to understand that, even with the best of intentions."

Harrison sucked in a breath. He still had a good feeling about this. "High risk. High reward."

"Exactly. Though both you and Miss Taggart seem like responsible people." Penny said.





“How small?” Jenny asked.

“Two inches is the agreed size.” Penny replied.

Jenny burst into tears. Harrison put his arm around his wife. “Hey! It’ll be alright. I promise. Nothing bad will happen to me.”

“You’ll be helpless! Helpless and so far from me!” Jenny wept.

“We have privacy rooms if you need some time.” Penny hinted.

Harrison held his wife, letting her cry it out. He understood why she was upset. He hated seeing her this way. At least with this deal, she would be a free woman. If they couldn't pay the repair bill then she would end up shrunk and sold permanently. She could end up as a toy or a speck. He couldn't have that. He'd do this for her.

"It'll be alright. I promise." He said. "This is perfect. We couldn't have asked for a better deal."

"I just have a bad feeling..."

"It's the least worst option. We still have some control with this deal. We need the money..."

Jenny nodded. She hated it, but this was their only option.




“Harrison, meet Hazel. Hazel, meet Harrison.”

“Hi...” Harrison reached out and shook the woman’s hand. He was surprised by just how small she was, and how different from the picture she was. This woman had her hair tied back and wore glasses. It looked like her make up was different too.

“Yeah you too.” She said nervously. “This is totally not awkward at all...”

“Let’s move through to my office.” Penny gestured. “Get to know each other a little...”





“Being honest, this whole idea just seems wrong to me, but my family are pretty insistent. They want me to ‘move out of my comfort zone.’” Hazel made air quotes. “I’ll take care of you. You might die of boredom, as I read a lot and work. My family wants you to challenge me though. To make me engage with you, to grow my social skills, to stand my ground and...you know...set boundaries and that...”


“I can do that. I’m a people person.” Harrison smiled. He was liking this more and more.

Jenny didn’t. This girl sounded far too good to her. She was worried Harrison wouldn’t want to come back to her.



After an hour of chatting both Harrison and Hazel agreed that they were a good match. They sat down as Penny took them through the contracts line by line, making sure that each understood just what they could expect. It wasn't complicated for Harrison.

He was going to be a pet. He would be owned by Hazel. She could really do whatever she liked with him, as long as she didn't harm him. He quickly signed the contract while Hazel took her time reading the fine print.



It was time. Harrison changed into his underwear, storing his clothes for Jenny to take home with her.

“Most people prefer to be totally naked, Mr Stuart. It makes the process easier.” Penny gestured towards the machine.

“I’d prefer to keep some of my dignity...” Harrison replied.

“I know. I’d suggest you leave that with your clothes and collect it when your deal is over.” Penny smiled.

“I love you.” Jenny rushed him, throwing her arms so tightly around him it was almost uncomfortable. It was becoming real now. It was happening. He wasn’t going to see her for a year. “More than anything.”

“I love you too.” Harrison replied. “I’m doing this for you. For us. Don’t be sad. Just wait for me. It will be over before you know it.”

“Always.” Jenny blinked back tears, and slowly let her husband go.




Harrison stepped up onto the platform. The machine hissed once he arrived in the middle and glass lowered from above, sealing him in. He focused on his wife. She looked more afraid than he was.

“I love you!” He shouted.

He heard a reply, but it was too muffled by the glass to make out.



A scene from a video game showing two women in conversation. On the left, a woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing glasses and a purple floral dress, is gesturing with her right hand. On the right, a woman with blonde hair in a high ponytail, wearing a white button-down shirt and a black skirt, is looking at her. They are standing in a modern, brightly lit interior space with a grey wall and some furniture visible in the background.

“I know the deal says two inches, but could we go just a tad smaller than that? Just to make him a little easier to keep out of sight.” Hazel quietly asked while her new companion and his wife said their goodbyes.

Penny smiled knowingly. The deals always shifted. “I can adjust it down another twenty percent or so...for a small personal fee.”

“Whatever, please do it.” Hazel said.

The machine hummed, then lit up.

“Alrighty, the whole process should take around a minute. It’s not painful so don’t be alarmed. He may also get distressed, that’s just an adrenaline reaction. Please keep as calm as possible to help him.” Penny said.
“OK, firing in three...two...one...”



“Ah! Ow! What the!?” Harrison felt a high-pitched ringing in his ears as the light switched from blue to red. Not just in his ears, he could feel it in his skull. Like tiny drills boring into him. “Is...is it supposed to do that?”

“I...I feel it too. Is something wrong?” Jenny recoiled, putting her fingers in her ears.

“Don’t worry, this is perfectly normal. The noise should pass in a moment.” Penny reassured them.



The pitch changed from a piercing scream to a deep thrum.

“He’s...he’s getting smaller!” Jenny said. It was happening right before her eyes. Her husband slowly dropping away before her eyes. He was struggling as his vest expanded around him.

“Don’t worry. Do your best to keep him calm. This will all be over soon.” Penny reassured her.



“Oh wow...” Hazel gasped. It’s getting faster. He’s like a kid.” She walked around, compelled to get a closer view. The whole thing was abhorrent to her...but also fascinating.

The vest slipped from Harrison’s shoulders. He was too small to wear it now. He did his best to hold it up, trying to hold onto his dignity yet somehow only making it worse.

“It’s alright sweetie. Just keep calm.” Jenny tried to do what Penny had asked.



Jenny tried to stay calm. She tried to keep her husband calm. The smaller he got, the more terrified he became. He shrank smaller than an infant, then a doll and he just kept going. He looked so small and fragile and...

"Shut it off!" She cried. "He's too small! He can't live like this! Shut it off!"

"It's alright, it's nearly done. The whole process is automated once programmed in. I promise you he'll be fine." Penny sounded almost annoyed now.





Sure enough, by the time Jenny turned around the machine had switched back to blue and the noise had stopped. The glass hissed and rose. Harrison was nowhere to be seen. Just a bundle of clothes where he had been.

“Mrs Stuart, please can you step onto the platform to collect your husband.” Penny said with a polite smile. “And please, watch your step.”

Jenny nodded, then stepped up, looking exactly where she placed her feet. There was no sign of Harrison at all...then...there he was. Jenny gasped. She could barely even see him.

“Ho...holy shit.” Harrison’s vision was blurry, but he could see enough to recognise his wife. His building-sized wife. Her legs seemed to go on and on and on forever. That was even before he got to the rest of her.

“Harrison, are you OK?” she asked him.

Harrison wasn’t even sure how to process that question. Was he OK? He was now seeing his wife the way bugs did. How could he possibly be OK?




Harrison wasn't answering her. She could see his lips hadn't moved. It looked like he was in shock.

"Mrs Stuart, you'll need to pick him up." Penny prompted her. Jenny nodded and waved a hand.

"Sweetie, hold still OK? I'm going to pick you up. I promise, I'll be gentle." Jenny said. She bent down and pinched her tiny husband around his midriff and lifted him up. He weighed nothing. As she stood back up he started to panic, wriggling and fighting against her fingers. She had to hold him firmly so she didn't drop him.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair and green eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a light pink, long-sleeved top with a black ribbed collar and cuffs. She is looking down at a tiny, nude male figure standing on her right hand. The background is a modern interior with large windows showing a cityscape.

“Calm down...Breathe, it’s me...Breathe...Breathe...” she said like a mantra.

It seemed to work.

“Can you confirm Harrison is unharmed?” Penny prompted her.

That was a good idea. Jenny looked him over. His little chest was going. It looked like he was having a panic attack. She could hardly blame him, he was miniscule.

“He...he looks fine. Just...terrified.”

“That’s not unusual. He’ll be right as rain in a few minutes.” Penny explained.



“Sweetie, Sweetie are you with me?”

He could hear Jenny calling him, but his brain just wouldn't engage a response. Something was wrong. He knew it. He knew he'd be small. About finger-sized he'd been told. He was so much smaller than that.

Looking down to the ground, hundreds of feet below, his wife stretching the entire way below him caused his stomach to twist into knots. He needed to focus. He needed to not look at the ground.

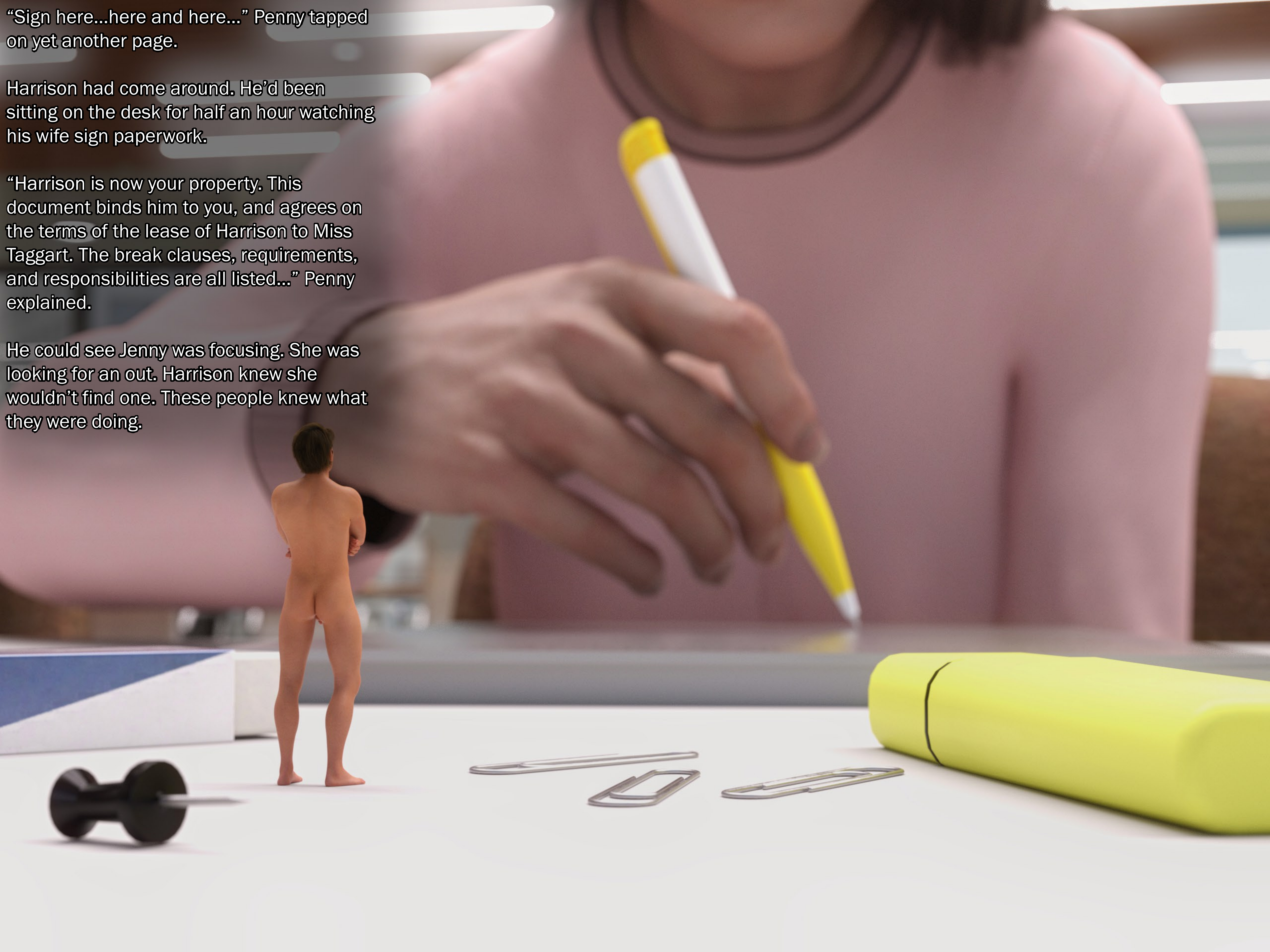
“Yeah...yeah I'm here...” he said, forcing himself to look up to his wife's tearful gaze.


“Sign here...here and here...” Penny tapped on yet another page.

Harrison had come around. He’d been sitting on the desk for half an hour watching his wife sign paperwork.

“Harrison is now your property. This document binds him to you, and agrees on the terms of the lease of Harrison to Miss Taggart. The break clauses, requirements, and responsibilities are all listed...” Penny explained.

He could see Jenny was focusing. She was looking for an out. Harrison knew she wouldn’t find one. These people knew what they were doing.



A close-up, high-resolution photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes and lips. Her eyes are a striking green color and are looking slightly to the right. Her lips are full and pink. A tiny, nude male figure stands on her lower lip, with his arms raised and hands resting on the upper lip, as if embracing or hugging it. The background is a soft, out-of-focus brownish-gold color.

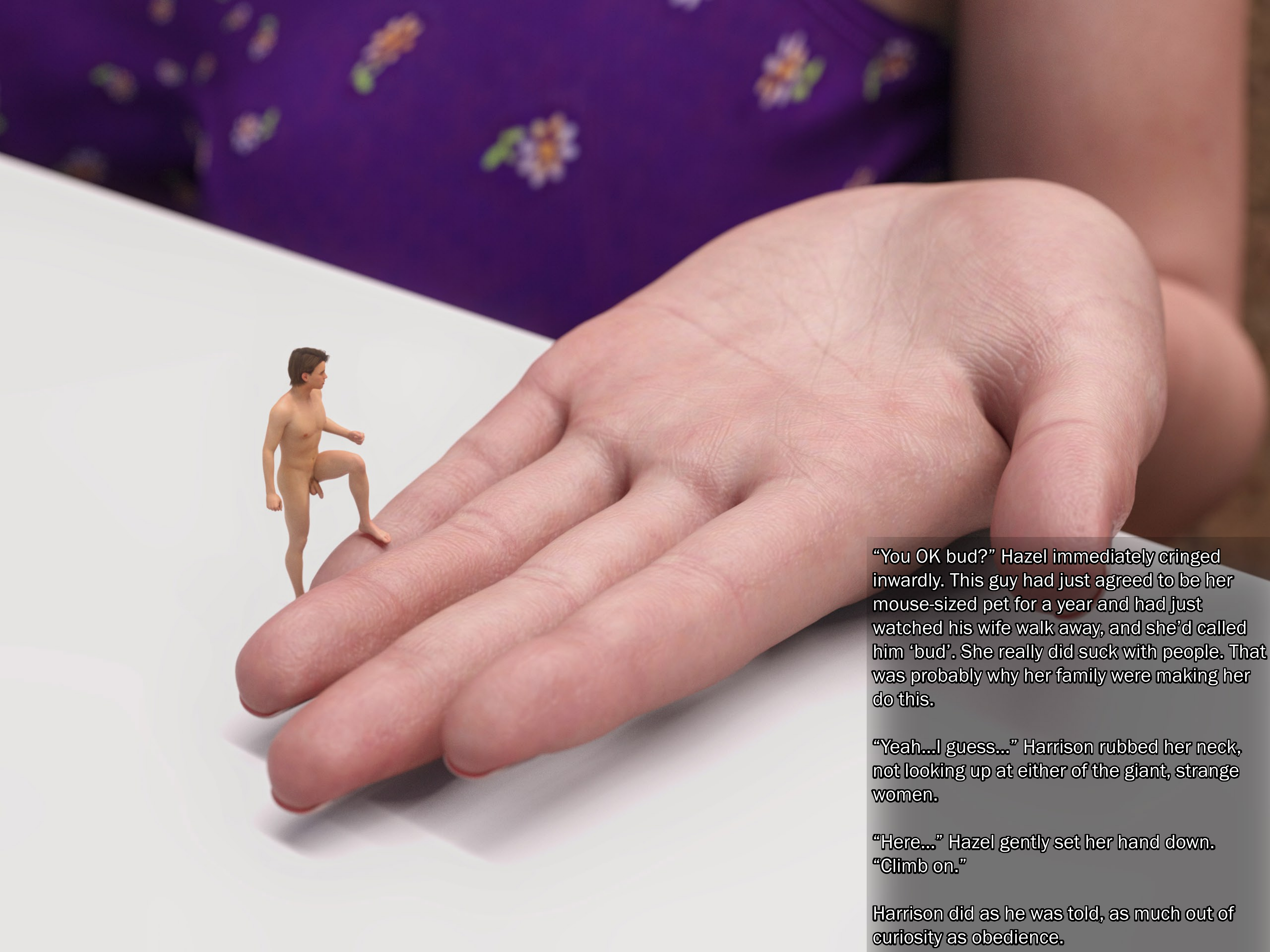
With the paperwork complete it was time for Jenny to go. It wasn't right to make her watch him leave.

"I love you. So much. Please remember that." she said, kneeling down before the table's edge.

Harrison didn't need to be told. She wanted a kiss. He pressed his body against her soft, welcoming lips and hugged her, as she kissed him. It was the single most incredible experience of his life. The love of his wife, blown up by orders of magnitude.

"I love you too. I'll be back before you know it." He told her.

Penny glanced at the clock on the wall and Jenny got the message. She said her goodbyes, wiped away tears and disappeared into the lift.



“You OK bud?” Hazel immediately cringed inwardly. This guy had just agreed to be her mouse-sized pet for a year and had just watched his wife walk away, and she’d called him ‘bud’. She really did suck with people. That was probably why her family were making her do this.

“Yeah...I guess...” Harrison rubbed her neck, not looking up at either of the giant, strange women.

“Here...” Hazel gently set her hand down.
“Climb on.”

Harrison did as he was told, as much out of curiosity as obedience.

“Whoa! Shit!” Harrison stumbled as the hand went upwards. He just about managed to keep his dignity and not fall back on his ass.

“Sorry...I’m not used to this either.” Hazel tried a soft smile to reassure him. “Look, I know this is likely terrifying, but I promise you’re safe with me. I don’t want to hurt you, or use you. I just need to have someone around. You look after me, I’ll look after you. Does that work?”

That seemed to perk the little guy up. He smiled and nodded. Her first win. It felt good.



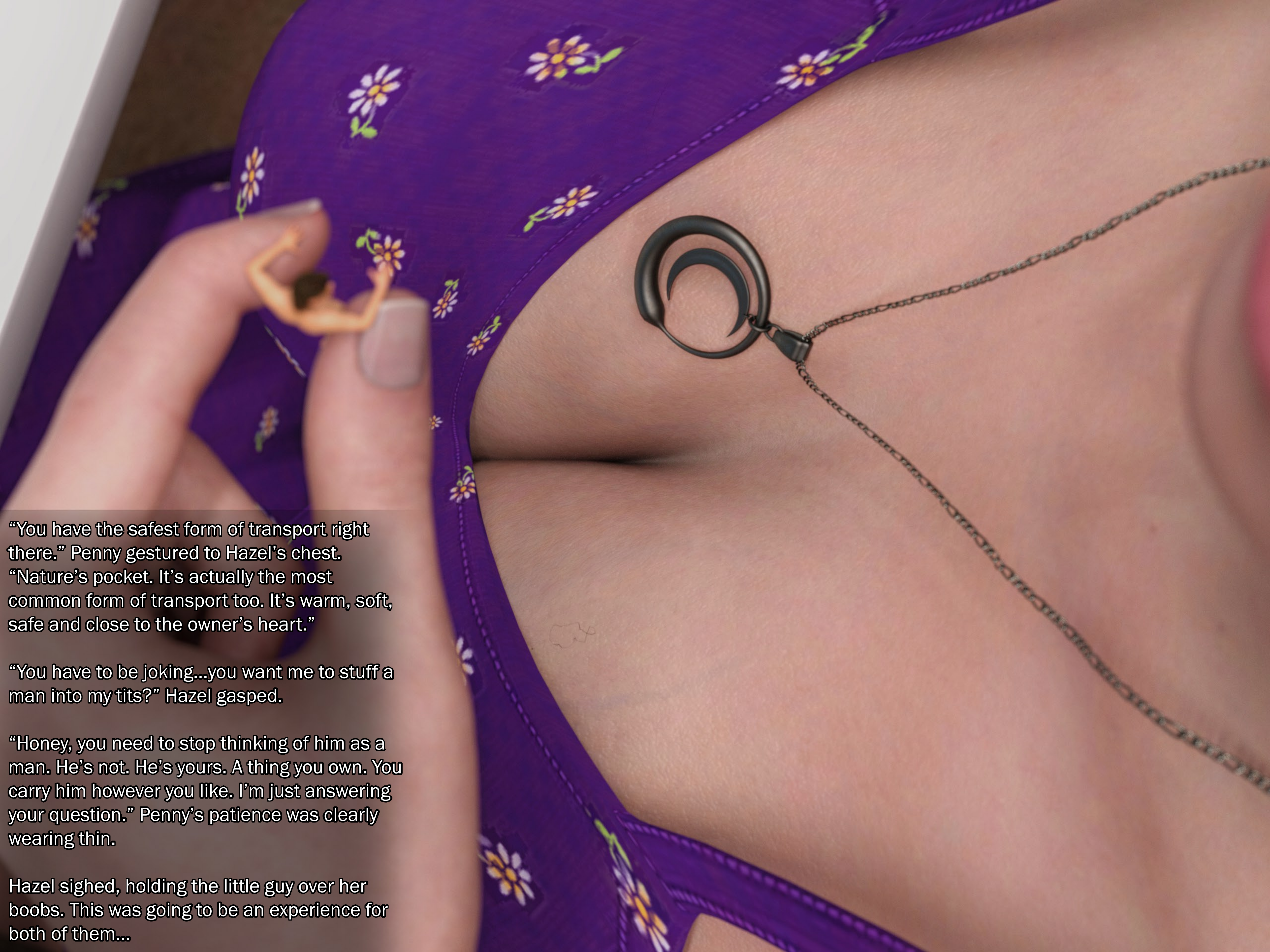
“Oh that’s so cute. Look at you two, getting along already.” Hazel looked up to the blonde smiling across the table. Hazel sucked at people but she knew enough to know that smile was saying ‘Would you please fucking go already!’.

“Do you have a box or anything I can take him home in?” Hazel asked.

“I’m afraid not. The welcome pack you received should have mentioned you would need to bring something to transport him in.” Penny’s smile didn’t move as she spoke.

“Damn...any suggestions then?” Hazel asked.





“You have the safest form of transport right there.” Penny gestured to Hazel’s chest.
“Nature’s pocket. It’s actually the most common form of transport too. It’s warm, soft, safe and close to the owner’s heart.”

“You have to be joking...you want me to stuff a man into my tits?” Hazel gasped.

“Honey, you need to stop thinking of him as a man. He’s not. He’s yours. A thing you own. You carry him however you like. I’m just answering your question.” Penny’s patience was clearly wearing thin.

Hazel sighed, holding the little guy over her boobs. This was going to be an experience for both of them...

“She...she can’t be serious...” Harrison peered down at the dark crevice between the two huge boobs far below his feet. He hadn’t realised just how stacked Hazel was. She was far shorter than his wife, but also far more chesty.

He dropped, barely having time to register the fall before he landed on the silky soft tit.

“Shit!” He scrambled up the steep slope, trying not to fall down in between. This wasn’t right. It was another woman’s boobs.

“Please don’t make this harder than it already is...” Hazel sighed, prodding Harrison with a finger until he was well and truly buried.



“Thanks again for using the Shrink Agency! If you need anything we have wellness centres and stores across the country!” Penny called in a well-practised voice as Hazel left.

“Yeah, brilliant thanks...” Hazel replied heading for the lift. She could feel her new little ward wriggling in her cleavage. It was distracting to say the least, though not as bad as she thought it would be. He wasn’t slimy or cold or anything really. Just something little struggling against her boobs.

“Yeah, I know. They’re a pain for me as well.” Hazel said to him as she rode the lift down.



In her mind, Hazel was screaming. She hated the subway. She hated being packed into a sardine with people pressed in all around her. She was so short most people didn't even realise she was there half the time. They just tried to squeeze into the space where she was standing like she wasn't even there.

This was why she'd given in and dropped Harrison into her cleavage. There was no way she could just carry him with the city as crowded as it was. He was probably having a better time in there than she was in this crush of people.



Harrison was not having a great time. He was absolutely buried in warm, sweaty tit flesh. He could barely breathe, the weight pressing down on him from either side was so heavy. The one saving grace was they moulded around his body, rather than just crushing him flat.

“Ow! Fuck!” He struggled to push back as the right tit wobbled, shaking him violently. It was enough to leave ringing in his ears. Adding insult to injury, it was also kind of hot. Despite the walls of flesh being nothing but huge pale walls, his dick knew they were tits. They didn’t just feel incredible, the smell was doing something to him. Harrison hated himself for it, but he had an achingly hard erection.

He hoped Jenny could forgive him...



“Finally...” Hazel leaned back against her bedroom door, feeling it click shut behind her. She was home, she was in her safe place and she could relax. For a moment she closed her eyes, enjoying the peace and solitude of her bedroom.

Then she felt the wriggling in her chest. Should she leave him in there for a while longer? Let him tire himself out so he’d go to sleep and leave her in peace? It was tempting but that would be wrong.

It was time to get him out and figure out how this arrangement was going to work.



“Sorry...I’m home now. I know that took ages...”
Hazel looked down into her cleavage. She felt like an idiot talking with her own tits. She couldn’t even see the guy. “Just...hold still. I’m going to get you out. I can’t imagine that’s comfortable.”

Harrison looked up helplessly as a finger parted the two mountains and came searching for him. He expected to drop down into her dress, but surprisingly he was stuck to one boob. It was sweaty enough in there to act like glue.



“Gotcha!” Hazel announced, victorious. She had lost track of where he’d been once she’d pushed her tits apart. His body had warmed to her ambient temperature so her skin had just stopped sensing him.

Until she found an arm that was. She pulled him upwards, feeling him momentarily peel off her skin.

“I bet you’re glad to be out of there.” She said, setting him down on her bedside table.



“Ehhhh...yeah. It was...tight...” Harrison said, nervously covering himself. Hopefully he was small enough she wouldn’t spot his erection.

“Well...welcome Harrison. This is my room. I’ve a small apartment to myself so you don’t need to worry about anyone else but me.”

“It’s a nice place...” Harrison looked around. He wasn’t lying. It was simply decorated and neat. She clearly took pride in her space. He expected that would translate into her care of him also. That was positive.



“So you might have guessed from how I transported you home, that I didn’t expect things to happen this quickly. It’s all been a bit of blur...” Hazel explained.

“Yeah...uhhhh...same here. We didn’t expect to get the call so fast.” Harrison said nervously. He was still trying his best to hide his boner and act casual.

“I don’t have anywhere for you to sleep yet. Or anything for that matter. I’ll make a list of things I need for you. I also want to get you into a wellness centre at some point. One of their vets can look at you and...”



Hazel stopped mid-sentence, her eyes narrowing to focus on him. He was busted.

“Move your arms...” she said.

Harrison did as he was told. His erection sprang upwards, pointing straight at his new owner. “S...s...sorry. It just did that by itself...”

“You didn’t make a mess in there...”

“No! I promise! Sorry! I hate myself for it happening! I feel like...I feel like I’ve cheated on Jenny or something.” Harrison was in a panic.





"It's alright, it's alright. You can stop worrying." Hazel said. She looked down even closer. That thing really was pointing right up. Now she was this close she could see he was soaked with sweat as well. Probably both his and hers.

"Look, this is my fault. I didn't plan ahead and you got a close up with my chest. Your...reaction...it's understandable."

"It is?" Harrison asked.

"First rule." Hazel sucked in a breath. "No blowing a load without my permission. Understood?"

Harrison nodded, though he understood the instruction he didn't understand much else.

"I own you, so if I tell you to do it then you have to. That way you can deal with your bodily urges in an appropriate manner and you don't need to feel guilty about your wife. Or me for that matter."





“That...that works! Thank you!” Harrison grinned, then felt bad as his erection bounced once more.

“Hehe...” Hazel giggled. “You need to get that thing under control mister. You’re going to be living with me for a while now. If you break that rule I’ll be very disappointed in you. There will be punishments. Understood?”

“Yes ma’am!” Harrison agreed. He wasn’t going to break that rule. She’d given him an out and he would take it with both hands.

“Good! I have a feeling you and I will get along just fine.” Hazel smiled at him.

“Is...is that a doll?” Harrison asked, looking around. He guessed standing the doll would be nearly fifty feet tall to him. “How old are you anyway?”

“Hey! Don’t judge me! It’s from a manga I like. It’s for adults. I’m twenty four.” Hazel said defensively. “What about you? I’m sure it was in your file but I don’t remember seeing it.”

“Thirty four...so not too much older.” Harrison said, peering up at the doll from its base. Damn did he feel tiny.



“Sure, keep telling yourself that.” Hazel plucked her new pet-man up from the table. She ran a finger down his chest. He was in good shape for someone so much older than her. He was probably right, it wasn’t like he was ancient.

“Hey...what gives?” He struggled as her fingertip probed his chest.

“Sorry...I just can’t believe you’re real. I’m just reminding myself.” Hazel said, feeling a little embarrassed.



The world rushed by as Hazel bent down. She carefully placed him on the floor and stood back up to her full height.

“Whoa...” Harrison gasped, looking up at his owner as she loomed over him. He REALLY was small.

“Wow you are so freakin’ tiny.” Hazel was grinning down at him. “And cute too. Alright, from my reading it says you’ll need to acclimatise to your new reality. I’m going to go read in the corner. You can explore for a while. Come say hi when you’re ready. OK?”

“Uhhh yeah. Explore. Sure.” Harrison said and gave a thumbs up. This would definitely take some getting used to.



The ground beneath Harrison's feet trembled as Hazel took a step back, then turned to walk away. Harrison couldn't take his eyes off her. She was incredible. Her legs just went on and on. The distance they could cover in a single stride was terrifying.

"I can't believe this is the same little girl I met a few hours ago..." he said as Hazel receded into the distance.



With Hazel settled in her chair on the other side of the room Harrison was effectively alone. She couldn't see him or hear him. He was responsible for his own safety. For the first time since being shrunk down to the size of a mouse, he was alone.

“Let's see what the world is like for a mouse.” He said to himself. Looking around there were some immediate items of interest. Hazel had stored her shoes away in a line along the wall. He would explore there first. Maybe do a little climbing.



Just like his wife Hazel seemed to have a variety of different shoes for different occasions. He went for the red heels first. These seemed to be the party shoes. He stopped as he walked under the high arch of the heels.

“That’s easily double my height...maybe more...” He guessed. “There’s no way I’m two inches tall. I have to be smaller.” Harrison made a mental note to bring that up with Hazel. One thing he was sure of, those shoes looked uncomfortable.



“OK...first climb.” Harrison took a breath, gripped a flap on the side of the sneaker and hauled himself up. It didn’t take long at all. In under a minute he was standing atop the tip of the shoe. He decided to go a little higher. Using the laces as rungs he climbed to the top of the shoe and looked down inside.

“So, I could drop down in there, then pull myself out with the lace.” He considered giving it a go. The bitter smell of sweat told him to maybe try something else. Clearly these shoes were for running or walking about in day to day.



Hazel's sandals were much less challenging than the shoes to climb. He walked along the length of them, estimating the sandal to be about thirty feet in length. If he was two inches tall that would make Hazel's feet ten inches long.

A girl that size did not have feet that size. He guessed he was closer to one and a half inches based on that. "I am really...really damn small..." he realised.



Making his way along the underside of the bed Harrison found it hard to concentrate on climbing. He just wanted to ask Hazel to find a ruler and measure him. Still, she'd given him a task. He hopped over the edge, hoping to repeat the sandal experiment and immediately regretted it.

“Oh...oh God...” The smell was overwhelming. It was acrid smelling, and so powerful it stung his nostrils. Looking down he could see why. Her sweat had left imprints on the insole of the shoe. An imprint he was standing in...



“What...what is that?” Harrison wondered.

It was behind the leg of the bed, out of sight until he went around a bit. It was blue and long. There was a battery nearby too. He walked around the mysterious blue object, then noticed the on switch...and the settings.

“Oh...ohhhhh...” Harrison realised what he’d just stumbled across. “Wow...that’s big.” He looked down at his own junk. There was no way a woman would even be able to feel him now.



Harrison had the choice of either exploring further under the bed, or heading to Hazel. Under the bed was dark and dusty looking. He'd already made one discovery he wished hadn't. He didn't want to make anymore.

Jogging across the open expanse of the bedroom, Hazel was doing exactly what she said she'd be doing. She was sitting quietly in her chair reading a book.

"Now all I have to do is get her attention..."
Harrison wondered how.



“Well hello! That didn’t take you long.” Hazel peaked down at Harrison before he’d even tried to so much as wave at her. Clearly she’d been keeping an eye out for him.

“Yeah, I did a bit of climbing and exploring. I didn’t really want to risk disturbing something under your bed.” He explained.

“Sorry...I can’t hear you at all. Come on and climb up my socks to my knee. I’ll keep still for you. I just want to know if you can get yourself off the floor.” She said, then went back to her book.

“Are you serious!?” Harrison yelled up at her, but Hazel’s eyes didn’t leave her book.



“She wants me to climb her?!” Harrison swallowed feeling very nervous. Her feet were bigger than cars. Her big toe was bigger than he was. Peering upwards to her knee it looked to be taller than an apartment block, and she wanted him to climb up there.

Approaching her foot he did see one advantage. The texture of her socks gave him plenty to hang on to. “Maybe I can do this...”



Dropping on top of the fabric Harrison was surprised when it didn't bend.

“Oh God...gross...” He winced as he inhaled. The girl definitely had a foot hygiene issue. Maybe he should mention that when he got to know her better. With that not currently an option, Harrison carried along atop Hazel's toe, then started up the incline of her foot.



“Are feet supposed to be this steep?”

Harrison had it in his mind that feet were mostly flat until you got to the ankle. He looked down to his own feet for reference and they didn't seem to be steep. Either way, it meant being careful as he made his way up towards Hazel's leg.



“H’oh boy...here we go...” Harrison pulled himself arm over arm up the socks as he was told. It was surprisingly much easier than he thought it would be. He could easily loop his fingers into the fabric of the socks and dig in with his toes.

“There’s no way these legs belong to the same girl I met earlier...” He huffed as he climbed. “These are like a building...”



“Oh look at you go!” Hazel closed her book and tossed it towards the shelf. She hadn’t expected him to be this quick. The little guy was making short work of the task she’d set. He was clearly a natural at this.

“I don’t think I could do that. It must look quite high up to you...” Hazel smiled. She was trying to suppress a giggle but it was too exciting watching her new pet climb her sock.



“Yes it feels high...” Harrison grumbled. He didn’t need to be reminded. He was deliberately not looking down for that reason. He was almost at the top now anyway. He tried to smile as Hazel watched him. It made him much more nervous climbing with her eyes on him. He wasn’t sure why. He should be reassured that if anything happened she could catch him.



“Wow...” Harrison gasped as he made it to the bend of Hazel’s knee. She didn’t know it, but she was giving him quite the view.

‘Eyes front...she’s watching’ he told himself. He was probably going to see a lot of this girl over the next year. He didn’t want to get caught looking up her skirt with his feet not even on the ground.



“Nice job. I’m impressed.” Hazel said as he made it to the top of her sock and stood up on her knee.

“Do I get a cookie?” He asked sarcastically. She seemed to appreciate that.

“No, but tomorrow you’re going to the vet. I’ll look at getting you some durability enhancements, just in case. How does that sound?” Hazel said.

“I’m not sure I like the word vet, but the enhancements thing sounds good.” Harrison replied.

“I know. I don’t either, but it is what it is.”



They talked. Harrison told Hazel about his life, about working in sales and doing pretty well right up until the unexpected repair bill. Hazel tried to sympathise. He'd done everything right yet here he was, mouse-sized and on her knee.

Hazel told him about her family. They owned a well-known supermarket chain. Hazel expected she'd get a senior management role at some point but her family was making her jump through hoops first. That included working in one of the family's many shops, without the other staff knowing who she was. They'd also insisted she get Harrison to help her 'people skills'. She didn't know why she needed people skills, her aim was to move into operations and work on the company's logistics.

That part really got her excited. She much preferred systems and processes to people. She already had plans for totally overhauling the company's IT and distribution systems. She'd spent an extra year at university, adding software to her business



“Oh wow...it’s getting late. We’ve been talking for a while!” Hazel glanced at the clock when she spotted the sky turning a warm amber colour.

“Dinner time?” Harrison asked. He was getting hungry.

“Been and gone I’m afraid.” Hazel grimaced.
“I’ve a night shift starting in under an hour. We need to get going...”



“We?” Harrison asked. “I’m...I’m not staying here?”

“No. You’re coming with me.” Hazel sighed.

“Another one of my family’s stupid ideas. I need to prove I can manage. Besides, I had no idea I’d be getting you today. I’ve not got anywhere for you to stay. I’ll pick something up tomorrow when we go to the vet.”

“So...where am I going?” Harrison asked.

Hazel didn’t answer.



“I suppose it would be dumb to tell you not to look. You’re going to be with me for a long time, so I need to get used to this.” Hazel sighed. “I can’t believe they’re making me do this...”

“I’m already naked.” Harrison said. “You...you get used to it.”

He hadn’t realised, but he already had.




“Fine...” Hazel started to pull up her dress.
“Just remember the first rule.”

Harrison was a little insulted. Like he’d so blatantly stand and masturbate to someone standing right...

“Holy shit...” Harrison gasped. He hadn’t meant to, but it was impossible not to. Hazel’s bare ass hung there in the sky in front of him. Round, firm and perfect looking. The girl had an incredible figure.



A man in a blue swimsuit stands in a room, looking down. In the background, a large mannequin of a woman in a white top and blue pants is visible. The room has a wooden floor and a white wall with a framed picture.

“Don’t stare you moron! She’ll see!” a voice in his mind yelled at him. Not only would she see him staring, but he could feel his cock starting to twitch with the first signs of an erection.

“Nope...stop it...” Harrison turned to look away and pinched his dick, trying to tell it that now wasn’t the time. He caught glimpses of flesh wobbling invitingly as he tried not to look. It was impossible not to block all of Hazel out. She was just so damn big.



“So, you’re probably not going to like this...” Hazel turned to stand in front of her bedside table once she had her work trousers on. This left Harrison having to crane his neck to make eye contact with her. He did his best to avoid the temptation of her massive chest obstructing his view.

“Or who knows, maybe you will!” Hazel rolled her eyes. “I still can’t believe I’m doing this...” Harrison was getting a little concerned. “I don’t want to leave you here. Anything could happen and you’re my responsibility so you’re coming with me to work.”

“Sure...” Harrison shrugged. “Whatever you say.”

Hazel grinned, and Harrison could already tell it was one of dread. She turned, grabbing a pink bra and put her arms through the straps leaving it draped from her shoulders. Then she did something unexpected. She plucked Harrison up from the table and dropped him into one of the expansive bra cups.

“Whoa! Whoa! Wait! You can’t be serious!” He said, looking up at her looming tits.

“I’ve no pockets, and the girl at the Agency was right. This is safest for you.” Hazel explained. “Don’t worry it’ll only be for a few hours. Just try to nap or something...”



“Hazel! Wait! Let’s talk about...” Harrison’s pleas were cut short as the bra rocketed upwards. He smashed into a wall of soft, yielding tit flesh. The bra behind him pressed him tightly into her boob. She really was filling out her bra cup. Harrison could feel the fabric digging into his back hard enough to know it would leave a pattern all across his back.

“Uhhhh...” He could barely breathe.

“Just remember. Rule one applies.” Hazel said. She sounded as pleased about the situation as Harrison was. “It should be warm and dark in there. Just go to sleep.”



“Urrrgh...you...can’t...be...serious...” Harrison groaned. He could barely speak the pressure on his chest was so immense.

It got worse. Harrison didn’t realise that was possible. Hazel started to walk. Her boobs were quite sizeable for a woman with such a small frame and they bounced with each step she took. For Harrison each step felt like being in a car crash with an airbag exploding in his face.

There was no way he would be able to endure this for hours. In theory it sounded like heaven. In reality it was hell.





Hazel stared at herself in the mirror. She was now fully dressed and looking for any trace of the little guy she was carrying around in her bra. There was absolutely none she could see, but in her head there was a nightmare scenario where a customer saw him wriggling under her shirt and she'd end up mortified in front of a store full of people.

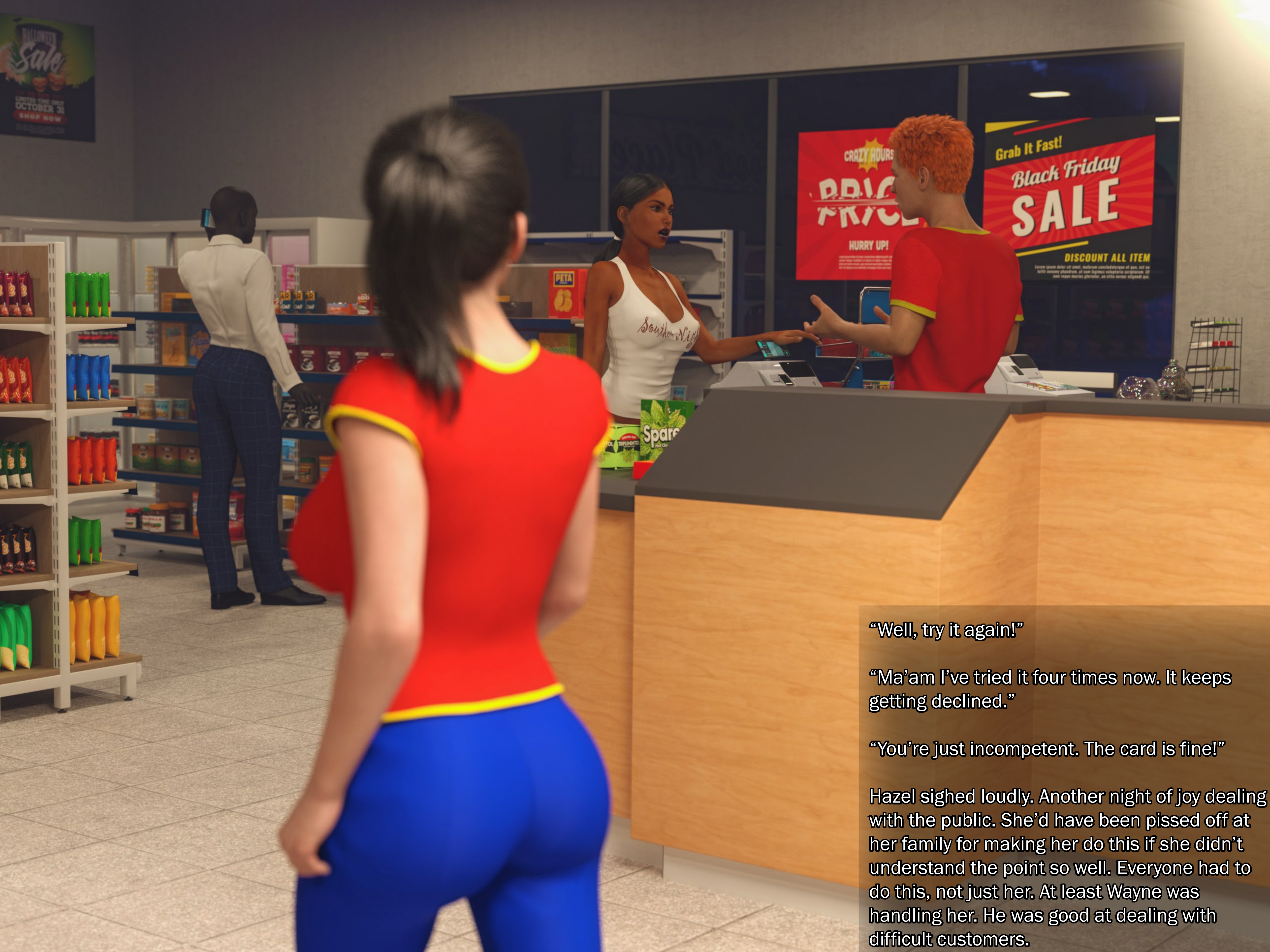
Not only was there zero trace of him in the mirror, as time went by she felt him less and less. He wriggled occasionally but as his body warmed to match hers, he just seemed to fade into her.

Hazel glanced at the clock. She was out of time. She briefly considered stripping and leaving him in a box on her shelf, but decided against it. If something happened to him while she was out she wouldn't be able to forgive herself.

She could barely even feel him now.

“Time to go...” she said, both to herself and to Harrison. With that Hazel headed out into the world.





“Well, try it again!”

“Ma’am I’ve tried it four times now. It keeps getting declined.”

“You’re just incompetent. The card is fine!”

Hazel sighed loudly. Another night of joy dealing with the public. She’d have been pissed off at her family for making her do this if she didn’t understand the point so well. Everyone had to do this, not just her. At least Wayne was handling her. He was good at dealing with difficult customers.

“What the hell was her problem?” Hazel skipped the hello. She knew Wayne hated small talk anyway.

“Either no money or a card hold. You know what people are like. It’s never their fault. Always yours.” Wayne shrugged. “I hope you’re ready for a busy night. There’s a Kaylee concert on at the arena. The place has been buzzing for hours.”

“Ahhhh shit...” Hazel sighed. “There goes any hope of a quiet night.”



Harrison was slowly getting used to being squished against Hazel's tit. It still wasn't exactly pleasant, but it was bearable now. Her soft, supple flesh had moulded itself to him. The sweat from their bodies had mixed, forming a sort of glue that held him to her. He couldn't have peeled himself from her skin even if there was somewhere to go.

The heat was the main issue. He'd gotten over the motion sickness but the heat and the humidity inside her top was almost unbearable.

"Yeah, and a real treat to start you off. Someone spilled coffee all over the floor and just walked off." Harrison listened into Hazel's conversation. She was chatting with an unseen guy beyond her shirt.

"Assholes...I'll get the mop..."





“Thanks Haze...you’re the best.” Wayne said.

“Nah. I just don’t feel like dealing with people just yet.” Hazel said. “Do you mind if I manage the floor and you take the tills? We can swap later if you like.”

Wayne was the assistant manager. He was in charge, but he didn’t act like it. He was happy as long as the work was done and everyone did their part. Hazel respected that. When she finally got her management spot she’d be flagging him as someone to promote. If he wanted that job that was.

“Yup, that works for me. Give me a holler if you need anything.” Wayne gave a thumbs up.

Hazel sighed and dropped the bucket down where the coffee was spilled. She didn't think she was above this type of work. Her family was big into hard work and graft. It was just that people annoyed her so much. How hard would it have been to use the towels to clean up their own mess?

At least mopping the floor gave her an excuse to keep off the tills.





“Ungh!” Harrison almost choked as the air was forced from his lungs. Whatever way Hazel was moving it had meant more boob pressing down on him while the bra was simultaneously pulled even tighter.

She was moving side to side, back and forth. Harrison could feel it in the gravity. “Yup...feels like she’s mopping...ooooh...please be over quick...”

The constant side to side motion was becoming a problem. Despite the discomfort and Harrison's best efforts, his body knew where he was. He was buried in a big, soft, bouncy tit. It hadn't taken long before he had a hard-on. He'd been rock solid for so long now it was starting to ache.

As Hazel moved from side to side, her boob was ever so slightly rubbing up and down on Harrison's dick. He prayed his torment would end soon, otherwise he was going to end up breaking rule one. Hazel would never be able to tell, but he would know. It'd be a betrayal of Jenny. On the first day as well.

“Good job there. Looks almost brand new.”
Wayne said. Hazel looked up and around. She
hadn’t noticed the shop empty out.

“It’s almost like I’m looking for an excuse not to
talk to anyone...” she smiled.

“Yeah I thought so. We got a few boxes in. Chips,
dips and the like. Can you get them out on the
shelves for me?” He asked.

“Sure thing boss.” Hazel nodded and finished
her mopping.





Hazel was beginning to regret her decision. Barely being over five feet tall and almost entirely lacking in upper body strength made carrying boxes awkward. Plus her chest got in the way with the bigger boxes. She was too proud to ask for help. She knew if she asked Wayne he'd carry the boxes out and not mention it at all.

Her pride would never let her do that.



Hazel had entirely forgotten about the passenger riding along in her bra. As Harrison had settled, her body had switched off the sensation of his presence. Unless he moved she didn't even notice him.

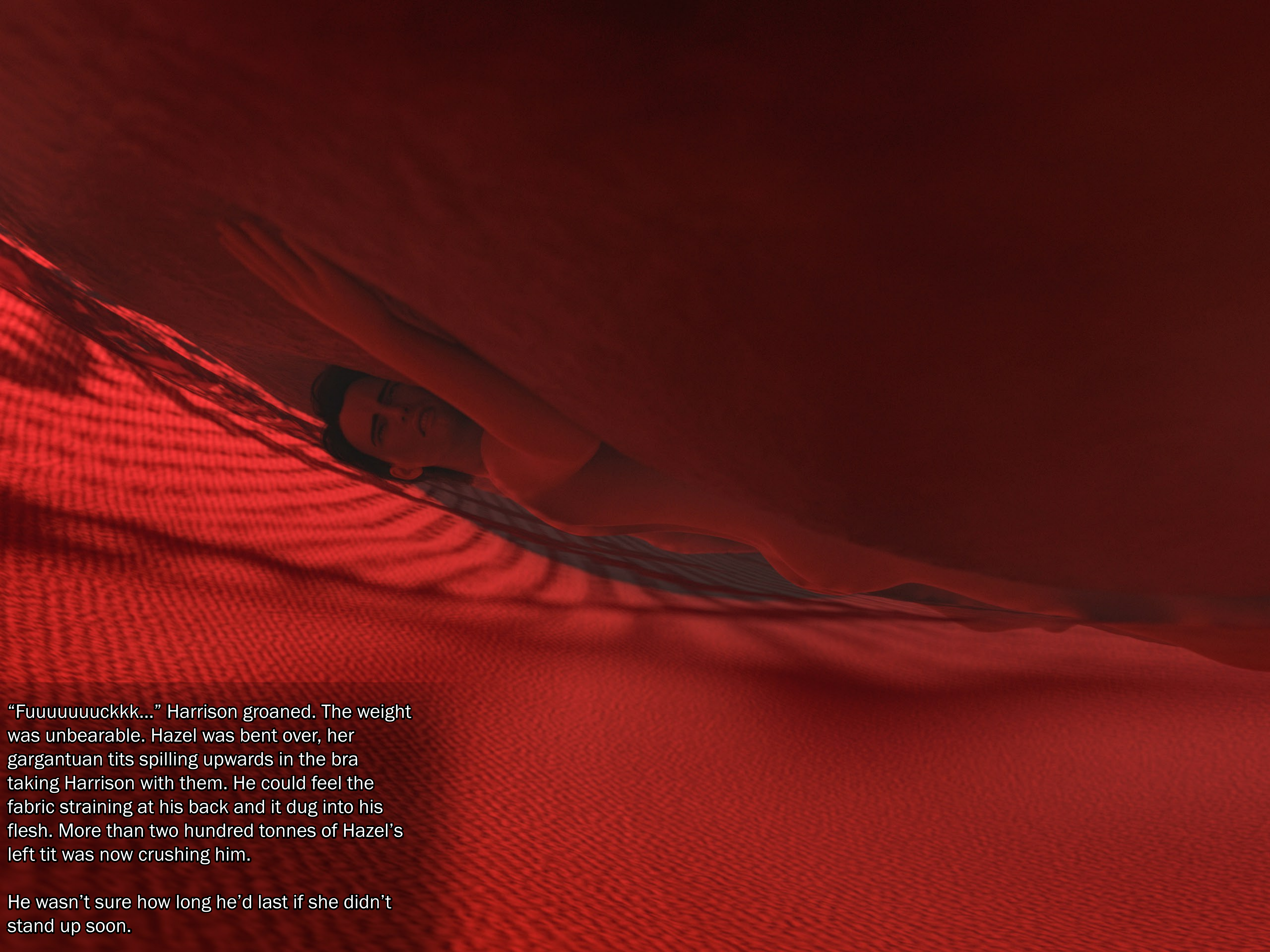
"H...h...hazel...can't...breathe..." Harrison's ribs were singing. He was being totally smothered in her tit with a brick wall pressing down on his back. Hazel's boob was soft, but it could only absorb so much of him before it pushed back.





Bending down, Hazel set the heavy box down and opened it. She'd done this sort of thing dozens of times before. She counted how many cans of chips were on the top, then guessed how many deep it would go. Then she looked at the shelf and built a mental picture in her mind of how her display would look.

"Alright, that should work..." she told herself, then started unloading the cans.

A woman with long dark hair is lying on her back on a red, textured blanket. Her right arm is raised and bent at the elbow, with her hand near her head. She is wearing a dark-colored bra. The background is a solid dark red color.

“Fuuuuuuuckkk...” Harrison groaned. The weight was unbearable. Hazel was bent over, her gargantuan tits spilling upwards in the bra taking Harrison with them. He could feel the fabric straining at his back and it dug into his flesh. More than two hundred tonnes of Hazel’s left tit was now crushing him.

He wasn’t sure how long he’d last if she didn’t stand up soon.



Hazel was oblivious to the nightmare going on in her bra. She bent up and down, up and down, up and down over and over again picking up can after can and lining it up perfectly on the shelf in front of her.

Each time Hazel bent over, her chest rolled upwards, briefly creating a small gap that caused Harrison to shift ever so slightly.

“Huh...” Harrison had shifted more, and the pressure, while still incredible, was not crushing his ribs anymore. He looked over his shoulder to discover why. Hazel’s nipple was now just a few feet from him. It was creating a small tent in the bra, protecting him from the worst of the pressure.

It also meant he was on Hazel’s areola now. It was much more delicate and sensitive than the rest of her massive tit. Harrison started to rub the soft skin. He needed Hazel to know he was there.



“Hey! Stop that!” Hazel hissed under her breath, remembering about her little passenger for the first time in a long time. “I’m stacking shelves. This is going to take time. Just keep still and you’ll be fine.”

Hazel tugged her bra, reseating Harrison once more and stopping any further chances of him rubbing near her nipple. He had to just be a bit of a complainer. What sort of guy would grumble about being stuck like that next to a tit? Especially tits as soft as hers.





“Fuuuuck! Please...Ha...Hazel...” Harrison groaned. She was bending up and down again, her soft tit bouncing and rubbing against his body. His dick was aching from having a hard-on for so long. Every time he slid along her tit it stimulated him just a little bit more until...

“Ugghh...” Harrison couldn’t take it anymore. His dick erupted, firing out strings of cum into the small space between his body and Hazel’s boob. He’d just violated Hazel’s main rule, and the sanctity of his marriage.



With the box empty and the shelf fully stocked Hazel admired her handiwork. All the tins were perfectly spaced and aligned. She was sure it wouldn't last long. Some uncultured cretin would come along, move things around and not even think about the effort and planning that had gone into the spacing.

Hazel's momentary pause gave Harrison a much-needed break. The orgasm had felt incredible, but his conscience was now torturing him.



More than an hour of shelf stocking later and Hazel was just about ready for a break. With the concert on she was expecting it to get busy once it started to clear out.

“Taking a break Wayne. You mind covering?” Hazel asked.

“No worries, but I’ll need you on tills when you get back, I need to update the stock system.” Wayne said.

“Better you than me...” Hazel groaned. She hated that thing so much. The whole thing should be automated but instead it required someone to sit down and spend hours entering everything manually. Plus, she just couldn’t figure out how to use it. Wayne didn’t seem to mind though.



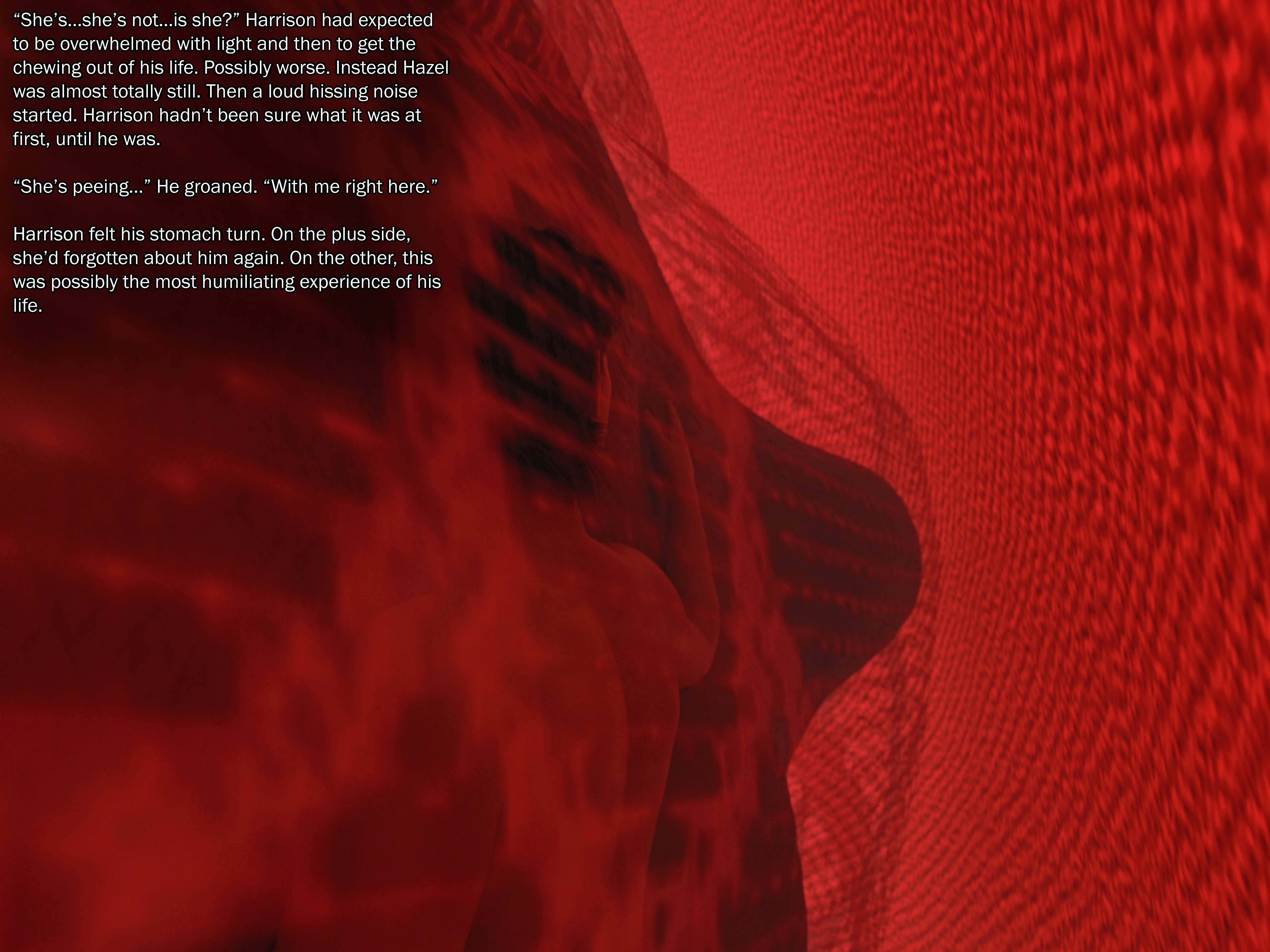
“Shiiiiit...” Harrison could feel his heart racing. He’d just blown another load all over his owner’s tit. She must know. She had to know. He was in so much trouble. She was going on a break so she could fish him out to punish him.

He never thought he’d be so terrified of a woman barely five feet tall. How tall was she even now? As big as a building easily.

Hazel sighed, enjoying the quiet peace of the shop's toilet. It was the one place on shift she could go to be by herself. Not that it really counted as a toilet. Half the room was filled with empty boxes waiting to be picked up by the recycling trucks.

"Ahhh...bliss..." Hazel sighed. It wouldn't last long. As soon as the concert was over the shift would turn to hell.





“She’s...she’s not...is she?” Harrison had expected to be overwhelmed with light and then to get the chewing out of his life. Possibly worse. Instead Hazel was almost totally still. Then a loud hissing noise started. Harrison hadn’t been sure what it was at first, until he was.

“She’s peeing...” He groaned. “With me right here.”

Harrison felt his stomach turn. On the plus side, she’d forgotten about him again. On the other, this was possibly the most humiliating experience of his life.

Hopefully this meant Harrison was in the clear. If she'd not noticed he'd already cum twice, then maybe he'd be alright. Once her shift was over she'd probably just be tired. She would drop him on her bedside table and then go to bed.

“Urgh...yeah...that'd be nice.” Harrison winced once more as Hazel leaned forward. He couldn't help but wonder if Jenny's smaller chest would be as hellish to ride along with.



“Uhhhh...do you, like, have any gum?”

Inwardly Hazel was screaming. She'd been dealing with this for over two hours now. As the concert had ended the shop had seen a constant flow of people slowly leaving the arena. Most of them seemingly were stopping by to annoy her. Some were drunk, some were tired, some were clearly high and others were just annoying.

“There's gum right there in front of you on the counter sir...” Hazel sighed. She was pretty sure this one was just an idiot.

“Oh...right...so there is!”



As the shop cleared out and the clock ticked closer to closing time, one last customer was lingering near the back of the shop. That always made Hazel worry.

“Holy hell, why weren’t you on stage at the concert?” The guy said, not bothering with any small talk or introductions.

“I’m working...” Hazel gestured to the shop around them. “Can I get you anything?”



“How about I get you a drink? I know this really nice hotel. The staff know me really well. They’ll hook us up with a nice booth. I’ll get you whatever you like. Nothing on the drinks menu is too expensive.”

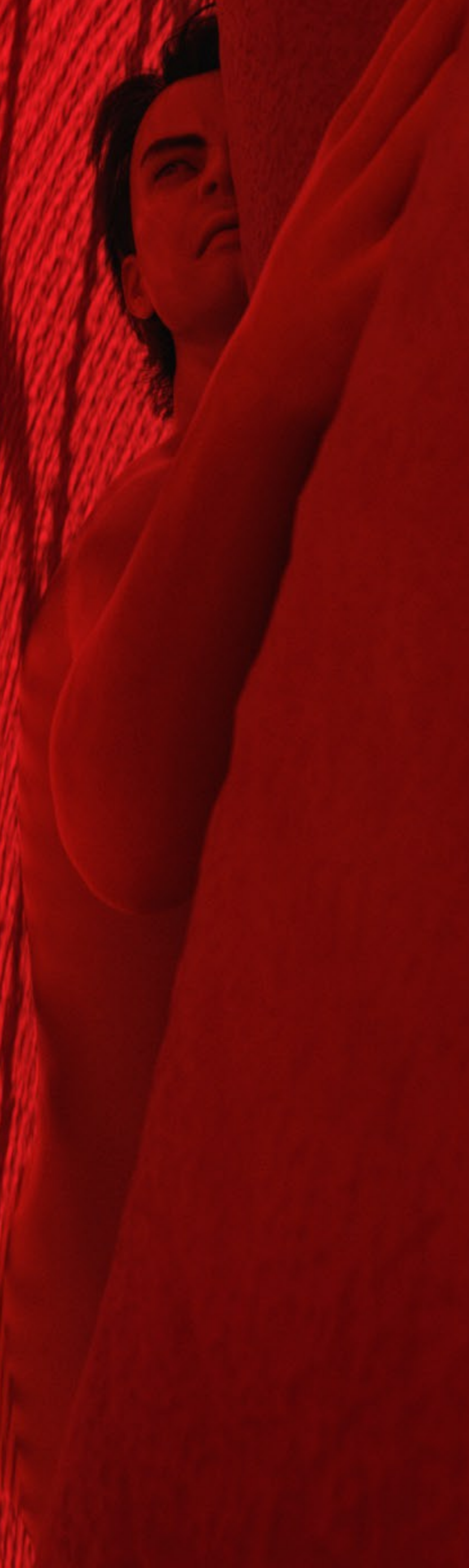
“Look, it’s been a long day. I just want to finish up and go home to bed. Do you actually want anything?” Hazel groaned, hoping the creep would just leave.

“Bet I can get you a softer bed than the one you have at home...” He continued.



“Seriously, sweetheart, you are far too hot to be working in a dump like this. Come work for me. You can pick whatever dresses you want to wear. Just plunging necklines...”

“Does this guy not understand no?” Harrison grumbled loudly under the bra, though still nowhere loud enough to be heard by those in the real world. He couldn’t help but feel disgusted by the creep. This despite having blown his load over Hazel’s tits multiple times in the last few hours.



“Uhhh...Haze...I can't figure out that stupid stock system again. Do you think you can take over? You know it better than I do.”
Wayne appeared from out the back. He was offering her an out. It was total bullshit but the customer didn't know that. As always he was just calmly dealing with whatever the workday threw at him.

“Yeah, sure!” Hazel said, a bit too eagerly.
“You know me. I love that stock system!”

“What can I get you buddy?” Wayne asked politely.


“Seriously? Buddy? Get the fuck outta here...”



“Ooooooh...kill me now...” Hazel groaned, slumping back against her bedroom door. She was exhausted. Normally she’d have a snack and chill for an hour before going to sleep. Tonight it would be straight to bed.

The next time she spoke to her father she’d be giving him hell about putting her through all this. She’d show him when she saved the business six figures a year once she got her management spot.



A woman with dark hair in a ponytail and glasses stands in a bedroom, wearing a pink lace bikini. She is looking at her reflection in a full-length mirror. To her left, a neon sign in the shape of a woman's silhouette is mounted on the wall, glowing with yellow, blue, and pink light. Behind her is a wooden shelf with various items, including a small figurine, a teddy bear, and a framed picture. A white door is visible to the right. The room has wooden flooring and a bed with a purple blanket is partially visible in the foreground.

The temptation to just throw herself on top of her bed and go to sleep was strong, but the yearning for a comfortable rest was stronger. She wanted some comfortable pyjamas instead of her scratchy work clothes and uncomfortable underwear.

Slowly but surely, she started to undress.

“Maybe I can just quit and get a job in consulting...” she told herself. Becoming her own woman would mean missing out on a lot of her family’s bullshit.

“Oh! Oh wow!” Hazel caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Not just herself, but of her new pet. She’d completely forgotten about him. “Uhhh...are you OK?”

He didn’t look to be moving. Maybe he was asleep? Then again, he was all the way up in the air and somehow still stuck to her. How was he doing that? Was he clinging to her like some spider on a wall?

Then it hit her. He was stuck to her. He couldn’t even move.






“Shit! Sorry...I guess it got hotter in there than I realised.” Hazel looked down at Harrison. He looked kind of pathetic. A grown man, barely the size of a mouse and glued to her tit by nothing but her sweat.

“Yeah...thirsty...” Harrison replied, his voice hoarse.

“Let’s get you unstuck...” Hazel said.

Harrison wasn’t keen on that just yet. Once again he had a hard-on. Despite blowing his load three times, he was somehow still horny. It must have been something to do with boobs and pheromones. It was just impossible to keep cool buried in her tits like that.

A close-up, profile view of a woman with dark hair and black-rimmed glasses. She is looking intently at a tiny, nude male figure hanging from the tip of her right hand. The background is a warm, golden light, suggesting an indoor setting with a lamp. The woman's expression is one of focused observation.

Hazel pinched Harrison's arm, slowly peeling him from her tit. She didn't want to hurt him and his skin was stuck well to hers.

Raising Harrison up to her face Hazel examined her new pet. "That's quite the erection you've got there. I guess you can't really help..." she stopped, sniffing. She pulled him closer and then sniffed again.

Harrison felt his heart sink as Hazel's eyes narrowed on him. "Harrison, what was first rule?"

"No...no...no orgasms without your permission." He said, then panicked. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to! It just happened!"

"How many times?" Hazel asked.

"Three..." Harrison admitted, too scared to lie.

“You know, when I met you and we talked I thought you were someone who I might have a genuine friendship with. Maybe keep in touch with after this is over.” Hazel sighed, the disappointment evident on her face. She lowered Harrison back down towards her body. “Now I see you’re no better than that creep at the end of my shift.”

“Wait! Hazel please! You have to underst...” He pleaded.

“I mean, what would your wife say? It’s not even been a day!” She scolded him. Harrison looked down, seeing a barrel-sized nipple approaching below him.





Harrison spread his legs, each falling either side of Hazel's nipple. To his surprise it barely moved as she let him go. He was so puny that her nipple could hold him up without any problems. It wasn't even hard.

"Look at yourself." Hazel turned to stand in front of the mirror. Harrison turned around, still holding her areola out of fear of falling. "So fucking pathetic. Is this how you pictured the next year? You as some limpet, wanking yourself stupid on my tit?"

"Please Hazel! I didn't mean to! It...it just did it. I can't control it." Harrison cried.

"Do you really think that sounds any better to me?" She scoffed.

The massive tit jolted and Harrison grabbed desperately at the wrinkles of the areola in front of him. He looked down, following Hazel's arm between her legs. Despite the incredible sight of this giant girl pulling her panties down, Harrison's mind was more focused on the floor. Or rather just how far the drop was to the floor.

“You want to use me to get off? How would you feel if I returned the favour?” Hazel was spitting mad.



“Ooooh...” Hazel cooed as her finger worked itself between her lower lips. Harrison couldn’t help but watch. Hazel was a very attractive young woman. Whatever pheromones her body pumped out were still driving him mad.

“Squeeze...squeeze my nipple. With your legs.” Hazel ordered, her voice breathy from the focus on chasing her orgasm.





“Wh...what?” Harrison panicked. Was it a trap?

“Squeeze!” Hazel grunted, her tone telling him it definitely wasn’t a trap. He squeezed his legs against the warm, firm nipple beneath him, trying to provide some modicum of pleasure to his giant owner.

“Unnnngh!” Hazel groaned. “Not enough!”

Her hand came from nowhere. It slammed into Harrison from behind, grabbing her tit and pressing him deep into its flesh. For a long moment his world was black. He couldn’t move, he couldn’t see, he couldn’t breathe...

“Ohhhh...that’s better.” Hazel moaned, digging her fingers into her soft tit. She massaged and rubbed the soft flesh, squeezing her new little toy deep into it. “You know...I didn’t get these...until late...” She panted, still kneading her boob like dough with Harrison stuck in between. “I used to get called flat-chested and teased at school. Even my sister joined in.”

Harrison would have liked to have been able to tell her how terrible that sounded, but he was too busy trying to not die as he rocked up and down and round and around.



“I bet...ooooh...so many of those boys...ahhhh...would swap places...uhh...with you now.” The kneading was becoming faster and stronger. Hazel’s voice was getting higher and faster. She was close.

Harrison wasn’t sure if he’d last. He could feel his ribs singing with pain. His lungs burned as he struggled to catch a breath.

“Oh..ohhhh...OOHHHHH...YES!” Hazel moaned loudly. The motion stopped and Harrison was pressed deep into Hazel’s tit. To his surprise his dick was hard, but he’d already blown his load so many times it wasn’t happening again.



The pressure gradually eased. He was still crushed between a mountain of tit and his owner's hand, but he'd survived. Hazel was breathing quickly, with Harrison rising and falling in turn.

"Oh look at you, stuck again." Hazel laughed as she finally let go. That wasn't quite true. Harrison was higher up the slope of her tit and just about hanging on. "You didn't jizz on me again, did you?"

"No...I swear..." Harrison's voice was trembling.

"Good."





“I really needed that.” Hazel said, her finger approaching the little guy who was still struggling to cling to her boob. “I can see why so many people get tinies to use like that. You felt surprisingly good.”

That made Harrison nervous. He hadn't signed up to be a sex toy. This was only day one. Hazel's finger poked him, pushing him lower down the slope of her tit. Harrison was panicking, worried that he would fall, but when the drop came it was surprisingly short.

He was back to sitting on her nipple. It was a lot harder and firmer than it had been before.

Harrison clung on as Hazel moved around her bedroom prepping for bedtime. Her movements seemed more sluggish than they had earlier when he'd been in her bra. Was it just tiredness, or was she being careful not to drop him?

The worst part was when she bent down to pull on her shorts. He'd had to cling on tightly then.

"You're going to stay right there tonight. I think you need a little bit of exposure therapy" Hazel said, pulling her top down over head and holding it just above her breasts.

"Please...I need some wat..." Harrison cried.

"Goodnight. We'll see how I feel about you in the morning..." Hazel pulled the top down, sealing Harrison in darkness.



It didn't take Hazel long to fall asleep. It had been such a long day with such a busy shift on top that her mind was already clouding over by the time she pulled the covers up. The gentle afterglow of her small orgasm was all she needed to lull her right over to sleep.

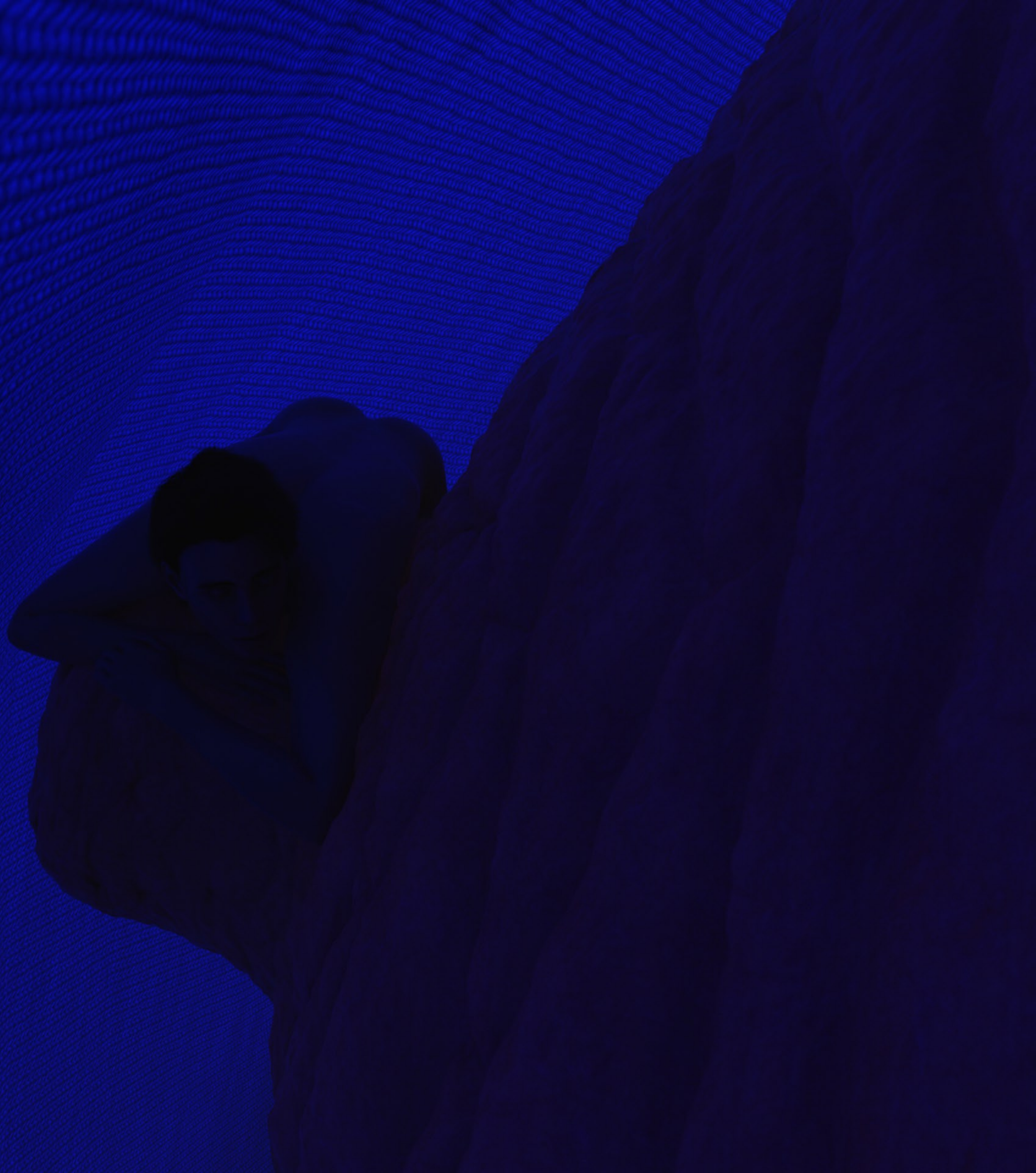


With Hazel sleeping on her side, Harrison was left clinging to her nipple. It was either that or end up sleeping buried under her tit and he'd had enough of that for one day.

There was no way he could sleep. Even if he had a nice, warm bed to himself he wouldn't be able to sleep. It was only his first day with Hazel and already she distrusted him and saw him as a creep. None of it was his fault. She'd put him in that position, then biology had done the rest.

"I'm so sorry Jenny..." Harrison said. He felt sick to his stomach. He wouldn't see her for a year. He had done this so she would be safe, now he may well have just cheated on her. He hoped she could forgive him.

He hoped he could forgive himself...



Original Scale

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

Penny
Height: 5ft3
Weight: 115lbs
M: 32C-23-35



Jenny
Height: 5ft10
Weight: 147lbs
M: 34D-26-38



Harrison
Height: 6ft
Weight: 176lbs



Hazel
Height: 5ft1
Weight: 119lbs
M: 32E-24-36



Relative to Harrison

Penny
Height: 252ft
Weight: 6359tns



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

Jenny
Height: 280ft
Weight: 8128tns



Harrison
Height: 1.5in
Weight: 0.7g

Hazel
Height: 243ft
Weight: 6499tns



Jenny's Feet

Left Foot:
Height: 13ft4
Width: 12ft10
Length: 37ft2
Weight: 152tns

Big Toe Height: 3ft4
Big Toe Width: 3ft10
Big Toe Length: 5ft7



Hazel's Boobs

Left Breast:
Height: 34ft
Width: 29ft
Depth: 20ft
Weight: 240tns

Areola Width: 8ft4

Nipple Width: 2ft7
Nipple Depth: 2ft2



To Be Continued...

Thanks to Ryald666 for proof reading and contributing some excellent ideas!
You can check out his work here: <https://www.deviantart.com/ryald666>

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