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THE BOSS
BELOW



Nathaniel stood on the meeting table, the polished wood stretching wide beneath his feet like the deck of a warship he no longer commanded. Seven weeks ago, he had stood at six-foot-three, exuding confidence, dominance, and command. Now, he was fourteen inches of well-proportioned irrelevance.

Returning to the office felt like walking into his own funeral.

Seven weeks spent shrinking at home—measuring himself every morning, praying each night that he'd plateau. Reading desperate Reddit threads and junk-science blogs about potassium levels, cortisol spikes, sexual abstinence—any ridiculous theory that promised to slow the descent.

None of it worked.

He had shrunk clean through manhood, past dignity, and landed somewhere between corporate liability and living mascot.

His new outfit was custom-made—tailored white dress shirt, slim black pants, and polished brown loafers. One of those shrunkenwear boutiques now popping up in every major city.



He looked good. Toned chest, square shoulders, defined jaw. He also looked like a goddamn miniature action figure. Ken with a CFA.

And it didn't matter.

Once, people made room when he walked into elevators. Held doors. Lowered voices when he entered the room. There was fear, yes. But there was respect too. The kind that came with results.

Now? He wasn't sure what they saw.

Across the table sat his team. Monica. Sloane. Cassie. The only people he trusted. They looked down at him—literally now—and waited for him to say something.

The silence lingered. He opened his mouth—then closed it.

This room used to feel like his. Now it felt like someone had changed the scale of the world and forgotten to tell him. The overhead light was too bright. The chairs too tall. The damn table too wide.

“Christ,” he muttered under his breath, “what a fucking shitshow.”



Monica finally spoke. Senior Manager. Second in command. Black leather dress that clung like sin to her generous curves, especially her tits. She made no effort to hide her cleavage—if anything, she thrust her chest forward, daring him to feel small in the shadow of her bosom.

“Well?” she asked, arching a perfectly threaded brow. “Did your tongue shrink into nonexistence, or are you planning to actually lead at some point?”

Her voice was sharp, unbothered. She didn’t even blink.

That was Monica. Hyper-competent. Cunning. Loyal, yes—but only to strength. And strength, she could smell, was in short supply.

She was also a bitch.

When he was tall, those jabs bounced off like harmless flirtation. Their banter had been a sport—predatory, but playful. Now? That same tone hit different. Now, it bruised.

He swallowed. *Get it together, Nat. She’s already testing you. Say something, and make it land.*



He forced a smirk. It felt foreign on his face, like a borrowed mask.

“Oh, I assure you,” he said, voice pitched lower, smoother than he felt, “my silver tongue might be smaller, but it’s still very, very effective.”

He followed it with a wink. Confident. Or close enough to fake it.

Monica blinked once. Then she let out a soft laugh. Not generous. Not dismissive. Just amused enough to leave him unsure if he’d won or lost the point.

“Mm,” Monica hummed, lips curling into that smug little half-smile of hers. “We’ll see. But you’d better put that tiny tongue of yours to use fast, Nat. It’s been a goddamn circus here. Every male exec in this bank is shrinking into irrelevance, and we’re circling the drain. Two rounds of mass layoffs already. Third one’s coming. The shit’s about to hit the fan—and hard.”

Her words landed like a slap. Because she wasn’t wrong. Global Mass Shrinking. Millions gone small—five million in the country alone. The recent Financial District incident had crippled half the sector. Stocks tanking. Banks merging out of desperation.



It was chaos—and the only thing that got him back into this office was the promise that his team still needed him. Shaken or not, he wasn't going to abandon them.

Before he could speak, Cassie leaned forward, a playful grin tugging at her glossed lips.

“Oh my god, Monica,” she groaned, rolling her eyes. “Can you not? The man just walked back in and you're already in full-on bitch mode. Like, chill for one second, girl.”

God, Cassie was a walking distraction. Short blonde bob, bright blue eyes, sun-kissed skin that always looked freshly fucked, and tits that sat high and perfect under her tight white blazer. The blazer was clearly tailored for effect—its cut plunged just enough to weaponize her cleavage.

Monica shot her a look cold enough to freeze blood.

“Shut the hell up, Cassie. We're drowning. This isn't a sweet little reunion—this is triage. He's been gone seven weeks playing house, and we're out here holding the line. We don't have time for your dumb little games.”



“Jesus, enough.” Nathaniel stepped in, trying to sound firm, even if the power dynamic was already skewed. “Both of you—knock it off. We’re not doing this.”

Cassie ignored him completely.

“Ugh, Monica, you’re such a killjoy.” Cassie leaned toward him, her grin widening. “He’s been gone for weeks and you haven’t even given him a hug. You’re so damn cold—like, even for you.”

“Cassie—”

Too late.

Cassie reached out, moving faster than he could react. Her fingers slid under his legs, the other hand slipping behind his back as if he weighed nothing.

“Whoa—Cassie, hold on—”

But she was already giggling like a schoolgirl as she lifted him clean off the table.



“Oh my god,” she squealed, spinning him slightly in her hands like he really was a living Ken doll. “Look at you. You’re so fucking cute. You are way better this size, sir. I’m carrying you around from now on. That’s non-negotiable.”

Her thumb brushed teasingly along his chest as she cradled him closer.

“You’re mine now. Hope you’re cool with that.”

Cassie had tried to fuck him before—more than once. She’d invent some flimsy excuse to slip into his office, shut the door, and “help” him with stress. One time she’d gone straight for his cock, massaging it through his pants like it was the most natural thing in the world. He’d practically had to wrestle her off him.

Now she cradled him like a doll, and he swallowed hard. *God. How the fuck am I supposed to stop her now?*

Cassie tilted her head, blue eyes sparkling with mischief as she ran a fingertip slowly down his chest. “Mmm,” she mused, voice dripping with playful cruelty. “Sir... you feel so pent-up. Be honest—how long since you last blew your load, huh?”



Nathaniel froze.

She wasn't wrong. Seven weeks at home, and he hadn't touched himself once. Some bullshit theory on the forums had claimed abstinence might slow the shrinking. He hadn't believed it, but he'd tried anyway.

His throat went dry. How the hell could she tell?

Cassie grinned wider, like she could see through him. "It's cool, sir. Same for me. God knows this company's been working us to death—I haven't had time to get laid in forever. We should probably... fix that."

Before he could choke out a response, Sloane's voice cut through the air like a whip.

"Cassie. Enough."

Her chair scraped back as she prepared to stand. The swell of her chest shifted heavily with the motion—breasts that had always been big, but now, thanks to lactation, had grown to near-cartoonish size. Her tight red blouse clung to them like shrink wrap, the fabric barely containing her. It was practically a statement piece: *fuck it, nothing fits anymore*.



Sloane's eyes narrowed, the maternal veneer cracking as she glared at Cassie. "You're unbelievable. The boss isn't some toy for your sex-starved little hands. We all know he's mine. Everyone knows that."

Her breasts trembled as she took a step forward, her posture radiating a heavy, maternal authority. She reached for Nathaniel's arm, but Cassie clung tighter, digging in her grip around his legs.



“Nathaniel is mine, Cassie. How many times do I have to spell it out? You’re a hyperactive little slut who can’t listen for shit. Go find another tiny guy to climb on—this building’s crawling with them.”



Cassie's jaw dropped. "What the fuck did you just call me?" she snapped, cheeks flushing hot. "Slut? Really? Just because you fucked him once doesn't mean you own him! And—what about your little secret, huh? Who even knocked you up, Mama Bear? Sure as hell wasn't him, right? That was way too long ago!"

"That's not your goddamn business." Sloane's tone was loud and biting, like a mother who'd lost all patience. "Give him to me, Cass. If we leave him with you, he'll be spread-eagle between your legs in five minutes."



“Hey—stop—stop it!” Nathaniel shouted, voice cracking with frustration as the two women tugged him back and forth like a prize doll.

Neither listened.

And Monica? Still seated, perfectly composed, watching the whole debacle like it was beneath her.

“Monica!” he yelled, panicked. “Do something!”

Monica’s lip curled in disdain as she met his desperate eyes. “God,” she muttered, voice low and cutting. “What a pathetic shit show.”

She didn’t move an inch. Nathaniel felt his stomach drop. Christ. Monica really was a bitch.

“ARRGGGGHHH—MONICA! THEY’RE GONNA RIP ME IN HALF!” Nathaniel’s voice cracked as Cassie and Sloane yanked him back and forth like a tug-of-war prize.

Finally, Monica sighed, slow and deliberate, like she was indulging idiots. She reached for him—one hand bracing his back, the other securing his legs.



She inhaled once.

Then unleashed it.

“ENOUGH!!!” Her voice cut like a blade. “What the fuck is wrong with you two? We’re a team hanging by a goddamn thread. We’re one bad quarter from getting canned, and you’re busy catfighting over our doll-sized boss? You have got to be kidding me. Sit. The hell. Down.”

Cassie slumped back into her chair with a pout, Sloane grudgingly following suit.

Holy fuck. There it was—Monica in full form. There was a reason she’d clawed her way to Senior Manager, one of only two women at Northbridge Bank to ever make it that far. Yeah, she was a bitch. But she was always the one on the vanguard, ready to take someone’s throat out if it meant survival.



She tightened her arms around Nathaniel, pulling him in until his face was almost buried in her cleavage, his body crushed against the soft, suffocating press of her breasts. Her hold wasn't just secure—it was deliberate.

“God, so unfair,” Cassie muttered with a sulky pout. “I was just trying to cheer him up.”

Monica barely glanced at her. “You have to be careful with him, Cassie. What you two just pulled could've killed him.”

“Thanks,” Nathaniel started, but she wasn't done.

“Look at him,” she said flatly. “He's weak. Fragile. You can see it.”

“Ugh—” Nathaniel groaned under his breath.

“Nat isn't the man he used to be. Not even one-fifth of him.”

“Monica, please—can we not—”

She cut him off instantly. “Sir, I'll let you know when it's your turn to speak.”



And then she hugged him tighter, until he could barely breathe.

Nathaniel let out a faint, involuntary gasp. The warmth radiating from her breasts short-circuited whatever dignity he had left.

Monica finally turned her icy gaze toward Sloane.

“And you,” she said, voice like steel. “You act holier-than-thou, but don’t think I don’t know what you’ve been up to. Addy—the nympho running HR—told me all about it. She said you asked if it was against policy to breastfeed Nathaniel.”

Nathaniel froze, eyes going wide. “Wh—what—breastfeed?”

“Wow, Monica. Real classy, throwing that out there. But yes, Nathaniel—it’ll be for your own good. Trust me.”

Nathaniel’s gaze stayed glued to Monica’s chest, his mind melting as stray visions started hitting him—Sloane’s swollen breasts in his mouth, Cassie straddling him, Monica smirking as she let it happen.



Seven weeks of abstinence—and now three women circling him like predators.

His cock twitched. Fuck.

Cassie leaned in, grinning. “Oh my god—if you do breastfeed him, can I, like... watch? Please?”

Nathaniel wanted the floor to swallow him whole. *Christ, I’m actually getting hard. Get it together. Take control.*

He cleared his throat. “Ahem. Monica—thank you. But... may I say something now?”

Monica smirked, eyes glinting with cruel amusement. “Go for it, doll man.”

“R-right...” Nathaniel exhaled, steadying himself.

Nathaniel tried to steady himself. Hard to look composed when Monica still held him aloft, both hands around his tiny frame, his face almost eye-level with her tits.



Christ. Being this close to that canyon of cleavage was ridiculous. It felt like standing on the edge of a cliff made of warm, perfect flesh.

Still—now was the moment to take control back.

He drew in a breath.

“Ladies,” he began, forcing out a smoothness he didn’t quite feel, “thank you for the... very warm welcome.”

All three of them laughed, the sound rich and knowing.

“No doubt my team can be a lot—but I wouldn’t trade you for anyone else. You know that, right? You’re family to me. Always have been.”

And just like that, he saw it—the shift. The tension eased. For a split second, their eyes on him looked the way they used to. Like before he’d shrunk.

Perfect. Lean into it. Remind them of who you were.

They all waited, smiles tugging at their lips.



“We’ve been through hell together,” Nathaniel continued, turning toward Cassie. “Cass, you remember when your internship ended—and Finance told you there was no budget to hire you full-time?”

Cassie’s eyes lit up. “Hell yeah I remember! You dragged me into that meeting with the head of Finance, and when we came out? Boom—I had a job.”

She giggled, that same bratty glint in her eye. “That’s literally the day I started masturbating about you, sir. No joke.”

Nathaniel blinked. “R-right... anyway. Point is, I need you to take care of me now—the way I took care of you back then. Deal?”

Cassie grinned wide, bouncing slightly in her seat—just enough to make her perfect breasts jiggle beneath her blazer. “You got it, sir. I’m always right at your side.”



He turned toward Sloane—and almost swallowed his tongue. Her milk-swollen tits filled his view like two perfect planets.

“And Sloane,” he said carefully, “remember when HR tried to deny your IVF coverage? Some ridiculous technicality about there being ‘no medical necessity’?”

Sloane’s expression softened, maternal warmth radiating from her. “Of course I remember, Nathaniel.”

“I didn’t ask questions. I went to war for you—and we got them to approve the coverage even without a doctor’s note, didn’t we?”

Sloane’s eyes glistened, just slightly. “You have no idea how much that meant to me.”

Cassie piped up immediately, smirking. “Ohhh... IVF. So that’s why you never talk about a boyfriend. Single mom, huh? Damn, Sloane—kinda hot, not gonna lie.”

Sloane shot her a look but didn’t reply.



Finally, Nathaniel turned to Monica—the only one who hadn’t smiled yet.

“And you. My fearless second-in-command.”

Monica’s lips curved—barely. A rare, fleeting softness.

“Yeah,” she said quietly. “I remember the day I made Senior Manager. You fought for me. You believed in me before anyone else did. It meant... more than you’ll ever know.”

For just a moment, the steel was gone from her eyes.

And for the first time since he’d returned, Nathaniel almost felt like the man he used to be.

“We’re at your side, sir,” Monica said, voice calm but edged with steel. “Ready to go to war.”

“Good,” Nathaniel replied, straightening as much as he could in her hands. “Perfect. Now—brief me. What’s on the agenda?”

“I cleared most of your schedule,” Monica said smoothly, “so you can catch up on emails. But there’s one meeting we can’t dodge—it’s starting now.”



Nathaniel's brow furrowed. "Who with?"

"Adrian," Monica said, her tone darkening. "And I don't like what I'm hearing. Word is, he's pushing some cost-saving plan—replacing us with AI."

"Fuck..." Nathaniel muttered. "That's bad. How small did he end up?"

Sloane answered softly, her voice low and maternal. "Much smaller than you, sir. Most men here didn't fare well. By the time TechNova shipped the stabilizers, most of them were already tiny. Half the Financial District's workforce is action figure-sized."

Cassie jumped in, smirking. "Yeah, lucky for us Northbridge sent all the women to that Women in Finance thing overseas. Most of us stayed normal size—except for, y'know, a couple of outliers."

Nathaniel nodded grimly. That conference had been pure luck. It had spared them from the Mass Shrinking event that gutted the financial district.

"At least your shrink was slow, sir," Monica added, eyes narrowing. "Though that bitch Laura Rivera took her sweet fucking time getting stabilizers to us."



Nathaniel exhaled. “Right. It felt like retaliation, honestly. Pretty sure Rivera intentionally delayed shipments—payback against banks that refused to back her whole ‘tiny cities’ plan.”

Cassie blinked. “Wait, what? Tiny cities?”

Nathaniel chuckled. “Cass, you really need to watch the news more.”

She shrugged, grinning. “Like, sorry—I’m busy actually working all the time. And maybe masturbating.”

Nathaniel ignored that, mostly. “Point is—Laura Rivera wants to build entire cities for shrunken people to live in. But it’s bad business for us. Home financing is our bread and butter, and tiny homes aren’t exactly high-margin. The big six banks shot her down. Publicly.”

Monica crossed her legs, smirk curling. “Now Adrian’s circling like a vulture—trying to climb the ladder by pitching half-baked cost cuts, hoping the bank’s too weak to push back.”



“Then we don’t give him that chance,” Nathaniel said.

“No excuses. We’re going to survive this.”

“Yes, sir!” they all replied in unison.

Monica finally set him down on the table.

Nathaniel faced the massive monitor at the end of the table. For just a moment, he let himself breathe.

Rough start or not, he’d managed to stick the landing. Authority—intact. Barely.

This is working. They’re still the same women. We’ve been through hell together—nothing erases that overnight. But Christ... Cassie had manhandled him like a living sex toy. Sloane had straight-up said she wanted to breastfeed him. And Monica... Monica had wrapped him in her tits while talking down to him like she was already the one in charge.

He clenched his fists. *Doesn’t matter. I can do this.*

For a fleeting second, he felt it—like he’d slipped back into his old self. The six-foot-three banker who used to own every room he walked into. Same man. Smaller package.



He exhaled slowly. The meeting would start any second.

“I’m right here with you, Nat.”

Sloane’s voice rolled over him like warm silk, rich and maternal.

He glanced back at her—and instantly, a vivid image hit him. Her colossal breasts in his face. Milk filling his tiny mouth as she smiled down at him.

He swallowed hard, heat rushing straight to his neglected cock. *If she really wanted to nurse me... could I even stop her?*

And worse—*do I even want to stop her?*

He shook the thought off violently. *No. I’m the boss. The leader. You don’t suck milk from your subordinates’ tits. Get it together.*

Then another realization hit him—he was standing too far back on the table. The camera would make it look like he was hiding behind them.

No. Fuck that. Get out front. Own it.



He started walking toward the edge of the table. Monica's eyes followed him, sharp as blades. "Stay focused, sir. This meeting could bury us. Don't you dare slip."

"I know, Monica," he said firmly, meeting her gaze. "I'm still the same man."

She nodded once—though to him, it felt like she wasn't convinced.

As he passed Cassie, she leaned in. "Right there with you, boss. Let's crush this thing. Work hard, play harder after, yeah?"

Of course she'd say that.

And just like that, another image flashed in his head—Cassie in delicate lingerie, giggling as she teased his cock between her fingers like it was a toy meant for her amusement.

He felt heat surge again and forced the thought away, jaw tightening. *Not now.*

The TV flickered. The counterparty's video feed came online. Showtime.



Adrian's tiny frame appeared on the screen. Senior Director of Business Innovations. Nathaniel's natural-born rival. Audit and Validation versus Innovation—they were literally paid to fight each other. Governance was the battleground, and Adrian was the enemy general.

And there, behind him—impossible to miss even without her face in frame—was a pair of tits that could only belong to one woman.

Veronica Krane.

“Well, well,” Adrian sneered, voice dripping mockery. “Look who finally crawled back from... vacation.”

Nathaniel smirked, the comeback already loaded. “Ah, what can I say, Adrian? Not all men can be as indestructible as you—what are you now, five inches of pure corporate steel?”

Adrian's expression tightened. “Cute. Let's see if you're still laughing once you hear what I have to say. This is serious.”

Nathaniel's gaze flicked to Veronica as Adrian strutted along the sleek steel tabletop like he owned it.



God, Veronica was a sight—long, dark curls cascading over a red blazer, cleavage cut deep enough to make HR cry. Her tits were full, perfectly firm—probably a touch smaller than Cassie’s, but immaculately shaped. And her face... flawless. Intelligent. Dangerous. She radiated that perfect mix of beauty and ruthless ambition—the definitive corporate queen bee.

“So I’ve heard,” Nathaniel replied coolly. “Some half-baked idea about replacing us with AIs. Gotta hand it to you, Adrian—this one’s insane even for your team. Ironically, a stunt like this only proves the bank needs us. Someone has to keep you guys tethered to reality.”



Adrian chuckled darkly, swaggering closer to the camera. “Oh, we’re grounded just fine. Ever heard of ‘LLM-as-Judge,’ Nathaniel? Simple idea. We take every single historical report your team’s ever produced—validation reviews, audits, the lot—and feed it to a model. Then bam—your function gets replaced by something that’s cheaper, faster, and doesn’t whine.”

Nathaniel’s jaw tightened. “So the bank’s fallen so far it’s willing to automate the one line of defense meant to stop this kind of bullshit?”



Adrian just smirked and—Christ—sat himself casually on one of Veronica’s fingers, like she was a goddamn throne for him.

Nathaniel would never have done that.

But truth be told, it was the Northbridge way. Most men in power treated women like furniture—hired for their tits, their smiles, and their willingness to say “yes, sir.” Nathaniel had once watched a fellow exec slap an intern’s ass in passing, no reason, no shame. She’d slipped out moments later, eyes red, probably crying in a bathroom.

He’d never been that man. His women were his team—his equals, his partners.

Adrian kept talking. “The cost savings will be huge. Not just your team—most second-line functions gone. Maybe a handful of humans left in the loop. That’s it.”



Nathaniel was about to fire back when Monica pulled him, tucking him tight against her chest.

The motion knocked the balance right out of him, and in reflex his hand pressed into her left breast for support—firm, warm, and distractingly soft.



“Shit—sorry, Monica.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Her tone was smooth, matter-of-fact, like his hand on her tit barely registered. “Sir—we can fight this. Take it straight to the regulators. Shut this shit down before it starts.”

Nathaniel nodded, forcing composure back into his voice. “R-right.”



Adrian leaned toward the camera, voice laced with venom.

“What is it, huh? You people actually think you bring value to this bank? Please. You could all drop dead tomorrow and nothing would happen. In fact, you’d be doing us a favor.”



The words hit like a punch to the gut. This wasn't just corporate banter—this was personal.

Cassie, normally playful even during heated standoffs, went rigid. Her jaw clenched as she muttered under her breath, “Motherfucker.”

Monica's hand slid firmly against Nathaniel's back as she shifted him onto her thigh, her lips curling in quiet contempt. “Pathetic little shit,” she whispered just low enough that the mic wouldn't pick it up.

Behind them, Nathaniel could hear the faint scrape of Sloane's nails dragging across the wooden table.

But none of them spoke.

They wouldn't.

It was an unspoken rule—he was the one to respond. For them to jump in would be to undermine him.



Nathaniel leaned back against Monica, not because he owned her, but because she offered the support—her palm resting solidly against his tiny back. She was still his second-in-command. Bitch or not, she was there for him.

He straightened as best he could.

“Adrian...” Nathaniel said slowly, letting the pause hang heavy. “Have you ever sat down with the regulators? Do you have any idea the level of scrutiny a bank our size is under?”

He tilted his head, smirking like Adrian was a clueless intern.

“You really think replacing risk management with a glorified chatbot is gonna fly with them?”

Nathaniel chuckled—mocking, dismissive. “You’ve lost your goddamn mind, my friend.”

And then—Veronica spoke.



Her voice cut through the air like a blade—smooth, sharp, utterly self-assured. “Actually, Nathaniel...”

Of course.

“I’ve already had several meetings with our good friends in regulation,” she said, her lips curling with satisfaction. “And guess what? They’ve already signed off on a pilot program.”

She chuckled—deliberately imitating his laugh from seconds earlier, twisting the knife.

“And where better to start that pilot... than with your team?”

The words landed like a death sentence.

They already have regulator sign-off?



Even Monica faltered. She lifted Nathaniel abruptly, misjudging the motion, and slammed his tiny head right into the underside of her breast.

His skull smacked against the soft, leather-clad flesh.

“Arghhh—owww!”

“Shit—sorry.” Monica’s voice dropped low, her tone still steady despite the slip.

Veronica smiled cruelly, watching their silent panic like a cat watching mice scurry.

“Pathetic,” she purred. Then, with one last mocking laugh: “I’ll let you... process that. Expect to be contacted soon to hand over all of your historical data.”

And just like that, the call ended.

The screen went black.



Monica set Nathaniel back on the table with deliberate care. “You good, sir? Still in one piece?” Her smirk said she already knew the answer.

He took a moment to recover, straightening his posture, forcing composure back into his tiny frame.

Three women. His women. All eyes on him—waiting.

This is it. The real test. It’s easy to lead when everything’s fine. But now? Now’s when they need me.

He inhaled deeply.

Cassie grinned wide. “Ohhh, we’re getting a pep talk. Fuck yes.”

Monica pushed her chest forward, eyes glinting. “Go on, sir. Let’s hear it.”

Sloane tilted her head, voice warm and sultry. “God, you look so hot right before you rally us. I can’t even handle it.”



Nathaniel let the moment build, then leaned in with all the fire he could muster.

“Ladies,” he said, voice steady, “they think they can replace us with AIs? Not on my goddamn watch.”

Monica’s eyes sharpened—Cassie outright giggled.

“Step one,” Nathaniel continued, “we don’t give them a single piece of historical data. Without our reports, they have nothing. And guess what—every bit of that data is confidential. Third-party models? Out of the question. I’m flagging this to Data Governance now. We’ll bury this nonsense before it starts.”



“HELL YES!” Monica punched the air, eyes blazing.
“That’s him! That’s our guy!”

Cassie practically bounced in her seat. “Oh my god, I think I just creamed my panties. Boss, you’re killing me right now.”

Sloane let out a low, throaty sound, her massive breasts subtly rising as she pressed them together.
“Mmm... you get so fucking hot when you take charge. It’s unreal.”

The room erupted in cheers—and suddenly Monica’s hands shot out, yanking him up again and crushing him tight against her chest.



His tiny body was smothered into her cleavage, harder than before.

“Arghh—Monica—careful!”

She grinned down at him, ignoring his flailing. “I’m just so damn glad, sir. That plan? Brilliant. Data Governance will buy us time. And—” her smile shifted, cunning and razor-sharp— “I’ve got a contingency plan of my own. A bit riskier. But it guarantees we win long-term. It just requires... a small sacrifice.”

Nathaniel looked up at her, wary. “Small sacrifice? What is it? Walk me through the details before I sign off.”

Monica chuckled softly. “Please, sir. This is beneath you. Let me handle it.”

“But—”

“No buts.” She pressed him tighter against her tits, cutting him off. “Your plan buys us time. Mine secures our future. You focus on the team—I’ll make sure we win. Cassie will stay with you while I work on it.”

Nathaniel blinked. “C-Cassie?!”



“Yup!” Cassie chirped, already lifting him out of Monica’s grasp like he weighed nothing. “Don’t worry, sir. We’re gonna have so much fun.”

Her grip shifted—one hand snug around his ass, the other bracing his back as she pressed him into her chest. His face was practically buried in her cleavage. He could feel her thumb rubbing slow circles over his tiny back.

From behind, Sloane’s voice came warm and teasing. “See you at lunch, Nat. I’ll drop by then.” The sensual chuckle that followed left little to the imagination.



Cassie plopped into his desk chair with him still held tight. “Alright, sir—password?”

He gave it, and she typed one-handed, still clutching him against her breasts.

“Cassie,” Nathaniel groaned, “are you... ever going to set me down?”

“Nope.” She grinned wickedly. “You look way too good like this. We’ll go through your emails together. I’ll read, you relax. We’ll work hard... and later, maybe I’ll check if little Nat wants to play.”

Nathaniel exhaled sharply. “Holy shit, Cassie...”

“How many emails do I even have?”

She giggled, eyes sparkling. “One thousand, three hundred and fifty-four.”

“Jesus Christ.”



Adrian looked up at the exposed nipple looming above him—perfect, pink, and hard. Veronica had pulled her red blazer just enough to tease him, revealing only what she wanted him to see.

Of course she had. He'd asked for it.

Back when he'd still been full-sized, they'd fucked every week. Sure, she was smart, cunning, efficient as hell—but what had sealed her promotion to Senior Manager, at least in Adrian's mind, was the morning she'd spent on her knees sucking his cock until he swore his legs would give out.

Now, at barely a few inches tall, her tits seemed almost divine. He worshipped them daily, and she let him—because it amused her.

He jerked his cock, staring up at her flawless cleavage. Her skin caught the sunlight in a way that made her look godlike.



Still, irritation simmered under the lust. “You’ve got some nerve, Veronica—jumping in at the end of my meeting with those losers like that.” He stroked himself harder, voice tight. “You stole my punchline about the regulators. That was my win.”



She shrugged out of her blazer completely, now topless. Her hands cupped her breasts as she moaned softly—a performance as much as anything.

“Oh, did I?” she purred. “Funny. I could’ve sworn it was my idea in the first place.”

His breath grew uneven as he stroked faster, staring at her perfect, firm tits. “Lower them. I want to play.”



Veronica chuckled, leaning forward so her breasts rested on the table like twin monuments. She extended a manicured finger, nudging him toward her. “Come on, big boss man. Have your fun.”

“It might’ve been your idea...” he panted, stepping closer, “...but you’re still mine.”

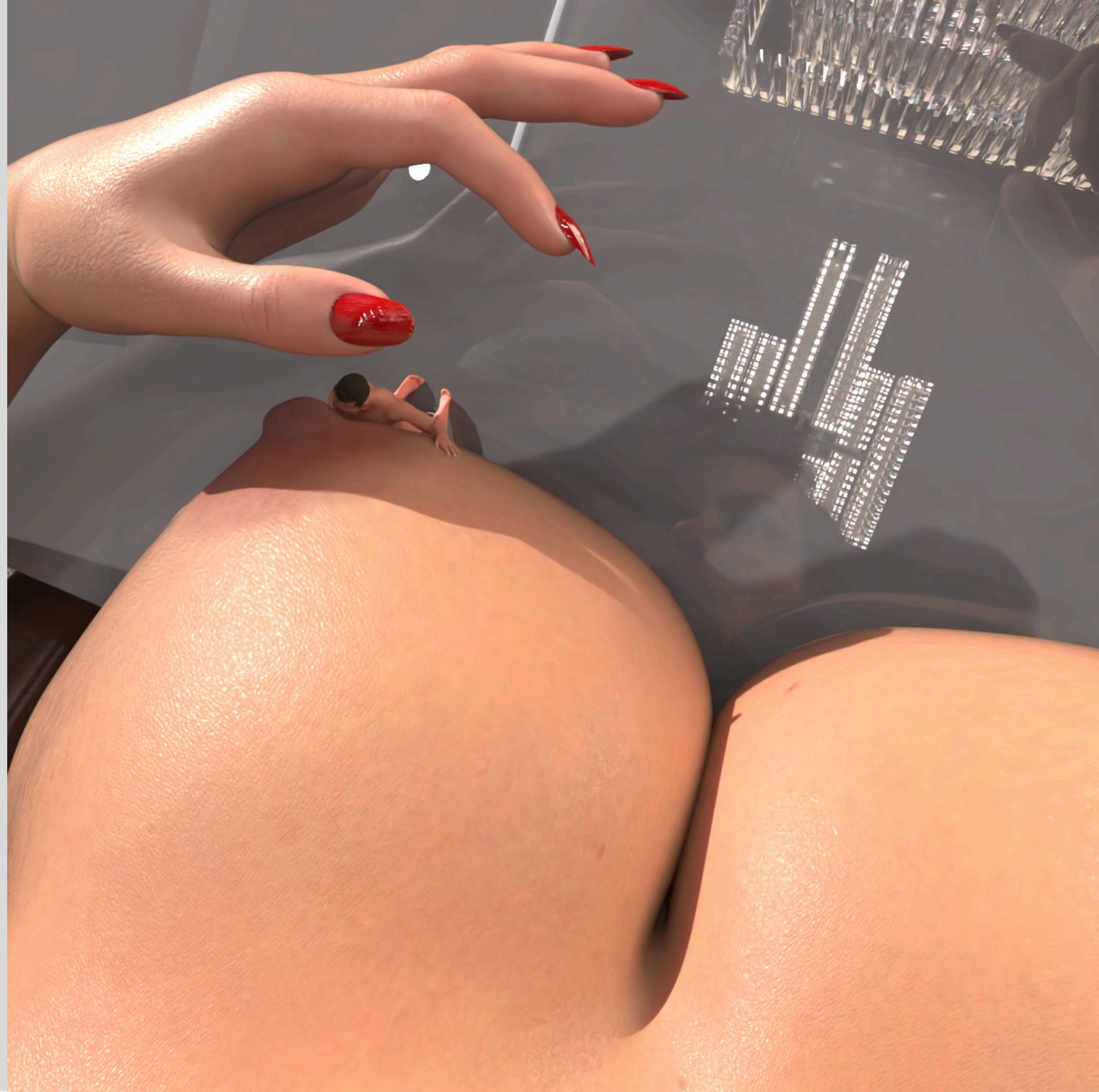


He pressed his face to her breast, licking her nipple—bigger than his own head. Rubbing his cock against her soft skin, he groaned through gritted teeth. “You work for me. I can fire your ass the second you stop being a good girl.”



Veronica watched him—the little man rutting against her tit like a toy.

She liked it. She liked being worshipped. But the fact he still held power over her—that she despised.



She plucked him up effortlessly between two fingers, lifting him to her face. For a fleeting second, she imagined dropping him on her tongue, swallowing him whole. But she wasn't done with him—not yet.



Instead, she lowered her head and licked his cock. Her tongue flicked the hard shaft with deliberate, teasing strokes.

“Ahhhh—fuck—” Adrian melted instantly, hips twitching.



Veronica's moan was soft, playful, calculated.

"Mmm... you like that, boss? I'm being such a good girl for you, aren't I?"

"Y-yeah..." he gasped.



She smirked. “You look so handsome like this, Adrian. So small. I could just eat you whole.”

“Not funny,” he groaned, desperate. “Just... suck my cock.”

Her laugh was low and dark. “Mmm-hmm. Of course.”



She let his cock rest against her lower lip, flicking it gently with her tongue. His shaft twitched violently—hard and slick with her saliva.



She started stroking him with her lips, careful not to break him, though she wouldn't have cared much if she did. She pumped him with slow, deliberate motions.



“Ahhh, fuck—that’s so good,” he moaned, trembling helplessly. “Let me cum in your mouth this time—please—”



Adrian bucked his hips against her lips, desperate—pathetic in his need to finish. He wanted her to swallow it this time, to own it, to take every drop like it meant something.



She pulled him away suddenly, pinching him delicately between her fingers again. Her eyes glinted with cruel amusement.

“Maybe one day, Adrian. Maybe when you finally make me Director.”

He panted, desperate. “Ahhh—maybe—just—fuck—please—”

Her expression cooled. “Be careful, Adrian. My patience has limits.”



She pressed a single finger to his cock and gave one long, slow stroke.



He whimpered, “Don’t forget—I’m still in charge.”

“Of course you are,” she said sweetly, giving another stroke.

“Cum,” she ordered.

His cock erupted, tiny spurts of cum shooting into the air as he moaned and twitched in her grip.



Veronica placed him gently on the table below her, letting him stare up at her—towering, perfect, utterly in control.

He tried to catch his breath. “I... I’m still in charge. Don’t forget tonight—we’re going to Mistress Manor. And no bullshit this time. I know you let that demon-chick shove me up your ass on purpose.”

Veronica licked a bead of cum from her finger, slow and deliberate. “Don’t worry, sir. Tonight we’ll go—and you’ll be completely in charge.”

Her smile turned razor-sharp. “Exactly how you like it.”



Cassie held Nathaniel snug against her chest as she scrolled through his inbox. One hand cupped under his ass, fingers kneading it far too deliberately to be called “support.” The other cradled his back and the base of his head, angling him so he was forced to stare straight down her deep, perfect cleavage.

Her breasts loomed in front of him like two flawless mountains, her white blazer framing the canyon of soft flesh.

He caught himself drooling at one point, a bead of saliva disappearing into the valley between them. Seven weeks without release. A young, gorgeous subordinate with tits like this. *Jesus Christ.*

Her perfume hit him, warm and sweet, the scent wrapping around his brain like a perverse magic spell.

Snap out of it, man. Take control. This is your first day back—how today goes decides everything.

Nathaniel swallowed. “Cassie, we really should be setting up a meeting with Data Governance. We need them involved to stop Adrian, right?”



Cassie glanced down at him, amused. “Uh-uh. Sloane’s already on it, sir.”

“Still. I should be in those meetings. I need to be part of the conversation.”

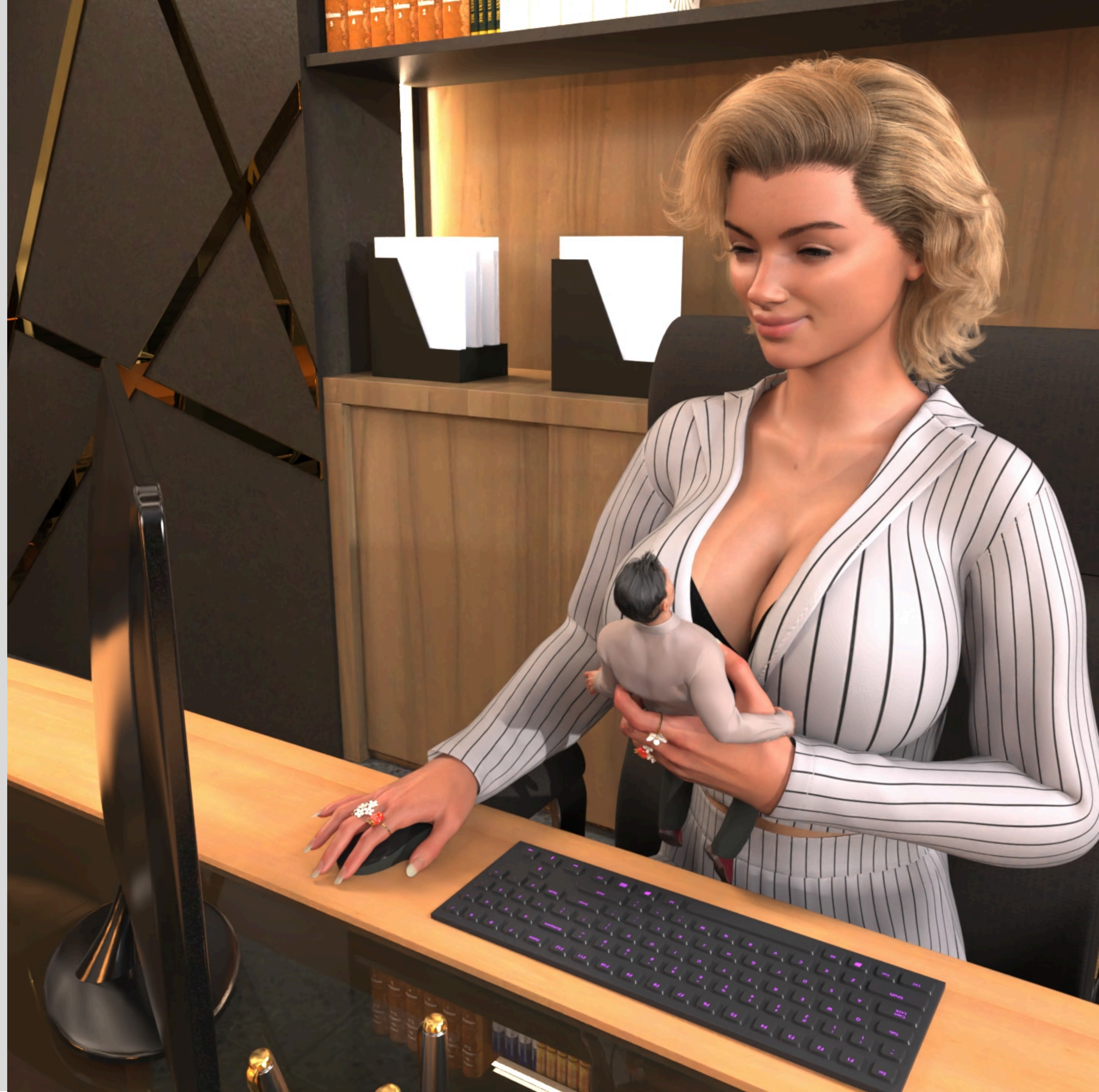
She smirked. “Monica said nope. Her exact words were—and I quote—‘Don’t let him leave that office. He needs a quiet day to catch up.’” Cassie giggled. “She was very clear, sir.”

Goddammit, Nathaniel thought bitterly. Monica’s basically running the team now. She’s making the calls.

Technically, I’m still the boss. I still decide their bonuses. Whether they keep their jobs.

He straightened as much as he could. “Cassie, book a meeting with Data Governance. Right now. That’s an order.”

Cassie tilted her head playfully, lips curling. “Mmm... yeah, about that. Monica said you’re not leaving this office. And... you know how she gets when people don’t follow instructions. Probably better not to piss her off, sir.”



She adjusted her hold on him. “Why don’t you just... enjoy the view instead?”

God, the view was enjoyable. Too much. His cock twitched, heat pooling low in his gut as he stared helplessly at the firm, perfect swell of her breasts.

Cassie giggled. “Kinda a shame you’re still this big, huh? If you were Adrian’s size, I’d keep you all warm and cozy in my bra. Whole day tucked right in here.”

“Cassie... this isn’t funny.”

“Pfft, relax.” She grinned down at him. “You used to take these little jabs like a champ. Don’t tell me you’ve gone soft on me, sir.”



Cassie kept scrolling through his emails, barely glancing at the subject lines anymore. *Click. Click. Delete.* Whatever she was doing, it sure as hell wasn't work.

Nathaniel stared at her chest openly now, too far gone to hide it.

Cassie caught his gaze and giggled, biting her lip. “So that's what seven weeks of no release does to little Nat, huh? Not gonna lie—I kinda like it. You're just locked in on me.”

She leaned in slightly, letting her breasts sway just enough to tease him. “It's hot. You're turning me on, tiny man, and I—”

She cut herself off mid-sentence, eyes suddenly flicking to the screen. “Huh?”

Nathaniel snapped out of his haze instantly. “What? What is it?”

She didn't answer.



He twisted in her grip to see the monitor—and froze.

An email. From Monica. Addressed to an enormous list of recipients.

Going forward, all communications, key decisions, and responsibilities for the Audit and Validation function will be handled by me.



Before he could even process the words, Cassie’s fingers pinched around his head, her grip tightening awkwardly near his throat.

“Arrhh—Ca—!”

“Oops. Sorry, sir.” Cassie’s voice was syrupy sweet, but her eyes betrayed a flicker of guilt. “You... weren’t supposed to see this one.”

She hesitated, then added with a nervous laugh, “Guess I accidentally CC’d you when I built Monica’s recipient list. My bad.”

Nathaniel’s heart pounded in his chest. *It’s a coup.*

Monica wasn’t just undermining him. She was hijacking his team, his authority, everything.



And then—Cassie slipped off her blazer.

Perfect, perky breasts, framed by a black lace bra.

Nathaniel's jaw went slack.

“Ahhh—” was all he managed.

Cassie grinned, playful but firm. “Okay, boss. Here's the deal. You play nice. We go through these emails like Monica said. No tantrums. No drama. Cool?”



Before he could respond, she started undressing him—shirt first, then pants, shoes. His cock sprang free, rock hard, and he didn't even try to cover himself.

“Good boy.”

Two fingers wrapped around his shaft, stroking slowly—agonizingly slow.

Nathaniel's brain went white-hot. His legs went weak instantly. If her other hand hadn't been bracing his tiny frame against her chest, he would've collapsed.

He leaned into the soft swell of her tit as she continued to stroke him with infuriating patience.

Cassie leaned closer, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. “See? We can have fun and get work done.”

Her thumb teased the head of his cock, drawing a sharp gasp from him.

“Now...” she said with a wicked smile, “...let's finish these emails before Monica checks in. Don't make me look bad, okay?”



Nathaniel glanced down at himself—his lean abs, his cock, painfully hard and twitching in Cassie’s grip.

Once, it had been impressive. Women used two hands to work it, sometimes struggling to even take him fully. Back then, he had to be careful—gentle, controlled—because his size alone could overwhelm them.

Now, two fingers were all it took to completely own him.

It was humiliating. Terrifying.

And God help him... it was hot.

Cassie’s strokes stayed agonizingly slow. She moaned softly, clearly enjoying the control. “It’s Friday, boss—TGIF, huh?” She giggled. “I was thinking... you spend the weekend at my place. My roommate—she’s smoking hot, and I’ve told her all about you. She’s basically already obsessed with you.”

Cassie smirked wider, eyes glinting with mischief. “She’s finishing uni, looking for a job. Thought a little threesome interview could be... productive. You know—let her really show her skills.”



Nathaniel panted hard, head spinning. His old self—the man he used to be—would’ve shut this down instantly. Would’ve told her to stop, ordered her out of his office.

But his cock stayed hard. Throbbing.

And Cassie had just offered him a threesome—in exchange for hiring her roommate.

It was pathetic that the idea gave him the illusion of power—like he still had some control over these towering, impossibly hot women.

Cassie tilted her head, stroking him slowly, teasingly. “So... what do you say? We’ll warm you up all day. Keep you nice and pent-up. Tonight—she’ll make you cum so hard it’ll feel religious, boss. Trust me.”

Nathaniel stared up at her, lips parting. What was his alternative? Go home alone—helpless, miserable, unable to even cook for himself?

He hated himself as he said it.

“...Okay.”



Cassie's grin widened. She stopped stroking him and set him up gently, holding him steady by his chest.

"Nice!" she chirped, like she'd just gotten her way with a toy. "Alright, let's power through these emails. I'll keep you hard all day, so by the time my roommate makes you blow tonight, it'll be like... a fucking spiritual awakening, my dude."

Nathaniel's eyes stayed locked on her chest, his mind swirling with images—her tits, a threesome, the thought of cumming after weeks of restraint.



“Cassie...” he muttered, voice low. “Is Monica... really betraying me?”

Cassie laughed softly, still scrolling through his inbox. “Of course not, sir. Monica’s gone to war for you, like, a million times. Everything’s fine. Just relax. Enjoy yourself.”

His eyes narrowed. “And all those emails you’re deleting?”

“Just cleaning up, boss. It’s all junk.” She winked, completely unbothered.



Then, without warning, she pressed him into her chest.

“Now... get over here.”

His cock slipped perfectly between her warm breasts as she squeezed them gently together.

Nathaniel’s hips moved on instinct—tiny, helpless bucks into the perfect flesh surrounding him.

Cassie grinned down at him. “Na-ahh, little man. Save it for tonight. My roommate’s dying to impress you... so don’t you dare cum yet.”



Nathaniel was lost—both physically and mentally—buried in Cassie’s perfect cleavage. Warm, soft flesh enveloped his cock as she held him tight, and for a moment, the rest of the world didn’t exist.

God, this would be perfect if not for those doubts.

Cassie’s rushing to get me to hire her roommate. She knows I might not be in charge for long. If Monica takes over hiring, her friend’s screwed. That adds up. Monica’s making her move. She’s taking my team away from me.

His cock throbbed in Cassie’s cleavage, every slow movement of her body making him ache to cum. But she’d made the rules clear—he had to wait.

Fuck. Am I really about to hire her roommate just to get laid? Is she even qualified?

The office door opened.

“Oh hey, Addie!” Cassie chirped, cheerful as ever.

Nathaniel stiffened. Addie. HR’s infamous nympho. She’d literally fucked her way into her internship two years ago.



“Sup, Cass?” Addie smirked, stepping in with her usual shameless energy. “Monica said you were babysitting Naty-boy. Figured I’d check in.”

Cassie grinned. “Oh, hey girl! What’s up?”

Addie sat down, eyes flicking to Nathaniel. “Just checking on our hot little boy toy. Seven weeks out on sick leave—gotta make sure our star employee’s mental health is holding up, right?” She winked.

Cassie chuckled. “Right. Sure. That’s why you’re here.”

Addie tilted her head, feigning innocence. “So what’s going on, huh? Office romance? Kinda sure that’s not in the Code of Conduct.”



Cassie hesitated, clearly caught off guard. She shifted Nathaniel, holding him under the chest with one hand so his tiny feet dangled above the desk.

“Nah, not romance. I’m just keeping him on edge for later. He’s spending the night with me and my roommate. It’s... you know... just a fun fling thing.”

Addie’s smirk sharpened. “Your roommate? The same bitch who applied for a job last month? The one who said she was hotter than me?” She crossed her arms. “Wait—so you’re setting up a threesome and dangling a job offer? That what we’re doing now?”

Cassie’s eyes widened. “What?! No! Who the hell said that?”



Addie snorted. “Uh, you basically did. Like, literally just now.”

She eyed Nathaniel like a piece of candy. “Seven weeks off, mental breakdown, office fling, promise of a job for sex. Damn, Naty-boy—tsk, tsk. HR nightmare.”

Cassie’s cheeks flushed. “Ugh, Addie, seriously—fuck off. Not funny.”

Addie grinned wider, leaning closer. “C’mon, bitch. I’m kidding. Just hand him over for a bit, and we’ll call it even.”



Cassie sighed dramatically. “Ugh, fine. But don’t make him cum, okay? My girl’s been through hell—job market’s a dumpster fire. I want tonight to be special for her.”

Addie stood, grinning wickedly as she reached for Nathaniel. “Oh please. Our little star doll here could probably bust a few loads and still have enough left to fuck your roommate stupid all night.”



She snatched Nathaniel up in one hand effortlessly, holding him like a toy. “Look at this thing, Cass.” She flicked her eyes down at his cock. “It’s so hard it looks unhealthy. Kinda feel like HR’s legally obligated to give him a mandatory release.” She cackled.

Nathaniel, sensing the situation spiraling, jumped in quickly. “Congrats, by the way, Addie. Seriously—you’re head of HR now?”

She smirked proudly. “Yup. All the little boys in HR shrank so tiny they’re basically paperweights now, so... I kinda got the gig by default.”

“Are... they okay?”

Addie shrugged. “Maybe. Maybe they’re rotting in one of those sad little care centers. Or maybe they’re living in my desk drawer and surviving on peanut butter.” She winked. “Who knows?”



Before Nathaniel could respond, her fingers wrapped around his shaft, and she started jerking him hard.

“Honestly, dude—your cock’s way too nice to waste. And I’m not letting that bitch roommate of Cassie’s have first round.”

Her strokes were brutal—up, down, up, down—fast, relentless. It was almost painful, teetering on the razor’s edge of pure ecstasy and raw overstimulation.

“Ahhh—fuck—” Nathaniel gasped, body jerking in her grip.



He looked down at his cock being pumped furiously,
his brain barely able to process the torrent of
sensation.

Pleasure, pain, the sheer loss of control—it all blurred
together.

His fists clenched so tight his nails nearly broke skin.



“Addie, stop!” Cassie snapped. “I want to save him for tonight! He’s been begging for it today—it’s a miracle. You’re gonna ruin him. If you make him cum, he’ll go back to being all boring and by-the-book.”

Addie rolled her eyes but slowed, finally letting go after a few teasing strokes. “Fine, fine.”

She gave Nathaniel’s cock one last playful squeeze.

“Ahh—ow—please, careful,” Nathaniel groaned, still shaking.

Addie chuckled, leaning in with a sly smile. “God, you’re actually one of the good ones. Every other guy here’s been a total asshole. But you? You’re fine, Nat.”

Her tone softened just slightly—still vulgar, still teasing—but with an odd glint of respect behind the words.



Addie grinned, eyes sparkling with mischief. “You know what, Naty-doll? You deserve a big, sloppy, smushy kiss.”

Before he could react, her lips were on him—hot, wet, relentless.



Nathaniel moaned as she peppered his face with kisses—his cheeks, his forehead, even his mouth—each one sloppy and obscene.

“Mwah—here, and here—god, you taste so good,” she giggled, planting loud kisses on him like he was her favorite toy.

Cassie folded her arms, glaring. “Okay, Addie—fun’s over. Hand him back. Now.”



“Na-ahhh,” Addie teased, her tongue darting out to lick across Nathaniel’s neck, leaving a wet trail of saliva. “He’s way too fun. And holy shit, he actually tastes amazing.”



“Addie. I’m serious. Give. Him. Back.” Cassie marched forward, clearly pissed as she reached for Nathaniel.

Addie just laughed and held him tighter, smothering his tiny face with more kisses.

Cassie lunged, grabbing for Nathaniel. “Give him here, you slut! You’re licking him like a goddamn popsicle. He’s covered in your disgusting spit, you nympho freak!”

Addie shoved Cassie back, still attacking Nathaniel with kisses. “Mwah—mwah—god, he’s so fucking cute when he squirms.”



She reached for Nathaniel's cock, but Cassie was faster.

“Not so fast, bitch.” Cassie's fingers wrapped firmly around Nathaniel's shaft, pinching just enough to make him twitch. “He's not cumming yet—how many times do I have to tell you?”



“Hellooo? Addie? Are you even still here?!” Cassie barked, but Addie was in full-blown nympho mode—licking, moaning, kissing every inch of Nathaniel she could reach.



And then—Addie’s free hand slipped behind her back.

Click.

Cassie’s black bra hit the floor.

“Ahahaha—gotcha!” Addie crowed. “Damn, Cas— nice tits!”

Cassie shot her a death glare. “Real mature, Addie. Super fitting for the head of HR.”

Addie smirked. “Pfft, file a complaint, bitch. Guess who deletes them? Me. Straight to the trash folder.”



Nathaniel looked down—and his brain short-circuited.

Cassie's tits were perfect. Big, firm, her nipples pink and hard, just begging for his mouth.

He swallowed hard.

Fuck.



Cassie glanced down at her discarded bra, briefly considering picking it up—then snorted. “Ahhh, pfft... yeah, fuck it. We’re way past that point.”



When she looked up again, Addie had cranked things five notches higher. She was sitting on the bench at the back of the office, legs spread wide, pussy glistening as she moaned shamelessly.

Nathaniel was face-down against her wet slit, her hand holding him firmly in place.



“Lick, Naty-doll,” Addie groaned, voice filthy. “Be a good boy. Straight to the clit, my dude. Show me you know how to work that little tongue.”

Everything happened in a blur—one moment Nathaniel was squirming in her grip, the next he was pinned face-first into her soaked cunt.

His cock jerked painfully against her belly as he twitched in her hold.

Warmth. Wetness. The raw, obscene reality of it slammed into him.

Seven miserable weeks alone at home, jerking off to pointless theories about slowing the shrinking— And now, a giant wet cunt in front of his face.

He didn’t even hesitate. He licked. Kissed. Sucked.



“Ahhh fuck—such a good toy,” Addie moaned. “If you want a new place to live, little man, I’ll just keep you in here. Nice and warm, right in my pussy.”

Cassie stormed forward, furious. “Goddamn nympho bitch—LOOK AT ME WHEN I’M TALKING TO YOU!”

Addie just screamed back, head thrown back in ecstasy. “AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH FUUUUUUUUUUCK MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!”

That was the head of HR at a major global bank, right there.



Cassie rolled her eyes. “Jesus Christ, Addie. Fine. We’ll get you off. But girl—you seriously need a nympho help group or something. Sort your shit out.”



Cassie dropped on all four, positioned Nathaniel against Addie's chest like a toy, then latched her mouth onto her pussy.

“Nat—handle the tit. I've got the pussy covered.”

Nathaniel blinked, catching up as Cassie pushed his tiny body against Addie's breast.

“R-right... got it.”

He kissed her nipple—big, firm, impossibly enticing—and started licking and massaging with everything he had.



“Ahhh—ahhhh—ahhhh—don’t you dare stop!” Addie moaned, her voice breaking.



They worked her together—Cassie lapping and sucking at her clit, Nathaniel worshipping the giant nipple like his life depended on it.



Seven weeks of misery, and now—one perfect, firm tit,
all his.

Fuck... I'll take it.

He kissed, licked, and massaged harder, almost proud
that even at his size, he was making a difference.



“I’M GOING ALL IN, BABY! LET’S FUCKING GOOOOOO!!!” Cassie shouted between obscene slurps.

The sounds turned wet, messy, desperate—
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HH!!!”

Addie’s scream was ear-splitting, feral, as she came hard—her whole body convulsing, tossing Nathaniel aside like a worthless doll.

And then—



“WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE?”

The voice was sharp, commanding, maternal.

Nathaniel turned—

Mama Bear Sloane stood in the doorway, hands on her hips, eyes blazing.



Both Cassie and Addie screamed like they'd just seen a ghost.

“MAMA BEAR!” Cassie scrambled to her knees, wide-eyed.

“WHAT THE FUCK?!” Addie yelled, panicking as she tossed Nathaniel aside like a ragdoll.

Nathaniel's world spun in a blur—his tiny body, already on the edge of total exhaustion, tumbled through the air before he crashed onto the couch. “Ahhh—owww—fuck...” he groaned, limp.



Sloane's glare could've cut glass. "Cassie." Her voice was low, furious, commanding. "I knew it. Leave him with you for two hours and he's already in the middle of a goddamn orgy."

Cassie stammered like a kid caught with candy before dinner. "I—no—I was just trying to have fun! It's Addie! She's a total nympho slut—"

"Fuck you!" Addie snapped.

"No excuses." Sloane's tone snapped like a whip. "Cassie—be honest. How long did it take before Nathaniel was naked, hard, and completely pent-up in your slutty, hyper-sexual grip? Huh? How long?"

Cassie shrank, eyes darting away. "...Like... ten minutes?"

Sloane exhaled slowly, visibly furious. "Unbelievable. Both of you. You should be ashamed."

Addie, surprisingly calmer now, tilted her head. "Okay but like... you're kinda a hypocrite though."

Sloane's eyes narrowed. "...Excuse me?"



Addie smirked, not quite brave enough to yell but still defiant. “Yeah. Like, other day? You came into my office all, ‘Hey, is it okay if I breastfeed Nathaniel? It’s not sexual, it’s for his own good, blah blah blah.’”

Cassie chuckled, covering her mouth.

Addie shrugged. “Like—seriously? Not sexual? You literally asked if the dude could suck milk from your tits. And now you’re acting like you’re some saint? Girl, you’re so getting off on that—”

“That is enough, Addie!” Sloane barked. “I asked you that in strict confidence as head of HR. I cannot believe you just told everyone. How long did it take for you to spill it, huh?”

Addie laughed. “Like... not even ten minutes.”

Sloane’s eyes blazed. “Alright. That’s it. Both of you—OUT. Now.”

Cassie started, “But—”

“Nope. Out. Now.” Sloane’s voice cracked like thunder, leaving no room for argument. Neither woman dared say another word.



Cassie and Addie scrambled to pull their clothes back on, avoiding Sloane’s gaze like scolded schoolgirls. Neither dared say a word as they bolted out the door, leaving Nathaniel sitting there on the couch—naked, trembling, still painfully hard.

He tried to cover himself, shame burning in his chest. He expected Sloane to snap—to tear into him, to scold him like a child.

Instead, she sat down beside him. Calm. Composed. She placed a warm, steady hand on his tiny back.

“You didn’t get to finish, sweetie?”

Nathaniel blinked, thrown by the gentleness in her voice. “Huh? I... no.”

But he quickly shook his head, forcing himself to focus. *Not now. Not this.*

“Sloane,” he began carefully, voice heavy. “I think Monica’s betrayed me. I saw an email—she claimed full control of the team going forward.”



Sloane hummed softly, thoughtful. “Mm. She has been the one leading while you were away, Nathaniel. We... needed someone to step up.” Her voice was steady, maternal, but carried a faint edge. “Monica chose to take on that role.”

“But I’m back now,” Nathaniel pressed. “So why is she keeping me locked in here? She wants to hold on to her new power. It’s obvious, right?”

Sloane tilted her head, studying him. “Do you really believe Monica would betray you?”

Two months ago, he would’ve sworn she never would. But everything had changed. Men had shrunk. Women had taken charge. Power was shifting—inevitably.

“...Yeah,” he admitted finally. “I think she already has.”

“I see...” Sloane murmured.

Before he could say more, she slid her left arm beneath him, effortlessly lifting his tiny body into her palm. Her right hand—massive, warm, deliberate—wrapped gently around his cock and began stroking.



Nathaniel’s breath hitched instantly. The slow, careful motion—her fingers so huge, yet precise—sent a shockwave of pleasure through him.

“Sloane—” he gasped, barely holding on.

“Nathaniel,” she said softly, her strokes unhurried, measured. “Everything has changed here. Men are action-figure sized. Most... didn’t get as lucky as you. And yes—many have been betrayed. Cast aside by the women they thought they could trust.”



His eyes wandered helplessly to her chest—those enormous, heavy breasts pressing against her blouse.

Was she admitting he was right? Was this what he was becoming—just another toy man, a shrunken boss who'd be nursed from her tits like a baby?

Sloane's voice lowered, calm but firm. "But remember something, Nathaniel. The same men who lost everything? They were the ones who hired women for their smile, their body, their obedience. They treated us like decoration. Like playthings."

Her fingers stroked again, smoother this time—perfect pressure, enough to make him moan aloud.

"But you," she said softly, eyes meeting his. "You were different. We'll remember that. No matter how small you get, we'll stand by you. I will stand by you."



Her words wrapped around him like a warm blanket, sinking deep into his frayed mind.

The next stroke pushed him over the edge.

Nathaniel came hard—tiny, powerful spurts shooting from his cock as his whole body trembled in her palm.

The release was overwhelming, liberating. Waves of bliss rolled through him, every drop of cum a surrender to her care, her words, her promise.

Sloane smiled faintly as she kept stroking him gently through his orgasm, like she was reassuring him with every touch.

“You’re safe, Nathaniel,” she whispered. “With me, you always will be.”



Nathaniel lay limp in Sloane's palm, his chest rising and falling as he tried to steady himself. The aftershocks of release still rippled through him, leaving him trembling and disoriented. The world felt impossibly big, impossibly different—like he'd crossed a line he could never return from.

He panted softly, his voice barely above a whisper. "...Thank you, Sloane."

Sloane smiled warmly, sliding her hand beneath his tiny ass and pressing him gently against the heavy swell of her breast. Her voice was low, steady, and almost indulgent. "Don't thank me yet, Nathaniel. We've barely started."

His brow furrowed. "W-what do you mean?"

"It's obvious," she said, tone calm but firm. "You're exhausted. You're trying to act strong in front of us, but you're hanging on by a thread. I can see it in your eyes—you haven't slept, haven't eaten properly."

Her thumb stroked lightly along his back as she continued. "So it's simple. You're taking the afternoon off. And I'm patching you up."



Before he could protest, she began dressing him—slowly, deliberately—slipping his tiny shirt over his head, pulling his pants up his legs, buttoning everything with careful precision. It was tender, intimate—like she was dressing a doll she adored.

Nathaniel didn't move a muscle. He let her do everything. Minutes later, she cradled him against her chest as they stepped into the elevator.

When the doors opened at the lobby level, Nathaniel tilted his head to take in the sight below.

It didn't look like the place he once knew.

Once, the floor had buzzed with masculine energy—suits, loud handshakes, swaggering conversations. Now... the men were gone. Shrunk, fired, scattered to god knows where.

The lobby was full of towering women—confident, poised, and very aware of their power.

Nathaniel swallowed hard. *This isn't the same world anymore*, he realized.



“Hey there, cutie. What’s your name?” The blonde’s voice dripped with confidence, a mix of predatory charm and shameless power. She leaned over him, her cleavage hanging like a taunt above his head, lips curled into a knowing smirk.

Devon stumbled back, landing flat on his ass as his heart hammered in his chest.

“H-hi...” he stammered, his throat dry. “I’m... Devon.”

This morning, they’d told him he was being moved to this floor. The floor. Everyone knew the stories—men who came here rarely lasted long. They vanished, one way or another. And the insane nympho bitch who ran HR? She didn’t care.

“Devon, huh?” she purred, eyes raking over his tiny frame like she was appraising a new toy. “I’m Blair. Guess that makes you my new partner.”

That’s how things worked now. Men too small to function solo were assigned to women as “partners”—a corporate initiative to mitigate the losses of the shrunk male workforce at Northbridge Bank.



Without warning, Blair scooped him up in one hand. Her fingers wrapped fully around his torso, lifting him like a doll.

“Ahhh! C-careful! You’re—you’re gonna crush me!” he squeaked, panicked.

Blair laughed softly, eyes gleaming. “Relax, little man. I’ve been waiting two whole days for my new toy.”

Devon swallowed hard. “Wh-what... happened to the last one?”

“Oh, him?” She rolled her eyes. “Fired his ass. Dumb as a brick. Couldn’t even get me off properly.” Her lips curled into a wicked smile. “You look smarter. I think you’ll be way more fun, Dev.”

He gulped, unsure whether to be terrified or flattered.

“So,” she continued. “It’s Friday. Got any big weekend plans?”

Weekend plans? Yeah—rotting away at the tiny care center in his pathetic little box.

“A-ah... n-no. Nothing special.”



Blair smirked wider. “Perfect. Here’s the deal.”

She gave him a playful but firm squeeze, forcing a sharp squeal from his lungs.

“Aaarrh!” he yelped, squirming in her grip.

“You spend the weekend as my personal pussy-warmer. I’ll keep you fed, let you sleep in my shoe, and let you cum—once.” She giggled. “Fair trade, yeah?”



Before he could even answer, she was already stripping him. With two fingers, she rubbed his cock until it hardened, his tiny shaft snugly pressed between her fingers like she'd done it a hundred times before.

It was a terrible deal. And God help him... Blair was obviously trouble.

Blair tightened her grip on him again, her fingers curling snugly around his tiny frame, his cock trapped perfectly between two fingers. She smirked, eyes gleaming with that cruel, playful hunger.

“The cum part for you? That’s happening right now, doll.”

Devon’s eyes went wide. “W-wait—ahhh—what?!”

Blair didn’t bother answering. She rubbed her pinky, stroking his cock with obscene precision—gentle, teasing, coaxing every nerve. For all her venom and power-drunk attitude, she knew exactly how to handle a tiny man’s body.

Less than a minute later, Devon convulsed helplessly in her grip, spurting weak, pathetic ropes of cum while she watched with a satisfied smirk.



“There we go,” she teased, voice dripping with mock praise. “Done deal, little man. Now my turn starts. Hope you’ve got stamina, because toys who bore me don’t last long.”

She leaned back in her chair, spreading her legs wide before plopping him on the edge of her seat—directly in front of her glistening pussy.

“B-but... I thought I was supposed to, you know... help you work,” Devon stammered weakly, staring up at her soaked slit towering over him.

Blair barked a laugh. “Pfft—please. I don’t need a toy to do my job. I’ve got an MBA and perfect GPA. What I do need—” she tilted her hips forward, her tone sharp, commanding—“is for you to shut up and lick my clit. Do it right, and maybe I’ll let you cum again later... because you are kinda cute. But keep acting stupid, and you’re done. Got it?”

“Y-yes ma’am!” Devon blurted, scrambling to obey as he pressed his tiny mouth to her swollen clit.

Blair exhaled, satisfied. “Good boy.”



She leaned back, stretching languidly in her chair, her perfect tits pushing against her dress. “God, fuck, I’m so fucking horny.”

From the desk beside her, Raine—the tall, sleek brunette with an icy composure—glanced over. “Jesus, Blair. You’re ruthless. Did this poor guy cross you back when he was full-sized, or what?”

Blair smirked, completely unfazed as Devon’s tiny body squirmed against her. “Pfft. Not even. Don’t know him, don’t care. He’s just my new toy.”



Her hand came down, gripping Devon again—this time using his entire body like a living vibrator against her slick folds.

She moaned shamelessly, loud enough for the entire floor to hear. Nobody batted an eye. This was just... normal now. Women ruled this place.

Raine shook her head. “Still, Blair... how many of our ‘size-challenged partners’ have you gone through now?”

Blair laughed between moans. “Mmm—mmmhh—ahhh... they usually last about a week. Soooo... seven? Maybe eight?”

Her hips rolled, and she bit her lip as she felt Devon squirm even harder. “Mmmm, oh fuck yes—keep wriggling for me, Devy. Just like that. Mwahhh—god, not bad.”



Raine’s sharp eyes narrowed as she spotted movement near Blair’s pink designer purse on the floor.

“Huh. Blair—there’s a tiny guy crawling out of your bag,” Raine said, voice even but edged with disapproval. “He one of ours? From Northbridge?”

Blair’s breath came out ragged—half pant, half moan—as she rocked against Devon’s tiny body. “Yeah... some little shit who still thinks he’s a big-shot trader,” she said between breaths, grinning wickedly.

Her smirk widened. “That one actually slapped my ass once when he was full-sized. So now?” She let out a low, sultry laugh. “Now he lives on a steady pussy-juice diet... and trust me, he’s on the unlucky side of the ‘get-fucked-in-the-ass-with-a-pen’ spectrum every night.”



She groaned, hips shifting against Devon. “Hand him over. Maybe he can teach Dev how to actually eat me out. I’m already losing patience.”

“Jesus, Blair...” Raine muttered, crouching down to pick up the squirming man. She held him effortlessly in one hand, his tiny limbs flailing. “You need to be careful. You don’t wanna end up like one of those size-influencers who got tossed in jail.”



Blair just moaned louder, utterly shameless, using Devon like a toy while glancing at Raine with a smirk. “Please. Those idiots film themselves and post it online. They’re asking to get caught.”

Raine set the tiny man down between Blair’s spread thighs.

“Seriously, girl,” she said as she straightened up. “Keep a low profile. Shit’s chaotic right now, but there are lines you don’t wanna cross.”



Blair closed her eyes, panting, clearly beyond caring. “Raine, the whole world’s a fucking circus right now. Half downtown is still missing from the Mass Shrinking. Big fish to fry. Nobody gives a damn if I’ve got a few of ‘em rotting in a drawer at home.”

Raine just shook her head with a dry laugh, glancing at the two tiny men now desperately trying to please Blair together.

“Alright, girl,” she said with a smirk. “You do you. Don’t come crying to me when this blows up in your face.”



Raine leaned back in her chair, barely noticing as her firm, colossal tits bounced—until they slammed directly into Jack, her own shrunken partner.

Jack, already naked and rock-hard, went tumbling backward like a ragdoll.



“Aaaaarghhh!” he yelped, rolling before landing flat on his back.

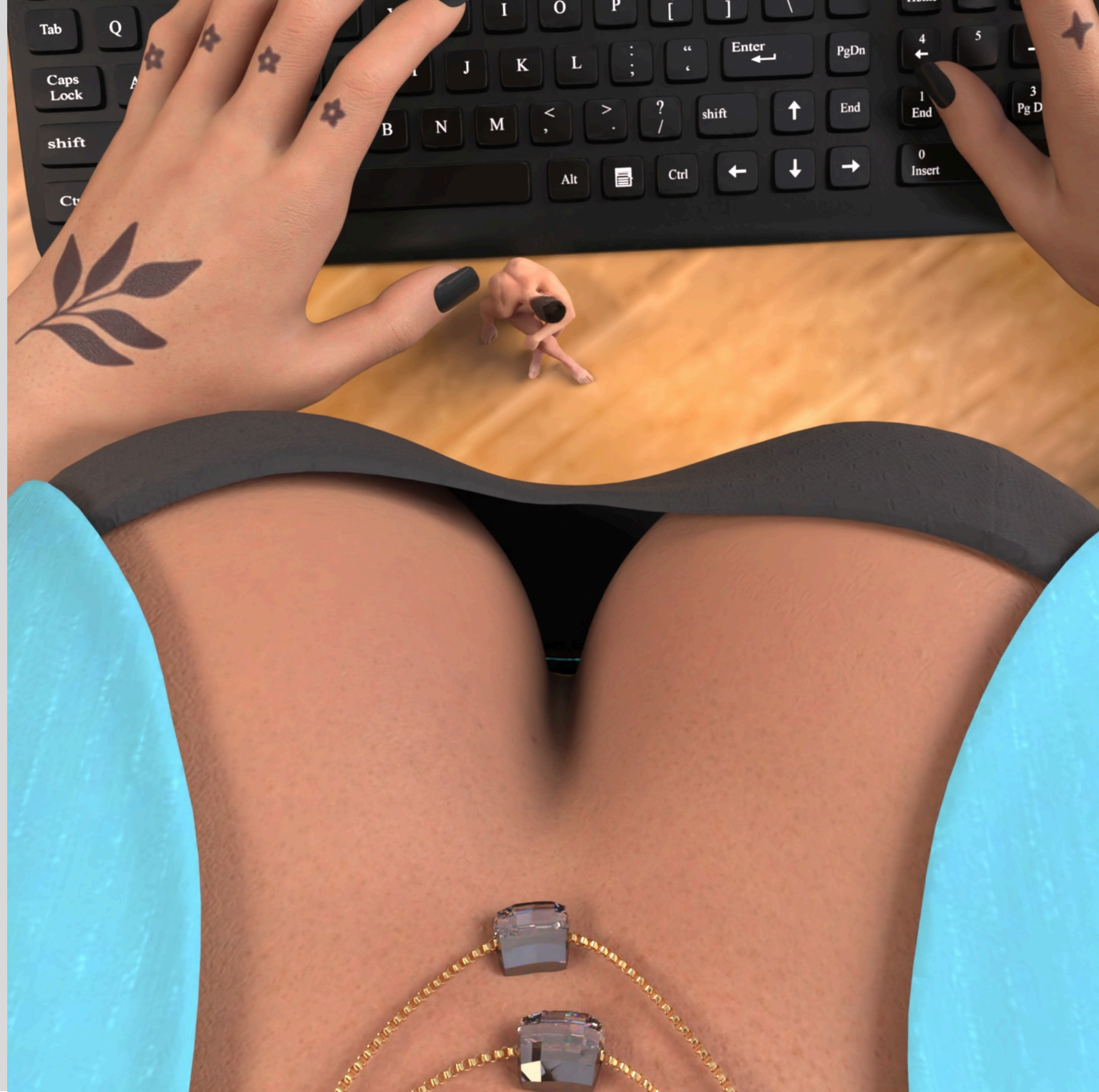


Raine glanced down, eyebrow raised. “...Dude. Why the hell are you naked?” Her voice was calm, collected—just a hint of teasing authority. “Shit, you good?”

Jack groaned, curling up into a sitting position. “Holy fuck, Raine—watch where you’re throwing those things. You could’ve killed me.”

“Yeah, well,” she replied coolly, already turning back to her screen, fingers flying across the keyboard as she checked the trade status. “Maybe you should be more careful, hmm?”

A smile tugged at her lips as she scanned the monitors. “Well damn. Lots of green today. Finally.”



She scooped Jack up effortlessly, holding him between two fingers as her sharp eyes flicked back to the screen. “Ah... figures. Half these gains are from your calls, huh? Slick little bastard.” She smirked, tilting her head. “Alright. Deal’s a deal.”

Jack’s grin widened. He knew exactly what that meant.

“Sweet.”



Without another word, Raine slid him down into the deep valley of her cleavage, her massive, tanned breasts closing around his tiny body.

“Knock yourself out. Five minutes. Then we’re back to it.”

Jack didn’t hesitate. “Please, you know I don’t even need that long.”

He immediately started thrusting, rutting shamelessly against her warm, smooth skin.

Raine chuckled softly, shaking her head as she resumed typing. “Yeah, not sure why you’re bragging about that... but whatever, dude.”



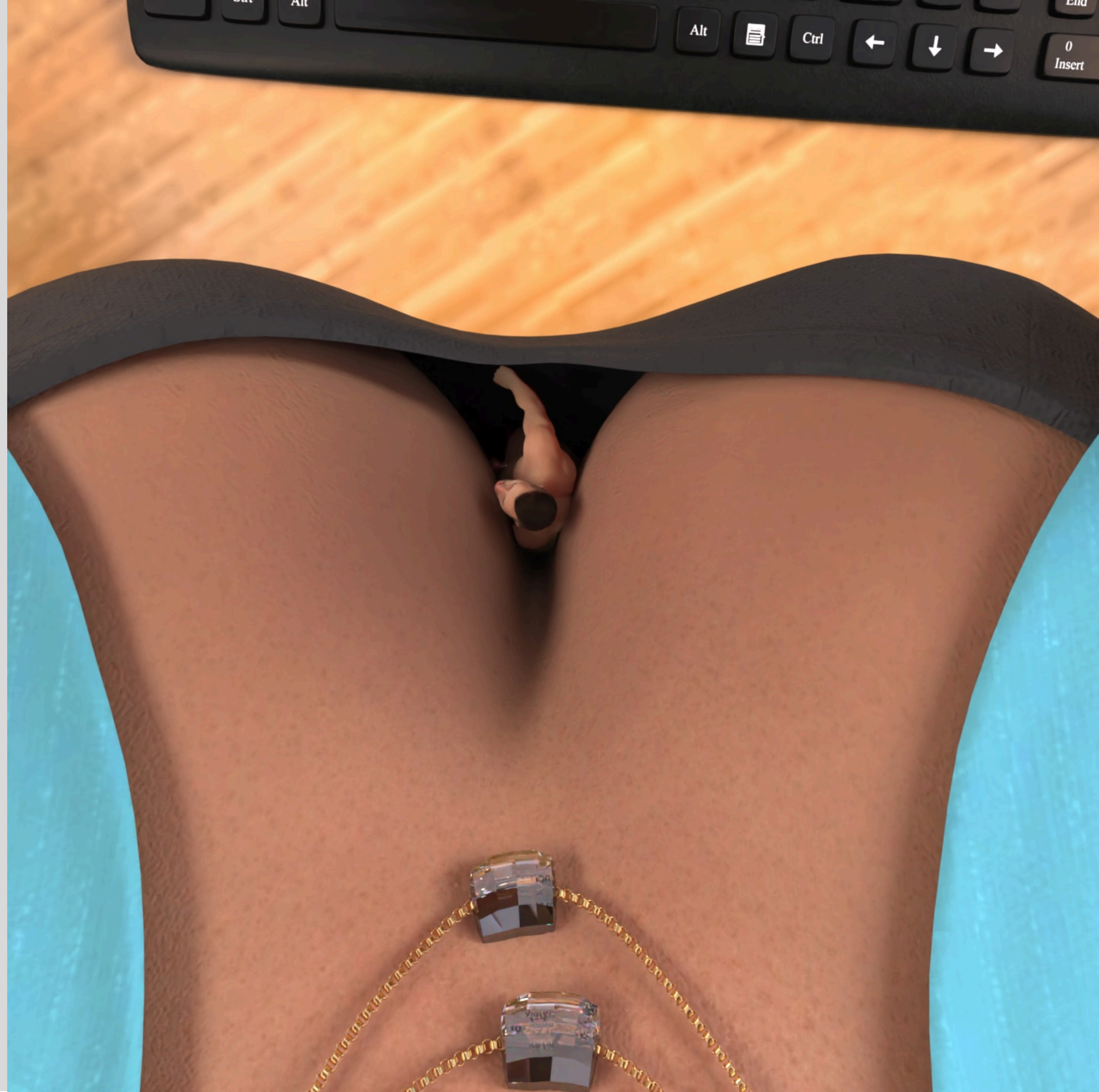
Less than five minutes later, Jack convulsed, shooting his tiny load deep in her cleavage.

Raine glanced down, smirking. “You always look so damn cute when you blow your load.”

From her left, Blair’s voice cut in like a whipcrack:

“LAAAAAME! GOD, SO FUCKING LAME!”
Raine turned her head—and froze.

Blair was completely shameless.



Leaning back in her chair, legs spread wide, pussy on full display—two tiny men were worshipping her clit like it was their full-time job. She looked over at Raine, licking her lips like a predator.

“C’mon, Raine. You should come to the dark side.” Blair’s voice was low, sultry, mocking. “Warm, wet pussy on tap, 24/7. That’s the dream, babe.”

Raine just shook her head with a soft laugh. Classic Blair.

Behind them, Eska—another of their powerhouse colleagues—walked up, smirking. “Hey, ladies. You two degenerates done? Wanna grab lunch?”

Raine leaned back in her chair, Jack still sprawled blissed-out in her cleavage. Blair just moaned louder, not even bothering to hide what she was doing.

Yep.

They were the queens of this floor now. For better... or for worse. And things had changed. So damn much.



Sloane’s voice was soft but commanding, like silk wrapping around steel. “Isn’t this nice, Nat?” she murmured, lips curling into a faint. “Exactly what you need right now... a quiet afternoon, no stress, no work—just me taking care of you. Like you should’ve let me do a long time ago.”

Nathaniel sat perched on her toned thigh, utterly dwarfed by her. She wore a deep crimson satin bra and matching panties, the kind of lingerie that made it impossible to look anywhere else. Her fingers curled delicately around his cock, stroking it with a deliberate slowness that felt equal parts loving and cruel.

She was playing with him—teasing him, testing him. Her touch was calculated, her tempo maddening. And God, she enjoyed it.

The tiny gasps that left his mouth, the way his legs twitched uselessly—it was all feeding something in her, something she no longer cared to hide.



Nathaniel couldn't move. His body was slack, pliant in her hands. He was reduced to nothing but a hard, aching cock being toyed with between her fingers.

The weight of her control was crushing, and humiliating—and yet, in a way, comforting.



He moaned—helpless, breath hitching—like a little puppet, completely undone. His head rested against the swell of her breast, her warmth enveloping him.

Sloane tilted her head, eyes softening just slightly. “I have to admit, Nathaniel... I like you like this.” Her fingers tightened on his shaft, slow and deliberate. “You used to be so damn hard to reach. Always keeping me at arm’s length.”

Her lips curved into something between a smile and a smirk. “But now? Now I can finally have you. Really have you. Funny how life works out, huh?”



Before he could answer, she shifted him effortlessly, cradling him against her chest like he truly was a doll. One of her hands cupped the back of his head, holding him steady, while the other continued its slow, torturous work on his cock—pinching lightly, tugging just enough to make his hips buck despite himself.

“Funny how things work out...” she whispered again, voice low and intimate.

Nathaniel’s lips trembled as he opened his mouth wide, his eyes locking on the massive, erect nipple hovering just in front of his face. There was no way he could fit it entirely into his mouth—but he tried anyway, because he knew that’s what she wanted.

Sloane guided him gently, pressing his mouth to the tip of her nipple. “You know... maybe this is all for the best,” she breathed, her voice dripping with maternal warmth and quiet dominance. “I always thought you were... too much before. Too big. Too untouchable.”



Her fingers gave one sharp pump on his cock, and Nathaniel shuddered violently as warm, thick milk began to flow onto his tongue.

“But now...” she whispered, closing her eyes as a soft moan escaped her lips.

The taste filled his mouth—rich, warm, intoxicating—something primal and utterly disarming.

“Yes... mmm...” Her voice deepened, reverent, as her hand continued stroking him.

“This is perfect, Nathaniel. You are perfect.”

Nathaniel latched onto her nipple, desperate and unthinking, his tiny mouth working feverishly as warm, heavy milk gushed over his tongue. It was rich, almost decadent—thicker than anything he’d ever tasted. Every gulp sent a shiver down his spine.

Sloane’s fingers curled snugly around his cock, stroking him in slow, deliberate pumps that left him twitching helplessly in her grip.



“That’s it, baby,” she breathed, her tone velvet-smooth, indulgent, commanding all at once. “Drink up. Take everything I give you. Let me make you feel good.”

The world shrank down to pure sensation—her milk filling his mouth, her hand milking his cock. Adrian, Monica’s coup, the gnawing fear of irrelevance—gone.

There was only Sloane, her body, her warmth, her voice curling around him like silk.



Milk spilled down his chin, soaking his chest. He couldn't keep up, sputtering between gulps, and she let out a low, amused laugh.

“Look at you,” she teased softly, maternal pride laced with heat. “My messy little boss, drenched in me. Don't stop, sweetheart—you're perfect like this.” He groaned as her thumb brushed the head of his cock, smearing pre-cum as she tightened her grip just slightly.

“This could be all yours, Nat,” she murmured, her lips curling in a knowing smile. “Every morning, every lunch, every night—me, feeding you, taking care of you, making sure you get exactly what you need.”

She gave him a slow, possessive squeeze, coaxing another moan out of him.

“Because that's what you are now, isn't it?” she whispered against his hair. “Mine to take care of. Mine to use. Mine to keep.”

Nathaniel spasmed in her warm, deliberate grip, his tiny body convulsing against Sloane's swollen nipple. Milk drenched his face as she calmly, expertly worked his cock between her index finger and thumb.



He paused from drinking, his small chest rising and falling as he panted, utterly full—satiated in a way that went beyond hunger, beyond sex, into something raw and consuming.

Sloane’s moan rolled out low and sultry, followed by a soft, breathy laugh—intimate, almost tender.

“Nathaniel... sweetheart... mmm, this really is for the best,” she whispered, her voice melting with warmth and quiet authority. “I can’t believe you’re finally mine like this. God, it feels so good to have you... I’m so happy.”

Her strokes grew just a little faster, a little deeper, her thumb and finger flicking over his rigid shaft in measured, teasing motions. She let out another husky moan as she felt him twitch in her hand. “That’s it, baby. Let go for me.”

He didn’t stand a chance. His cock convulsed, spurting thick ropes of cum that splattered messily across his chest and belly. His tiny body jolted with each pulse, overwhelmed by the force of release.



Sloane clicked her tongue softly, shaking her head in playful admonishment as she wiped a creamy streak from his chest with her fingertip, then brought it to her lips and sucked it clean.

“Tsk tsk... look at you, Nathaniel. So pent up, poor thing.” Her tone turned lower, firmer. “But don’t you worry, love. That’ll never happen again. I’m going to make you cum so much that this perfect little cock will beg me to stop.”

He lay limp in her arms, utterly drained yet still impossibly hard. His mouth remained full of her milk, warm streams leaking down his chin and pooling on his chest. He was trapped in a haze of heat and bliss, as though the touch on his cock and the milk in his mouth had completely replaced reality.

Sloane looked down at him and smirked knowingly. “Still hard, sweetheart? My goodness, Nathaniel...” she murmured with sultry delight. “Looks like mommy’s prescribing you at least three orgasms a day. Minimum.”



His belly was full to the point of discomfort, yet her thumb continued to stroke, coaxing more pleasure from his painfully hard cock.

Time unraveled into pure sensation—heat, milk, wetness, the relentless teasing of her fingers. Nathaniel panted and moaned weakly, kissing, licking, and suckling at her engorged nipple, lost in the all-encompassing haze of her control.

Flashes of memory and fantasy collided in his mind: nights when he'd been the one in charge, fucking women wild and hard, owning every moment. Now, all of that power was gone. He was nothing more than a doll convulsing helplessly against the huge, milk-heavy breasts of the woman who had claimed him.

Sloane chuckled softly, the sound low and indulgent as she gazed down at him. “God, you’re adorable when you’re stuffed full like this,” she murmured, her voice dripping with warmth and quiet dominance. Her fingers never stopped their steady rhythm on his cock. “You remind me of her.”



Nathaniel blinked up at her, face slick with milk, confusion flashing in his eyes. “H-her?” he managed to croak, breathless, lips brushing against her nipple as he spoke.

Her thumb rolled leisurely over the swollen head of his shaft, coaxing another twitch from him. “Mhm,” she said with a knowing little smile. “Our daughter, silly.”

The words hit him like a thunderclap.

Our... daughter?

His body stiffened, cock throbbing painfully in her hand, but she didn’t slow down—if anything, her touch grew more deliberate. She pinched his head between two fingers, rubbing his face against her engorged nipple as milk spilled over his lips.

“S-Sloane...” he panted, voice ragged as he tried to speak through the gush of warm milk filling his mouth. “I... I’m the father of your baby?”

“*Our* baby, sweetheart,” she cooed. “That night we made love... after you came in me, I took that condom straight to a clinic. You’re potent as hell, Nat.”



His mind reeled, the weight of her words crashing through him at the exact moment her thumb flicked across the underside of his shaft—perfect, practiced, devastating.

Nathaniel broke. A raw, guttural moan tore out of him as his cock erupted, thick ropes of cum painting his chest and even streaking across his face. Each pulse left him weaker, more wrecked, more hers.

Sloane’s smile deepened as she watched him convulse, utterly spent yet still trembling against her nipple.

“Mmm... that’s my good boy,” she whispered, savoring every second of his release. “My perfect little daddy. Don’t worry—mommy’s going to take such good care of both of you.

Nathaniel blinked up at her, milk spilling from the corners of his mouth as he tried to speak. “I... I’m a father?” he asked, his voice hoarse and weak. His belly felt heavy with milk, his chest and face smeared with it.

“Yes, Nathaniel,” she said softly, her voice rich and steady, threaded with emotion yet laced with authority. “You’re a father. I should’ve told you sooner... I know that. I just didn’t know how to say it.”



“I’m... a father...” he repeated, the words sounding foreign on his lips. The truth of it rattled inside him, surreal and undeniable.

Sloane let out a low, sultry moan, her gaze locking with his. “Yes, you are,” she breathed. “And you’re my husband too, whether you’ve realized it yet or not.”

She adjusted her posture, straightening her back as her free hand slid down between her thighs. Fingers traced slow, hungry circles over her slick folds, her breath hitching as her eyes stayed on him. “Because right now, Nat... mommy needs her daddy.”

Nathaniel gripped her massive breast with both arms as her entire body shifted beneath him. Her nipple dragged across his lips, and he obeyed—licking, kissing, suckling greedily, milk spilling over his chin.

I have a family, he thought, dazed, as he latched onto the heavy, lactating tit of the woman who had inseminated herself with his seed.



He kept at her nipple, his tiny hand stroking his cock in messy, eager motions as her moans deepened.

“That’s it, sweetheart,” she cooed, her voice equal parts praise and command. “Don’t stop. Keep going for me.”



Then, with deliberate slowness, she hooked her thumbs under her red satin panties and slid them down her long legs. Reclining back against the black couch, she spread herself open—slick, swollen, glistening with need.

Nathaniel tumbled forward helplessly, landing face-first into her wet heat. The scent and taste of her arousal hit him instantly, intoxicating, overwhelming. Sloane’s moan came out rougher this time, primal and needy. “Make love to me, Nat,” she demanded, her tone low and irresistible. “Right now. No more waiting.”

Nathaniel shifted his position, climbing down her belly until he stood at the edge of her mound, staring at her glistening, swollen pussy. She’d made him a father without asking, breastfed him like a lover-turned-mother, and yet here he was, ready to give himself to her completely.



It was too much to process. So he didn't try. He simply grabbed her soft, flushed folds with his tiny hands, lined up his painfully hard cock, and buried himself inside her wet heat in one desperate thrust.

The world vanished. Her cunt was hot, tight, and overwhelming—clenching greedily around his tiny shaft like she'd been waiting for him forever. He groaned, pumping into her in erratic, hungry strokes, each drag of his cock gliding over her slick folds and grazing her swollen clit.

Her answer came in a guttural moan, rich and unrestrained. “Ohhhhhh... yes... just like that, Nathaniel...” she purred, her voice dripping with maternal authority and raw desire.

That single sound broke what little restraint he had left. He threw himself into it—hips snapping forward, tiny body hammering with a desperate, primal rhythm as her moans grew deeper, greedier. She tilted her head back, eyes half-lidded, the picture of a powerful woman undone by the little man who was hers entirely.



A sudden spurt of milk burst from her right breast, arcing through the air and raining down on his chest and face as he continued to fuck her. It was messy, obscene, intoxicating.



His cock burned with overstimulation—two orgasms already wrung from him, yet still impossibly hard, fueled by seven weeks of pent-up need and the intoxicating power of this towering, busty woman.

He pounded harder, grinding against her swollen clit every few thrusts, eliciting deep, trembling moans from Sloane.

“Ahhh—God, Nathaniel... don’t stop,” she gasped, her voice breaking with pleasure. “Keep going, baby. Mommy’s so close...”



Her hips rolled beneath him, greedy and commanding, every movement swallowing him whole, milking him for all he was worth.

He glanced down at his glistening abs, at his cock pumping in and out of her soaked pussy, and for one fleeting moment, he felt like himself again. Not quite the man he used to be—but still a man who could own this moment, own her.

I've got this, he thought, thrusting harder, faster, determined to push her over the edge.

Then, suddenly, a strange sensation registered.

Wait... is she sliding down the couch? he realized with dawning panic.



He twisted his head over his shoulder, eyes wide.
“Fuck! Sloane, I’m going to fall—hey! HEY!” he
shouted, his voice breaking as the world lurched.

But Sloane was gone—lost in ecstasy, moaning loud
and oblivious as her orgasm mounted.

Nathaniel tumbled backward, bracing for impact—
only to land on something warm, soft, and
unmistakably bouncy.



He blinked in disbelief, his cock still wet and twitching as he looked up.

“Cassie?!” he gasped, staring at the grinning blonde who now held him against her perfect tits like she’d been waiting for her turn all along.

Cassie’s fingers curled around Nathaniel’s slick cock, still wet with Sloane’s juices, and she gave it a slow, teasing stroke. Her giggle was shameless, playful, pure Cassie. “Don’t worry, sir—got your back. I’ll make sure you stay nice and hard for us.”



Nathaniel stared at her, panting, his tiny chest rising and falling. “Cassie... what the hell are you doing here?”

“Sloane called Monica and me,” she said casually, her hand pumping his cock in steady, deliberate strokes. “Said you were all worried we weren’t loyal or something. Sooo...” She grinned wickedly, biting her lip. “Lucky me—I got here just in time to catch you before you fell. Perfect timing, huh?”

He blinked at her, dazed. “That... yeah, that’s some incredible timing.”

Cassie’s cheeks flushed pink as she admitted, “Well... actually, I’ve been watching for a while, hahaha.” Her giggle was filthy, her tone teasing. “Gotta say, boss—you really fucked Sloane good. Kinda makes me a little jealous.”



Before he could reply, Cassie flipped him effortlessly, holding him up in front of her chest with both hands like a doll. His rigid cock nestled perfectly into her deep cleavage, the mesh of her black bra framing the scene like she'd planned it. She gave an exaggerated bounce, squeezing him gently between her tits. "Just wanna keep you nice and hard while I talk to you, sir."

Nathaniel stammered, "S-sure... I was kinda in the middle of something though."

"Don't worry, boss, we'll get you back to Sloane in a sec." She winked, while pressing him tighter to her chest. "I just... wanted to apologize for teasing you earlier."

"It's fine, Cassie. I didn't mind."

"Good, 'cause I just wanted you nice and pent up for my roommate, like I said before. Life's been a bitch to her—can't land her first job in this crap market. Figured letting her play with a little toy like you would cheer her up." Cassie's voice was a mix of mischief and shameless honesty, her tits pressing together around him with every word.

Nathaniel gulped. "Ri-right..."



“She’s suuuper into dominatrix stuff, y’know? Thought it’d be hotter if you were all hard and begging for it by the time she got her hands on you.” Cassie licked her lips and gave his cock another squeeze, eyes locked on his face.

“Mm-mm... sure, sure...”

Cassie puffed her chest out just enough to make his cock slide and twitch snugly between her perfect, pillowy tits. The motion was teasing, deliberate, and she flashed him that wicked grin of hers.

“So yeah,” she said breezily, voice lilting with playful arrogance, “I get tonight you’re busy—big romantic shit with Mama Bear or whatever—but tomorrow? Totally still happening. Don’t even worry about staying all pent up for it. My roommate’s gonna have fun either way.” She giggled, biting her lip as she idly pressed her tits tighter around him. “And yeah, she’s big on that whole ‘female empowerment, male obedience, worship-the-queen’ crap. But trust me—if there’s a job on the line, she’ll suck your cock.”

Nathaniel gave a weak nod, still trying to process everything. “Sure, sure... Uh, Cassie—Sloane kinda just told me she loves me. And... I’m a father now.”



Cassie’s eyes widened for a second before she broke out laughing. “Ohhh shit, congrats, boss! So she pulled the IVF move with your sperm? Damn, Mama Bear’s resourceful as hell.” She gave his cock an affectionate squeeze with her cleavage. “But yeah, like I was just thinking—if you’re gonna whine about it—I’ll just grab you, toss you in my purse, and bring you home to my roommate. Easy. Done deal.”

Nathaniel sighed, exasperated. “Cassie... we’re gonna have to talk about limits.”

Cassie tilted her head back and burst out laughing. “Hah! Limits? Boss, you’re hilarious. You’ve never been mad at us. What’s the worst that could happen?” Before he could reply, she moved in a blur—flipping him upright and bouncing onto the couch with unrestrained excitement. “LET’S FUCKING GO!!!” she shouted, voice ringing through the room.

And then, with zero hesitation, she slammed his tiny body—hard cock first—straight back into Sloane’s soaking, hungry cunt. Cassie laughed like a maniac, leaning over the two of them. “Ohhh hell yeah! You’re killing it, boss!” she cheered. “And you too, Mama Bear—MAMA BEAR, LET’S FUCKING GOOOO!”



Nathaniel lost all sense of time—minutes, hours, it all blurred into an endless cycle of heat, slickness, and desperate release. Every thrust, every moan felt like part of some fever dream he couldn't and didn't want to wake from.

Cassie had made it her mission to get involved in every possible way, giggling and teasing as she found new ways to push him—and Sloane—further.

At one point she grabbed Sloane's toned leg, lifting it high with one hand while her other hand pressed firmly against Nathaniel's back, forcing his tiny hips forward. "C'mon boss, fuck her like you mean it—don't hold back! I've got you." Her voice was light, playful, and dripping with mischief as she helped guide his thrusts.

Sloane's moan rumbled deep in her chest, her breasts bouncing slightly with each impact. "Mmm, good girl, Cassie," she panted, her tone thick with pleasure and dominance. "Finally being useful. Just don't forget, sweetheart—he's mine."

Cassie laughed, flashing her a wicked grin. "For now, sure. But don't get too greedy, Mama Bear. I want my turn too—deal?"



Sloane shot her a glare between moans, her hips rolling hard to meet Nathaniel's thrusts. "Fuck off... ahhh—God yes, Nathaniel—he's mine," she gasped, her voice breaking in bliss.

Cassie chuckled again, clearly enjoying every second of it. "We'll see..." she teased, her eyes glinting with mischief as she kept her grip on Sloane's leg, making sure Nathaniel's thrusts stayed deep and hard.

The room filled with wet, rhythmic sounds as Nathaniel drove into Sloane over and over, his tiny cock gliding in her slick heat. He felt her walls clenching around him, every movement pulling another guttural moan from her throat.



Eventually, Cassie dropped onto the couch beside them, breathless from laughing and teasing. She spread her thighs, already rubbing herself furiously. “Fuck—I’m way too turned on just watching you two. Guess I’ll take care of myself for a minute. You two lovebirds keep going—Nat, don’t you dare slow down. Fuck her harder!”

Nathaniel obeyed, hips jerking desperately as his body moved on pure instinct. Sloane’s warm milk still streaked his chest and arms, sticky reminders of her complete claim over him.

Cassie’s moans soon joined theirs as she played with herself, fingers moving fast while she watched the two of them. Her eyes lingered hungrily on Nathaniel’s tiny, thrusting body, her mouth curling into a grin. “God, look at you, boss... look at you go.”

And Nathaniel—utterly spent, yet still painfully hard—just kept pumping, lost to Sloane’s body, to Cassie’s gaze, to the twisted ecstasy of the two women who refused to let him forget exactly who owned him now.



Monica’s voice cut through the air like a knife, cool and precise. “Well, well... look at you, doll man. Fucking way above your league, aren’t you?” Her smirk was razor-sharp, the kind that could disarm an executive committee in one look.

Nathaniel turned his head mid-thrust, locking eyes with her. Monica.

He didn’t stop moving inside Sloane—not out of just raw lust, but because stopping now would’ve felt like losing ground. He needed to show her that he wasn’t just some toy for her to push aside.

“Monica—there you are,” he shot back, his tone strong, steady despite the obscene wet sounds filling the room. “Taking a little break from stabbing me in the back, huh?”

Monica tilted her head slightly, brows arching. “Sorry, what was that?” Her tone was amused, cutting, like she was toying with him.

“Don’t play dumb,” Nathaniel snarled, driving himself into Sloane harder, earning a deep, needy moan from her. “I know exactly what you’re up to—taking my place, leading my team. You really think I’m a fool?”



Her smirk didn't falter as she sank to one knee so she could meet his gaze directly. But her voice was lower now, more grounded—strangely sincere. “Boss... I honestly don't follow. What the hell are you talking about?”

“The email,” he snapped. “The one where you flat-out claim you're taking control of everything. You ordered Cassie to confine me in my own office. No meetings, no visibility. And let's not forget the constant—” his thrusts punctuated each word— “condescending... unbearable... bitch routine.”

Monica exhaled slowly, shaking her head with the faintest laugh, but there was no malice in it—only disbelief. “Okay, first of all, I'm not trying to take over your team, boss.” Her eyes stayed locked on his. “I've been fighting for you every single day while you've been gone. The only thing I wanted was to give you some space to come back on your own terms. No pressure. No constant scrutiny. An easy mode return to office, if you will.”

Her lips curved into that knowing smile again, but this time it was softer, almost warm. “And as for being a bitch?” she added lightly. “That's just our usual banter. Should I tune it down?”



Nathaniel froze for a split second, the rhythm of his thrusts faltering. Was she serious? That loyal—steadfast in her own ruthless way? Or... was he being maneuvered?

The doubt clawed at him even as Sloane moaned beneath him, pulling his attention back to the present, her body trembling around his tiny cock. Monica's gaze, sharp and unreadable, never wavered.

Nathaniel's hips snapped forward, his tiny cock driving deep into Sloane as she let out another guttural moan.

“So... you're not betraying me?”

“Nope,” she said coolly, voice calm and cutting. “And if I was betraying you, boss? You'd already be finished. Done for. I don't do half-measures.”

He gritted his teeth, thrusting into Sloane's slick cunt. “Then what was that plan you were working on?”

“Oh, that?” Monica's tone shifted, sly amusement curling around her words as she reached down toward the side of her sleek black leather boot. “That wasn't about you at all. It was about this little piece of shit.”



From her boot, she pulled out a tiny, pleading man—Adrian. His shrunken body was bruised and roughed up. She held him between two fingers, like a begging toy, for everyone to see.

“We’re going to kill this guy,” Monica said with a calmness so absolute it was terrifying, her smile wide and razor-sharp.



Before anyone could react, she flicked her wrist and tossed Adrian up into the air like trash.

The shrunken man spun helplessly, limbs flailing as he tumbled toward the couch. Nathaniel’s jaw nearly dropped, but his hips kept moving on instinct, Sloane’s pussy milking his cock as if trying to pull every drop out of him.

“Wait—hey! That’s the guy who wants to replace us with AI, right?!” Cassie blurted.

“Yup,” Monica replied casually—like she’d just confirmed a lunch order.

Adrian’s tiny, frail body slammed clumsily into Sloane’s massive breasts, bouncing helplessly against the sweat-slick curves. Sloane, still lost in the throes of her orgasm, barely even registered the minuscule man now scrambling across the soft expanse of her chest.



Adrian flailed as he slid along the deep canyon of her cleavage, his tiny hands sinking into warm, flushed flesh as he tried to steady himself. The sheer size and heat of her breasts left him stunned—humiliated, terrified, yet undeniably aroused. His cock stiffened involuntarily as he realized where he was standing.

Nathaniel froze mid-thrust, his jaw slack as he stared at the surreal sight. His cock remained buried in Sloane’s soaked cunt, but his hips went still—the moment completely derailed. “M-Monica... what the fuck?!” he blurted.

“I liked your idea about using Data Governance to shut them down, sir. But let’s be honest—death is a much more permanent solution.”

She gave a low, dark chuckle. “Snatched this little bastard right off Veronica Drake’s tits back at Mistress Manor,” she added, her lips curling further. “From tits to tits, Adrian. Not a bad way to go out, is it?”

Her laugh was low and cruel as she glanced down at Sloane, who was only just beginning to register the commotion. The sight of Adrian’s panicked squirming against her breasts drew a sharp, shocked gasp from her lips.

