SHRUNK IN TRANSLATION

BY OHH

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 the Japanese 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/haiie. They are open to work if you have a Japanese translation project!

Now, onto the story.

Aiko slept peacefully.

She'd gone to bed late, taking some time to chat with her fans before spending some time on the sofa, playing her favourite RPG. Truth be told, she'd let the time get away from her, and by the time she'd realised how much time had passed, the sun was already starting to come up.

Now, it was almost midday, and she was still sound asleep.

Aiko was sound asleep.

Dango was not.

He had been up for hours. Usually, by this point in the day, his owner had been awake for a few hours and had prepared breakfast, sharing some with him. She didn't leave food out for him. She expected him to mostly fend for himself, eating off her plate or finding some leftovers in the kitchen.

He had a tank, but she never put him in it. She was happy for him to free roam. Not just happy, she loved watching him climb around her home.

“Yeeeeeah…” Dango…Jim…it was hard to think of himself as Jim these days. Jim had been just a few inches off six feet tall. He’d been a man, and the world saw him as such. Dango was small enough to ride in a bra cup without the world knowing he was there. “…she’s really out of it.”

His stomach rumbled, reminding him just how much he needed to eat. Despite his size, or maybe because of it, Dango needed to eat four or five times the amount of food he used to eat. It had been almost half a day since his last meal, and he was getting desperate.

“Guess I’m going to have to do this the hard way...” he told himself, and started off up the inside of his owner’s meaty thigh. He was going to have to wake her up, which was easier said than done.

Both because waking a woman as big as a decent-sized apartment building was as dangerous as it was difficult.

Reaching Aiko’s tummy, Dango paused to take in the view.

He thought back to just a few weeks ago when he was sitting in that case in the pet shop, on sale. His life and humanity had been stripped from him, and he could have ended up with anyone. He could have been ignored or abused or worse. Instead, he was here, standing atop a beautiful woman who let him do whatever he liked.

“It’s not a bad life, after all...” he sighed, and headed ever upwards.

He had gotten used to this.

Used to her.

Used to her smell and her habits and her sounds.

Used to how soft and yielding her skin felt under his feet. He knew to her he wasn't a man, he wasn't even human. He was just a pet to her, but he had come to appreciate Aiko and her affections nonetheless.

More than just appreciate. He felt genuine affection for Aiko.

She was affectionate to him. She could snap at him on occasions and treat him like a toy and control or use him as she liked, but generally, he did as he pleased. Like climb all over her as she slept and fondle her. He knew she didn’t mind him doing that. She let him do it when she was awake as well.



Having spent a month living with...well, owned by Aiko, Dango knew that this part of his journey was the most risky. The first time he'd tried it, he'd managed to tickle her as she slept, and she'd rolled over.

He had been smashed by her tits, smothered and buried in their softness for hours on end before she'd woken up. Even then, with him stuck to her and her being sleepy, it had taken at least thirty minutes before she'd noticed him. He wasn't making that mistake again.

“Crikey, I will never get over how big these things are...” he said as he crawled up the curve of his owner’s glorious bosom. It wasn’t just that they were big. It was how soft and warm and inviting they were. His hands sank into the fatty flesh beneath him. Despite each tit weighing more than a tank, he could still feel it wobbling beneath him as he clambered all over it.

“Ok…here we go…” Dango said, crawling over the extra-soft, extra-yielding areola. It had to be easily twice his height in diameter. Something that both terrified and aroused the little pet in equal fashion.

He dug his hands into the tip of Aiko’s inverted nipple and started to massage, trying to rouse it. This was how he was going to wake her. Firstly, because it was one of very few ways he could wake her. Secondly, because she could get very grumpy in the morning, especially after she’d been up late.

This way she was more likely to be in a good mood.

It turned out that Dango had his owner pretty much figured out.

“Ara?...” Aiko shifted. The light of the midday sun had her already stirring. Dango had only been rubbing her nipple for a couple of minutes before she started to sit up. “Ii yo, Dango-chan. Ii otoko da yo. Sore o tsuzuke.”

“Hai...Aiko-sama.” He was pretty sure that meant yes. Not that he had any clue what she’d said to him. She had used his name, he knew that much. He was pretty sure, judging from her tone, that she wanted him there, and wanted him to keep doing what he was doing.

So that’s what he was going to do.

“Ohhhh…” she moaned, feeling herself getting more and more horny as she watched the minuscule creature worship her nipple. As she got hornier, her nipples stiffened and thickened, rising up until they ached to be touched.

“Hora, mite. Sou yatte suwaru to atashi no chikubi ga Dango-chan yori ookiku mieru wa! Chiisakute kawaii. Atashi ni shuuchuu shiteru. Koufun saseteru yo!” Aiko couldn’t help but coo approvingly.

It was always easy to tell when Aiko was horny. Even if she didn't coo and gasp and groan, the fact her nipples had grown to three feet tall and the same across was a good sign that Dango was doing a good job of pleasing his owner.

The next step was to keep pleasing her. Being so small and pathetically weak, to really make himself felt, he had no option but to climb on top of the fleshy nub and use his whole body to rub, grind and massage her.

“Uwaaa, hontou ni kawaii. Chiisai Dango-chan, atashi no chikubi o, onna to onaji, ecchi shiteru. Maa, itsu ka kore o toranakya. Minna no fan ga tanoshimeru darou ka.” Aiko spoke as she watched her little pet grinding against her nipple.

She could feel him, and it felt nice, but watching him was more of a turn-on. If she wanted to feel more, she could do better with her own fingers.

“Mmmm...Ii yo...” She reached up, petting her pet on his back. She had to be gentle, the length of his back wasn’t much more than that of her fingertip, but she’d found that Dango very much enjoyed getting strokes.

It seemed to relax him, like a massage. Aiko also enjoyed it. Not in the same way, but she felt more relaxed as she petted him. Felt like she was bonding with her tiny but intelligent pet.

“Tsuzuke, Dango-chan. Motto hoshii.”

Dango was doing his best. All he wanted was to please his master, but biology was still biology. Humin biology in his case.

“Ii yo, Dango-chan. Ii yo. Megami o yorokobase…” Aiko cooed unintelligibly as he struggled with all his might to please her.

The scent of her body, the feel of her nipple against his cock, the warmth all around him and the touch of her finger caressing his back over and over. It was too much for his tiny body. He twitched, groaned and popped, spraying his seed all over the tip of his owner’s nipple.

“Ooooooohh...” Dango groaned, rolling off the huge nipple and down onto the soft, comfortable areola skin. All he wanted was to go to sleep. He’d forgotten all about his hunger, his mind was such a fog of pleasant exhaustion and endorphins.

He lay there, feeling the gentle rise and fall of Aiko’s breast, lulling him off to sleep.

“Dame! Warui Dango-chan! Warui!”

His owner’s irritated voice, sharp as a knife, cut through the sleep that had taken him, quickly snapping him back to consciousness. Just in time too. She sat up, not pleased at all that the little creature she owned had woken her, gotten himself off, then fallen asleep, leaving her frustrated.

“Kimi, otoko da to demo omotteiru no ka? Nan demo tsukaeru ii ka? Atashi o sukina you ni tsukau tame ni? Dame da! Naosu koto ni naru yo, sou shinakereba, Dango-chan o ketsu ana ni sasun da yo!” she berated him as he struggled to not tumble from her body.

“Sorry! Sorry! I’m sorry!” he pleaded, hoping she understood.

For long seconds, her eyes glared down at him, her withering gaze fixing him in place as good as any finger would. He could feel himself, his head sinking down into his body as he tried to show his contrition, all while clinging to her nipple.

She’d never actually hurt him, but the fear was still there. His owner was all powerful. That, plus he did feel bad for disappointing her. Aiko had been kind to him, and he didn’t want that to ever change.

Her expression softened. “Mou wakatta. Ii ne.” She shuffled a little, pulling off her underwear and kicking it away. “Yasashiku saseru.”

Dango felt the enormous globe of fat and flesh wobble, then swing back the other direction. The angle softened, and his chances of falling dropped off as the boob settled back down. His owner had lay back down.

“Douzo. Yatte yo.” She commanded.

Dango did not need to be told twice. He was already on the move.



Above him, Aiko giggled.

He was walking through the thick, well-manicured hair of her bush. It rose up, knee-high and so thick he struggled to walk through it.

As he struggled to make progress, Aiko laughed some more and spoke, her voice affectionate and musical. It was hard to remember sometimes that she owned him. That she wasn't his lover or his girlfriend. She was so nice and gentle and free with him. It was nice to pretend.

All reality had to do to set in was have her speak his name.

"Mmmmm...Dango-chan..."



By now, he knew what he was doing. He'd spent enough time either riding in his owner's panties or having been commanded down there to know which buttons to push. In the end, there really was only one button. How he pushed it mattered more.

Clinging to her meaty outer labia, the two-inch-tall pet shimmied down, gripping with his knees. He hadn't even started, and already the scent was almost overwhelming. He could feel the heat radiating out from her gargantuan sex.

"Guess I did a good job getting her going." Dango mused to himself. "No wonder she was pissed at me!"



He pushed the button.

Not exactly pushed, not like a real man would do with a finger. He had to use his whole hand to cup it. He rubbed it from side to side, gently massaging it and pulling it towards him.

“Fuuu... ee... soko... kimochii...” Aiko moaned.

Not just moaned. Her whole body was shuddering around him. Dango was having to hold on tighter to not be shaken loose.



Dango kept rubbing and massaging the nub in front of him, feeling it stiffen and thicken in his palm. It became harder and harder as the minutes passed to hold on, with Aiko's lips getting wetter and wetter, making his perch slippery.

"Ii ko... ii ko..." His owner panted above, so Dango clung on tight and kept doing his best to make her happy. A happy owner meant a happy life for him. Plus, he really got a kick out of doing this.

“Mmmm... kimochii kedo... tarinai kamo. Motto hitsuyou da, petto-chan.” Aiko shifted, sitting up to get a better look at what was happening between her legs. Dango was so small she couldn’t even see him without making an effort to find him. “Mou sukoshi dake ookikereba yokatta no ni, zannenn da ne. Kanari ii vaibu ni nareru yo!” she laughed.

“Jitsu wa... aidea omoi tsukitta...” She reached over into her bedside table, opening the top drawer. Feeling around with her hand so she didn’t need to roll over and dislodge Dango, she eventually found what she was looking for.

“Hai... choudo hitsuyou da!” she declared.

Dango had been so focused on his mission he hadn't seen what Aiko had been up to above. Often, she'd massage her boobs or move around while he worked between her legs. The first warning he got that he was about to become redundant was the light dropping.

"Gomen, Dango-chan. Yoku dekita kedo, owaraserareru mono ga juuyou da.." His owner spoke.

Still having no idea what his owner was saying, all Dango saw was a wall of green at the periphery of his vision. There was an enormous, deafening, slurping, sucking sound below him, and he felt the meaty lip he was clinging to being pushed aside.

He knew the gig was up. He could count on one hand and have fingers to spare the amount of times he'd been able to bring his giant owner to fruition on his own. She almost always reached for the big green toy.



It was a reminder of what he was. Just as much a toy as the dildo that plunged into her below. Just as much a toy as a bit of plastic, but far less capable.

“Ooooh...Ooooh...yori...ii...sore ga hitsuyou da.” Aiko moaned.

SLURP! SLURP! SLURP!

She was plunging the green monster into herself faster and faster, sending a bitter spray all around her, coating Dango and making it harder and harder for him to hang on.



With his owner’s ever more vigorous thrusts into herself and the slippery, lubricating juices spraying everywhere, the inevitable happened. Dango lost his grip. Slowly at first, then all at once. He’d learned over the last few weeks that it didn’t matter how hard he tried to climb up, when everything was coated in lady juices, he was going to fall.

The question was where he would land.

He'd learned that if he bailed out early, he could drop down to the bed below, dangerously close to hundreds of tonnes of Aiko's cushiony soft ass. He could scoot backwards to safety and have a nice view of Aiko as she enjoyed herself.

But Dango had also learned that Aiko did enjoy him riding along. He seemed to add more texture to the feeling inside of her, plus there also seemed to be a mental component of feeling him in there.

With a splat, he landed on the vibrator and quickly scrambled to position himself head-on. He was going in.



One moment, he was outside her, gawping at the fleshy opening ahead of him; the next, he was thrust inside. There was a third reason the little pet had chosen to join in Aiko's fun. It was really, really hot.

"Uhhhhhhhh..." Aiko's moans reverberated through the walls around him. "Kite kure ureshii." She moaned, clearly pleased to feel him.

Dango clung on tight, which was easier said than done on the smooth plastic, slick with Aiko's juices. He was coated as well, the thick goo actually helped to adhere him to the green monster.

Deeper and deeper he went, then out again. Back and forth over and over as the living walls squeezed ever more tightly around him, as Aiko approached climax. Despite having already blown a load just twenty minutes earlier, Dango was so turned on by being so deeply immersed in his owner's sex that he couldn't help but right there with her.

As much as Dango liked to think he was integral to his owner's pleasure, he really wasn't needed. Aiko knew just how to push her own buttons and where and how to use her toy to elicit the best possible feeling.

His tiny body was lost in all the noise.

"Oh...oooh...ohhhhhhh...OHHHHHHH..." Aiko squeaked until finally she felt the muscles between her thighs spasming, and she screamed in unrestrained delight.

“Uwoooooo... ee... hai... soko, soko!” she moaned, pressing her toy as deep into her as it could go, hitting the spot she was looking for. She’d totally forgotten about her pet riding the dildo into her.

“Ngggggghhhh...” she groaned, her eyes rolled back in her head.

Six inches deep inside Aiko, her pet's experience was 'somewhat' different. He was being crushed down into the unyielding plastic toy by powerful, spasming muscles. He could feel himself being sucked along the surface of the dildo by pressure changes that made his ears pop.

His mouth and lungs burned from the bitter juices that exploded all around him, and he couldn't help but inhale. Still, the overwhelming scent of sex and pheromones in the air was all his diminutive male brain needed to tip over the edge, and he couldn't help but pop another load as Aiko's body used him for its own pleasure.



It ended almost as quickly as it began. There was one excruciating, extra-tight squeeze that left Dango thinking he was going to break some ribs, and then it relented. He lay there, panting and almost broken as all around him Aiko did the same. He could hear her long, slow breaths as she basked in the afterglow of her orgasm.

Inside her, he was so warm and exhausted, he was on the verge of falling asleep. He barely registered she was removing the dildo until the cold air outside her body washed over him, bringing him back to life.

“Soko, tachi oujou shiteru you, Dango-chan.” Aiko giggled as she lifted her toys up to her face. She’d forgotten he was in there. She watched for a moment as the little creature struggled to free himself from her juices that were now dry and setting like glue. He was totally stuck in her cum, and it was turning her on.

“Sonna jikan ga nai.” She said cheerily, giving him a kiss, then peeling him free. “Ikanakya ikenai tokoro arun da yo~!”

Dango swam in a nice, warm bath that soothed his aching chest and cleaned the drying cum from his skin. It was another perk of being this small. A sink was a swimming pool and always the perfect temperature. He took the time to do lengths of his pool as Aiko sat on the toilet across the room, tapping on her phone and doing...things he didn't want to think about.

It had long since been made clear to him that he wasn't important enough to even be a factor in her modesty.

A few lengths later, the toilet flushed, and Aiko stood. She muttered something to herself in Japanese that Dango still couldn't follow and slowly shuffled over to the sink. If she was aware he was there, she didn't show it.

"Crikey, that is one hell of a view." He involuntarily swallowed. In front of him, Aiko towered, her enormous, round cheeks jiggling from side to side as she carried on muttering to herself. Dango could feel himself getting turned on, his mind yearning to press himself all over his owner's delicious-looking cheeks.

Aiko turned, now humming a bubbly tune to herself that Dango recognised as something from a commercial on some of the channels she watched. It was nice he was starting to get some context for some of his owner's habits. If only she took the time to teach him some Japanese, he could maybe learn more.

She reached down, lifting something huge that sat at the edge of his vision, and the humming stopped, replaced by the sound of a lawnmower. He looked up to see she was brushing her teeth. Something normal and everyday that he had done thousands of times without a second thought.

Something he'd never do again.



Once he looked up, it was impossible to look away. Her titanic tits bounced and swayed hypnotically. It didn't matter just how much time he spent buried in or climbing on those things, he couldn't help but stare at them at every opportunity she gave him.

Aiko did not care or even notice the staring. He may as well have been her toothpaste or razor. It just didn't matter. As he watched, his cock stirring to life, he felt a twinge of sadness and longing. He really liked Aiko. He really did. He couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to step behind her as she went about her morning routine. To wrap his arms around her, to caress her tummy and lift his hands up to cup her wondrous, soft bosom.

To be the man she loved instead of the pet she enjoyed.

“Kite, ofuro wa mou juubun da. Iku zo.” She said, placing her hand down on the water.

Dango swam over, climbing onto her fingertips then making his way up her arm.

“Aa, kimi, kawai sugi.” She giggled, watching his ascent.

Dango climbed, scampering up to her shoulder, then wrapping her hair into rope-like bundles, he kept going until he was up on top of her head. It felt so high up here, like he was hundreds of feet up on top of a building. He wasn't even as high up as his real height was. Aiko was incredibly short, and he should have towered over her. Instead, he was riding her like a surfboard as she strode across her living room.

"Maa, Dango-chan. Sonna tanoshii seikatsu o okureru nante, ii ne! Shuui de nani ga okite iru no ka mattaku kizukazu ni, shiwase ni sugosu koto!" Aiko giggled.

He stayed up there while his owner dressed. His antics amused her. He had shown off his balance skills as she pulled on her underwear and skirt, then used two armfuls of hair as reigns to hold himself in place as she pulled on her shirt.

All of it amused her. She was happy to leave him up there as she cooked, trusting that he would keep himself steady and out of danger.

“Tabete, ko petto.” She said, swallowing chunks of rice that weighed many times what he did. “Kyou wa isogashiku naru yo. Ato de motto taberarerun da..”

He ate, sensing his owner's urgency. She was going out for the day, and he was pretty sure he was going with her. That meant no relaxing around the house, eating whatever leftovers were lying around. Aiko wouldn't eat again for hours, and that was almost a full day from his stomach's perspective. Even then there was no guarantee she'd share.

With his belly full, he yawned, sleep now urgently pressing down on him. There was no fighting it. He had minutes now until he'd be out cold, whether he liked it or not.

"Eee... Dango-chan nemui." Aiko cooed, reaching for him. "Kuru ka, beddo wa koko.."





She picked him up with one hand, still using her other hand to eat. It made Dango nervous, that she might accidentally confuse which hand was which, and he could end up going down her gullet before either of them knew what was happening.

It was just a moment's intrusive thought. Aiko was well-used to this now. Without even watching, she plucked him up, lifted him over her cleavage and dropped him, leaving him to slide down into the comfort of the valley between her massive, yet cosy tits.

Dango fell, landed on the fatty flesh, bounced and then slid down. His fall stopped as his butt was caught between the two globes of boob, and for a minute he was stuck, listening to the sounds of his owner eating.

Eventually, she seemed to feel him and looked down, grinning at him with amusement. “Baka Dango-chan. Ike, haitte nemuru. Kyou wa yasumu hitsuyou ga arimasu ne!”

With an effortless shrug, he was swallowed by her cleavage.

He slid down into the familiar space between her breasts. The softness completely encased him. All around him was warm, duck-down soft titflesh. He'd lost count of how much time he spent buried down here. When Aiko left the house and felt like needed company, she'd drop him in here.

Even in the house, she'd often drop him down her top to either let him sleep somewhere safe and comfortable or to seemingly keep him in one place while she did things around the house.

Either way, it was a place that Dango very much enjoyed being at.



Sometimes, he ground his hips against her, humping her like a dog humps a leg until he blew a load. Sometimes she'd notice and giggle at him; usually, she had no idea. Or if she did know what he was doing, she didn't mention it.

Today, he was too worn out and too spent from the morning exertions to even think about that. As Aiko's mammoth mammaries bounced and heaved as she set about her day, Dango was rocked to sleep.

As her pet slid down between her chest and drifted off to sleep, Aiko's body stopped noticing he was there. As his body heat bled into her own and became one with her, she forgot he was there. This was helped along as she busied herself, cleaning her apartment and doing the dishes after her breakfast.

With her chores done and still a little while until she had to head out, she sat down to have a little bit of fun before the day truly got underway.



It was a nice way to spend the middle of the day. Her friends, all of them all had jobs. They all worked from sun up to sun down, but Aiko had never wanted to live like that. She'd found a way, between some inheritance and her online fandom to support herself and live a life that was much more of a pace she enjoyed.

She headed out inside the street, heading to her first appointment. She almost forgot that Dango was already with her, still asleep in her cleavage.

Arriving at her first appointment, Aiko checked in at reception and took a seat. With a slightly reluctant sigh, she decided it was time to wake Dango. The appointment was for him after all.

“Dango-chan... Dango-chan... mou jikan da...” she said, talking to her cleavage and drawing bemused looks from the receptionist and other clients. She pushed her fingers down into her cleavage, located her sleeping pet and pulled him out into daylight.

“Huh...wah...” Jim...Dango grumbled as he woke. He had been warm and comfortable and having a very pleasant dream. Now he was dangling by his arm and distinctly chilly.

Okiru jikan da, kawaii ko. Juui no yoyaku ga aru yo. Okiteite hoshii.” Aiko explained.

“Uhhhh...right.” Dango was none the wiser. She set him down on her shoulder, and he remained in place, knowing he had to be obedient when in public.

“Aa, shitsurei shimasu ga. Chiisai hito ga irun desu ka? Kawaii!” the woman beside Aiko spoke. Dango couldn’t help but notice she was grinning at him, her eyes wide.

“Ee, sou deshou ka?!” Aiko replied.

“Zehi hitori itadakitai. Demo totemo takai desu ne. Toreningu wa muzukashikatta? Muzukashii to kikimashita yo.” She asked.

Dango’s blood ran cold as he looked down the woman’s lap. She had a cage with a rodent inside. A mouse from the look of it, bigger than he was. Looking around, it was clear where they were. “Oh, no...” he said. There was no way. He was still mostly human. There was no way he’d be going to a vet.

“Ichibann besuto da! Itsumo gyougi yoku furumaimasu. Tanoshikute aijoubukai. Jiyuu da kara deshou? Keeji wa dame!” Aiko giggled.

Aiko talked to the other woman for a few more minutes as she waited for her turn. As always, she was more than happy to talk about her favourite little guy with a captive audience. The woman did want to hold him, but Aiko could sense how nervous he was. She wasn't surprised. He was smart, he'd figured out where they were.

Her appointment time came, and she entered the vet's surgery, Dango still perched on her shoulder.

"Iya iya iya. Sore wa muri!" the vet snapped at her no sooner than the door had closed.

“Shitsurei shimashita! Mo- mondai wa nan desu ka?” Dango heard his owner speaking.

The vet, because that’s what she clearly was, continued berating his owner, her tone sharp and irritated.

Aiko stammered out a few replies, but it didn’t matter. Dango had no warning as the vet’s hand leapt forward, her fingers roughly pinching him and snatching him from Aiko’s shoulder.

“Petto wa tsuneni tekisetsu ni kanri shinakereba narimasen. Anzen ni kotei sareteiru ka, mata wa youki ni haitte iruka. Petto no anzen o mamoru tame no houritsu desu.” the vet spoke. Despite holding Dango up to her face, she was clearly talking to Aiko.

“Hai... wakarimashita. Warugi wa nakattan desu.” His owner replied, chastened.

Kyou wa taihen da sou naa.” The vet sighed. “Kyou, nani ka irimasu ka?”

“Ano... touroku shi ni kimashita.” Aiko started. “Soshite shinsatsu onegai shimasu.”

“Hmmmm…” The vet’s focus finally shifted to Dango. He had been shifting and wiggling uncomfortably in her grip, and the extent of her acknowledgement was to squeeze him tighter. He looked up gazing at the eye that was examining him without making any form of eye contact with him.

“Jaa, shinsatsu wa kantan desu kedo, touroku wa chotto taihen desu. Gaikokujin desu kara. Kare ni byouki ga nai koto o kakunin suru hitsuyou ga arimasu.”

“Ano, shinsatsu ga arimasu. Byouki de wa nai koto sude ni kakunin sareta to omoimasu. Meeru de okurimasu.” Aiko explained.

The vet just nodded, continuing her exam.

“Hey! What...what are you doing!?” Dango yelped as the vet pinched his foot and started to rotate his leg, pushing it as high as it would go to the point it stung. She didn’t seem to be taking any pleasure in it, she was just watching him as she did it.

“Saa, hakurai de wa nain desu ka?” the vet asked, clearly talking to Aiko.

“Kare wa sude ni koko ni imashita.” Aiko replied.

The vet did the same to his other leg, her gaze constantly on him, but still not seeing him. Satisfied, she flipped him over and did the same with his arms.

“Gah! Hey! What gives!?” he protested.

“Kokoro zuyoi desu ne. Kiseichuu o mochikonde iru no de wa nai ka to shinpai shite imashita.” The vet continued speaking to his owner as she examined him further.

All he could do was try his best not to move as he was poked, prodded and examined, his limbs stretched out to their limits and his figure inspected like he was just some specimen. Fingers as thick as tree trunks manipulated his body, rolling him over until he was facing out, his eyes catching a glimpse of his owner's anxious expression.

"WAH!" he yelled, feeling something thick and powerful pressing between his legs.

"Koumon ga seiketsu de kenkouteki na joutai ni miemasu. Mondai o shisa suru you na mono wa nani mo nai." The vet spoke as she invaded the space between his butt cheeks.

“Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Shit!” he cried as he was manipulated and rolled over once more, this time feeling like he was about to fall. At the last second, his ankles were pinched tightly together as his fall came to an abrupt end, leaving him dangling upside down.

“That’s...that’s a view...” he said, swaying side to side as he was dangled high above the ground. He could see Aiko’s feet, hundreds of feet below, but most of his eyeline was taken up by the vet’s gargantuan chest. She wasn’t quite as stacked as Aiko, but they were still huge.

As the two women talked, casually disregarding that he was just dangling there, Dango couldn’t help but imagine himself dropped into that cleavage. He wondered if that was just a normal male thing or if so much time spent in Aiko’s bosom had broken his mind.

His fantasy came to an abrupt end, the vet turning round and picking up something. Dango didn't see it was a beaker until she dropped him in it. As much as he'd gotten used to being something owned by another person, being trapped in a jar was new to him.

Or new to his time with Aiko at least. She had mostly let him roam free. Dango felt panic starting to rise in his chest. The walls were impossibly high and too slippery to climb. The two women rose even higher than that, their words totally incomprehensible as they presumably talked about him. He couldn't even see their faces, just the underside of their gigantic bosoms as they discussed his fate, leaving him out of the conversation.

“Hakurai de wa nai no ni, hifukiseichuu ga nai ka o kakunin shitai. Shoudokuyou jeru o go youi shite imasu. Kude wa arimasen ga, nyuuyoku no ryoukin wa seikyuu sasete itadakimasu. ”

Dango looked up helplessly as the vet held a bottle of goo over his glass prison and squeezed. The gel was green, astringent and cold. It quickly started to pool around his feet, rising higher and higher. “Aiko-sama! Aiko-sama!” he yelled, starting to panic. “Please! Help me!”

His owner looked down at him piteously, then back to the vet. “Nan de mo ii. Haraemasu. ”

The bitter, stinging gel kept rising, along with the little humin's panic. He was worried it would end up so deep that he'd end up under it. Thankfully, the gel was thick enough that by the time it got to his chest, it started to lift him up off the bottom of the beaker.

Even if he wanted to sink, he couldn't have.

Above him, Aiko and the vet continued to talk, the vet continuing to sound irritated merely by the fact that someone else was in the room with her. He could only float there, trying to pick out one of the few words he understood while his skin tingled.

After what felt like an hour, but was probably closer to ten or fifteen minutes, the giant vet finally turned her attention back to him. She bent down, her massive bosom once again filling Dango's vision.

"Mitsumeru no hontou ni suki nan da..." the vet commented.

Aiko giggled. "Hai, demo otoko nan deshou ka? Sono shiten kara souzou shite mite kudasai.."

"Mochiron desu. Mou jikan desu yo ne. Tsugi no paato de wa kare o kotei sasenakereba narimasen."

Dango was once again pinched between two terrifyingly thick and uncaring fingers, lifted out of the gel bath and then placed down onto something white and roughly the shape of an X. He felt his wrists and ankles pinched tight as the vet locked him into place, his arms and legs spread out, secured by ropes.

“Yoshi... kotei dekita.” The vet spoke, lifting him into the air using a plastic arm attached to the cross he was strapped to.

“Hontou ni hitsuyou desu ka? Gyogi ga chanto iin desu yo.” Aiko asked.

“Anzen o mamoru tame desu. Panikku ni nattara, kega o suru osore ga arimasu.” The vet explained.

“Please...what’s happening!? Why am I strapped down!?” Dango pleaded.

He tried to stay calm, but his panic kept rising no matter how much he tried to reassure himself. Aiko had never harmed him. He believed she never would harm him. She didn’t seem worried. She wasn’t even looking at him, just chatting with the vet like it was any other day.

“For her...it is...” he realised.

For another minute, the vet and his owner talked, Aiko's eyes occasionally glancing over toward him. The conversation carried on until some sort of agreement was reached between the two giant women, and the discussion ended.

What came next surprised Dango.

"Oooooh..." The vet's finger came up to his crotch and started to massage his penis. It felt just like how Aiko's pets on his back felt, only it was on a much more sensitive area, so it felt a thousand times more incredible.

His cock quickly grew into a very stiff erection.

"What...what the fuck is happening!?" he groaned.



Much to his frustration and disappointment, once his cock was thoroughly engorged and ready to go, the vet stopped, putting him down on the table.

“Jutai nouryoku o kensa suru tame ni, sanpuru ga hitsuyou desu.” The vet said to Aiko and plucked up a cotton swab.

“Oh...whoa...what do you have pla–” Dango was cut off as the soft, fluffy tip of the cotton swab started to stroke up and down his shaft. “Uhhhhh...” he groaned again. It wasn’t as nice as the finger, but it was pleasant.

The view also helped.

“Jutai ha sorehodo jikan ha kakaranai hazu desu. Seiyoku tsuyoi mono da ne.” Aiko giggled.

“Kare o choushi ni noranai hou ga ii desu. Petto o kunren shi, yoku furumaeru you ni shite oku koto ga taisetsu desu yo. Kare wa anata ni houshi suru tame.” The vet explained, still gently stroking the creature on the table.

“Tomaranai yo. Amayakashite imasu. Kawai sugiru kara.” Aiko said. “Kichinto undou shi, baransu no toreta shokuji o toru you ni shite imasu. Dango-chan ni shiawase ni natte hoshii dake nan desu.”

“Ja, sewa o sarete iru kagiri, sono you desu ne.” The vet sighed.

Dango tuned out the sound of the two women talking. It was hard not to focus on the sensation in his cock and the quaking mountain of inviting boob flesh with a canyon of cleavage hovering above.

“Oh...oh, fuck...” he groaned, and his cock exploded.

The vet laughed. “Oh! Joudan ja nakattan da. Gakkiri de hayai ne.”



“Sate, mite mimashou...” the vet smeared his sample onto a slide and set it on the microscope.

“Kore wa dono you ni sadou shimasu ka?” Aiko asked.

“Kantan na seishi su desu. Kazu ga ooku, katsu kappatsu ni ugoite iru nara, nouryoku ga arimasu.” The vet explained as she looked through the microscope. “Seishoku nouryoku wa, sono uirusu ni...” The vet stopped. “Ara! Koitsu... kiwamete seishoku nouryoku ga takai.”

“Funin shutusu o ukeru koto wa osusume desu. Moshi koubi sureba, ninshin saseru kanousei ga takai deshou.” The vet said.

“Ano... jitsu wa... hanshoku ni tsukaitai to omotte itan desu. Kinsen to hikikae ni kare o hanshoku saseru to iu teian o mochi kakeraremashita. Sono kinpatsu wa juyou ga takain desu.”

Exhausted and confused, Dango could only stare up from where he was strapped down on the table and watch the two women as they discussed him. Presumably, they were talking about his sperm. Hopefully not about getting him fixed.

For a few minutes, Dango could only watch and listen, occasionally hearing his name mentioned. Then the vet's fingers returned. He thought he was going to be finally released, but his hopes were dashed when she simply flipped him over and strapped him back down.

"Hey! What's happening!?" he asked, but was ignored. He was pretty sure he would have been ignored even if he could speak Japanese.

“Yoshi... chippu wa junbi.” The vet returned from her computer, holding a gun of some sort.

“Itakunai deshou ka?” Aiko asked.

“Sukoshi sashimasu. Demo, eien ni maigo de iru yori wa, sono hou ga mashida?”

Aiko couldn’t help but wince as her little pet yelped as the vet chipped him. It was for his good, she reminded herself. All of this was.

As painful as the first needle was, the second was worse.

He felt cold steel press to his butt cheek. It felt as thick as his wrist. Mercifully, the needle that injected him was thinner and came from inside the main needle, but it still hurt. He could distinctly feel something in his other butt cheek from the first needle. Something cool and uncomfortable.

“What the hell is all this!?” he yelled, but he’d never know.

“Daijobu, Dango-chan. Yoku dekita yo. Mou zenbu owari.” Aiko’s reassuring voice came.

Five minutes later, Dango was looking up at the two women from inside of a plastic case. Surprisingly, he preferred this to the ongoing uncertainty of sitting on the vet's table. He was pretty sure this meant that his ordeal was over and they were being sent on their way.

The vet and Aiko were still talking. All he could do was stand around and wait to be taken from this place of misery.

"Sore wa houritsu desu. Anzen ni ryoukou shinakereba narimasen. Sore wa anata no sekinin desu." The vet spoke firmly.

"Hai... hai..." Aiko agreed.

Grabbing her bag and preparing to leave, Aiko picked up Dango's new case and set it down deep in the confines of her bag. Dango felt his heart sinking. He'd wanted to be returned to the warm, soft safety of her cleavage. He was surprised by just how hurt he felt to be dumped in her bag, surrounded by her things.

His heart sank further when he understood why. He was one of them. No less an object than her make-up or her keys.



“Ichi nen tsurete modotte kurubeki desu. Mata shinsatsu to yobou sesshu ga irimasu.” The vet explained. “Jibun no tabemono o kuwashitai to wakarimasu ga, ikimonogakuteki ni wa, ningen de wa nai. Kare wa mattaku kotonaru eiyou o hitsuyou to shite imasu. Ima wa petto no tabemono ga kaemasu yo. Wakarimasu ka?” The vet couldn’t help but lecture Aiko.

“Hai, arigatou gozaimasu. Sewa o shimasu!” Aiko said, not lying, but not agreeing with the vet either.

Dango couldn’t help but feel just a little miserable as Aiko walked through the streets. She had spent time on a train, maybe about half an hour before getting off and stepping back into the sunlight. Not once had she looked into the bag or spoken to him.

Normally he’d be buried in her bosom or on her shoulder where she’d chat with him. Despite not understanding her, he felt more like a person there. Forgotten in her bag, he couldn’t help but feel less like a beloved pet and more like a possession.



“Shittemasu, Dango-chan. Ano ijiiwaru na onna ga Dango-chan o hako ni iresasaechatta?” Aiko said.

While her attention was on the mirror and her make-up, Dango was enjoying once again being out with his owner there, talking with him. He was especially enjoying the wobbling and bouncing of her chest, fully on display for him to ogle.

Having spent some time working on her eye make-up, Aiko stood, getting close to the mirror so she could examine her handiwork up close. She was entirely oblivious to the view she was giving the two-inch-tall man, gawping up at her from the table below.

His awe and arousal were equally matched. Watching her giant globes of flesh wobble from side to side still left him with a slight feeling of loss. This angle always did that. He so much wanted to be a full-sized man again, his hands squeezing those incredible tits.

It only occurred to Dango at the last moment, Aiko was putting a lot of focus on her make-up. She usually only did that before a performance. She wasn't at home, so just what was going on?

"Fufu... dore dake no otokotachi ga, Dango-chan to tachiba o kawaritai to omotteiru ka?" she giggled, looking down at him. "Dango-chan ga miteiru mono o, dore dake no ga mitai no?"

She plucked him up, much more gently than the vet, and dangled him in front of her face.

“Mae wa taihen datta to wakaru, demo ima wa tanoshimou ka. Tada tanoshinde, kamera wa ki ni shinaide kudasai. Hai, atashi no amai chibi petto?”

Dango was pressed to her lips, and felt much better from it. The kiss was warm, wet and loving. It made his heart swell.

There was a rush of exhilaration as Aiko swung him down, setting him against her breast, which he immediately and instinctively grabbed hold of. He was back where he wanted to be. Back where he belonged.

He almost felt shame at how attached to his owner's tits he'd become. His life was no longer his own, but at least he had unlimited access to her enormous chest, which was a pretty good consolation prize.

"Shikkari tsukamaete!" Aiko sang, then giggled as she reached down to the table.

Aiko pulled the top strap over her head, allowing the bikini to drape over her chest. It took a bit of fiddling and adjustment to get the far too small piece of clothing to line up right, then she had to do it all over again once she'd got the back string tied shut.

The fabric dug into her chest, splaying the soft flesh of her boobs out to the sides, barely able to hold it back, the top was so tight. It looked fantastic. Her fans would eat it up.

And even better, buried underneath it was Dango.

“Nnn... ee, kimochii ne. Soko ni ite kureta koto ga koishii yo. Purasuchikku no youki yori zutto ii yo ne.”

Even without being able to see her face, Dango could tell from the tone of his owner’s voice she was talking to him. There was always a certain lilt to it when she spoke with him alone. He did his best to agree by wiggling his hips, but he was squashed so tightly into her boob he could barely move.

It was heaven.

“Aiko! Genki? Uwa, yabaku kawaii!” Kaori greeted her old friend.

Aiko had met Kaori almost a decade earlier when she first started modelling. Kaori had been modelling back then as well, but now she was exclusively a photographer. She’d been something of a mentor to Aiko at the time. Now, they partnered on shoots when Aiko wanted to sell a large image pack. Kaori did the work, Aiko sold the product.

“Kaori, yahho. Aratamete, kore ni tsuite arigatou.” Aiko replied.

“Iie, iie. Ima no Aiko ga shikoi kara, koko ni iru no o wakuwaku saseru yo.”

“Dou yaritai ka, nanika kangaeru?” Aiko asked.

Kaori nodded. “Kougai. Saki, kamera no pinto o mune ni awasete, soshite Dango-chan ga dete saguru. Suki na yarasete okou, sore kara betsu no basho ni oki kaete. Dango-chan no enkinhou o miete kuroozuappu o tsukatte. Ippai karada o miseru koto, Dango-chan ga dore dake chiisai ka to Aiko no atsui karada.”

Aiko giggled. “Sore de daijobu da!”

Inside Aiko's bikini, Dango could hear his giant owner talking to another woman. They sounded friendly and happy, it made him feel a little more relaxed.

"Dango-chan o mirareru no?"

Aiko then giggled, and he felt her boob shift, then the wall behind him disappeared.

"EEEE!CHOU KAWAII YO!" Above him, the other woman was looking over Aiko's shoulder. She must have been a whole lot taller than his owner. She was grinning right down at him. "Soko ni wa tengoku mitai na. Motto yawarakai basho nante kangaerarenai!"

"Sou, soko ni iru no wa daaaaiiiisuki da, Dango-chan wa."

"Chibikko, konnichiwa!" the woman waved down at him.

“Kore wa kore made de saikou no satsuei ni naru deshou.” Kaori declared. Hajimeru yo!”

Aiko took a minute to make sure she was totally happy with how she looked while the photographer set up the lighting. Aiko stood in the centre of the set as lights turned up, and struck a pose while they did some test shots.

“Ee, mou ii yo! Ikou ka!” The photographer said after reviewing her pictures.

Apart from the occasional tickle against her boob, the shoot was like every other to start with. Aiko worked her way through cute pose after cute pose, switching between demure, cute or sexy as directed by Kaori.

Dango was also enjoying himself. He was pressed right into Aiko's areola, the softest of her soft flesh yielding all around him, swallowing him in her loving embrace. Every move she made, every wobble, bounce and jiggle was like a whole body massage.

It was hard for him to control himself.

“Utsukushii... utsukushii...” Kaori said, snapping picture after picture. She loved working with Aiko. The girl was beautiful, gifted and knew just how to pose and express herself. She was a professional, but she also had fun doing it. It meant her picture sets sold well as well as being easy to work with.

“Mada Dango-chan ga mune no aida ni sagureteru uchi ni, kuroozuappu o torasete. Sore wa hontou ni oyorokobi deshou.” Kaori said, leaning in a little closer and adjusting her focus.

“Hai, kono toppu mou sukoshi shimerasete.” Aiko agreed and pulled her shoulders back and up.

“Ooooooooh...too...much...” Dango groaned.

It felt like there was an elephant lying on his back. As soft as Aiko’s tits were, they could only squish around him so much. The cloth on his back pressed down on him harder and harder, burying him so deep in her boob that he couldn’t breathe.

There really was such a thing as too much boob.

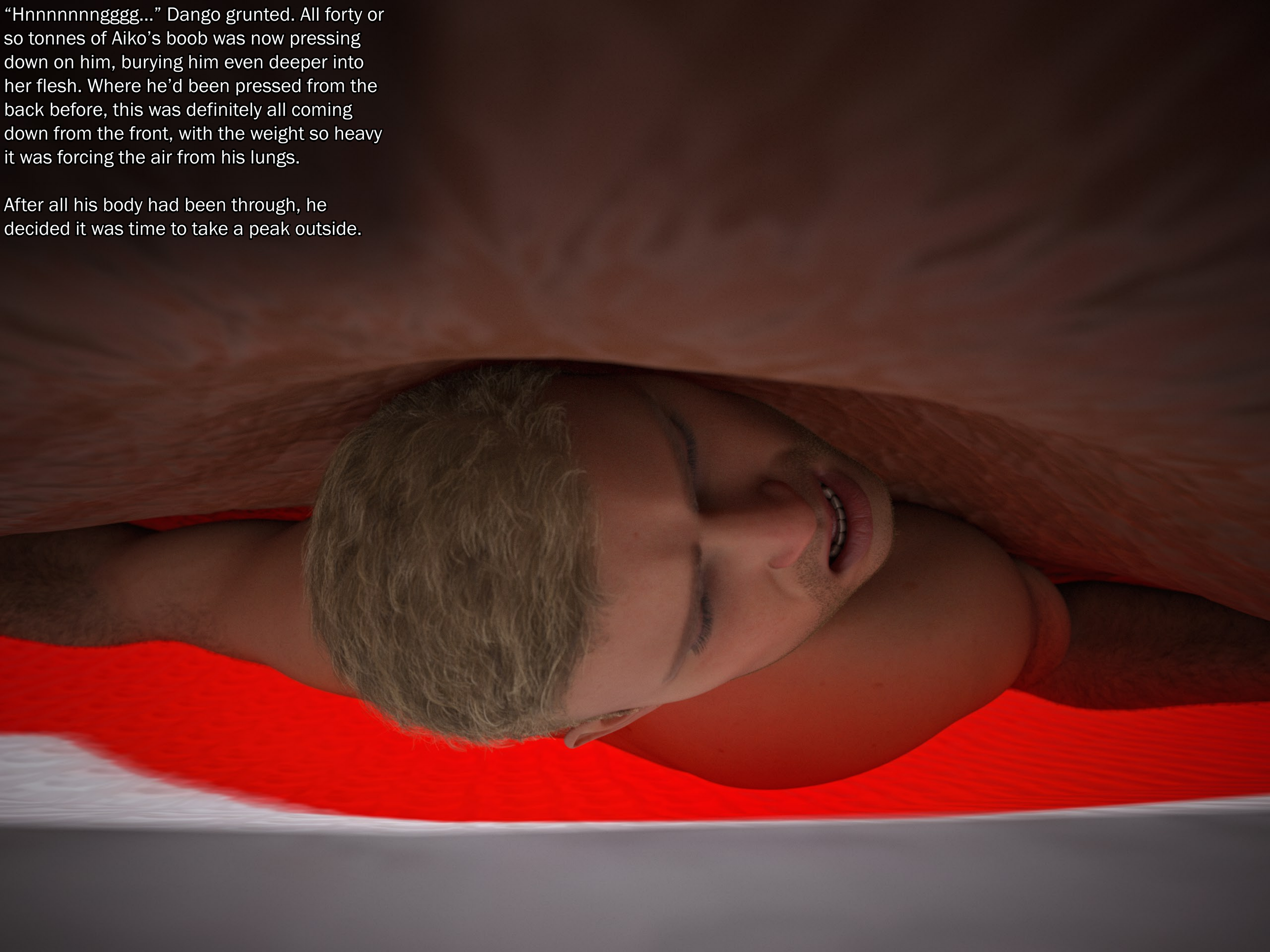
“Mi wo kagamete?” Kaori suggested.
“Chanto mune o kare no ue ni oku.
Minna wa hontou ni suki ni naru yo..”

“Ehehe... asoko no naka ni kanjiru yo.
Dango-chan ni wa omosugiru kamo!”
Aiko laughed.

“Toreeningu bura ga sono kawaii mono
ni wa omosugiru to omou! Mune
Tengoku da!” Kaori agreed.

“Hnnnnnnngggg…” Dango grunted. All forty or so tonnes of Aiko’s boob was now pressing down on him, burying him even deeper into her flesh. Where he’d been pressed from the back before, this was definitely all coming down from the front, with the weight so heavy it was forcing the air from his lungs.

After all his body had been through, he decided it was time to take a peak outside.



“Ara! Mirareru yo!” Kaori yelped excitedly. At first it wasn’t much, just a little crease in Aiko’s bikini top. Then an arm appeared, followed by a head, then another arm.

Aiko giggled, unintentionally bouncing her chest and throwing her pet around. She looked down, spotting him half-escaped from her bikini. “Tanoshiitte itta desho!”

The taller woman couldn't help but stop what she was doing and lean in closer, watching fascinated as the distinctly human but impossibly small creature wiggled his way out, fighting cloth and fat until he was eventually free and clinging to Aiko's bikini top.

"Aiko, sugee... Dango-chan wa chiisai to wakaru kedo... sugee! Chiisa sugi! Mune ga uchi mitai da na!" Kaori gasped.

"Maa, hotondo asoko ni sunderu yo." Aiko giggled.

They were talking about him. It wasn't hard to guess that much. This was the first time he'd actually seen another person react to him like this. Usually, people didn't notice him because he was either out of sight or somewhere innocuous. Now here he was, hanging right off Aiko's cliff face of a boob with another giantess staring right at him.

"Wait a minute..." He looked round, realising how bright it was. There were lights everywhere. Lights...stands...and...

The other woman lifted a camera and brought it right up close to him. It was a photoshoot...and apparently he was the star.

"Oh...oh, shit..."

He heard the camera click a few times as the photographer danced around, the lens always focused on him, simply the angle and the distance changing. After a minute, she stopped and started to scroll through the shots she'd gotten.

"So...yet in the morning, photoshoot in the afternoon?" he sighed as he gazed up at the two women as they talked. There was no point asking what was going on, neither of them would understand him, and he wouldn't understand them. "What will tonight bring?" he wondered aloud.

“Dango-chan!” Aiko’s voice snapped and the little humin quickly focused back on the reality of his current situation. “Koko ni noborasetai.” She said, poking her other boob. He didn’t understand the words, but he understood the tone of command and the gesture.

“Climb over there. Yes, Aiko-sama.”

“Ii ko.”

For a brief moment, Dango thought it would be easy. All he had to do was shimmy along the upper strap of his owner's bikini top. He'd done similar plenty of times before, usually while Aiko was gaming or writing or something on her phone. This time, she was posing, the photographer continuing to give direction as she shifted her pose every few seconds.

"Whooooa!" he yelped, his legs swinging as Aiko shifted her shoulder, causing a massive boobquake.
"Please...a little care..." he pleaded.



“Soko de mote.” Kaori said, leaning in closer. “Ii anguru yo ne, kanpeki ni kouzu ni osamateru. Nanmai torasete.”

“Kiita, Dango-chan? Umaku itteru yo. Kamera kara bishou shite ne!” Aiko said.

“Kore wa kawaii yo. Zettai ni te ni hairenai to.”

“Taka sugichatta yo! Sate kono shashin ga yoku ureru to!” Aiko couldn’t help but titter.

Dango kept still, just hanging on while the camera focused on him. He wasn't sure exactly what they wanted him to do, but the interest in him specifically had ticked up, so he was going to keep still and try not to look too awkward.

The enormous lens got closer and closer, buzzing and clicking as picture after picture was taken. So many people were going to see him like this, and he had about as much say in it as Aiko's bikini did.

“Korera wa subarashii, demo ima, akushon shotto ga iru to omou.” Kaori said. “Aiko no oppai ga jitto shite oku ni amari utsukushi sugi.”

“Ano... sukoshi hazunda hou ga ii kana? Dango-chan o itamitakunai.”

“Hazumo no wa ii. Daijobu da yo.”

Her pet managed to cling on for two short bounces on the balls of her feet before the sheer heft and momentum of Aiko’s bouncing bosom catapulted him up into the air.



Time slowed down. Dango wasn't sure if that was a feature of his new biology, or if it would have happened if he were still human. Below him, Aiko stretched out, impossibly tall, like a building toward the ground far below.

He watched as his arc through the air peaked, then he began to plummet down through her cleavage. He saw the first strap pass him by and realised if he didn't grab the second, he was going to plummet to the floor below with nothing to stop him.

“OOOOOFT!” The impact almost winded the little pet.

Dango got his arms around the strap and scrambled to pull himself to a secure spot. He was dangling hundreds of feet above the ground, and Aiko was still moving around, but he wasn’t going to fall, he was sure of that.

“Hehe...Aiko ga sou suru mae ni jibun de tsukamaeta! Saruppoi ka!” Kaori laughed.

Jitto shite ne, kore ga suteki na shashin da.” The giant photographer said, the light dropping as she leaned in, her camera focused on him, clicking away as she took picture after picture.

“Just when I think I can’t go any lower...” he sighed and did his best to smile.

Satisfied with what the shots she'd got, the photographer pulled away, and Dango got back to following his owner's instructions. He still had to climb up to the top of her other bikini cup. He dropped himself down, clinging on tightly with his fingers to the thick strap and swung himself along like he used to do when he climbed on monkey bars as a kid.

It was remarkable just how much stronger and more agile he was now. It was a good thing too, he really needed it.

“Ii yo ne. Mite yo.” Kaori was very happy with the shoot.

“Gachi de besuto na otoko da.” Aiko said, then looked down at her pet on her boob. “Ee, sou da yo! Sou da yo! Besuto na otoko da!”

Dango hoped that would be the end of it, but the shoot was far from over. As he clung to the cloth cliff face, Aiko reached around behind her back and undid her bra strap. With a lurch, her boobs dropped, bouncing and shaking the pet clinging to her.

“WHOOOOOOA!” Dango yelped as he leapt from the front of her falling bikini and onto her nipple so he didn’t fall with it.

“Come on...I’m not Spider-Man...” he grumbled.

The photographer had taken a few more shots of him clinging to Aiko’s inverted nipple, his feet wedged into the dimple between it and the rise of her areola. She was thorough, he gave her that.

Now they were talking while he just clung there. He could tell from the tone of the discussion they were deciding on what to do next. This shoot was far from over.

“Sate, chikubi o tateru shashin o totte, soshite ketsu ni kaete?” Aiko confirmed.

Kaori skimmed through her pictures, confirming what she already knew. “Hai, teema ni suru kore made juubun da to omou kedo, ketsu o mitai dansei no tame sukoshi torasete, sore de yuka waaku kamo. Sore kara owari.”

“Subarashi!” Aiko agreed, rubbing her nipples to get them erect for the next part of the shoot.

“Well...this is easier...” Dango said. He was now standing atop Aiko’s erect nipple, his enhanced sense of balance helping him to stay upright despite the constant slow swaying of her tits. Even at rest, Aiko was never truly still. She had to breathe, and with each breath her chest rose and fell, adding to the constant sway of her massive bosom.

“Saikou da, soko ni tateru. Kore wa suteki ni mieru darou.” The photographer said as she snapped away with the camera.

Chotto mise tsukete to omou.” Aiko giggled. She was slowly adjusting her poses, giving Dango time to adjust so he didn’t fall. She wanted to show off her nipples. Show off how thick and hard they were. How her pet could stand on them and they still stayed as firm as stone.

“Hehe... Dango-chan ga nemusou.” Kaori said, nodding towards Dango. He was sitting down now, his legs braced on Aiko’s nipple, legs clinging to it.

“Ee, taihen na hi dattan da. Suu jikan shika okirarenai kara ochite nemuru.”

“Yoshi, mou sukoshi torasete, sore de ketsu ni kaete.” Kaori agreed.



“Goddammit…” Dango grumbled. He wasn’t that tired yet, but he was certainly done. Physically, he was worn out. He just wanted to sit here. Anywhere close to Aiko. He’d prefer to be back in her cleavage, encased on all sides, his body constantly massaged by her soft tits as she walked.

He’d jerk off, then take a nap.

The two women were still talking and laughing as Aiko posed. There was no sign of that ending soon.

Sou subeki ka?” Aiko grinned.

“Zehi.” Kaori replied, her camera at the ready.

Aiko swung her chest from side to side, her massive tits quickly flopping around, making a distinct SLAP SLAP SLAP as they bounced off one another.

Dango held on for dear life, his body flying one way then the next as Aiko shook her tits just long enough for the photographer to get some shots.



“Yeah, I’m done. Please, I’m not sure I can do much more.” Dango pleaded. He was sitting on Aiko’s nipple while the women reviewed pictures on the camera, pointing at one thing or another and talking excitedly.

He hoped that was it.

Tired, bored and dazed, Dango tuned out the conversation going on overhead. He totally missed the hand that came for him, plucking him from Aiko's nipple, lifting him to her face where she licked his chest and then lowered him down and down and down until he was dangling in front of her massive rear end.

"Aiko-sama...what...what..."

She didn't answer. She wasn't even paying attention. She was still chatting away with the photographer.

“OOOOOF!” Dango felt incredible pressure on his back as Aiko’s finger pressed him to her butt cheek.

The soft, dimpled flesh of fat, plush cheek gave way, bending as his body was pushed hard against it. When Aiko let go, the cheek bounced back, but the little man was stuck fast, held by the drying saliva, acting like glue.

“Ah! Sukkiri kuttsuiteru! Sou iu no de daijobu?” Kaori asked as she got in closer to get some pictures.

“Daijobu yo. Ue ni suwatta kaisuu wa mou kazoe kirenai. Atashi wa ie de nonbiri shite iru ma, Dango-chan ga soko de nanjikan mo ugokenaku nareru.”

“Hontou ni saikou na seikatsu da yo!”



Dango would not have agreed if he'd understood the conversation going on around him.

While normally he had zero problem with being glued to his owner's ass, or even entirely buried in it on the odd occasion where she accidentally sat on him, he wasn't entirely enjoying this. What he loved most about Aiko was her affection and the bond the two of them shared.

With him glued to her butt and the camera glued to him, that bond felt like it was being tainted.

It was a reminder.

Aiko was his world.

He was merely a possession.

“Yabai, Dango-chan ga yurunde kiteru to omou.” Kaori said.

“Hai...arigatou...” Aiko bent down, lifting her ass up. It allowed her pet to get a grip and start climbing up to safer ground.

“Kono shashin wa kamikyuu da, Aiko. kore wa kore made ni ichiban satsuei kamo.”

Aiko smiled back at her friend. “Mada owari ja nai yo.”



“Ee, kono yuka shotto ga hyoushi shashin ni nareru to omou yo.” Kaori said.

“Oo suginai ka?” Aiko asked. She’d stripped off and lay on the floor ten minutes ago. The shoot was almost over, but they were having such a good time it just kept going.

“Iya iya, iki da yo. Karada ga sugee, jirashi sugi. Petto wa kinchou shiteru you da. Sugu ni yasumaseta hou ga ii to omou yo.”



“I’m sorry, miss, I don’t understand.”

The photographer was talking to him...saying something. She wanted him to do something, but he had no idea what.

She sighed, shaking her head, then leaned in and snapped some more pictures.

The photographer said something else, and Aiko laughed. She was done trying to get Dango to follow directions. She lifted a finger and prodded him in the chest, sending him tumbling backwards.

“WAH!” the tiny man yelped as he fell, causing more giggling from the two women.

Dango's fall came to an abrupt end. He had tumbled down into the valley between his owner's gargantuan ass cheeks, the round, fatty hills pinning him in place. His arms were free, but his shoulders and hips were pinned to his side.

"O, kore sugoku sekushii da ne." The photographer said, leaning in closer to get pictures.

Aiko just giggled, wobbling the cheeks that held Dango. "Kusuguttai!"

Try as he might, Dango was stuck. Aiko's ass was just too thick and too soft for him to pull himself up. It was like mud. Anytime he thought he could pull himself up and out, he only slid in deeper. The fact that his struggles only served to tickle his owner and make her laugh also only caused him to slide in deeper.

He was going to have to wait for one of the two giant Japanese women to pull him out. That wouldn't happen until they had taken enough pictures of him stuck in a giant butt crack.



“Hnnnnng…”

Dango was pretty sure this was better. Not entirely sure, but pretty sure. After eventually being fished out of Aiko’s butt, she’d set him down on the floor, dropping her gargantuan mountain of tit flesh down on top of him. While he was being slowly smothered, he felt much more relaxed with the familiar feel of her boobs on him.

“Kirei da ne, Aiko, kirei da yo.” Kaori said, her camera snapping away. “Kore kanpeki da! Hyoushi shashin o mitsuketa!”



“Ee, kono shashin sugoi! Yappari kaori-chan da yo!” Aiko couldn’t help but be excited as they flicked through the photos. The set was going to be popular, she could feel it. They definitely had the makings of a great release.

“Jaa, Aiko ga ippai kuretanda!” Kaori grinned. “Aiko to kawaii ko petto da ne.”

“Kore kara taikin o kasegu koto ni naru yo!” Aiko squealed, grabbing her friend and pulling her into a tight hug as she jumped up and down excitedly.

“URGGH!” Dango groaned as he was smothered between the two bouncing, excited friends.

When it was all over, Dango had hoped to be returned back to the familiar warm embrace of Aiko's cleavage. Instead, he was put back into his cold, sterile plastic box.

Alone and bereft, he could only stare longingly up at his owner as she dressed, humming happily to herself. All he wanted was to be with her. If his life was to be a pet, owned by another person, he at least wanted to be with that person and not separated by plastic walls.

In the depths of her purse, Dango felt more alone than ever.

He missed his old life. He missed his home back in England. He missed Emily.

Curling up in the corner of the plastic box, he closed his eyes and let the swaying of his owner's walking rock him to sleep.

“Maa maa, sore wa Dango-chan no mono ja nai yo.” Aiko chided him.

Waking from his nap, the tiny humin found Aiko had set him on a table in a café. All around him, there were enormous people, chatting with one another, eating delicious-looking cakes and drinking from mugs.

He had hoped to dive in a cake as big as a shed, but the tone of Aiko’s voice told him not to touch the beautiful-looking desserts.

“Zanban tabete mo ii. Kyou kyaku ga kuru yo. Dango-chan ni wa gyougi yoku furu matte hoshii!” Aiko said.

“Right...got it. Don’t eat the cake. I am hungry, though. Can I eat soon, please?”

“Ii ko...”

“Aa! Kawaii yo!” The gigantic squee coming from above was hard for Dango to ignore.

He turned, looking up at the giant waitress who’d just delivered a plate of drinks to the next table. She looked petite and scrawny and probably only about twenty years old and looked at him like he was a fluffy kitten.

“Um...hi...” he said, unable to hide his discomfort.

“Petto no namae wa?” The girl looked to Aiko, then back to him.

“Dango-chan.” Aiko beamed with pride.

“Konnichi wa, Dango-chan. Hontou ni kawaisugi da yo!”

She turned with a flourish, her skirt creating a light breeze and walked away to pick up the next order.

“Aiko?” An older, serious-looking woman asked, approaching as the waitress walked away. Compared to the youthful, skinny waitress, this woman was the opposite. Curvaceous and approaching middle age with a tired, almost bored expression on her face.

“Kotomi?” Aiko replied.

The woman sat, not waiting for an invitation from Aiko to sit down. She quickly scanned the table, noting the cakes and the pet wandering on the table, and made a face like someone had just passed gas.

Aiko couldn't help but notice the necklace she wore, a tiny woman, much smaller than her Dango, but with blonde hair like his. She'd never thought about wearing him before, but the idea interested her.

"Kore wa jibun no osu desu ka? Kare ni seishoku nouryoku ga aru ka dou ka mou kakunin dekimashita?" Kotomi skipped straight to business, not bothering with small talk, pleasantries or the cakes.

“Hai, juui-san wa Dango-chan no seishoku nouryoku ga takai to iimashita. Kekka o okutte kuremasahita. Sono kekka o okure--” Aiko started, but was cut off.

“Ii yo.” The other woman reached down into her bosom, plucking out a female humin that had been buried in her cleavage. “Osu wa kattenai. Mesu o katte imasu. Hanshoku ni kanshite wa, nakanaka umaku ikazu, toku ni ganko na kotai ga nanbiki kaimasu.” She unclipped the minuscule woman from the necklace and set her down on the table as well.



“Holy shit...” The little...tiny blonde looked up at Dango, her eyes wide. “Do you speak English!?”

“Um...yeah...” Dango replied.

The girl screamed and jumped on him, practically pulling him down to the ground. “GAAAAAAH! I’ve not spoken English in so long!” she yelled, her thick Australian accent making her sound just a bit more unhinged than Dango was used to with his restrained English accent.

“I’m Tayah! Nice to meet you!” the blonde said.

“Hi...Dango...”

“Your name is dumpling!?” she laughed.

“Dumpling!?” he spluttered.

“Egu! Kono buta o yaru wake nai daro!” The taller tiny woman loomed over Dango.

“Motto hidoi koto mo sareta hazu da.” Tayah replied to her in Japanese, then switched back to English. “Don’t mind her. She’s always grumpy. What’s your real name? Your actual name.”

Dango shrugged. “I was Jim, but I’m Dango now.”

“Dango means dumpling. So what you want, should I call you Jim or Dumpling?”

“Um…let’s stick with Jim.” He laughed nervously.



“Yatsura naka yosasou deshou.” Aiko giggled down at the tiny group of humins on the table. She liked that the adorably small blonde girl was being friendly with Dango.

“Hai, hai...” Kotomi waved her comment away. “Chiisai kata o hanshoku saseru no wa konnan na koto ga hanmei shimashita. Kari ireru mae ni, watashi wa kono onna no naka ni ano otoko ga hame komeru no ga tashikamekereba naranai.”

“Ii da yo.” Aiko shrugged.

“Omae...” Kotomi spoke loud and firm, pointing at Dango, and the little male stood up to attention. Her finger shifted to Tayah. “Koitsu to koubime.”

Looking up at the much taller man's blank stare, Tayah quickly realised. "You...you don't speak Japanese? Do you?"

Dango...Jim shook his head. "No. I was here on holiday when it...you know...happened."

Tayah nodded and smiled awkwardly, her attention now on the gigantic woman that had brought her here. She bit her lip, then grabbed his cock, starting to jerk him off.

"Um...what's happening...?" he asked.

"Noice cock here, mate. I kind of need you to stick me with it." She said.

Jim blinked, having no idea what was going on.

"Please." She asked. "Fuck me. Make it a good show for my owner, please?"



“Only if you want me to.” Jim said.

“I do. I really, REALLY want you to!”

It took a bit of figuring out how to make it work. With Tayah being so much smaller, Jim had to lift her up and hold her in place as he fucked the tiny woman.

“Oh...oh, fuck...that’s so good, so fucking big...oooooh, don’t stop.” She groaned.

“Hehe! Mite! Chicchai usagi mitai da na!” Aiko tittered as she watched her pet go.

“Dame!” An angry voice snapped. Jim was too caught up in the moment to look away. He was so close to finishing. “Dame! Dame! Dame! Koko de wa dekinai yo! kimoi!”

“Mou sugu owarimasu yo.” Kotomi said.

“Dete ikanakereba narimasen. Ofutari. Chiisakute kimoi petto wo motte dete yo. Ike!” the waitress ordered.

With the swish of a finger, Kotomi knocked Tayah off Jim. She stood, her chair screeching and drawing the tiny people's attention to her.

"Tonikaku juubun miteta. Kare wo hikitoru. Isshukan go ni modosu. Goui shita reeto ni manzoku iru ka?" Kotomi spoke to Aiko.

"Hai! Yoroshiku onegai shimasu!" Aiko replied cheerily.

"What's happening? You can understand them?" Jim asked the little Australian woman.

"Yeah." She replied. "You're coming home with me."

CHARTS


66”
63”
5 ft
45”
6”
3”
Kaori
Height: 5ft9
Weight: 179lbs
36DD-30-45
To Jim
Height: 213ft
Weight: 4125tns
Aiko
Height: 5ft1
Weight: 137lbs
32GG-26-42
To Jim
Height: 188ft
Weight: 3157tns
The Vet
Height: 5ft6
Weight: 162lbs
34F-31-45
To Jim
Height: 204ft
Weight: 3733tns
Jim
Height: 1.9in
Weight: 1.5g

CHARTS

Kotomi

Height: 5ft7
Weight: 171bs

36F-30-42

To Jim

Height: 207ft
Weight: 3940tns



To Be Continued...

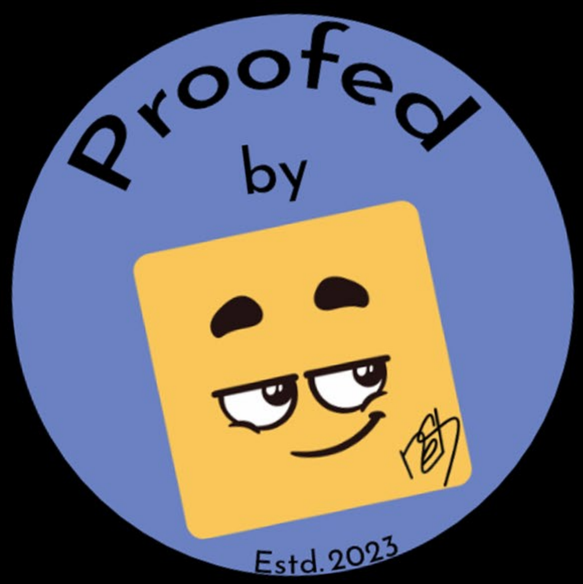
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