



**SHRUNK IN  
TRANSLATION**

**BY ORN**

## **A quick note on translation choices.**

**First, it was important to me that a human did the translation for multiple reasons. AI lacks the ability to understand nuance, emotion and context that a human translator familiar with the culture does.**

**As a piece of human creation and art, I also felt it should be translated by a human to keep creativity a human endeavour.**

**On translation choices, I settled on Romaji instead of Kanji for Aiko's lines. This was for two reasons. First, it makes the Japanese harder to understand for Japanese speakers. The idea of this comic is that the reader should feel the same confusion as the character.**

**The second was for formatting. Using all Latin characters meant I could format the text cleanly together so it all flows as one continuous text. These choices are very much personal and open to interpretation, but that is the nature of translation!**

**Translation work was carried out by [deviantart.com/haie](https://www.deviantart.com/haie). They are open to work if you have a Japanese translation project!**

**Now, onto the story.**

Jim sat in the tank in the pet shop, just wondering how he'd gotten here. Alone, naked and with no idea of what the future held, all he could do was replay how he got here over and over again, trying to force time backwards so he could change the course of events that had already happened.





At first, the virus was nothing to worry about. It was just a news story about pigs in the Philippines. Then it was everywhere. It went from a minor story to world-stopping headlines in a weekend. International travel stopped overnight, leaving Jim and Emily stranded in Japan as the virus tore through the country.

When they both got sick, they weren't surprised. Everyone was getting sick. Emily was fine.

Jim wasn't so lucky.





When it was all over, he was barely two inches tall. The hospital refused to release him, so Emily checked on him every day. All she wanted was to take him home, but she couldn't. For a year, he waited in the hospital, having no idea what was happening or what the nurses were saying.

He just wanted Emily. He just wanted to go home.

Until one day, he had no idea why, Emily stopped coming. She always told him how much she loved him. She was always so sad to leave him. He didn't understand why she'd left him.

Jim was lost and alone in a land of giants. They didn't speak to him. They didn't acknowledge him except to feed him. A few days after Emily stopped visiting, his box was sealed, and a nurse carried him out of the hospital and handed him over to someone else.

That was how he'd ended up in a display tank in a pet shop, waiting to be bought.



Whatever had happened meant that people were now totally fine with buying people to own. Just those people had to be too small to have a say. Jim had seen others like him in the shop, but they'd all been bought already. People were definitely interested in him, especially the girls. They fawned over him, but then looked at the sticker on his tank and moved on, disappointed.

At least he was going to be an expensive pet.



“Ara? Kore wo mite! Chou kawaii!”

Jim almost jumped out of his skin. He'd been so lost in thought he'd not even notice the woman enter the store. It hadn't been until the light dropped as she bent down to peer into his tank that he realised she was there.

He couldn't see her face from here. All he could see was a pair of gargantuan bosoms, filling the glass wall of his tank, wobbling and shaking hypnotically.

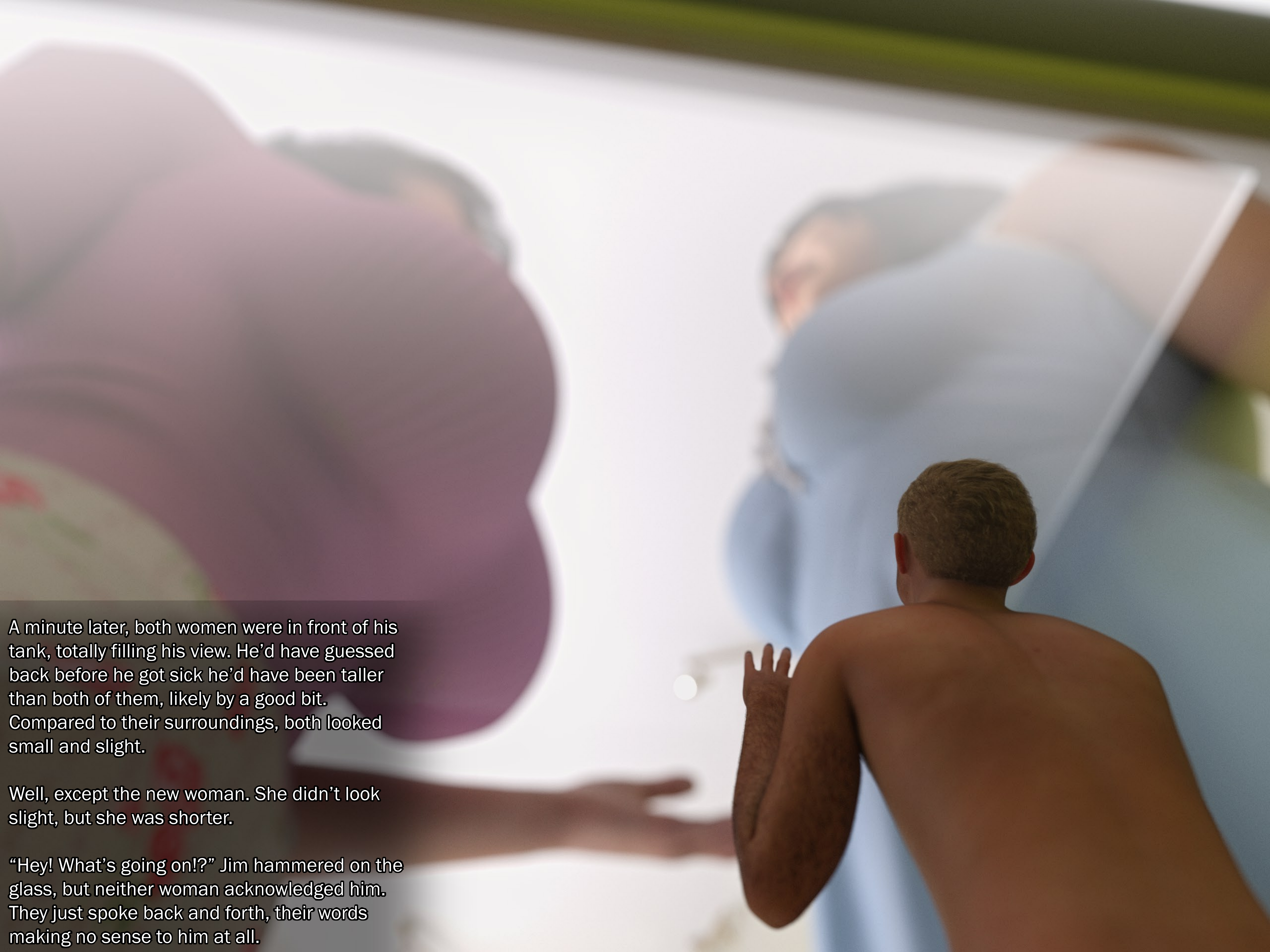




“Um...hi...” Jim said, waving up to the gigantic woman.

“Ee! Kawaiyugi yo! Ikura takakutemo kawanakya!” the woman spoke.

Jim had no clue what she was saying. She seemed pretty enthusiastic about him, though. The girl disappeared, and Jim watched her hurry towards the counter, looking for one of the staff who worked there.

A man in a tank top is seen from behind, looking at two women in a museum. The woman on the left is wearing a purple top and has her hand on a display case. The woman on the right is wearing a blue top and is also looking at the display. The background is a large, brightly lit museum space with various exhibits.

A minute later, both women were in front of his tank, totally filling his view. He'd have guessed back before he got sick he'd have been taller than both of them, likely by a good bit. Compared to their surroundings, both looked small and slight.


Well, except the new woman. She didn't look slight, but she was shorter.

"Hey! What's going on!?" Jim hammered on the glass, but neither woman acknowledged him. They just spoke back and forth, their words making no sense to him at all.



The clerk had been kind to him during his time in the pet shop. Much kinder than the nurses in the hospital. She had spent time with him, stroking him and talking to him. He had no idea what she'd been saying, but her touch had been incredible. A little too incredible, usually leaving him with a throbbing erection that left her giggling at him.


Now, she'd reached into his tank and had plucked him out, carrying him towards the counter as she spoke with her customer.

A photograph showing a man from behind, looking towards two women. The man is shirtless and has his hand on his head. The women are in the background, one wearing a blue shirt and the other a white shirt. The room has colorful wall decorations, including a large purple shape and a yellow triangle. The text is overlaid on the bottom left of the image.

On the counter, Jim found himself surrounded by glass walls looking up at the two women as they talked. It was hard to ignore the fact they were talking about him. Presumably they were talking about his care needs or haggling over price. They could have been talking about the weather, for all he knew.

“Hey! Hey! My name is Jim! Can you please call my girlfriend!? She’s called Emily Crowthers! I can help–”

Jim stopped as the newcomer pulled out her card and tapped it on the reader. It beeped, signalling that he’d just been sold.

A woman wearing a pink, ribbed, short-sleeved top is holding a clear glass terrarium. Inside the terrarium, a tiny man is sitting on a bed of wood shavings. The terrarium is placed against her chest. In the background, there is a pet shop setting with shelves of products and a white dog with black spots.


The two giants exchanged some final pleasantries, and Jim called out more pleas to find his girlfriend. The woman in pink grabbed the glass walls of his new home and lifted it up, holding it against herself as she walked out of the pet shop, carrying Jim into the next phase of his life.

His new life as someone's pet.



“Um...hello!?” Jim called up. He wasn’t sure if the woman was ignoring him or if she couldn’t hear him. The constant growl of the bus’ engine, combined with some low-level background conversation was probably enough to drown him out, he was so small.

His new owner hadn’t so much as looked at him. She’d just held the glass tank securely as she sat in her chair and looked...

A man with short, light-colored hair is seen from behind, looking upwards. He is shirtless. Above him is a large, purple, curved structure that appears to be the torso of a giantess. The structure is made of a material that looks like a tank top, with a white undergarment visible through a hole. The scene is lit with a warm, yellowish light from above, creating a dramatic atmosphere. The background is a bright blue sky with some clouds.

...well, Jim wasn't sure how she looked. He couldn't see her face. The tank was pulled tightly in against the giantess' torso, her enormous bosom stretching out above him like a canopy, totally blocking out her face.

If he squinted, he could just about make it out, the stretched fabric allowing a glimpse of her as the light shone through.

"Please be nice..." Jim said to himself, fearing the worst.




As the journey dragged on, Jim found it harder and harder to stay awake. That was another little side effect of the illness that had left him the size of a mouse. Along with a sensitivity to touch and a never-ending appetite, he could only keep awake for a few hours at a time before needing to go to sleep.

There was no point in fighting it. Jim lay down in the sawdust and fell fast asleep.



“Huh...” Jim blinked himself awake, feeling like he hadn’t slept. He was pretty sure he’d been asleep for hours at least, judging by how groggy he felt, but it had been an empty, dreamless sleep.

Only just conscious, his senses were already being bombarded by the unfamiliar sound of Japanese pop music. It was loud, it was busy and it made Jim grimace with disorientation just trying to focus on it. It didn’t help that there was also a loud, girly voice singing along with it, quite out of key.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman's torso and arms. She is wearing white, thin-strapped underwear. Her hands are on her hips, and she is looking down. In the background, a tiny man in a glass tank is visible, along with shelves containing various figurines and a water bottle. The scene is set in a brightly lit room with posters on the walls.

Pushing himself to his feet, Jim took in his surroundings. He was in an apartment. It looked to be one long room comprising a kitchen, a living room and a bedroom. The walls were covered in bright, colourful posters, and there were statuettes and plushies on shelves all over the room.

He was still within his plain glass tank, the only break in the featureless walls was a water bottle to keep him hydrated.


A gasp took his attention, and a towering wall of flesh appeared above him.

“Aa, okita ne!” the gargantuan woman spoke, looming down over him.



Jim tried to open his mouth to say something, to say anything, but found he couldn't. His eyes had been drawn up and up and up, searching for the face of the towering woman who'd bought him, only to get stuck on the two twin hills of her chest. They wobbled and swayed, completely captivating.


"Iya! Kawaii yo ne!" she laughed, finally pulling his attention to her face.



“Please! My name is Jim! I’m not supposed to be here! Can you call Emily!? She’s my girlfriend! She can come get me!” When Jim spoke, everything poured out at once in one long stream.


The woman’s face shifted, clearly unmoved by his words, but still smiling. Her arm reached down into the tank, gigantic fingers pinched him and lifted him out of the tank up to her beautiful, smiling face.

“Yoku mite mimashou.” She said, her eyes focusing on him as he kicked into thin air.



Being pinched around the chest was uncomfortable, especially being dangled so high above the ground. He tried to take comfort in the fact the woman was smiling at him as she held him in front of her eyes, twisting him one way, then the other, taking him in.

“Kimi wa hontou ni chiisana kawai kochan da yo.”  
She said. Jim had no idea what she was saying.  
He’d always relied on Emily to translate for him.  
“Atashi wa Aiko desu!”



“Aiko!” Jim recognised one of the words as a name.  
“You’re called Aiko!”

Aiko’s face turned from a smile to a scowl. Jim felt his stomach twist into a knot of fear. He didn’t know what he’d done to make her annoyed at him. He’d just repeated her name back to her.

“Iya iya! Chanto hanashi kakete kure, kobito chan. Aiko-sama to yobanakereba naranai yo!” She said, her voice sharp and fast.

“Right...right...sorry...” Jim remembered something Emily had explained to him once about the Japanese using different titles in their names to signify status. It was important and he’d offended her by getting it wrong. “Aiko-sama, I’m sorry.”



That seemed to do the trick. Her expression softened back to its usual smile.

“My name’s Jim! Can you help me find my girlfriend?” he asked.

“Nn... dou yobeba ii ka na.” She said.

“Please! Can you find my girlfriend!? Emily!?”

“Dango ka! Kanpeki wa ne! Dango to yobimashou!” she giggled, pointing at him.

“Dango?” Jim asked, pointing at himself.

“Dango!” Aiko nodded with a satisfied smile.

Jim realised she’d just named him.

“Ikimashou Dango-chan! Rikai wo tasukeru you ni aidea ga aru yo!” Aiko said and started walking.

Jim looked down, his eyes drawn to her chest as it bounced with each step she took. Her boobs were so soft and bouncy they were almost hypnotic.

“American?” she asked, the word needed no translation.

“No! I’m English!” he said, getting excited that she might be able to understand.

“Amerika-jin no onaji, ok!” She nodded.

“No! English!” he repeated, but she ignored him.





Jim continued to dangle as Aiko picked up her phone from the table in the living area and started to type. She was holding him right in front of her boob as if he was some sort of hamster, and not a man who might ogle her. It was hard not to ogle her. Her tits were absolutely gigantic. He was pretty sure he'd seen smaller two-storey homes.

Aiko chirped something unintelligible as the phone completed the task she'd given it.

"I am Aiko." She spoke slowly with a thick Japanese accent. She was just reading words from a screen that she didn't understand. "You are Dango."

“Yes! I understand that! Can you find my girlfriend!? She’s called Emily!” Jim pleaded. He hoped the phone would translate automatically for him.

Aiko typed some more, and the phone chimed as it completed the translation. “I bought you...” she spoke. “You are pet!”

“What!? No! I need to find my girlfriend! Please! She’s looking for me! I know she is!” Jim started to feel panic rise in him.



Aiko hissed sharply, cutting Jim off. She lifted him up to her face, her huge, deep brown eyes locked onto him, making the little man want to curl up into himself.

Aiko tapped some more on her phone, translating something. "I talk! You listen!"

Jim nodded, he understood. This wasn't a conversation. She had already told him what he was. He was her pet. She didn't want him talking back. She wanted him to be a good boy and do as he was told. "I'll...I'll listen."



Satisfied her pet had understood, Aiko went back to typing on her phone.

“You good pet.” She said. “I take care of Dango-chan. Be nice to Dango-chan. Love Dango-chan.”

Jim felt his stomach drop further. It wasn't just that she was dangling him by his arm as she talked to him. It was that she was outlining his future. This was what he was now. He was her pet. Little more than a human-shaped gerbil. All his years growing up, his education, his life with Emily, his hopes, plans and dreams for the future. All of it was gone.

He was Dango now.





“Dango-chan understand?” Aiko prompted him, her voice almost giddy with excitement.

Jim nodded. “I understand.”

Aiko smiled and said something else in Japanese. As sad as he was, Aiko was the opposite. He tried to take some comfort in the fact she didn't seem cruel. She said she was going to look after him. That she'd love him. Jim hoped that meant life wouldn't be too bad with his new owner.

Jim felt himself sinking once more as Aiko slowly lowered him down until he was level with her left breast once again. That was the second time she'd deliberately held him there. He couldn't get over the size of them. He remembered visiting America when he was a kid. The family he was staying with in the middle of nowhere had a satellite dish that stood on a plinth in the back yard. Aiko's areola was as big as that dish was.

"I your home." Aiko said. "You play with Aiko. You like being Aiko pet!"

Jim could hear the elation in her voice. He really wasn't sure what she meant, though he was about to find out.





Without warning, Aiko's blimp-sized tit flew towards Jim. Or rather, Jim flew towards the tit. He smacked into it, not too hard, then was slowly dragged up the face of the areola. Every bump and wrinkle of the delicate, soft flesh rubbed over his body, feeling incredible against his skin.

Above him, Aiko giggled, the musical sound shaking her chest even more.

"Hai, Dango-chan, atashi no petto ni naru koto wo kitto suki ni naru darou na." She said.

One moment, Jim was being dragged up and down the slope of her breast, the next, she'd let him go. He couldn't help but yelp in surprise as she dropped him, though he didn't fall far. He was so tiny and her boob so huge that it didn't so much as budge as he landed on it.

“Atashi no dekai oppai ga suki?” Aiko's voice teased him, even if he couldn't understand the words.






“Gah!” Jim couldn’t help but yelp as the massive bouncy castle he was lying on wobbled and shook as Aiko laughed. He could feel two different parts of himself arguing with each other. Eons of evolution competing to win out over what was the best response. Fear or horny?

To one part of him, Aiko was a giant predator to be feared. To the other, boobs were boobs. And big boobs were always better.

“Iya! Oppai no ue de sugoku chiisaku mieru ne! Chiisai mono da to wakaru kedo, okashii na!” Aiko giggled some more. “Kimi wa totemo kawaii yo, bakuhatu shisou!”

Aiko laughed so hard that Jim actually bounced up off her boob, then tumbled back down, sliding down the slope.





“Shit! Shit! Shit!” Jim flailed, desperately trying to grab a hold of something to stop his slide. It was no use. Between the soft flesh, the steep slope and his momentum, he was going to fall.

“Baka da ne, Dango-chan! Otosasenai yo!”  
Aiko laughed.

Still sliding and scrambling to hold on, Aiko's talking only made the situation worse. She didn't seem to be bothered about him falling. If anything, she was amused. Jim yelped as he felt himself slip, his heart jumping into his throat as he expected this to be the end.

Instead, the fall stopped as soon as it had started. A solid, warm ledge had broken his fall. It took Jim a few seconds for his brain to comprehend what had just happened. Her nipple had caught him.



“Holy shit...” Jim said, panting with fear. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest as the adrenaline kept flowing through his veins. He was safe, he knew that now, but it would take his body a while to catch up. He looked up as he heard a feminine coo far above and his eyes locked onto Aiko’s.

The look on her face told him all he needed to know about her opinion of what he was doing.

“Nn... soko ni sugoku kimochii...” she said. Her voice was pleasant to listen to, even if he couldn’t make out a word she was saying. She sounded sweet and innocent, even if she was anything but.



A strange sensation, almost like a crawling feeling, brought Jim's attention back down to the perch he was resting on. It was moving. No, not moving. It was growing. The nipple stiffening, growing longer and thicker. Aiko was getting turned on by just having him there.

"Sore wa hontou ni eroi. Totemo chiisai kara, atashi no chikubi ga kimi wo sasaeru yo!" Aiko sounded fascinated. "Kimi wa kanpeki na petto da yo!"





“Shikkari tsukamaete ne! Motto yoku mitai!” Aiko said.

Without warning, she started to move, her left side swinging forward as she took a step. Jim yelped, feeling a new surge of adrenaline surging through him as the fear of falling became very sudden and very real again. He clung on tightly to her nipple with his legs and braced against her boob with his hands as it swayed with each step she took.

He swallowed as he looked down. He was so high up, there was no way he could survive a fall from this height, but she didn't seem bothered at all.



Aiko headed back to her bed, walking right up against the far wall before coming to a halt. Jim had no idea where she was now, he'd been more focused on holding onto the bouncing, quaking tit than where she was going.

“Sugoi!” Aiko almost screamed. “Asoko ni mite! Kawaii yo! Atashi no oppai wo ookiku miseru ne! Mou kanari ookii yo. Kimi ga karera wo kureejii no yoyu ni miseru!”

Jim looked around, then caught sight of the massive mirror behind him. He could see her...see himself clinging to her tit like a limpet. That was the first thing he noticed. The second was that Aiko had an astounding figure.





Jim was forced to cling on tight once again as Aiko spun around without warning. He clung to her tit as it bounced up and down and side to side as she moved around her room, turning with her phone held out.

“Shit...” Jim realised she was taking a picture. He hoped it was just for her personal use.

“Atashi no forowaatachi ga kimi wo hontou ni urayamashiku naru yo, Dango-chan.” She giggled.

Jim did his best not to look petrified as Aiko giggled away to herself while taking a few pictures. He was pretty sure he failed, but he was at least happy he tried.

“Shikkari tsukamaete kudasai!” Aiko laughed, her incomprehensible words giving Jim absolutely no warning of what was about to happen. She fell backwards and Jim screamed, clinging to her nipple as she collapsed backwards onto her bed.

Her boob came back up, hitting him like a freight train, tossing him into the air like confetti.



“Daijobou? Atashi no opopai ga kimi ni ha ookisugiru kamo?” Aiko laughed.

Jim looked up, getting to his hands and knees. She was still smiling, so obviously she didn't object to him being there. If anything, she found this all pretty funny.

“Tsudzukete. Chotto saguru yo. mitemitai!” she said.

Still clueless, Jim watched her face as he stood. He took one, tentative step, then she giggled, almost tossing him over again.



“Ki wo tsukete, Dango-chan! Ochiru kamo shirenai yo!” she teased him.

“Um...yeah...sorry...” he gave her an apologetic smile. He still had no idea what she wanted from him. “It’s like walking on mud. The...uhhhh...ground. It keeps moving under my feet.”

“Tsudzukete. Tanken suru yo. Atashi no karada no ue wo aruku no wo mitai.” She said.

Jim just stared at her, not understanding. “Sorry...I...I don’t know...”

“Mite...kono you na.” She used her fingers to walk across her belly. “Atashi wo tanken suru.”





“Right...you want me to walk...” Jim nodded. “That...that makes sense...”

He looked around, trying to choose a path to take. Behind him was her areola and nipple. The large nub he’d been sitting on seemed to have softened and sunk down into her boob. It didn’t make for great terrain. He decided to walk up the hill away from it.

Behind him, Aiko giggled some more, though not hard enough to knock him over. She seemed to approve of what he was doing.

“Atashi wo kowagatteiru sugata ga kawaii. Hontou ni mugai da yo. Ta da no chiisana josei na no ni, Dango-chan ni wa meccha ookiku mierun darou na.” She said, watching her little pet walk around her boob.

“You want more?” Jim wondered aloud. He started walking in a larger circle, getting further and further up the slope. She giggled, not a lot, but clearly amused at his efforts. Now being so high up the slope and the motion so strong, Jim stumbled and fell down the side of Aiko’s boob.

“Waaaaaaah!” Jim screamed as he tumbled, bouncing even more as Aiko burst into delighted laughter.





“Soko de daijobu?” Aiko asked him.

Jim pushed himself up to his feet, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. He’d just fallen off a boob, managing to land headfirst in a clump on her torso. It was pretty humiliating.

“I’m good! I’m good!” he said, stepping out of the shadow of her colossal tit so she could see him.

“Ah! Ii yo! Tsudzukete! Motto tanken shite hoshii yo!” She said, clearly very entertained by his escapades.

“I suppose you want me to keep going.” Jim said.

Aiko replied cheerily. Her words were musical and unintelligible. Jim just started walking down her torso, feeling the softness underfoot as her stomach rose up in front of him. Aiko definitely had a nice layer of fat under her skin. It probably explained why her tits were so huge.

Her softness lent her an air of gentleness which helped him feel more at ease. He almost wanted to lie down there on her stomach and feel what she'd be like as a bed.





Slowly but surely, Jim made his way up the slope of Aiko's belly, enjoying the soft squish of fat beneath his feet. He was definitely feeling more comfortable now he wasn't twenty storeys in the air. Aiko seemed nice and caring, and given all the fears he'd had about being sold as a pet, she didn't seem bad at all.

Out of nowhere, something big hit him in the back. Not hard, quite the opposite. He shuddered as he felt it drag down his back. It was her finger, and she was petting him. It felt incredible.

"Ooooooh..." Jim moaned, his eyes rolling back in his head and his arms shuddering.

"Hontou ni ii ko datta wa ne? Kono koudou o kyouka subeki da to omou." Aiko said.



It was like electricity down his spine. He could feel every ridge on her fingerprint like they were massaging the muscles of his back. The feeling was overwhelming. He couldn't think about anything else. All he could do was push his back into her fingertip as she stroked him over and over.

“Atashi no chibi petto, sore ga suki deshou!?” Aiko laughed.

Jim moaned some more.

“Kimi wa ii otoko! Ii otoko da yo! Hai, sou da ne!” Aiko sang at him.

“Ooooooh!” Jim groaned again. With each stroke Aiko gave him, he groaned louder and louder. It felt so good, and he didn’t understand why. Emily had never stroked him after he got ill. She’d never treated him like a pet. He felt so relaxed and safe and...why was his dick so hard?

“Uhhhh...uhhhh...OOHHHHH...” Jim groaned as his cock exploded, shooting ropes of jizz across his owner’s tummy.

Aiko laughed, surprised by how easily she’d just made her pet cum. “Ara! Nadareru no ga hontou ni suki nan da!”



Exhausted, elated and perfectly relaxed, Jim collapsed in a heap on Aiko's tummy, enjoying the soft warmth beneath him. He just wanted to close his eyes, sink into her and drift off to sleep.

Aiko's finger returned, this time gently caressing his hair. "Ii chibi petto. Atashi non petto ni naru koto o ki ni itte kureru to omou, Dango-chan. Atashi ni iru to suki na dake dashite ii yo."

"Heh...maybe being Dango won't be so bad." Jim said.




“Kore wa tanoshikatta kedo, shigoto o owaraseru mae ni nanika tabetai.” Aiko said.

“Uhhhh huh...” Jim nodded. He just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. He hoped that was what she was saying.

Instead, the floor quickly became a wall, and he tumbled down to the sheets below.

“Aha! Omoshiroi ne, chiisana Dango-chan!” she laughed.




A woman with long legs, wearing white thong underwear, stands in a modern kitchen. Her back is to the camera, showing her buttocks and legs. In the foreground, a tiny, orange, humanoid figure stands on the edge of a bed, looking up at the woman. The background shows a kitchen with white cabinets, a grey brick wall, and a window with blinds. The lighting is warm and indoor.

Aiko got up, swinging her long legs off the bed to the floor below. She walked towards the end of the bed, stopping to scroll through her phone. It gave Jim a chance to scramble after her. He wondered if she'd told him he was welcome to sleep in her bed for a while.

If that was the case, he didn't want to. He suddenly felt much more awake and wanted nothing more than to be with her. He scampered down the duvet cover, almost tripping, the ground was so soft.

"Wow...what a view..." he said, stopping at the edge of the bed with Aiko right there.



“Ato kara onrain ni naru to ii da ne...” Aiko said as she tapped at her phone. She was oblivious to the little pair of eyes staring at her.

Jim couldn't quite believe his luck. It would have been better if Emily had taken him home, but Aiko was proving to be a pretty good second choice. As he looked up at the gigantic, soft, rippling ass, he felt torn.

Torn because he'd just blown his load for another woman. He'd cheated on Emily. He felt bad about that, but she'd disappeared. She'd left him alone, and now he belonged to this woman. He had to make the best of it. He had to make his new owner happy.

Jim's eyes followed Aiko as she moved around her room. It all felt very normal. Like he wasn't the size of a mouse and owned by this woman. She was just going about her day, getting dressed as if he wasn't even there. He watched her pull on a colourful top, having to use a bit of effort to squeeze the fabric over her massive bust.

She looked over at him, catching him watching her, then walked over to him and plucked him up off the bed.

“Hitori ni naranakunai ne. Semeru koto wa dekinai. Mada kanari shinpai shiteiru deshou. Dango-chan ni totte, kore wa subete meccha atarashii koto da. Shinpai shinaide! Atashi to issho ni ite ii yo.”



It was hard for Jim not to notice that he had been briefly held in front of Aiko's big eyes as she spoke to him, before being slowly lowered to her chest, packed tightly into her vest top. It was impossible for him to take his eyes off the two huge, round orbs of fat and flesh and the dark line of cleavage between them.

He wondered if she was teasing him again, then she let him go, and he dropped right down into the gap between the two hills, his lower half instantly getting stuck. "Gah! What the...hey!" he yelled as he struggled.




“Ryouri suru tame ni ryoute ga hitsuyou da, Dango-chan! Soko nara anzen de kaiteki da. Kitto tanoshinde.”

Jim looked up, understanding what Aiko was saying only by her finger coming to push him down into her cleavage. “Gah! Please! Wait!”

“O tanoshimi ni!” he heard Aiko giggled, her voice sounding muffled and distant as he was completely buried in the fat of her tits.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a colorful, patterned bikini top and white bikini bottoms, stands in a room. Behind her is a white shelving unit filled with various anime figurines. To her right, a television screen displays an anime character with blue hair. The room has a wooden floor and a yellow rug. A pink game controller is visible on a desk in the foreground.

With her pet safely stowed away, Aiko headed to the kitchen to make herself some lunch. She was going to need to research the best way to feed Dango at some point. After work, she'd have time for that.

She giggled, feeling her little pet wriggling and squirming. "Ee, soko ni iru no ga suki da yo na."

Wedged deep in Aiko's bosom, Jim couldn't move. He was buried so tightly that he could barely breathe. Aiko's tits were so incredibly soft and warm, they moulded themselves around him, like a protective cushion. It might even have been fun if it weren't for the bouncing.

With each step Aiko took, her soft tits bounced up and down. It was likely only a couple of inches to her, but it was a few feet at a time for Jim. It was like being on a ship in a stormy sea, only with time sped up so each wave crest came every other second. Not only was he feeling seasick, but he was almost horny from her tits constantly massaging his erect dick.



It didn't take long for Aiko's attention to shift towards chopping up veg and cooking her noodles. She'd felt every little wriggle and squirm from Dango for the first few minutes, but as he warmed up to the same temperature as her boobs, he started to blend in.

Soon, it was as if he wasn't even there at all.

She finished cooking her veg and noodles, then added an egg on top for some protein.



“Unn, oishii...” Aiko said as she chewed on her meal. She hadn’t realised how hungry she was. She’d cut the egg up with her chopsticks and mixed the yolk in with the sauce to thicken it and make it richer. There was nothing like eggy noodles for lunch.

With her meal occupying her entire attention, she’d totally forgotten about her little pet riding along in her tits.



“Unnnnghh...” Jim moaned, his whole body shuddering.

He couldn’t understand how he was still so turned on. Actually, he half understood. He was literally buried in the softest, most unctuous tit flesh he’d ever felt, bathed in his owner’s sweat and hormones. He’d blown a load less than half an hour ago, and already he was dry humping the tit he was buried in.

It helped that Aiko had settled down. He could hear the slurping sounds of eating coming from beyond the mounds that held him.

“Ahhhhhh...” he grunted loudly as his dick twitched once more and he fired a load all over Aiko. He really hoped she wouldn’t mind.



A little twitching followed by a vague warm sensation, and Aiko quickly remembered her little pet being stuffed in her boobs. She pushed her fingers into her cleavage and pulled him out, holding him up in the air as she ate.

“Asoko ni hontou ni ki ni itta mitai ne!!”  
Aiko giggled. “Amari tanoshimi suginaide.  
Ato de hitsuyou ni naru yo!”

“Yeah...sorry about that. I couldn't help it...” Jim blushed. He felt like she saw him as some sex-crazed simpleton.

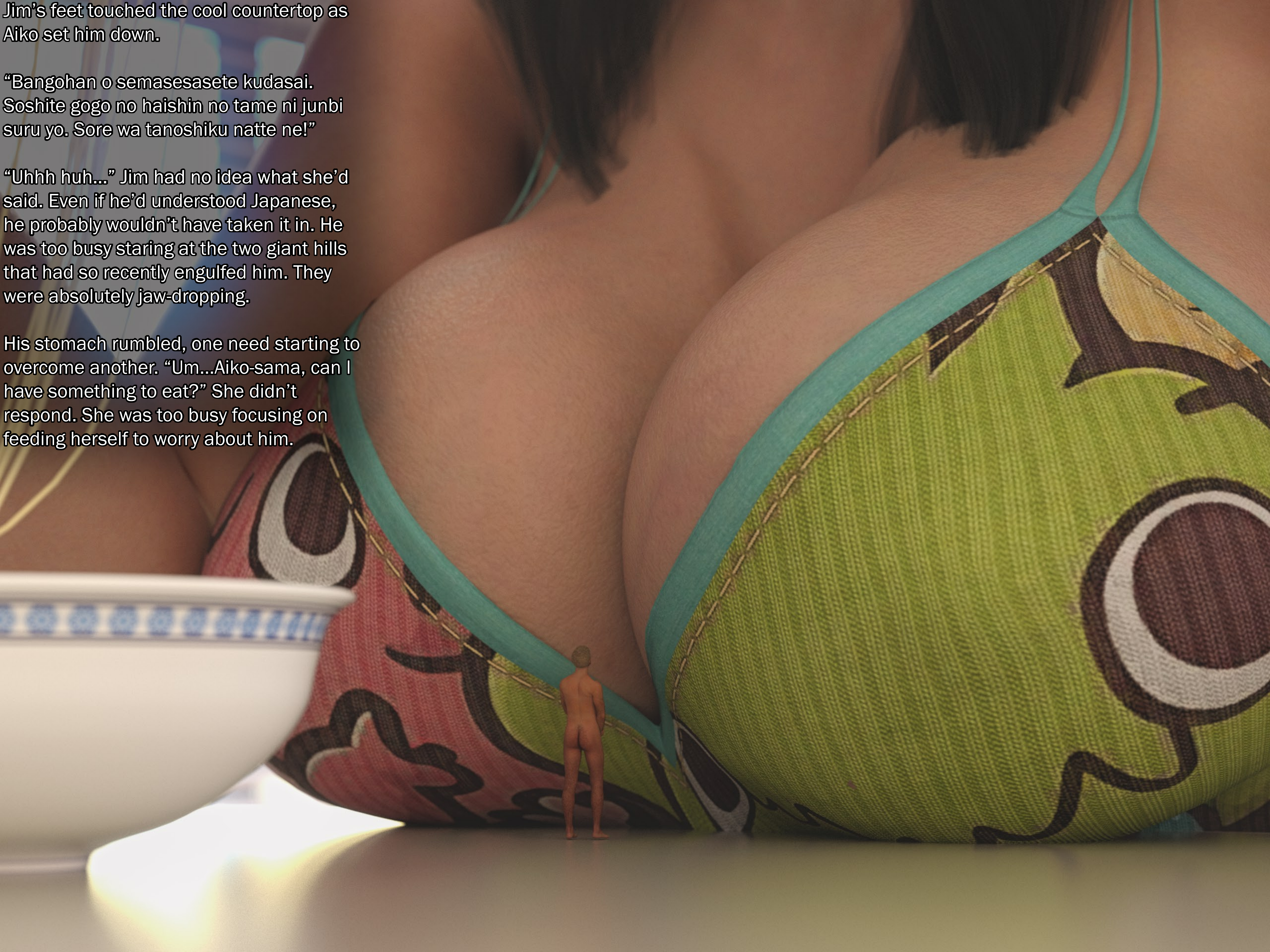



Jim's feet touched the cool countertop as Aiko set him down.

“Bangohan o semasesasete kudasai. Soshite gogo no haishin no tame ni junbi suru yo. Sore wa tanoshiku natte ne!”

“Uhhh huh...” Jim had no idea what she'd said. Even if he'd understood Japanese, he probably wouldn't have taken it in. He was too busy staring at the two giant hills that had so recently engulfed him. They were absolutely jaw-dropping.

His stomach rumbled, one need starting to overcome another. “Um...Aiko-sama, can I have something to eat?” She didn't respond. She was too busy focusing on feeding herself to worry about him.





Torn between hunger and horny, Jim was helpless to just watch, envious, as Aiko finished her meal. He was so hungry it hurt, but the canyon of cleavage did a good job of distracting him.

Eventually, Aiko stood, hauling away her empty bowl, then coming back to pluck Jim up off the counter.

“Haishin no tame ni junbi shiyō. Minna Dango-chan o zettai ni ai suru yo!” she giggled.


“Um...please...Aiko-sama, I’m so hungry!”

“Aa, hontou ni kawaii ne!” Aiko squee’d.



It had taken a little time, but Aiko had finally realised just how hungry her new pet was. A quick search on her phone told her they needed to eat almost constantly. She gave him a noodle, which he ate a surprising amount of, then she settled in to get ready for her stream.

Jim, now no longer hungry, was back to thinking with just primal urge and had gotten as close to the towering Aiko as he could from atop her bed.



“Bloody hell, that thing is ginormous!”

Jim was utterly transfixed. As Aiko did her make-up, she sang something tuneful in Japanese, wiggling her ass from side to side, entertaining and enrapturing her little pet. It just looked so huge and round and soft. He remembered the feel of his girlfriend’s ass in his hand. Remembered what it felt like to hold a soft ass cheek and squeeze it with his fingers. There was no hope of that ever happening.



Satisfied with her eye make-up, Aiko grabbed her powder brush. She didn't like to overdo her make-up. She knew her audience liked the natural look. Still, without, she'd look washed-out by the light, so she needed some.


She sat down on her bed, wanting some stability for balancing out her blusher.

“Gah...can’t...breathe...”

It felt like the entire world had fallen on top of Jim. He’d been so focused on watching Aiko’s ass he’d not been able to process fast enough when it fell out of the sky, squashing him flat into her bed.

Her ass, while incredible, was not quite as soft as her tits. It was crushing him flatter and flatter with each passing second. He could still hear her muffled singing in the distance. She was steamrolling him, wiggling her ass as she did her make-up, oblivious to the fact she was sitting on her pet.





“Hai...sore wa ii...e.” Aiko stopped, feeling something tickling her ass. She stood up and looked down behind her. It wasn’t hard to spot the little figure, stuck to her ass. “Aa, Dango-chan! Obaka ko da! Chuui shite! Itsumo me o hikarasete oku koto wa dekinai!”

Jim felt thoroughly humiliated as she peeled him off her ass, giggling like a schoolgirl.

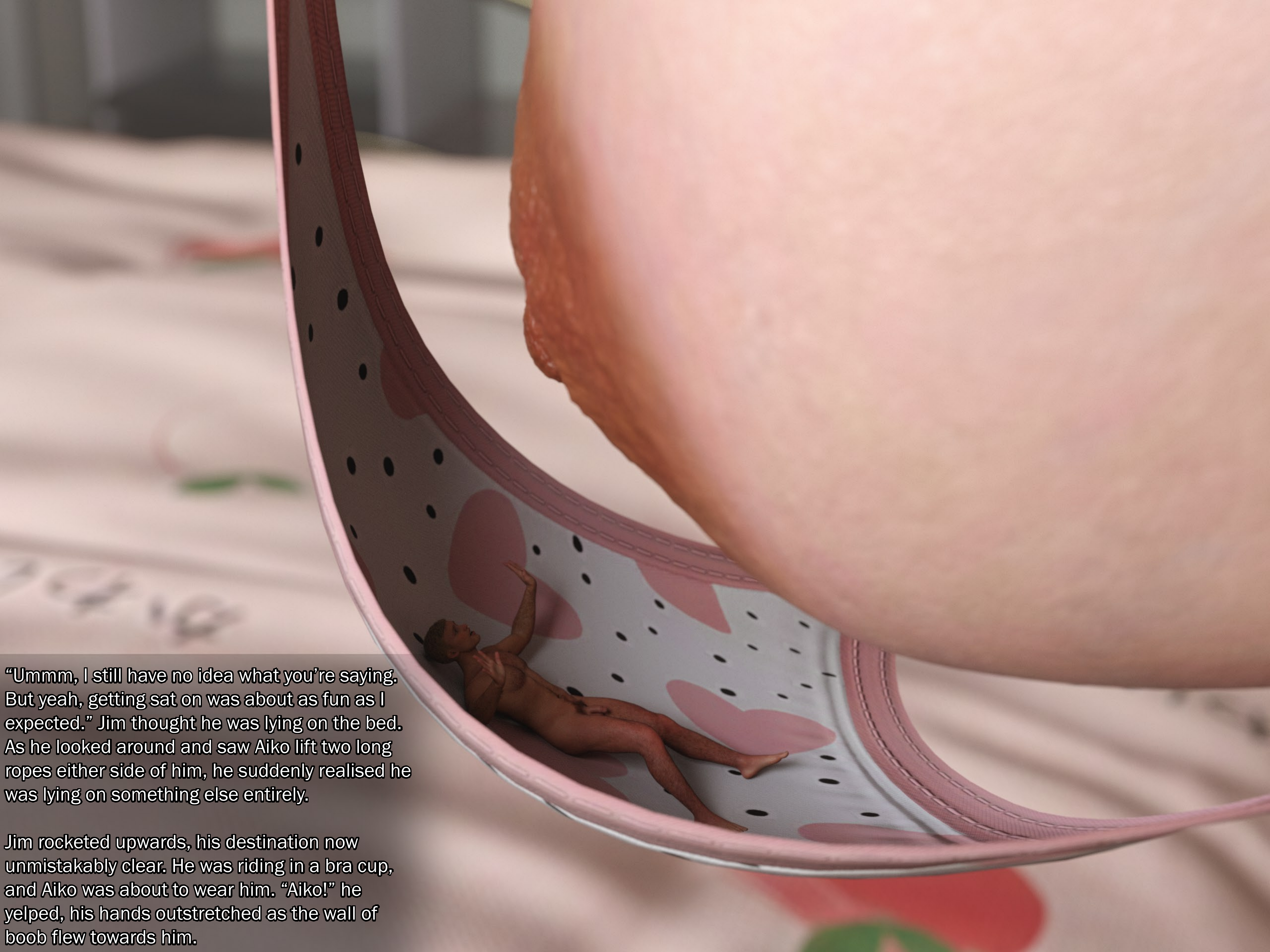
For a minute or two, Aiko held Jim, balled up in her fist. She wasn't mad at him, he could tell that much. He could still hear her singing away. He heard a drawer open, then the sound of clothes being turned over, followed by the drawer closing again.

Her hand opened, and Jim was placed down.

"Huh..." He looked around, trying to figure out where he was. The massive, topless, Aiko loomed over him.

"Saa, atashi no daisuki na chiisasi otoko, tanoshimimashou." Aiko laughed. "Bura de sugosu, soshite jikan ga kitara, minna o odorokase yo!"





“Ummm, I still have no idea what you’re saying. But yeah, getting sat on was about as fun as I expected.” Jim thought he was lying on the bed. As he looked around and saw Aiko lift two long ropes either side of him, he suddenly realised he was lying on something else entirely.

Jim rocketed upwards, his destination now unmistakably clear. He was riding in a bra cup, and Aiko was about to wear him. “Aiko!” he yelled, his hands outstretched as the wall of boob flew towards him.

“Chikatte iu kedo, kono bura o tsukeru tabi ni kitsuku narun da.” Aiko said. She was having to breathe in tight, making herself as skinny as she could and pulling her tits just to get the clasps on. “Aa, sou da!!”

Aiko relaxed a little, letting her chest spill out. She pulled at the straps and edge of the soft cups, trying to make it fit as best as possible. “Ee, kitsui kedo, dansei o zettai ni ai shite. Dango-chan mo sou negatteru yo!”

She could feel him squirming in there. Not much, as he was likely wedged so tight he could barely move.



It was tight, almost ridiculously so, but Jim was in heaven. He had landed right below Aiko's nipple, her extra-soft areola flesh yielding to his body, allowing him to sink into her. It felt like a heated, silky soft duvet. Probably the sort billionaires slept on.

Jim felt himself being jiggled, pulled tighter against Aiko's delicious flesh. Not just tighter, but up and down, causing his cock to jump to life once more.



“Hehe...” Aiko giggled. She could feel him, buried in her boob, his little movements tickling one of her most sensitive of places. She never thought her own pet person could be so fun. She was definitely excited for all the wonderful experiences they were going to have together.


“Junbi wa dekiteru yo ne, Dango-chan. Sukoshi tanoshimou, Dango to Aiko...”





Aiko sat down at her computer, sitting patiently and enjoying further sensations from her pet as the computer booted up. She logged into her streaming services and socials, checking out the reaction to the picture she'd posted earlier with Dango. As she hoped, there was a pretty big reaction. There was already a queue of people waiting for her stream.

That was good. She should make good money today. Not enough to pay for him, but she figured she could do that over a few days if interest held up. She expected it would.



She spent a little time building some hype. She replied to comments on her socials, teasing the stream she was about to start and logged into the chat so she could pump up the excitement in there too. After a little bit of teasing and graciously accepting some praise from her admirers, she started the stream.

“Minasan konnichiwa! Aiko desu!” She started, smiling demurely. “Kyou wa takusan no hito ga kitemasu! Konna ni takusan iru to wa omowanakatta! Minasan wa atashi no atarashii petto ni ai ni kita no da to omou ne!?” She arched her back, shaking her chest, then casually squeezed it together with her arms. “Jaa, miseru kamo. Kono atari ni ita ga!” She wagged a finger at the camera. “Meccha takakatta yo! dakara mazu kifu o onegai shimasu!”



“Ee! Sugoi! Minasan wa hontou ni aitai desu yo ne!?” Aiko’s muffled voice spoke beyond the wall of fabric that pinned Jim to her.

“Who’s she talking to, I wonder?” Jim asked himself aloud. “It’s just me here. It doesn’t sound like she’s talking to me. I just heard typing a moment ago. Maybe she’s on the phone? She sounds pretty excited.”

“Yoshi... minna ga kandai na no de, omise shimasu.” Aiko’s grin was devilish. She stood, bending down in front of the camera, reaching up to adjust the frame so that it followed her boobs. They were swaying nicely in shot, splaying out either side of her undersized bra. They looked amazing, and the donations ticked up again.

She could feel her little pet wriggling more now. He had to be having the time of his life in there. It was probably more boob than he ever expected to fondle in his lifetime.






The weight was incredible. Jim felt like he was being sat on by a herd of elephants. A very warm, very soft herd of elephants that left him stupidly horny.

“Gah...Aiko...hnnnnnggg...my bones...”


“Uun...doko ni irun darou? Kono atari ni ita hazu da!”



“Ee... doko ni iru ka mattaku wakaranai ne. Koko ni iru to kakushin datta ga.” Aiko smirked up at the camera. She lifted her arms up behind her back, as if to untie her top. Pulling back her shoulders pulled her top even tighter, forcing ever more boob to spill out of the side, driving her audience nuts. This part was always fun. The comments were coming thick and fast.

“Matte...” she said. “Doko ni iru ka to shiru to omou.”

Instead of releasing her top, she toyed with her ponytail, teasing her audience once more.

A woman with dark hair and large breasts is posing in a pink and white polka-dot bikini top. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background features a room decorated with anime posters, a piggy bank, and a bed with a pink and white striped blanket. The lighting is soft and warm.

“Nani ka sawatteru... nani ka kusugutteru...”  
Aiko cooed. “Uun, ii kanji. Doko ni iru no  
deshou ka?”

She locked eyes with the camera, holding the gaze of her audience. She wanted it to look like she was looking right into their eyes. Reaching around behind her back, she started to slowly untie the straps of her top.



Once more, Jim was pressed flat as Aiko's boob slammed up into him while at the same time her top pulled tight into his back. "Oooooohhh...hoooo..." he gasped as his bones all sang at once. Still, he had to fight the urge to grind his hips into her tit. Above him, he could see her nipple, swollen and pushing against the fabric he was unable to resist.

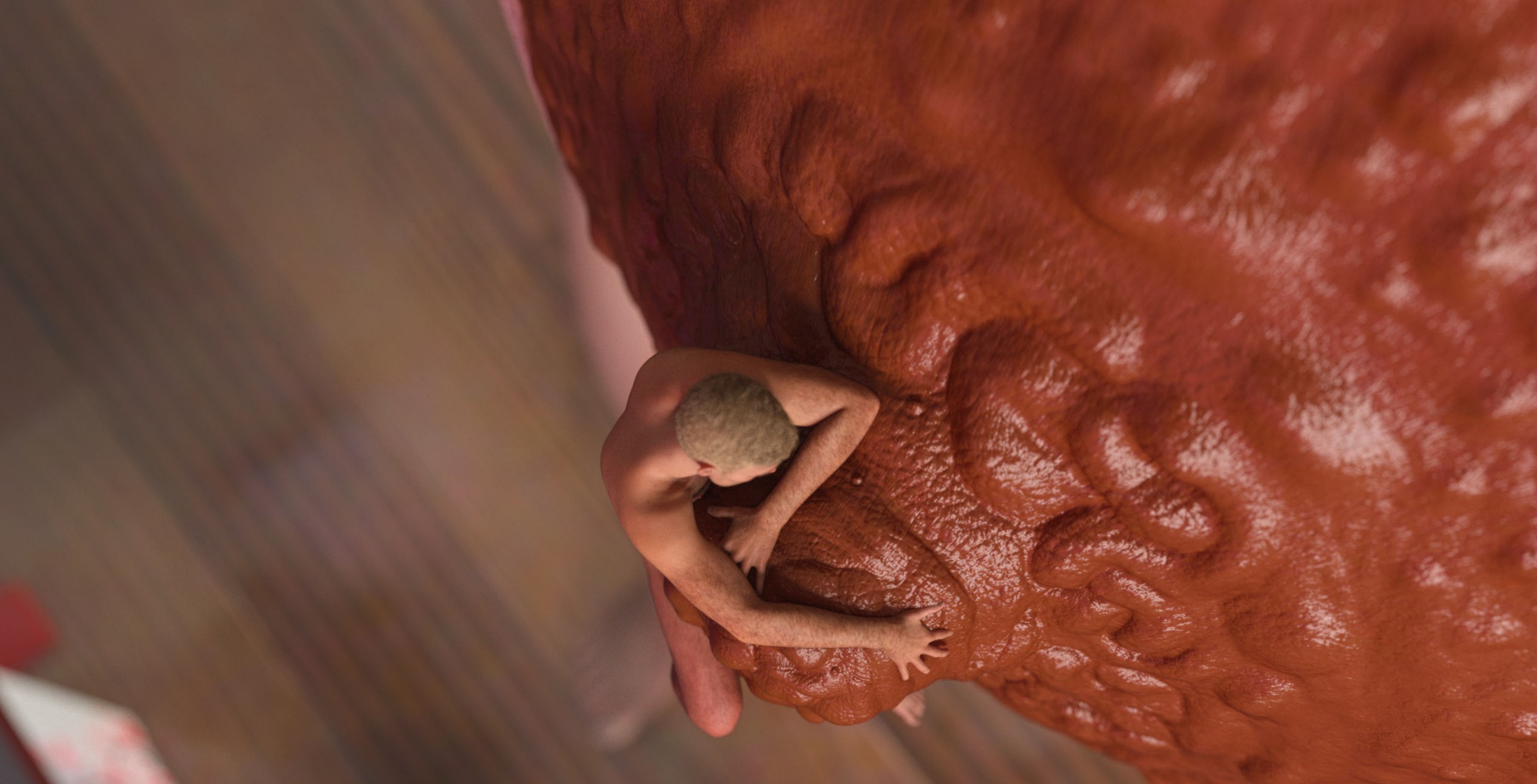
"Mitsuketa kamo... hai..."

"She's getting turned on..." he realised. It was apparently her nipples were usually very soft and flat, but grew to be thick and chunky when she was aroused. That was a fun quirk, he thought.

The knot at the back released, and Aiko dropped her shoulders, letting the top slip away from her body and fall to the floor. She'd done this dozens of times before, but today was different. Today she wasn't alone. She had her new pet along for a ride.


"Aa! Hora! Soko da!" Aiko faux gasped.  
"Shinjiraremasu ka? Meccha chiisai kara bura no shita ni kakureru yo!" she giggled. "Chotto kuttsuite iru you da! Soko de nani o shite ita no?"






The pressure was unrelenting to the point Jim thought he might burst, then all at once, it was gone, and he was held to Aiko by nothing more than the sweat of her body. For a while, the glue held. He panicked as she chatted and giggled, her heaving, soft bosoms bouncing and quaking.

Each little motion caused him to become a little less stuck with each shake. Each bounce set a little bit more of him free, until he was forced to grab a hold of her nipple to stop himself from coming loose entirely and plummeting to the floor far below.

A young woman with large breasts is shown from the waist up, wearing a white bikini bottom. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is resting on her left breast. A tiny, brown, dog-like creature is perched on her left nipple. The background is a bedroom with a bed, a chair, and various posters and decorations.

“Yabai! Hora mite! Isu no you ni chikubi ni suwatte iru yo! Chou kawaii! Aaaa! !” Aiko couldn’t help but gush over her new pet as he sat up on her nipple, his little eyes looking up at her like a lost little puppy’s.

“Minna, kore ga atashi no atarashii petto, Dango desu! Goran no you ni, hontou ni kawaii! Dango o totemo aishiteiru, soshite minna mo sou omou deshou! Watashitachi no issho ni dekiru tanoshii koto o kangaete mimashou.” She squee’d.



“Minasan urayamashii? Dango to tachiba o koukan shitai hito wa imasu ka? Atashi no chikubi no petto ni narou no wa mushiro? Sekai de ichiban rakki na otoko da yo!” Aiko tittered. She could see from the chat her audience agreed.

She got closer to the computer, pushing her tit right up to the camera to the point it absolutely filled the screen. She wanted her fans to get a good look at her favourite new toy. “Ima kare ga miemasu ka? Donnani kawaii ka mite!? Totemo aishimasu! Kare wa saikou no jinsei o okurimasu! Oppai de obore sasemasu!”



“Minna no fan ni aisatsu shite, Dango-chan!” Aiko said.

It took Jim a moment to realise what was happening. He understood she’d been talking, but he hadn’t understood until now. On the other monitor, he could see himself on the screen. See himself, perched atop his owner’s nipple. Beside it was a constantly scrolling stream of text.

He couldn’t read any of it, but he understood what it was. It was a chatbox. She was live-streaming. She was doing a topless show, and he was a prop. “Oh...oh, shit...” he said as he spotted a number in the tens of thousands. That’s how many people were watching him right now.



Aiko laughed, feeling a little self-conscious at filling the whole screen with her tit, and pulled back. "Gachi de kawaii deshou!?"

She glanced at the screen, watching the comments and donations go nuts. "Aa! Kimitachi sugoi! Minna o totemo aishiteru yo! Zettai ni saikou da!!"



“Minna kara kikitai! Petto ni nani o sasetai no? Tachiba dattara, dou shimashou ka? Touhyou shite, ninki no aidea no bideo o tsukuttemasu!” she giggled suggestively, bouncing her chest. The comments were going nuts again.

“Ima no tokoro, kore wa atashi kara minna ni ookina dakishime desu!” She grabbed her boobs, pinning her little toy to her tit and squishing him deep into the soft mound of flesh. “Kou yatte atashi o dakishimetakunai hito ga iru darou ka?”



“Motto!?” Aiko said, glancing at the chatbox. It was going nuts. “Motto hoshii...kamo? Kono Dango-chan ga tsukaretiru kamo shirenai...”

She plucked him up and dangled him in front of the camera. “Dou omou, Dango-chan? Miteiru hito no tame ni motto yaritai koto ga aru no?”

“Um...Hi...I’m Jim. Though apparently I might be Dango now...” he said. He had no idea what he was supposed to say.



It wasn't just the chatbox going nuts, the donations were going up faster than they had for a long time. "Dango-chan o motto mitai to omou yo!" Aiko laughed. She lowered her little pet down beside her boob. "Dore dake chiisai ka shinjirarenai! Oppai o kyodai ni misaseteru! Oppai ga ookii kedo, hora mite!"

"Atashi wa se ga hikui! Watashitachi o minagara sou omottenai deshou!!" she added.



Aiko bent down, bringing her face right up to the camera. She dangled her little pet right by her face.

“Dango-chan wa? Dou shitai no?”

“Ehhh...I’m a good...pet...” he said. He had no idea what she wanted from him, just she wanted him to say something.

“Ee, Dango-chan!” she giggled.

“Ichiban kawaii yo! Chatto ni iru hito no naka ni wa Dango-chan o taberareru hodo kawaii to omotteru hito mo iru! Atashi mo sou shita no desu ga, Dango-chan ga koishiku nari sugiru ne. Demo, hontou ni kawaiku suru no wa yameta hou ga ii yo!”



“Aa, hontou ni taberareru, kawaii ko yo!” Aiko half-squealed. She was teasing, but she probably thought it was a good thing that her pet couldn’t understand her. She didn’t mean it literally, but it still might unnerve him.

She jerked him up to her lips, puckering them and delivered him a sloppy, wet kiss all across his back.

“Haha! Aiko-sama!” he laughed. “That tickles!”

Jim quite enjoyed this kiss. He was almost relaxing until Aiko's mouth opened wide behind him. The lips parted...and parted...and parted even more. Jim's lizard brain kicked into gear once again. This time it was screaming at him that this mouth at his back was wide enough to swallow him whole. Jim hadn't even considered that. Now he understood.

He was so small that she could swallow him whole with very little effort. Was that what this stream was about? Was she going to eat him, live on air for all to see? He yelped as her tongue snaked out, pressing onto his back and smeared warm saliva down the length of his body.

"Aiko-sama! Please! Don't eat me!" he pleaded.



“Yoshi! Sore wa ii to omoimasu!” Aiko said, a triumphant smirk on her lips. She didn’t even realise how much she’d frightened her pet.

“Nebareru ka dou ka mite mimashou!” She grabbed a boob with one hand, holding it steady as she pressed the tiny man, back first, into her boob. As suspected, little Dango was stuck tight to her boob. “Haha! Saa ikimasu yo~! Suwatte, raido o tanoshinde kudasai, Dango-chan!”





“Gah...shit...” Jim yelped yet again as he was tossed around by the bouncing of Aiko’s tits. Even her smallest of movements was like heavy turbulence on a plane, and she wasn’t making her movements small. She was moving her arms animatedly, trying to bounce him so her adoring fans got a good view of her exquisite tits.

“Nan to...” Aiko was focused on the chatbox. Jim could just about make out the underside of her chin. He was stuck to her, and she was ignoring him. “Takusan no hito ga chiisana Dango-chan ni sanku shita. Minna, mou moratta? Dango-chan no y ou ni chiisaku naranakatta no?”



She spent a couple of minutes teasing the chat, watching the message count and donations explode. This was supposed to just be an introduction, but it was proving to be one of her most profitable streams for a long, long time.

“Wakatta...wakatta... messeeji wa mou uketotta yo. Atashi no atarashii petto wo motto mitai no?” she laughed, reaching her arms over her head. “Dou nebarareta ka shirabemashou ka?”

With that, she shook her huge boobs from side to side, not too hard, but enough to make sure he was pretty well stuck. That, and to drive her audience wild.



“Hai! Nebare sugichatta yo!” she giggled, forcing a little more bounce into her chest. It was working. The audience kept demanding more and kept pumping her donation total. She grabbed both her boobs with her hands, cupping them and lifting them up. She remembered when they’d only been a little more than a handful. With each passing year, they just seemed to get bigger and bigger.

Not that she was going to complain about that. “Dou omou? Chiisana Dango-chan ni zenshin massajji?”



The light dropped away as Aiko's chest rose up, carrying Jim with it. He'd been bounced and shaken like he was riding around on a bumper car, and she was still going. Making it even worse, his arms were stuck to her. He could feel himself getting turned on again, it was impossible not to. He wanted to grab his dick and jerk himself off, but he was helplessly stuck to her tit by her saliva.

Ahead of him, a wall of boob floated, quaking as she kneaded it. Aiko was talking away. Jim was pretty sure what was about to happen next.



“Uun... soshite, kiechau yo!” Aiko cooed. She had pushed her boobs together and was gently rubbing them up against each other. She could feel her little pet in there, buried by her soft tits, her body moulding around him.

“Jaa, koko o miteiru dare ka ga tachiba o koukan suru no? Atashi no oppai petto to shite no jinsei yori mo, ima no jibun no ninsei o erabu hito ga iru darou ka? Shigoto ga nai. Sutoresu ga nai. Seikyuusho ga nai. Kono yawarakai oppai ga kimi no mawari de, aishite dakishimete iru dake desu.”

The two mountains of boob slammed into each other, encasing Jim in a tomb of deliciously soft fat and flesh. The pressure was incredible, with his bones screaming as Aiko massaged her tits together. Terror and arousal warred within him. He was pretty sure she was just having fun, but he was so small and helpless it was impossible not to be afraid.

“Hnnng...” Jim couldn’t help but moan as the walls rubbed all around him, setting his cock twitching. It was like he was getting the soapiest handjob in history, except it was his whole body. It pretty much was.



For a couple of minutes, Aiko gently kneaded her boobs together. This was a pretty standard act for her, and normally it got a little boring for her. She'd done it so many times it had lost much of its thrill. Not today.

Today was new and exciting, the experience enhanced by her little toy. She thought of it less as turning herself on than trying to make his existence heavenly.

“Dango-chan no joutai o chekku shiyou...” Aiko said. She'd felt his wriggles start to get weaker. “Kitto iki o suru ga hitsuyou da yo!” Her pet was still stuck to her tit and clearly enjoying himself. “Ara! Kore ga daisuki da! Chibi chinko ga katasugi! Motto ikou ka! Dango-chan, junbi wa ii?”



Aiko pressed her tits together, once again burying her pinky-sized pet.


“Umaku itte iru ne!” she told her audience watching. She was squeezing her tits tight now, rolling them up and down in her hands, enjoying the feel of the little life pressed between them. “Taihan no otoko wa mou atashi no itaru tokoro ni sashita, demo Dango-chan ga chigau! Faito da!”



“Dango-chan no tachiba dattara taerareru? Atashi no ookii...yawarakai... oppai ga zenshin o massaaji o shitara...” Aiko leaned on each word, her eyes holding the camera’s gaze. She wanted this to be the climax. She wanted everyone watching her to be fully satisfied.

“Totemo ooookiiiiikute, yawarakakute atatakai. Zenshin no mawari de. Anata no kao ni.” She paused, letting the focus drift back to her tits as she continued to roll them and squeeze them. “Chinpo ni oshi tsuketeru...”






Jim had never experienced anything like it. He'd realised he was clearly more sensitive to touch. He just hadn't realised how sensitive he was. What Aiko was doing to him...it was unbelievable. It was beyond words. It was like the sensations in his cock were spread throughout his whole body.

“Kare no koto o souzou shite. Oppai no naka ni kiete shimau hodo chiisai. Sou suru? Dango-chan ni naru tame ni subete o yameru?” Aiko's muffled voice spoke.

Jim was trying to hold on, but it was impossible. She was everywhere, all at once. His existence was nothing but an extension of her now.



He tried to hold on. He tried not to give in to her, but it felt like it was impossible. He'd already blown his load twice in the short time he'd been with Aiko, now he could feel a third massive orgasm building. He would have been ashamed, but it felt just too good to care. A fingertip was all it took for her to turn him into putty.


Using her incredible rack, he would happily call himself her possession.

Jim let go, losing himself in a sea of Aiko. His cock erupted, streaming out his goo all over her as he moaned and shuddered. He'd never experienced anything like this, not even with the love of his life.



“Ara!” Aiko stopped what she was doing, and her eyes lit up. “Fufu... nani ka kanjita yo!” She looked down. “Hai...hai... atashi no oppai bakemono ga owaraseta yo!”

She let go of her boobs, letting them tumble back down to their resting position, though they never really stopped moving. They were always swaying and shaking with each little move she made. That in turn bounced around Jim, who was still stuck and trying to catch his breath after one of the best orgasms of his life.



Jim's mind spun. There just wasn't enough blood or enough oxygen for his body to do everything it wanted to do. All he could do was lay still, stuck to his owner's tit as she chatted away far above him.

She had a pretty voice, he'd decided. He couldn't tell what she was saying, but she sounded kind and gentle and sweet. He found himself wishing she would talk to him more, even if he couldn't understand the words.

“Yoshi minna, kawai sou na Dango-chan ga tsukareta. Yasumi jikan ga kita ne.” Aiko bent forward, making her tits the focus of the shot. She used her arms to force them together as they spilled down, leaving an alluring line of cleavage where her pet had been.

“Sanka shite kurete arigatou gozaimashita. Subete no suteki na messeiji to kifu mono to! Hontou ni kansha shitemasu! Sugu ni mata aimashou! Baibai!”

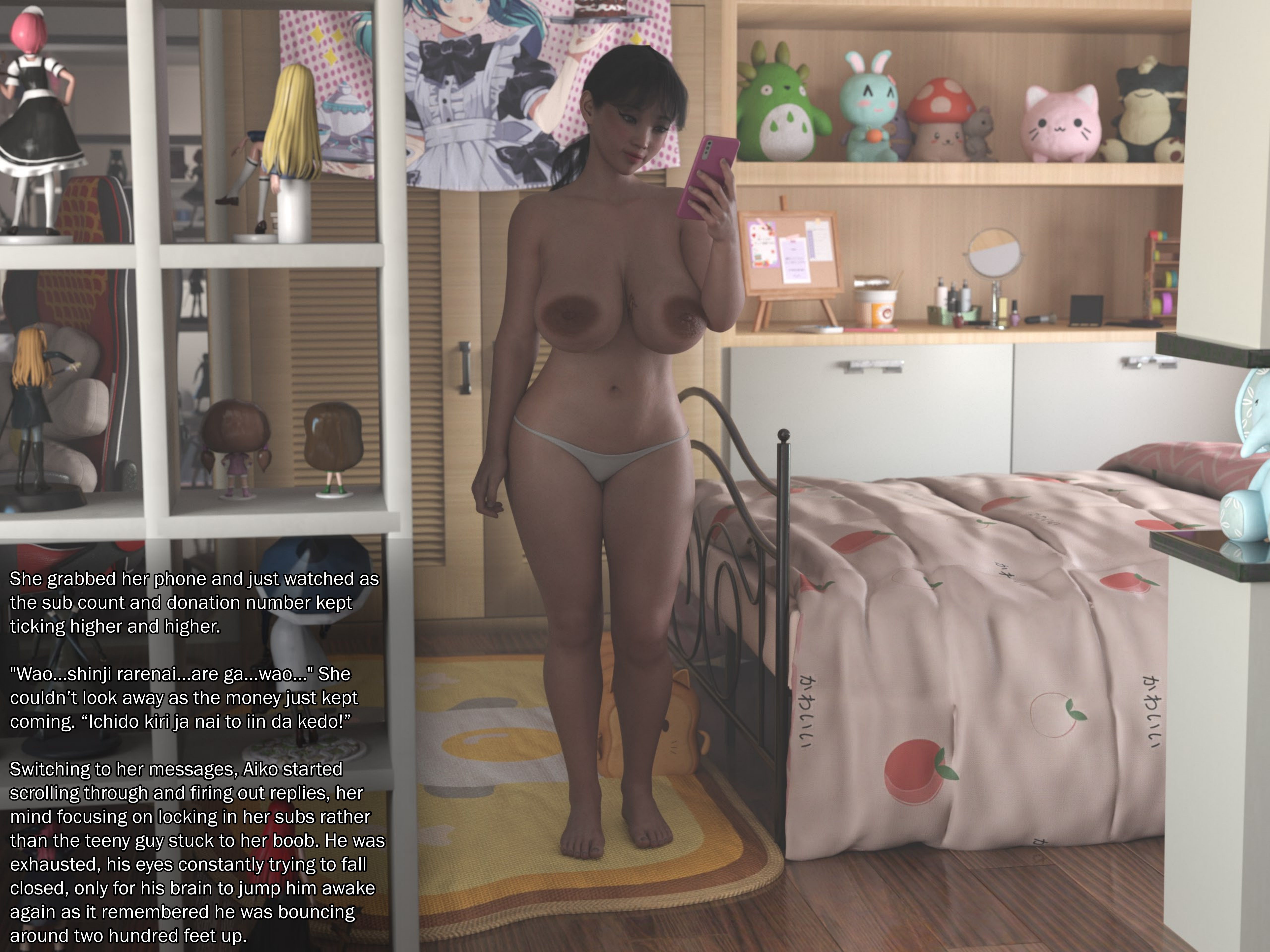




Aiko kept her composure, even after the stream had ended. She waited for her signout to be completed totally and then turned off her monitors and squealed.

“Iya! Iya! Iya!” She hopped up and down, her pet totally forgotten. “Meccha mouketa!”

She’d expected to see a bump in donations and subs after showing off Dango-chan. She figured in a couple of weeks he’d pay for himself. He’d paid for himself and then some already. That was just the introduction. She had so much more planned.



She grabbed her phone and just watched as the sub count and donation number kept ticking higher and higher.

"Wao...shinji rarenai...are ga...wao..." She couldn't look away as the money just kept coming. "Ichido kiri ja nai to iin da kedo!"

Switching to her messages, Aiko started scrolling through and firing out replies, her mind focusing on locking in her subs rather than the teeny guy stuck to her boob. He was exhausted, his eyes constantly trying to fall closed, only for his brain to jump him awake again as it remembered he was bouncing around two hundred feet up.



After what felt like enough time that she'd made an effort, Aiko decided she was done for now. She'd take time to go through more messages later, but for now she just wanted to wind down for the day and let everything percolate through her mind.

As always after a stream, she headed to her bathroom to start her cleansing ritual. The process of becoming Aiko, the woman, and not Aiko, the girl on the screen.

“Ohhhh...this...yeah, this is not good...” Jim looked down at the floor as it flew by at what felt like hundreds of miles an hour. That was until his vision was rocked by the next footstep and Aiko’s gargantuan tit bounced, tossing him around like a ship in a storm. He wondered just how long he could stay stuck to her.

At some point, he was going to come loose.



As Aiko relieved herself, she let her mind wander. Right now it was sorting through the various tasks she had to attend to. She needed to check in with her parents. She also should probably make time to go visit her grandmother. She always loved seeing her, visits were all too rare.

She also wondered what to do about her sudden windfall. She hadn't expected to get that much money from the stream. If they all went like that, she would need to look at the best ways to invest and protect it. She wasn't going to waste it on frivolities.

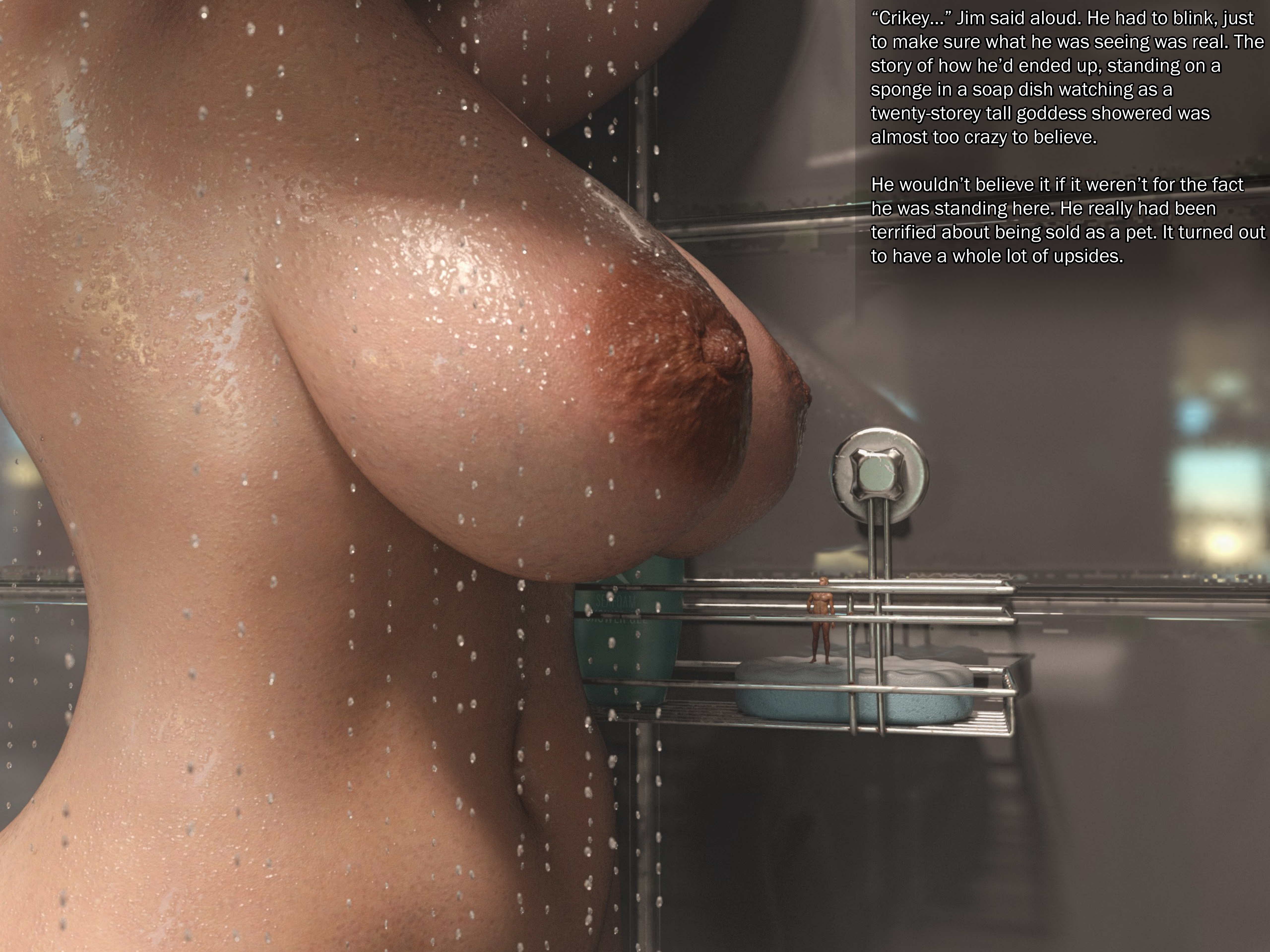


The sound below was all too familiar, mundane and horrifying. The sound of water churning as someone went to the toilet. Jim was pretty sure Aiko had totally forgotten about him. It was another reminder of just what his place in life now entailed. There was no attempt to hide herself from him. No embarrassment. Just bodily function.

It didn't matter he was there. He wasn't a person. Just another thing she owned. Aiko didn't care her toothbrush was watching. Why would she care about him?


“Jaa, Dango-chan. Futari tomo shawaa abita hou ga ii to omou ne.” She sighed, looking down at him. So, she did know he was there. It just didn't matter.





“Crikey...” Jim said aloud. He had to blink, just to make sure what he was seeing was real. The story of how he’d ended up, standing on a sponge in a soap dish watching as a twenty-storey tall goddess showered was almost too crazy to believe.

He wouldn’t believe it if it weren’t for the fact he was standing here. He really had been terrified about being sold as a pet. It turned out to have a whole lot of upsides.



Part of him...a sizeable part of him...had already decided that he was happy here. That if his life from now on was just to be owned by Aiko and used as she saw fit, he could live with that. She had been kind and gentle and generous. Yes, it meant subservience to her, but this was a place that had put him on display to be sold.

There likely weren't many options other than subservience available to him. Maybe if Emily came back, he might have a choice, but he was pretty sure that ship had already sailed. Or likely it was an aircraft that had taken her home without him.

“Atashi no chiisai omocha wa shawaa o tanoshinde?” Aiko snapped him out of his thoughts.

“Umm...” He had no idea what to say. He felt overawed every time she spoke to him. “Look...I just wanted to say thank you...for everything. I was really scared about being sold, but you’re really nice.”

Aiko lifted the soap bottle and held it up, ready to squirt it into her hand. “Unn...” She stopped. “Kimi o aratte ageta hou ga ii kamo ne?”



For something so big, Aiko could move surprisingly fast. With barely a coquettish giggle for warning, she plucked Jim up from the soapdish and dumped him in her hand. He barely had time to understand where he was, before a pool of chilly gel was squirted out onto him.

“Gah...what...what’s happening!?” Jim struggled to pull himself up out of the heavy, clingy goop.

“Atashi o tanken shi ni tanoshinde kudasai, Dango-chan! Atashi no subete o mite hoshii yo!”




It turned out not only was Aiko incredibly hot, but she was the world's best waterslide.

Jim whooshed and zipped all over her body. Down her torso, along her leg, back up the other one and between her ass cheek, then around and all over her breasts. His existence became a whirl of soft flesh and tingling, minty body wash.

"Subarashii suponji da, Dango-chan..." she giggled.





Jim felt pressure on his back and Aiko slid him down her belly towards the tuft of pubic hair. With all the water and soap, he slid along without any friction at all. Her body was like an ice rink, only warm and vertical.

“Hoka ni nani ga dekirun darou ka...” she mused aloud. “Koko no shonichi ni sore o shinai hou ga ii kamo. Mou ippai yareta yo! Demo, soko de tame shite mitai...”



“Zettai ni motto tanken shite hoshii...” Aiko said, scooting her toy-man up along the curve of her hip and along her torso. “Yoko ni nareru... karada no ue ni aruiteiru chiisai ashi o kanjite. Saki ga erokatta. Sore o motto hoshii yo.”


She scooted him up into her armpit and whirled him around, using his body to scrub herself clean. “Arui wa, nozomu you ni Dango-chan o tsukau koto mo dekiru. Sore mo ii ne.”

“Datte kimi ni kimesasetara, doko ni iku ka mou yoku shitte iru kara da.” Aiko said.

Jim was feeling a little sick from his whirlwind tour of Aiko’s body. He’d spun around her armpit for a while, then he’d dropped, and now he was once more pinned by the soft, immovable heft of her breast. It was her right boob this time, which was a little different from the usual left he’d been pinned to.

“Mata chinko wa mou katai yo!” she giggled.  
“Dango-chan wa hontou ni gouyoku da! Saikou no petto ni kimeta ne!”





The weight lifted as the hand dropped away from beneath Aiko's boob. Jim couldn't help but feel disappointed. He'd been enjoying grinding against her. He was manipulated in her grip once more, this time until she'd pinched him by his fingers.

"Kore ga dekiruka mite mitai" She smirked, looking down at him.

"Um...Aiko-sama...what...what..." Jim asked, but stopped as Aiko pressed his pelvis against her nipple. There was a brief pop and his shaft slid into the dimple at the nipple, fitting perfectly.

"Oooooohh..." he groaned as Aiko slowly slid him back and forth.

“Hehe! Hora! Ochinko ga atashi no chikubi ni au yo!” she laughed. She started to wiggle him against her tit, making him fuck her nipple. She could see he was enjoying it. “Suki na, Dango-chan? Chikubi ni tai shite dore kurai nagaku taerareru darou ka? Seichou shite iru to omou yo! Kitsuku natte kite iru!”

She wasn't wrong. The nipple was getting tighter and tighter. So tight that Jim couldn't hang on. His whole body spasmed as he came yet again, this time pumping his seed into the dimple of his owner's nipple.

“Haha! Ara, kawai sou na chiisa na otoko da yo! Zenzen shinogu koto ga dekinai yo ne!!” She teased him, but made sure he enjoyed his ejaculation into her nipple.





After she'd given him a moment to relax and let the afterglow of his orgasm fade, Aiko set her pet back down on the soapdish. "Atashi to issho ni ii hi datta o negau, Dango-chan. Kanari kowakatta deshou ka. Toku ni atashi wa wakaranai. Ima kara atashi to ireba ai sare, taisetsu ni sareru to iu koto o shitte hoshii."

"Heh...thank you. That...you're incredible." Jim replied. He couldn't understand her words, but it was hard not to understand the expression on her face.

"Keshiki o tanoshimu yo. Atashi wa shawaa o owaraseru." Aiko smiled down at him.



The rest of the day was a lot more sedate. Aiko gave Jim something to eat, then he fell asleep for a while and woke up just as she was settling down with a bowl of cereal for an evening snack. She gave him a bit, which he gnawed on as she did things around her room.



As he ate, he went over his day again in his head. It...it had been pretty good. Not just compared to what he'd feared his life would be. It had been good. It had been fun. He'd done things with Aiko and experienced pleasures he'd never dreamed of.

He wanted more of it. He wanted to experience more. He wanted to tell her just how much he'd enjoyed being with her. He really should try to learn some Japanese. He had no idea where he'd start with that, but he needed to make it happen.



With his hunger sated for now and his giant owner occupied elsewhere, Jim decided to do some exploring. Aiko had left him on the shelf beside her bed, along with a multitude of her belongings. There was a variety of make-up, craft accessories and books along with the usual colourful plushies that some Japanese women seemed to be fans of.

Emily had discarded all but one of her childhood cuddly toys. Aiko seemed to have dozens.



He clambered up on top of a handheld console keyring. It looked like it was an actual operational game, likely nothing complex. Jim wondered if he could play it. He'd liked gaming before all this had happened. He was likely never going to game again.

"Come on..." he grunted, jumping up and down on one of the buttons. He could barely budge it. "Gaming is most definitely out..." he sighed.

Walking among Aiko's things, it was hard to deny the reality. He wasn't just walking among her possessions, he was one of them. She owned him, just like she owned the make-up and the books and the giant plushies.

He was just as much Aiko's property as the massive rabbit...doll...thing... looming over him.

"There were definitely worse ways to end up." He told himself and clambered up onto the plushie.





From up here, he could see pretty much all of Aiko's apartment. It was basically just two rooms. One large one for the bedroom, living room and kitchen, then the smaller bathroom beside the kitchen. It was likely only ten metres end to end. It wasn't that extravagant. From where he was standing though, it was hundreds of metres across.

It would take him minutes to get from one side to the next, while Aiko could cover it in seconds. It really drove home just how reliant he was on her now for his survival. All those kitchen cupboards were likely filled with food he had no hope of getting to without her.



Jim turned, looking at Aiko as she tapped away at the controls on her console. From here, he could almost pretend she was the petite woman she was to the rest of the world, and not the humongous giantess she was to him. He'd have likely towered over her a year or so ago.

Surprisingly, he felt his chest swell with affection as he looked at her. She was beautiful. She was kind. She had devoted much of her day to making him incredibly happy. It was hard to feel bad about being owned by another person when that person really liked you to play with their boobs.

“It’d be nice to make her happy...” Jim said, realising that his life might continue to be this good if he were to reciprocate some of the affection she’d shown him.


He hopped down off the plushie, found a clear patch of shelf and took a running jump across the gap to the bed. He landed in a heap of the soft duvet. From Jim’s perspective, he’d just made a hundred foot leap. That would have been impossible before he’d gotten sick and shrunk. Now, that really wasn’t that hard.



He'd expected Aiko to sit up and notice him as he landed down on her bed. She didn't so much as double-take. She was so engrossed in her game that she hadn't noticed him landing there. It wasn't like he made much of an impact, so that made sense.

"How the hell am I gonna do this?" he wondered as he walked under the high arches of her legs. He considered tickling her feet, but if she jerked, that might not end well for him. He decided to push on, drawn towards her by the scenery and the alluring smell within.



A man is shown from the back, looking up at a massive, building-sized woman. The woman's legs, clad in white stockings and high-heeled shoes, are the central focus, filling most of the frame. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, reddish-brown glow. The man's head and shoulders are visible in the lower right corner, looking up at the woman's legs.

“Oh boy...” Jim swallowed involuntarily as he stared up the length of the building-sized woman. Maybe thinking he could please her was ambitious. He couldn’t even get her to notice him, how was he supposed to please her? From down here, her face was totally blocked by her titanic chest. If we walked further away, she’d not see him because of the games console. She might not even be able to hear him.

“Guess I’m gonna have to figure out a way to do this myself.”

There was really only one option. He needed to get higher. From within the crater Aiko created on the bed, he could only see one route. He was going to need to climb her underwear, then hop to her legs from there.

“Well...I hope I’ve not totally misread this relationship.” Jim told himself. No, not Jim. He was Dango now. He needed to accept that if he was embracing this new life. Dango said a silent prayer, dug his hands into the mesh of Aiko’s panties and started his climb.



It had been an eventful day. A rewarding one, but busy. Aiko had decided that relaxing with a good game was a nice way to see out the day. That was interrupted when she felt a tickle down below.

“Dango-chan!?” she giggled, then looked down to see her new pet climbing her panties. He looked insanely nervous and cute. She felt a swell of affection for him in her chest. She’d left him up on the shelf so he could relax. Instead, here he was, wanting to be close to her. She set down her console and plucked him up.



“Maa, hitori ni naritaku nai to omou deshou.”

She giggled as she lifted him to her face.


“Sore tomo hontou ni pantsu ni hairitai..”

Aiko had meant that as a joke, but the little guy was kicking his legs and pointing back down to where she'd lifted him.

“Ano...suujitsu matte kara tamesu tsumori dattan da kedo. Mazu ochitsuite ne. Demo, hontou ni shitai nara.”

She kissed him, pressing him into her lips. It was long and slow and full of affection. Dango leaned into it, hugging her back.





“Dakara, ecchi shitai no ka, sore tomo atashi ga Dango-chan ni subete no ataeta oogazumu o kaeshitai no ka?” she smirked at him. “Dochira demo ari uru. Ryouhou kamo shirenai. Onegai o kanaete agemashou.”

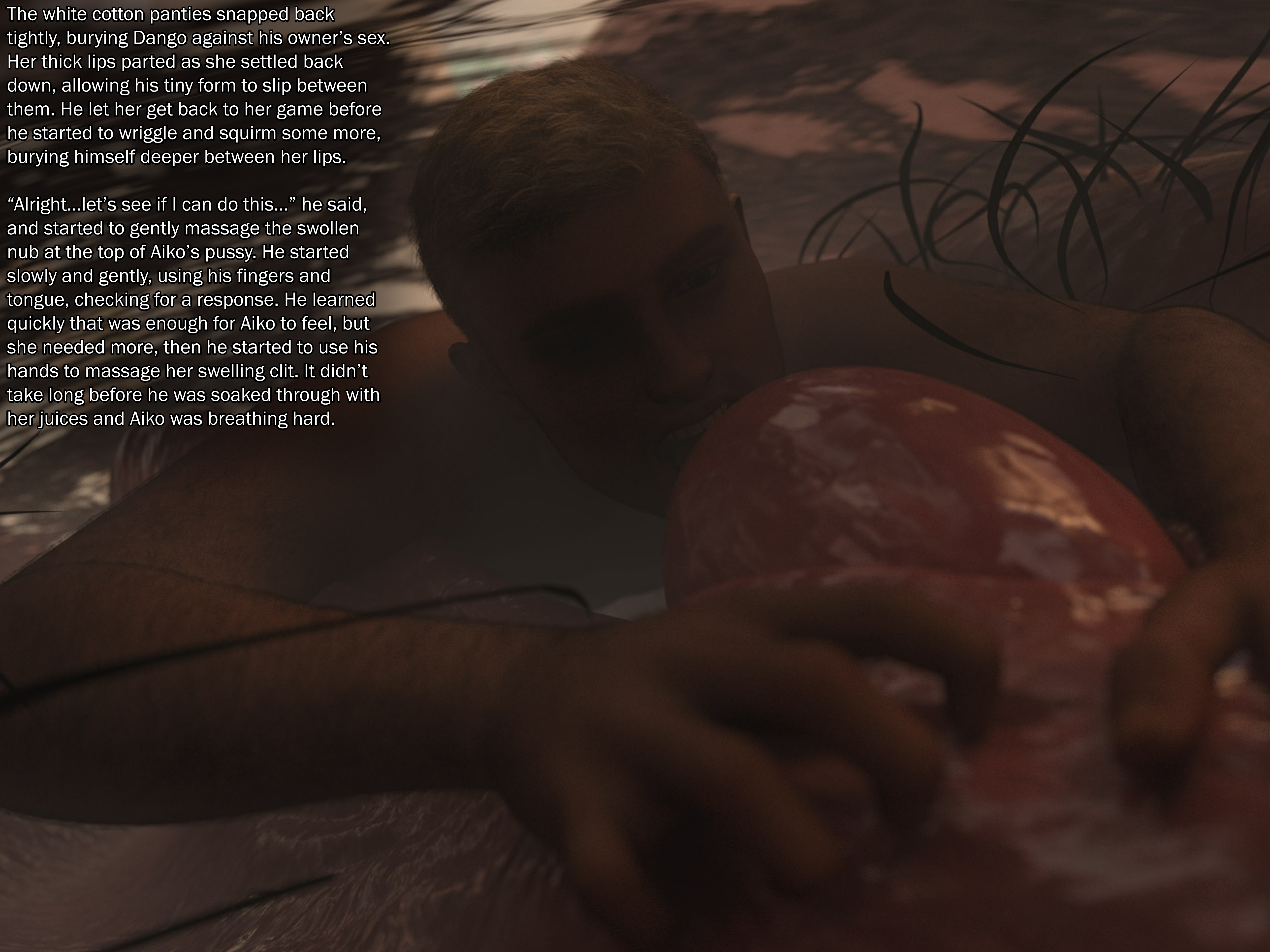
Dango felt a lurch and he started to drop. Below him, his owner was using her free hand to pry open her panties. She’d understood exactly what he’d wanted. He swallowed once more, still nervous. This had been his goal, but it didn’t mean he wasn’t terrified of drowning in there.

Or worse...disappointing Aiko.

“Soko de tanoshinde ne, Dango-chan. Koufun sasete oite kara nenaide yo.” She let him go, let him slide down into the crotch of her panties, then sealed him in.

The white cotton panties snapped back tightly, burying Dango against his owner's sex. Her thick lips parted as she settled back down, allowing his tiny form to slip between them. He let her get back to her game before he started to wriggle and squirm some more, burying himself deeper between her lips.

"Alright...let's see if I can do this..." he said, and started to gently massage the swollen nub at the top of Aiko's pussy. He started slowly and gently, using his fingers and tongue, checking for a response. He learned quickly that was enough for Aiko to feel, but she needed more, then he started to use his hands to massage her swelling clit. It didn't take long before he was soaked through with her juices and Aiko was breathing hard.





Aiko carried on gaming for about fifteen more minutes before the building sensations between her legs became too much to ignore. Not only did Dango seem to know what he was doing, but he was going about it with enthusiasm.

His little hands worked magic on her most intimate of areas. It didn't take long before she moaned and shuddered, releasing a small orgasm. She was quite happy with that, but her pet was not, and kept going, pushing on towards another larger orgasm.

Aiko decided this was a good way to see out the day. She curled up on her bed, turned out the lights and let her pet reward his master for treating him so well.

“Kimi wa ii ko da ne, Dango-chan...” she moaned. “Hontou ni ii ko da...”

# CHARTS

Aiko  
Height: 5ft1  
Weight: 137lbs  
32GG-26-42

Jim  
Height: 5ft10  
Weight: 172lbs

Emily  
Height: 5ft7  
Weight: 133lbs  
34C-26-36





Aiko  
Height: 188ft  
Weight: 3157tns  
Japanese cup:  
J70

Emily  
Height: 206ft  
Weight: 3064tns

Jim  
Height: 1.9in  
Weight: 1.5g

Aiko

Boob Weight: 2lbs each  
To Jim: 46 tonnes each

Equivalent to a main  
battle tank



Aiko's Boobs

Height: 7in  
Width: 5in  
Depth: 4.2in  
Areola: 3.2in

To Jim:

Height: 21ft  
Width: 15ft  
Depth: 13ft  
Areola: 10ft



# To Be Continued...

Japanese translation by:

<https://www.deviantart.com/haie>

Thanks to Nesh for proofreading. You can check out his stories here:

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