

The
Shrink Agency
One Year Deal

2

By OHH



Hazel lazily spread butter on her toast, enjoying the mingling aromas of toasted bread and warm coffee. She'd slept pretty well but she still didn't enjoy getting up. She didn't have to get up. She could have pulled the covers up, rolled over and gone back to sleep, but Hazel wasn't one for idleness.



“What the hell is happening?” Harrison wondered aloud. He’d also slept surprisingly well. Despite his precarious position, Hazel’s breast was warm and soft. The constant thump of her heartbeat soothed him and he’d fallen into a deep sleep. Either that or it was the sheer exhaustion of his first day as a pet.

Hazel had been up for ages, with Harrison still clinging to her tit as she moved around. She had to know he was there...hadn’t she?



Hazel nursed her coffee and looked out at the morning sun. She was enjoying the illusion she was alone. Why were her parents making her do this? It was stupid. It wouldn't show them anything she couldn't show them in other ways.

With one last breath, Hazel pulled down her top, exposing the man still perched atop her nipple. "Morning..."

"Uhh hi..." Harrison looked up. Hazel could see he looked worried.





“Hungry? I’ve made toast.” Hazel said. She gently pinched Harrison by the waist and set him down on the breadboard. She tore up some bits of toast into small chunks and left them scattered for him.

“Starving!” Harrison hadn’t noticed until she’d offered him the food. His stomach had been too focused on twisting itself into knots to eat.



Harrison munched on one of the chunks Hazel had torn up for him. It was more out of politeness he'd chosen that. The chunks were still far too big for him, even if they were barely noticeable to her. The crumbs were much more suitable for him, but he left those alone.

He didn't dare look up at Hazel, whose eyes glanced down as she ate her own breakfast. She was going to control his entire existence for the next 364 days and he was terrified that he'd piss her off even more than he already had.


“Better?” Hazel asked once they’d both finished.

“Much!” Harrison really did feel revived. He’d love some of that coffee though. He looked up at his owner, looming over him. He’d never been that good at reading people but Hazel was just an enigma.

“Look, I’m sorry how we got started.” she said. “I don’t think either of us showed our best selves. I’d like this year to be nice for both of us. I’d like to reset...to start over.”

“Yes!” Harrison agreed eagerly. “I’m really, REALLY sorry! I don’t know what happened! I’m not like that at all!”



A close-up photograph of a miniature man kneeling on a breadboard in a kitchen. The man is tiny, with a small head and thin body, and is positioned on the surface of a breadboard. He is leaning forward, with his hands on the board, as if drinking from a small cup. The breadboard is on a wooden surface, and a knife is visible next to it. In the background, a window with blinds is visible, and the back of a person's head and shoulder is in the foreground, looking towards the miniature man. The lighting is warm and soft, coming from the window.

As Harrison warbled on his awkward apology, Hazel cut him off with a smile and a wave of a hand. “Let’s move on. A fresh start. Do you like coffee? Or do you prefer tea?”

“I’d love some coffee!” Harrison nodded.

“Here..” Hazel dipped her finger into her mug and let a drop drip onto the breadboard. “Enjoy.”

She watched the miniature man kneel down and sup at the coffee. He looked ridiculous but she could tell he was enjoying it.

“Finished?” She asked, setting her empty mug down. Harrison gave her a thumbs up. She plucked him up from the breadboard and set him in her open palm. “Good. We’ve got a busy day ahead.”

“We?” He asked. What did he have to do?

“Yes. I’ve made an appointment with a vet to get you checked over. Also, I want you to get a fortifying package to make sure you don’t accidentally snap an arm or something. I can’t believe you didn’t pay out for that yourself.”

“We really needed the money.” Harrison said.

Hazel gave a sympathetic smile. That was something she’d never understood. She’d never wanted for anything. “After that we’ll get you some things to make your life more comfortable.”

“That...that sounds great!”





Fifteen minutes later Harrison was lying in a swimming pool of warm water. It wasn't really a pool. It was just a soap dish that Hazel had filled from the tap. The water was good and warm though. He could feel the heat seeping into his bones.

In the distance, Hazel was showering. It was hard not to watch her. She was an incredibly beautiful woman with an alluring figure. She lathered soap, rubbing it all over herself. As Harrison watched her chest bounce and sway he couldn't believe he'd spent the entire night against one of those things.



Stepping out of the shower Hazel grabbed a towel and started to get dried. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught movement. Harrison had swam across his little pool to get a better view. The man had a problem. It was a weakness. A very obvious weakness.

Her mother had taught her that in business you should find and exploit every weakness of your opponent. And your friends.

Harrison couldn't help but stare as Hazel hung up her towel. She was now fully dry, and rather than put on last night's pyjamas she remained nude. His eyes tracked her breasts, swaying and bouncing as she bent over while brushing her teeth. The motion was hypnotic and he couldn't look away.

"Your little friend really does control you, doesn't he?" Hazel commented as she spat out the toothpaste.

Harrison quickly covered himself. He had been so distracted he hadn't even noticed.




It was surprising just how quickly Hazel got ready. She tied her hair up in a ponytail after hurriedly brushing it, put on a light layer of makeup then pulled on an outfit she looked to have prepped ahead of time.

Harrison had to admire that level of efficiency. It would have taken his wife triple Hazel's time to get ready.

“Alright, since these shorts are likely a bit too tight and unsafe for you to ride in the pockets, you're going to need to ride in my cleavage again.” Hazel said, plucking Harrison up. She wasn't really giving him much of a choice. “Just keep your friend under control...”

With that said, Harrison was dropped into the darkness and Hazel headed out into the world.



A woman with dark hair in a high ponytail, wearing glasses, a floral-patterned tank top, and denim shorts, is walking from left to right. She is looking towards the left. In the background, there is a display wall with several shelves. The shelves are mostly empty, but some have small, faint figures or objects on them. The lighting is warm and yellowish. The overall scene appears to be inside a store or a museum.

A half hour later Hazel pushed the door to the Agency store open. While the Agency had nice offices that catered to high-end clients like her family, they also had stores that sold the masses who'd ended up in the Agency's custody along with any accessories and care needed.

If the buyer wanted those things...

"Poor souls..." Hazel said quietly as she walked past a display wall. Some of the people on display were bigger than Harrison. Others she could barely even see. The tank looked empty at first but as she walked by she could see them. Thousands of little dots moving around.

It was easier just to walk on by. To head upstairs to the vet's office and not think about it.

“Argh! Goddammit!” Harrison grunted as he was bounced up and down over and over again. It wasn’t the normal bouncing with each step she took. Harrison had gotten used to that. She was going upstairs, and it felt like she was running or something.

It was bad enough that he’d ended up compressed into a ball in her tits. Now he was being tossed around with each bounce like he was being squeezed by her tits for the first time. At least he was off to see a doctor...or a vet as Hazel called it.





“Hiiiiiii! Hazel?” The perky redhead said with a broad grin.

“Yeah, that’s me.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m Dani. I’ll be taking care of you today. Your notes said you have a new registration?” Dani said.

“Yeah. He’s called Harrison. I got him yesterday. Shall I get him out?”

“Sure! Go ahead!” Dani said with a cheer that Hazel found unnerving.



Hazel dug her fingers between her breasts until she found her passenger and plucked him out from her bosom.

“Oh, he looks like he was cosy in there!” Dani giggled. “He’s a little guy too!”

“Should I be keeping him in there? Is there a better way to travel with him?” Hazel asked.

The vet smiled. “You could get him a carry case, but he’s honestly safer where you had him. Plus, judging by that erection I bet he enjoys the ride more! Don’t you cutie?”



“Alright, let’s get a look at you...” The vet reached out and plucked Harrison from his owner’s fingers. If being patronised wasn’t enough, she was holding him pretty tightly across the ribs. He could barely take a breath she was squeezing him so tight.

“So...we’ve a male, I’d say around an inch and a half. Late twenties...maybe early thirties. Looks to be in good health.” The vet spoke aloud. The smile was gone, she was down to work now. “Do you know when he underwent the process?”

“Yesterday.” Hazel replied.

“Oh wow! Yesterday!?” The vet’s eyes lit up.
“So you got him on a contract then?”

“Yes. For a year.” Hazel said shyly. The implication there was obvious.

“Apologies. There’s no VIP marking on your file.” The vet rolled Harrison into her hand and lowered him down out of sight as they talked. “We’ll take good care of him. What did you have in mind?”




“Ehhh...the usual?” Hazel wasn’t sure. “A health check to make sure he’s OK. He didn’t get the fortification package so I’d like something to make him a little more robust. I’d hate for him to accidentally get hurt or something.”

“That’s a good idea. Not very responsible of him to skip that if he’s going to be with you for a year.” The vet said.

Down in her palm Harrison watched as the two women discussed his needs and care. No one asked him what he’d like. It was like it wasn’t even there.

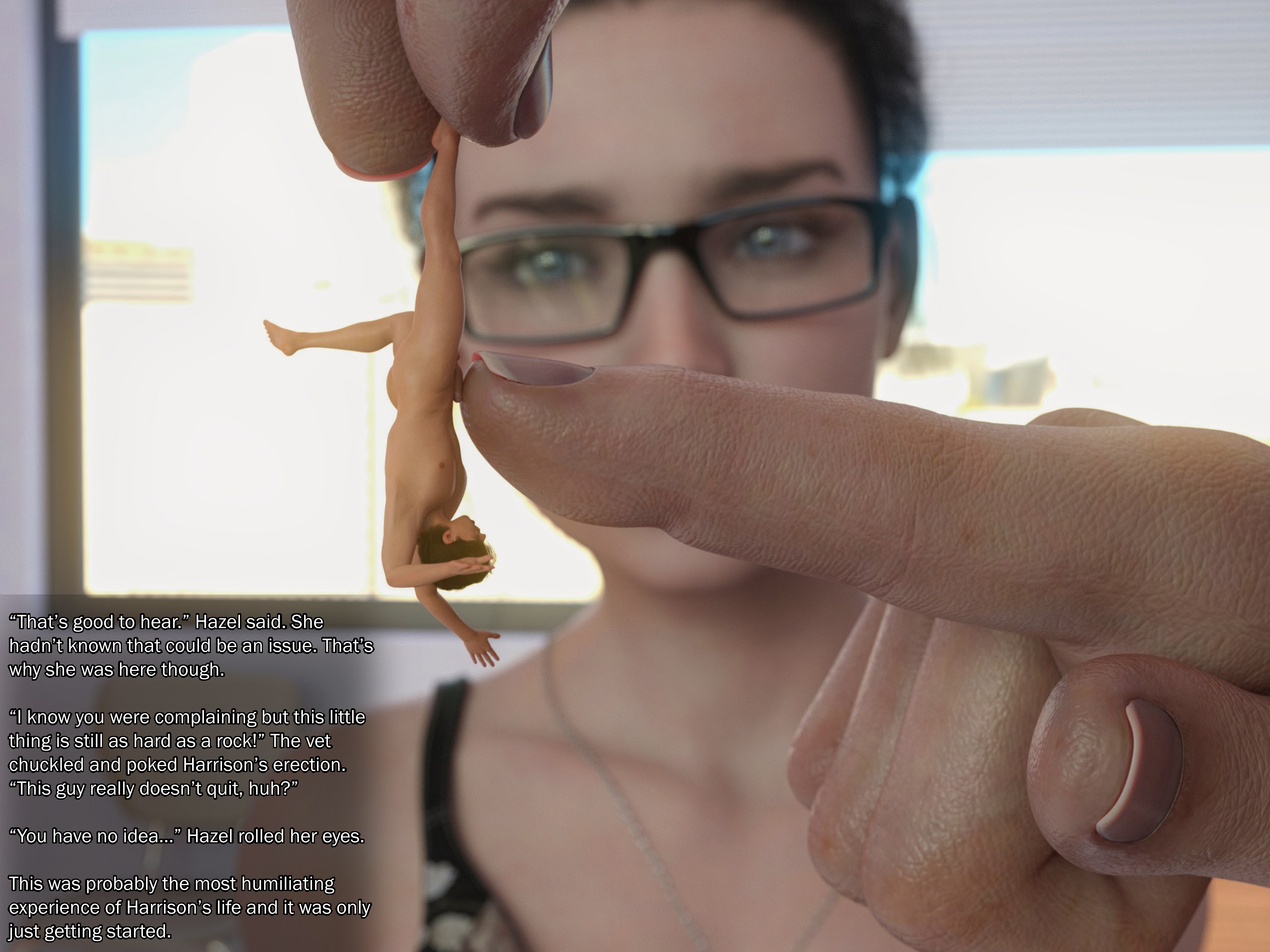




“Just be aware that some of these checks might be uncomfortable for your pet, but they are necessary and won’t hurt.” Dani spoke, still ignoring Harrison except to pluck him back up to her line of sight.

“Hey! What!? Ow! Stop it!” Harrison yelled as he was dangled upside down, then had his arm pinched and pulled. “Owww!! Stop!” He cried as the vet started twisting his limbs one by one.

“Motion looks good...” The vet leaned in closer, twisting Harrison’s arm around as he squealed. “The process can cause some ligament issues. He seems fine though.”

A close-up shot of a woman with dark hair and glasses looking intently at a tiny, nude man. The tiny man is hanging vertically from the index finger of a large hand that is holding a fork. The woman's face is in the background, slightly out of focus, while the tiny man and the hand are in sharp focus in the foreground.

“That’s good to hear.” Hazel said. She hadn’t known that could be an issue. That’s why she was here though.

“I know you were complaining but this little thing is still as hard as a rock!” The vet chuckled and poked Harrison’s erection. “This guy really doesn’t quit, huh?”

“You have no idea...” Hazel rolled her eyes.

This was probably the most humiliating experience of Harrison’s life and it was only just getting started.

Satisfied with his limbs, Harrison was whipped downwards where he was pressed against the cold, hard tabletop. The vet pulled his limbs once more, this time extending his arms as far above his head as they would go and his legs down straight. He heard a hiss and looked over to see a large plastic plank beside him. A ruler, she was measuring him.

“Hmmm...not even four centimetres! Such a teeny guy!” The vet cooed over him.

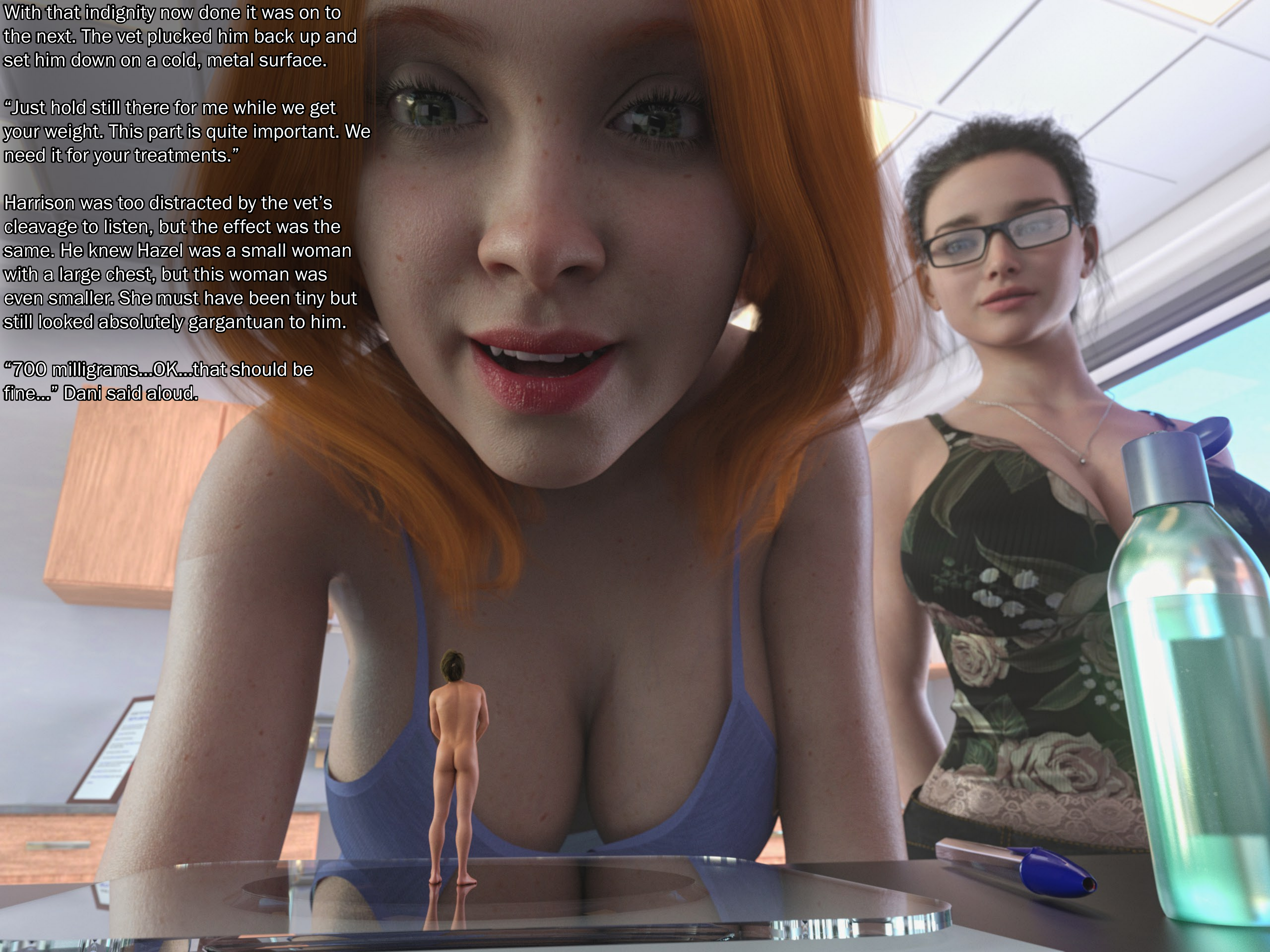


With that indignity now done it was on to the next. The vet plucked him back up and set him down on a cold, metal surface.

“Just hold still there for me while we get your weight. This part is quite important. We need it for your treatments.”

Harrison was too distracted by the vet’s cleavage to listen, but the effect was the same. He knew Hazel was a small woman with a large chest, but this woman was even smaller. She must have been tiny but still looked absolutely gargantuan to him.

“700 milligrams...OK...that should be fine...” Dani said aloud.





“What should be fine?” Hazel asked. The vet’s tone made it sound like it shouldn’t.

The vet picked up a plastic tub, as big as a jacuzzi to Harrison and peeled the top off. “Everything we have is aimed at pets. Normally that’s two inches and up. He just about fits into the bottom weight limit for one of our fortifying treatments.”

“Hey! Wait! Stop!”

The vet’s fingers appeared again, pinching Harrison around the legs and hauling him airborne. He was swung over the tub of acrid smelling goo and then dropped in head first.



It burned. It burned everywhere. In his mouth. In his lungs. All over his skin. Harrison started screaming.

“NO! NO! Stop! Make it stop!” He cried.

“This part can be a little distressing but it won’t hurt him. The treatment will strengthen his bones and skin. He’ll be much more resistant to falls and accidental damage. So long as you don’t deliberately step on him he should survive you accidentally sitting on him on a soft chair or a glancing step.” Dani explained.

“Right...” Hazel said. “We probably should have warned him. How’re you doing Harrison?”

The burning was passing, mercifully. It felt more like tingling now. Still, it had been far from fun. “Better...”

“We’re not done yet. We got to rub all that in.” The vet plucked Harrison up, not seeming to mind the goo at all. She pinched his body and started massaging his limbs followed by his torso with a fingertip. The tingling grew stronger and stronger. It felt incredible.

“Oh yeah, you guys always like this bit.” The vet giggled.




As the vet worked from top to bottom her finger eventually arrived at Harrison's midriff. She pushed his hard-on up against his torso, being sure to rub some of the goo into his cock as well. The tingling already felt incredible. Her finger rubbing his erection was too much.

"Oh!" Dani yelped as she felt his little cock twitch. She pulled away just as he shot a stream of his own goo in a high arc.

"Harrison!" Hazel admonished him.

"Oh...oh God..." Harrison groaned as he kept cumming.





“Ohmigod! I am so sorry!” Hazel said, feeling that she was responsible for Harrison’s behaviour.

“No, no, it’s fine. He’s clearly a sensitive one!” Dani giggled. “Oh, looks like he got it right on my boob! I don’t even let my boyfriend do that!”

Hazel could feel her face going redder and redder. Harrison tried to pretend like he didn’t exist.

“This little guy owes me dinner!” Dani laughed as she got a wipe and cleaned herself up.

“Given how sensitive he seems to be, we should probably think of neutering this one.” The vet said with a casualness that terrified Harrison.

“What!? No! That wasn’t part of the deal!” He screamed. He and Jenny wanted kids one day.

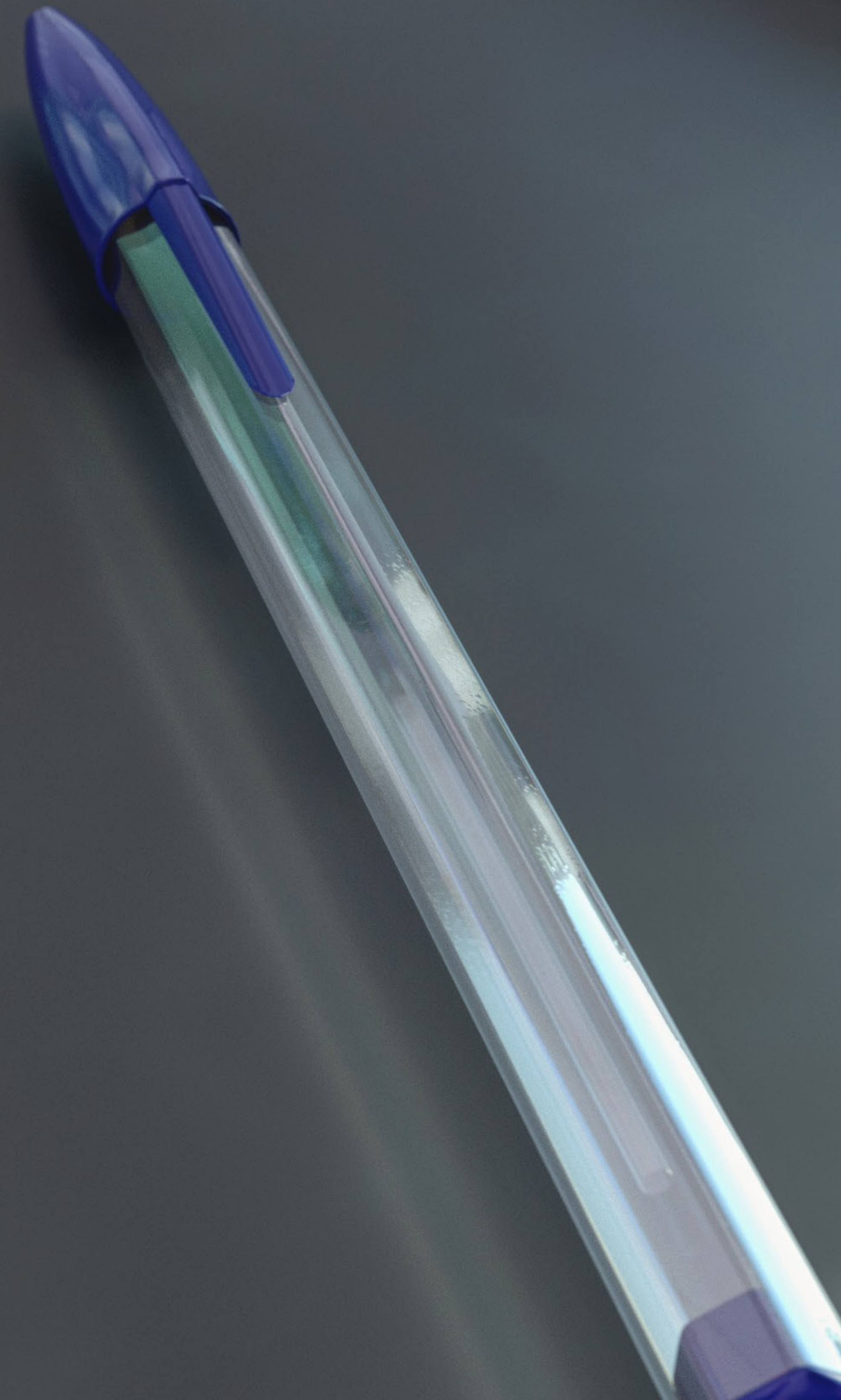
“I’m...I’m not sure our contract allows that.” Hazel said.

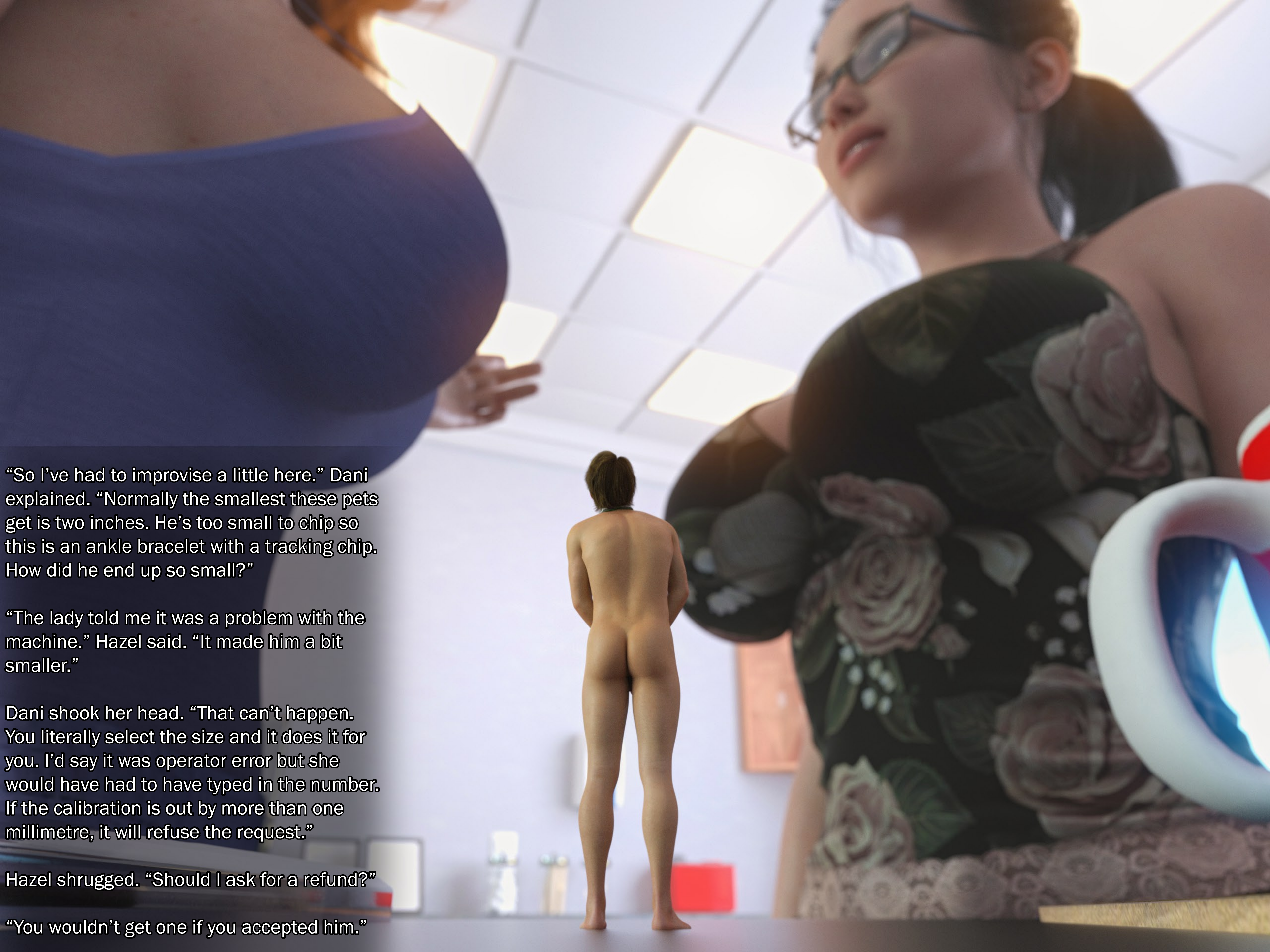
The vet shook her head. “It’s a standard clause. The decision is yours. He can look at getting it reversed at the end. It might not be successful but it’s better than the alternative.”

“NO! You can’t!” Harrison pleaded, meeting Hazel’s gaze. She held it for a few seconds. The longest seconds of his life.

“He’s pretty adamant he doesn’t want it. We’ll leave it. If that changes we’ll be back.” Hazel said, allowing Harrison to breathe easier.

When he was all cleaned up and all was done, the vet carefully put a small ring around his neck, sealing it shut at the back so there was no way he could remove it.



A woman with glasses and a floral dress is looking down at a tiny man standing on a table in a laboratory. The man is wearing a small white collar. The woman is holding a large blue object. The background shows a laboratory setting with a grid ceiling and various equipment.

“So I’ve had to improvise a little here.” Dani explained. “Normally the smallest these pets get is two inches. He’s too small to chip so this is an ankle bracelet with a tracking chip. How did he end up so small?”

“The lady told me it was a problem with the machine.” Hazel said. “It made him a bit smaller.”

Dani shook her head. “That can’t happen. You literally select the size and it does it for you. I’d say it was operator error but she would have had to have typed in the number. If the calibration is out by more than one millimetre, it will refuse the request.”

Hazel shrugged. “Should I ask for a refund?”

“You wouldn’t get one if you accepted him.”

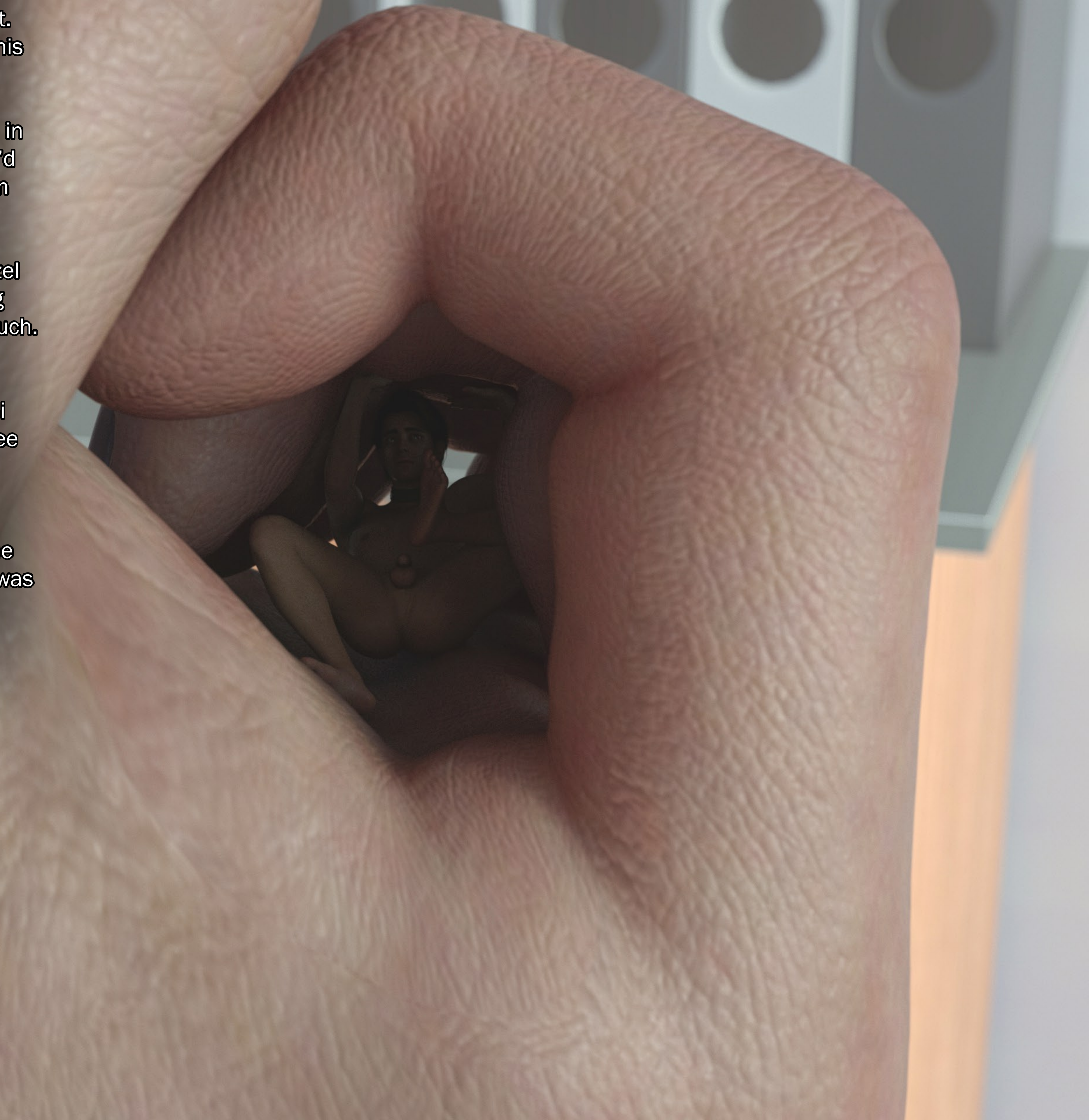
Hazel politely smiled, making a point of it. She wanted to move on. “How long will this treatment last for?”

“Six months, give or take. Best book him in for another before then.” The vet said. “I’d also recommend keeping him extra warm given how small he is.”

“I keep the heating on high anyway.” Hazel said, scooping Harrison up and wrapping him tightly in her fist. “Thank you very much. I pay on the way out?”

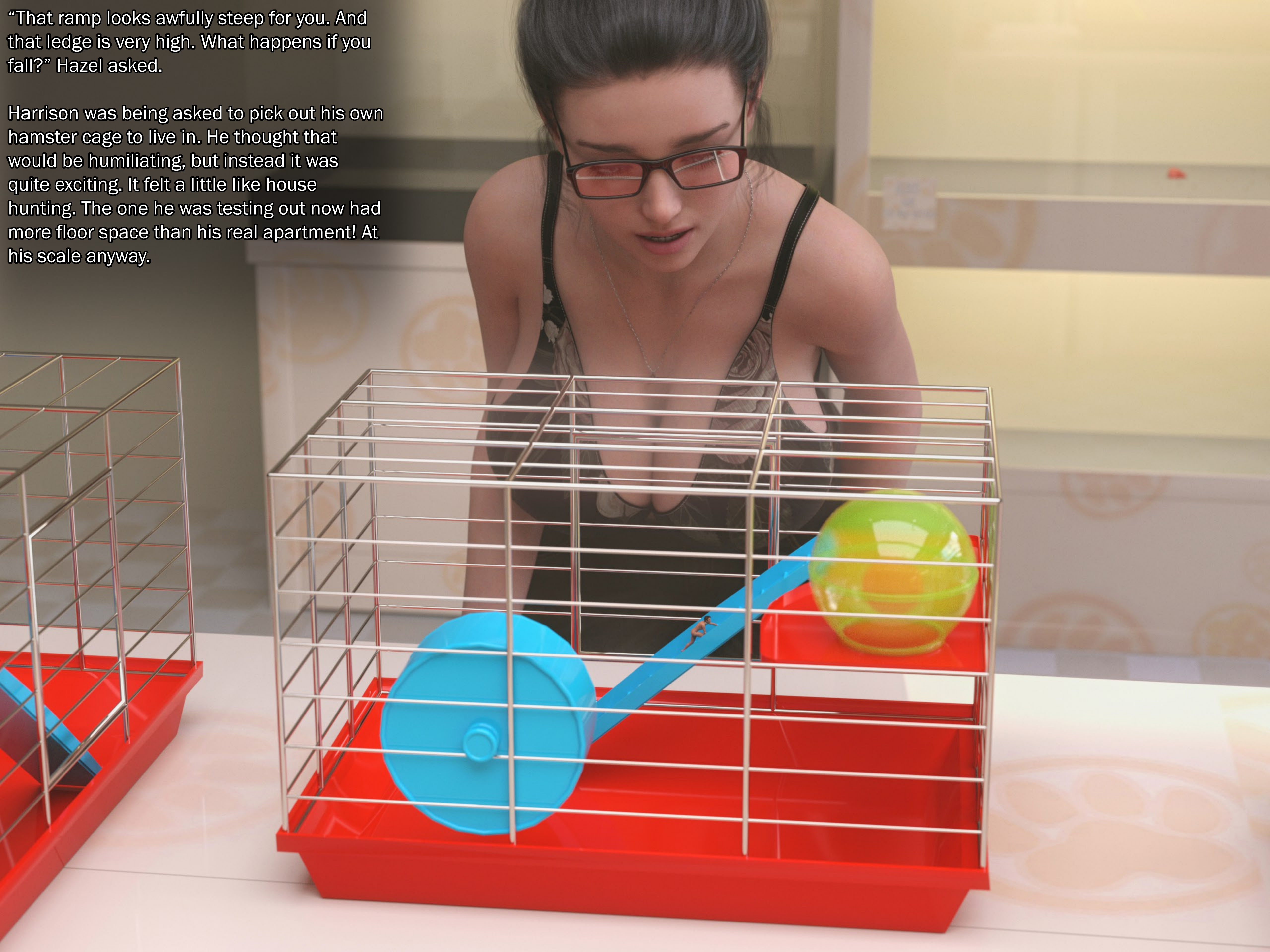
Hazel was saying she was done and Dani knew it. “Yes. Thanks for your custom. See you next time.”

As Hazel bounced her way downstairs Harrison couldn’t help but wonder how he had ended up so much smaller than he was supposed to if it wasn’t operator error.



“That ramp looks awfully steep for you. And that ledge is very high. What happens if you fall?” Hazel asked.

Harrison was being asked to pick out his own hamster cage to live in. He thought that would be humiliating, but instead it was quite exciting. It felt a little like house hunting. The one he was testing out now had more floor space than his real apartment! At his scale anyway.




“I like it. The ramp will be exercise. There’s tonnes of space. The wheel is big but I can get it to move well.” Harrison stopped, pointing at the hole in the floor. I suppose this could be a toilet.”

“I think it’s a food dish...” Hazel observed.

Harrison shrugged. “And this ball is the coolest bedroom I’ve ever seen.”

Hazel laughed at that. It was good to see the little guy coming out of himself.






“My main concern is these bars. They’re not going to keep you in.” Hazel bent down, pinching the cage.

“Do I really need a cage? It’s not like I’m going anywhere. Plus you’ve got this collar on my neck.”

“Yes.” she glanced down at him.” You do. I’m responsible for you. You’re being kept safe and secure when you’re with me. There’s no arguments there.”


“Fine...” Harrison rolled his eyes and resisted sarcastically calling her ‘mum’.



“Hi! Is there anything I can help you with?” A tall woman approached Hazel.

“Oh...yeah.” Hazel was a little taken aback. She hadn’t seen the store clerk coming. It took her a moment to gather her thoughts. “I just got this guy yesterday. I’m looking to get him set up with a place to live. At the minute I’ve literally nothing for him so I’d be grateful if you could help me get all the basics for him.”

“Yup! No problem!” The clerk said cheerfully.

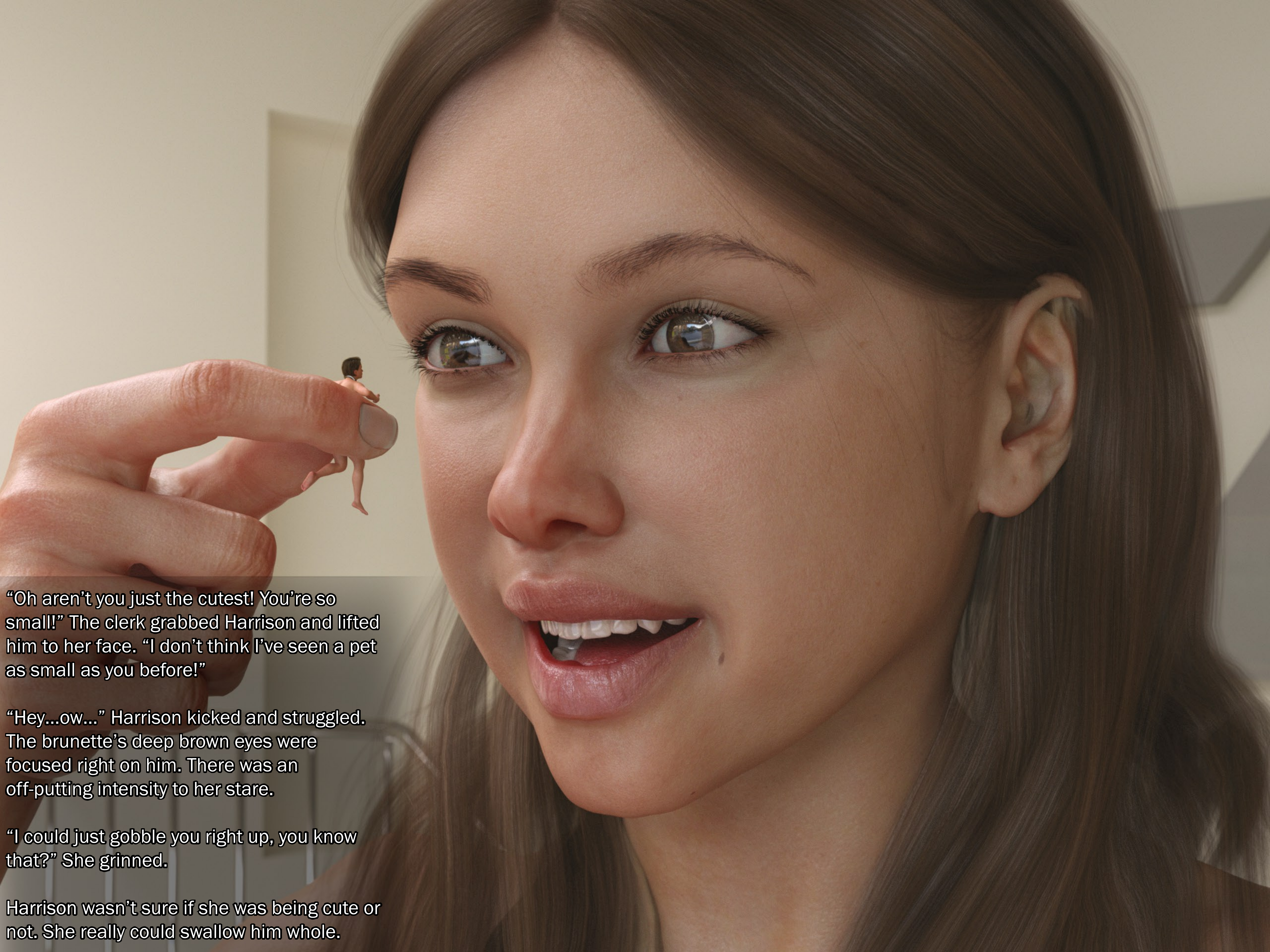


From Harrison's perspective it was easy to forget that Hazel was actually pretty small. The clerk was doing an impressive job reminding him of that fact. She was enormous. Towering so high, Harrison had to arch his back to look up at her.

“Oh hey cutie!” She bent down, finally noticing Harrison for the first time. She giggled as she took him in. “Wow you're way too small for that cage! That's like a palace for you!”

“I like it!” He yelled back.

The cage shook and the metal roof lifted along with everything else but the base. The clerk was picking it up with one hand while the other came for him. “Let's get you out of there...”



“Oh aren’t you just the cutest! You’re so small!” The clerk grabbed Harrison and lifted him to her face. “I don’t think I’ve seen a pet as small as you before!”

“Hey...ow...” Harrison kicked and struggled. The brunette’s deep brown eyes were focused right on him. There was an off-putting intensity to her stare.

“I could just gobble you right up, you know that?” She grinned.


Harrison wasn’t sure if she was being cute or not. She really could swallow him whole.



“Do you have anything that will keep him secure? I don’t want him wriggling out between some bars.” Hazel reminded the clerk why they were here.

The clerk looked down at Hazel and smiled. “Sure! Follow me!”

Harrison was cupped in her palm and held out in front of the clerk as she walked. She was so damn long. Her body seemed to go on forever. At least until it reached those impossibly high hills that blocked the view of the rest of her.



“This should be what you’re looking for!” The clerk arrived at the back wall of the store where there were glass tanks instead of cages. We recommend these for smaller or more adventurous pets. There’s no way to climb up as they come with a lid that seals shut.”

“It looks like it should do.” Hazel said. “Let’s see what Harrison thinks.”

“Sure!” The clerk said, lowering him inside.

“Everything you see here comes with the tank. As you can see, there’s a two-tiered house. Good for climbing and housing multiple pets if you want to get him a friend. Or you could put a litter tray in one level so he has some privacy.”

“What’s the ball for? That could be a bathroom?” Hazel said.

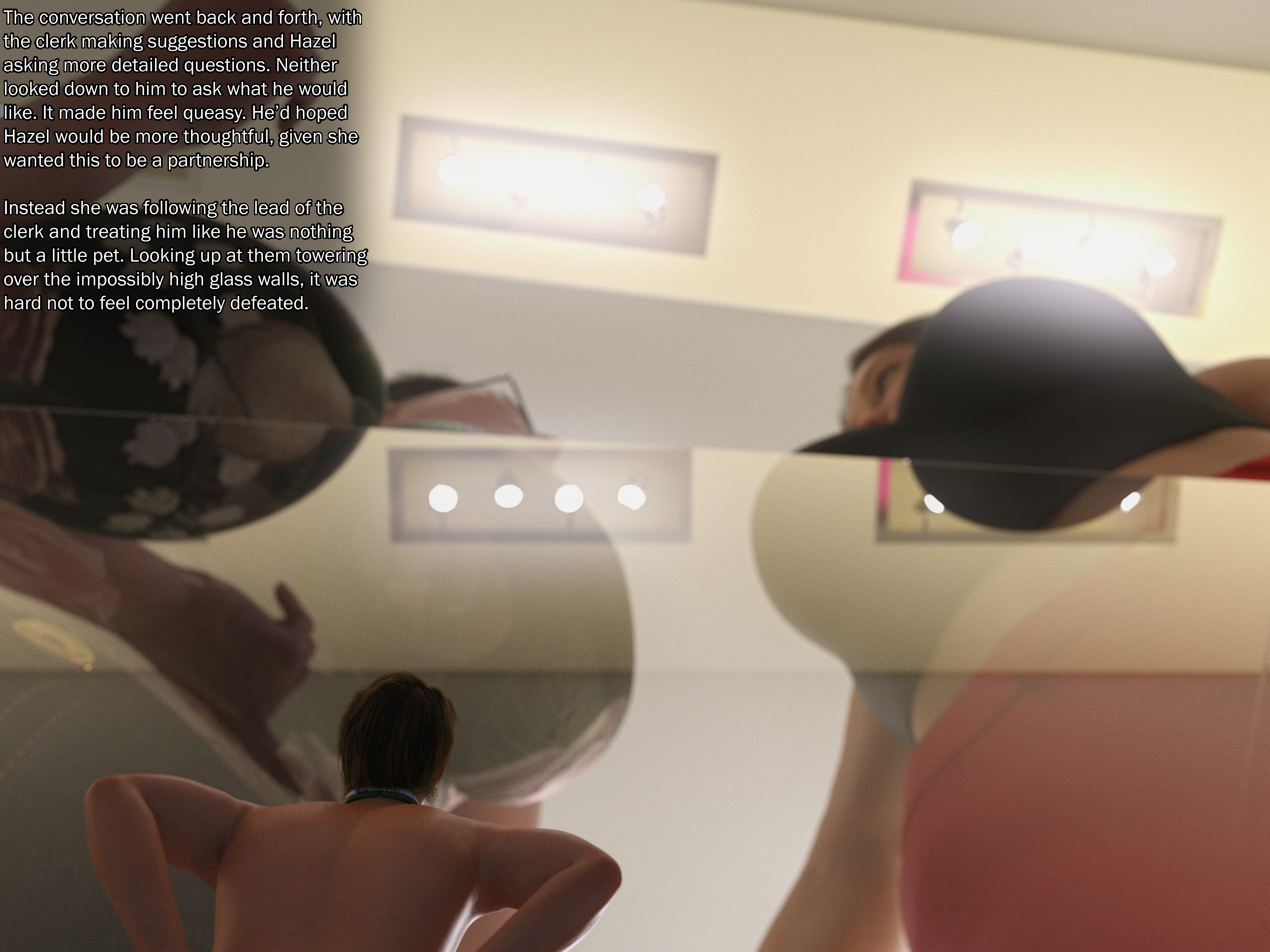
The clerk nodded. “It could...”

Harrison tuned out the two women looming overhead as he looked around. It wasn’t as big as he wanted, but it was scaled well for him.



The conversation went back and forth, with the clerk making suggestions and Hazel asking more detailed questions. Neither looked down to him to ask what he would like. It made him feel queasy. He'd hoped Hazel would be more thoughtful, given she wanted this to be a partnership.

Instead she was following the lead of the clerk and treating him like he was nothing but a little pet. Looking up at them towering over the impossibly high glass walls, it was hard not to feel completely defeated.





“Yes, I’ll take this one then.” Hazel said.

“That’s great. If you could get your pet I’ll carry this, then we can look at some other accessories.” The clerk said. “I’m Hayley by the way.”

“Hazel.” Harrison’s owner said, as she absentmindedly dropped Harrison onto her tit, then lifted her shoulder so Harrison slid helplessly down the slope and into her cleavage.

Hayley laughed. “Oh he must love it in there! So snug and cosy!”

“You have no idea...” Hazel shook her head.



“I think that should be everything your new pet needs. You can always pick up more stuff online if he doesn’t like it.” Hayley said, ringing the items through the till.

Hazel had picked out a nice bed, a comfortable bean bag to sit on, a litter dish and some exercise equipment. It should be enough to keep Harrison busy for a while.

“That’s a nice necklace you have.” Hayley smiled. “Can I interest you in a pendant for it? They’re half price.” She gestured to the display beside the till.



Hazel looked at the display, then leaned in closer and closer. At first she just saw little cages, then she noticed the movement. In each little cage was a tiny, trapped person. Just hanging there on the counter.

“Oh...oh wow...people wear these!?” Hazel reached out towards one cage, setting the mite-sized woman inside into complete fits of terror. She pulled back. It would be a mercy just to crush all of them.

“They’re pretty popular. Your own little life to wear and play with as you like.” Hayley smiled. “Interested?”



“No...no...I’m fine...” Hazel said. Something else had caught her eye. She picked up a can sitting beside the necklace stand. “What’s this?”

Hayley grinned. “Oh yeah, they love that stuff! Just add it to their water. Drives them wild!”



Over the next week or so Hazel and Harrison settled in a new rhythm. Harrison had his own space on her bedside table, while Hazel was happy that she could get back to her day without constantly having to have him shoved down her top. She could visit friends and family and he could stay at home and entertain himself.

It drove Harrison absolutely insane.

The glass walls cut him off from the outside world. He had to watch Hazel go about her life. Her real life. Her actual life. Like the one he used to have with Jenny. He was so bored he couldn't sleep. He'd sit there, watching Hazel softly snore, then rise when the sunlight hit her face in the morning.

Making it worse was he was constantly horny. Just looking at Hazel gave him a boner. Had she broken his mind that first day with her when he'd went to work in her top? It sure felt like it.



Almost every day was the same. Hazel would wake. She'd get dressed, top up his food and water, change his litter tray then she'd leave.

Harrison was left stuck, bored and alone in the glass tank for hours on end. When he'd agreed to this he thought he'd be a companion. It turned out he was basically just a rodent in a tank she kept for her amusement.



Alone with nothing to do, Harrison got into a routine. He'd nap, then have something to eat and drink from the water bottle. He didn't like that water. It had a funny taste to it. He assumed it was from the metal spout or the plastic container.

He didn't have much of a choice anyway.



After sleeping, there wasn't much else to do. He sat around on his beanbag, thinking about his wife. Thinking about how much he missed holding her and just being with her. How they'd cuddle on the sofa binge watching TV or go out to some burger joint for dinner then a walk down by the shore. It was all so simple. He'd loved all of it. Now it was all so far beyond him.

For the next fifty one weeks anyway.



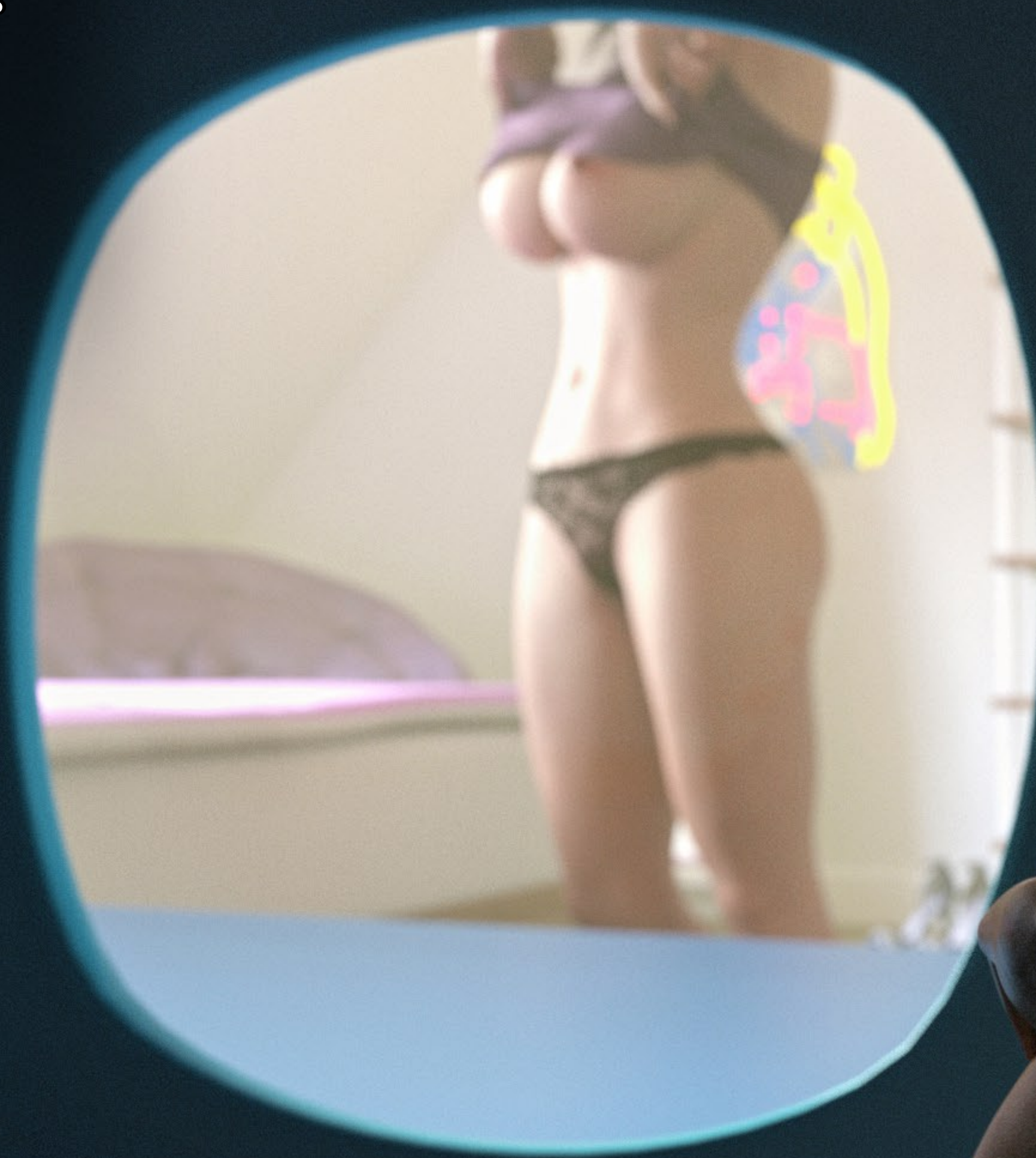
It was hard for Harrison to decide what was hardest. Hazel being away, or Hazel being home...



When she was at home it felt like his blood was on fire. He was constantly turned on. Constantly watching her. His dick was constantly, achingly hard. When she changed he'd disappear into his litter box, pretending to give her some privacy.

She couldn't see him, but he could see her. He'd watch her changing, jerking himself off and trying to quell his permanent erection.

Nothing worked.



“Hehe! Your pal is pleased to see me!”
Even his wife noticed the erection. It was impossible not to. Hazel had been kind enough to arrange a video call with her after the first week. Harrison had been so happy to see Jenny’s face on the screen, but it was humiliating being so small, naked and so obviously horny.

Harrison tried to explain it away as a side effect of the shrinking process. What else could it be?

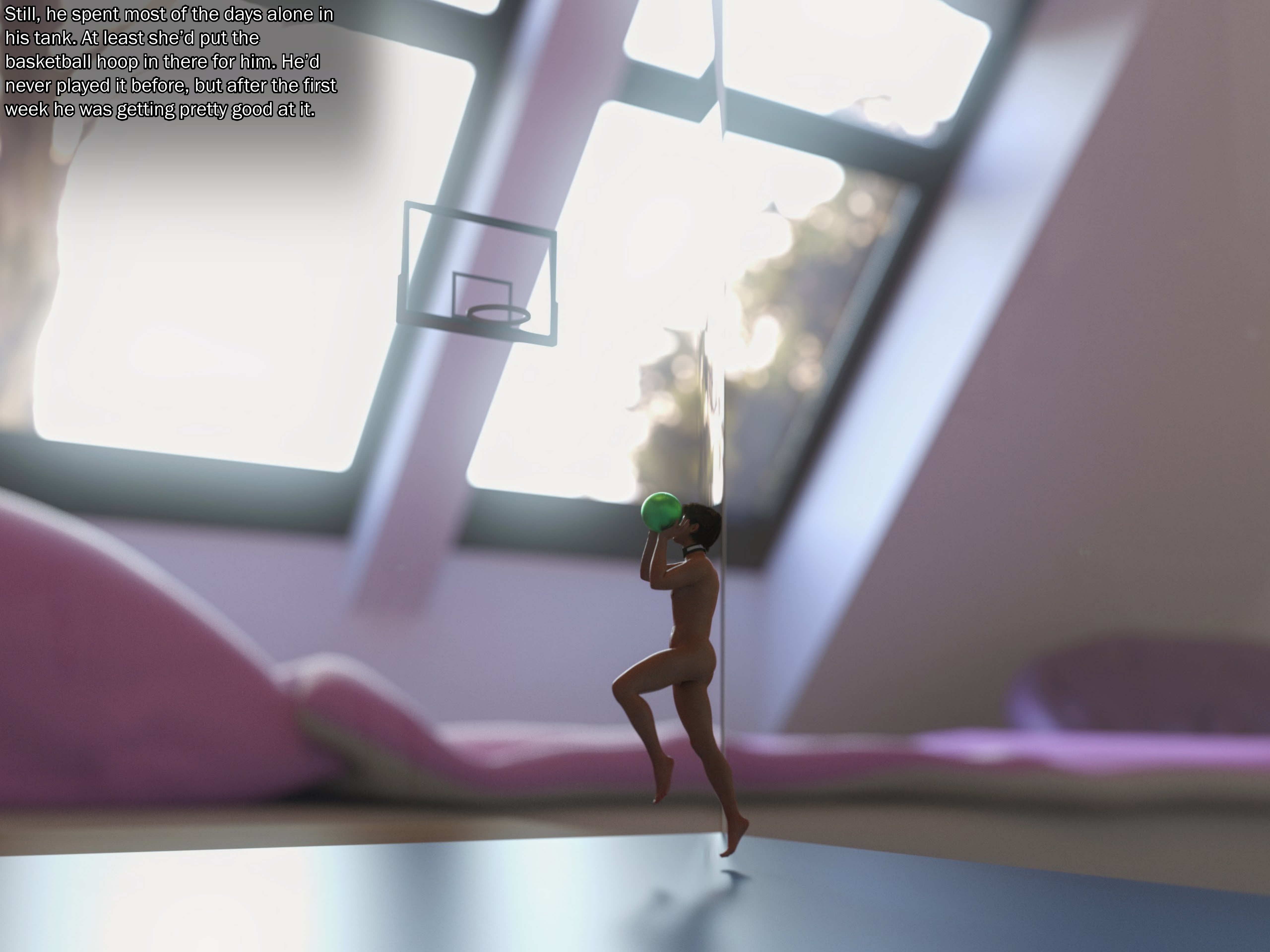
“Don’t worry sweetie. We don’t have to talk about it. You’re doing this for us.” She smiled at him lovingly. He hated himself.





Occasionally Harrison did enjoy himself. When Hazel was home and settled she'd sit on the floor and let him explore. It was incredible to see the world from the perspective of a mouse. To crawl into hidden holes under her bed, to tunnel through her discarded clothes and climb heels the height of buildings.

Still, he spent most of the days alone in his tank. At least she'd put the basketball hoop in there for him. He'd never played it before, but after the first week he was getting pretty good at it.



Sometimes he even got to fulfil the role he'd pictured himself having before he was introduced to reality. Hazel would come home from a late shift, well after midnight and decide she needed to vent. He'd sit and listen to her give off about customers and other staff members.

Then Harrison would tell her what he thought she'd done well or how he would have handled something differently. It felt like genuine connection.

Right up until she put him back into the tank once more.



Harrison wasn't the only one with needs either. He had already found Hazel's big blue toy. Watching her use it was something else though. Hazel was so reserved and controlled, that when she finally did let loose and start to pleasure herself she was like a whole different woman.

She was furious with the thing. Moaning and groaning loudly.



Harrison couldn't help but watch. He didn't even hide. He got the best view atop from his house. He didn't want to miss anything. She either didn't care he could watch or she wanted him to see. He could blow his load two or three times before Hazel got to her own climax.

How was he always so horny?



With the lights off and itches scratched Hazel fell into a deep sleep. Harrison tried to sleep but his mind wouldn't let him. It just replayed the sight of Hazel masturbating in his mind's eye over and over again. He imagined what it would be like to be normal size. To grab those soft hips as he smashed himself into her. To cup her large tits with a hand and play with them as she moaned.



“Oh come on!” Harrison groaned. He’d barely had any sleep, now Hazel’s alarm was blaring.

It was loud enough to wake him, but clearly not loud enough to wake Hazel. It had been going for minutes now and she hadn’t so much as moved. She had an early shift this morning. She was going to be late if she didn’t get up.





After ten minutes of blaring it was clear the alarm wasn't going to wake Hazel. Even the alarm had decided that. It'd snoozed itself and gone off again a few times but still Hazel slept on. It was unlike her to sleep through an alarm, even if the volume was lower than normal.

"Guess I'll need to get her up." Harrison said. He made his way up into the plastic ball that hung from his tank. It wasn't hard to push the cover up, then drop down to the bedside table.



Getting to Hazel was going to be much, much harder. First he'd need to get down to the floor. Then he'd have to climb up to her bed somehow. He could see some of her covers on the floor, so that route would work.

"Time to see if that magical rub really works." Harrison said to himself. He took a deep breath, a few steps back then took a running jump off the edge of the table, dropping a hundred feet to a pile of clothes below.

“WOOOOOO!!!” Harrison screamed with joy as he landed in a pile of Hazel’s clothes. The fall had been thrilling. He’d never felt so alive. Even better, it hadn’t hurt at all. It had been fun. If he’d had a ladder to climb back up he’d have done it all over again.

“Come on Harrison, you’ve a job to do.” He told himself as he pushed up from atop one of Hazel’s bras.



It was hard to understand Hazel sometimes. Her room was currently in a bit of a state. She'd gotten focused on planning the logistics solution she wanted to implement. Whenever she was home she was either staring at the ceiling planning, or on her laptop sketching it out.


"Yeesh I could live in there." Harrison noted as he gaped into her open shoe. "The rent would probably be nuts though."





The Sun was a little higher now. Or it was brighter anyway. Harrison was halfway up the side of Hazel's bed sheets now. He'd found that the world was brighter far from the floor. It made being on the floor by himself that little bit extra disconcerting.

"Now would be a terrible time for Hazel to wake up..." Harrison realised.

A small, nude male figure is standing on a large, smooth, reddish-brown mound, which appears to be a person's back or buttock. The figure is facing away from the camera, looking towards another similar mound in the background. The scene is set in a bedroom, with a bed and pillows visible in the background. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a sensual atmosphere.

At one point Harrison thought Hazel was going to wake up. It was a bad time as he was right on top of her. Instead she just wriggled the sheets down, tossing him down her bed with them.

“Ooooh fuck...” He groaned, stepping onto her bare skin, his mind totally enthralled by her rising hills. His dick was aching again. It would only take a minute to jerk off. She’d never know...unless she caught him. Then he’d be the pervert pet who’d escaped to defile, not the hero who’d woken her up so she wasn’t late for work.



“Seriously Harrison...you need to get a hold of yourself.” He told himself, looking down at his boner. Her tits felt incredible, even without actually touching them. He could feel the warmth radiating from them. They wanted him there. They wanted him to rub himself all over them and...

“Nope...keep moving.” Harrison forced himself onwards.

It was surprisingly hard to get up onto Hazel's face. Her neck was smooth and with her jaw angling down it took quite a bit of effort for Harrison to swing his leg up over the top of her chin and haul himself up. In hindsight he realised he should have just climbed up her hair.

"Next time...maybe..." If there was a next time.



“Hazel!” He yelled. “You need to get up!
You’re late for work!”

Nothing. She didn’t move.

“Hazel!” Harrison yelled more and tried
jumping up and down on her cheek.
Maybe he should have gone straight for
her ear?

“Maybe her eye?” He said. He knelt
down and pulled on her lower eyelid.
Her lashes made it awkward for him to
get a grip at the right angle and the lid
was surprisingly heavy, but eventually
he got it moving.




“SHIT!” Hazel shot bolt upright. She’d been distantly aware her alarm was going off but she’d been in such a deep sleep it hadn’t properly registered. Confusingly she heard a little scream, followed by something bouncing off her tit.

“Harrison!?” She said, catching him just before he fell down between her legs. “You woke me up?”

“You slept through your alarm.” He said like it was obvious.



A woman with dark hair tied back is leaning over, looking towards the left. She is unclothed. In the background, a tiny man stands on the floor. The room contains a bookshelf with books, a desk with a lamp, and a nightstand with a red circular object. The scene is lit with warm, yellowish light.

“Thank you!” Hazel said, wasting no time and hopping out of bed. She set Harrison on the side of the bed and stripped her shorts off.

“You’re welcome. I think you might have turned the volume down on your alarm. It was enough to wake me though.”

“Sorry about that...” Hazel gave him a nice view as she picked up some underwear from the floor. Harrison was pretty sure she’d worn it a few days ago but he wasn’t going to comment.

“I see your friend enjoyed climbing on me then?” Hazel said as she pulled on her bra. Harrison shied away, covering himself.

“Oh relax. You’ve been here over a week now. You’ve always got a hard-on. Honestly, it’s impressive. Your wife is a lucky woman.” Hazel smiled.

“Thanks?” Harrison squeaked.

Hazel looked down on him, considering him for a moment. “Admit it. You’re really horny.”

Harrison nodded. “I am...I wish I could turn it off but I can’t.”





Hazel shook her head and smiled. Before Harrison knew what was happening Hazel was dropping him into her bra cup. She let him slide down below the curve before she snapped it shut pinning him in place.


“Call this a thank you for waking me.” Hazel said. “I know you hate being on your own while I’m at work. I’ve got a ten-hour shift. You can come with me. And whatever happens in there happens...I just don’t want to know about it.”

“No...no, it’s fine!” He tried to protest but Hazel pulled her shirt on, sealing him in. He had to fight the urge to grind his hips into her as he sank into her soft, heavy tit flesh.

It was funny how quickly her body just stopped noticing him. Hazel was walking to work, an extra spring in her step to make up for time. She would make it just about on time thanks to Harrison and skipping breakfast.

She couldn't even feel him anymore. She wondered what it was like for him in there.



A woman with dark hair is lying on her back on a red, textured blanket. Her arms are raised above her head, and she is looking upwards with a slight smile. She is wearing a black and white striped bra. The background is a solid dark red color.

“Uggghhh...” Harrison groaned as he came. He’d only been in Hazel’s bra for a few minutes and he’d blown a load already. How was he going to make it ten hours!?

Her boob was just so oppressively heavy. It was constantly hugging him. Bearing down on him and changing shape around him as it bounced. It rubbed up and down his length constantly and he was helpless to resist it.

To resist her.

Hazel’s warmth, and feel and smell. All of it overwhelmed Harrison. He never wanted to leave this place.

“What in the world!?” Hazel gasped as she arrived at the store. She was only a couple of minutes late and the place was a total disaster. Coffee, frozen yoghurt, and slushies were leaking all over the floor. There was broken glass everywhere. Stuff was thrown off the shelves and lying all over the aisles.

It was a mess.

“Look at the state of this place!” Amelia, the other member of staff scheduled to open this morning said. “Fucking night shift leaving this for us to deal with!”



“Come on. You grab the mop and get the liquids. I’ll get the brush and do the glass.” Hazel sighed.

“What!? No! This isn’t on us. Night shift should have done this!” Amelia was livid. Hazel was pretty sure she was about to walk out.

She sighed and shrugged. “You really want to walk out on a shift and lose the pay?” Hazel asked. “We’re the ones here, so we do the work. Wayne is scheduled on today. You know he always looks after us. I don’t want to leave this mess for him to deal with.”

“Fine...” Amelia sighed realising Hazel was right. They set about starting the clean up.






“How the hell did this place even get like this?” Amelia asked.

The broken glass was cleared up. The goo on the floor had congealed and was taking much longer to clean. Hazel had gotten to work cleaning up the front of the machines.

“Maybe Derek rage quit?” Hazel suggested. “He’d been complaining about being stuck on nights for months.”

“That does sound very Derek.” Amelia grumbled.



After a great deal of effort the self-serve aisle was once again presentable and ready for customers. Hazel had also suggested an ‘opening late due to maintenance’ note on the window that gave them some peace and quiet while they cleaned.

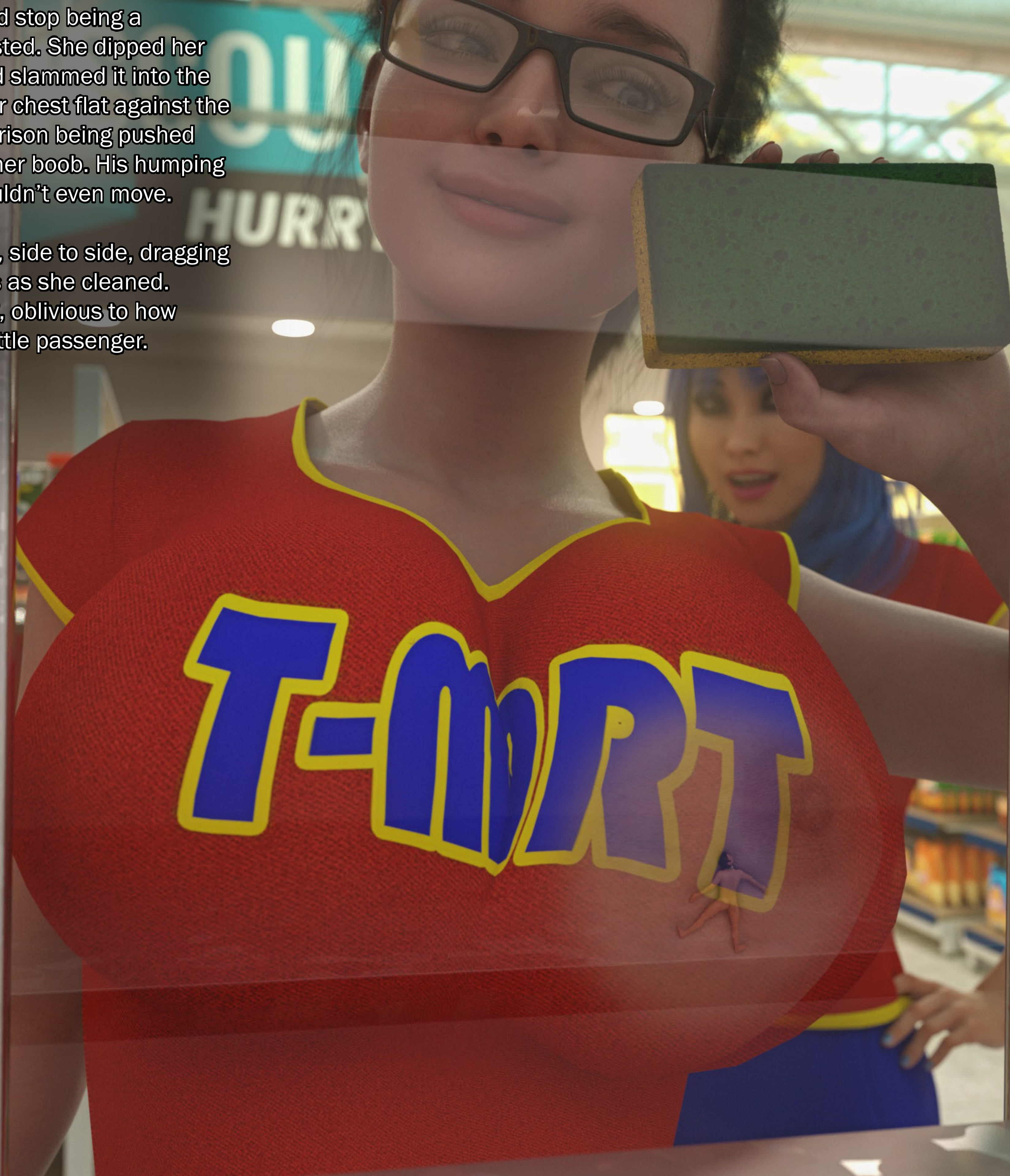
It had helped keep Amelia on side. Especially as they had more aisles to cover.

“So I told my sister, there’s no way she should be paying for his ticket...” Amelia carried on talking. Hazel did her best to smile and nod.

In her bra she could feel Harrison. She could feel his hands pawing at her flesh. She’d have been worried he was getting crushed if it weren’t for the rhythmic up and down of his hips. He was humping her tit once more. Amelia carried on yammering as Harrison humped her. Why was she finding this so damn hot?

“Maybe your sister should stop being a pushover?” Hazel suggested. She dipped her sponge in the bucket and slammed it into the fridge doors, pressing her chest flat against the glass. She could feel Harrison being pushed deeper and deeper into her boob. His humping had stopped now. He couldn’t even move.

She moved up and down, side to side, dragging her chest along the glass as she cleaned. Amelia carried on talking, oblivious to how Hazel was taunting her little passenger.





“Oh wow! Ladies, this is awesome.” They turned around to find Wayne behind them. He wasn’t due in for a few hours yet.

“Yeah, place was a complete mess when we got here.” Amelia said.

“I know, I know.” Wayne held up his hands. “Derek called Anton last night, and Anton called me this morning asking me to come in early. Some kids came in at closing. Totally trashed the place and scared the shit out of Derek. Cops came out, but the place was a mess. Anton told him just to go home.”

“Oh...” Amelia now felt bad she’d been so pissed.

“Poor Derek.”

“You guys have done great here. Seriously. I can’t believe you did all this. I’ll make sure you get double time for this shift.”

“Thank you! It was nothing really.” Amelia beamed.

Hazel suppressed an eye roll.



“Oh that is such a load off...” Amelia said.

“Huh? How come?” Hazel asked.

Amelia was quiet for a few moments. “I’m a bit behind on my rent. Double time for today will help. I could do with a few more of those. It won’t cover all of the outstanding amount, but it’ll help.”

“Amelia?” Hazel stopped what she was doing. “You didn’t say you were tight for cash.”

Amelia just shrugged. “Everyone is. Housing market stinks right now.”

Hazel shook her head. "Look, I've still got a good bit of my student loan. Why don't you pick up some of my shifts? I've a project I'm working on I could really use the time for. Would that help?"

Amelia's eyes went wide. "Would that help!? That'd be amazing! Are...are you sure?"

"How many shifts would you need?"

"Three...maybe four over the next two weeks."

"Sure." Hazel shrugged. "I can give you those."



Amelia hugged Hazel so tightly it felt like a tackle.

“Whoa! Steady on!” Hazel laughed. “You’ll break my ribs!”

“Thank you! Thank you! You have no idea what this means to me!” Amelia said.

“It’s...it’s just a few shifts.” Hazel returned the hug.



“Unnnnghhh!” Harrison was being crushed. First it had been some sort of cold, unyielding wall. Now it was another person. Harrison could feel the soft, squishy wall that was crushing him into Hazel’s tit. It was clearly another woman’s boobs. “Can’t...breathe...stopppp...”

He struggled and kicked as he fought to breathe. Even with his treatment to enhance his durability he still felt like his ribs were going to crack.





“Whoa!” Amelia’s eyes bulged. She looked up at Hazel, pulling back from the hug a little. “Hazel...why is your boob...kicking me?”

Hazel could feel her face turning red.
“Uhhhh...I may have someone in my bra.”

“No. Fucking. Way!” Amelia’s smile was broad. “You! You’re so...so...so...”

“So what?” Hazel asked.

“Just so you! I totally never thought you’d be the type! You gotta show me!”

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Hazel was blushing.

“Nope! You’re totally perfect Hazel! I never pictured you as the type to stuff a tiny down your top! Show me!” Amelia pleaded.

Hazel rolled her eyes and turned to head to the staff area. “Fine. Follow me.” As they passed the counter she called out to their boss. “Wayne! Amelia and I are heading to the toilet for a couple of minutes. Ladies stuff!”

“Say no more.” he said. “You’ve earned a break anyway.”



“OH! EM! GEE!” Amelia squealed. “Hazel! You dirty bitch! You actually have a fucking guy in there!”

“Usually he stays at home, but I slept in this morning and he got me up. So he’s getting a reward.” Hazel explained.

“That must be guy heaven! Imagine getting shrunk by the Agency, thinking you’re going to end up on some girl’s plate only to get doted on by Hazel. You lucked out lil fella.” Amelia laughed.

“Actually...he’s on a deal.” Hazel said.

“NO!” Amelia gasped. “You...there’s...no way!”



“Rich friend from university. She’s out of the country for a few months. I’m taking care of him for her.” Hazel lied. She pulled up her bra. Harrison was stuck good to her tit. She wasn’t surprised there. He’d probably been making his own glue. “Wanna hold him?”

“Haha! Look at him! That is so damn cute!” Amelia laughed. “Yeah I wanna hold him!”





“OHMIGOD HE’S SO TINY!” Amelia squealed as she held the little man up to her face. She’d never held an actual tiny before. She’d never had the money to buy even some specks, never mind an actual pet.

“Hey! Not so loud!” Harrison protested.

“Oh, he likes you Hazel! Look at that little peepee! It’s at full mast!” Amelia giggled.

“Yeah, he’s got no control over that thing at all.” Hazel said.



“Does he do any tricks?” Amelia asked.

Hazel shrugged. “I’ve not had him long. He got out of his tank somehow. Mostly his main trick is that permanent boner.”

Amelia grinned, plucked Harrison up then dropped him on her nose. “Go on little guy! Stand up! I wanna see you walk up my nose!”

“Hazel! Help!” Harrison yelped. He didn’t like being so high up on somewhere so unstable. Hazel’s crazy, blue-haired friend kept moving too. He could feel his cock stiffening against her.

“Just do as she asks. You’ll be fine.” Hazel grinned.



“C’mon! Up you get!” Amelia gestured with her face, shifting Harrison ever so slightly. He couldn’t take it anymore. He was already so turned on from being stuffed in Hazel’s bra. His cock twitched, Harrison groaned and he shot out another load, all over the blue-haired woman’s face.

“Gah! What the!? Did...did he just cum on me!?” Amelia squealed.

“Uhhh..looks like it.” Hazel said. “I did warn you.”

“Eww! Get your stinky pet off me. I need to wash my face!”



Hazel retrieved Harrison and put him back down her bra. To keep him from getting too aroused she set him on top of her nipple, rather than burying him under her boob. Also, this way would be a bit more fun for her as he'd constantly be teasing her nipple.

"I don't think I'm ever going to look at you the same way." Amela's eyes focused on Harrison as Hazel pulled her top back on.

"Girls just want to have fun." Hazel smirked.

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“I still can’t believe you! All this time!” It was hours later and Amelia was still going. Hazel glanced up at the clock behind the customer she was serving. There was only an hour left of her shift.

“That’ll be three fifty please. Cash or card?” Hazel ignored Amelia’s rambling and focused on her customer.

“Cash” the woman said and handed over a pile of change.

“I am so freakin’ jealous!” Amelia said as the customer left.



“I suppose I could let you borrow him. Just for a few hours, over at my place.” Hazel said. “I don’t think he’d mind.”

Amelia laughed. “You think I’m jealous of you!? I’m jealous of him!”

“Harrison!?! Really!?! Why!?!”

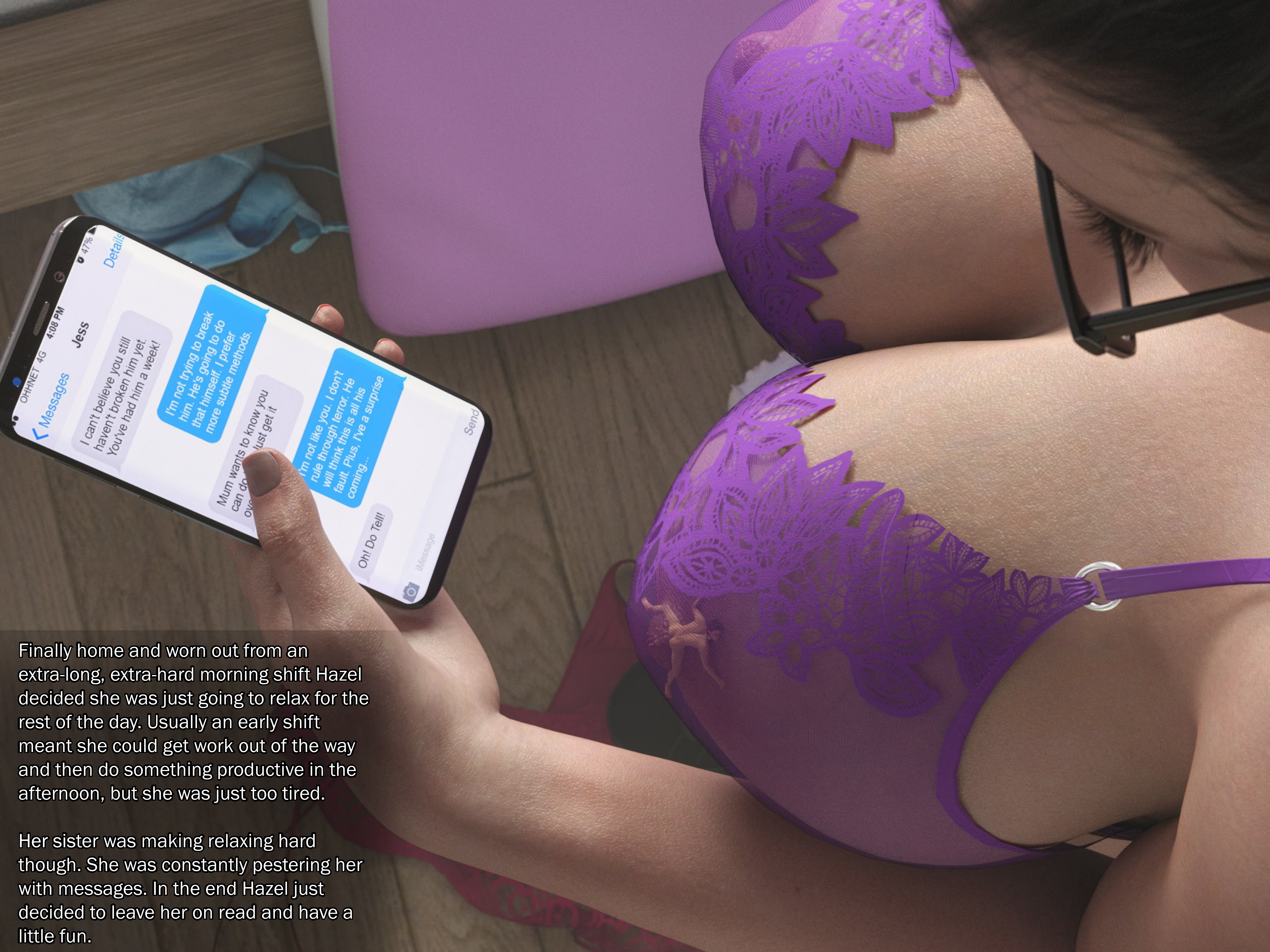
“Because he’s literally got no worries in the world! He doesn’t have to worry about the Agency as he’s got a deal with some rich girl! He’s looked after, well fed and spends his day jacking off on your boob rather than working. I’d kill for that kind of life.” Amelia explained.

“Well, you know what they say.” Hazel grinned. She could feel Harrison’s legs once again squeezing her nipple. After hours of him being in there she was feeling pretty frisky.

“What?” Amelia asked.

“Be careful what you wish for...”





OHHNET 4G 4:08 PM 47%
Messages Jess Details
I can't believe you still haven't broken him yet. You've had him a week!
I'm not trying to break him. He's going to do that himself. I prefer more subtle methods.
Mum wants to know you can do it. Just get it over with.
I'm not like you. I don't rule through terror. He will think this is all his fault. Plus, I've a surprise coming...
Oh! Do Tell!
iMessage Send

Finally home and worn out from an extra-long, extra-hard morning shift Hazel decided she was just going to relax for the rest of the day. Usually an early shift meant she could get work out of the way and then do something productive in the afternoon, but she was just too tired.

Her sister was making relaxing hard though. She was constantly pestering her with messages. In the end Hazel just decided to leave her on read and have a little fun.



“Oooohh...” Hazel moaned as she gently teased herself through her panties. She was already pretty turned on and could feel the wetness through the thin fabric. Harrison’s constant rubbing and squeezing had really helped to ease the boredom of her shift. Now she needed to relieve all that pent up frustration.

Harrison couldn't believe it. After spending the whole day pinned to Hazel's boob he was hornier than he could ever remember in his life. He'd blown multiple loads all over her building-sized tit and he was still desperate to cum even more.

Now he had a front row seat to Hazel moaning and gasping as she pleased herself. Harrison couldn't help but start to grind on her nipple once more. He wanted nothing more than to be a part of this.



“Mmmm...” Hazel cooed. She stopped teasing herself and reached around behind her back to undo her bra. Her tits dropped and Harrison easily clung on, still grinding. He kept going right until she plucked him off her nipple.

“Time for you to go back to your tank. You’ve had your fun for the day.” Hazel said, lowering him into his hated home.

“No! No! Please!” He begged. “I can help you! I...I...I can serve you!”

He jerked to a stop, then Hazel lifted him back up again.





“How? How can you serve me?” She asked him. She’d settled herself down on her bed and dropped Harrison back on her tit. He looked so tiny and pathetic there. Barely bigger than her nipple, kneeling as he was.

“I can pleasure you! I know what I’m doing. I’m still a man.” Harrison didn’t realise how desperate he sounded.

Hazel suppressed a smirk. “What about your wife?”

“She...I...” Harrison looked visibly panicked. He was torn. Torn between his love for Jenny, and his desperation to have an actual fuck. “She told me what I did here doesn’t count. She doesn’t want to know.”

“OK, still...I’m not sure you can. You’re so small. I can do the job pretty well myself.” Hazel could see her rejection was driving him mad.

“Please! I’ll do anything! You can do what you like with me! You own me! I’m not really a man! I’m just a pet! A toy!” Harrison begged. Debasing himself as much as he could in the hopes that she’d use him. “I can’t stand it anymore. Your body is just so incredible. I want to fuck you more than anything.”

“Even if that means betraying your wife? I’m not asking you to do that.” Hazel said.

“I don’t care!” Harrison yelled.



“Ok then, since you seem pretty adamant that you’re just a thing I own, do what you like. Just make sure you actually please me, and not just yourself. OK?”

“Yes! Thank you!” Harrison jumped with glee, then practically dove on her nipple.

“Wait.” Hazel said. “If I own you, you should probably address me properly. Thank you, what?”

“M...Mistress?” Harrison wasn’t sure of the right answer.

“I don’t go for gendered titles.” Hazel said.

“Yes! Thank you Master!” Harrison started humping her nipple. Happy to give any response that would get him what he wanted. No matter how much dignity it cost him.



“Ooooh...” Harrison groaned. This was everything he wanted. Sure, he’d been grinding on this nipple all afternoon but now it wasn’t him quietly relieving himself in her top. He was doing this for Hazel. She was watching and quietly cooing as he pleased her, and himself.

He squeezed as hard as he could, using his arms and his knees. Her nipple pushed back, swelling up in response to his efforts. He licked and sucked and nibbled on top, using everything he had to stimulate his owner.



Hazel's moaning grew louder, but it only served to turn Harrison on more and more. He was doing it! He was pleasing this monolith of a woman who controlled his entire existence. Her nipple grew taller and thicker. So big he couldn't help but grind his erection against it.

It didn't take long until "Uh...ungh...UHHHHHHH!" Harrison came over the side of Hazel's nipple, still fucking away until the last drop of cum splashed out onto her skin.





“Hey!” Hazel grumbled as Harrison slumped down on her breast, lying perfectly still apart from his little chest which rose up and down. “You did not just blow on me then pass out!”

“No Master...I...I just need a minute.” Harrison said. He was exhausted, but still he was turned on. He needed this horniness to stop. He had to make it stop so he could find some peace.

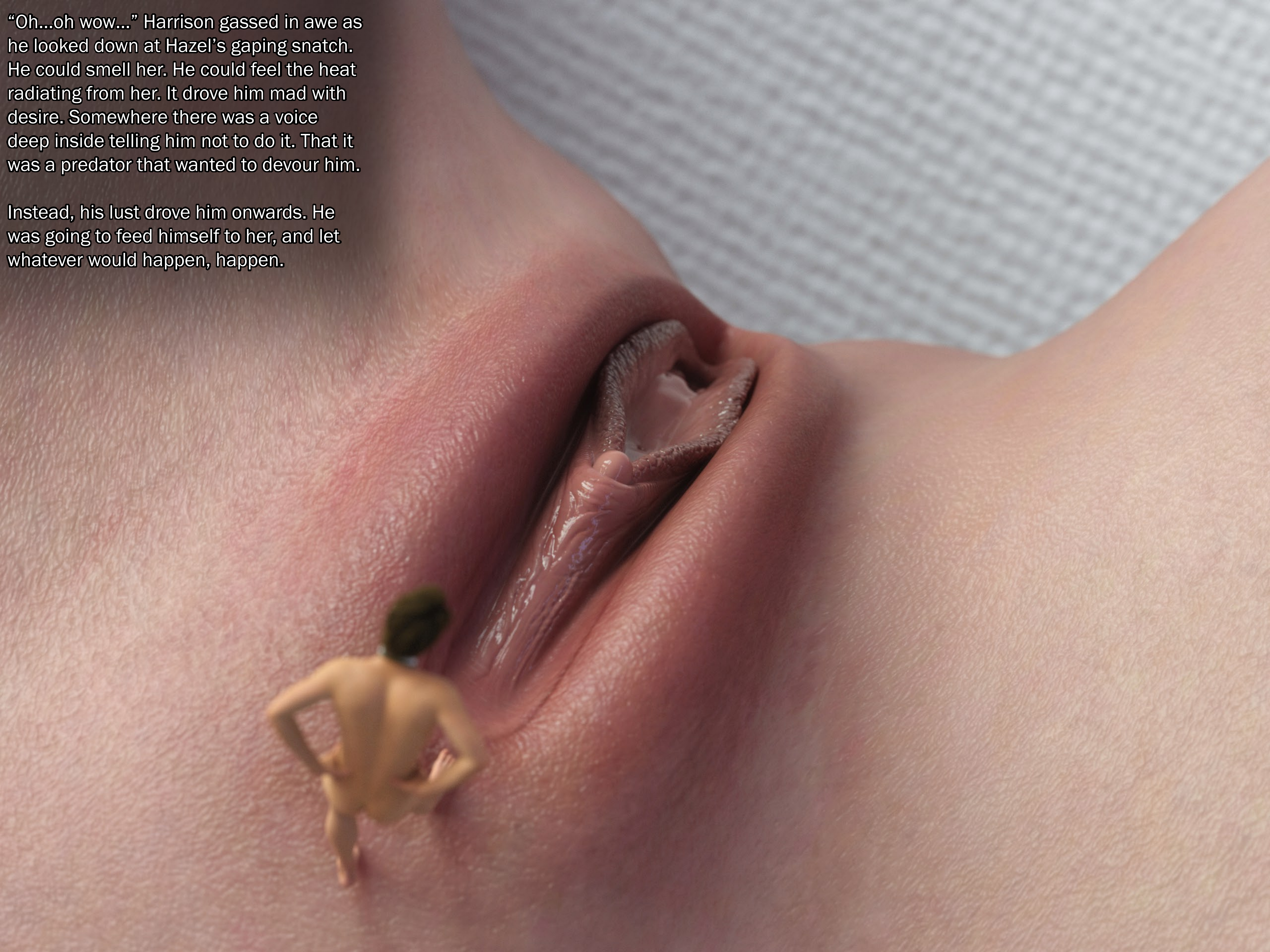
“Fine...” Hazel practically growled. Harrison wasn’t the only one turned on. “Then I expect you to deliver. Or there’ll be consequences for using me like that.”



A minute later Hazel forced Harrison to his feet. She'd kept herself warm by playing with her free tit, but she was getting more and more frustrated. She resisted the urge to pick the little pipsqueak up and shove him between her legs. He was taking his time walking down her body, taking in the sights.

“Oh...oh wow...” Harrison gassed in awe as he looked down at Hazel’s gaping snatch. He could smell her. He could feel the heat radiating from her. It drove him mad with desire. Somewhere there was a voice deep inside telling him not to do it. That it was a predator that wanted to devour him.

Instead, his lust drove him onwards. He was going to feed himself to her, and let whatever would happen, happen.





Harrison's plan was to lie on his front and toy with her clit for a while. That plan came to an abrupt end as Hazel raised up her hips and Harrison stumbled forward.

"I want to watch you go inside me." Hazel said as Harrison landed between her wet pussy lips. "No messing around outside. I'm ready to go."

"Y...yes Master!" Harrison said. He was so turned on already he thought he might cum again.



Crawling and wriggling between the two slippery walls of flesh, Harrison found the opening between his owner's legs and slipped inside. She was so wet and ready, and Harrison so small that he slid into her like he was going down a waterslide.

"Ooooh..." Hazel groaned, grinding her hips into the bed as she watched another person disappear inside of her. "Ooooh that is so fucking cool."

“This...this is amazing!” Harrison was totally overwhelmed as he slid deeper into Hazel. The undulating pink walls massaged his body, pulling him in further. The smells of her pussy drove him mad, her pheromones reaching up into his brain, pulling him into her like a fish on a hook.

“Oooooh...” A moan reverberated all around him, the sound dampened yet enhanced as it travelled through Hazel’s body. Harrison felt her hips lower. He was no longer sliding into her. He’d have to crawl from here on out.



It was hard to judge where he needed to be. He'd never been with Hazel before. He'd never been inside a person like this before. He just knew that there was a spot that tended to be more sensitive than the rest and he was trying to find it.

Lying on his back, he pushed upwards with his arms and his legs, waiting for Hazel to react. That would be the best way to know he'd found what he was looking for.



“Ooooooh!” Hazel’s whole body shuddered. “Unnnghh...uh huh...”

Harrison had clearly found the spot he was looking for. He pushed up with all his strength, walking along the spot on the ceiling as he lay on his back. Hazel moaned a few more times, her hips writhing, then it all went wrong.

The flesh cavern rolled. The ceiling became the floor and Harrison tumbled as it all changed again. Hazel was moving. Moving somewhere. In the chaos Harrison was thrown deep inside of her. Deep enough that he fell as far into Hazel as it was possible to go.



It was too much, and also not enough. Harrison was just about managing to tease her, but he was just too small and too weak to do anything more than that. Hazel rolled over, reached into her drawer and pulled out her favourite blue toy.

She flipped the switch, turning on the vibrator and slid it between her legs with Harrison still inside. He wanted to fuck her, now was his chance to enjoy the ride.



“Nghhhh...” Hazel groaned, digging her nails into her sheets. “That’s...that’s it...”

The vibrator slid surprisingly far into her on the first push. She never liked to push in too deep. She was far too sensitive towards the back of her. She much preferred pushing against the spot Harrison had found.

She could just about still feel him. He was all the way inside of her. Right up against her most sensitive depths. He felt like nothing more than an interesting tickle.





“Fffuuuckkk!” Hazel groaned in frustration. She was so close, but the tickle was distracting her. She needed Harrison away from that spot. Hazel rolled forwards, first to her knees then up onto her feet.

That did the trick. The tickle stopped. Now she could focus on chasing the orgasm that was so close, but still eluding her.

“WAHHH!!” Harrison screamed. He landed with a wet splat on something hard. Something hard that was vibrating like a tumble dryer. He was on top of Hazel’s vibrator.

He shot down, then back up again. Up and down over and over. He clung on, desperate to keep on top of the thing and not end up underneath it. He’d wanted to prove to Hazel he could be a good toy and give her pleasure. Now she was fucking herself with a much larger, more effective toy.

It was probably the most humiliating moment of his life.



Falling onto her back Hazel found the angle she'd been looking for. She shoved her toy, deep inside of her, pushing it against the roof of her pussy. She could feel Harrison tickling deep inside now, but she had now found the right spot and his tickling couldn't distract her any longer.

“OH OOOOOHHH OHHHHHH!!! YESSSS!” She screamed as her pussy pulsed in climax. “Oooooooh...I needed that...”





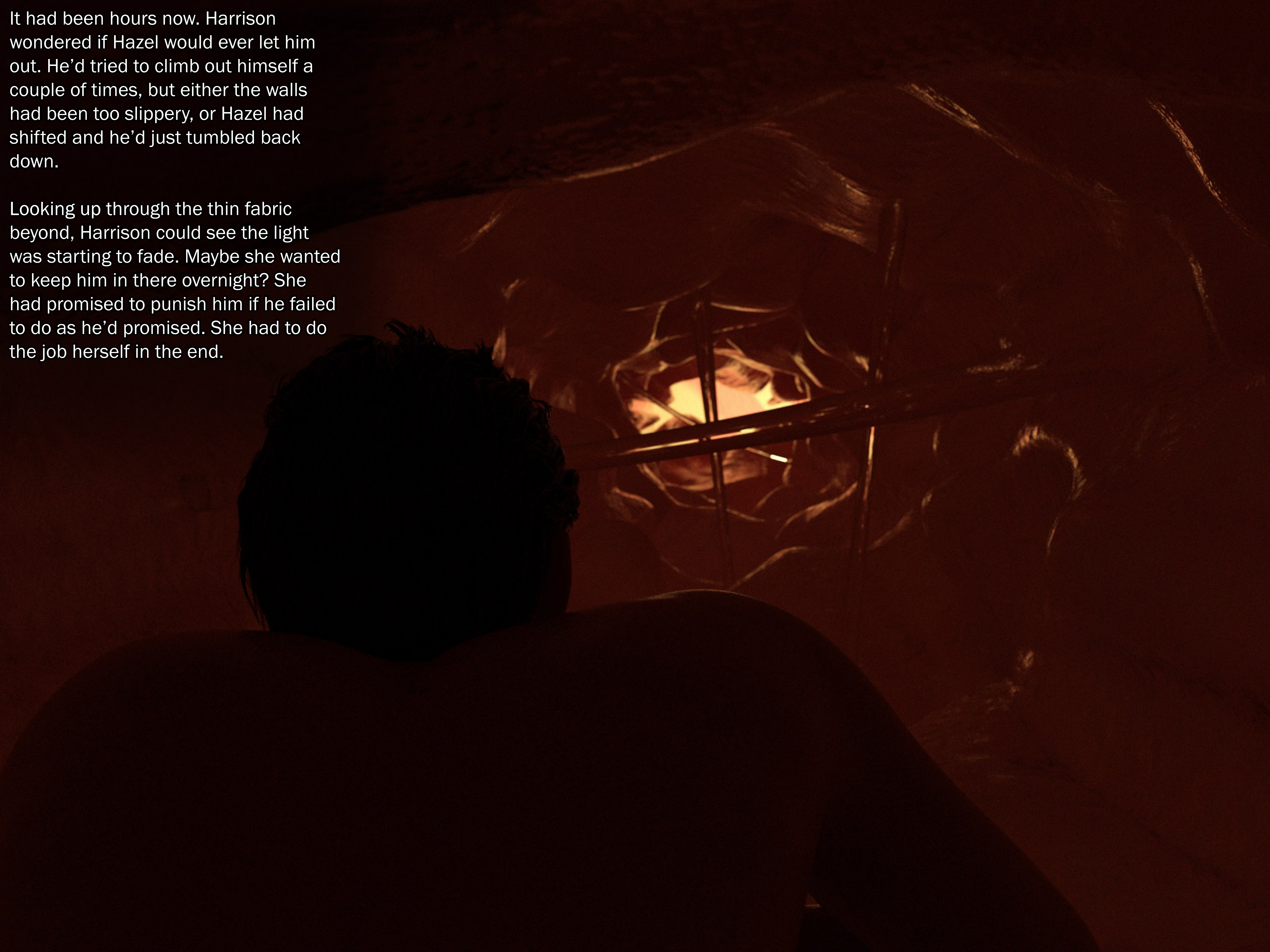
Feeling relaxed and worn out Hazel pulled on her pyjamas and lay in bed reading a book as the Sun slowly went down. She'd have counted it as a wasted afternoon, but sometimes time was more efficiently spent recharging batteries than draining them more.

This was definitely one of those times.

Plus, she still had a nice distraction to enjoy.

It had been hours now. Harrison wondered if Hazel would ever let him out. He'd tried to climb out himself a couple of times, but either the walls had been too slippery, or Hazel had shifted and he'd just tumbled back down.

Looking up through the thin fabric beyond, Harrison could see the light was starting to fade. Maybe she wanted to keep him in there overnight? She had promised to punish him if he failed to do as he'd promised. She had to do the job herself in the end.



Lying back against the deepest part of Hazel, half submerged in a pool of his owner's cum, Harrison decided as punishments went this really wasn't a bad one. Behind him Hazel's cervix shuddered, reacting to him pushing against it.

He took his dick in his hand and started to jerk off. He'd lost count of how many times he'd cum inside of her now. He no longer felt any shame or remorse. This was where he belonged. This was where he wanted to be.

Harrison would give up everything, his entire life, if he could just spend his days inside Hazel jacking himself off forever.



Original Scale 6 ft.

Dani
Height: 5ft
Weight: 99lbs
M: 32C-21-33



Amelia
Height: 4ft10
Weight: 108lbs
M: 30D-23-34



Hayley
Height: 5ft11
Weight: 154lbs
M: 36C-27-40



Harrison
Height: 6ft
Weight: 176lbs



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



5 ft.

4 ft.

3

2

1

69"
66"
63"
57"
54"
51"
33"
30"
6"
3"

Relative to Harrison

Dani
Height: 240ft
Weight: 4966tns



Amelia
Height: 232ft
Weight: 5417tns



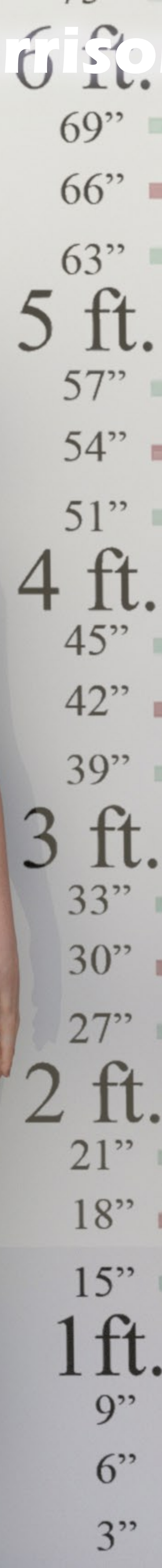
Hayley
Height: 284ft
Weight: 7725tns



Hazel
Height: 243ft
Weight: 6499tns



Harrison
Height: 1.5in
Weight: 0.7g



To Be Continued...

Thanks to Nesh for proof reading.

Thank you for purchasing and supporting my work. More of my work is available for free at <https://openhighhat.deviantart.com>