ROOMMATES 6: PART I

BY JSM + OHH

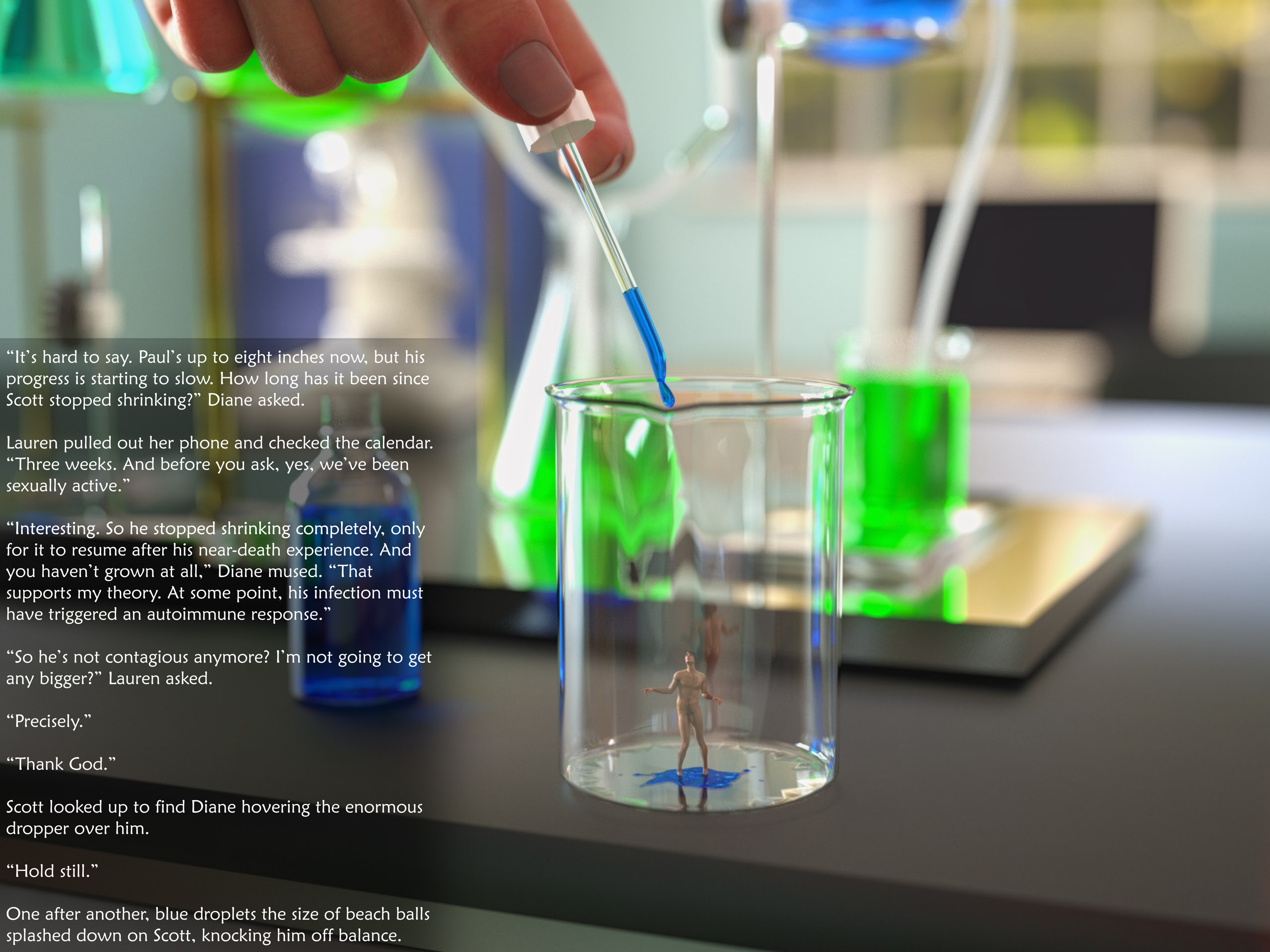
The worst part about being tiny for Scott wasn't the sense of helplessness or the constant threat of being crushed or smothered. It was being ignored.

He'd lost count of how many times he'd been left on some nearby surface or tucked away somewhere against Lauren's body while she carried on conversations as though he weren't even there.

"Is it safe?" Lauren asked.

"As safe as I can make it. Other than the occasional ache, Paul hasn't experienced any negative side effects," Diane explained.

"How big will he get?" Lauren pressed.



“It’s hard to say. Paul’s up to eight inches now, but his progress is starting to slow. How long has it been since Scott stopped shrinking?” Diane asked.

Lauren pulled out her phone and checked the calendar. “Three weeks. And before you ask, yes, we’ve been sexually active.”

“Interesting. So he stopped shrinking completely, only for it to resume after his near-death experience. And you haven’t grown at all,” Diane mused. “That supports my theory. At some point, his infection must have triggered an autoimmune response.”

“So he’s not contagious anymore? I’m not going to get any bigger?” Lauren asked.

“Precisely.”

“Thank God.”

Scott looked up to find Diane hovering the enormous dropper over him.

“Hold still.”

One after another, blue droplets the size of beach balls splashed down on Scott, knocking him off balance.

“Be sure to rub it all over. Unless you’d rather I use the syringe,” Diane warned.

Scott frantically rubbed the liquid over his body.

“You always were afraid of shots,” Lauren teased.

“You’d be too if you were my size!” Scott yelled back. Even in the quiet of the lab, he had to shout just to make himself heard.



“Is it safe to pick him up now?” Lauren asked.

“Yeah, you should be fine. It only takes about a minute to absorb,” Diane explained.

Lauren lowered her pinky for Scott to latch onto.

“Are you sure you’re okay? You’re not feeling any pain?” Lauren asked.

Scott gave her a thumbs-up. “I feel good. Honestly, I’m excited to get some of my size back!”

“Same,” Lauren said. “It’ll be nice talking with you without you having to shout.”

Lauren lowered Scott toward her left breast and pulled her bra away.

Before her growth spurts, Lauren never would've dreamed of going out in public dressed like this. But at eight-foot-three, she'd grown well past caring what anyone thought. Besides, athletic bra tops were among the few things she owned that still fit, and she wasn't about to wear the same handful of shirts every day.

Scott leapt from Lauren's finger and slid down the fabric toward the base of her tit.

Her soft flesh quickly molded around his legs, pinning his lower body firmly in place.

“Just don’t start growing until we at least get home. I don’t need people thinking I have three nipples,” Lauren joked before releasing her bra.



“Don’t get your hopes up. I fully expect Scott to grow, but when and how much is still anyone’s guess,” Diane explained.

“In other words, he’s not going to get as big as me,” Lauren joked. Still ducking beneath the ceiling, she pressed her palm flat against it and tilted her head toward Diane.

“No, that’s not possible. Think of his growth like an asymptote. Eventually, it’ll start to slow. Inches will become centimeters, centimeters will become millimeters, until the progress is so minute we won’t even be able to measure it. That’ll be his final size, practically speaking,” Diane explained.

“Thanks, Professor. I mean it. I don’t know what we’d do without you.”

“Of course. And if it weren’t for Scott, I wouldn’t have been able to grow my Paul back to something more manageable. He’s a special one, so hold onto him.”

“You can count on it!” Lauren replied as she headed toward the door.

Life continued for the couple. Lauren would go to class and continue working toward her business degree.

“Sunk cost fallacy,” Lauren answered.

“Very good. Can you give me an example?” the professor asked.

“The Conc—oh… mm… sorry. I—uh…”

“Is everything alright?”

Lauren patted her chest impatiently. “Yes, Professor. Just a stitch. Where was I?”

“You were about to give us a real-life example of the sunk cost fallacy.”

Scott would tag along with her and continue working toward his own degree, albeit the same type as Lauren's for practical reasons.

Lauren bit her lip, trying to ignore his incessant rubbing against her nipple. "Right. The Concorde! Both the British… mmm… and French governments continued pouring money into it despite knowing it wasn't economically viable because of how much they'd already invested."

She'd be sure to give him a piece of her mind as soon as they got home.



For Scott, that usually meant being glued to the shaft of Lauren's dildo while she worked out her frustration and fucked it silly.

"Maybe next time—UNGH—you'll let me answer before you start humping me like a horny little—FUUUCK—ape," Lauren moaned between bounces.

Scott coughed out some of her juices and smiled. As tiresome as her so-called punishments could be, it was still sex with his hot girlfriend. If he timed his breathing and braced himself for her bounces, he'd get his just like she was sure to.

Sex wasn't always like this between them. Sometimes, they'd make love.

Scott would climb inside her and rub himself along her walls.

"YES! RIGHT… NGH… THERE!" Lauren boomed.

Scott smiled, knowing he'd just found her G-spot. He twisted himself sideways, planted his feet against the rough patch, and pushed.

"HOLY SHIT, SCOTT… I'M…!"

Afterward, Lauren would put on some of Scott's favorite loungewear and let him climb her giant booty like a steep hill, so long as he agreed to a solid ten minutes of kissing and cuddling afterward. That was the trade.

"Heehee, that tickles," Lauren gasped.

"This is amazing! I feel like Stallone in Cliffhanger," Scott joked.

"Watch it, mister. The dildo and glue are just an arm's reach away, and with you crawling all over my butt, I could easily go for another round or two."

"You say that like it's a bad thing."

They only fought occasionally, usually when it came to food. Lauren almost always won those arguments.

“I swear to God, Scott. If you don’t get off my tuna roll, I’m going to eat you too,” Lauren threatened.

“You wouldn’t dare,” Scott said.

“Try me.”

Lauren opened her mouth wide and lifted Scott and the sushi roll toward it.

“Okay, okay, I’ll go. But you really shouldn’t joke about that!”

“And you shouldn’t crawl on someone’s food like some kind of snack thief, mister. So hands off.”

Through it all, Lauren would track Scott's progress.

At first, it didn't seem like he was growing much. Lauren measured him every morning, but she only recorded about an eighth of an inch every few days.

Then, during his second week, things ramped up. One inch became two, two became two and a half, and so on. By the end of his third week, Scott had made it all the way to three inches.

That was when his progress seemed to stall.

"Three inches," Lauren said.

"Still?" Scott complained.

“Don’t be a grouch,” Lauren scolded. She plucked him from her dresser for a closer look. “Besides, this is the perfect size for you.”

Scott stared down at the fifty-foot-wide shelf of breast jiggling below him. “Why do you say that?” he gulped.

“Because you’re big enough that I can hear and feel you without constantly worrying about hurting you, but you still fit in so many places.”

Lauren reached around her hip with Scott in hand, stopping just above her butt.

“Lauren… can’t we talk about this?”

“I thought you liked my ass?” Lauren teased. “Look how much bigger and rounder it’s gotten!” She hooked a finger beneath her waistband and pried it away from her lower back.

“I love your ass. It’s just that—”

“Good. Then show me how much,” Lauren interrupted. “Oh, and try not to squirm too much. I’m running late for spin class, and I’m not stopping every block just to stuff you back in.”

“Spin class?! Lau—mmmgh!”

Scott’s protest dissolved into a muffled grunt as Lauren pressed him down between her cheeks and wedged him firmly in place.

Lauren left her apartment building and started toward the gym, this time with an extra pep in her step.

Ever since her curves filled out and she'd grown freakishly tall, Lauren carried herself with exaggerated confidence. With her looks and size, she felt as though she could do or say whatever she wanted. Not that she took advantage of it, but something had flipped inside her. She no longer apologized for laughing too loudly or accidentally bumping into someone. Lauren's focus was on herself now—on living her best life.

And that meant giving Scott plenty of attention.

She couldn't get the look on his face out of her head when she'd dangled him over her butt. It was the perfect mix of lust and nerves. Lauren used to fantasize about big, strong men who could pick her up and take control. But now that she stood well over eight feet tall and Scott was the size of a mouse, her tastes had changed. Lauren liked little men now. The smaller, the sexier.

More than anything, she loved their reactions to her.

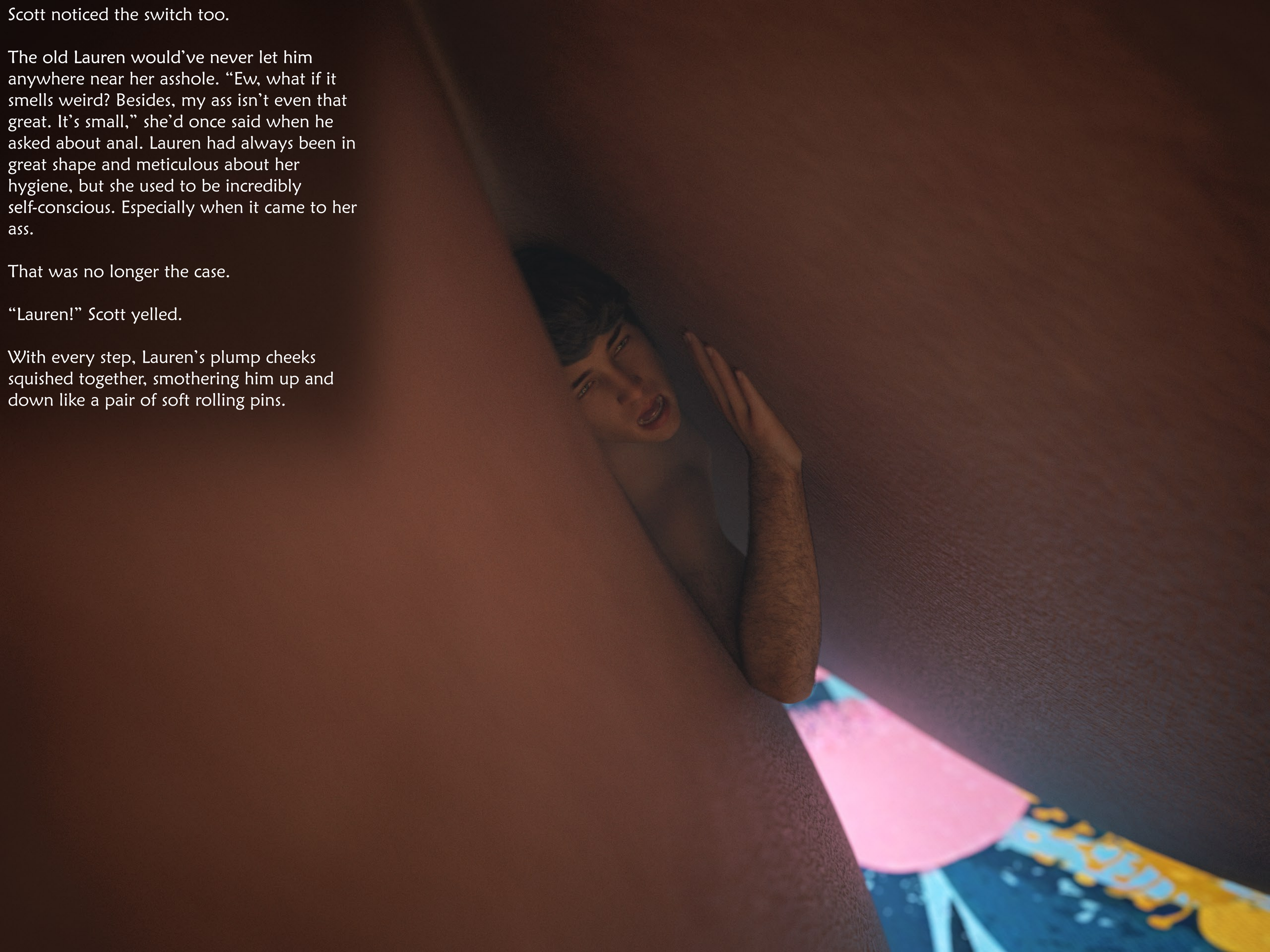
Scott noticed the switch too.

The old Lauren would've never let him anywhere near her asshole. "Ew, what if it smells weird? Besides, my ass isn't even that great. It's small," she'd once said when he asked about anal. Lauren had always been in great shape and meticulous about her hygiene, but she used to be incredibly self-conscious. Especially when it came to her ass.

That was no longer the case.

"Lauren!" Scott yelled.

With every step, Lauren's plump cheeks squished together, smothering him up and down like a pair of soft rolling pins.



Lauren arrived at spin class with a few minutes to spare. Unlike her first visit a few weeks earlier, back when she was training to get her man back, no one batted an eyelash at the eight-foot-three woman ducking through the doorway. She was a regular now, and everyone had gotten used to her.

Lauren made her way to an open bike. At her height, straddling it took very little effort.

Scott, apparently done heeding her warning, had started squirming between her cheeks in an attempt to work himself free. Lauren made a mental note to find a suitable punishment for him when they got home.



“Okay, ladies, I hope you’re ready to sweat those tight little buns off!” the instructor yelled.

“Little? Speak for yourself!” Lauren joked as she settled her shapely booty onto the seat. She was careful not to come down too hard, but she wasn’t about to take it easy just for Scott’s sake.

“If you have enough breath to make jokes, Lauren, you’re not working hard enough.”

“Relax. I’m pedaling,” Lauren said as she drove her long, thick legs against the pedals.

When Lauren sat down, Scott felt her ass cave in around him, tight muscle cushioned beneath a healthy layer of fat compressing him from every side. He could faintly hear the instructor shouting to the class as Lauren cracked another joke about the size of her butt.

Then the pedaling started.

With every pump of Lauren's legs, her cheeks shifted and ground around him, squeezing him in a relentless rhythm. It was like the walk over, only far more intense.



Lauren loved working out. She loved teasing Scott even more. This combined the best of both worlds.

“A few more minutes of warm-up before we crank things up,” the energetic redhead announced.

Everyone continued pedaling at their own pace, enjoying the easy rhythm while it lasted.

“Now that everyone’s warmed up, it’s time for hills,” the instructor announced.

The entire room groaned, Lauren included.

She hated hills, though probably not as much as Scott was about to. Every climb burned straight through her ass, leaving a deep ache in her glutes. Then there was the sweat. Hills always left her drenched, especially along her crack.

The poor little guy was about to get smothered and soaked.





“Oof,” Scott exhaled as Lauren’s ass cheeks somehow squeezed him even tighter.

Groans and moans echoed throughout the room.

Then Lauren suddenly raised her ass off the seat. For a split second, Scott thought the pressure might ease now that her weight was off him, but her booty refused to let up. With every pedal, her cheeks rubbed and compressed him just as relentlessly as before.

Normally, Lauren despised hills. She'd often catch herself giving only sixty or seventy percent and have to remind herself to push harder. Today was different. Something about having Scott wedged inside her crack made her want to keep going.

"Yeah, Lauren! I love the energy. Whatever you brought to class today, keep bringing it!"

Lauren grinned. "Count on it."

Scott could practically hear Lauren grinning at her own joke. He loved her to death, but God, did she annoy him sometimes. And there was no way in hell he was going along with this again. How she'd gotten such a ridiculous idea into her head was beyond him.

"Ungh," Lauren huffed, swaying her ass from side to side in an attempt to ease the burn.

The added lateral movement somehow angled Lauren's cheeks just right. Each time they rubbed against Scott, they seemed to tug him deeper in.

"Lauren! Stop doing that!" he yelled against her skin. But his voice barely carried beyond her crack, let alone over the frantic pedaling and chorus of groans filling the room.

“Good job, everyone. That’s hill one. Go ahead and dial the resistance back down to zero and have a seat.”

Lauren plopped her ass back onto the seat and kept pedaling. She had a love-hate relationship with these cooldown periods. She loved the relief, but hated how short-lived they were. Today, though, she had Scott with her to keep her mind off the burn.

She wiped the sweat from her brow and realized just how drenched she’d become. A thick sheen coated her body, with beads of sweat trailing down nearly every inch of her. She couldn’t help wondering what it must be like for Scott, buried deep between her cheeks.



Beads of sweat the size of softballs dripped down the inside of Lauren's ass crack, thoroughly coating the three-inch stowaway. It was bad enough being pressed and buffeted within his girlfriend's giant ass crack. The fact that he was now being bathed in her booty sweat made things so much worse. For starters, his surroundings were beginning to smell.

One particularly large glob of sweat slowly crept toward his head. He tried to move out of the way, but there was nowhere to go. The stale droplet exploded across his face on impact, splashing into his eyes, nose, and mouth.

Scott sputtered and coughed. "For fuck's sake."

As sweat continued to pour down on him, Scott found that he was not only getting pulled deeper into Lauren's butt, but also lower. All the perspiration and movement was causing him to slowly slip, inching farther down with every passing second.

Lauren felt it too, but she wasn't about to let up.

"OK, ladies. You know what time it is!" the instructor announced.

"Ugggh!" they groaned in unison.

Lauren cranked up the resistance, rose off the seat, and resumed the intense pedaling and butt swaying from before. Nothing was getting between her and that imaginary hill. Certainly not her slippery, three-inch boyfriend.

Despite her newfound focus, it was still somewhat distracting. Feeling Scott slowly slip down her crack, getting closer and closer to her asshole, would periodically pull her attention away from the workout. It never lasted more than a second or two, and even then, her effort only dropped by about twenty percent. She'd catch herself before the instructor could notice and quickly return to her enthusiastic pedaling and swaying. This would consequently speed up Scott's descent, making him increasingly difficult for Lauren to ignore.

It wasn't long before Scott came face to face with Lauren's asshole. It was huge, and it looked alive, flexing every so often. Like a mouth that was keen on gobbling him up. It was intimidating, but Scott knew it was just a butthole. And not just any butthole, but his girlfriend's butthole.

Lauren felt Scott crawling around in her ass. Couldn't he stay still for one second?

"Lauren, focus!" the instructor yelled.

Lauren snapped out of it and pumped her legs harder. Faster. She made a point of flexing her cheeks around the little troublemaker with every pedal. Maybe if she squeezed hard enough, he'd finally quit squirming.

"There you go! Don't stop, Lauren! Pedal like you mean it!"

But Lauren was barely listening. She was too focused on building speed, clenching her glutes around Scott with every powerful stroke of the pedals.

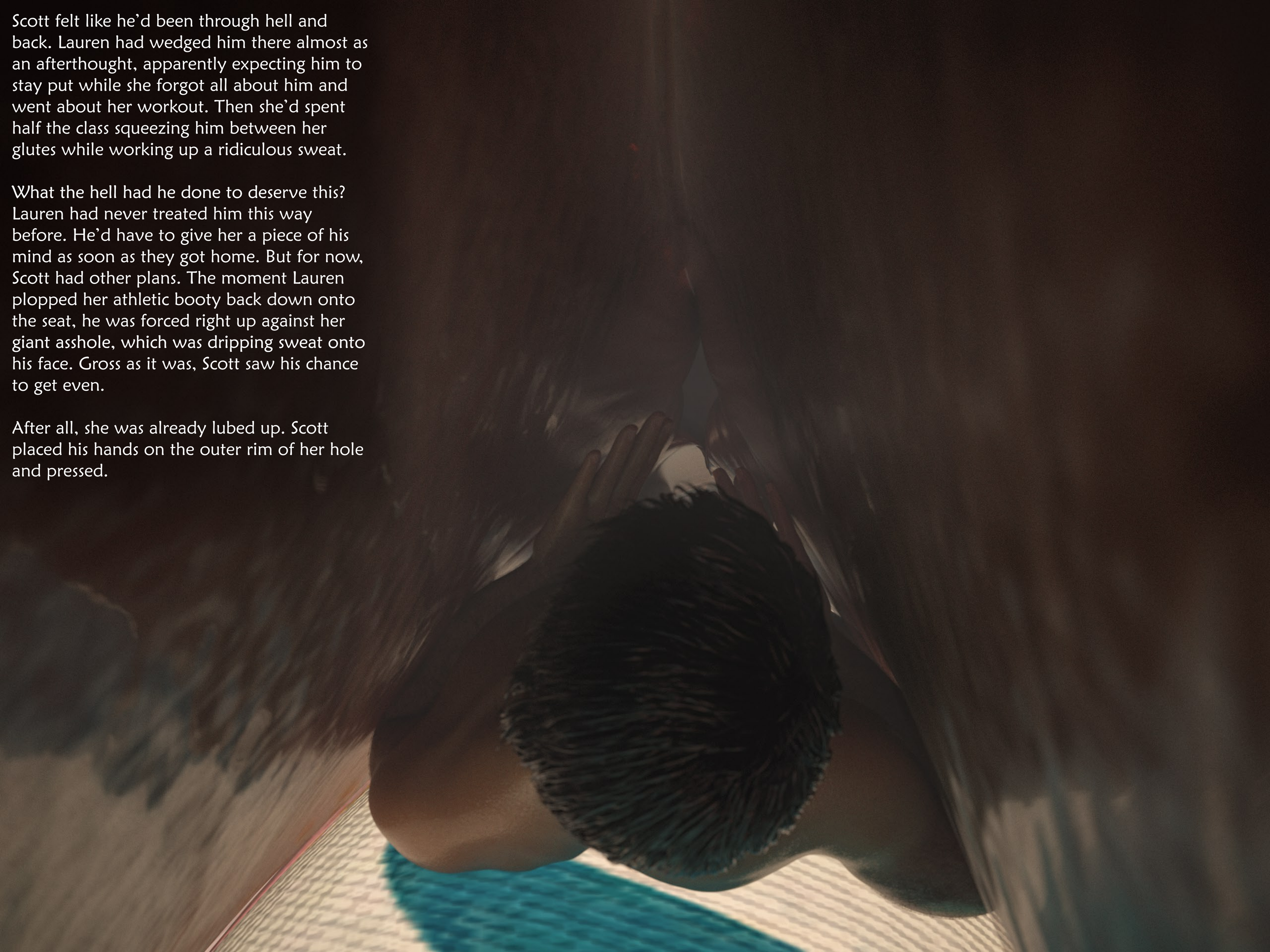
“Great job, ladies! We’re about halfway there, so go back to baseline and enjoy it while you can.”

Lauren slammed her ass back down on the poorly-sized seat, causing it to buckle slightly. Every inch of her body was covered in a thick layer of sweat. She could feel the sweat dripping down the small of her back and entering her crack. It couldn’t have been nice for Scott, but she wasn’t about to rescue him. Not in the middle of class, and certainly not after the stunt he had pulled—even if it wasn’t entirely his own doing.

Scott felt like he'd been through hell and back. Lauren had wedged him there almost as an afterthought, apparently expecting him to stay put while she forgot all about him and went about her workout. Then she'd spent half the class squeezing him between her glutes while working up a ridiculous sweat.

What the hell had he done to deserve this? Lauren had never treated him this way before. He'd have to give her a piece of his mind as soon as they got home. But for now, Scott had other plans. The moment Lauren plopped her athletic booty back down onto the seat, he was forced right up against her giant asshole, which was dripping sweat onto his face. Gross as it was, Scott saw his chance to get even.

After all, she was already lubed up. Scott placed his hands on the outer rim of her hole and pressed.



Lauren's entire body tensed as she felt Scott's hands on her asshole. He was doing it. He was actually going to burrow his way inside her rectum.

"Fuck," she said to herself.

Scott wasted no time. He slipped his hands in and pulled apart. Almost immediately, Lauren let out a loud grunt, quickly disguising it as exertion. He then pushed both of his arms in up to his shoulders.

This was it. In moments, he was going where no man had gone before, inside Lauren's buttocks.

Scott took one final breath—the last fresh air he'd have for a while. Though "fresh" was relative. If the past thirty minutes hadn't acclimated him, the smell of Lauren's sweaty booty certainly would've gotten to him.

Then, without further delay, he dove in. Scott was immediately blasted with a wall of heat and sharp scent that he could not possibly have prepared for.

"OH!" Lauren exclaimed, tightening around Scott's waist.

Scott pressed farther, knowing this was his ticket to getting even. Plus, there was something undeniably hot about crawling into Lauren's forbidden place. Admittedly, sticking his dick in his girlfriend's exit hole had never appealed to him. But now that he was the size of a mouse, the idea felt exceptionally sexy and taboo.

It took only moderate effort to squeeze himself fully inside. He couldn't help noticing how spacious Lauren's rectum was—and how strangely alive it looked. The walls undulated around him as though trying to pull him deeper. Scott spread his arms and pressed outward. It was the only way he could touch both walls at once.



“Ooft,” Lauren huffed, managing to stay mostly quiet as Scott burrowed his way inside her.

Lauren had never liked the idea of anal—especially not with Scott. She’d always thought he had a pretty cock, just not one she’d ever wanted back there on account of its size. But now that she’d grown to over eight feet tall, with her ass becoming even more exaggerated in proportion while Scott stood a measly three inches, the idea had become fairly appealing.

She could’ve done without him trying it in the middle of spin class. Though she was the one who’d put him there.

“Alright, ladies. Get off your asses and start pedaling!” the instructor yelled.

Lauren lifted her booty off the seat and got to work. This time, she pushed herself a little harder, swaying her ass more dramatically in hopes that the extra effort would help her ignore Scott’s shenanigans.



Scott was tossed around inside Lauren as she rose from the seat and pedaled hard. Her movements were bigger now, her hips swaying with far more force than before. He couldn't tell whether she was trying to ignore him or get back at him for climbing up her butt.

Either way, he wasn't about to let her get the upper hand.



Scott twisted onto his back and braced himself against the slick walls around him. Planting his hands and feet firmly against them, he pushed outward with everything he had.

“You feel that?!”



Lauren definitely felt it. The instant Scott pressed, a jolt shot through her entire body.

“Ah!” Lauren cried out.

Everyone paused and looked at her.

“Sorry. It’s just… a… fuck… really hard workout,” she managed, doing her best to keep pedaling.

“Focus on yourselves! We’re only at the halfway point,” the instructor barked.

For once today, Lauren didn’t hate her.



Despite being muffled by thousands of pounds of ass, Scott could hear Lauren loud and clear. It was like smelling blood in the water—and, in his defense, the instructor had told everyone to push.

Scott dropped into a low squat and braced his hands against the shifting wall above him.

“Fuck around and find out,” he muttered, then pushed.

The moment Scott pushed upward, the world around him seemed to collapse. He was compressed from every direction, knocked onto his side as everything around him began shifting violently.

“OH!” he heard Lauren moan.

Then came a sudden drop.

Scott slid closer to her opening as the motion abruptly changed.

Lauren was getting off the bike. He’d done it. He’d made his presence known.

Now all he had to do was ride it out.

Lauren tried getting off the bike like a normal person, but Scott's little antics had left her with almost no control over her body.

She tumbled to the floor into a heap, no longer especially worried about him. He was deep enough inside her butt that the fall wasn't likely to do much anyway. She had more than enough muscle and fat back there to protect him. Besides, if he could fuck around, he could find out.

“Ohhhh, fuck me…” Lauren moaned as she staggered upright and braced herself against the wall.

By now, everyone had stopped pedaling to stare. “Is she alright?” one of the women asked.

With her legs spread wide, she reached down and began rubbing herself. “Goddammit, Scott. Are you building a home in my ass or are you…OH…mmmm.”

“Oh my god! Ew, she’s masturbating!”

Scott could hear the commotion outside. Somehow, despite his tiny size, he'd managed to throw Lauren completely off balance and turn the entire class into a spectacle.

Now all he could do was ride it out.

Everything around him tightened at once, pinning him flat with his arms trapped at his sides. Then the pressure increased again, followed by another guttural moan and more muffled chatter.

'Is this how toothpaste feels?' he wondered.



“Well, that was unexpected. See you all next week?” Lauren asked as she stood.

Everyone just stared at her, apparently unsure how to respond.

Finally, the instructor broke the silence. “See you then, Lauren. And if you bring Scott, maybe store him somewhere else next time?”

“Sure thing, coach,” Lauren said, casually heading for the door.

Normally, an ordeal like that would’ve left her mortified. But Lauren was eight feet three inches of muscular confidence, and embarrassment wasn’t exactly winning the battle right now. Besides, she was still far too distracted by the afterglow of her first anal orgasm.

She stepped into the brightly lit gym bathroom and locked the door behind her. After lowering her shorts, she bent over, reached behind herself, and pushed.

A moment later, she felt Scott’s little feet poke out from her butthole.

“There you are,” she said as she pinched them with her fingertips and carefully pulled him the rest of the way.

Lauren raised Scott to eye level, holding him just inches from her nose.

“Hey! Long time no see,” Scott said.

He sounded nervous. Not the usual nervousness that came with being three inches tall and around his eight-foot-plus girlfriend—something more.

SNIFF, SNIFF

“You smell like ass.”

“Not just any ass. Your ass!” Scott quipped.

Lauren smirked, then lowered Scott beneath the shower wand.

He was immediately bombarded with a gentle stream of warm water, followed by a few pumps of vanilla-scented soap.

“Let’s get you nice and clean,” Lauren said.

She gently massaged the suds into his skin, then rinsed him off. There wasn’t much point in washing herself without a change of clothes. She’d planned to shower at home anyway.

Scott had just thrown her a bit of a curveball.



As soon as Scott was clean, Lauren lifted him to her face and pressed him lovingly against her cheek.

“Yuck! What was the point of washing me if you’re just going to cover me in sweat again?” Scott joked.

“Face sweat is completely different from being buried in my shitter,” Lauren said.

“Well, that’s a lovely way of putting it.”

Scott spread his arms wide and hugged her.

“Oh, stop that. You know you love it,” Lauren said.

“True. So… you’re not mad?”

Lauren sighed. “I was at first, but in your defense, I was the one who put you there. And after everything that happened…” She smirked. “Let’s just say I’m not exactly complaining anymore.”

“Maybe next time we can do it at home?” Scott suggested.

Lauren laughed. “Agreed.”

“I assume you’re putting me somewhere other than your ass crack now that I’m clean?” Scott asked.

“Are you calling my ass dirty? Jeez, you really are asking for it,” Lauren said with a smile.

“No! I mean… it’s all sweaty, and… goddammit.” Scott gave up trying to explain himself.

“Relax. I’m only teasing you. Besides, I think you’ve earned some time with the girls.”

Lauren separated her enormous, sweat-slicked breasts and nestled Scott between them. When she peeked down, he was grinning from ear to ear, his arms wrapped around her left tit.

Exactly where he belonged.

Lauren let out a long, contented sigh and headed out of the bathroom.

It was time to go home.

“Nice and tall for me. No slouching,” Diane instructed.

She held the ruler beside her miniature husband.

Paul stood as straight as he could without tilting his head.

“Looks like you’re slightly under… wait, no. I have to account for the lip at the bottom. Yup. Exactly ten inches!”

Normally, Paul would’ve been thrilled. He’d been dreaming of getting big enough to regain some independence, and this was one step closer.

But under the circumstances, he couldn’t bring himself to enjoy it.

Diane had been longing for the day Paul became big enough to use without the aid of any additional toys. She'd even arranged a few of her favorites along the desk as reference points.

"Honestly, Paul, I can't tell you how excited I am. You're the perfect size for me. Big enough to feel, but small enough to keep and cuddle."

Paul, however, was less excited. He loved seeing Diane happy, and he was relieved that she was not only still attracted to him, but genuinely aroused by him. Yet even after all his growth, he still felt more like an object than a person.

He'd also seen firsthand how Diane treated her toys. She was hard on them—affectionate, but hard. Until now, they'd always served as a kind of buffer between her and him.

At ten inches tall, that buffer was gone. Now he was the toy.

Diane may have been preoccupied with molding Paul into her perfect husband, but she wasn't completely oblivious to how he felt.

"What's wrong? I thought you liked it when I'm naked?"

"Of course I do. But I'm ten inches tall and surrounded by dildos and butt plugs. Is that all I am to you now?"

Diane bent down until they were eye level, her heavy breasts shifting together as she moved.

"You never used to complain about them. Tell me what's really the matter."

Diane stood back up and stepped closer.

“I… um…” Paul stuttered. It was hard to get his point across with Diane looming over him half-naked, her enormous body filling his entire field of view.

“Focus, sweetie. You were saying?”

“Why did you stop my treatments all of a sudden? One week you were dosing me three or four times, then you dropped it to one, and now what—once every two or three weeks?”

Diane leaned forward slightly, peering down over her breasts. “Actually, I’ve put them on hold.”

Paul felt like the floor had dropped out beneath him. “On hold? What about me? Don’t I get a say?”

Diane’s expression softened. “Of course you do, sweetie. You’re my husband. But like I told you before, the treatment is experimental, and your growth has slowed dramatically. At this point, we’re seeing diminishing returns.”

“Diminishing to you, maybe. But to me, every inch counts!” Paul yelled.

Diane smirked. “Every inch, you say?”

Paul was starting to get angry. “You think this is funny?!”

“Sweetie, that’s not what I—”

“I don’t want to be like this for the rest of my life!” Paul interrupted.

“Even if fixing it bankrupts us? Paul, your condition is so rare that the funding simply isn’t there. And even if it were, developing a Phase 2 treatment would take an enormous amount of time and money.”

Paul shook his head. “Am I seriously supposed to believe that? You’ve been pining over me becoming the size of your favorite dildo for weeks.”

“Yeah, and? I’m attracted to you like this. I’m not going to pretend I’m not.” Diane gestured down at him. “Honestly, I can barely hold a conversation with you when you’re standing there huffing and hawing right below my crotch.”

Paul’s expression hardened. “I’m not your dildo, Diane. I’m your husband. I want to be treated like an equal.”

Diane burst out laughing. She couldn't help it. She loved Paul, but he was ten inches tall and lecturing her like he was standing on a soapbox. Though, realistically, a matchbox would've been more accurate.

"I'm being serious, Diane. This isn't funny," Paul said.

"It is a little." Diane smiled. "Oops. Didn't mean to say little."

Paul crossed his arms and turned away from her. Unfortunately, that left him staring directly at one of her toys. The thing was positively monstrous, and somehow he was supposed to replace it?

"Oh, Paul, don't be like that," Diane said.

"Don't be like what?"

"Unreasonable. Surely you don't actually think things can go back to the way they were after you've grown a little. You're still completely helpless. You need constant care and supervision."

"I know that." Paul turned back toward her. "All I'm asking is that you at least try to make me feel like your husband instead of an object."

“Paul, you’re not an object. You’re my husband. Well, maybe my pet hubby—”

“Diane!” Paul yelled.

“I can’t help it! You’re like an adorable little puppy. Of course I think of you that way sometimes. But you’re still my husband first and foremost,” Diane explained.

Paul looked down at his feet. She still didn’t get it. She had no idea what it was like to live this way—to be completely dependent on someone else for everything.

“What can I do to get you out of this funk?” Diane asked.

Paul turned away. “I don’t know.”

“You don’t know, or you don’t want to say?” Diane bent forward and reached down toward him.

“I just don’t,” Paul muttered, still sulking.

“That’s okay. I have an idea.”

Diane wrapped her fingers around Paul and lifted him to her face. He dangled over her thumb like a kitten carried by its owner.

“What are you doing?” Paul asked, craning his neck to look up at her billboard-sized face.

“What do you think? I’m getting you out of this funk.” Diane gave him a gentle shake.

“Just… leave it,” Paul said, though his resolve was already starting to waver.

Diane sighed, sending a gust of warm breath over him. “Paul, I’ve been dreaming about getting you to this size for weeks—months, actually—and I’d really rather not take a rain check.”

Paul remained silent.

“Nothing?” Diane pressed.

He hesitated, then sighed. “A blowjob sounds nice.”

“Haha, that’s what I thought.”

“Hold still, now,” Diane instructed.

She turned Paul upright, pressed his dick between her pursed lips, and sucked.

“Holy…” Paul gasped. It was overwhelming. Like he had stuck his cock into a warm, wet shop vac.

Diane sucked on it like she was slurping juice from a fruit.

“Mmmm, see? Being ten inches tall has its perks too,” Diane said, her lips vibrating against his cock as she continued.

Diane could sense that he was close to finishing.

“Ah, ah, ah. Gotta take things slow,” she whispered.

Releasing her suction hold, she shifted to licking the underside of it, edging him.

Paul squirmed in frustration, trying to rub against her and finish himself off, but Diane wasn’t having it.



Instead, she pulled him away and lowered him to chest level.

“Why’d you stop?” Paul asked.

“Somebody sounds desperate.” Diane smirked. “In case you haven’t noticed, we’re about to have sex. It’s dinner before dessert, remember?”

Diane opened a nearby drawer and pulled out a black, scrotum-shaped suction cup, followed by a length of string.

“I kind of want to try doggy-style for my first time with you at this size. I feel like it’ll make my ass look huge to you. What do you think?” Diane asked.

Paul glanced nervously at what she was holding. “I-I’m not sure how safe that would be. C-Can’t we just do missionary?”

“Where’s your sense of adventure?” Diane teased. She carefully maneuvered his hands behind his back before tying them together. Then she positioned his feet in the two holes on the rubber ball sack, and set him securely on the desk.

“You’re probably wondering where I even got this thing,” Diane added as she headed toward her nightstand.



Diane returned with a similarly colored rubber helmet shaped like a glans.

“I was actually designing something like these,” she said. “But when I went to 3D-print a prototype, I realized someone had already beaten me to it. Probably one of the girls. If I had to guess, Gabby.”

“Gabby? Is that the little Asian one who didn’t want to give me up?” Paul asked.

“Yeah, but not so little anymore. She’s nearly a foot taller than me. Thicker too—by a lot,” Diane explained.

Paul couldn’t imagine anyone bigger than Diane, let alone Gabby. He still remembered how possessive Gabby had become in such a short amount of time.

Diane lifted him and carefully fitted the helmet over his head.

“There. Now you look the part.”

The only thing keeping Paul's mind off the burning in his core was the view above him. Holding himself in what could best be described as a suspended, upside-down plank was becoming exhausting.

Diane towered overhead, her breasts wobbling in front of her face as she inched forward.

"That's it, Paul. Stay nice and rigid for me. Wouldn't want you getting hurt during our first time like this." She reached down and gave him a playful bat.

Paul remembered when she used to do that to his dick just before sex. Now he was the dick.



“God, I’ve been waiting so long to do this. Can you see how turned on I am?” Diane asked.

Paul tilted his head back.

The view of his wife’s rear end was overwhelming. Her vag had already begun to spread in anticipation. An inch above was her puckering anus, which also seemed keen. Right above that were two jiggly ass cheeks the size of small hills, both of which were ready to pile on top of him. He had no idea how he was going to make it through this session. He’d seen firsthand how intense her lovemaking could get.

“Be a good little hubby and don’t move too much. At least not until I’m done mounting you.”



Diane carefully backed up.

The outline of her butt came into Paul's view. A moment later, he felt her wet vagina press down against the top of his helmet. Her lips quickly spread around the top portion, gumming it like a toothless mouth.

"Oh, yeah. That's the stuff," Diane said.

A swift wiggle was all it took for Diane's pussy to completely engulf Paul's head and chest.

Meanwhile, Paul was doing his best to conserve his energy and breath—a difficult task considering how panicked he was. Yet despite how nervous he was, his cock remained stubbornly hard.

WHUMP

Diane's hulking frame struck the wall in one fluid thrust.

"Ungh," she grunted.

She had imagined this moment for so long, and now it was finally here. Diane pressed her butt against the wall. The thick layer of fat that covered it flattened in all directions, spreading to comically wide proportions.

She moved slowly at first, using her hips to draw circles. She wanted to savor the moment of having Paul's new size completely inside her.

Even with his ten-inch body noticeably smaller than her favorite dildo, the experience still felt significantly better than anything that old thing had ever given her.

This was her husband, Paul. Warm, alive, and the perfect combination of soft and firm.



Diane moved slowly at first, rocking her hips forward and back, sliding herself over Paul every few seconds. Occasionally, she pressed her ass flat against the wall and ground against him before resuming.

For Paul, it was sensory overload. On one hand, it felt incredible. Each time his wife slid over him, his cock brushed against her warm, soaked walls. Yet he could barely breathe throughout the whole ordeal. He was slowly drowning in her fluids, squeezed relentlessly again and again.

It wasn't long before Diane's lovemaking kicked into high gear. Her thrusts quickened, her ass pressing hard against the wall as though she were trying to drive straight through it. Her grinding became so exaggerated that Paul could've sworn she was writing the alphabet with her hips.

“Oh, fuck! I’m so fucking close, Paul!” Diane bellowed.

Paul could already tell. Her clenching had somehow become stronger and more frequent. Each time it eased, he gasped for air—only for another gush of her juices to wash over him and send him into a choking fit.

“Ungh,” Diane moaned.

She slammed her butt against the wall and pressed with all her strength. Only five minutes had passed, and she was already on the verge of what might have been the greatest orgasm of her life.

“Yes, holy fucking shit, YES!” Diane yelled.

She squeezed her ten-inch husband tightly as she wiggled and bounced against the wall, riding out the milestone moment.

Paul was mere seconds away from passing out, but the constant rubbing and squeezing of his wife’s vagina around his stubborn cock dragged him across the finish line with her. The pathetic load that spurted out of him was quickly washed away amidst the flood of his wife’s juices.



Diane pulled away with an audible squelch, leaving Paul thoroughly coated in the messy aftermath of her orgasm. Juices dripped to the floor while strands clung to his head.

“Paul, that was amazing!” Diane huffed. Her ass still hovered nearby.

PPRT

A sudden burst of air hit him squarely in the head.

Diane froze for half a second, then burst out laughing.

“Goodness! You’ve got me queefing now!”



For some odd reason, Paul was still holding that upside-down reverse plank position. He was exhausted and barely hanging on, but he still clung to Diane's earlier instruction. Maybe it was pride, or muscle memory, or some combination of both that kept him suspended.

Diane turned around and bent down to his level.

"That's my little guy," she beamed, sliding a hand beneath his soaked body.

Paul finally let himself relax and collapse into his wife's grip.

"You did such a good job. I'm so proud of you!" she added.

Paul loved hearing praise like that from her, even when it sounded more than a little patronizing.

Diane carried him to her nightstand and opened the drawer. Inside were some of her more private belongings: underwear, a bottle of lube, her favorite vibrator.

“What are you doing?” Paul asked.

“It’s getting late, and I’m running on fumes,” Diane said.

“Yeah, so? Why are you putting me in your drawer? Stop acting weird and untie me.”

Diane sighed. “Paul, you’re too big for your old spot now, and if you sleep with me, I’m afraid I might smother you. This is your new bed.”

Paul immediately began squirming, but Diane simply tightened her grip and lowered him toward the drawer.

“Diane! No! Get me out of this!”

“Why? I’d only have to tie you up again when I reach for you in the morning. That seems kind of pointless, don’t you think?” Diane reasoned. She gently set him down on a pile of underwear beside the garish sex toy.

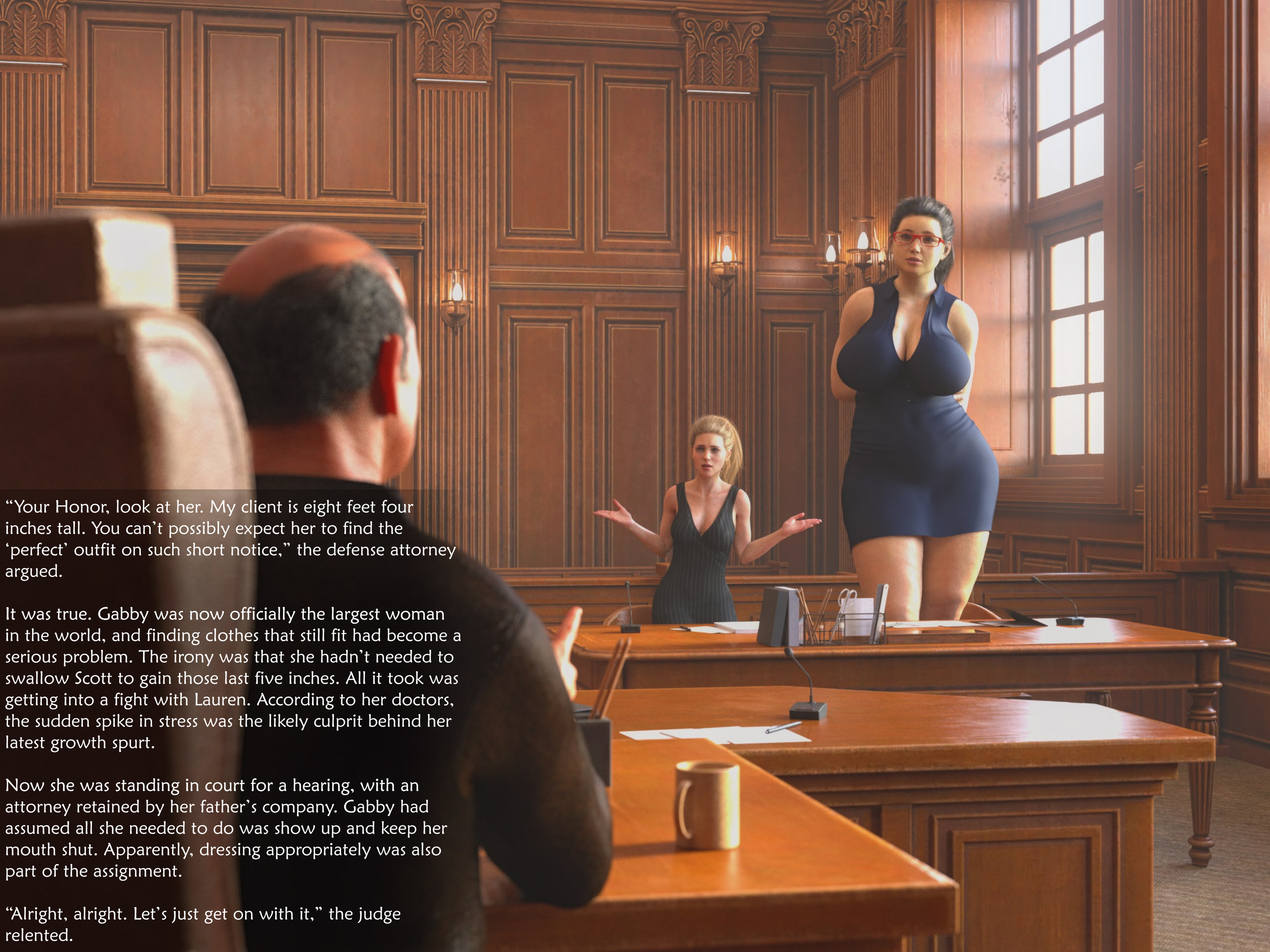
“I thought you said I was still your husband?” Paul argued.

“You are. But you’re only ten inches tall. You’re bigger than before, sure, but you’re still helpless. And now you finally have a new way to contribute, so naturally, a few things are going to have to change.”

Paul stared at her, hardly believing what he was hearing. It was like she’d become a different person.

“Here, I’ll leave the drawer cracked for you. If you need anything, just yell. Otherwise, get some rest. You’re going to need it in the morning.”

Diane slid the drawer shut until only a thin crack of light remained. The last thing Paul saw was her enormous backside swaying in the distance as she walked away.



“Your Honor, look at her. My client is eight feet four inches tall. You can’t possibly expect her to find the ‘perfect’ outfit on such short notice,” the defense attorney argued.

It was true. Gabby was now officially the largest woman in the world, and finding clothes that still fit had become a serious problem. The irony was that she hadn’t needed to swallow Scott to gain those last five inches. All it took was getting into a fight with Lauren. According to her doctors, the sudden spike in stress was the likely culprit behind her latest growth spurt.

Now she was standing in court for a hearing, with an attorney retained by her father’s company. Gabby had assumed all she needed to do was show up and keep her mouth shut. Apparently, dressing appropriately was also part of the assignment.

“Alright, alright. Let’s just get on with it,” the judge relented.

Thanks largely to her father's attorney, the prosecution had agreed to a plea deal: two weeks of community service and an order requiring Gabby to stay at least one thousand feet away from Scott. If she complied with the court's conditions, the charge would eventually be expunged.

The judge accepted the agreement.

Gabby couldn't have been happier. She'd have to thank her dad—not just for the lawyer, but for whatever strings he'd pulled behind the scenes.

As she walked out, she barely noticed herself stepping over a slight intern crouched on the floor gathering papers.



"Oops. I totally didn't see you there," Gabby said, pausing to glance back over her shoulder.

The little dude was positively tiny. Four-foot-ten at best.

"Say, you wouldn't happen to have that GS-whatever-you-call-it, would you? The thing that makes guys shrink over time?" Gabby asked.

The intern swallowed hard. "N-No. I-I've always been short."

Never in his life had he felt so small. The woman's ass looked like it had more mass than his entire body.

"Shame. You're kind of cute, but I exclusively date shrunken dudes," she added with a wink before heading out.

THE STORY CONTINUES! GET PART 2 HERE:

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