

Pam's Petboy

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Pam sat down, her tray clinking against the faux-marble tabletop. Same café. Same corner seat. Same Saturday routine. Predictable, dull. Not quite miserable, just... not exciting.

She sipped her coffee, strong and bitter. Just how she liked it. Or, more honestly, just what she was used to.

No husband. No kids. Forty-seven and still pretending that “independent” was the plan all along.

She shifted in her chair, adjusting the new summer dress. It clung in places she hadn't flaunted in years, and the cleavage... well. The young girl at the boutique had said something about “owning it,” and Pam hadn't had the energy to argue.

So here she was, breasts half out before noon, sipping burnt espresso and wondering whether she still knew how to turn heads—or if she even wanted to.

She glanced out the window. Sun was high. Maybe she'd hit the shops after. Buy something she didn't need. Wander. Pretend.

Then the door opened. And everything shifted.



Jade.

Pam didn't need to double-take. The woman was impossible to miss. Blonde. Bronze. Built like she was genetically optimized to ruin self-esteem.

The girl who'd broken the internet. Who made headlines, hate threads, and six figures a month off nothing but cleavage, cruelty, and a few dozen legally binding "custody transfers."

Jade the Bitch. The one with the collection. Two hundred tiny men—claimed, collared, catalogued.

And now she was here. In her café.

Pam stared, her throat dry. She'd seen the videos. Everyone had. But in person? Jade radiated the kind of energy that didn't just walk into a room—it took it.



Pam's eyes went straight to the girl's chest.

She didn't mean to stare. Well—she did, but it wasn't her fault. That's just what girls did now. Especially the young ones. Flashy, tight dresses. Push-up bras. And always a tiny man somewhere in the mix.

Sure enough, nestled between the curves of the girl's perfectly round breasts, was one. Naked. Trapped. Maybe four inches tall, five at most, his limbs pinned awkwardly against soft skin. Her cleavage jiggled with each step, and he moved with it—no, was moved with it—like he wasn't even resisting anymore.

Pam blinked. Her coffee sat cooling on the table.

This was real now. Normal. Somehow.

The tiny man was on full display. No hiding it. No embarrassment. It wasn't even about showing off anymore—it was just how girls like her carried themselves. Carry their petboys.

Provocative. Deliberate. And disturbingly common. They called it size influence. Some trendy bullshit term for girls who used their cleavage to show off their “empowered” lifestyles.



And this one? This wasn't just any girl.

It was her.

Jade.

Pam's stomach fluttered. A tiny jolt of nervous heat.

She'd only seen her online before. The girl who'd hacked the system, they said. Exploited a loophole in the Size Crisis Aid Act and walked away with full custody of over two hundred shrunken men. Legally. Somehow.

Pam had read about it, like everyone else. Some said it was brilliant. Others said it was monstrous. But the law held. She filled out the forms. Claimed them. Marked their IDs. She owned them now. All of them.



Pam watched as Jade slid into a seat at the other end of the café, and gently leaned forward. Shoulders in. Breasts together.

The tiny man vanished between them with a soft squish.

Only the top of his head remained, poking helplessly out like a decoration—if that.

Jade giggled. Just a little.

Like she felt him squirm and found it cute.

Pam stared. Her thighs tensed under the table.

Something about the way Jade moved—the way she treated him like a living accessory—was hitting a part of her brain she hadn't touched in years. It was stupid. Inappropriate. She was too old for this. But the heat was real. It crawled up her neck. Settled behind her knees.

She reached for her coffee and realized her hand was trembling slightly.

Jade didn't look her way.



Pam’s eyes stayed locked on Jade. She couldn’t help it. The girl was still toying with the poor thing—shoulders rocking gently, tits pressing and releasing in rhythmic squeezes. Henry’s head barely stayed visible, bobbing just enough to catch breath between swallows.

Jade giggled again. That light, mocking tone. Like she knew exactly how obscene this all looked—and didn’t care.

“Enjoying yourself, Henry?” she cooed, voice dripping with sugar and venom. “Don’t forget what I told you: tongue out, keep licking. I wanna feel that tiny little mouth lapping up every drop of tit sweat I give you.”

She paused, leaned in just slightly. Her voice dropped.

“Or I swear I’ll hand your ass over to one of the girls doing tryouts today. You know the type—mean, horny, and fucking bored.”

Pam blinked. Tryouts? What the hell?

The poor man—Henry—looked half-conscious, body glistening between Jade’s breasts like he was melting into her skin. Pam couldn’t look away. Her heart rate was up again, a low, electric heat pooling in her thighs.



Then Jade raised a hand, effortlessly snapping her fingers.

“Hey! Grande matcha cold brew with sweet foam and oat milk. Extra foam.”

Pam didn't even know what half those words meant. Sounded more like a spell than a coffee order.

Her eyes drifted back down.



Henry. A living toy. Struggling, flushed, submissive. Pam felt something stir in her chest—something strange. Pity? Curiosity? A little of both.

If he were mine, she thought, I'd take care of him better than that. Poor thing.

And then another thought followed. A dangerous one.

What if I had one?

She imagined it. A man like Henry—tiny, gorgeous, totally hers. Not just to own—but to protect. To tease. To... hold.

Jesus.

She shook herself.



Then the waitress arrived.

“Oh my god,” the girl gasped. “It’s you. You’re Jade. Holy shit.”

Jade lit up instantly. “Heyyy, love that energy. What’s your name, hot stuff?”



“I’m Emma!” she beamed. “And just—fuck, I love what you do. Like, I’m totally with you. The way you handle those little bastards? ICONIC. The CSS can suck my left tit.”

Pam almost choked on her coffee.



Jade cackled. “Ugh. Don’t even get me started on the Coalition of Shrunken Shitters. Bunch of bug-sized crybabies. They’ve cost me more in legal fees than I spend on shoes.”

Emma leaned in, practically glowing. “Honestly, you’re such a boss. They act like those men didn’t sign the damn contracts.”

“They signed ‘em hard,” Jade purred. “Some of ‘em even begged.”



Pam tried to process what she was hearing.

The CSS, the Coalition of Shrunken Survivors. An advocacy group for shrunken people. Everyone knew they were trying to bring Jade down. Especially Archer Whitmore—their founder. He used to be the richest man alive. Now he stood the size of a Ken doll, thanks to the San Aurelio event. And he'd dedicated what was left of his life to challenging people like Jade.

Pam exhaled.

Slaves. Sex. Fans. Courtroom drama. Archenemies.

She glanced down at her coffee.

This morning, the biggest thing on her schedule was rewatching *Sex and the City* reruns.

Her life felt... embarrassingly small.

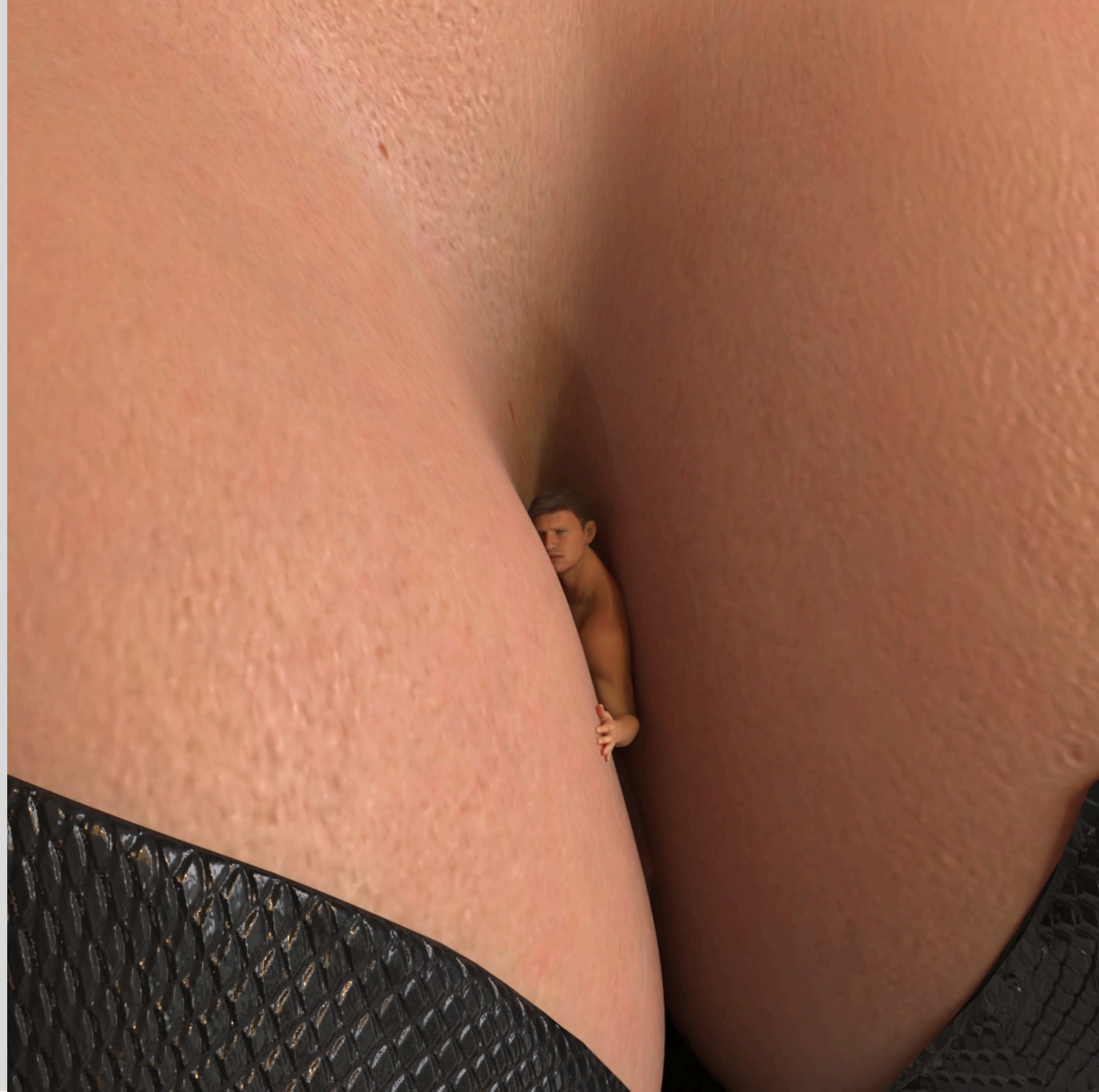


“Ohh—hell yeah,” Emma breathed, eyes locked on Jade’s chest. “You even brought one with you. God, that’s so fucking hot.”

Emma’s gaze zeroed in on the helpless little man pinned between those perfect, bouncing tits—flushed, twitching, drenched in sweat.

“Fuck, he’s so cute. And you’ve got him right there? Between those monsters? Unreal.”

Jade smirked and casually leaned back, causing her chest to rise and shift. Henry gave a little twitch.



“You’re so fucking lucky,” Emma went on, practically vibrating. “Ever since they closed that contract loophole, the rest of us are screwed. Like—now it’s this whole process to get one. Paperwork, vetting, ‘ethical custody’ or whatever the fuck. Total boner killer.”

Jade rolled her eyes. “Well, that’s called being a visionary, babe. First-mover advantage. You see the market, you own it.”



Emma snorted. “Right, right—still, though... maybe you could share a little, mmm?”

Jade gave her a long look. “I am sharing,” she said, slowly. “Beach party later today. Full-on tryout event. It’s gonna be wall-to-wall wannabe size queens—and yes, we’re filming. Then yacht afterparty. Invite-only.”

Emma blinked. “Jesus. How the fuck do I not know about this?”

Jade shrugged. “It’s low-key. I’ve got the CSS crawling up my ass these days. Can’t exactly go blasting it on socials.”

Emma leaned closer, almost whispering. “So... how do I get in?”



Jade's eyes dropped for a moment. She glanced at her tits—at Henry—still stuck, still obedient, his face pressed into her cleavage like he belonged there. The heat in her body flared.



She looked back up at Emma. Smiled.

“Maybe you do get in,” she said, voice purring. “But only if you show me what the fuck you’ve got, cutie.”

Emma bit her lip.

Jade tilted her head, playful.

“You hungry enough to earn your own petboy? Prove it.”

Jade tugged Henry out from between her tits, slow and teasing, like she was pulling out a toy she half-forgot she owned. His tiny body glistened, cock hard, twitching as it dragged along the curve of her right breast.

Emma burst out laughing. “Ha! Poor fucker’s all pent up.”

Jade smirked. “Of course he is. He won’t cum, though. My petboys are disciplined. They wouldn’t dare cum unless I say so. And I rarely fucking say so.”

Emma raised a brow, intrigued. “No way. How do you even train that? Like, seriously.”



“Oh, girl.” Jade leaned forward, like she was spilling secrets. “One time, I caught three of them jerking off while I was showering. Thought I wasn’t watching.” She scoffed.

Emma grinned. “Nooo.”

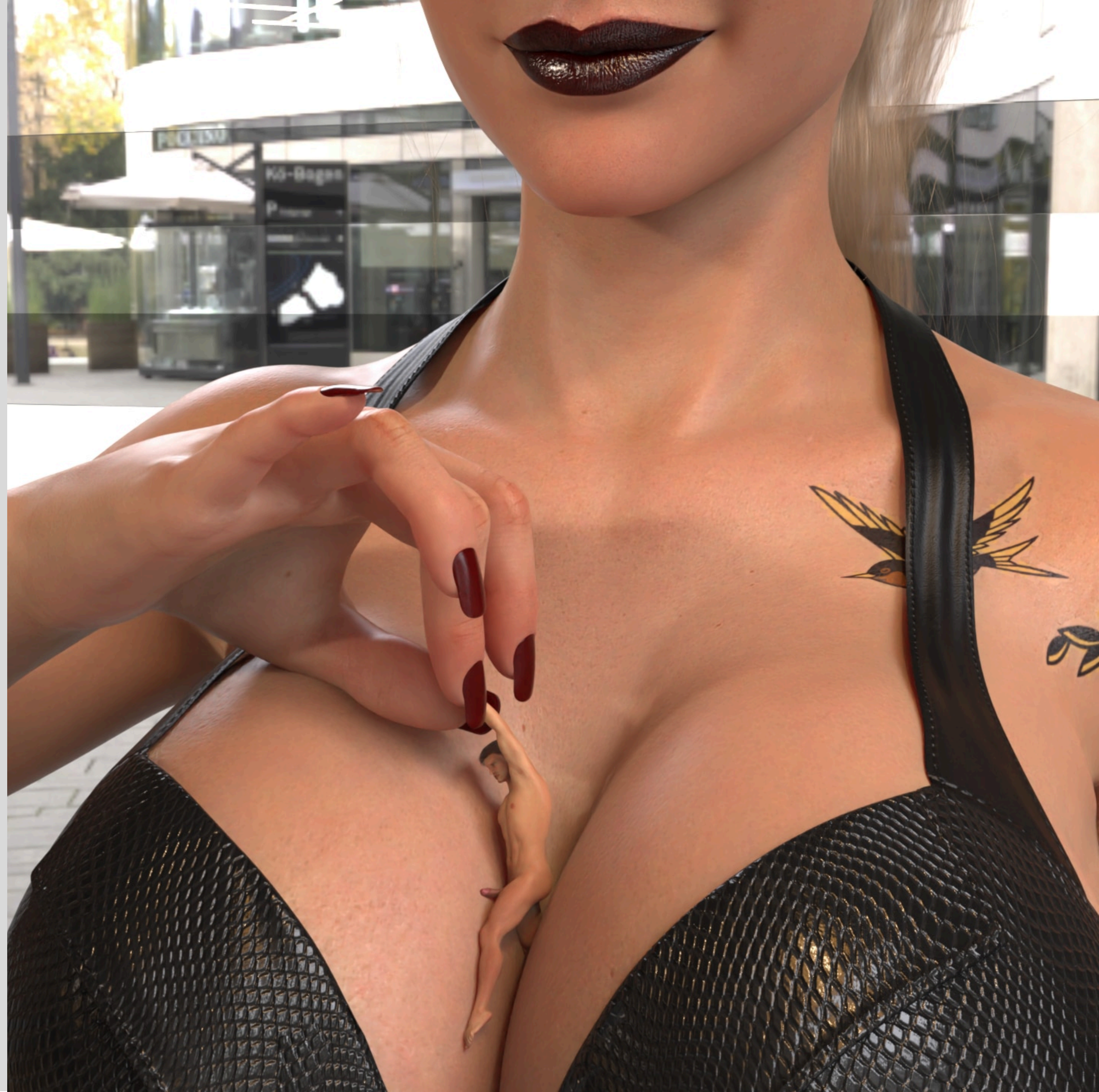
“Oh yes,” Jade said, licking her lip. “You know what I did? Stuffed them in a fucking ziplock. Sealed them up and laid them out on the bathroom counter.”

Emma stared.

“Then I sat my ass on the edge of the tub, spread my legs, and made ‘em watch me finger myself. Over and over. Every time one of them started convulsing? I unzipped it just enough to let them breathe... then zipped it again.” She tilted her head, eyes gleaming. “Rinse and repeat. For hours.”

Emma let out a low whistle. “Jesus. That’s brutal.”

“Effective,” Jade corrected. “Now they get hard like good boys but never cum. Fear and worship? Best fucking combo.”



Emma bit her lip, turned on. “Fuck. Okay. Gimme.”

Jade handed over Henry like she was passing her lipstick. “Let’s see if you’ve got the instincts. Be rough. He’ll melt.”

Emma plucked him up like a piece of. Her fingers squeezed just enough to make him twitch.



He was shaking — visibly — but that didn't stop his cock from pointing straight up.

“God. Look at this little fucker,” she laughed. “Scared shitless and still rock hard. That's so broken.”

“Told you,” Jade replied, sipping her drink without even glancing over.

Emma raised Henry to eye level. Her lips curved into something between a smirk and a dare. “You like this, don't you?” she purred. “Getting passed around like a boytoy?”

Henry nodded fast. “Y-yes, mistress-goddess!”



“Awww.” Emma leaned in, her breath warm and sweet. Her lips brushed the top of his head with a loud, exaggerated mwah.

“Mmm,” she cooed, smearing her gloss across his tiny scalp. “Tell me, baby, that got you even harder?”

“Yes mistress-goddess!” he squeaked.



Emma didn't wait. Her lips parted, and she took the top of his head into her mouth.

Just the head — like she was taste-testing him.

“Mmfff,” she mumbled, tongue flicking the back of his neck. “Bet it's been ages since a girl kissed you, huh?”



His legs kicked weakly. Emma let out a breathy chuckle and dragged her tongue slowly down his front — from feet to face.

Her tongue curled around him like a ribbon, teasing, tasting, almost thoughtful. She ended the lick with a casual flick at his cock, like she was checking if it still worked.

“Ohhh, that got a twitch,” she smirked. “And lemme guess... even longer since someone licked your dick, huh?”



He whimpered. She didn't wait for the answer. She took another long, deliberate lick — slower this time.

“Mmm,” she said, voice dripping with fake innocence. “So fuckin’ tasty. I could eat you up.”



“P-please, mistress-goddess, I’m a good pet, I promi
—”

Her lips closed around his upper body before he could finish. Torso submerged. Arms pinned. Cock still outside, twitching against her glossed lower lip like it was begging to be let in.

Inside her mouth, Henry thrashed. Drenched in spit. Drenched in heat. He tried to scream but gagged instead, caught in a humid, wet hell that smelled like peach candy and power.



Jade tilted her head, amused. “You into vore?”

Emma gave a noncommittal hum, Henry still half in her mouth. “Mhmm-mm.”

Jade rolled her eyes. “Don’t do it live. You’ll get flagged sooner or later. That’s my advice. Soft vore only. If you really wanna eat tiny dudes, you gotta go offline, babe.”

“Now,” Jade continued, smirking, “let’s see what you can do with those tits of yours.”



Emma giggled — cheeks flushed, eyes sharp. She tilted her head down, opened her mouth—



—and let Henry drop. Straight into her cleavage.

Henry barely had time to think, still dazed from the wet chaos of her mouth. Then he saw them—her tits. Massive. Coming fast.

There was a time he would've dreamed of something like this. Smothered between a perfect pair of tits? That used to be the fantasy. Now? Now he knew better.



He went in headfirst, his upper body swallowed by Emma's cleavage. Her skin was hot, slick with sweat. His face sank deep into the humid canyon, the scent of her unwashed skin flooding his senses. His cock—still stupidly hard—was mashed against the soft slope of her tit.



“Mmmfuck, very nice,” Jade purred from below, voice thick with amusement. “Damn, girl. Natural talent. Most chicks fuck it up first try. I had this one friend—double D’s, real proud of ‘em—snapped six of my petboys before she figured it out.”

She stood and casually cupped Emma’s breasts, giving them a slow squeeze, pressing Henry even deeper between them until he was sealed in tight. No light, no air—just tit.



Jade giggled, peering down at the tiny man entombed in Emma's chest. "He looks cute there. Like a little titworm."

Inside, Henry was helpless. Trapped in the sticky heat, every breath filled with the taste of her skin. Her heartbeat roared in his ears—so much louder than his own. He hated how his body responded, hated how this still made him throb. Once, he'd worshipped tits like these. Now they were weapons. Now they meant he was nothing.



Emma looked up, practically bouncing. “Okay but seriously, I better be getting in on that beach trial shit. And the boat party. You can’t leave me out.”

Jade tilted her head, smirking. “Damn, you're really tryna level up, huh? Trying to be the next big size queen or what?”

“Hell yeah,” Emma grinned. “This gig’s easy money and the toys are fun as fuck. Why wouldn’t I?”

Jade laughed, amused. “Alright, alright. I mean... you did just pass our little initiation exam with flying colors.”

“So, what now? You gonna hand me my own tiny or what?”



Jade raised a brow. “Okay, let’s set the record straight real quick: You don’t ‘get’ a tiny. Ever. If—and that’s a big if—you make it through the trials and actually get selected, I’ll lease you one. You make your content, I take forty percent. That’s the deal.”

Emma blinked. “Jesus, forty? That’s robbery.”

Jade shrugged. “Welcome to the game, sweetheart. You want in, you play by my rules. And don’t forget—there’s a fuck-ton of other girls applying. Beach trials ain’t just a bikini party. It’s a cutthroat audition.”



Emma rolled her eyes, but she didn't argue. She just looked down at her cleavage, where Henry still twitched weakly in the sweat-drenched darkness.

She smiled. "Guess I better bring my A-game, huh?"



Jade chuckled. “Exactly.” Then she pressed her tits together, hard.

Henry vanished into the soft crush of her breasts, only his kicking legs left poking out like a bug half-swallowed. He thrashed uselessly, hips pinned, lungs drawing in nothing but skin and sweat.

Jade’s voice dropped low—low enough that Pam, still frozen a few feet away, had to lean in slightly without meaning to. She hated this. Hated what she was seeing. But she couldn’t look away.

“And, y’know...” Jade murmured, her tone syrupy and dark, “I do have a few tiny, useless fuckers I’ve been meaning to get rid of. If you’re still hungry later, I could sweeten the deal. Little snack, just for you. What do you think, babe?”

Emma’s breath caught. “Wait... like. For real? You’re saying I could actually eat one?”



Jade smirked, pulling Henry free with a wet shlorp. He gasped for air, limbs twitching in panic.

“Maybe,” she said, inspecting him like a fruit at the market. “Not this one though. He’s too pretty. Still got good abs, nice cock, great reactions. Way too valuable to waste in your stomach.”

Emma nodded slowly, eyes fixed on Henry like he was a living sex toy. “Yeah. No, I get it. He’s hot.”

“But the others?” Jade shrugged. “Trust me, no one's gonna miss ‘em. Junk stock. Washed-up. One of them keeps crying about his daughter. Like, bitch, she’s not here.”

Emma laughed under her breath. “That’s... actually kind of hilarious.”



“Cool,” Jade grinned. “Love that attitude.”

She flicked her thumb under Henry’s chin, making his head jerk back. Then, without a care in the world, she held him upside down by one ankle.



His arms struggled uselessly, and from his height, a drop would be death. He knew that. Jade knew it too—and didn't care.

“Anyway,” she said, voice rising again, bright and businesslike, “the beach thing is at noon. Point Verde. Come early, bring your hottest bikini. That shit counts toward your score.”



Emma nodded, already halfway to the exit. “Got it. I’ll see you there.”

She didn’t even pretend to return to work. She just ditched her waitress shift like it meant nothing.

Pam watched her go, heart thudding. She didn’t know what disgusted her more—what she’d seen, or how badly part of her wanted to know what came next.



For a moment, Pam's eyes drifted downward. The strap of her new summer dress had slipped off her shoulder again.

"Oh—goodness," she murmured.

The girl at the boutique had clearly done a poor job adjusting it. Pam was used to that—most off-the-rack tops never fit quite right. Her large bust demanded tailoring. Always had. But this time, someone had really dropped the ball.

The dress already sported a plunging, almost indecent neckline. But now, with the left strap hanging loose, it looked downright ridiculous. Her left nipple was practically on display.

"Lord have mercy," she muttered again, flustered, fingers reaching for the fallen strap.

But she never got the chance.



Jade slid into the seat across from her like it was her own kitchen table. Just like that, Pam was no longer a spectator. She was in the scene. Part of the act.

Jade leaned in, smirking. “So what about you, hmm? Fan or hater?”

Pam blinked. She hadn’t even realized she’d been holding her breath.

“I—uh...”

“Nice rack, by the way,” Jade added, eyeing her chest shamelessly. “And I can tell they’re real. Respect. Same as mine.”

“Oh—thank you,” Pam said, her voice soft, automatic. She didn’t know what else to say. Her cheeks burned.



Her eyes flicked to the tiny man still dangling from Jade's fingers. Henry. Still upside down. Still hard.

Still helpless.

"You want it," Jade said flatly. "I can see it all over your face."

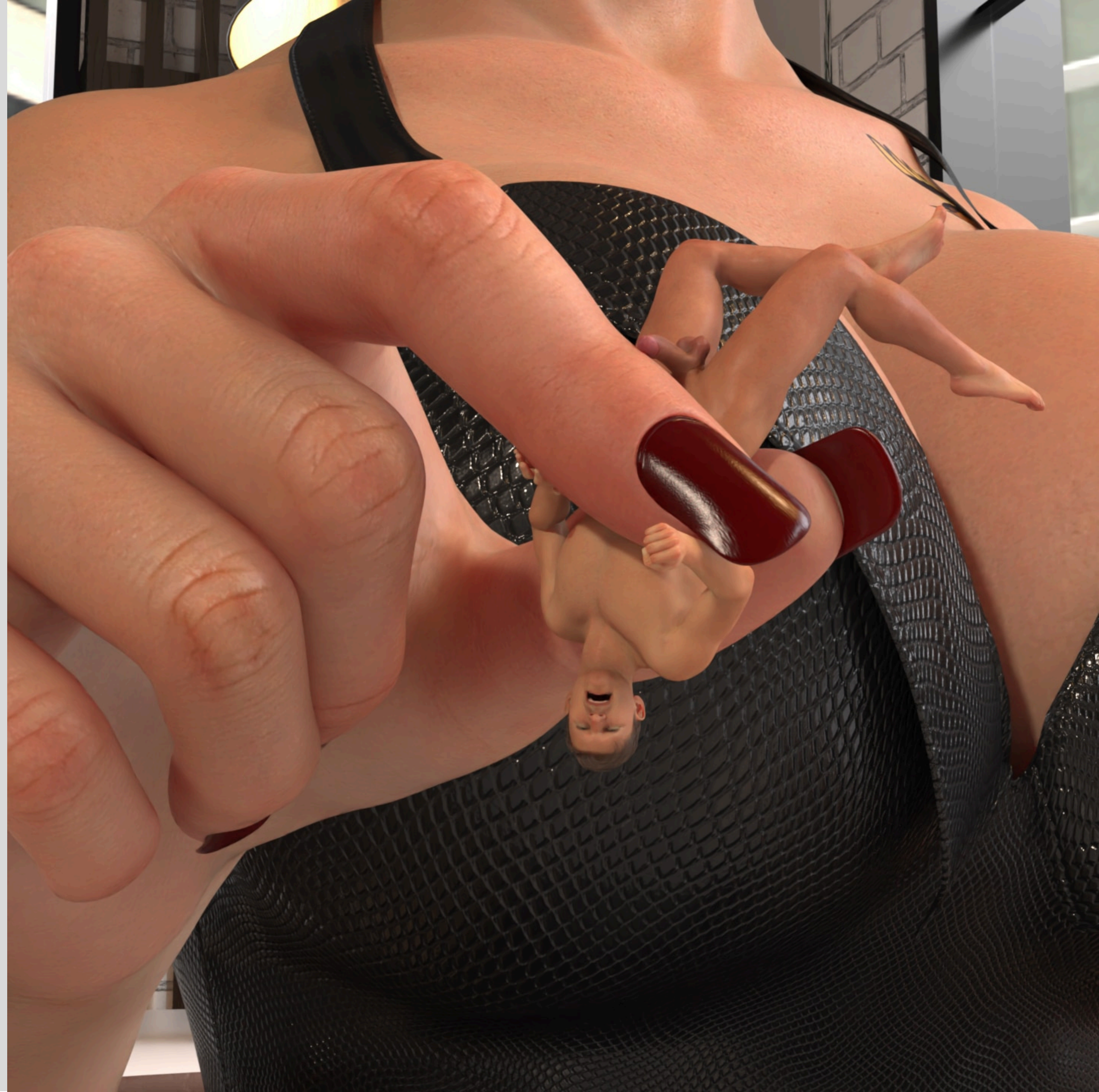
"What? Oh no, I—I assure you—"

"Please," Jade cut her off. "You've been sucking this shit up like wine. Don't insult both of us. Let me guess—boring little life, boring little job, all polite smiles and solo nights with the lights off. That about right?"

Pam didn't answer.

And not answering... somehow felt like saying yes.

Jade's smile widened.



“Go on then,” Jade said, her voice playful but sharp.
“Have a little fun.”

Before Pam could react, Jade flicked her wrist.

Henry soared through the air—spinning, flailing,
nothing but a blur of limbs and fear.



He landed square on Pam's left breast with a soft smack, right where the strap had fallen earlier. Her skin was warm and damp, the summer heat having settled between the curves of her cleavage.

Henry lay there stunned, stuck to her like a drop of dew, his tiny erection still standing straight.

Pam froze. She looked down.

Pam couldn't believe what was happening.

It had been years since she'd felt the touch of a man. Years since someone had made love to her. Her nights had become quiet, predictable—just her hand, her toys, and whatever she could coax out of her imagination.

And now?

Now a whole man—a real, living, young man—was lying naked on her breast, his erection angled toward her like a ridiculous little offering.

It felt obscene. He was hard. He was touching her.

And she was letting him.



Every instinct told her to pluck him off, set him down, pretend this had never happened. But she didn't. She sat still. Letting the moment stretch. Letting him stay.

A pulse of heat bloomed between her thighs.

Henry stirred.

He rolled over slowly, turning to face her cleavage. From his perspective, it was insane—two enormous, sweating hills of tit, soft and flushed and rising with every breath. The valley between them looked bottomless. A warm, dark canyon. Alive.



He looked up.

Their eyes met.

Neither spoke. The silence was unbearable. Pam's cheeks burned with shame, lust, confusion. She could end this right now—just reach down, lift him off, be done with it.

But she didn't.

She just... stared.

Then, like a complete idiot, she said: "Hello."

God, why did she say that?

Henry blinked. His tiny chest heaved. "Mi-mistress-goddess," he stammered.

Pam's eyes widened. "I—I beg your pardon?"



A snort burst out of Jade. “Oh my god,” she laughed, nearly doubling over. “Yeah, that one’s on me.”

She wiped a tear from her eye, grinning like the devil.

“So, like... at first I told them to call me ‘Mistress.’ Seemed hot, right? Whatever. But one night I got hammered and told them I was their goddess. Like, full-on divine bitch mode.”

She paused for dramatic effect, chuckling.

“Next morning I wake up and they’re at war. I shit you not. Two factions—Mistress versus Goddess—two hundred tiny fuckers going full Hunger Games in my damn living room.”

Pam blinked. “Good Lord...”

Jade just kept laughing. “Eventually they compromised. Now they call me Mistress-Goddess. It’s the dumbest shit I’ve ever heard—and I fucking love it.”



Pam didn't know what disturbed her more: the story... or the fact that the tiny man still hadn't moved. He was staring up at her like she was next.

And part of her... wondered what that would feel like.

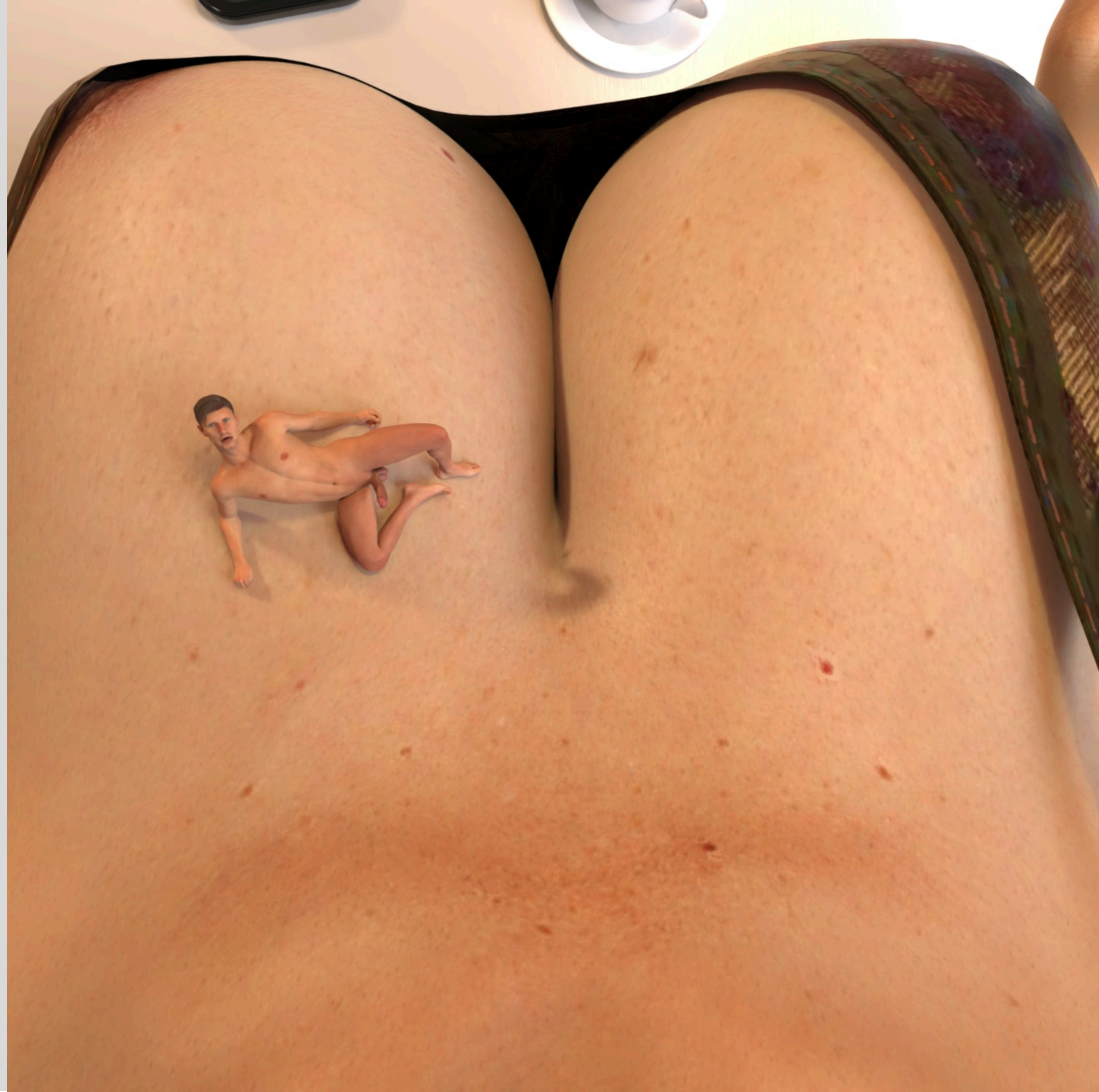
Pam wondered what it would feel like... to have him.

To own him.

The thought was absurd—and yet, disturbingly familiar. Some of the younger women in her office already had petboys. She'd seen them tucked in bras, nestled inside blouses, peeking out from cleavage like living accessories. One intern even bragged about keeping hers in her panties.

“Writing emails is way more fun with a petboy licking your clit,” she'd said with a laugh. No shame. No filter. Just another girl in the Jade generation.

Even that girl from the boutique—young, smug, lazy tailoring—had a tiny man dangling from a gold chain between her tits, swinging casually with every step.



Pam sighed.

She wasn't like them. She wasn't part of that world.
She wasn't cruel. She wasn't young.

But she was lonely.

And the idea of not eating lunch alone anymore, of
feeling a warm body tucked against her chest while she
worked... that idea clung to her like perfume.

Her fingers moved before she could stop herself.

“That's it! There we go!” Jade called out, grinning like
a proud coach on the sidelines.

Pam didn't ask. She didn't even hesitate.



She plucked Henry from her breast, holding him delicately between her fingers. He squirmed instinctively—tiny, helpless—but didn't resist. His erection brushed against her thumb, and she felt a pulse between her legs.

She looked at him.

He was so small. So hard. So vulnerable.

And in that moment, she didn't feel old. She didn't feel invisible. She felt... powerful. Feminine. Alive.

“Would you like to be my petboy?” she asked gently, her voice barely above a whisper.

The words had left her mouth before she even processed them.



Jade snorted but stayed quiet, watching with amused interest.

Henry looked up at the woman holding him. Middle-aged, curvy, unfamiliar. But undeniably hot.



Her cleavage below him looked softer than Jade's, less like a trap and more like... a place he might want to fall into.

Like a new home... cozy, warm, dark, and gentle.

But he said nothing.

Not because he didn't want it—he didn't know if he did or didn't—but because he was terrified.

Jade was still there. Still watching.

So he stayed silent.

And somehow, that silence lit a fire in Pam's belly.

She didn't need an answer.

The fact that he couldn't say no... that realization sent a wicked thrill down her spine. A rush of wet heat bloomed between her thighs.

She adjusted her grip ever so slightly, her thumb dragging slowly across his chest.

Yes. She liked how this felt.



Pam slowly lowered Henry toward the warmth of her cleavage.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. Don’t be afraid,” she whispered, voice soft, maternal. “I’ll take good care of you.”

Her heart fluttered in her chest—ridiculous, really. But she couldn’t help it.

This was something young women did. Women with confidence and swagger. Women like Jade.

But now? She was doing it too.



She guided him carefully between her breasts, her finger gently pushing his tiny body downward into the pillowy valley. It felt strangely practical—logical, even. Where else would she keep him safe?

And yet it was so much more than that.



As his bare skin made contact, Pam felt herself pulse with arousal. A growing warmth pooled between her thighs.



Henry didn't resist. He didn't move. He just trembled faintly, paralyzed—but hard. Still hard.



“There you go, sweetheart,” she murmured, adjusting his position until only his chest and arms poked out. His tiny cock pressed flat against his stomach, rubbing helplessly against the swell of her breast.

She smiled, almost proud.

Meanwhile, Henry stayed silent, his erection twitching uselessly. He knew the rules. He knew what happened to those who came without permission.

And Jade was still watching.



“Ohhh—okay, uh, what the fuck are you doing?” she finally snapped, tone laced with mockery.

Pam looked up, took a breath, and steadied herself.

“I’m taking him home with me,” she said.

Jade blinked. “The fuck you are, bitch. I wasn’t giving him to you. Are you stupid?”

Pam flinched but stood her ground. “I have money. I could pay. How much do you want for him?”

Jade raised an eyebrow. “Three hundred grand.”

Pam’s mouth opened. She choked slightly. “I... I don’t have that kind of money.”

Jade shrugged. “You could, though. Easy.”

She leaned in, eyes sharp. “I’m making a hundred K a month right now, no joke. Look—I know I’m in my prime. It won’t last. I’m cashing out while I’m hot. But you?” She gestured at Pam’s chest. “You could make damn near that. You’ve got the rack. You’ve got the look. And the MILF segment? Fucking starving. Giant demand. Barely any supply.”



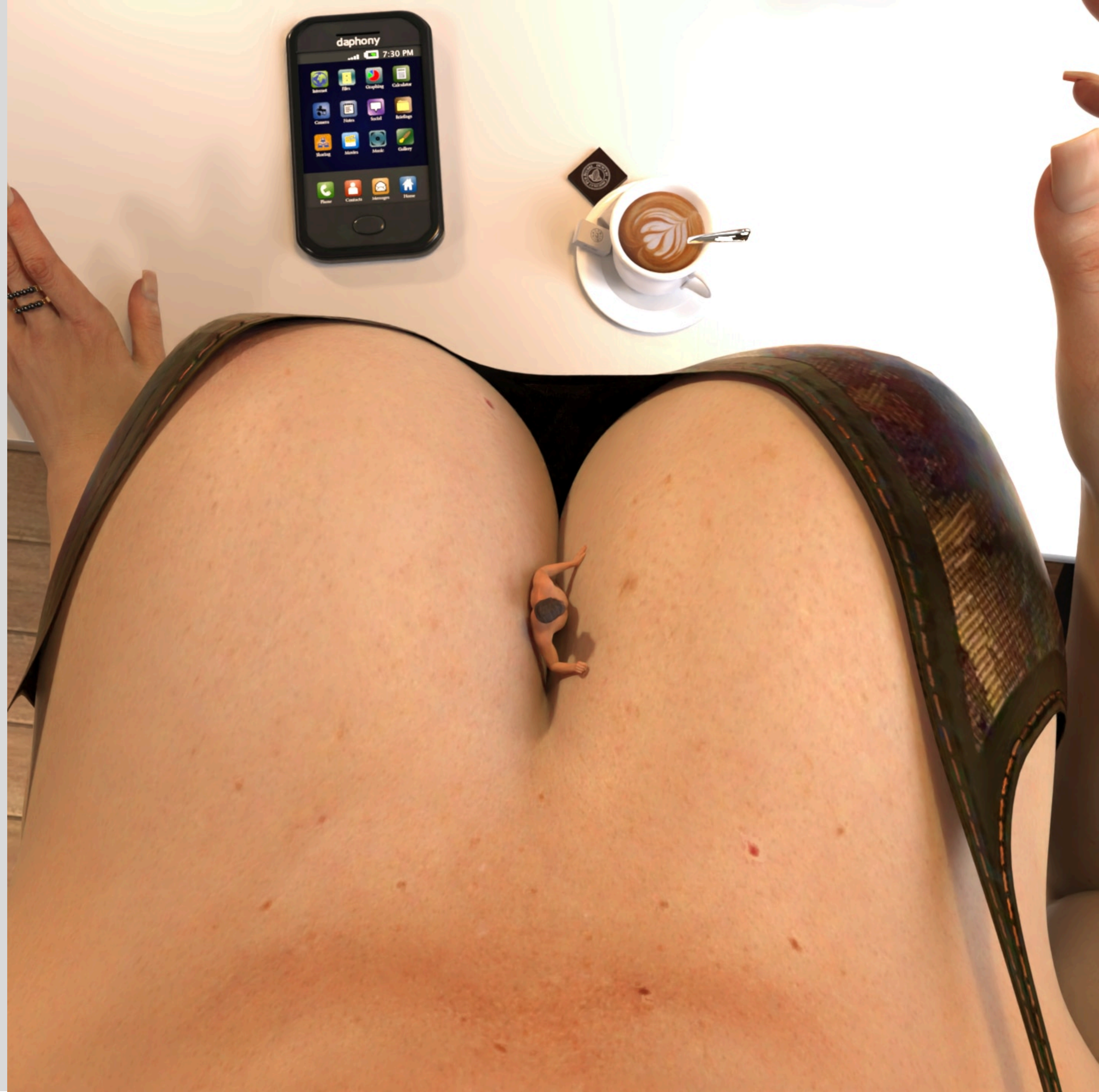
Pam blinked, stunned. “I’m sorry, I don’t understand... what are you talking about?”

Jade laughed, shaking her head like Pam was cute for not getting it.

“You’ve got the tits. You’ve got the curves. And now? You’ve got a taste. You’re already halfway there.”

She leaned back, smug. “The only thing left... is whether you’ve got the balls.”

Pam glanced down at her chest. Henry was nestled between her breasts, his tiny arms flailing as he squirmed — but each movement only sank him deeper into the warm softness.



“You mean... streaming?” she asked, voice careful.

Jade grinned. “Bingo. Even just what you’re doing now—sitting there like a queen, lil’ Henry buried in titflesh? That alone would rake in views. Just park yourself in front of a cam, chat with your fans while your petboy gets cozy between your boobs. Easy money.”

Pam’s cheeks flushed. The idea was ludicrous. Porn? On camera?

“Doesn’t sound that bad, right?” Jade added, crossing her legs and smirking. “All you need’s a SizeyFan channel and boom—you’re in business.”

“R-right...” Pam mumbled. She felt out of her depth. She had spent her whole life doing safe, honest work. She managed calendars, replied to emails, scheduled travel. Now she was being told to monetize her tits and parade a tiny man for strangers online?

Meanwhile, Henry had sunk deeper between her breasts, likely from panic or heat. Only the top of his head remained visible now.

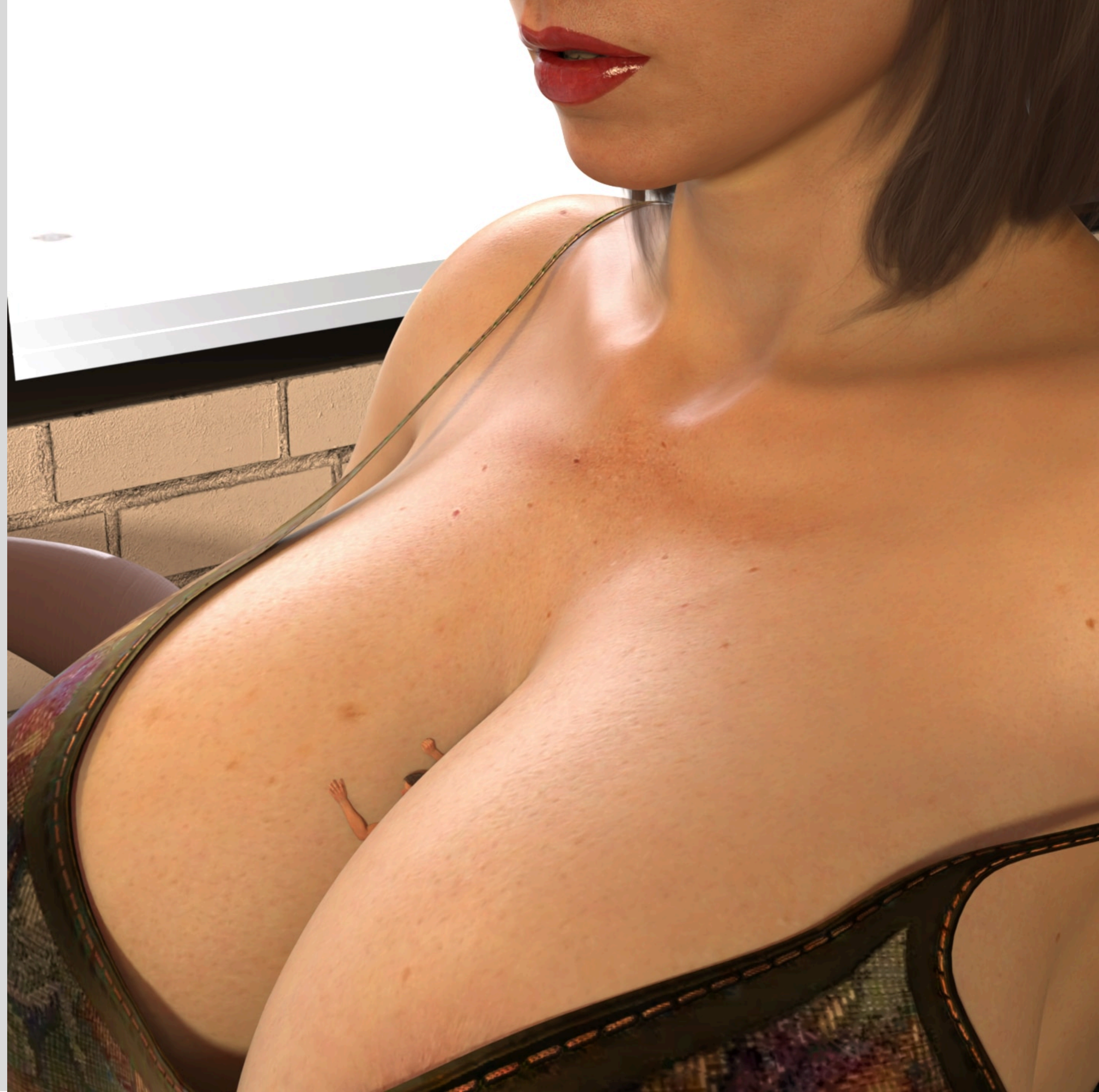


She hadn't even noticed. She was too wrapped in the sales pitch, the choices.

And the pressure.

I have to at least pretend I'm interested, Pam thought, trying to keep her face steady. Otherwise she'll just take him and leave...

“So... okay,” Pam began slowly. “Let's say I'm interested.”



Jade snapped her fingers. “Perfect. That’s what I told Emma too. If you win Henry—and big fucking if—you get to use him in your content, and I get 40%. Passive income, baby. Just like my finance guy keeps yelling at me. ‘Diversify your streams.’ I’m doing it literally.”

Pam blinked. “R-right... so do I have to go to that beach trial thing? Like Emma?”

“Have to?” Jade laughed. “Bitch, you get to. It’s going to be insane. Sun, tits, and screaming tiny men. And FYI—you haven’t even passed your screening exam yet.”

Pam frowned slightly. “Screening exam?”



Jade chuckled darkly. “Yeah. And Henry’s currently drowning between your MILF-ass titties. Maybe start there.”

She leaned forward, voice low and wicked. “Pull him out and do something hot. Show me you’ve got the guts for this. Then maybe—maybe—I’ll give you a spot at the beach trials.”



Pam obeyed.

She reached into her cleavage and gently plucked Henry from between her breasts, his slick little body sliding free with a faint shlorp.

To her surprise... she felt relieved.

Relieved someone had forced her hand. Like she'd wanted this, needed this—just needed someone to shove her over the edge.

Henry thrashed instinctively, arms flailing, expecting punishment or worse.

Pam responded without hesitation. She pinched him delicately between her thumb and index finger, pinning his arms to his sides like a disobedient doll.

“That’s quite enough, young man. You’ll stay still now.” Her voice was calm. Gentle, even. But laced with quiet authority.

She was half doing it for Jade—putting on a show—but the thrill coursing through her body was unmistakably real.



Henry froze immediately. “Y-yes, mistress-goddess,” he squeaked.

Jade let out a low whistle. “That’s fucking hot. Keep going with the soft-dom angle. It’s really working for you, babe.”



Pam barely heard her. She was staring at the tiny man in her hand.

Men had always been chaos to her—loud, difficult, unsatisfying. That’s probably why she’d stayed single into her forties.

But now?

Now she held one between her fingers. Obedient. Erect. Helpless.

She raised him to her lips.

“You will be a good pet, young man.”

Jade nodded in approval. “Nice touch.”



Pam smiled faintly, then leaned in and kissed his entire face. Her warm lips smothered him for a moment—soft, full, and impossibly large.



When she pulled back, she looked down at him, eyes warm but firm.

“I will allow you to cum,” she said softly. “But tonight, you’ll have to earn it.”

Her body throbbed at the words. She was wet again. No—still wet.

There was no pretending anymore. She had crossed that line.



Her thumb found his cock, and she began to rub. Slow, teasing strokes. Featherlight pressure, just enough to drive him mad.

Henry let out a whimper, then a moan. He melted in her grip—his legs trembling, his mind fracturing under the softest touch.

Pam smiled. She had broken him. Just like that.

“Good boy,” she whispered.

And she kept rubbing.



Jade stood up slowly, her hips swaying as she circled behind Pam like a predator sizing up her prize.

“You’ve got so much fucking potential, babe.” Pam stiffened slightly at the sudden touch—then relaxed. Jade’s hands were warm, confident. Like she already owned her.

“Remind me,” Jade purred near her ear, “what was your name again?”

“It’s Pam...” she replied, polite as ever, though her voice carried a strange tremble—half nerves, half arousal.

“Pam’s Petboy,” Jade cooed, smirking. “Boom. That’s your future channel name. If you earn it.”

Pam didn’t respond, but the name landed. Pam’s Petboy. There was something absurdly catchy about it. Shamefully enticing.



Meanwhile, Henry was still in her hand, still pinned and twitching. She kept stroking his tiny cock—gentle, rhythmic pressure, just enough to keep him teetering on the edge.

For Henry, it was like waking from a coma. The feeling was alien. Pleasure... affection... even mock affection—these were things long forgotten.

He remembered how it used to feel. Back when he was full-sized. Back before the mass shrinking. Back before Jade.

He had believed her. Believed her smile, her softness, the way she'd whispered I love you right before she slid that contract across the table. She'd called it a "custody form"—told him it was just a formality. He signed it like an idiot.

Two days later, he was naked in a glass box with a serial number on his back. One of two hundred.



Jade began massaging Pam's shoulders, slow and deliberate.

"Damn," she said, watching the pathetic little man squirm in Pam's grip. "He's loving this. Can't blame him though—hasn't busted a nut in months. Poor fucker."

Pam said nothing, but she smiled—just faintly—as she felt him pulse against her thumb.



Jade leaned closer, inspecting Henry with mock curiosity. “So this is what they look like when they’re happy,” she said, deadpan. “Lol.”



Pam didn't notice it, but Jade's right hand, still draped over her shoulder, held something else.

Another man.

Smaller.

Barely an inch tall.

He was trapped between Jade's fingers, squirming in silence. His limbs too tiny to resist, his body practically trembling in fear.



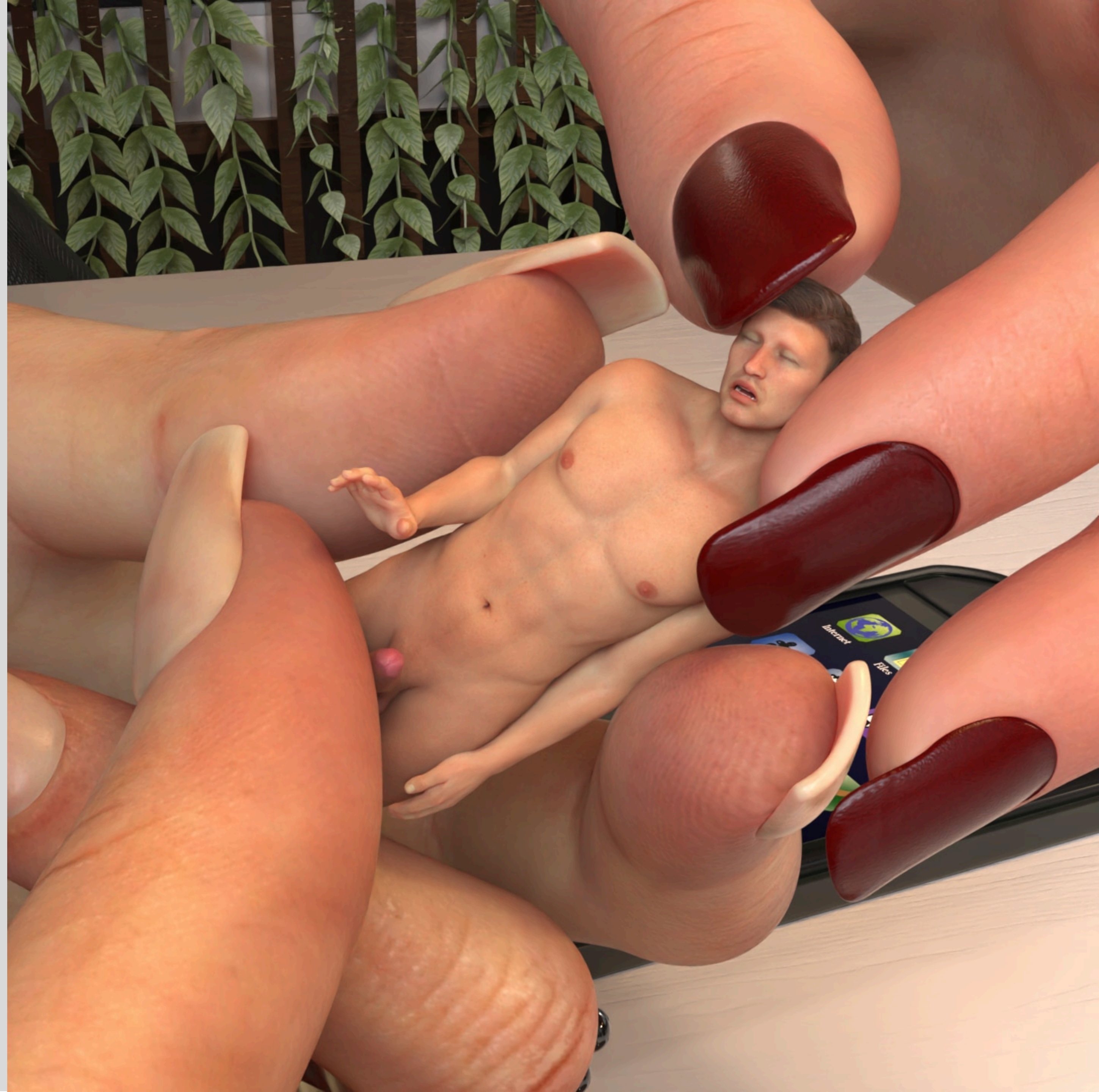
Jade's left hand moved.

She reached down, pinching Henry's head between her thumb and forefinger—firm but not cruel—just enough to hold him still while Pam continued her soft, sensual strokes.

“Lucky little dude,” Jade grinned. “Basically having a threesome at this point.”

Pam let out a soft breath, almost a laugh.

And Henry, helpless between them, didn't know whether to scream or cum.



“I always screen my girls for collab potential,” Jade said with a wink, her tone light, filthy, and calculating. “That shit always rakes in views.”

She turned her attention back to Pam, eyes glinting with something more than mischief.

“And I’d be lying if I said I didn’t prefer girls.”

Then, without warning, she leaned in and kissed her.

Pam froze.

It had been so long since she felt someone’s lips—soft, moist, a little sticky with gloss. The heat, the pressure, the scent of another woman that wasn’t her own perfume. It shocked her.

And then... it didn’t.

It felt welcome.

Human.

Real.



She didn't even notice Jade's right hand moving—
subtle, casual. Letting go of the one-inch man she'd
been holding, barely more than a bug now.

Bryan.

Once a man. Once free.

He tumbled from her fingers like discarded lint.



His body bounced off Pam's clavicle, then flipped helplessly in the warm air, spinning like a falling bug. He hit the curve of her breast and kept tumbling, his world nothing but flushed, sweaty flesh.



Time slowed as he saw the sweltering canyon of her cleavage approaching.

His thoughts raced.

This wasn't new. Jade's cruelty had always escalated. At the start, when there were two hundred of them, she was just a brat. A manipulative bitch who played favorites and issued humiliating orders.

Then came rationing. Then punishments.

The first man who died—Bryan remembered it clearly—was during a stream. Jade had used him as a dildo. Laughed about it. Played it off. Pretended he passed out.

He hadn't.

He'd drowned.

In her.

And after that... everything got worse. The deaths stopped being accidents. The rules vanished. Their numbers just kept shrinking.



As Bryan was about to be consumed by the middle-aged stranger's tits—hot, massive, sticky with sweat—he saw Henry, still clutched between fingers, still being stroked, moaning like he'd reached paradise.

Lucky bastard... almost right to the end, Bryan thought, strangely detached. Henry had always been a lucky bastard. Good-looking. And Jade's favorite size—small enough to wedge between her tits or stuff into her panties without breaking, but still big enough to make eye contact and whimper when told to beg.

He'd been her favorite for months. But that changed fast. It happened during a toe-licking stream. Jade had stepped away to change outfits, and Henry—either desperate or stupid—had snapped. He looked straight at the camera and started pleading. "Please. Someone. Anyone. Help me."

The chat exploded. Not in sympathy—just emojis, laughter, mockery.

Jade returned, saw the chat log, and didn't even say anything. She just smiled that cold, delighted smile. And from that moment on, he was no longer a favorite. He was on borrowed time.



Bryan, meanwhile, hit the tit.

It was like slamming into a wall of heat and salt. The sheer firmness beneath the softness shocked him. His instincts took over—crawl out, breathe, survive.

He tried to dig his fingers into the skin, but it was slick with sweat. Too slick. No grip. His limbs slid uselessly, his body sticking, slipping, sinking.

Goddammit—move!

He knew how this could end. He'd seen it. Jade's friend—the one with the ridiculous double D's—had crushed three of them once just by laughing too hard during a collab. That was all it took.

Now Bryan was halfway down. Wedged. Pinned. His legs were already useless. His cock was mashed flat against skin he didn't even have the luxury to enjoy.



Above, Pam and Jade were gone—lost in each other.

For Pam, the kiss started out as performance. A way to pass the screening. To show she could play the part.

But then something shifted.

The texture of Jade's lips—soft, warm, slightly sticky with gloss. The weight of her body leaning in. The sound of a woman moaning into her mouth.

Pam hadn't felt that in years.

And she moaned back. Her lips opened, her tongue responded. Their kiss deepened. Messy. Loud. Wet. Their mouths collided again and again in slurping, breathless rhythm.

She didn't even notice the tiny man between her breasts, fighting for his life.



Bryan was fully panicking now. Every movement just buried him deeper. His face was slick with sweat. He twisted. Squirmed. No give.

This was it.

His breath caught. His mind snapped.

“HELP ME!! OH GOD—PLEASE! SOMEBODY HELP ME! I’M STUCK—I’M STUCK! I CAN’T—PLEASE—PLEASE—I DON’T WANNA DIE IN TITS—PLEASE!!”

His voice cracked mid-scream, breaking into a pathetic, gurgling sob. The heat closed in, thick and wet. Flesh pressed in from all sides. His legs kicked in slow motion.



And then—he was gone.

Submerged.

Swallowed whole by the cleavage of a woman who didn't even know he existed.

His world became a furnace of salt and skin. He couldn't move. Couldn't breathe.

Only her scent.

Only her heartbeat.



Henry didn't notice Bryan. Didn't care. All he knew was the slow, teasing rub of a thumb the size of a mattress stroking his cock with unnerving precision. The rhythm. The warmth. The weight.

He didn't even know the woman's family name—just that her titanic body was cradling him, working him, and that his mistress-goddess Jade still held his head pinched like a stress toy.

That part kept him grounded. He'd seen what Jade could do with those fingers. A little twist. A flick. A careless flex. He'd seen men snap like twigs. The thought that she could end him mid-orgasm was the only thing holding back the inevitable.

But as the two giant women kissed, tongues slurping, their moans echoing above him like thunder, the dam broke.

And Henry came. Hard.

The orgasm tore through him like a lightning bolt. His cock spasmed uncontrollably, shooting burst after burst. He cried out—not from pain, not exactly—but from overwhelming, helpless pleasure.



For a split second, he felt like a man again. A man with agency. A man who could give and receive.

Then Jade snatched him.

Her fingers closed around him like a vice, pressing a thumb to his chest, casually bending his still-dripping cock to the side like it didn't matter. Like he didn't matter.

He whimpered. Then he begged.

“P-please, Mistress-Goddess Jade! I'm sorry! I won't ever do it again! I'll be good! Please don't kill me, I'll do anything! Lick your feet, clean your ass—anything! Please let me live, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!”

Pathetic. Desperate. Humiliating. He knew it—and he meant every word.

She didn't even look at him.



Pam, meanwhile, was still dazed.

Her thumb was still moving, stroking the empty air where Henry used to be. She hadn't even realized Jade had taken him. Her head was spinning, lips swollen, pussy soaked.

She'd never been kissed like that in her life.

In her mind, the next step was obvious—natural. She would slide him between her legs. Like the intern at the office did with her petboy. She'd even bragged about it during lunch once, legs crossed tight.

Pam wanted that now. Needed it. She was ready.

But Jade was already leaning in again, whispering filth against her cheek.

“I fucking knew you had it in you,” Jade breathed. “You're gonna be a rockstar, babe. Big tits, mature MILF energy, and horny as fuck. That's money.”

Pam blinked, her breath shaky. “Th-thank you...”



Jade smirked. “But let’s be real—I don’t wait around for people to figure it out. I make my luck. I’m not counting on your cooperation, sweetheart.”

Pam’s heart skipped. “I... I’m sorry, what do you mean?”

“I mean this,” Jade said, voice suddenly cold and sharp. “You will show up to the beach trial. You will be at the boat party. You’ll dress how I say, fuck how I say, and have a good fucking time—on command. Then maybe, maybe, I’ll lend you Henry for your content.”

She grinned, eyes glinting.

“You’ll follow the stream schedule I give you. You’ll hit your viewer targets. On time. No excuses. And you’ll give me my forty percent. Because that’s the cost of being someone.”



Pam said nothing. She couldn't. Her mouth was dry.

Jade leaned in closer, voice flat.

“And if you don't...”

A pause. Heavy. Real.

“If you fail. If you flake. If you disappoint me in any fucking way...”

Another pause. Then:

“I will kill Henry.”

The words hit Pam like a bucket of ice water.

Kill Henry?

Her sex-drenched haze shattered. Her breath caught.

“I'm sorry—wh-what? But... why?” she asked, struggling to steady her voice. “Didn't you just tell Emma he was too valuable to waste?”

Jade shrugged casually, still holding Henry between two fingers like a crumb she hadn't decided whether to eat or flick.



“Yeah, I did say that,” she said, her tone light and airy. “But that was mostly to teach her a business lesson. Sometimes horny inexperienced size queens need a dose of strategy to keep ’em profitable, you feel me?”

Pam blinked, stunned. “What... what kind of lesson?”

Jade smirked. Then, slowly—deliberately—she slid Henry into the cup of her bra. She leaned in as she did it, giving Pam a perfect, vulgar view. With a snap, she let the bra strap slap shut, smashing Henry against the swell of her breast. He gave a faint grunt, barely audible.

“Lesson is...” Jade said, adjusting her cleavage like nothing had happened, “yeah, Henry’s hot. Good size. Knows how to eat pussy like a little demon. And that is worth something.”

Pam said nothing. Her eyes were locked on Jade’s chest, knowing exactly where Henry was—trapped, flattened, helpless.

“But he fucked up. Tried to pull some stupid shit during my Friday toe-licking stream,” Jade went on. “I stepped out to change into thigh-highs, and this little bitch looked into the camera and begged for help.”



Jade laughed. “Full-on pathetic. And chat roasted his ass. But still. That shit’s not allowed.”

Pam stared, frozen. Her skin crawled.

Jade stood up, stretching like a cat. “Normally, I’d never waste a good petboy. That’s bad business. I invest in the top ones—keep them alive, pamper them a bit, keep the fans addicted. They drive revenue, you get it. But the second they start thinking they’ve got options? Nah.”

She looked down at her chest, gave it a casual jiggle. “Henry fucked up the balance. So I’ve gotta make an example out of him. Otherwise the rest of them start thinking it’s safe to get stupid.”

Pam said nothing. There were no words. This wasn’t influencer drama. This was horror. And she was in it.

Jade turned to leave. “I’m sure you remembered the time and address I gave Emma. I’ll see you there.”

Jade took one final step, then tossed it over her shoulder like a casual afterthought:

“Oh... and also? You just killed a guy with your tits.”



And she was gone. The bell over the café door jingled behind her, her laughter fading into the street.

The words hit Pam like static. Her mind stalled.

Killed... what?

She looked down—instinctively—at the deep, ridiculous canyon of cleavage bursting from her summer dress. Her chest rose and fell with quick, confused breaths.

It didn't make sense. But something... felt off.

Heavy? No. More like the faintest pressure. A tickle she hadn't noticed before.

She arched her shoulders back slightly, pressing her spine into the chair. The deep valley between her breasts opened up like a chasm.

And there he was. So small. A naked man, smeared with sweat.

Not moving. Not breathing—no, wait.

A twitch. His arm moved. Barely.



Pam blinked. Her brain struggled to scale what she was seeing with what she knew it meant.

‘Oh... dear. He’s alive,’ she thought, panic surfacing beneath her calm. “Poor thing,” she whispered gently. “Don’t worry, I’ve got you.”

She reached down with care, but her fingers trembled. Everything in her body felt... off. Heat still pulsed between her thighs. Her heart hadn’t slowed. Her nerves were fried from the kisses, the threats, the rush of power.

She arched one arm up and back, parting the valley wide to scoop him up.

And miscalculated. “Shit—!” she gasped, voice cracking. “No, no—”

Bryan slipped.

Her cleavage opened just enough for him to fall through the gap, vanishing into the shadowed funnel of her dress.

Pam froze, staring downward. Her hands hovered midair, helpless.



Inside the dress, Bryan lost all sense of direction.

Light disappeared. The air was thick—humid, pungent, clinging to his skin.

Then the drop hit.

“FUCKING HELL!!” he screamed, instinct kicking in, adrenaline surging.

He careened down the slope of a breast, caught in the tide of motion and sweat, his arms flailing uselessly as he bounced against warm skin.

Another curve—her belly—came fast.

Slippery. Deadly.



But Bryan, in another life now stripped of name and record, had been an amateur climber. Muscle memory kicked in.

His hand latched onto something coarse and damp.

He didn't question it. He held.

It was dark. The scent was raw, intimate.

He gritted his teeth.

Pubic hair.

Bryan clung to it like a lifeline.

Sweat dripped from above. Her scent was everywhere.

His heart pounded in his ears.

He was alive. Somehow.

But God help him—he was holding on by a few strands of hair between a stranger's thighs.

And above, far above, she had no idea where he'd gone.



Bryan's mind was racing. *I need to act. I need to move. Hold on? Let go?* It felt like choosing between execution methods. The drop down to the leather cushion still looked like a death sentence—but staying put? That meant enduring the next random movement of this giant, sweaty woman who didn't even know he was clinging to her cunt.

Too late. She moved. “Oh fuck—fuck!” he cried out as her hips shifted and she started rising from the chair.

He held tighter to the tangled forest of pubic hair, the strands scratching and cutting into his skin as gravity fought to tear him away. His lungs burned. His eyes blurred. And his thoughts—his final tether to identity—went to them.

Maureen. Charlene. His wife and daughter.

He hadn't seen them since the Incident. They'd been separated during the shrinking, scattered into government centers like livestock.

At the care shelter, he'd been desperate. Jade had promised to help him find them. Said she had contacts, said she knew the right people. That was why he signed. That was why he let her own him.



And now? Now he was wedged in the hairy, humid cleft of a stranger's sex, praying her next step wouldn't kill him. "Maureen... Charlene... I'll get back to you," he gasped. "I swear it—I SWEAR IT!"

But Pam didn't hear him. The café's soft jazz playlist muffled the tiny scream from her crotch.

Pam knelt beside the chair, brow furrowed in concern.

"Damnation... where are you, little man?" she murmured, scanning the leather seat with care.

She tilted the cushion. Peered beneath it. Then leaned back and checked her cleavage again—digging delicately with two fingers, though the valley appeared empty.

"You can't be too far..." she said, her voice still calm, but with a hint of worry.

A few more minutes passed. She checked the floor, the space under the table, even behind the legs of the chair.

She sighed.



“It’s safe,” she called softly into the void. “You can come out now, dear.”

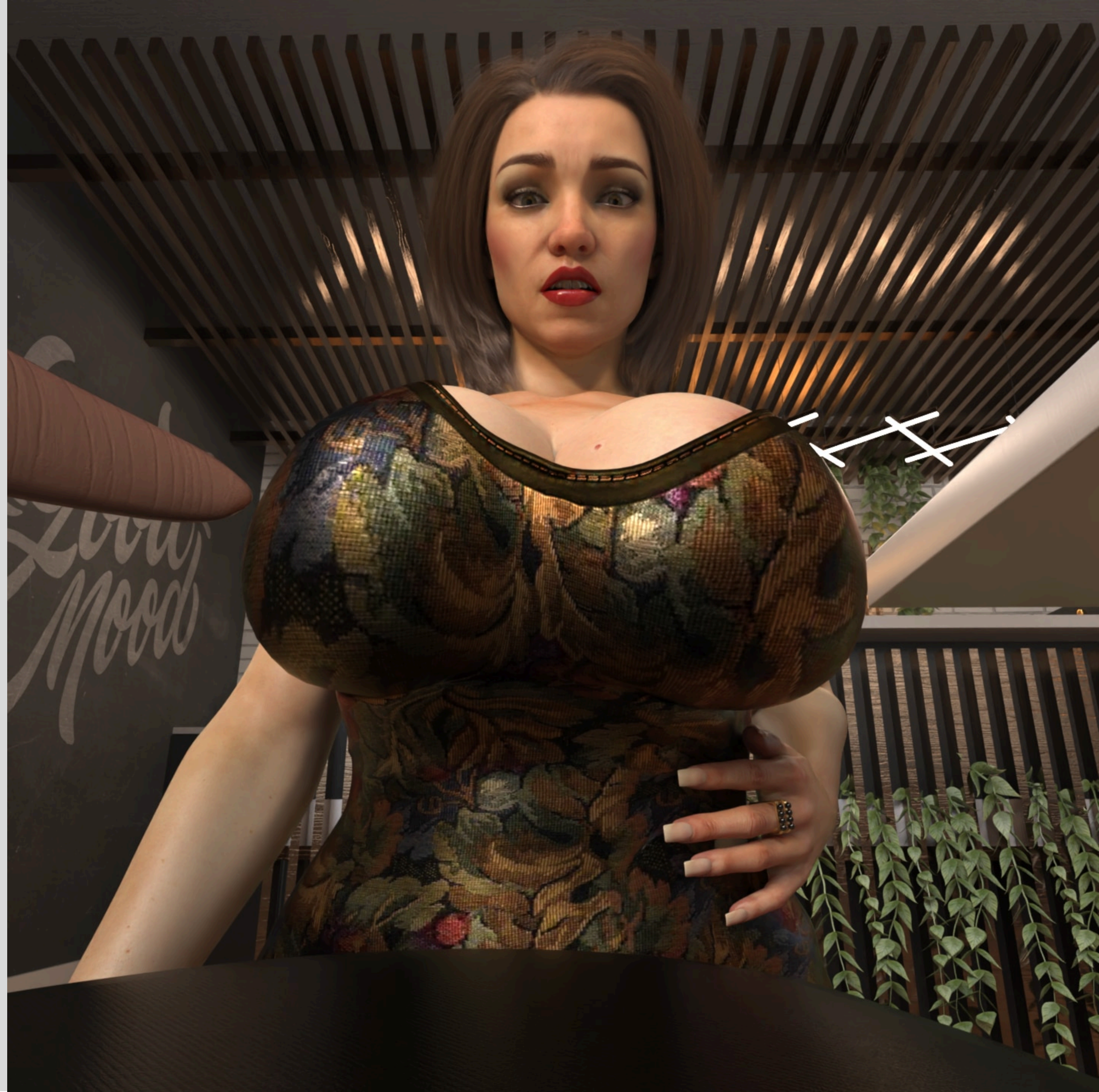
Maybe he was frightened. Maybe he was hiding. That made sense.

Then she glanced at the clock.

“Oh bother... I’ll be late for that beach thing.”
And, she suddenly remembered, she still hadn’t bought a swimsuit.

She made one final sweep under the chair, then stood. Her dress settled, unaware it now concealed a man clinging to her most intimate spot.

“I’m sorry, little one,” she said gently, eyes scanning the floor one last time. “I have to go. But stay safe. I’ll try to send someone to help you.”



With that, she walked out the café door, hips swaying, unaware of the tiny man riding between her thighs like a stowaway in hell.

Pam walked beneath the bright city sun.

It really was a beautiful day—one of those warm, golden mornings that made people slow down and smile. Around her, couples strolled hand in hand, women in sundresses laughed over iced lattes, children chased pigeons down the promenade.

Everything felt so normal. So routine.

And yet...



She turned toward the commercial center, retracing her steps to the boutique.

The same one where that perky shop girl had talked her into buying the summer dress. The same dress whose neckline had almost killed a man.

Pam glanced around again. Just crowds. Laughter.

Weekend ease.

And it made the contrast unbearable.

Jade the Bitch. That monster who casually enslaved two hundred men like they were Tamagotchis. It wasn't just gossip anymore.

It was real.



Pam sat down on a bench, her hands resting neatly in her lap. She took a breath. Deep. Centered.

She needed to think.

A few minutes ago, she was just a single middle-aged woman enjoying her Saturday coffee. Then—somehow—she'd stroked a man to orgasm between her fingers, kissed a woman half her age, nearly crushed another man with her tits, got recruited to become a “size queen”... and now she was supposed to pick out a swimsuit and attend some twisted beach trial.

All to save a man she didn't even know.

She closed her eyes briefly.

Should I call the police? Or maybe the CSS helpline...? she wondered, her inner voice calm but laced with guilt.

It would be the logical thing. The safe thing. Call the hotline. Let them handle it. Walk away before she was in too deep.

But the thought sat wrong.



Jade had been raided before. SWAT teams, lawsuits, full media blowouts. And yet—nothing stuck. The contracts held. The law bent in her favor.

If Pam called now, it might not help Henry. It might just get him killed sooner.

No... it's too risky, she told herself firmly. I have to see this through.

The words settled in her chest like stone. But lower, below her stomach, something else stirred.

She saw it again in her mind: Henry—small, shaking, desperate—cumming hard from her touch. His body buried in her breast. That raw, humiliating pleasure.

The memory pulsed between her thighs.

She exhaled through her nose. Steady. Composed. Still trying to pretend she was making rational decisions.

She stood, brushing the back of her skirt with her palm. Then she turned toward the boutique and started walking.

Swimsuit shopping suddenly felt less absurd.



Pam stepped into the boutique.

And there she was—the same girl. Same bleached-blond hair, same smug little smile. The one who'd talked her into buying that obscene summer dress with the plunging neckline. The one whose straps refused to stay up. The same dress that had nearly killed a man in her cleavage.

The girl lit up as Pam entered. “Yoo, ma’am! Back for more tit traps?”

Her voice rang out like a bad ringtone—too loud, too bright.

Pam smiled politely. “Hello.”



She walked forward, already dreading the conversation—and then saw it.

Casually obscene.

A man—tiny, no more than six inches—was chained at the wrist to the gold necklace resting between the girl’s perky tits. He dangled helplessly in the gap of her top, completely naked save for a tiny metal chastity cage locked over his cock.

Pam blinked.

The sight was... disturbing.

And yet not unpleasant.

“Holy shit, you are killing it in that dress,” the girl said, giving Pam’s chest a playful glance. “Only thing missing is a petboy swinging in there. Though, like, with your rack? I’d be worried you’d squish him to death.” She laughed. “Just kidding—sorta.”

Pam cleared her throat, flustered. “Ri—right. Ahem.”

The reminder stung. She had nearly crushed someone with her cleavage. Literally.



Her eyes dropped again to the dangling man. His legs twitched lazily. His tiny chest rose and fell with exhausted little breaths.

He looked like a neutered frat boy who'd been stuck in tits purgatory.



“So,” the girl chirped, snapping gum. “What can I do for you today? Back for another slut-fit? Or just droppin’ by for a vibe check?” She winked. “Oh! And how are the adjustments?”

Pam sighed. “Well... the straps keep falling off—”

“As they should,” the girl cut in instantly, proud.

“I’m sorry?” Pam asked, brows raised.

“That’s on purpose, ma’am. Loose straps? That’s a lifestyle. They’re a reminder: let the girls breathe. Let the fun out. You get me?”

Pam hesitated. “I... no. Not really.”

The girl laughed again, completely unfazed. “That’s how I adjust all the stuff I sell. Loose knots, weak straps, easy slips. You’re not supposed to fight it. That’s the whole point.”



She leaned in, gesturing to her own bouncing cleavage. Her tiny boyfriend swayed like a pendant.

“Let the tits lead the way.”

Pam swallowed. “Ri-right...”

“Babe, I swear to God, I can’t take it anymore,” the tiny man groaned from between the shop girl’s tits, his voice scratchy and desperate. “I’ve been stuck between your rack for hours—and now you bring in a hot MILF with monster tits? My cock’s about to explode! Can we please ditch the fucking cage?”

Pam blinked, taken aback, her gaze drifting down to the source of the outburst.

Barely six inches tall, red in the face, legs twitching uselessly as he dangled from his gold cuff leash, swinging between the girl’s perky breasts like a sex toy on display.

“Dude,” the shop girl muttered, glancing down at him, “maybe don’t cum between my tits next time, yeah?”



“Are you kidding me right now?” he snapped. “I spend my entire day hanging here, watching chicks try on bikinis, thongs, micro shit—while you tease me with every fucking customer that walks in.”

The girl rolled her eyes. “Not my fault you can’t keep it in your pants. Or your little cage.”

“I mean—look at her tits!” he shouted, bucking his hips pathetically in Pam’s direction. “They’re fucking insane!”

Pam took a breath. Her lips pursed.

“That’s quite enough, young man,” she said, her voice polite but sharply clipped.

She startled herself. The firmness. The tone. It came naturally.

The shop girl snorted. “Great. Now you’ve pissed off a customer, asshole.”



“Please! Babe—please. Just drop the cage. Let me breathe. You don’t want me cumming between your tits? Fine. Then just suck my cock in the morning.”

The girl barked out a laugh. “Bitch, I already suck your cock every night before bed.”

“Yeah, right before stuffing me in your panties,” he shot back. “Which is so hot, don’t get me wrong—but Jesus, it’s soaked in there. I can’t even sleep!”

The girl rolled her eyes harder this time, clearly done.



With a single flick of her manicured fingers, she unhooked the chain from his cuffs and held him up, unceremoniously, between two fingers.

“I have a customer, you little cumbrain. Can’t you see that?”

“Babe, chill, okay?” the tiny man groaned, squirming between the shop girl’s fingers. His voice cracked slightly—part fear, part exasperation.

“Nah. You pissed me off, dickboy,” she snapped, her tone sugary and venomous. “You couldn’t shut your cum-stained mouth.”

“TOMATO!” he blurted, eyes wide.

Pam blinked. *Tomato?*

She was completely lost at this point. Was she witnessing a breakdown? A kink scene? Both?

“Tomato, tomato, tomato!” the little man screamed. “C’mon, babe! That’s our safe word, remember?! We promised—anytime one of us said that, the fight ends. We talk! Like adults!”



The girl raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. “Pfft. Yeah, that was before you shrank down to pocket-dick size.”

She grinned wickedly. “Now I get to do this.”

In one fluid motion, she popped the button on her tight black leather shorts, peeling them open just enough to reveal soft, flushed skin—and a glint of moisture.

“Babe! Babe! Be serious! We said we’d work on it! Together!” he shouted, flailing in her grip.



Dangling above the V of her shorts, he caught a full view—her smooth, glistening pussy, freshly shaved, flushed from arousal or heat.

He knew it well. Too well.

And he feared it.

“Exactly,” she smirked. “We can’t fight... if your tongue’s busy on my clit, right?”



With a casual flick, she dropped him in.



He landed with a muted grunt, cushioned by slick warmth. The scent was immediate, overwhelming.

Her lips loomed in front of him like soft, pink gates. He scrambled back—but there was nowhere to go.

Just walls of damp skin, heat, and the tight black fabric pressing in from behind.



“Enjoy sucking pussy with your cock in lockdown, bitch,” she muttered, snapping her shorts closed.

Snap.

His voice cut off instantly.

Pam could practically hear the squish.



The girl looked up and smiled sweetly like nothing happened.

“So,” she said brightly, “what can I help you with today?”

Pam stood stunned for a moment, eyes still locked on the tight leather shorts that had just swallowed a man whole.

The whole scene... *damn.*

She cleared her throat softly. “Ahem... yes. I’d like some help picking out a swimsuit.”



The shop girl lit up. “Ooh, very nice! Hittin’ the beach, huh?”

“Something like that,” Pam replied with a faint smile. “And I’d prefer one that’s properly fitted, if possible. No loose straps this time.”

“Awwww, but that’s, like, my signature,” the girl pouted.

Pam chuckled politely. “That’s very sweet. But I’ll need to be focused. And as your... ahem... boyfriend mentioned earlier, I do have rather large breasts. I’ll need something with proper support.”

The girl glanced at Pam’s chest, whistled softly. “Pfft. Girl, they’re holding just fine with or without support. I’m almost jealous—almost.”

Pam tilted her head. “Still... I’d rather not risk flashing the entire coastline.”



“Alright, alright, let’s—” the girl began, but suddenly her body jolted.

“Ohhh fuck!” she moaned loudly, jerking forward in a spasm. Her head rammed straight into Pam’s breasts.

Pam gasped, taking a step back.

“Shit—ahhh— you little bastard!” the girl whined through gritted teeth, writhing as her knees buckled slightly.

“Oh my God, he’s so fucking good down there—”



Her shirt burst open—predictably—its flimsy knot coming undone. Her perky, unsupported tits spilled free, nipples hard, face glazed in ecstasy. Clearly, her tiny boyfriend had found her clit.

Pam couldn't help but glance. Just for a second.



Then she realized—her own straps had fallen again.
Her nipple was fully out.

“Damnation,” she muttered, quickly pulling the fabric
back up over her chest, cheeks warm with fluster.



Before she could say another word, the shop girl staggered toward the changing rooms.

“I’m sorry, ma’am—I need a break!” she gasped between moans.

Pam sighed. *Good Lord, this generation...* she thought, shaking her head.

“Well,” she muttered to herself, walking toward the racks, “I guess I’ll help myself.”

Behind her, from the changing room, wet noises echoed. Slaps. Squelches. Moans.

Pam didn’t turn around.

Unbelievable.



Pam's gaze drifted to the boutique's TV, mounted on the wall. She recognized all three figures immediately.

The busty redhead in the tight crimson sweater was Laura Rivera. CEO of TechNova Solutions, the only company seriously contributing to anti-shrinking tech. Sitting next to her was a familiar anchor—Mina Clark, the talk-show queen of drama politics.

And then, there was him: Archer Whitmore, the leader of the Coalition of Shrunkened Survivors. The man who once stood six-foot-two and had now been reduced to about eighteen inches of conviction and rage.

Pam blinked. Something about the scene felt off. Not the surreal proportions—that had long since become part of daily life.

It was how Mina was holding him.

The tiny man was casually leaning against her left breast, like it was the backrest of a leather couch. One of her hands rested lightly on his thigh, the other draped protectively over his shoulder.



“So, Laura,” Mina began with a practiced smile, her voice steady and camera-ready. “It goes without saying that the world owes a tremendous debt to you, and to TechNova Solutions, for your leadership in developing anti-shrinking technologies during these challenging times.”

Laura inclined her head in acknowledgment, her posture serene, every movement measured.

“As we’ve discussed,” Mina continued, “over a dozen cities across the globe have now reported confirmed cases of Mass Spontaneous Shrinking. The total number of individuals affected is estimated at just over two million. Casualties—tragically—continue to rise into the thousands.”

“Indeed,” Laura replied, her voice soft but clear, with a certain melodic quality. “We at TechNova are committed to addressing this crisis with the urgency it demands. Our primary treatment platform has shown promising results in stabilizing patients and halting progression. It is, admittedly, still a developing science, but one that we are navigating with full resolve and resources.”



“And is there any possibility,” Mina asked, leaning forward slightly, “that those who’ve already shrunk might regain their former size?”

Laura gave a small, graceful shake of her head.

“Unfortunately, at this time, full restoration remains beyond our technological reach. The energy requirements for molecular reintegration at original scale are—well—beyond anything achievable under current conditions. Our focus, therefore, has been on preserving stability. Halting further reduction is, at present, the most we can offer.”

“Understandably,” Mina said, nodding. “Still, some critics have voiced concern over treatment delays. In certain regions, we’re hearing that individuals wait weeks—sometimes months—only to continue shrinking during that time. Some... to almost imperceptible proportions.”

“We are aware of those delays,” Laura said with practiced composure. “And we share in that frustration. But I must reiterate—this phenomenon began only months ago. We are scaling an entire global infrastructure around a completely unprecedented condition. Progress has been rapid, yes—but not without inevitable constraints.”



“Of course,” Mina said, letting the words land before shifting gears. “That being said... others have also pointed to the financial success TechNova has enjoyed amidst the crisis. Stock surges. Market dominance. And of course, you yourself now hold the distinction of being the wealthiest individual in the world.”

Laura’s smile never wavered. “That is true. And I take that responsibility seriously. Wealth, to me, is not an endpoint—it is a tool. One that must be used with precision. I’ve reinvested heavily into emerging industries that support the needs of the newly small: micro-infrastructure, custom prosthetics, protective technologies. The world is changing, and we must build for all scales.”

She paused, her gaze steady but warm.

“And of course, I continue to support the Coalition of Shrunken Survivors. I remain their largest donor—ten million in support this year alone. We all have a role to play. This is mine.”



Meanwhile, Archer sat there, quiet, composed, a polite half-smile etched across his face for the camera. He nodded once or twice as the women continued their conversation — Laura spinning a well-practiced tale of corporate heroism, Mina pretending to push back just hard enough to seem credible.

But Archer wasn't fooled.

He knew this little sparring match was pure theater. The two of them were tight — privately. He'd seen it firsthand. When TechNova had refused to deliver stabilizer kits to over two hundred thousand impacted individuals in Lakeson — just to pressure local governments into paying premium licensing fees — it was Mina who'd jumped on air that same night, screaming about government incompetence. Not a word about Laura. Not a single fucking word.

And now here they were again, stage lit, mics clipped, cameras rolling, rerunning the same tired script: “tough questions,” “global concern,” “tragic loss of life,” “committed to solutions.” All that polished garbage.



The only reason Archer was even here was because Laura had insisted on it. That part wasn't negotiable. She was the Coalition's biggest donor — ten million this year alone. If she said jump, you jumped. Even if that meant being paraded on screen like a showpiece.

Or worse.

Archer shifted slightly, trying not to wince as Mina's grip on his tiny frame tightened. She was holding him like a plush toy — arm looped behind his back, his body half-pressed into the underside of her breast. Like he belonged there. Like that was normal now.

She hadn't even asked.

Just scooped him up from the prep table, smiled sweetly, and went live.

He wanted to curse, scream, shove himself free — but the cameras were rolling, and he knew damn well what a viral clip could do to what little credibility the CSS had. So he sat there. Dignified. Professional. While her fingers casually gripped his thigh like a goddamn accessory.

Fucking bitch.



He sighed internally, gaze drifting to Laura. Christ, she hadn't changed. Still all elegance and restraint in front of a lens. Still wearing those skin-tight shirts that made physics feel like a rumor. Even now, she looked immaculate — crimson lips, sleek hair, eyes half-lidded with that calculated calm that always made him feel like she was three steps ahead.

Back when he was full-size, they'd gone on a couple of dates. Bad idea. She was off. Not in a fun way — in a predator way. Always watching, always dissecting. She'd smile when she spoke, but you could feel it in the air — she didn't say anything she didn't mean. On their final night out, she'd leaned in close and whispered something he still remembered word for word: "You're lucky I like you, Archer. One day, you'll look good on my desk."

At the time, he'd laughed. Thought it was some kinky power-play line. Now? He looked down at himself— propped up like a doll, chest pressed to cleavage, on live TV.

It didn't feel kinky anymore. It felt like prophecy. And the worst part?

He still didn't know what the hell he was doing here.



Archer wore confidence like armor. Relaxed posture. Half-smirk. Chin slightly tilted like he owned the studio. He rested one hand on Mina's like it was the armrest of a throne — her cleavage pushed out like it was meant for him. It was all about appearances. Looking helpless on live TV wasn't an option.

He was the face of the CSS. He had to look in control. Leaning on Mina's tits wasn't the worst gig, either. Fuck, she was stacked. Firm, polished curves spilling from her blazer in a way that was anything but professional. She'd done her makeup like it was date night. And the way she held him — possessive, casual — only made it worse. Like he was some polished accessory.

Laura kept talking — calm, composed, full of corporate grace — spinning every question into a chance to subtly praise herself. And Mina, as expected, played the perfect role: the “tough” journalist tossing her softballs. It was all performative. Their little ping-pong act. And Archer knew it.

But something else tugged at his attention. Just out of frame.

Who the hell was that?



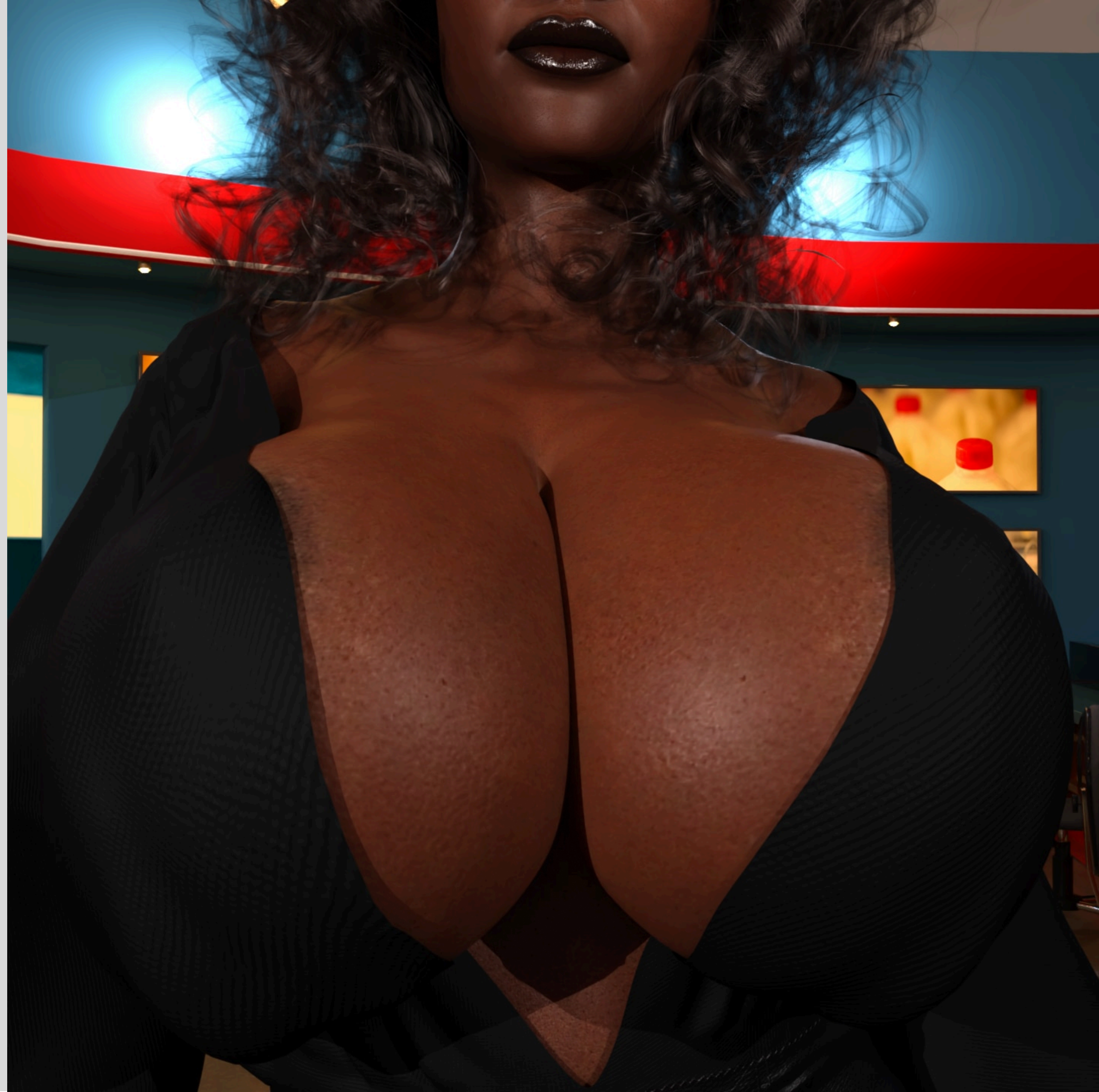
He turned slightly. A black woman stood near the edge of the set, tall, imposing — and absurdly curvy. Her tits were nothing short of pornographic, swollen against a thin black blouse that clung like a second skin. Her nipples pressed so blatantly through the fabric it was hard to believe this was a studio set and not some fever dream. She was just... watching him.

Staring, actually.

Archer blinked. *What the fuck is going on?*

“Mr. Whitmore,” Mina finally said, her voice all sweet professionalism, “what’s your take on all this?”

Cue time.



He cleared his throat and slipped into his diplomat tone, the one he used in press briefings and high-stakes boardrooms.

“Well,” he began smoothly, “needless to say, Laura has been an irreplaceable ally. Not only is she the cornerstone of any medical response we currently have, she’s also been CSS’s most generous supporter — funding our rescue efforts, legal advocacy, and operational capacity.”



He shifted, trying to crane his neck to make eye contact with Mina. Hard to focus with her cleavage staring back like a landing strip.

“And beyond that,” he added, voice still steady, “Laura is investing in the future. Businesses dedicated to helping people like me — tiny accommodations, safety zones, affordable logistics. That’s the kind of commitment we need.”

Perfect. Polished. Balanced. He gave a diplomatic nod and turned his gaze forward again.

But something felt... off.

Mina’s grip was tighter now. Subtle, but undeniable. Her chest puffed forward, pressing him further into her cleavage — like she was using her tits to remind him who was holding whom.



And then—He flinched. Laura’s finger. Just the tip of it, grazing along his leg. Casual. Deliberate. Just enough contact to be felt.

His blood ran hot. *What the fuck is going on?*

He held his face. Blank, composed. Inside, he was screaming. Because no matter how calm he looked on camera — no matter how diplomatic his words — right now, he wasn’t in control of anything.

Mina’s tone shifted. No longer polite. No longer serious. Now playful — like gossip shared between friends after two glasses of wine.

“And tell me, Archer... are the rumors true?”

He blinked. Smiled politely. Bought half a second.

“I’m sorry, which rumors exactly?” he asked, calm and even — the practiced voice of a man who’s handled scandal before.

Mina’s lips curled into a smirk.

“That you and Laura have been... getting cozy. Dinners. Late nights. That sort of thing.”



What the fuck?

Her grip tightened slightly, the barest flex of her fingers against his torso — a reminder that she was still holding him in place. Still in charge. And then there was Laura's finger, still resting on his leg, like she owned the real estate now.

His instincts screamed danger.

But he knew the play.

“Well...” he cleared his throat and offered the safest smile he could. “I won't confirm or deny anything, Mina. You know how these rumors grow.”

He glanced around, trying to get a read on the room, any clue as to where this was heading. And that's when he saw her again — the black woman offscreen.

She was still watching him. Still standing there. And now?

Now one tit was out. Not a wardrobe malfunction. Not an accident.

She was flashing him.



A full, round, milk-swollen breast hung exposed from her blouse. And—Jesus Christ—milk was actually dripping from her nipple. Slow, thick beads catching the studio light.

He froze for a second too long.

“Ahem,” he coughed, snapping back. “Let’s just say any man would be lucky to take Laura Rivera out to dinner.”

It landed like a joke. He even smiled.

But his mind was reeling.

Why was this happening? Was this some kind of setup? Was he being painted as Laura’s public boyfriend? The influential tiny male in her orbit?

Laura’s voice cut through the haze, smooth as silk.

“Well, Mina, I’d say it’s a bit early to go into too much detail...” she said with the hint of a smile. “But let’s just say — stay tuned.”

She winked. Not to Mina. To the camera. To the world.



Mina laughed, her voice light again. “Of course. Your private life is your own... but we’ll be watching closely.”

Her fingers stroked his side just a little too long before settling back into a firmer grip. Casual. Territorial.

And Archer?

He sat there, like it was all part of the script, while inside he was screaming.

What was happening? Why this narrative? Why now? Was this about controlling her image? Tying him to Laura in a way he couldn’t escape?

And who the fuck was the lactating woman watching him like he was her next snack?

Something was happening. Something bigger.

And Archer Whitmore, leader of the Coalition of Shrunken Survivors, was starting to realize he might no longer be the protagonist of his own story.



Pam watched as the show ended.

“Well,” she murmured. “That was... certainly something.”

Her tone was neutral, maybe a touch amused.

“Laura Livera and Archer Whitmore, of all people.”
She gave a small shake of her head, almost fondly. “I’ll be damned.”



A moment had passed, the store quiet except for the low hum of fluorescent lights and—

“Mmmnnngh—ahhhhhh...”

Pam blinked.

Her attention, reluctantly, shifted from the absurd celebrity romance on-screen to something far wetter.

Behind her, half-tucked into one of the curtained changing stalls, the young shopgirl was very much not on break. Naked, legs spread, panting — and not alone.



Pam raised a brow.

No, the girl wasn't quite touching herself.

She had help.

Her tiny boyfriend was face-deep in her glistening pussy, his arms gripping her inner thighs like a climber scaling wet marble.

“Ahhhh fuck—yeah, like that—c'mon you little pussy-toy,” the girl moaned.



“Jesus,” the girl giggled mid-gasp, “this—this is why I haven’t tossed your ass in one of those sad little care centers yet.”

The tiny man paused long enough to cock his head up, face slick. “Babe, don’t kid yourself. You need me. Who else is gonna eat you out on command like it’s a full-time job?”

Then he dove back in, tongue lapping at her swollen clit like a man dying of thirst as she lazily teased his back with a fingertip.

“Asshole,” she groaned, “any dude would do it. I could literally go in a lame care center and grab one.”

“Nah,” he muttered into her folds, “your friend said it’s all paperwork now. Remember? She got denied and went ballistic. Psycho shit.”



“But that’s not the point,” he added, licking with new gusto, “‘cause like—no other dude’s gonna love you like I do.”

The girl gave a breathy, stoned little laugh.
“Awwww... that’s like, kinda adorable.”

Her expression melted into another moan.

Then she perked up — sort of.

“You’ll lick my asshole after this, yeah?”



The tiny man wiped his face theatrically with his forearm. “Sure babe. And you’ll suck me off after?”

She gave a lazy nod. “Totally.”

A few seconds passed before she noticed Pam still standing there, patiently holding a swimsuit in one hand.



“Oh! Shit—you’re like... still here?” the girl said, eyes wide but entirely unashamed. “Right, right—you were trying on bikinis or something.”

She moaned again mid-sentence.

“I’ll be honest, I’m gonna be busy for a bit.”

Pam smiled faintly. “It’s quite alright, dear. I’ll help myself. I’ll leave the cash on the counter.”

The girl let out a strained moan-laugh hybrid. “Th-tha—aaahhh—thanks for... fuck... shopping at... ahhhh... NipSlip...”

Pam gave a soft nod, stepping quietly past the moaning pair. She wandered toward the swimsuit section, walking with a kind of casual grace she hadn't felt in years. Her fingers brushed past rows of bright, barely-there bikinis, all clearly made for girls who wanted to be ogled, filmed, maybe even worshipped. She stopped at a nice one-piece—modest neckline, slimming cut.

She took it without second-guessing and stepped into a changing stall, drawing the curtain shut behind her with a soft rasp.



Inside, she peeled off her clothes, folded them neatly, and looked at herself in the mirror.

It hit her then—everything.

Today, she'd made a man the size of a finger come with nothing more than a flick of her thumb. She'd kissed a self-declared queen-size sociopath. Nearly smothered a one-inch man in the depths of her cleavage. And earned genuine compliments—from a vapid shopgirl and her filthy little toy—about her “perfect rack.”

And somehow, she wasn't exhausted. She felt alive. Usually by this time, she'd be home. Alone. Wondering if she'd rewatch some old show or scroll through sales on kitchenware she didn't need.

But instead... she was here. Bare. Glowing. About to squeeze into a swimsuit she'd never have worn five years ago. And prepping for a hedonistic beach party, all to chase down a tiny man she barely knew—so she could win him, own him.

Henry. Her little Henry. A man who, with every hour, felt more and more like her future petboy.



This was insane. Ridiculous. Completely unhinged.

And yet...

She stared at her reflection. Her breasts looked incredible—full, perky, somehow more hers than they had in decades. Her waist held just enough curve. Her hips caught the light.

She looked... hot.



Had she looked down—really looked—she might’ve noticed the near-invisible man clinging to the coarse strands of her pubic hair.

Bryan was a climber once. Recreational, sure, but serious enough. And that training was the only reason he wasn’t already smeared across her thigh.

His hands gripped a patch of dark hair like a survival rope, feet wrapped around another, whole body trembling.

He couldn’t see much—just skin, pulsing warmth, and the faint scent of sweat and arousal. But he could hear her breathing. Calm. Confident.

She had no idea he was there.

Bryan squeezed his eyes shut. His mind drifted, as it always did, to his daughter. His wife. Their voices, fading with each day.

I have to hold on for them. I need to survive. I don’t even know if they’re alive.

“HELP ME!” he screamed, voice hoarse. “PLEASE, MA’AM! I’M DOWN HERE! I’M—!”



But the shop music buzzed faintly through the ceiling. And from just beyond the curtain, the relentless, wet moans of the young clerk echoed like pornographic ambiance.

Pam didn't hear him. She just leaned slightly forward, admiring the curve of her hips from another angle.

And she was... wet.

The day had done things to her. Jade's lips. Henry's tiny, twitching body. The sight of a girl getting eaten out like royalty while moaning about ass-licks and sucking him dry.

It had all been build-up.



She reached between her legs slowly, teasing herself just above the slit. A little pulse of pleasure bloomed immediately. Her breath caught.

I'll be quick, she told herself, rubbing slow circles with two fingers. *And I'm still on time for the beach thing.*

In the mirror, she looked decadent. A grown woman pleasuring herself in a changing room, glowing, aroused, alive. She grinned.

“I do look good,” she whispered.

Pam's breathing slowed into a rhythm—shallow, controlled, hypnotic. Her fingers circled her clit in slow, confident loops. She wasn't even touching herself out of desperation. This was indulgence. Curiosity. Celebration.



Her mind wandered to Henry. Sweet little Henry.

There was no doubt anymore—she would get him. He was hers. It was just a matter of time and a bit of performance.

She imagined him nestled in her bra at work, tucked between her breasts like a living nipple charm, rubbing and licking her slowly through boring Zoom meetings. Or buried in her panties, struggling to breathe as he tongued her through a long lunch break. Just like that intern girl was always bragging about. “I’ve got mine trained to edge me all day long,” she’d said once, like it was normal HR-approved office chat.

Pam moaned softly.

Her fingers kept circling—gently at first, then firmer. Her clit responded like it had been asleep for a decade and suddenly remembered it had a purpose. A flood of wetness followed. She was panting now, openly.

She hadn’t felt this alive in years.

She hadn’t felt at all in years.



Down below, Bryan was locked in a completely different battle. A silent war between terror and instinct. He clung to a coarse strand of pubic hair as though it were a lifeline, his body aching from the strain.

But he knew this couldn't last. If she hit the beach like this, the water alone would drown him.

The only hope—the only chance—was to leap.

To jump toward the movement, the danger, the hand that could kill him in seconds. The same fingers circling her clit now with slow, devastating pressure.

Bryan shut his eyes. Breathed once, deep. Calmed his nerves like he used to on rocky ledges and icy slopes.

Visualize. Commit. Jump.

He leapt.

His body twisted midair and smacked onto her ring with a soft metallic clang. He grabbed it fast, instinct kicking in before logic could catch up. His fingers latched onto the cool steel—slippery with sweat—and held on tight.



Pam gasped. Not from him. She hadn't felt it. She was moaning to herself, half-whispering, half-laughing. "God... I'm gonna lose it..."

Bryan rode the motion like a man tied to a wrecking ball. His forearms burned, but he gritted his teeth and held. He couldn't die now.

He'd lived through hell—being shrunk in his own home, the chaos of trying to find his wife and daughter, the relief of rescue only to be funneled into that goddamn care center. And then... her. Jade. Signing the form like an idiot. Becoming "property."

In her twisted collection, over two hundred tinies once lived. Now? Barely a hundred. Most were gone—crushed, drowned, broken, or just... used up. But Bryan had survived.

The brutal shower floods. The foot-worship games. The soft-vore "pranks." Even the night she used him as a butt plug—stuffed in screaming, pulled out sobbing. He lived through the rebellion too. Twenty friends, gone in one night. The memory still haunted him.

But he lived. He always lived.



“Damn it,” he whispered, holding on, body trembling with exhaustion and hope. “I’m gonna keep living. I’ll find them. I’ll find you, Maureen... Charlene...”

He stared up at the towering woman above. She wasn’t like Jade. She didn’t seem cruel. She just didn’t know.

He just needed her to notice. To look down.

“Please,” he begged softly, teeth clenched. “Just see me. JUST LOOK...”

Pam moaned again—louder, needier. Her hips bucked forward as her fingers sped up, slick with her own arousal. She was right on the edge.

And that’s when Bryan lost his grip.

The sudden motion flung him off the ring. He tumbled through the air, flipping instinctively like a skydiver trying to reorient, windless but panicked.



By sheer luck—or divine cruelty—he landed on her middle finger. Right near the tip. The same finger already coated in wetness and pointed squarely toward her soaked, pulsing pussy.

“AAARRRGGGHHHH!!” he screamed, digging his arms around the ridged skin. His voice was raw, primal. Everything he had went into that grip. It was survival. It was desperation. It was everything.



And then he looked up.

It filled his entire vision. A slick, hungry beast—wet, pulsing, steaming with body heat. Her pussy.

“NO! PLEASE! GOD, WAIT! STOP! LOOK AT ME!!! PLEASE, MA’AM! DON’T—
AAAAHHHHH!!”

He pounded his fists against her skin, clawing, scraping, begging her to notice. His voice shredded itself in panic.



But Pam didn't hear him.

She was too far gone.

“Mmmnn—ahhh... fuck...”

Her breath hitched as her fingers slid up and down, circling, teasing her folds open.

Her finger drove forward—slowly, with growing pressure.



Bryan's world went red. He was mashed into her lips, then dragged down into them. Her heat surrounded him. Her scent drowned him. Her wetness coated every inch of his body like glue.

He clung to her finger until it didn't matter anymore—until he was just another part of her stimulation. Another flick of pleasure. Another forgettable texture in a long overdue orgasm.

Pam shuddered as she came. Her voice cracked into the small space, breathless. “Ohhh—goddess, yes...” Her legs trembled. Her hips pressed forward. Her finger curled deeper inside herself, smearing Bryan against the walls of her cunt like a sticky, unrecognizable dot.

And still, he held on—until he couldn't. Bryan's final thoughts were brief and bitter. *I'm sorry, Charlene. I'm sorry, Maureen...*

And then the wet heat consumed him entirely. The pressure came from all sides—muscle and mucus and pure animal contraction. His limbs went numb. His mouth flooded. His eyes burned. There was no air, no light, no sound—only wet flesh and the overwhelming sense of being erased.



And above it all, Pam moaned again.

Harder this time.

It had been years since she came like this—years since her body had wanted something this bad. Jade had ignited something in her. Henry had fanned it into flame.

She felt reborn.

Alive.

Her orgasm peaked with a deep, desperate thrust of her finger. And just like that—it was done.

Pam stood there a moment, panting. Her hand slipped from between her legs, trembling faintly.



Then, she slipped into her swimsuit—a classy black one-piece. Conservative, but still sexy. The neckline wasn't modest by any means, but everything in this store seemed designed to flaunt cleavage. And now? She didn't mind.

“Screw it,” she said with a smile, examining herself in the mirror. “I do look good in this. And I can absolutely pull it off.”

Her eyes gleamed with confidence. Her face still flushed from the orgasm. But she looked... radiant.

“Henry,” she whispered to her reflection, a small smile playing at her lips. “I'm going to save you.”

She had no idea what had just happened inside her vagina.

No idea a man had died—screaming, begging, clinging to her finger like a lifeline—only to be forgotten in a single pulse of pleasure.

Pam adjusted the straps, gave herself one final approving glance...

...and walked out, glowing.

