

ROOMMATES

BY JSM + OHH



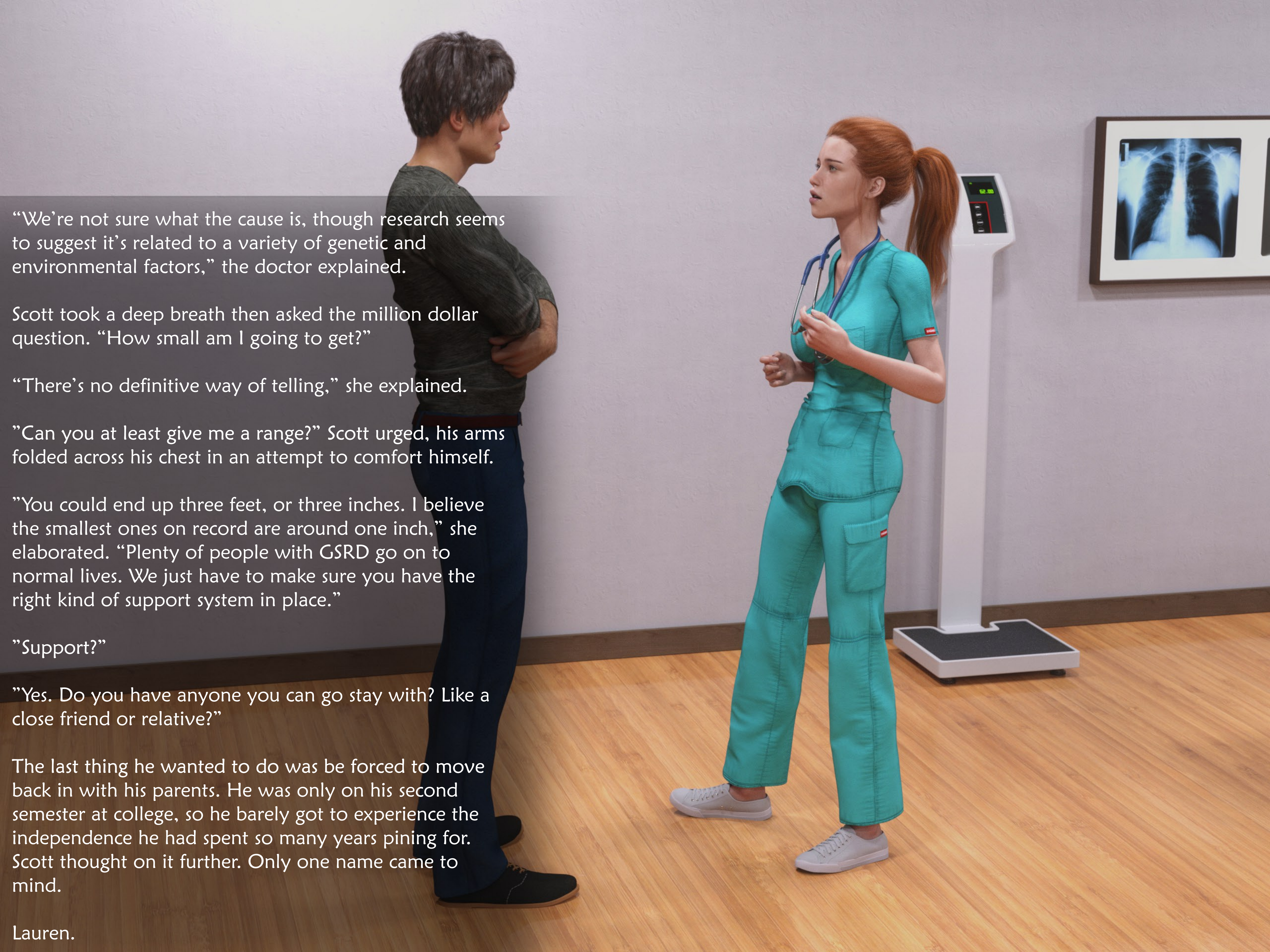


“Based on your bloodwork, it looks like you suffer from a rare disease known as GSRD,” the doctor said.

Scott looked at her face in bewilderment. “GSRD?”

”Yes. Gradual Size Reduction Disease. It occurs in about one in every ten thousand men, and only a handful of women.”

Scott didn’t know what to make of this. He had woken up an inch shorter and wanted to make sure he wasn’t suffering from arthritis or some sort of cancer. It may have not been what he had feared, but he wasn’t quite sure GSRD was any better. Although he was unfamiliar with the official medical term, he certainly wasn’t of shrinkies. That’s what most people called them, and judging by the specials and news stories he had seen, their lives weren’t easy.



“We’re not sure what the cause is, though research seems to suggest it’s related to a variety of genetic and environmental factors,” the doctor explained.

Scott took a deep breath then asked the million dollar question. “How small am I going to get?”

“There’s no definitive way of telling,” she explained.

”Can you at least give me a range?” Scott urged, his arms folded across his chest in an attempt to comfort himself.

”You could end up three feet, or three inches. I believe the smallest ones on record are around one inch,” she elaborated. “Plenty of people with GSRD go on to normal lives. We just have to make sure you have the right kind of support system in place.”

”Support?”

”Yes. Do you have anyone you can go stay with? Like a close friend or relative?”

The last thing he wanted to do was be forced to move back in with his parents. He was only on his second semester at college, so he barely got to experience the independence he had spent so many years pining for. Scott thought on it further. Only one name came to mind.

Lauren.

Scott exited the doctor's office and started the long trek back home. It was pouring rain, but he didn't care. He needed time to think.

He had known Lauren his entire life. They grew up together, literal next door neighbors, and had been best friends since before they could talk. They even dated for a couple months their senior year, but decided to break things off before college. Scott knew Lauren would always be there for him, no questions asked, but he didn't want to be a burden.

As Scott continued his journey home, his mind began to wander. He thought back to a news story from years ago. A poor homeless shrinky had been found crushed on the sidewalk. There was a huge investigation that followed, and even a break in the case that involved a specific shoe tread found on his remains.

Unfortunately it was one of the most popular pairs of women's sneakers that season. Too popular to provide any firm leads. Eventually, public interest died down, and so did the investigation. He wondered if anyone had even thought about him since.

Scott looked down at the sidewalk and shivered. There was no point in trying to be polite. Shrinky or not, Lauren was his friend, and she'd most certainly understand.



As soon as Scott entered his apartment, he threw his soaked hoodie onto the coat rack, and plopped down on the couch with phone in hand. He wasted no time in pulling up the messaging app and selecting his convo with Lauren.

‘Keep it simple. Be direct,’ Scott said to himself as he began composing his message.





"Gabby, he needs me. I'm his best friend," Lauren urged before taking another sip from her wine glass. She always felt Gabby was more agreeable after a drink or two.

"So what? I don't want some shrinky scampering around my dorm. What if I'm changing? Ew!" Gabby bemoaned.

"Don't call him that! And besides, the doctors don't know how small he'll get," Lauren argued.

Gabby sighed in frustration. She knew it was next to impossible to change Lauren's mind once it was made. "Can't he just go live with his parents? That's what most shri- I mean, people with GSRD do."

"No. He only just started college and I want to be there for him. They're barely around anyways, so that wouldn't work even if I wanted it to- which I don't."

"Okay, okay. Before I say yes to anything, can you at least tell me a little bit more about him?" Gabby asked.

”He’s the sweetest, most understanding guy in the whole world. Goofy, but soft spoken. A great listener too. You can literally tell him anything and he’ll just sit there and soak it all in without any judgement,” Lauren gushed.

”So he’s a simp,” Gabby teased.

”He’s not a simp. Just a really good guy. We dated briefly during senior year, but decided to go back to just being friends before college,” Lauren explained.

”You mean you decided,” Gabby added.

Lauren rolled her eyes at this. “Believe it or not it was more him than me. I wanted to give us a shot, but he didn’t want a breakup to ruin what we had. With the long distance and all, I had to agree.”



“Fine! He can live with us. But I swear to god, if I catch his shrinky ass perving on me even once, I’m selling him on Craigslist. I don’t care how tiny and helpless he is,” Gabby agreed.

Lauren set her wine glass down and grabbed her phone. She couldn’t wait to give him the good news.



Scott felt a wave of relief wash over him. Deep down he always knew it would be a yes, but it still felt good to see it in writing.

Scott typed up his message and hit send.

Although he wanted to give her an exact answer on when he'd be arriving, there was so much he had to do first, that he couldn't possibly know just yet. First he had to put in an emergency transfer request. His medical status would likely push things along, but he still had to have his doctor and the admissions office send over all his paperwork. That would take time.



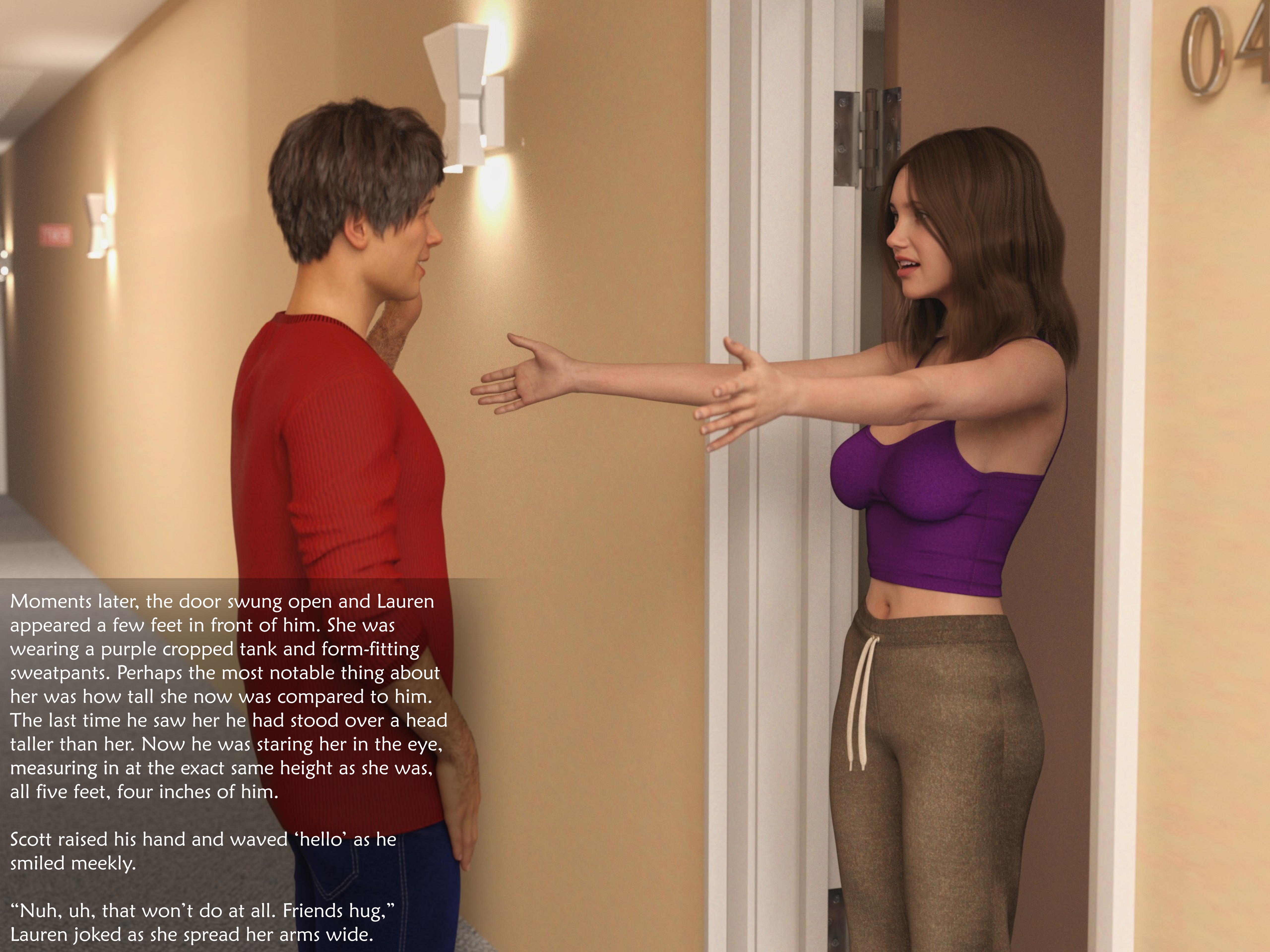
Two Weeks Later...

By the time Scott had arrived at Lauren's, it was already late and he was exhausted. A long flight with two layovers does that to someone. Despite his overall physical exhaustion, arriving at Lauren's dorm room had sent a rush of nerves throughout his body.

"It's just Lauren and her roommate," Scott reminded himself.

He took a deep breath, raised his fist up to the door, and knocked.





Moments later, the door swung open and Lauren appeared a few feet in front of him. She was wearing a purple cropped tank and form-fitting sweatpants. Perhaps the most notable thing about her was how tall she now was compared to him. The last time he saw her he had stood over a head taller than her. Now he was staring her in the eye, measuring in at the exact same height as she was, all five feet, four inches of him.

Scott raised his hand and waved 'hello' as he smiled meekly.

"Nuh, uh, that won't do at all. Friends hug," Lauren joked as she spread her arms wide.

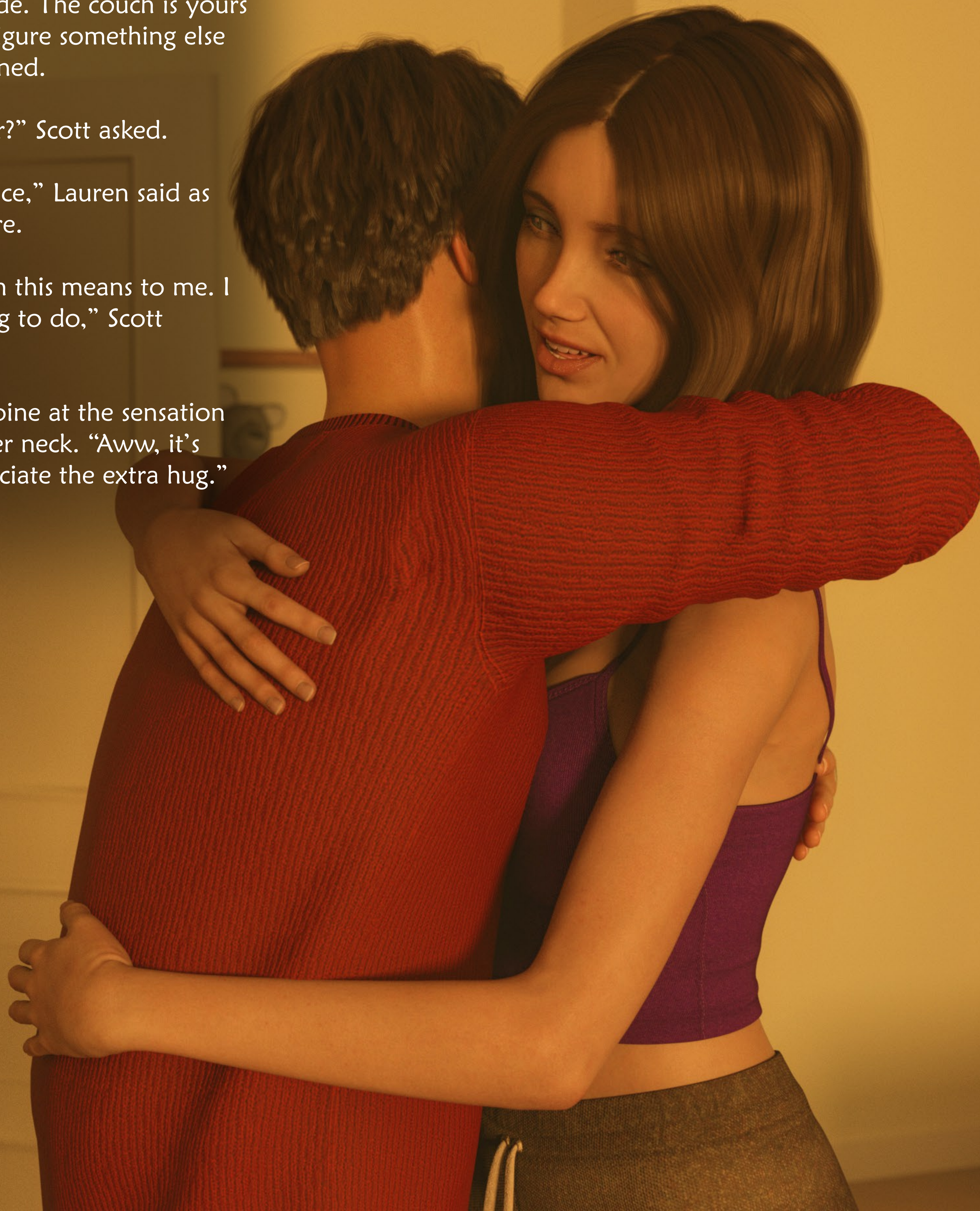
After their hug, Lauren led Scott into their suite.
“Welcome to our lovely abode. The couch is yours for the time being, until we figure something else out of course,” Lauren explained.


”You mean, after I get smaller?” Scott asked.

”I didn’t mean- Oh? This is nice,” Lauren said as Scott embraced her once more.

“You have no idea how much this means to me. I didn’t know what I was going to do,” Scott whispered into her ear.

A shiver ran along Lauren’s spine at the sensation of his warm breath against her neck. “Aww, it’s nothing at all. But I do appreciate the extra hug.”





Moments later, Scott and Lauren had migrated to the couch, and were in the middle of catching up when all of a sudden, a petite Asian girl in glasses appeared in the entryway.

“Is that our new shrinky roommate I hear? I hope you like rum,” Gabby announced.

“Gabby!” Lauren scolded.

”It’s ok. That’s what I call them too.”

”Scott, I’d like you to meet Gabby. She’s my...I mean our roommate,” Lauren added.

Scott directed his attention towards her and smiled.
“Hi Gabby! Thanks again for letting me stay here with you. I can’t tell you how thankful I am.”

“Yeah, yeah, let’s save the talking for the drinking. K?”



Scott took a swig of his drink and did his best to answer back politely. “No, they don’t know how small I’ll get. I’m just hoping it’s not too small.”


Gabby smiled and leaned in. “You know, I kinda hope you end up somewhere in the inches range. No offense, but there’s something about two-foot shrinky that creeps me out.”

“Oh my god, Gabby. You did not just say that,” Lauren chided.

“What?! I’m just speaking my truth. Besides, a little guy that you can fit in the palm of your hand could prove all kinds of useful. You wouldn’t happen to be any good at advanced mathematics, would you, Scott?”

Lauren took a long drink from her glass before getting up. “On that note, I’m going to go check the fridge. Do either of you want anything?”

“I’ll come with,” Scott added.



Gabby of course followed, defeating the entire point of Lauren's venture away from the living room. She wasn't even all that hungry, she just wanted a moment away from her brazen roommate. Whenever Gabby drank, she went from being just kind of a bitch to this obnoxious mean girl.

"What happened to all the brie?" Lauren asked, knowing full well that Gabby must've ate it.

"Umm...well, I was, like, super hungry after my run, and...I'll buy more tomorrow. I promise."

Lauren sighed. "That's ok. You did buy the rum after all."

"Actually, I'd like to chip in on this," Scott chimed in. "How about I fill your fridge as a way of saying thanks?"

"You, Scott, are a gentleman and a scholar. Yes, you can fill my fridge," Lauren joked.

"Amongst other things..." Gabby added.

"Gabby, I swear to god..."

"Kidding! I'll meet you two love birds in the living room."



All three of them continued to drink and chat. The drunker they got, the friendlier they got. Even Gabby, the brat that she is, was acting as though she and Scott had been friends for years.

"And that's when I told him, with all due respect your honor. You're the one that's out of order. This whole courtroom is out of order!" Scott boasted.

"Did you really?" Lauren asked, utterly gripped by his tale.

Gabby on the other hand was audibly sighing and rolling her eyes. "OH please, that's a line from A Few Good Men. I doubt any of that happened."


"Choose to believe what you want, but that's how I spent a night in the slammer. All over a \$50 parking ticket," Scott explained.



Minutes turned into hours as they shared stories and reminisced. As the evening drew to a close, they eventually ran out of things to talk about. Or at least one of them did.

"I think I'll turn in," Gabby said with a yawn. "If you're gonna fuck, use a condom. It's bad enough we gotta look after Scott. We don't want to add a baby to the mix."

"Goodnight GABBY!" Lauren practically yelled.



"Don't let her bother you. Beneath the bitchy exterior is someone who's actually pretty cool, once you get to know her I mean," Lauren explained.

"I'm guessing you told her about our history?" Scott asked.

Lauren took another sip from her glass. "I kind of had to. It was bound to come out eventually."

"No, no, you're right," Scott agreed. He set his drink down and turned towards Lauren. "You have no idea how thankful I am for you allowing me to stay."

"Allow? I'm your best friend. Even if we weren't so close, you have nowhere else to go," Lauren argued.


"I could always put off college and go live with my parents--"

"No, you couldn't," Lauren interrupted. "Putting college on hold is bad enough, but abandoning every ounce of your independence in addition to that? Besides, your parents are barely around. Didn't you say they went vacationing in Europe?"

"I'm sure they'd come back if I told them I was a shrinky," Scott said in an unconvincing tone.

"Are you ok, Scott?"

"I'm....I'm..."

A man with dark hair, wearing a red sweater, sits on a light-colored sofa with his head in his hand, looking down. A woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple top and grey pants, sits next to him, looking at him with a concerned expression. In the foreground, a glass table holds a red mug and a clear water bottle. A lamp is visible in the background.

Lauren looked at him with concern and leaned closer. "It's fine. We don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

"It's just that I had all these plans. Study real hard, get good enough grades to get into a solid MBA program, then get out and make my mark on the world. Now I don't even know if any of that is possible," Scott pined.

"Sure it is. GSRD is a protected status. Any school or company caught discriminating could get sued for millions," Lauren argued.

"They don't do it in ways that are obvious. All they have to do is find a more 'qualified' candidate," Scott sighed. "Fuck, even if I am able to navigate all of that, I want a family, Lauren. Someone who shares the same values. The kind of woman who'd want us to be the best possible parents- unlike mine. What girl's going to want to marry a shrinky?"

Lauren scooted closer and wrapped her arm around him. "That's not true. There are plenty of girls who wouldn't mind dating someone with GSRD. Especially a catch like you."

"Really? Name one," Scott scoffed back.

"Well...me."



Scott looked at her through tear-filled eyes. “Thanks, but I don’t need your pity.”

“I meant every word,” Lauren said confidently. She turned towards him and draped one leg over his lap.

Scott’s body took over. He grabbed her hips and drove his into hers.

“Mmm, there’s the Scott I remember,” Lauren whispered into his ear.

“I thought we were going to remain friends?” Scott said.

“BEST friends,” Lauren corrected. “And as your best friend, it’s part of my job to cheer you up when you’re feeling down.”

Lauren tilted her head to the side and placed her lips against Scott’s. It was the first time they kissed in over a year, and it felt like yesterday.

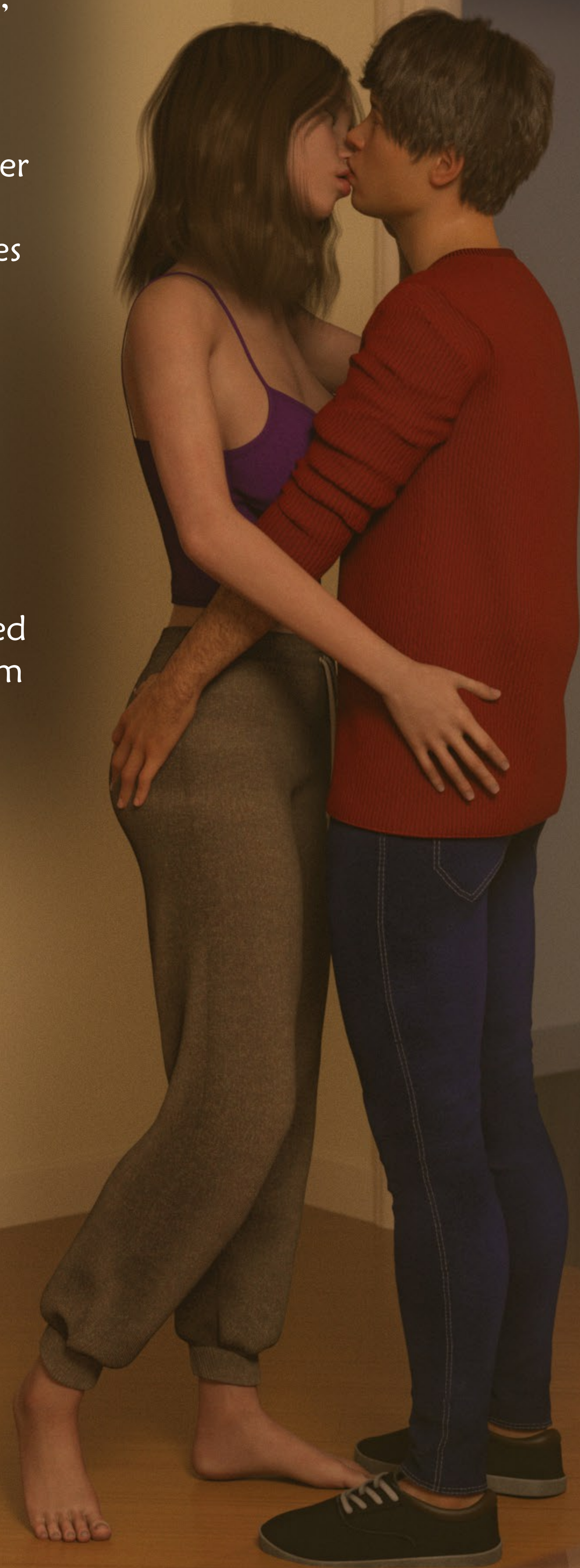


They kissed and kissed for minutes on end. In part, to lift Scott's spirits, while also to make up for lost time, perhaps. They were still just friends. Best friends as Lauren had made abundantly clear. But maybe this was a sign of things to come. His smaller stature didn't seem to bother her, and the 'friends with benefits' moniker is fairly common for couples their age.

"Take this to the bedroom?" Lauren asked in between kisses.

"Mhmm," Scott said under his breath.

They both rose from the couch, their hands now gripping each others' butts while their lips remained locked, and slowly made their way to the bedroom doorway.



Lauren nearly tore through her sweatpants as she rushed to remove her clothing. This wasn't easy, since Scott was holding her so tightly against him. Despite being the same size as her, he remained significantly stronger.

Scott thrust his hips forward, forcing his denim-clad crotch against hers. Lauren felt his stiff member throb against her pussy, fighting to break past the fabric.

"I need you inside me," Lauren huffed.

Scott didn't need to be told twice. He released his hold and quickly started to undress.



“You look good,” Scott said while admiring Lauren’s naked body.

“So do you. Now where were we?” Lauren asked.

With a confident strut, the nineteen year old woman placed her hand on Scott’s shoulder and forced him down on her bed. “Oh, right. I was on top of you...” she added, draping her leg over his lap and slowly settling down.

She made sure she was close enough so that her butt forced his dick down between his thighs, lining up the top part of his member with her soaked lips. She then began grinding back and forth, cleaving herself along his shaft, teasing the both of them. “...like this.”





Scott turned her around and laid back against the bed. He felt her weight against his. It was heavier than he had remembered, though he knew deep down that Lauren wasn't the one that changed, he was.

His dick, didn't seem to mind, its tip now fighting to get past her buttcheeks.

"This little guy just won't quit," Lauren teased.

"Who are you calling little?" Scott replied with mock offense. He knew she didn't mean it that way.

Lauren grabbed his hand and placed it on her thigh while she began warming herself up.
"Shut up and kiss me."

Lauren straddled Scott's body and carefully lined herself up with his dick. He was so turned on that it was literally twitching in her hand. With her feet firmly planted on both sides of him, Lauren squatted down, sheathing him entirely.

"Fuck, I missed this," Lauren huffed.

"Does it still feel as good? Even though I'm smaller?" Scott nervously asked. As much as he enjoyed the feeling

"Yes, Scott. You feel great," she urged. "Better even because it fits me now."

Scott didn't get a chance to respond. Lauren had already started bouncing up and down, wiggling and squeezing his member as if she were trying to milk him with her pussy.



“Mmmm, you like that?” Lauren asked.

She had since gotten down on her hands and knees and was driving her hips forward and back. She was holding Scott’s hands down above his head. It looked like she was trying to tame a wild bronco, riding and breaking him in, inch by inch.

”I’m close, Scott. Are you?”

“Yess, I’m about to....”

”Hold out a little while longer for me. I want us to cum at the same time.”





Scott did his best to hold back. Though it was proving exceedingly difficult with how enthusiastic Lauren had been. Eventually there came a point where he could no longer refrain. Luckily for them, Lauren was right there with him.

”Ok Scott, you can...mmmm...let go now.”

Lauren's pussy clamped down on Scott's cock as they both released a night's worth of drunken, sexual tension.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming," Scott huffed.

"Me too," Lauren said. She drove her hips down hard and began grinding her ass in circles.



Something was different about this time. Yes, the sex was good, but for whatever reason neither of their orgasms had any sign of quitting soon.

”Don’t stop!” Lauren cried out.



“Aaaghhhh!” they both screamed in unison.

Lauren’s pussy was spasming, spitting out juices onto Scott’s lower abdomen. It was an orgasm unlike any she ever felt before. Jolts of electricity shot through every cell in her body. It felt satisfying, albeit in a slightly painful way. Almost as if her body was stretching in every direction.

Scott remained hard while his cock pumped out load after load, emptying his balls entirely. It felt strange. Like he was losing a part of himself.



Finally, the feeling began to fade.

“That was amazing, Scott. Like nothing I’ve ever felt before,” Lauren said huskily.

She placed a hand on his head and pressed it against her breast, riding out the final sensations.

That’s when Scott began to notice. Something was different about her. Not just emotionally, but physically. Her breast seemed larger and fuller than before.

Scott tried to ignore this. He reached around and gripped one of Lauren’s ass cheeks. It felt good in his hand. Soft and round. Strangely enough, it also felt bigger to him.



“Holy shit I’m big,” Lauren gasped.

She couldn’t believe it. Neither of them could.

Scott looked around and noticed that it wasn’t just her that had changed. He also had gotten smaller.

“And I’m...small.”



"I need some space," Scott said as he rushed out of the room.

"Hey! Where are you going? You're still naked!" Lauren yelled, quickly following behind him.

"I don't care. We have bigger problems," Scott said.

"Oh, so I'm a problem now?" Lauren spat, assuming his remark was some sort of veiled insult.

"That's not what I meant," Scott argued back. "Jesus, Lauren. Can't I get some space for a minute?"

"Don't you point that finger at me Scott Matthews. Not if you want to keep it."

Scott lowered his arm and looked her in the eye. "Not cool. If I'm going to live here, you can't threaten me like that, even if you aren't being literal."

Lauren took a deep breath and calmed herself. It was clear that they were both stressing over what had just happened, and although she wasn't a fan of how closed off he was being, he was likely just acting out in fear. "You're right. Let's start over."





All of a sudden, the door to Gabby's room swung open and she appeared in the doorway.

"What's all the commotion....oh my god!" Gabby burst out before suddenly going quiet.

Right there in front of her stood her roommate Lauren and her new shrinky roommate, Scott. They were both completely naked, but that wasn't what made her speechless.

Lauren had grown. She was positively huge now. Scott on the other hand looked like he had shrunk half a foot.

"Yeah...umm...we did a thing, and...well, this happened," Lauren said.

"I'll say!" Gabby shouted back.

Gabby approached them. “Stand in front of each other,” she directed.

It was almost comical coming from her. Lauren was now an amazon in comparison. “Closer,” Gabby added. She placed her hands against their backs and guided them towards one another.

Gabby wasn't the only one in shock. Scott and Lauren couldn't believe their eyes. There was a full foot of height between them. The top of Lauren's breasts were now in-line with his eyesight. Her breasts themselves were bigger, and not just proportionally either, but on her now larger body. That was also the case with her butt and thighs. She was thicker all around.



“Holy fuck, it’s like you gave her the size you lost!” Gabby word-vomited. “How on earth did that happen?”

“I don’t know. We were...and then this happened,” Scott explained.

“You were having sex, then you shrunk and she grew?” Gabby asked.

“Well, yea,” Scott confirmed.

“It happened when we orgasmed. I felt it. Like my whole body was stretching,” Lauren elaborated.

“It felt like part of me was leaving as I came, and it just kept going,” Scott explained.

Gabby eyed Lauren’s body up and down. Not only was she taller but she was significantly more voluptuous. “Hold that thought, I want to try something.”



Gabby got down on her knees, and grasped Scott's cock. Then she began stroking it. She did all of this without any hesitation. As if she were grabbing hold of a household item, and not someone's penis.

"What the fuck, Gabby?!" Lauren yelled.

"I wanna see if it's his cum or not. Trust me. It'll only take a minute or two."





She wasn't lying.

Contrary to what her small frame and underdeveloped assets might've said about her, Gabby appeared to be some sort of expert with a dick. Like she had spent hours upon hours, studying, practicing how to work them over like a bathhouse veteran. In many ways this was true. What she lacked in physical presence, she made up for in technique and overall enthusiasm.

In a matter of minutes, Gabby had worked Scott right up to the brink of yet another orgasm.

"I'm....I'm..." he stuttered.

"Go ahead, but aim for my tits. I'd like to go up a cup or two."



Just as Scott began to release his load, Gabby pulled her crop top up over her breasts and leaned back, pushing them both forward.

“That’s it, Sparky. Spray it all over them. Every. Last. Drop.”

Much to Gabby’s satisfaction, rope after rope hosed out of him, landing square on her chest just as she instructed.



Gabby felt a warm tightness developing in her chest.

She was getting bigger.



“Holy shit, it worked!” Gabby gasped.

“It’s my stuff isn’t it? It made Lauren grow and now you,” Scott thought out loud.

“It certainly seems that way. Oh fuck, it feels so weird. Like my whole body is stretching, not just my tits.”

Gabby wasn’t wrong. Every part of her was growing.



In height...



LIFE IS TOO
SHORT
NOT TO
WEAR
RING

...and thickness

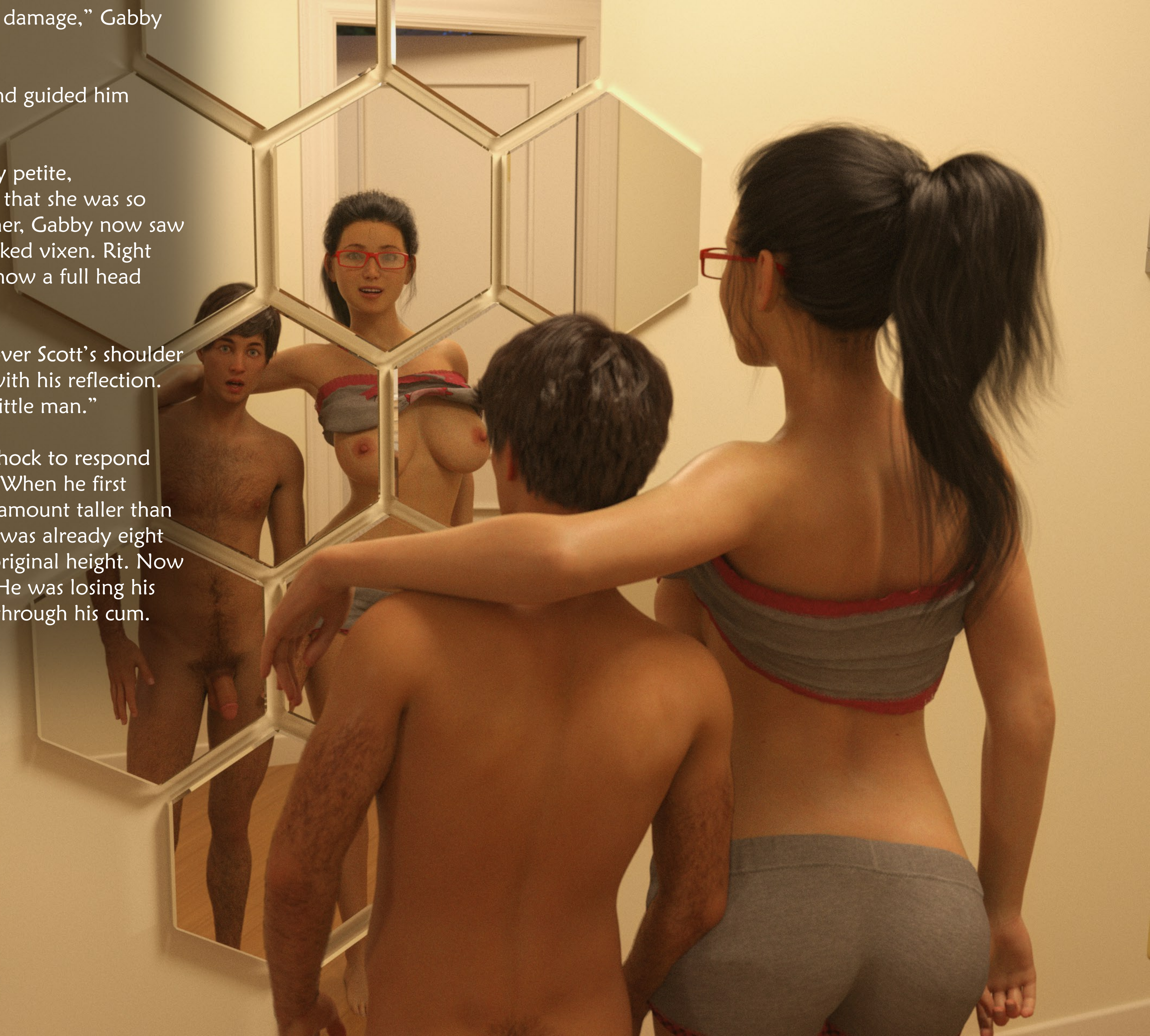
“Let’s take a look at the damage,” Gabby suggested.

She took Scott’s hand and guided him towards a mirror.

Instead of the previously petite, nerdy-looking Asian girl that she was so used to staring back at her, Gabby now saw an athletically built, stacked vixen. Right beside her stood Scott, now a full head shorter than her.

Gabby draped an arm over Scott’s shoulder and made eye contact with his reflection. “Thanks for the boost, little man.”

Scott was in too much shock to respond with a quip of his own. When he first arrived, he was a good amount taller than Gabby, even though he was already eight inches shorter than his original height. Now she towered over him. He was losing his size and giving it away through his cum.





“For fuckssake Gabby, how can you be so nonchalant about all of this?!” Lauren yelled.

Although Gabby had grown, she was still nowhere near the size of Lauren. “I was just doing an experiment! Now we know it’s his cum that’s doing this. The boob thing was just an added perk!” Gabby argued.

“I can’t believe I need to explain this to you. You didn’t ask for consent, you just started going to town on him, right in front of me no less, and all for your own personal gain!”

“Let me fix this,” Gabby added.

“Fix this?! What could you possibly do to fix...THIS?!” Lauren was positively fuming, shaking her hands in frustration while she lorded over her smaller roommate.

Gabby raised her hands in an attempt to calm her. “Just give me a sec. I know someone who might be able to help.”

Not wanting things to escalate any further, Gabby pulled out her phone and stepped away.

”Are you ok?” Lauren asked.

She wrapped her arms around his much smaller body and pulled him in towards her chest. He felt so tiny and helpless in her arms.

”Um...I...” Scott stuttered.

Lauren placed a hand on the back of his head and pushed it against her breast. “I’m sorry I allowed that to happen. I was kind of in shock, you know? But..I also wanted to see what would happen. That was really selfish of me.”

Scott hugged her back, though at his height, it felt more like he was hugging her butt. “No, I get it. Thanks for having my back and I’m sorry I snapped earlier. It’s just a lot.”

Lauren squeezed him tight against her. This in turn squished her dinner saucer-sized nipple right up against Scott’s cheek and forehead. “No, you’re fine. I was out of line earlier.”





While Lauren and Scott stood in the common room, hugging each other, Gabby had already taken the initiative to dial her contact.

”Hi, Dr. ...sorry, I mean Diane,” Gabby said into the phone.

Scott’s ears perked at the title of ‘Dr.’ Maybe this contact of hers could actually help.

“Yes it’s GSRD, but not like anything you’ve ever seen before. His semen, it accelerates his shrinking and somehow makes his partner bigger.”

“How do I know? Yes...twice. Tomorrow is perfect. See you then.”

“Hear that, Paul? We may be able to gain some of your size back.”

Paul, her one-inch husband, did in fact hear. It was impossible for him to miss, since he was plastered to her blimp-sized tit the entire time. He felt like a bug, stuck to his wife’s chest from what was likely an imperceptible amount of sweat to her, while she boomed into the phone above.

Though Paul was happy with the implications, one word in particular stood out to him more than the others. ‘Some.’



Diane plucked Paul from her chest and brought him up to her face. “Yes, see you then,” she added before ending the call.

Paul kicked and squirmed between the pads of her fingers. He didn’t like it when Diane handled him like that. Like he wasn’t her husband, but some sort of object, or worse, a pest.

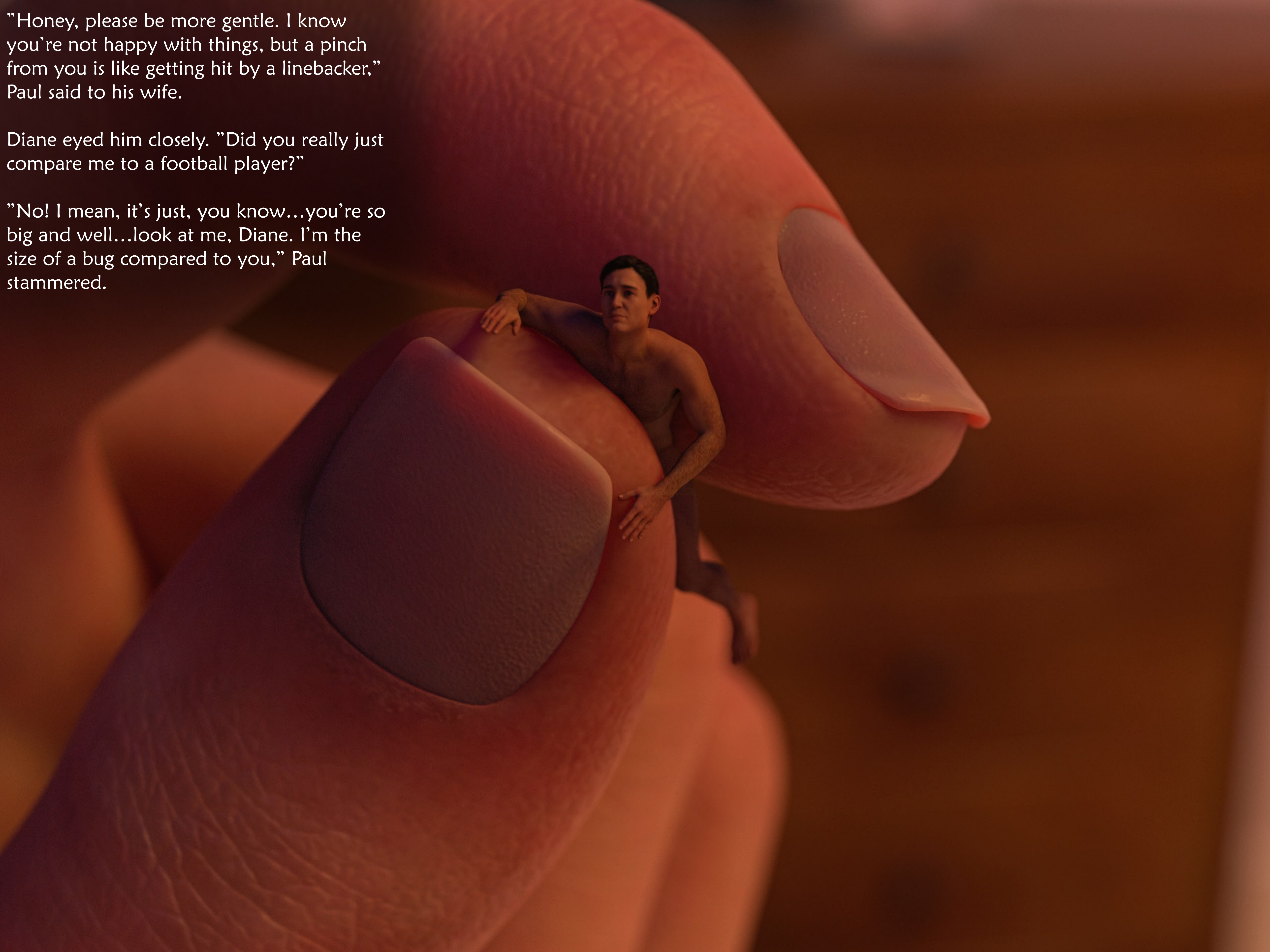
“Stop that, Paul. You know how clumsy I am,” Diane scolded as she gave him a slight pinch. That seemed to do the trick. “I know what you’re thinking. I like you as a shrinky too much to grow you back all the way. Well, I’d be lying if I said that wasn’t true, but I’d much prefer you at a size that’s more...manageable. You know, like during our summer abroad?”

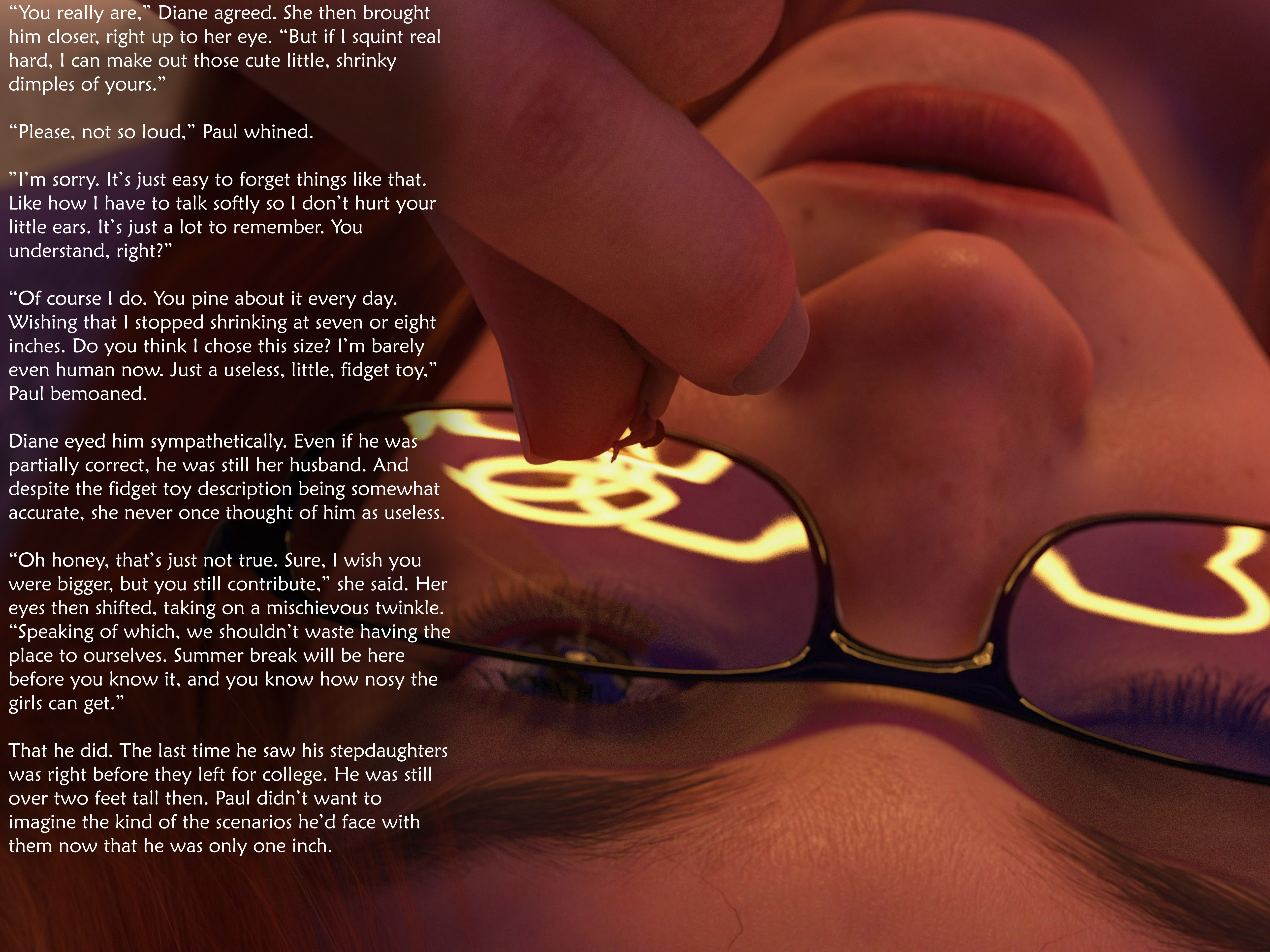


"Honey, please be more gentle. I know you're not happy with things, but a pinch from you is like getting hit by a linebacker," Paul said to his wife.

Diane eyed him closely. "Did you really just compare me to a football player?"

"No! I mean, it's just, you know...you're so big and well...look at me, Diane. I'm the size of a bug compared to you," Paul stammered.





“You really are,” Diane agreed. She then brought him closer, right up to her eye. “But if I squint real hard, I can make out those cute little, shrinky dimples of yours.”

“Please, not so loud,” Paul whined.

”I’m sorry. It’s just easy to forget things like that. Like how I have to talk softly so I don’t hurt your little ears. It’s just a lot to remember. You understand, right?”

“Of course I do. You pine about it every day. Wishing that I stopped shrinking at seven or eight inches. Do you think I chose this size? I’m barely even human now. Just a useless, little, fidget toy,” Paul bemoaned.

Diane eyed him sympathetically. Even if he was partially correct, he was still her husband. And despite the fidget toy description being somewhat accurate, she never once thought of him as useless.

“Oh honey, that’s just not true. Sure, I wish you were bigger, but you still contribute,” she said. Her eyes then shifted, taking on a mischievous twinkle. “Speaking of which, we shouldn’t waste having the place to ourselves. Summer break will be here before you know it, and you know how nosy the girls can get.”

That he did. The last time he saw his stepdaughters was right before they left for college. He was still over two feet tall then. Paul didn’t want to imagine the kind of the scenarios he’d face with them now that he was only one inch.



Diane reached under her pillow and brandished a large, flesh-colored dildo. It had wrinkles and other added textures to make it look and feel real. The only things that gave it away, other than the fact that it was detached from any living person, was the rubber smell that emanated off of it, and the big suction cup located at its base. After admiring it for a moment, she brought it up to Paul and started dangling him over the tip.

“Paul, I’d like you to meet your new best friend, ‘John.’ ‘John’ here is going to be helping you out with your husbandly duties. At least while you remain one inch.”

”How?! It’s huge compared to me. I doubt I could even move it at all, much less actually use it on you,” Paul argued.

Diane giggled at this. “I’m going to be the one doing the moving, Paul. You’ll just be along for the ride. You see, ‘John’ is a bit too smooth for my liking. He could use a little ornament like you to make him feel better.”

Diane carefully set her inchling husband down on the tip of her dildo.

Paul's world shook as his enormous wife giggled. "Hahaha, you look awfully cute, stranded on the tip of my favorite toy. Well, my OTHER favorite toy."

Paul knew she was being playful, but he still didn't like being referred to as a toy. Yet he couldn't really blame her. He must've looked positively tiny set atop his wife's dildo. Even the pee hole was big compared to him. Paul reckoned he could probably fit his entire torso along it.

That's just what he did, in fact. Using his arms and legs, Paul inched his way up along the curve of the toy until he was securely draped over its top. There, he could finally get a good look at his wife. Her huge breasts heaved and jiggled far below. It was moments like these that reminded him that being a shrinky wasn't all bad.




”Aw, you’re bonding with ‘John’ already! You’re hugging him, aren’t you?” Diane teased.

“No, Diane. I’m trying not to slip,” Paul countered.

Diane didn’t seem to listen though. Her eyes showed that her mind was elsewhere entirely. “I think you and John deserve a kiss from me. A real wet one, too.”





Before Paul could voice any protest, Diane opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around him and the dildo. He was instantly covered in spit, shrouded in the hot, balmy breath that filled her mouth. Paul could smell and even taste the remnants of her dinner.

”Mmm, you taste good,” Diane mumbled. Her lips vibrated over his tiny form.

After a few seconds of this, Diane finally removed him and ‘John’ from her mouth. “There, now you’re nice and wet. All that’s left is for me to get you properly secured.”

“What do you mean?” Paul nervously asked.

“I can’t just let you ride ‘John’ bareback. Not while I’m pumping you both in and out of me. An arm or leg could get snagged, or worse, I could lose you,” Diane explained.


Paul didn’t like the sound of that. Ever since he had reached one inch, the most Diane ever did to him was shove him inside for a few minutes. Most of the other stuff they did was teasing, like wearing him in her panties, or sucking on him like a piece of candy.

“C...can’t we talk about this?”
Paul stammered.

”After the twenty minutes I just
spent securing you?” Diane asked
rhetorically.

She wasn’t lying. The cuffs alone
took eight minutes, not to
mention the fast-drying glue that
needed additional time to set.
Then she had to actually latch him
into the things. This consisted of
her slowly but carefully spreading
his arms and legs so she wouldn’t
tear anything, all while she
simultaneously secured the cuffs
around them. “No, Paul. After
that ordeal, I plan on getting my
money’s worth.”



A woman in a red bikini stands in a bedroom, her back to the camera. In the foreground, a large, realistic-looking dildo is positioned vertically. The room is dimly lit with warm, orange-toned light. A desk with a computer monitor and a chair is visible in the background.

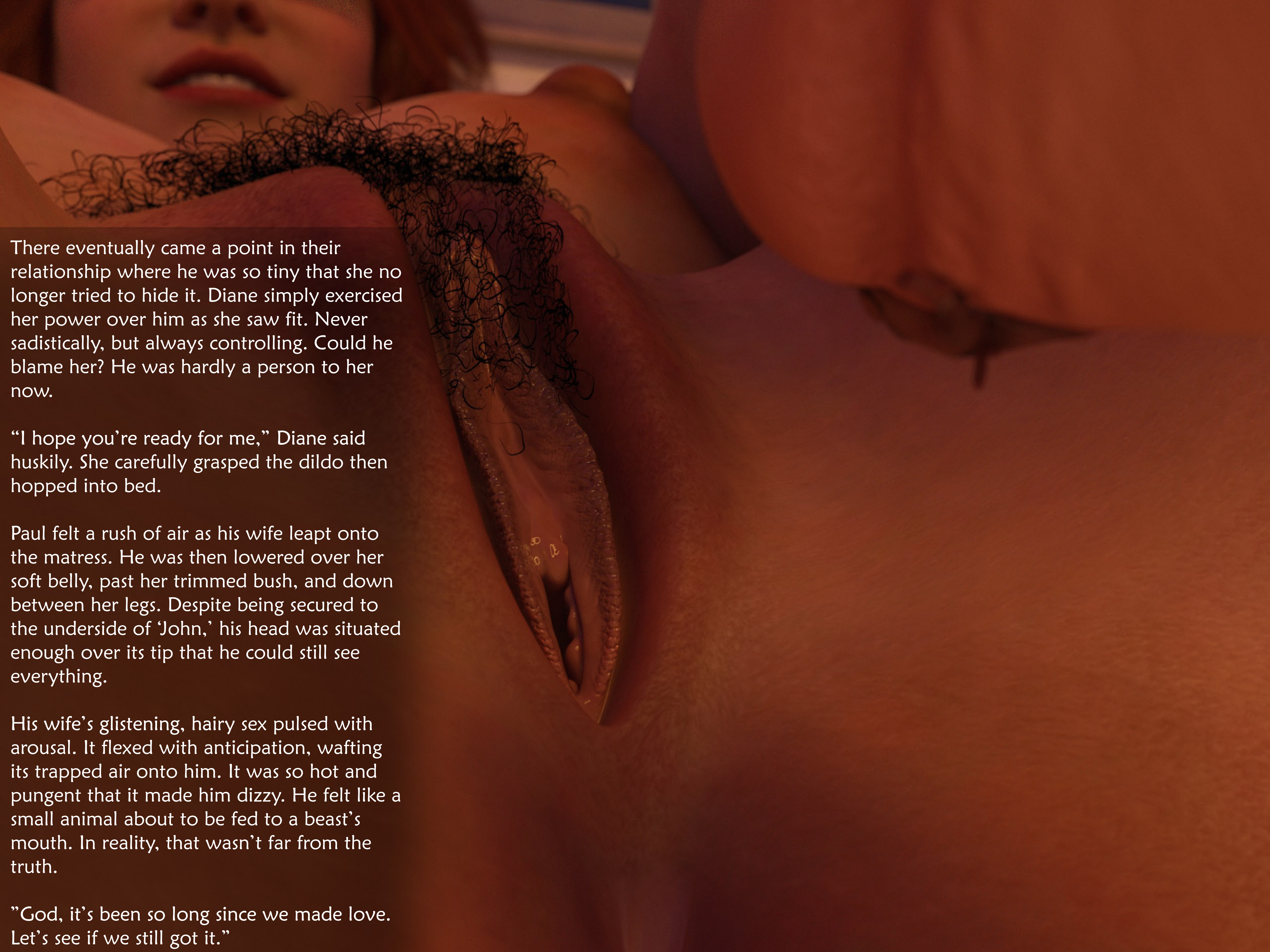
Paul felt powerless as Diane set the dildo down on her bedside table and stepped away to undress. Never in his life had he felt so small. Not even when she wore him in the gusset crotch of her underwear, or played with him in her mouth. All he could do was hang there and wait for the inevitable.

At least the view was nice. Sure, Diane was a big girl. Even by normal standards. Before his shrinking began, she actually towered over him by over half a foot, but her body was thick in all the right places. She had a big ass, long thick legs, and humongous breasts.

He thought back to when they first met. It was at a faculty mixer on campus. For Paul, it was love at first sight. Unbeknownst to him, Diane felt the same way.

He was new to the university, and despite his age, he seemed so timid and innocent. It made her heart melt. Diane made it a point to go out of her way to make him feel welcome. Unlike most tall women who usually held out for even taller guys, or at least ones that were closer to theirs, Diane had a thing for short kings. Paul couldn't take the hint. So it was Diane who made the first move.

Never in a million years did Paul think Diane would go for a guy so much smaller and shorter than she was. As they began to date, however, it quickly became obvious to him that she had a sort of domination fetish. She loved comparing sizes between them. Like the size of their hands, the width of their thighs, and of course their heights. Shortly after they got married, he was diagnosed with GSRD. Then the comparisons became more frequent. She often used the excuse of maintaining records for his doctor's appointments, but her heavy breathing and flaring nostrils told a different story.



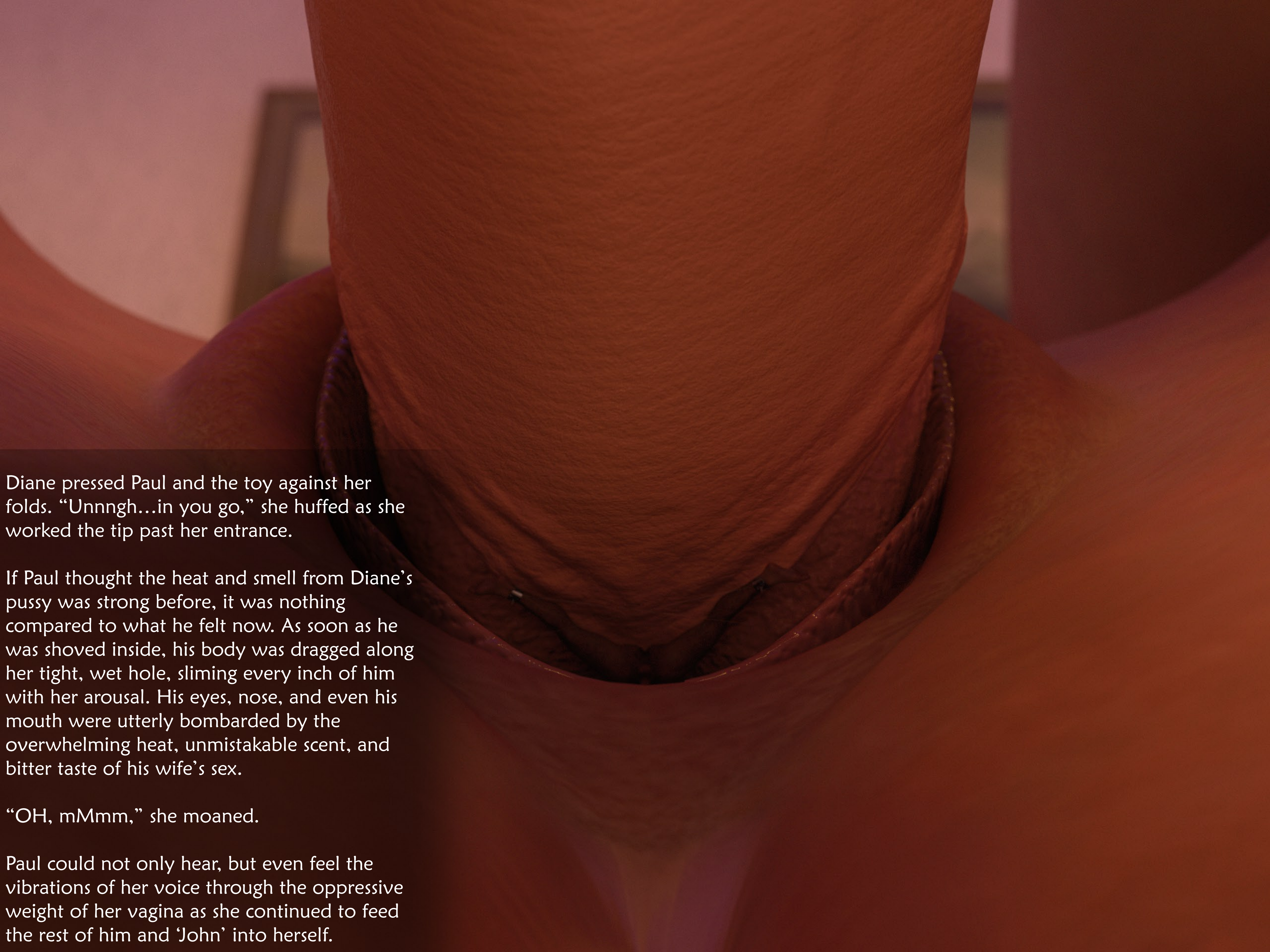
There eventually came a point in their relationship where he was so tiny that she no longer tried to hide it. Diane simply exercised her power over him as she saw fit. Never sadistically, but always controlling. Could he blame her? He was hardly a person to her now.

“I hope you’re ready for me,” Diane said huskily. She carefully grasped the dildo then hopped into bed.

Paul felt a rush of air as his wife leapt onto the mattress. He was then lowered over her soft belly, past her trimmed bush, and down between her legs. Despite being secured to the underside of ‘John,’ his head was situated enough over its tip that he could still see everything.

His wife’s glistening, hairy sex pulsed with arousal. It flexed with anticipation, wafting its trapped air onto him. It was so hot and pungent that it made him dizzy. He felt like a small animal about to be fed to a beast’s mouth. In reality, that wasn’t far from the truth.

”God, it’s been so long since we made love. Let’s see if we still got it.”



Diane pressed Paul and the toy against her folds. “Unnnggh...in you go,” she huffed as she worked the tip past her entrance.

If Paul thought the heat and smell from Diane’s pussy was strong before, it was nothing compared to what he felt now. As soon as he was shoved inside, his body was dragged along her tight, wet hole, sliming every inch of him with her arousal. His eyes, nose, and even his mouth were utterly bombarded by the overwhelming heat, unmistakable scent, and bitter taste of his wife’s sex.

“OH, mMmm,” she moaned.

Paul could not only hear, but even feel the vibrations of her voice through the oppressive weight of her vagina as she continued to feed the rest of him and ‘John’ into herself.



”oOoh...I missed this,” Diane huffed.

She hadn’t masturbated in over a week, and the last time she did it was only for a few minutes. She shoved Paul inside while she rubbed her outer lips. It felt great, but it left her wanting more. Something bigger.

After finding those special cuffs while browsing an online shrinky store, she was dying to finally put them to use. Boy, was she glad she did. Paul’s little form added a delicious bump that was hitting all the right places. Not only that, but knowing that this tiny bump was in fact her husband, once a full-sized man, put things into overdrive.


“Unnng...ffuuck!” Diane moaned. She wiggled the dildo back and forth, clamping her pussy around it and its stowaway while she continued to press them deeper. “Money well spent.”

While Diane's experience could best be described as a form of sexual relief, Paul's was anything but. During this initial plunge, his body scraped along her hot walls, basting him in her fragrant goo as she slowly worked the dildo into herself.

All of a sudden, his entire frontside flattened against the bottom of Diane's vagina. The walls of her sex began hugging and squeezing him, forcing the air from his lungs. Luckily for him, the kegel squeezes were short-lived, and his wife quickly began joysticking him and 'John' around. Paul felt like he was tied to a tree during a hurricane. She was using the dildo without a care in the world, like she would any other time.

Despite being terrified of Diane in this state, Paul was now thoroughly turned on. Being forcibly used by his horny wife, whose oversexed body flooded all of his senses, was a truth his shrinky anatomy could not deny. He wondered if she could even feel his little prick bending and poking against her soft walls.



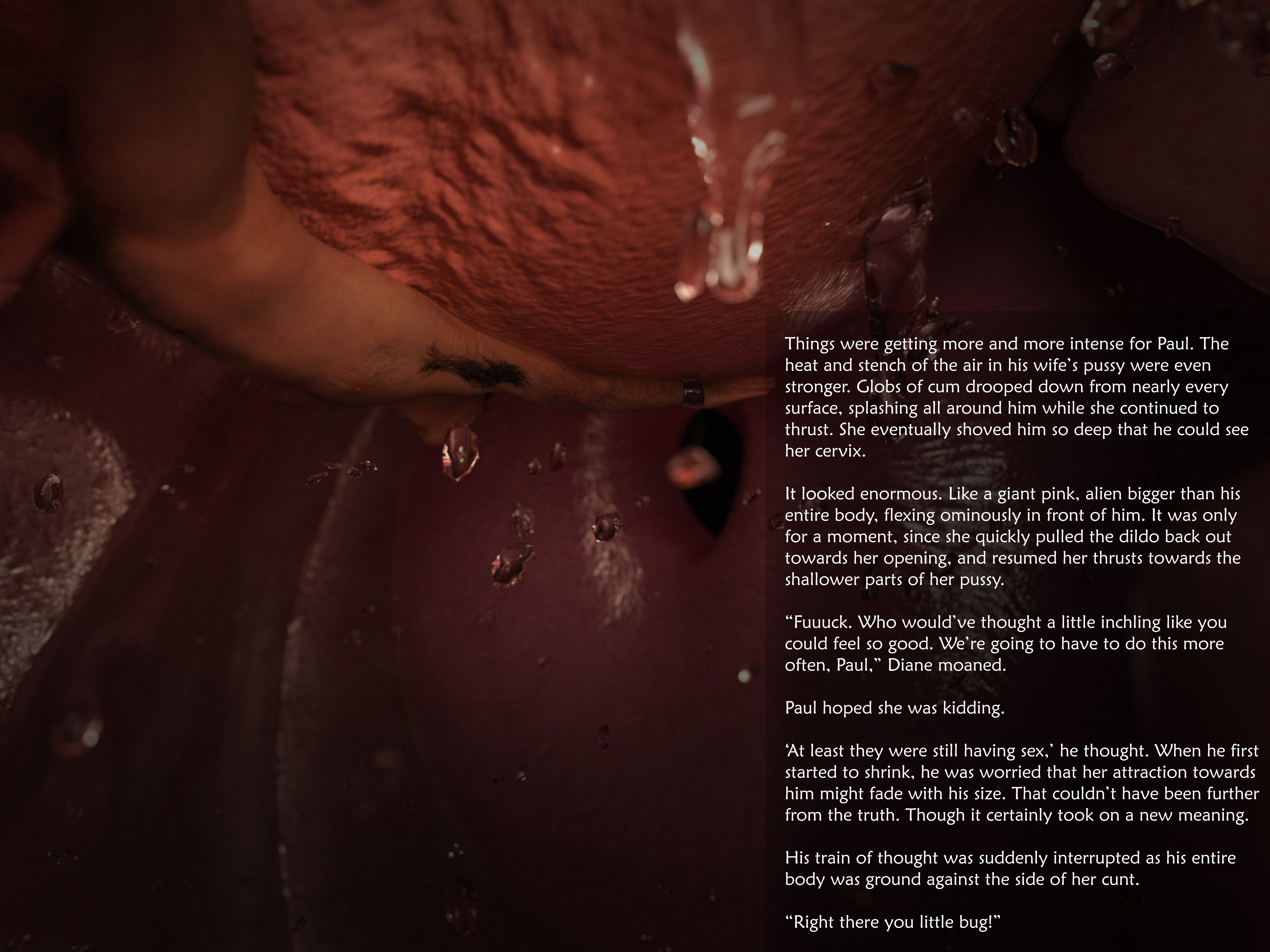


Diane stopped as soon as the dildo was halfway inserted, and slowly began dragging it back out. Just before Paul slipped past her lips to reach the air outside, she plunged it back in.

She preferred to warm things up with a slow and steady rhythm of half insertions. It helped open herself up and the build up felt amazing. Half-way in, then back out to the tip, over and over again.

“That’s it, Paul. Keep rubbing all the right spots,” Diane moaned.

As she got further along, Diane started picking up the pace. She’d do a few slow, half insertions, then follow them with a series of quick thrusts. Drops of cum splashed out of her and dripped down her ass crack.



Things were getting more and more intense for Paul. The heat and stench of the air in his wife's pussy were even stronger. Globbs of cum drooped down from nearly every surface, splashing all around him while she continued to thrust. She eventually shoved him so deep that he could see her cervix.

It looked enormous. Like a giant pink, alien bigger than his entire body, flexing ominously in front of him. It was only for a moment, since she quickly pulled the dildo back out towards her opening, and resumed her thrusts towards the shallower parts of her pussy.

“Fuuuck. Who would’ve thought a little inchling like you could feel so good. We’re going to have to do this more often, Paul,” Diane moaned.

Paul hoped she was kidding.

‘At least they were still having sex,’ he thought. When he first started to shrink, he was worried that her attraction towards him might fade with his size. That couldn’t have been further from the truth. Though it certainly took on a new meaning.

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted as his entire body was ground against the side of her cunt.

“Right there you little bug!”

Paul didn't have time to dwell on her poor choice of words. For as soon as she said it, she started furiously thrusting him and the dildo in and out of herself. Each time she squeezed her cunt muscles around them, digging both him and the tip against the bottom and sides of it.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she moaned.

Paul could hardly catch his breath as her bitter juices quickly flooded his mouth. "Help!" He cried out to no one in particular.

His only answer of course was a grunt from his wife followed by even more thrusts and cunt squeezes.





“Goddamn that feels good,” Diane huffed. “Who says size has to matter? Haha, oh...that’s it...fffuckk...right there.”

With each passing second, her dildo pumps became deeper, and more frantic. Soon she was using the entire length of the toy, and every so often she’d even bump the tip of it, along with Paul, against her cervix. Some women found this kind of masturbation painful. Not Diane. To her it was amazing.

Like the end of a battering ram. That's how Paul felt.

What started as a slow, drawn out masturbation break, quickly devolved into a beat up session for him, and workout for his wife's left arm.

In and out. In and out. In and out.

No person could ever hump that fast. It was the kind of speed and ferocity a person could only achieve with a toy. A toy that he was currently attached to.

His wife's frenzied thrusts scraped his body along the entire length of her canal. If it weren't for how soaked she was- she was practically squirting at this point- then his skin would've likely abraded off.

"I'm...so close..." she moaned.

"Aah hrmph!" He cried out before one of her thrusts forced his whole upper body to bend back as it was sandwiched between the dildo and her cervix.

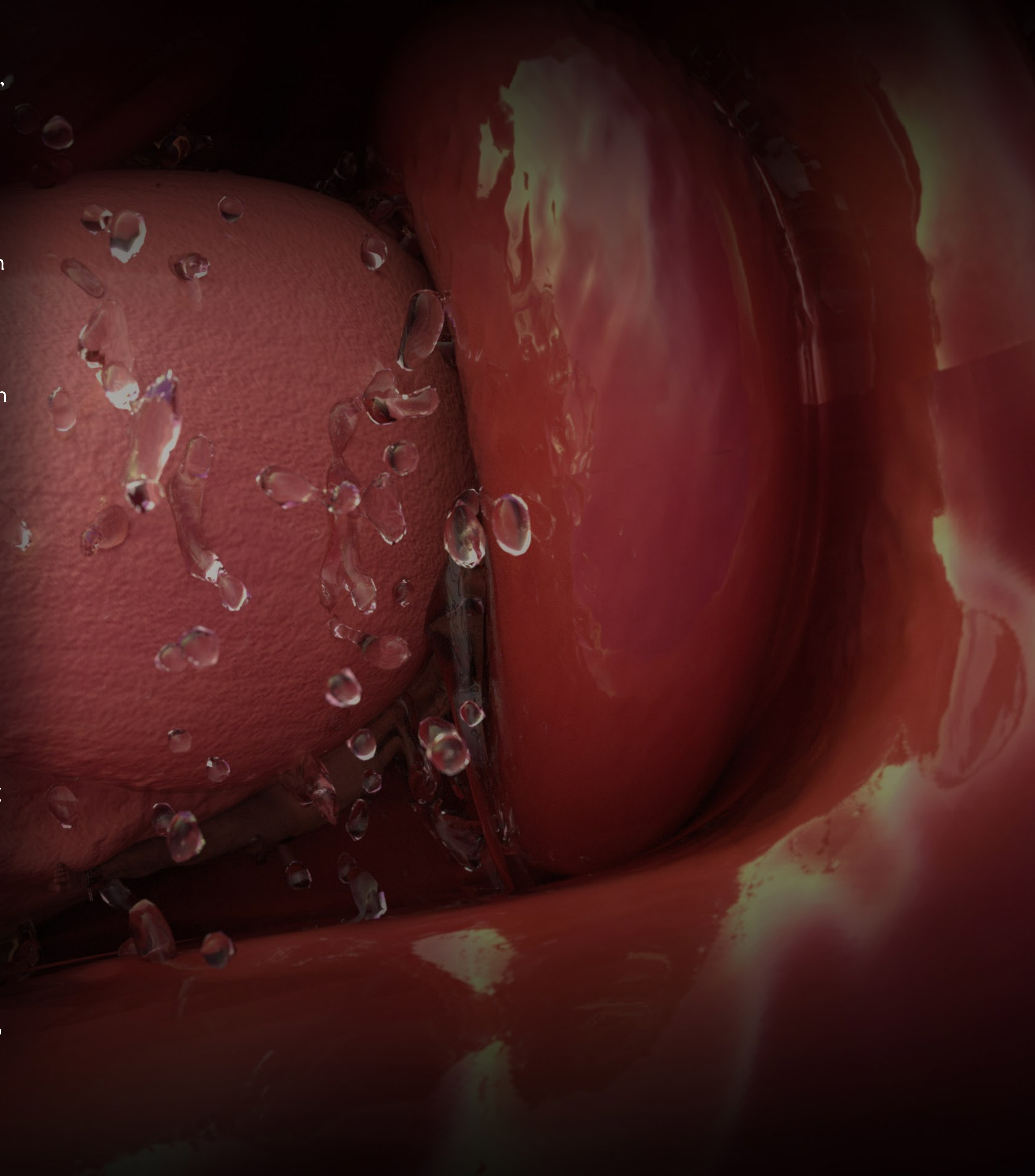
Paul tried to catch his breath, only for it to happen again. And again.

Until it finally...

"I'm cumming...I'm cumming...!" Diane cried out as she plunged the dildo in as far as it would go, grinding Paul practically into her cervix.

The walls of her pussy churned and squeezed Paul like nothing that came before. Then, the hole at the center of her cervix opened wider, and out came squirt after squirt of his wife's hot, funky cum.

Each squirt blasted him square in the face, filling mouthful after mouthful, until he had no choice but to swallow. He was only afforded a second or two of air before her next helping was hosed down his defenseless gullet, and all over his battered body.





Eventually, Diane's orgasm began to wane. As she extracted the dildo from her snatch, the pleasure she felt from it and Paul gliding against her walls became too much for her to bear, and Diane began pumping them in and out once more. It was only brief. A few more thrusts for good measure.

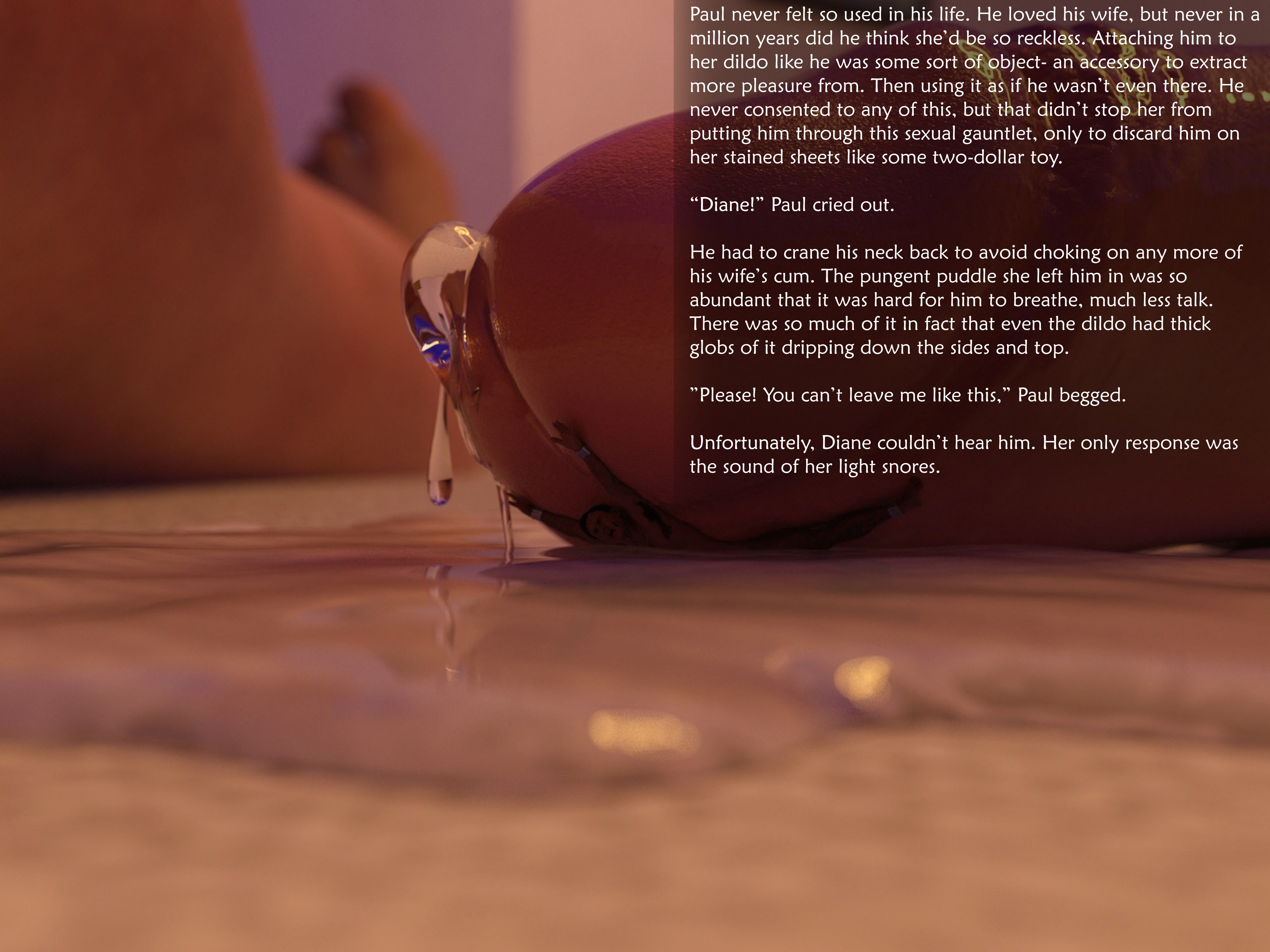
"Unngh...sorry Paul, I couldn't help myself. Fuck, right there."

This quickly devolved into another orgasm, followed by even more of her squirts. By this point, her pussy felt sore, and the bedding between her legs was completely soaked with her cum and sweat. She had finally reached her limit.

Diane carefully slid the dildo out from her snatch. As soon it escaped the grasp of her lips, all the cum it had conveniently kept plugged up this entire time came flowing out of her. An ugly-sounding squelch, followed by a loud queef, filled the room.

"Mmm, excuse me," Diane huskily said.

Not even bothering to check on Paul, Diane set the dildo down between her legs, right where the cum had started to pool.



Paul never felt so used in his life. He loved his wife, but never in a million years did he think she'd be so reckless. Attaching him to her dildo like he was some sort of object- an accessory to extract more pleasure from. Then using it as if he wasn't even there. He never consented to any of this, but that didn't stop her from putting him through this sexual gauntlet, only to discard him on her stained sheets like some two-dollar toy.

"Diane!" Paul cried out.

He had to crane his neck back to avoid choking on any more of his wife's cum. The pungent puddle she left him in was so abundant that it was hard for him to breathe, much less talk. There was so much of it in fact that even the dildo had thick globs of it dripping down the sides and top.

"Please! You can't leave me like this," Paul begged.

Unfortunately, Diane couldn't hear him. Her only response was the sound of her light snores.

Ever since the night before, he and Lauren had been inseparable. In that short amount of time she had become a sort of mother figure for him. She even gave him some of her clothing, which was already too big.

Scott instinctively hid behind her, hugging her hips like a small child would, as he gazed upon the two women in front of him. Gabby and her professor, the person he hoped could shed some light on all of this.

She wasn't what he expected. He envisioned her as some sort of recluse. The stereotypical lab rat type. Instead, she looked like a plus sized model for a tall women's store. She was an absolute bombshell, stylish even. Yet she was also the largest woman he had ever laid eyes on.

"No, I didn't swallow any of it. His cum only made contact with my hands and chest," Gabby asserted.

"Hmm," Diane thought aloud. "We'll run a few tests. But first, let's take some measurements."



“Stand with your back against the wall please,” Diane instructed.

Scott stepped back against the white wall, which was decorated with horizontal lines every three inches. At the very least, this mystery amazon had experience with studying GSRD.

Diane squatted down on her knees to get a closer look. “Four and a half feet,” she announced.

Poor Scott knew that he was four foot something, but hearing it out loud, and in an official capacity, made it so much worse. Especially coming from a woman so much bigger than him.





Then came his weight. He was required to strip to ensure an accurate reading.

Scott stepped onto the cold scale and stared ahead. For some reason, he thought that if he didn't look at it, then it would somehow feel less real.

Gabby crouched down to get a closer look. "Seventy two pounds and three quarters," she announced. Her tone and demeanor were a stark contrast to Scott's. It was as if his smaller size excited her.

If Diane wanted to do this right, then it was important for her to establish a baseline. Not just with his height and weight, but also his extremities. This way she could confirm whether his loss in size remained proportional.

“Arm out please,” Diane instructed.

Scott extended his left arm to the side while the enormous woman held a tape measure to it.

After his arms, she followed it up with his legs, and finally his head. Diane carefully measured and recorded lengths and circumferences for each of these.



While Diane and the rest of the room collected data on Scott, the smallest of the bunch remained completely undetectable to everyone else. Everyone except Diane.

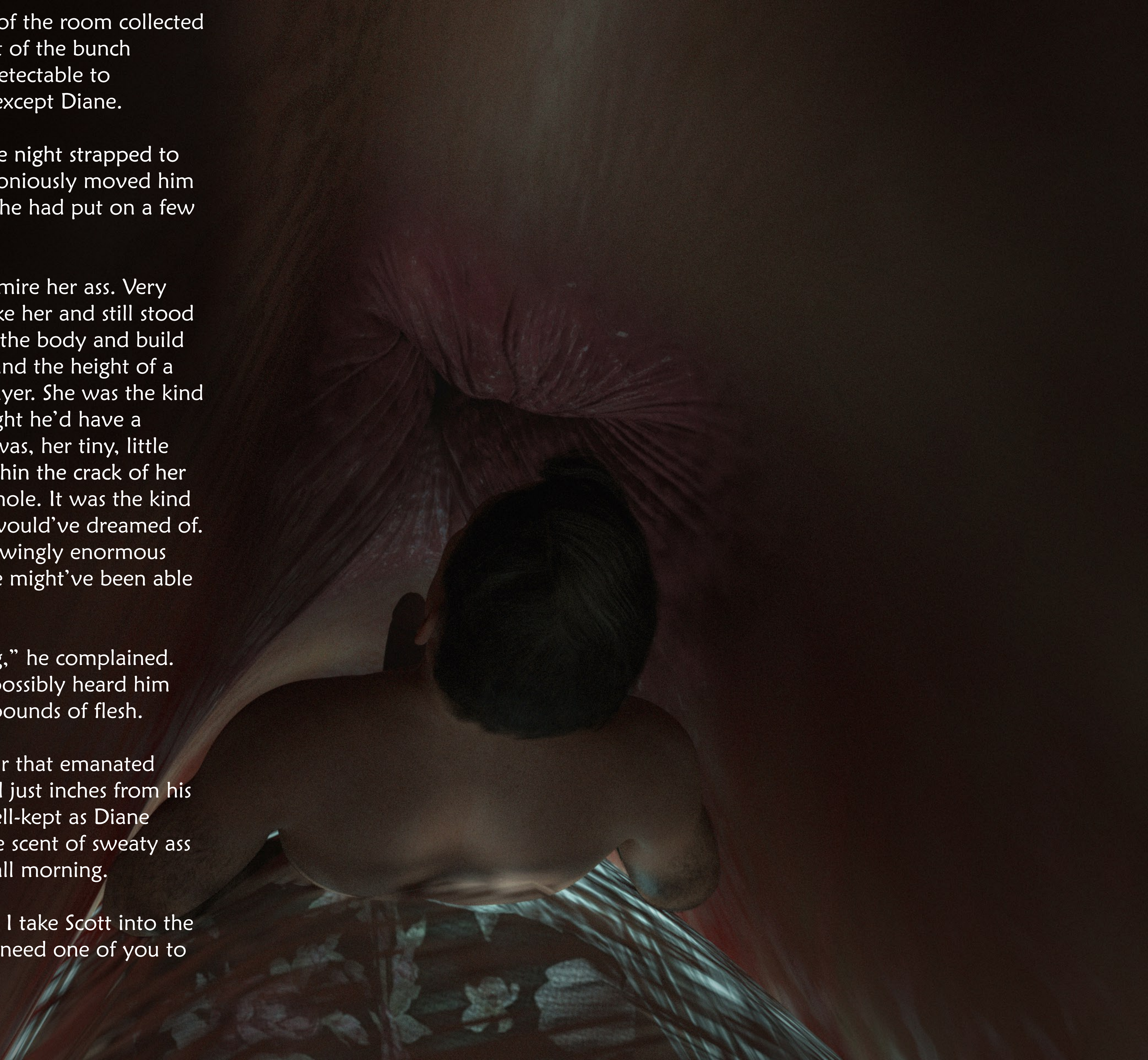
After spending most of the night strapped to her dildo, Diane unceremoniously moved him to the back of the thong she had put on a few hours earlier.


It wasn't like he didn't admire her ass. Very few women had curves like her and still stood as tall as she did. She had the body and build of a plus-sized porn star, and the height of a professional volleyball player. She was the kind of woman he never thought he'd have a chance with. Yet here he was, her tiny, little husband, stuffed deep within the crack of her ass, right beneath her ass hole. It was the kind of place his younger self would've dreamed of. If only it weren't so harrowingly enormous compared to him, then he might've been able to enjoy it.

"Diane! This is humiliating," he complained. Not that she could have possibly heard him buried beneath so many pounds of flesh.

Paul cringed at the stale air that emanated onto him. Her anus flexed just inches from his face. Even someone as well-kept as Diane couldn't possibly mask the scent of sweaty ass he was forced to endure all morning.

"That reminds me. Before I take Scott into the other room, I'm going to need one of you to watch Paul," Diane said.





Diane grabbed a sanitary wipe and reached into the back of her panties. It took a little digging, but Diane soon found what she was looking for. "Ah, there you are," she said as her fingers wrapped around him.

Lauren and Scott looked flabbergasted, while Gabby bounced with excitement. In Diane's hand stood the tiniest person any of them had ever seen.

"Sorry about that. At his size it's very easy for him to lose body heat, so I always have to keep him on me somewhere," Diane explained.

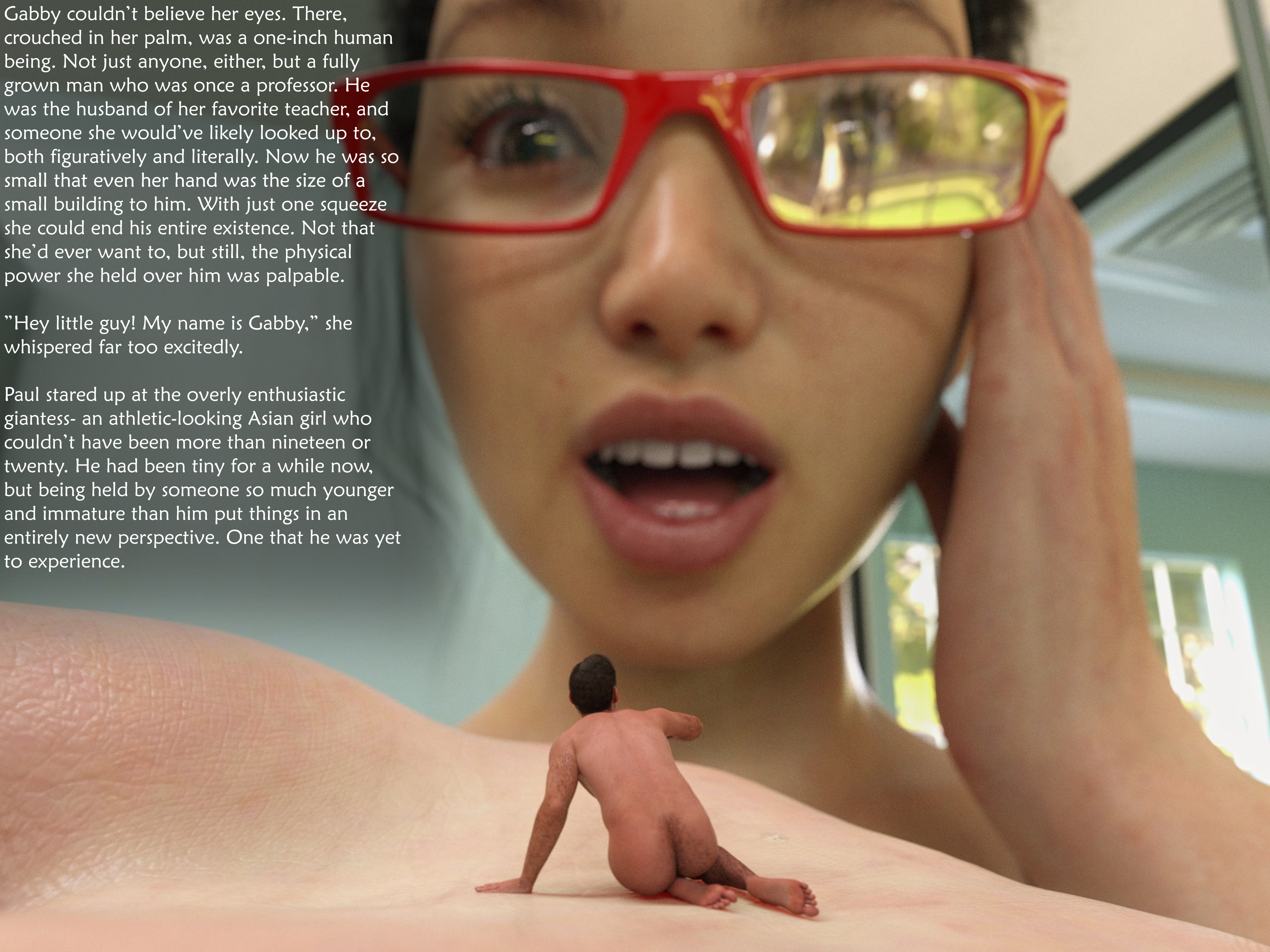
"OMG he's SO cute. Can I hold him? Please, can I?" Gabby begged.

Diane chuckled slightly. "Yes, just be careful. He's a tough little shrinky, but he's still only one inch."

Gabby couldn't believe her eyes. There, crouched in her palm, was a one-inch human being. Not just anyone, either, but a fully grown man who was once a professor. He was the husband of her favorite teacher, and someone she would've likely looked up to, both figuratively and literally. Now he was so small that even her hand was the size of a small building to him. With just one squeeze she could end his entire existence. Not that she'd ever want to, but still, the physical power she held over him was palpable.

"Hey little guy! My name is Gabby," she whispered far too excitedly.

Paul stared up at the overly enthusiastic giantess- an athletic-looking Asian girl who couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty. He had been tiny for a while now, but being held by someone so much younger and immature than him put things in an entirely new perspective. One that he was yet to experience.



With Paul now out of the way, Diane draped an arm over a visibly distraught Scott and led him out of the room.

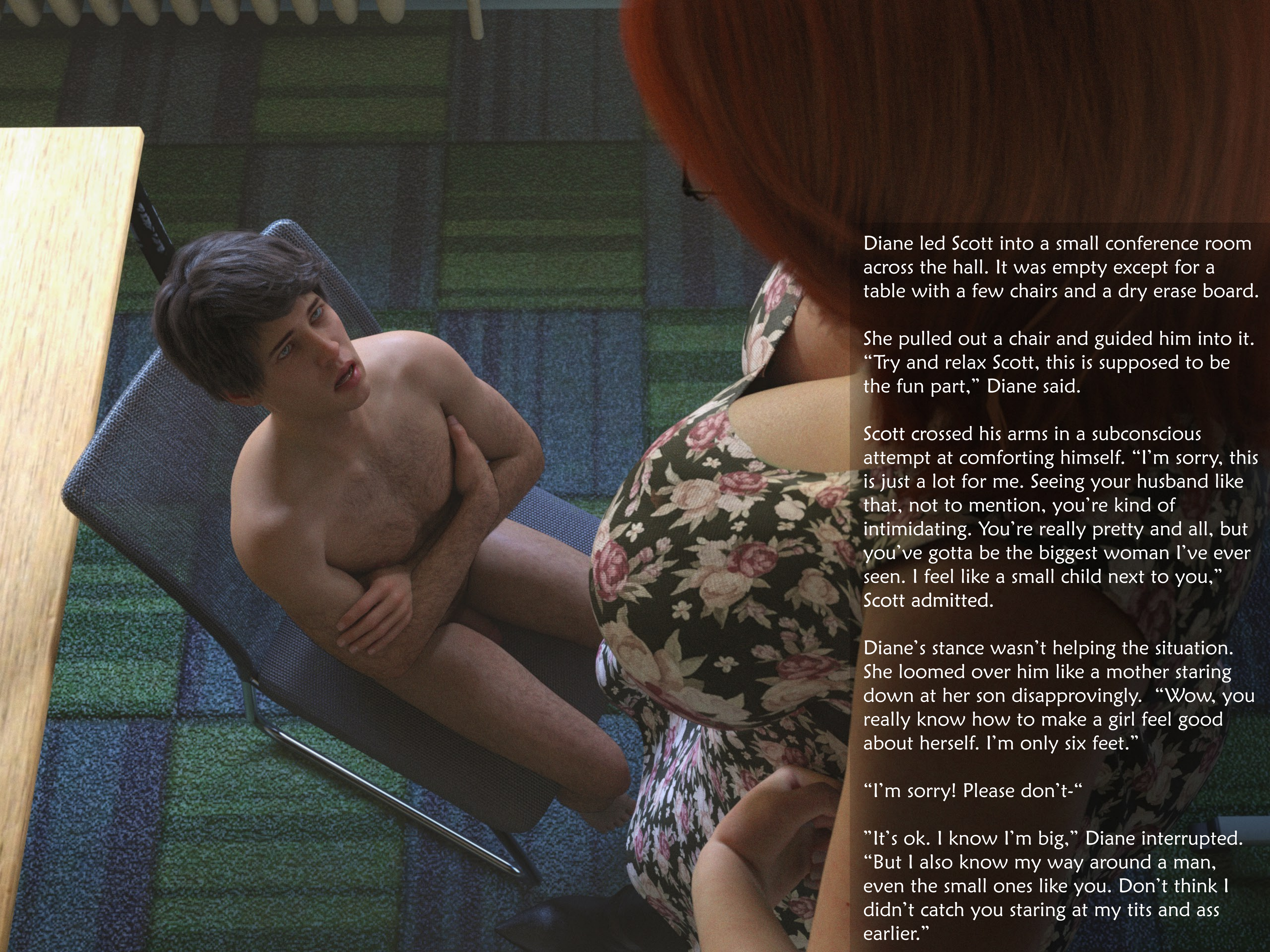
"I know how tough this must be for you. I've seen it before with Paul. Just know that you have two women in there that clearly care about you," Diane said.

Scott didn't know how much of that was true. Especially with respect to Gabby. Not to mention the fact that he was being led away from the only girl he trusted, and by a giant woman who had no qualms about storing her own husband in her ass.

"Where are you taking me?" Scott nervously asked.

"Somewhere private."





Diane led Scott into a small conference room across the hall. It was empty except for a table with a few chairs and a dry erase board.

She pulled out a chair and guided him into it. "Try and relax Scott, this is supposed to be the fun part," Diane said.

Scott crossed his arms in a subconscious attempt at comforting himself. "I'm sorry, this is just a lot for me. Seeing your husband like that, not to mention, you're kind of intimidating. You're really pretty and all, but you've gotta be the biggest woman I've ever seen. I feel like a small child next to you," Scott admitted.

Diane's stance wasn't helping the situation. She loomed over him like a mother staring down at her son disapprovingly. "Wow, you really know how to make a girl feel good about herself. I'm only six feet."

"I'm sorry! Please don't-"

"It's ok. I know I'm big," Diane interrupted. "But I also know my way around a man, even the small ones like you. Don't think I didn't catch you staring at my tits and ass earlier."



Diane reached into her cleavage and pulled out a small, blue capsule. "Here, take this."

"What's this for?" Scott asked.

"It'll help move things along. Not that a young man like you needs any help, but with how nervous you are it couldn't hurt," Diane explained.

She bent forward and placed a palm on the back of his head. "Shhh, it's ok."

"I'm sorry, I just...I didn't expect us to..."

"Those two girls in the other room grew after coming in contact with your cum. I have to test that otherwise- you wouldn't want to go around campus, creating six or seven-foot women out of all your hookups, would you?" Diane knowingly asked.

"I doubt I'd get that lucky. I'm a midget shrinky, and I'm only getting smaller. Who would want to get with that?" Scott responded.

"Well, you're still plenty big to me; and quite handsome," Diane said as she looked into his eyes. Only he was now looking directly at her tits. Not that she could blame him. Each of them were bigger than his head. "Wait 'til you see them without a dress on. Now open wide."

Diane placed the pill onto his tongue and watched him swallow.

After Scott finished swallowing the pill, instead of simply getting started like he had expected them to, they instead continued their conversation. He couldn't tell if Diane was waiting for it to work or if she was genuinely interested in him. Either way, it offered him enough of a distraction to finally ignore his nervousness and allow nature to take its course.


"I think it's time we moved things along," Diane said.

She stepped to the side and removed her dress, followed by her bra. Wearing only a thong and boots, Diane cocked her hips to the side and looked over her shoulder and directly at Scott. He was still seated in the chair, staring wide-eyed at her nearly naked form.

"Looks like someone is happy to see me," she joked.

Scott looked down and noticed his raging erection. He was harder than he had ever been.





Diane didn't bother waiting for his response. This was a scientific test, and Scott- the subject, was clearly ready. She slid her underwear off and stepped one leg over him.

Scott was at a loss for words as the enormous professor straddled his lap and began lowering herself onto him. Her hand grasped his dick, sending a jolt of erotic electricity coursing through his body. She was coaxing it further while she lined it up with her opening.

With the tip of his cock pressed against her lips, Diane finally settled down all the way, wiggling her overwhelming weight on Scott's undersized lap.

"Mmm, I missed this," she huffed.

"Please, be gentle," Scott quivered, instinctually reaching his arms around her back.



Diane grabbed Scott's head and pulled it into her chest as she began thrusting and grinding against his lap. It had been so long since she felt the real thing that even at his much smaller size, she was still able to enjoy herself.

"Fuck...it's been so long," Diane moaned.

“I’m...I’m close,” Scott warned.

Although it hadn’t been very long for him at all. Less than a day in fact. He had never been with a woman quite like Diane. Not as smart, or curvy, and certainly not as big. Her size and scent- a mix of perfume, deodorant, and sweat, dominated his senses much like she did.

”Hold on a bit longer for me. You’ll like this,” Diane assured.

She reached her arms around to the back of the chair and braced herself against him. With her feet firmly planted on the ground she began to bounce. Slowly at first, and not very high, but with enough oomph to shake the chair and every bone in Scott’s body.

”Aah, you’re going to crush me,” Scott nervously warned.

”Shhh, I’ll be careful,” Diane whispered.



This seemed to work. Scott's worries slowly drifted off, giving way to the carnal stimuli that was Diane- her giant tits swinging and colliding with his face, her tensing thighs and fat butt bouncing on his lap, and her soaked pussy, kegel-clenching his cock. She was a young, enthusiastic lover trapped in the body of a mature, behemoth of a woman.

Scott lowered his arm and grasped a handful of Diane's fat ass cheek.

"Mmm, that's the spirit," she encouraged.



It could've been five minutes or thirty, neither of them would've ever known. Both were equally lost to their bodies, bouncing and thrusting away, inching closer and closer to the finish line.

"Ah! Right there, you little, shrinky hobbit. Keep squirming like that," Diane gasped.

"Hobbit! Seriously?" Scott yelped.

His offense, however, was short-lived. He had finally reached his body's breaking point.





Diane began bouncing like a jackrabbit while Scott quickened his thrusts. This was it. The moment they had been waiting for.

“Aahhh!” they cried out in unison, their bodies shaking from all the tension they had built up that was starting to release.

Cum began shooting out of him in short, powerful bursts, while Diane’s cunt spasmed and squirted around him.

Scott could feel his essence leaving with each release. A strange, radiating warmth began to blanket Diane’s body.

Gabby was right. Diane was siphoning Scott’s lost size through his cum.





Diane's orgasm, along with this strange new sensation, was like nothing she had ever felt before. She had to stop herself from resting her entire weight on poor Scott's lap, which surely would've crushed his little legs.

Instead, she gripped the back of the chair and drove her hips forward, bouncing and thrusting so hard that the chair began to bend and creak as she wedged every last inch of Scott's cock inside her.

"Mhpphm!" Scott mumbled into her chest. His entire face was wedged so deeply between her growing, sweaty tits that he could hardly breathe, much less speak.

Her snatch greedily squeezed the final drops of cum from his dick. She wiggled and shimmied her hips all over his now tinier lap. With a wet sounding squelch, his softened cock flopped out of her gaping pussy, signaling to them both that the experiment was over.



“That was nice,” Diane said.

She was standing now, with her hand placed warmly on Scott’s head, like a mother would to her son.

This comparison wasn’t far off. Scott was so small, and she was so big in her high-heeled boots, that he was nearly pussy-height to her.

“God you’re like the size of my nephew,” Diane said in astonishment. “Oh, and what’s this? Ready for another round, already?”



Scott stared up at Diane's form in awe. The biggest woman he had ever laid eyes on was now even bigger. Not just in height, but also thickness. Diane's tits, which were already the size of cow udders, had somehow grown even bigger. Her sizable rear and thick thighs had also widened noticeably.

"As fun as that might be, I actually need a sample before you leave," Diane said. "How about we include those nice friends of yours?"





“Well, Gabby, you were right,” Diane said. She was so big now that she had to tilt her head to fit through the doorway.

Scott was ahead of Diane and had already entered the room. He quickly went to where Lauren was standing.

“Are you ok?” she gently asked.

“I guess so,” Scott answered.

This wasn't entirely true, but he felt better now that he was no longer alone with Diane. He enjoyed their time together as much as any guy would, but his loss in size and her obvious gain was terrifying.

“How’s my little hubby doing?” Diane asked.

“Wonderfully!” Gabby gushed.

“Good! You can continue holding onto him if you like, though I’m not sure he’d enjoy being in your hand for the next part,” Diane warned.


“That’s ok. I know just the place.”

Gabby pulled the left side of her tank top down and removed her left breast. With her tit out and on display for everyone in the room to see, Gabby lowered Paul to her chest and carefully placed him atop her nipple. He looked ridiculous. Like a little circus performer balancing on top of it.

Scott couldn’t believe what he was seeing. An adult male, decades older than either of them, standing atop Gabby’s nipple like a pet bug being forced to perform tricks for its owner.

“See, Scott? Being small isn’t ALL bad. Look how happy he is now that he’s standing on my pretty titty!” Gabby assured.



A man with dark hair, shirtless, is sitting on a large, tufted red beanbag chair. He is looking upwards and to the right with a thoughtful expression. The background is a wall with a repeating geometric pattern of small triangles. The lighting is soft, creating a calm atmosphere.

Never in his life had Paul ever felt so humiliated. To be put on display for everyone else’s amusement, and by a spoiled brat who was barely even an adult no less.

It wasn’t like he could actually do anything about it. One wrong move and he’d injure himself or worse. Not to mention the fact that he’d then have to deal with the wrath of his wife. That was something he preferred to avoid.

“Stay.” Gabby commanded.

It took every ounce of composure Paul had left in him not to explode in a curse-laden tirade directed at the spoiled brat. The nerve that this nineteen-year-old woman had was astounding. She spoke to him, an accomplished professor, like he was a pet dog, and in front of his own wife of all people. He wanted nothing more than to bury his head in her flesh and bite down hard, but he knew that would just end up with him getting injured or killed. Seeing no other viable option, Paul did as he was told and sat down on Gabby’s bean bag-sized nipple. As soon as his butt made contact, the fabric of her shirt stretched back over her breast and covered him up from view.

“You don’t mind do you?” Gabby asked as she turned towards Diane. “I feel so close to him now. It’s quite warm in there, too.”

Diane smiled. “Of course not. Paul LOVES it when I put him with mine.”

Eager to move things along, Diane suggested they get to the next part of their visit. She needed a sample if she wanted to test its effects on Paul. After giving them a clean beaker to collect it in, Diane proceeded to explain the parameters.

“If I’m going to figure out what’s going on, I’ll need a sample that’s completely uncontaminated. Make sure none of it comes in contact with you or anything else other than the glass,” Diane specified.

Lauren, who had grown turned off by Gabby’s antics, decided it was best if she did the ‘collecting.’ She approached Scott and crouched down. Even in this position, her head remained at chin height to him. She made eye contact with him and immediately took notice of how nervous he was.

“Remember back in senior year when we used to date? You always said I gave the best hand jobs. Do you think that’s still true?” Lauren asked. Not bothering to wait for his answer, she wrapped her hand around his cock and began stroking it.



Up and down Lauren's hand went. Massaging and milking Scott's cock better than he himself could. The soft, warm skin of her hand, paired with its overall largeness, made for a handjob quite unlike any other.

"Ooh, I think he's close. Gabby, hold the glass up. I don't want to miss any," Lauren said.

Gabby smirked as she held the glass beneath his dick.

"Ooh, I'm about to..."

"Cum?" Lauren playfully added.





Not a moment later, Scott's whole body began to twitch, as spurt after spurt squirted out from his cock and into the glass below.

"I love how they pulse extra hard just before release," Lauren commented.

"Ah, ffuuck," Scott yelped.

His body tensed as ropes of ejaculate shot out from him

Lauren and Gabby stared in astonishment. They were both extra careful not to get any on them.

"God, Scott. You must've really missed me," Lauren beamed.





Lauren wrapped her arm around Scott's shoulder encouragingly, while she continued to stroke through his orgasm. She wanted to make sure she milked every last drop from him, without contaminating any of it, of course.

The spurts from Scott's dick began to die down, and Lauren finally let go.

"Good job Scott. You let out nearly half a cup," Gabby complimented as she collected the last drops from his still rock-hard cock.

Lauren got up and hugged him affectionately. She couldn't help but marvel at the fact that even after Diane and them had their way with him, his stubborn dick was still standing at attention. "That thing just won't quit!"

"I may have slipped him a blue pill earlier. You know, to help with the nerves..." Diane admitted.

"Still. I'm impressed."





"Can we go now?" Scott asked.

Lauren crouched down to his level. Only now she was taller.


"Soon. We still have to take your 'after' measurements. Then we can go." she said.

"Ok. Lauren?"

"Yes, Scott?"

"Thanks for everything. Between giving me a place to stay, and trying to help me figure this whole thing out...I...don't know what I'd do without you," Scott explained.

"Aww! Scott, of course. You're my best friend. I wouldn't have it any other way," Lauren said.



Scott stared at the floral hem of Diane's dress. He was so small, and she was so big, that he was now the same height as her pussy when she was standing in her high-heeled boots.

"Three feet, nine inches. The perfect height for a woman my size. Wouldn't you agree?" Diane said to Scott with a chuckle. She too noticed his face's close approximation to her crotch.



What came next were a series of measurements, only unlike before, Diane didn't stop immediately after. She needed to check his core temperature.

"Ow, ow, ow, make her stop, Lauren!" Scott begged.

He was utterly defenseless, bent over Diane's wide knee like a child about to receive a spanking.

"Jesus, isn't there another way?" Lauren gasped.

"Sorry, it's the only thermometer I have that'll fit. The smaller he gets, the harder it is for his body to maintain a healthy temp. We'll have to remain vigilant," Diane explained. She rubbed her hand along the panicked shrinky's back, both to soothe him, as well as to immobilize him. "Shhh, this will only take a second. Take a deep breath and it'll all be over before you know it."

Scott yelped as he felt the cold tip of the thermometer enter him. His body tensed. Each second that passed felt like an eternity.

Beep!

"There. All done," Diane announced as she removed the thermometer from his bottom.



7 ft.
81"
78"
75"
6 ft.
69"
66"
63"
5 ft.
57"
54"
51"
4 ft.
45"
42"
39"
3 ft.
33"
30"
27"
2 ft.
21"
18"
15"
1 ft.
9"
6"
3"

“Are you sure he’s not up for a third? He looks ready and the additional sample could help us get an accurate p-value. I could even help if you like,” Diane suggested.

Gabby crouched down to eye-level with Scott, who quickly hid behind Lauren’s leg.

“I think I should get a turn,” Gabby said.

Lauren felt his little hands on her butt. He was done and wanted to leave. “No, I think he’s had enough for today. So, Diane, you’ll call us if you find anything?”

“Yes, of course, but if anything comes up, call me. You have my number.” Diane said.

Before they all could exit the room, Diane stepped towards her favorite student. "Ahem! I believe you have something of mine?"

Gabby's face dropped with disappointment. "But...can't I hold onto him a little longer? I'll bring him back when I'm done. I promise."

"No, Gabby. He may be a shrinky the size of a baby mouse, but he's still my husband," Diane explained.





Paul heard the commotion and braced himself. Gabby removed the tank top from her left breast and light flooded his surroundings. High above him stood her beaming face. He didn't like how she looked at him. It was the same look his wife would give him, but unlike her, this young lady was a complete stranger.

"Hold still," Gabby warned. Her fingers shifted closer together as she brought them towards him.

The young college student plucked him up by the leg and dangled him in front of her face.

"God, you're so friggin' tiny. You really are like a baby mouse, only skinnier," Gabby thought out loud.

Scott couldn't help but stare at Gabby manhandling this poor shrinky. She was dangling him around like a small toy or object. It was obvious that she was on some sort of power trip. Like she was getting off on the fact that she could manipulate this shrinky's body with only her fingers.

Gabby continued to eye him hungrily. "You wouldn't believe how small and flat-chested I was before Scott moved in. Not to you, of course, since you're only an inch, lol, but in general. I wonder how big your wife's tits would be if you had the same strain as Scott?"

Scott's heart leapt to his throat.

"AHEM!" Diane noisily butted in.

"Sorry!" Gabby said. She begrudgingly extended her arm towards her professor, and carefully deposited Paul onto the palm of his wife.



On the way home, Gabby had to make a stop at the store. This gave Lauren and Scott a moment to themselves when they got back.

“Hey,” Lauren said while looming over Scott.

It was so surreal for Scott. Less than a day ago they were the exact same height. Now he was nearly half her height. The days when he used to hug her with his chin on her head felt like a distant memory. Her T-shirt, which merely had an oversized fit on him just a few hours ago, looked more like a dress.

“I hate to leave you like this, but I have to go to work,” Lauren added. Her voice sounded almost apologetic. “Will you be ok here with Gabby?”



Scott didn't want to be left alone with Gabby. Not after their last time together, and certainly not after what he had witnessed back at the lab. She wanted to be bigger, curvier...and Scott was her meal ticket there.

Lauren had been nothing but great to Scott. The last thing he wanted to do was inconvenience her further. "I'll be fine," he said.

"It's only for a few hours. I'll be back before you know it. Then we can cuddle just like we did last night," Lauren said.

Scott embraced her hips in a hug and pressed his head against her belly. "Promise?"

"Promise." Her enormous hands rubbed across his back.





Scott sat down on the couch and nervously awaited Gabby's return. He didn't have to wait for very long.

The door swung open fast and loudly, much like Gabby's personality. "Where's Lauren?"

"She had work today," Scott explained.

"I seriously thought she was going to call out," Gabby said. The surprise in her voice was palpable. "Well...I guess that just leaves you and me."

Gabby wasted no time at all. She practically bum rushed Scott with excitement, grabbing him by the shoulder, and forcing him up from the couch.

“Ow. Let go of me!” Scott whined.

“Not a chance, little man,” Gabby said.

With her hand still wrapped around his arm, Gabby dragged him out in the open, then forced him against the living room door.

Scott immediately took notice of the fact that his eyes were now in line with her upper stomach. Her sizable breasts, which were practically mosquito bites the night before, hung closely above. Less than twenty four hours ago he was still a great deal taller than her. This petite, almost boyish looking girl had transformed into a towering young woman.

Her supple thigh pressed against his side.

“What...what are you doing?” Scott stammered.

“What’s it look like I’m doing? I’m taking some of your height,” Gabby said, her voice devoid of any concern for him, like she was grabbing a drink from the fridge. “Don’t act like you don’t want this. I can feel your boner poking me in the thigh. Now, be a doll, and remove your shirt- I mean, Lauren’s shirt, lol.



Scott stood no chance at escape. He pulled the collar over his shoulders and allowed the shirt to fall to the floor.

Gabby kicked it to the side and got down on her knees. Even in this position, she was absolutely massive compared to him.

“Ooh, is that for me?” Gabby playfully asked.

”It’s the viag...oh,” Scott moaned.

Gabby gripped his cock with one hand and placed the other on his abdomen. “Relax. I’ve been told I’m good at this.”



Gabby grasped Scott's bottom and wrapped her lips around the head of his tool.

"Oh fuck," he moaned.

The eager amazon gobbled his entire length in one fell swoop. She then began bobbing her head along the length of his dick.



Back and forth her head went. Slow at first, but soon picking up speed. She pressed her tongue against the bottom of his shaft and began dragging it back and forth as she sucked.

It was the best head he had ever gotten, and he didn't want any part of it. "Please...mm..please stop, Gabby."

Gabby squeezed his butt harder, and began doubling her efforts.

Scott couldn't help himself. His hands moved to the back of her head and started guiding her speed to his liking.





It was only a couple of minutes before Scott began to tense up.

"Mmmm," Gabby moaned.

She started bobbing faster, and faster...using her hands to thrust Scott's hips forward each time her head came down.

Then...it happened

Scott released his load into her mouth.

And along with it, his size.





With each spurt he could feel the mass exiting his body. Her mouth felt bigger. Her hands on his butt and stomach felt larger, heavier even.

Gabby greedily sucked down every last drop of Scott's cum until there was nothing left. It was like she was siphoning water from a broken hose.

When she finally finished, they both were keenly aware of his changes. Scott's head was now down to the doorknob while Gabby, who was sitting on her heels, was almost as tall as he was.



“Look! Not a single drop wasted,” Gabby boasted.

Scott looked into her big mouth, filled with his cum. All the precious size he had just lost had been reduced to a single load in Gabby’s mouth.

With a wincing gulp, Gabby swallowed what remained of Scott’s cum. “Jesus you’re tiny. I haven’t even started growing and I’m nearly as tall as you while sitting on my heels.”





“Let’s see how you look while standing,” Gabby said.

She stood up surprisingly quick for someone so big.

‘God she was huge,’ Scott thought. How could someone so small turn into THIS in less than a day?!

Gabby stared down at him hungrily.

That’s when he noticed. She was getting bigger...





...and bigger...

...and...**BIGGER.**



"Fuck, I forgot how good that felt. Almost like an orgasm," Gabby exclaimed. Her hands caressed the back of her head like she was acting out an herbal essences commercial.

Scott couldn't believe it. He was stomach height to her, and not even the middle part, but her lower stomach. Heels or not, she was huge!

"um...I..." He nervously stammered.

"Speaking of which...care to return the favor?"



Scott barely had time to react before he was staring down an ass the size of a hubcap.

“You like?” Gabby asked. “I never really had an ass before. I have you to thank for my new booty.”





Gabby popped a squat and pulled Scott towards her.

Scott felt her left hand grasp his wrist while the other palmed the back of his head. "Wait...!...mmhbb!"

Gabby pulled him into a deep kiss, filling his entire mouth with her probing tongue. He had no choice but to submit to her.

They made out for a few minutes. That's how Gabby liked it.

Then, when she felt like she was finally warmed up enough, she forced him onto his back.

"You ready?" she asked.

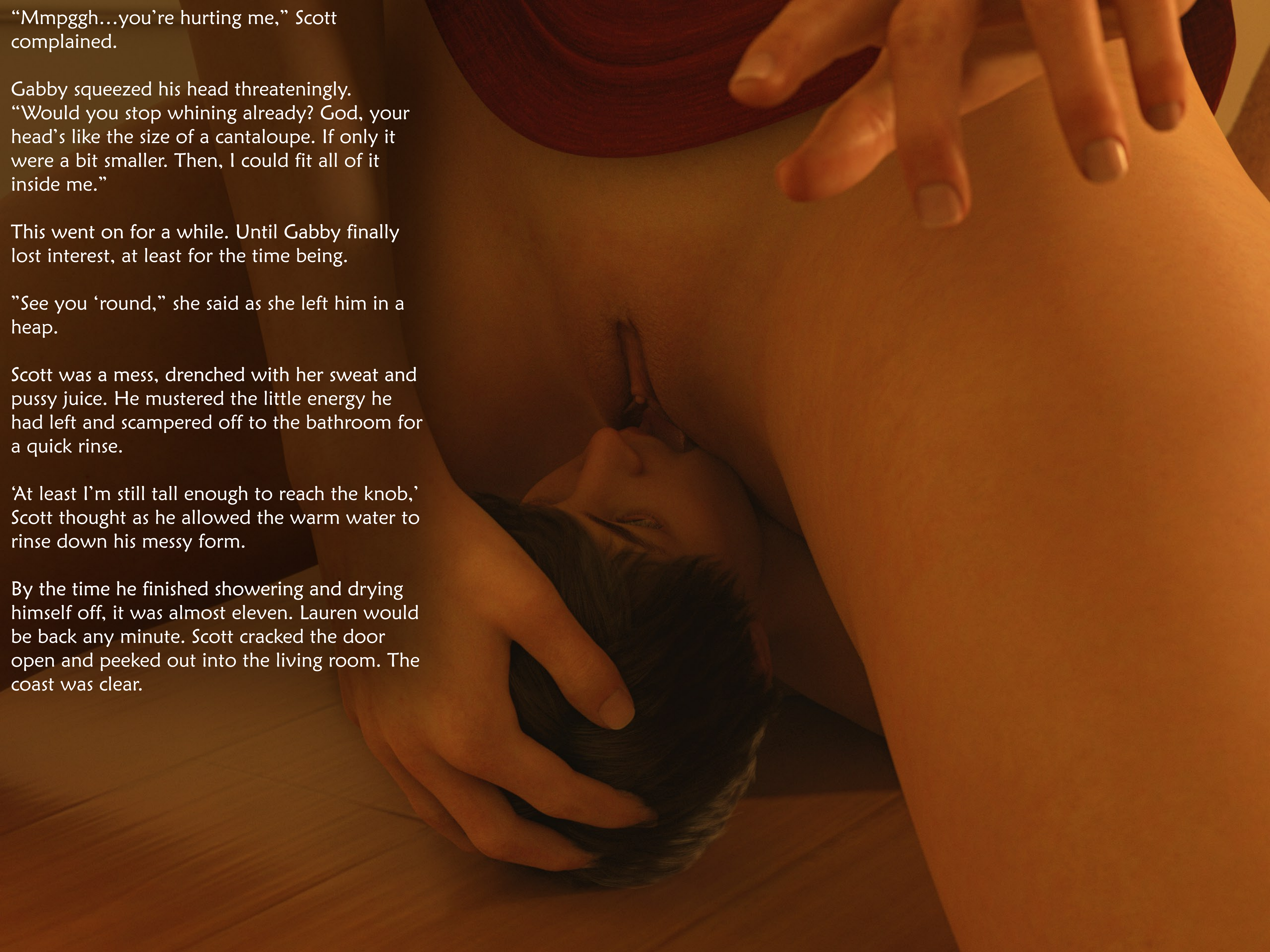
Her ass hovered just inches above his face while she braced herself against his knee. She always enjoyed facesitting. It made her feel like she was the one in control, despite being so much tinier than all the guys she ever did it with. That would no longer be the case now that she had Scott.



”Fuuuckkk, that’s right. Get that little tongue of yours in there. Unnggh..nice and deep,” Gabby moaned.

Her hand gripped his head and pressed it hard against her pussy. She was so forceful, and her pussy was so open, that the lower half of his face was starting to go inside her.





“Mmpggh...you’re hurting me,” Scott complained.

Gabby squeezed his head threateningly.
“Would you stop whining already? God, your head’s like the size of a cantaloupe. If only it were a bit smaller. Then, I could fit all of it inside me.”

This went on for a while. Until Gabby finally lost interest, at least for the time being.

”See you ‘round,” she said as she left him in a heap.

Scott was a mess, drenched with her sweat and pussy juice. He mustered the little energy he had left and scampered off to the bathroom for a quick rinse.

‘At least I’m still tall enough to reach the knob,’ Scott thought as he allowed the warm water to rinse down his messy form.

By the time he finished showering and drying himself off, it was almost eleven. Lauren would be back any minute. Scott cracked the door open and peeked out into the living room. The coast was clear.

Scott quickly made his way into Lauren's bedroom and hopped onto her bed. Not a moment later, the front door swung open.

"Scott! I'm home," she announced.

Heavy footsteps followed by the creaking sound of her bedroom door cut through the silence. "There you are. What are you doing naked?"


"I just finished showering and forgot where I left that t-shirt," Scott claimed.

"Really? It's right there in the living room," Lauren said as she looked at him questioningly. Her eyes began to shift. "You look smaller, Scott. Did Gabby-"

"No. I passed out as soon as you left and I must've shrunk while I was nodding off," he said. Scott was too tired to start any drama between her and Gabby. If it was still an issue tomorrow, then he could deal with it then.

Seemingly satisfied with this answer, Lauren began to undress. "I hope you don't mind, but you remember what Diane said about your body's ability to keep warm? You're going to need some outside help."





Lauren continued to undress until she was almost entirely naked, save for a pair of lacy, white panties. She sat down next to Scott and looked at him with a surprised smile.

“Daayum! Have you been hard this entire time?” she asked. Her hand instinctively reached for Scott’s dick, grabbing the tip with her thumb and forefinger.

”Y...yeah. I think Diane messed up the dosage,” Scott said.

”I’ll say. This thing’s as stubborn as an ox,” Lauren added.

She playfully bent it to the side and released. Lauren couldn’t help but let out a small giggle as it sprung back and forth a few times.

Lauren curled up behind Scott and wrapped her arm around him like an oversized teddy bear. “How’s that?”

“It’s fine,” Scott said.

His response was a bit too short for her liking. “What’s wrong?” Lauren asked. She pulled him in tighter in an attempt to comfort him.

“It’s just a lot. I keep getting smaller, and no one has any clue when it’s going to stop. Plus your roommate-”

”Did Gabby do this? Did she do this to you while I was out?” Lauren interrupted.

”Please, I don’t want to start any trouble. If there’s an issue, you’ll be the first to know,” Scott said.

Lauren didn’t like his answer. Scott was clearly hiding something from her, and she was pretty sure it had to do with Gabby, but she didn’t want to pry. Not while he was in this state. ”Promise?”

”Promise.”



Scott felt Lauren's enormous breasts squish against his back. It made his stubborn hard-on twitch.

Lauren immediately took notice of this since his dick had accidentally bumped into her hand.

"Do you want me to take care of this?" she asked. Her oversized hand gently wrapped around his shaft and began stroking him. "I can be gentle."

"Mmm...as tempting as that is, I don't want to get any smaller. Can you just hold me?" Scott asked.



"Yes, of course. I'll have you know, I'm an expert at cuddling," Lauren boasted.

"Believe me, I know. I remember. You used to cling to me like a monkey back when we dated," Scott joked.

"Monkey?!" Lauren said in mock offense. "Let's see who the monkey is now." She wrapped her arms around him tightly and pulled him in for a series of kisses.

"Okay, okay, I yield! I yield!" Scott laughed.

"That's what you get," Lauren added, along with one last sloppy kiss to his forehead. "Not gonna lie, I really like being the big spoon for a change."

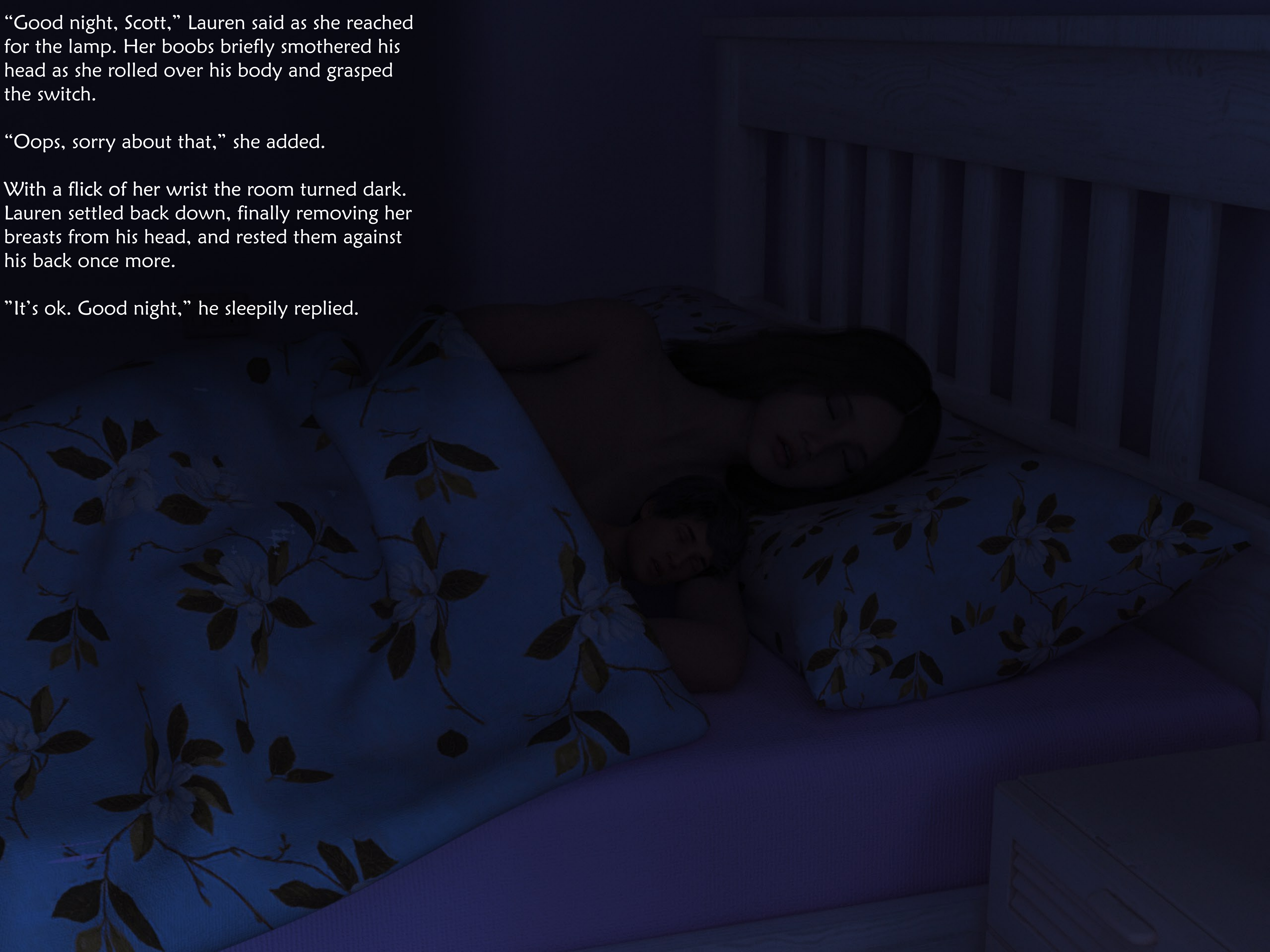


“Good night, Scott,” Lauren said as she reached for the lamp. Her boobs briefly smothered his head as she rolled over his body and grasped the switch.

“Oops, sorry about that,” she added.

With a flick of her wrist the room turned dark. Lauren settled back down, finally removing her breasts from his head, and rested them against his back once more.

“It’s ok. Good night,” he sleepily replied.



BEFORE...

Lauren:
Height: 5ft5
Weight: 127lbs
34D-25-36



Scott:
Height: 6ft1
Weight: 191lbs

Gabby:
Height: 4ft10
Weight: 88lbs
30B-20-32

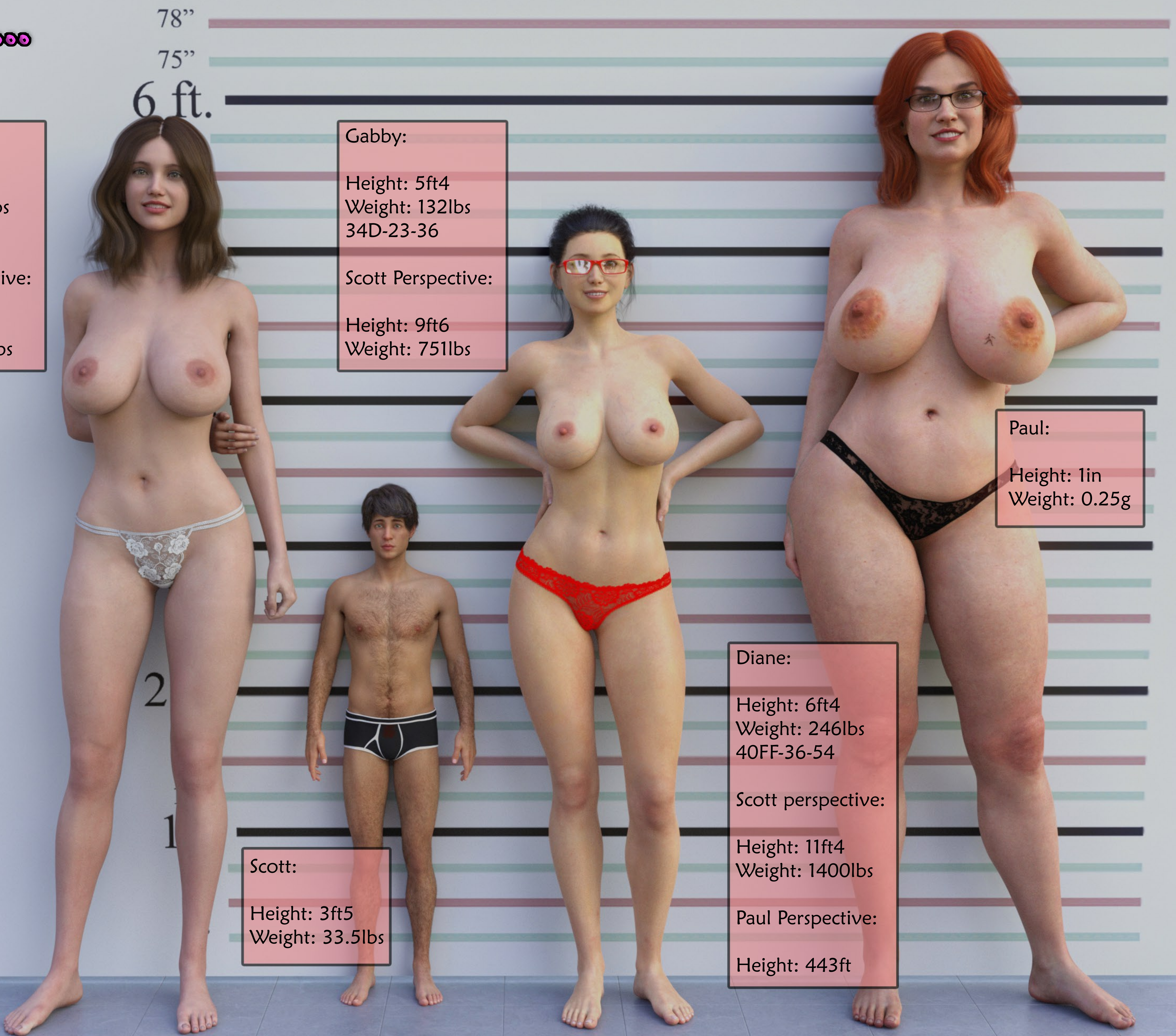


Diane:
Height: 6ft1
Weight: 212lbs
38E-35-50
Height to Paul:
425ft



Paul:
Height: 1in
Weight: 0.25g

AFTER...



Lauren:
Height: 5ft11
Weight: 169lbs
34E-26-38

Scott Perspective:
Height: 10ft7
Weight: 962lbs

Gabby:
Height: 5ft4
Weight: 132lbs
34D-23-36

Scott Perspective:
Height: 9ft6
Weight: 751lbs

Scott:
Height: 3ft5
Weight: 33.5lbs

Paul:
Height: 1in
Weight: 0.25g

Diane:
Height: 6ft4
Weight: 246lbs
40FF-36-54

Scott perspective:
Height: 11ft4
Weight: 1400lbs

Paul Perspective:
Height: 443ft

To Be Continued...

Big thanks to Nesh for editing!

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