

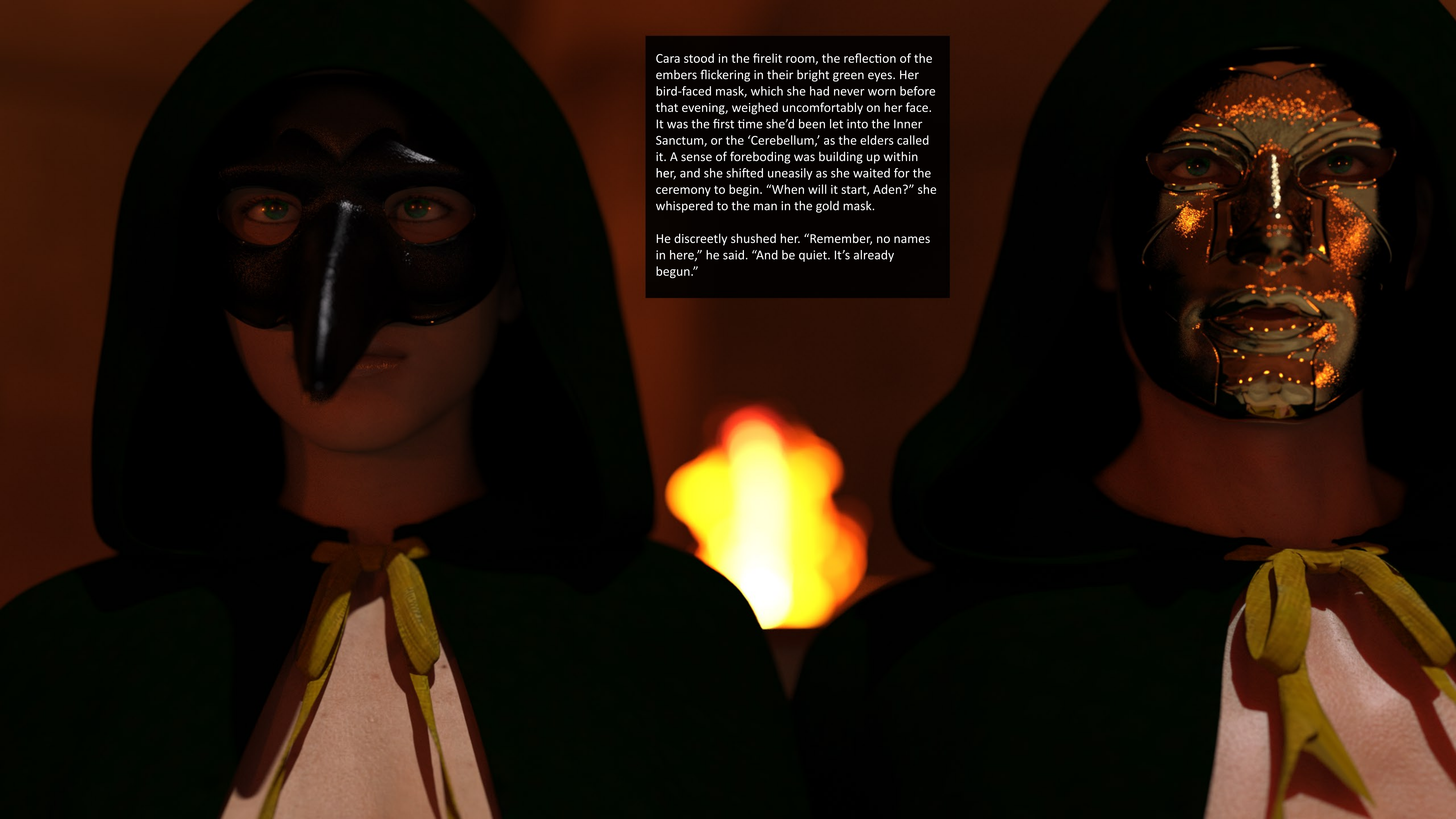
THE CALL OF VENUS

CHAPTER 1



KRYPTON

REDFIREDOG



Cara stood in the firelit room, the reflection of the embers flickering in their bright green eyes. Her bird-faced mask, which she had never worn before that evening, weighed uncomfortably on her face. It was the first time she'd been let into the Inner Sanctum, or the 'Cerebellum,' as the elders called it. A sense of foreboding was building up within her, and she shifted uneasily as she waited for the ceremony to begin. "When will it start, Aden?" she whispered to the man in the gold mask.

He discreetly shushed her. "Remember, no names in here," he said. "And be quiet. It's already begun."



Cara anxiously looked around the room. Several dozen acolytes had gathered in the ancient temple, all wearing Venetian masks and dressed in the same black robes, but her eyes were drawn away from them. Nude men and women walked one by one into the center of the Cerebellum, gathering in the center of the empty stage. One of them, a beautiful mocha-skinned woman, had an unnatural intensity that caught Cara's eye.

"Wait, is that Aria?" Cara whispered once more to her companion. "I didn't know she was the Mother. You talked about the Mother like it was someone I'd never met before..."

"You hadn't," Aden corrected. "Outside of the Cerebellum, she's Aria. Inside, she's The Mother. The Goddess inhabits her body when she enters the Cerebellum..."




Cara watched as a man and a woman planted kisses on Aria. She was stunningly beautiful, but it was obvious that wasn't all that was unique about the woman. Cara could feel the presence of the Goddess within her. She felt strangely drawn to her, not merely by lust, and she seemed to hold the same power over everyone in the room. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the people on top of her started to shrink, and Aria began to grow.

"Watch," Aden said, "The power is swelling within her..."

The acolytes stared intently as the orgy escalated, and the mocha-skinned woman began to grow. They could smell the sweat of those on the stage, and see the mad lust in their eyes. The hooded cultists that ringed the stage stood at a distance, and yet her magnetic aura was overwhelming. For those in the center, it was even more powerful. Driven by raw, animalistic lust, they could not even hope to resist her. Their bodies were so overwhelmed by pleasure and need, that they scarcely even noticed their very essence being drained by her.



A person is lying on a massage table in a dimly lit room. The person's hands are visible in the foreground, resting on the table. In the background, other people are visible, some appearing to be in a state of relaxation or massage. The overall atmosphere is intimate and sensual.

As the power swelled within Aria, she let out a long, low moan. Half a dozen people were fucking each other on top of her, and busily pounded away at her pussy. All of that sexual energy nourished her, but it wasn't nearly enough to satisfy her. Like an appetizer, it only made her crave more...




Aria wanted to be bigger. The slow, passive growth wasn't enough for her, so she took a more active role. She clenched her fist, and her body swelled...



The floodgates were open now, and Aria's growth accelerated. Even as her size disparity with the others grew, the bacchanal lovemaking that was taking place on her raged on. The Mother woman could feel herself growing as she stole their energy, but she wanted more, so much more...

...And so she took it. Aria gripped the others ever more tightly. With her eyes shut, she could see only the faint glow of their auras slowly fading, and her own becoming greater. She would take their essence, and make it her own, for she was strong, and she was hungry, and in the Cerebellum all that mattered was lust and desire.



A woman with long dark hair lies on a stone floor, her head tilted back and mouth open in a moan. She is surrounded by numerous tiny, muscular, nude human figures of various skin tones. Some are positioned around her torso, while others are further away. The scene is set in a dimly lit, stone-walled environment. A black text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Aria let out a low moan as she felt her body draining their power. The tiny people on her were preoccupied, busily kissing and thrusting on top of her. One man thrust away inside of her, and she felt a spurt of warmth as he came, but his seed wasn't enough to satisfy her. She wanted everything from them, body and soul.



The man could feel himself shrinking, but that fact seemed abstract and distant. He had more pressing concerns, like cumming inside of her. Even as her body grew, and his shrank, her pussy never became too loose. Instead, to his surprise, it got tighter, until it was gripping him so tightly it was almost painful. And when he grew too weak to thrust, it did the movements for him. He let out a weak yelp as he finally squirted his load into her, while the woman's powerful muscles jerked out the last of his cum into her.

When he shot the last of it out, a moment of clarity came across him. He stared in terror at the scene in front of him, as the tiny, emaciated people mindlessly pounded away at the growing goddess. He knew they were doomed unless they stopped... and that they, like him, were too weak to pull away.



Aria moaned in ecstasy. She could feel the bodies of the revelers shrinking, as her own body slowly expanded. They were small enough now that she could fit them all in her hands. She held them tight to her ample bosoms, thinking of all the ways she could use them for her pleasure... all the ways she could make them part of her.



Aria felt her breasts absorbing what little was left of them. As the last of them disappeared into her chest, her heavy breasts swelled bigger, and the rest of her body soon followed. As she let out one last, loud moan of pleasure, Aria's body rapily stretched upward and outward, filling the stage.



"I am but a humble servant," Aria said. "What I take is not mine to keep; I give it freely to--"

A familiar but unexpected sensation aroused Aria. She sat up, and stared down with amusement at the redheaded woman who knelt between her legs. "You were not one of the sacrifices," The Mother said, "and yet you see fit to give yourself to me?"



"No," was all the redheaded woman said. She licked the larger woman's clit, and the Mother let out a moan, she felt herself getting smaller.

"What?" Aria woman exclaimed, "but you can't-- I was chosen! I'm the Avatar of the Goddess!"

The redheaded woman lifted up her head and stared into the larger woman's eyes. "Not anymore," she said with a wry smile.

The acolytes stared in amazement as the redhead drained the Mother to her own size. She grabbed ahold of Aria's thighs and lifted her upside down. She stuck her tongue deep into the caramel-skinned woman's pussy, bringing her to submission with a series of powerful orgasms. Aria was so enthralled to the pleasure, she couldn't resist, even as she felt the redhead sucking the very essence out of her.



Soon, the redhead had nearly drained her, and yet the caramel-skinned woman screamed not from fear, but out of pleasure. The light of the goddess had left Aria, and that same power had inhabited the redhead. She drained the smaller woman of what was left of her power, until Aria was a weak, pathetic husk. As she sucked out the very last of that energy, the caramel-skinned woman let out one last scream of ecstasy.





At last, the last of that power had been drained, and when there was nothing left to take, the redhead still wanted more. She slipped the caramel-skinned woman between her lips. Aria, no longer under the thrall of orgasm, gave into her fear. "Please," she said, "don't do this. You don't have to--"

But the redhead wanted her. Needed her. She was greedy, for food, for wealth, for power, and the woman was right between her lips, so ready for the taking. She swallowed, and the woman disappeared down her throat.



A chorus of murmurs erupted throughout the crowd, but quickly fell silent as the new Mother looked down upon them, her eyes burning brighter than ever.

“That vessel was too weak,” the Mother said as a cruel smile crossed her lips. “This host will be stronger... but she won’t be as easy to satisfy. I’ll be needing some new sacrifices... Lots of them...”



ONE MONTH LATER

In their private room, Theresa carefully adjusted her flower crown in the mirror.

“So there are going to be orgies, right?” Jonas asked. “I mean, if I’m going to wear a flower crown, and hang out with a bunch of pagan hippies cultists for the weekend, I think I should get to attend at least one orgy. That’s only fair, right?”

Theresa rolled her eyes. “Come on, Jonas, they’re not ‘pagan hippies cultists.’ They’re the oldest continuously extant Greco-Roman religious group in the world, and they’re very secretive. No other anthropologist has observed them. Ever. So remember, we’re here for research, okay?”

“You didn’t answer the part about the orgies.”

A sly smile crossed Theresa’s lips. “Jonas, they’re a secretive group that worships Venus and Bacchus. Of course there are going to be orgies.”

“Can we join them?”

“No, Jonas. But I suppose it could be edifying to watch... Strictly for research, of course...”

“Well that sounds like it would be a bit frustrating,” Jonas said. He walked up to Theresa, grabbed her ass, and started playfully thrusting. “I was hoping for a more, shall we say... interactive experience.”

“Well, there is something to be said for attempting full cultural immersion,” Theresa said with a wry smile. “There’s a school of thought that argues you can’t fully understand a culture unless you live it yourself.”

“Are you in that school of thought?”





"I think it's incredibly reckless," Theresa said as she crossed her arms. "If you go down that road, you can lose all objectivity with your research... and I certainly hope you don't see this as an opportunity to try and fuck other women."

"Of course not!" Jonas said defensively. "I remember our vows. I would never cheat on you!"

Theresa's gaze soured, and he stopped in his tracks. "Oh really?" Theresa asked pointedly. "'Never?'"

"Hey, you know I still feel bad about that," Jonas said defensively. "That was one time, three years ago, when we'd only been dating for like two months. We weren't serious then! This is completely different."

"I sure hope it is."



Jonas gently laid his hand on the side of Theresa's face, and stared lovingly into her eyes. "Come on, babe," he said, "you know I only care about you! And you do know that when you get all mad and pouty, it just makes you even sexier, right?"

Theresa sighed. "Jonas, this really isn't the best time!"

"How many times have I heard that?" Jonas asked. "We've been putting off our honeymoon for the last six months. I was thinking, maybe we could make this into a honeymoon... of a sort..."

"You do have a point, Jonas," Theresa said. "I've been so focused on my research, I've been neglecting you... Let me give you some attention."

Theresa knelt down and wrapped her lips around her cock. Jonas put his hand on her head, as he often did, and glided her head back and forth along her shaft. Theresa wasn't especially fond of him taking control like that, but she wanted to please him, especially if it would take his mind off the other women for a while.

As he bobbed her head faster, Theresa knew he was about to cum. He spurted his load into Theresa's mouth, and she dutifully swallowed it with his cock still in her mouth.

"Damn, that was good," Jonas said with a satisfied sigh. "You don't think we have time for another round, do you?"

"Oot oww, Jonas!" Theresa said, before remembering she still had a cock in her mouth and hastily slipping it out. "Not now!" she repeated. "Come on, we're due to visit the bathhouse soon!"



Theresa and Jonas put their robes on and made their way to the Atrium. Theresa marveled at the enormous structure. "Look, honey," she whispered to Jonas, "I've never seen such an authentic modern recreation of an ancient Roman bathhouse, complete with an open-roofed atrium!"

Jonas looked up at the open roof, but his gaze quickly turned to something else that was even more eye-catching. "Yeah, very cool architecture," Jonas said dismissively, "but there are other things that are a little more eye-catching." He discreetly pointed out a trio of naked women, who were standing in front of the pool. One of the women, a brunette, met his gaze. She walked forward to greet the group.



The brunette approached Theresa and Jonas. "My honored guests," the brunette said to the group. "it's so good to see you again! My name is Gianna, and these are my good friends Raquel and Kimiko. Come, friends, meet our guests!" Two other women followed behind her, a Brazillian woman with a shaved head and a pale Japanese woman. Theresa felt that there was something slightly odd about them, but Theresa couldn't quite put her finger on it.

"You must be Jonas!" Gianna continued, while the other nude women smiled silently at the guests. "I'm already friends with your beautiful wife. Here, take my hand," Ginna said, and she reached out to the couple with both arms.



Jonas and Theresa grabbed her hand and waved to the Brunette, while the other nude women greeted the rest of the initiates. "Jonas," Theresa said, "Gianna is the one who invited me to this group. We've been friends since college, and when Theresa told me she'd joined this, uh, group, knew I had to see it for myself. Let me just say, this place has vastly exceeded all my expectations!"

"I'm so happy that you like it here!" Gianna said, tightening her grip on their hands. "I love it here too. And I take it you're enjoying yourself too, Jonas?"

"Am I ever!" Jonas said excitedly as he eyed the women. "This place is spectacular!"





"You've only scratched the surface," Gianna said. "Come, let me show you around! These are some of our other members, who you'll become acquainted with in time..."

Gianna walked them around the pool, where Jonas's gaze turned towards a bathing beauty who was running her hands through her hair. "I think we're gonna get along great here," Jonas said with a smile.

“The brunette turned and pointed to a Greek couple. “This is Kosmo and Niobe!” Gianna said, and she pointed at a nearby couple. Jonas and Theresa could barely believe what they saw. Kosmo and Niobe both towered over Gianna. Jonas eyed the woman up and down in disbelief. It looked like she was at least eight feet tall. With her tall stature, olive skin and flawless body, she looked every bit like a Greek goddess.

Kosmo’s smile had an angry edge to it as he turned his gaze towards Jonas. “Were you looking at my wife?” Kosmo asked.

“What?” Jonas sputtered. “No, I would never--”

“You weren’t? Why not?” Kosmo asked. “Is she not good enough for you? Do you think she is ugly?”

“No,” Jonas said, “of course not, I just--”

Niobe interrupted him. “Don’t let my husband scare you,” she said with a smile. “He likes to have a little fun with the new guests. We don’t believe in jealousy here. In the outside world, most men hold their women like a dragon jealously guarding their gold. But here, we like to share our love. Isn’t that right, Kosmo?”

“It is,” Kosmo said, as he eyed Theresa up and down. “So long as the sharing is, how do you say, reciprocal. Your girl is a beautiful little thing...”

“Umm, thanks,” Jonas said awkwardly. He was quick to change the subject. “So, how did you two happen to meet? Is there, like, a dating site for really tall people?”





But Raquel answered the question before he could. "This place is special," she said. "We are so close to the goddess here. Her aura, it can... change things. It can alter your perception... make you see things as they truly are, beyond the veil of this banal world."

Raquel was carrying a cup in her hands, which was filled to the brim with a dark liquid. Jonas noticed that she walked carefully, making sure not to spill any. She gave Jonas a cryptic glance before she turned towards one of the new initiates, and held up the cup. "This drink is the nectar of the goddess," she continued. "It can... enhance these properties. Make you see things you would not otherwise see."



Raquel turned towards some of the other guests. "Here, try some!" Raquel said, and she handed the cup to a blonde woman. "A sip is all it takes."

The blonde woman grabbed the cup, and took a small sip. "How is it, Gabi?" an Indian woman asked her, placing a hand on her blonde friend.

"It's not bad, Pri!" the blonde woman said excitedly. "Here, try some!"



Theresa was uneasy. "So, this drink, this... nectar... What does it actually do?"

Raquel stared cryptically at Theresa. "It will make you feel... more relaxed, more open," Raquel said. She reached out towards Jonas with the cup in hand. "Please," she said, "take a drink from it."

"Don't mind if I do!" Jonas said. He reached out and took the cup in his hand. "So, Raquel, what's in this? CBD? Ecstasy?"

"It is not a drug!" Raquel said pointedly. "It is the nectar of the goddess. But to truly understand what it is, you must take it for yourself.."

"Alright, I'm sold!" Jonas said, and he took a sip.



Theresa looked askew at Jonas. "Do you feel... different?" she asked.

"I feel normal," Jonas said. "I think it takes a bit to kick in. It tastes pretty good at least, kind of like mead. You should try some!"

"Yes," The caramel-skinned woman said as she held out the cup for Theresa. "Drink," she said.

"I don't know," Theresa said nervously. "Maybe I should stay sober. I don't know if it's a good idea for me to take anything that might compromise my mental faculties..."

"Come on, try it," Kimiko's voice called out from behind her. The thin Asian woman walked up next to Theresa, and put a hand across her shoulder. "Don't be afraid," Kimiko said. "Just try a little. Trust me, you'll like it..."



“Okay, fine,” Theresa said reluctantly. “I guess I’ll end up taking the more hands-on approach after all. When in Rome...” she took the cup with both hands, and lifted it to her mouth. She took a sip from the cup, which was oddly full after several people had drank from it, but she was too preoccupied to notice such a tiny detail.

“How is it?” the asian woman asked.

“I feel normal,” Theresa said. But not a second later, she felt the effects.

Theresa's eyes glowed green, and a jolt of energy shot through her. Her vision became hazy, but it wasn't blurred. It was as if there was a new clarity; a glow to her surroundings that had been there before, but which she could now finally see it. What had been hidden before now laid plain.

An energy pulsed through the place, a power she only had a vague, distant sense of before. It had not yet made itself manifest, but she knew it would, in time.





“This is pretty wild, isn’t it?” Jonas asked. Theresa’s spell was interrupted by her husband’s banal words. “I swear, every woman here is a solid ten, and they’re all down to fuck! Can you believe it?!” He pointed behind him, where a swarthy bearded man felt up a woman with braided hair and a stunning figure. “...But of course they’re not as hot as you, honey. You’re an eleven.” Theresa noticed that his eyes were glowing too, but the intensity was weaker than hers.

Raquel walked over to the pair. “Venus gives many blessings to those who worship her,” she said. Her words had a kind of strange lyricism that hinted at something deeper, but Theresa could only guess what that was. “You too will see those blessings in time. This is only a taste of what The Goddess can do.”



“Oh, but what a taste it is!” Gianna said, right before she leaned in and grabbed the caramel-skinned woman’s breasts. Another woman bent down and started sucking her breast.

“Are you just going to stand there and watch?” Raquel asked with a playful smile. “You might enjoy yourselves more if you partook...”



To Theresa's surprise, Jonas leaned in suddenly and planted kisses on her neck. "Oh fuck, I'm really feeling it now!" he said, in between hot, heavy breaths. There was something about his behavior that caught Theresa off guard. He was so clearly driven by lust, his movements so raw and animalistic. It was an intensity that she hadn't seen from Jonas in a long time.

"Your boyfriend is enjoying himself," Kimiko said. The spirit of Bacchus is within him, and the spirit of Venus within you. Do not fight it. Let her spirit take over you."

But Theresa was first and foremost an observer. She couldn't help but take the opportunity to watch the orgy that was unfolding in front of him, though now her interests were no longer strictly academic. Whatever was in her drink, it made her feel a lust she hadn't felt in a long time... but its effects went far beyond that.





Theresa tried to view whatever was happening at a remove, even though it was taking place within her, but she couldn't deny what she was seeing. It sounded impossible, but some of the people in front of her appeared to be growing. It was surely the effect of the drugs, or so she told herself. Hallucinogenic properties, no doubt... but what she saw looked undeniably real.

“Oh my God, Pri!” Theresa heard a woman say. Theresa turned and looked by the pool, where Priyanka was going down on Gabi, while their redheaded friend watched. “Fuck that feels sooo good...” the nubile blonde said in a deep, breathy moan. “Oh, Pri...” Something seemed different about Gabi, as if there was some strange energy Theresa could see pulsating through her body...



Once again, Theresa felt her eyes were deceiving her. It was happening almost imperceptibly slowly, but the blonde woman seemed to be growing. Theresa blinked heavily, trying to will away the hallucinations, but they persisted. It was so real, she could hardly deny it was happening...



Priyanka turned towards her redheaded friend. "Holy shit, Joan, did your tits get bigger?" the Indian girl asked, her lips curling up into a broad smile. "This nectar stuff is awesome! Five minutes ago I didn't even think I liked women, but now I'm eating out my best friend's pussy, and it tastes great... You should join in!"





Joan crouched down next to Gabi. "This isn't my first rodeo," the redhead said. "For now, I think I'll just watch you two have fun. There's something so special about seeing friends try the Nectar for the first time... You see sides of people you've never seen before, even if you've known them for years..."

The redhead stared at Gabi, while the blonde's low moans gradually escalated to screams of ecstasy. "Yes, yes, yes!" Gabi screamed. When she finally came, the redhead's own lust was just starting to build, as she felt her tits start to swell...



No longer content to sit on the sidelines, Joan decided to take matters into her own hands. She put her hand on her blonde friend's face.

Gabi stared up at her dreamily. "You're so big," she said as if in a daze. "You were always the short one..."

The redhead smiled. "This is nothing. The Goddess can do things you couldn't possibly imagine. Speaking of which, my tits are getting full of milk..."

"But you've never..." Pri trailed off. "You know," she said, "I'm not going to question it. I bet we could help you with that..."

The two women wrapped their lips around Joan's fat, engorged tits. They could taste the warm, sweet milk as it spurted from her nipples.



To their surprise, though, sucking on Joan's breasts only made them grow bigger. The redhead moaned in ecstasy as her breasts swelled.



“Don’t stop sucking,” Joan said to them. “Whatever you do, don’t stop sucking...” The redhead’s entire body was growing now, stretching upwards and swelling outwards.





Theresa watched as similar scenes were happening all over, with men and women growing taller and thicker as they gave and received pleasure. One woman's muscles swelled while she ate out another woman, and while Niobe bounced on her husband's dick, she grew bigger and bigger, until she was nearly ten feet tall...



Theresa's train of thought was broken when Kimiko lay next to her. "Watching is fun," the Asian woman said, "but don't you want to take part in the festivities?" The Asian woman laid her hand around Theresa. Theresa realized that Kimiko, who had been slightly shorter than her earlier, was well over seven feet tall. Something about being cradled in the bigger woman's arms eroded what little was left of Theresa's academic distance...

"Fuck me, Jonas!" Theresa blurted out.

"Now we're talking!" Jonas said. He grabbed ahold of Theresa's legs and slipped his cock into her tight pussy, thrusting rhythmically.



Gianna watched eagerly as the couple fucked. No longer content to watch, she slung her arm around Jonas and leaned in to whisper to him. "You're a lucky man," she said to him. "Just between you and me, I've always had a bit of a thing for her. That's why I invited her here in the first place. Fuck her good for me, nice and hard... don't hold back..."

As Jonas pounded away, Theresa locked lips with Kimiko. She'd never kissed a girl before, but in that moment there was something so entrancing about the woman, and the confidence she possessed. Theresa was overwhelmed with pleasure, as every part of her body was stimulated all at once...

The orgy continued to escalate. The Nectar of the Goddess erased all divisions, and everything was in flux. Strangers, friends and lovers all made love to each other with no inhibitions. People changed size as easily as they changed positions, and old friends turned into amazons in a matter of seconds...



It was hard to tell one sensation from another, one person from another. It was like every neuron in Theresa's head was firing at once... She could have sworn she could feel the same sensations that Jonas felt as he pounded away into her, and the sensations Kimiko felt as she kissed her, and the sensations of a dozen other people as they kissed and licked and fucked.

Theresa wondered if the others felt the same thing, and she suspected the answer was yes. Jonas was thrusting in exactly the rhythm she wanted, uncannily so, as if he could feel what she felt. It was almost as if she was controlling Jonas's movements, and Jonas was controlling hers. It was as if the barriers between each other had dissolved, and they had merged into a singular organism, one that could feel an overwhelming degree of lust and pleasure.





Theresa felt a strange sensation on the back of her neck, like she was being watched. She turned towards the pool, where more revelers made love to each other, and watched them with pleasure. A black man thrust his engorged cock into the tight pussy of a curvaceous middle-eastern girl, while another couple made love behind them.

A blonde woman in the pool had grown to truly voluptuous proportions. She must have been more than ten feet in stature, with enormous breasts that had swollen far bigger than her head. A much smaller man sucked from her breasts. It was an unreal display, but something else drew Theresa's attention.

As another pair of lovers moved out of the way, Theresa could see a redhead staring at her from across the pool. It was someone she hadn't seen before, and the woman held her gaze on Theresa, even while a couple groped her breasts and kissed her neck. By the standards of what Theresa had seen in the orgy, it wasn't especially strange, and yet there was a feeling Theresa couldn't explain. Though she wasn't as big as the others, Theresa could feel a strange power emanating from her. The woman held her gaze on Theresa, and as they locked eyes, the researcher wondered what the redhead's coy half-smile could mean. It was hard to say, but she knew that it made her uneasy...





Gianna laid next to Theresa, blocking her line of sight with the redhead. Theresa was startled for a moment, but she quickly forgot about the redhead as her mind gave into the waves of pleasures that shot through her body. She looked up at Gianna, who had grown even larger than Kimiko. Theresa figured she was at least ten feet tall...

"Come on, Theresa," the brunette said, as she stared longingly into Theresa's eyes. "Cum for me..." "Cum for me," her husband repeated. Then they said it again, once more, this time in unison...

Utterly overwhelmed with sensation, Theresa screamed out in pleasure. She heard her own screams echoed again by another woman, and then another, until dozens of voices screamed out in unison. Their moans rang out through the halls like a chorus, and she could feel the vibration echoing through her body, growing stronger with each emanation...





And then she came, and the glow went away. The room went quiet, and when she opened her eyes, everyone was still.

"That was good, baby," Jonas whispered to her.

"So good," Kimiko replied.

"And yet just a taste of what the Goddess can show you, Gianna said.

Theresa sat up and surveyed the scene. The chaotic, impossible orgy, where anything was possible and everything was in flux, had dissipated. Everyone looked normal now; no one was ten feet tall, not even the Greek couple.

“What happened?” Theresa asked Jonas. “How was that possible?”

“It’s the drugs, honey,” Jonas said, as he planted kisses on her breast. “Just a hallucination. It’s over now...”

“Of course,” Theresa said. But her mind still raced, and she remembered a detail that didn’t fit with that theory. “Jonas,” she said, “that doesn’t make sense! That Russian couple, they were eight feet tall before we took the drugs! Now they’re just normal-sized...”





“You worry too much, honey,” Jonas said, reaching out towards Theresa’s face. “Maybe we got a little bit of the drugs just being in the room. You know, like getting hotboxed or something.”

Theresa was skeptical. “It’s a drink, Jonas,” she said, turning her head away from him. “You can’t hotbox a drink, that doesn’t make sense. That means I must be misremembering things because of the drug... and if I’m going to be writing about my experiences here, the last thing I should be doing is taking drugs that mess with my memory...”

Theresa scanned through her memories, trying to reconcile what she'd experience with what must have really happened. She looked over towards the pool, and saw most of the same people she'd seen earlier, but the scene wasn't as wild as it had been before. The blonde woman wasn't ten feet tall, or with breasts bigger than her head, The discrepancy was easy enough to explain away as the effects of a mild hallucinogen.

But something else had changed. The mysterious redheaded woman was missing. The rest of the orgy was a blur, but the memory of the redheaded woman was so specific, so real, that it was burnished into her brain forever. She knew it couldn't have been a hallucination.

"Jonas?" She asked her husband, "you didn't see a redheaded woman standing in the pool, did you? I saw her, but now she's gone..."


Jonas held Theresa tighter. "No, honey," he said dismissively, "but I'm sure it's nothing to worry about. Now if you're not in a hurry to go somewhere, I'm up for another round, maybe back in our personal quarters..."

Theresa tried to forget her concerns for a moment. Surely the redheaded woman was just a figment of her imagination...





Back in the Cerebellum, Gianna, Kimiko and Raquel stood in the center of the stage. They knelt in subservience to the woman before them: the Mother. In the Cerebellum, she was the Goddess made flesh. They didn't know why they had been called there, whether it was for punishment or reward, and they anxiously awaited the Mother's words.

A 3D rendered female character with a muscular physique and glowing green eyes. She is standing in a dark, circular room with a curved ceiling and walls. The walls are decorated with large, dark, star-shaped patterns. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her form against the dark background.


Finally, she spoke; not to the three women in front of her, but to the dozens of acolytes that ringed the Cerebellum. "A new era has begun," The Mother said with an inscrutable smile. "Blessings to all of my loyal followers, and woe to those who would think of betraying me."



She turned her attention to the trio that kneeled before her. "Do you fear me?" she asked. "Tell me, Gianna."

"No, Goddess," Gianna said, trying to still her trembling hands.

"Do not lie, Gianna," the Mother said with a knowing smile. "I can sense the fear in you... In all of you... But I promise you, there is nothing for you to fear. You have been loyal servants. I have blessings for all of you..."




The enormous redhead put her hands on her hips and gazed down at the three women below her. "Do you wish to drink my milk?" the Mother asked.

The trio before her smiled eagerly. "Yes goddess," the three replied in unison.



“Then taste,” the Mother said, placing her hand around Raquel’s waist. “Do not be afraid. Drink from me...”



The Mother grabbed Gianna and Raquel, and pulled them in tighter. The women suckled the Mother's enormous nipples, while Kimiko waited eagerly for a spot to open. The milk was sweet and creamy, and it made their bodies tingle much like the Nectar did.



For the women, the pull of the goddess was undeniable. It was like gravity, and there, in the center of the Cerebellum, it was stronger than ever. The three women were utterly in thrall to her, as they lapped away at her, desperate for more of her sweet-tasting milk...

The Mother looked down proudly at the three women before her. "I can sense your devotion is complete," she said. "You deserve a reward..."





She reached behind her, and picked up a man, seemingly out of the aether. "This one has not been so loyal," the Mother said. "I've been told that he said I was unworthy to be chosen. Isn't that right, Charlie, you little heretic? Your loyalties lie with the old Mother, the one that I devoured. Well, I only think it's fair that you meet the same fate as her... But I'll leave that up to these three to decide."



"Oh, no, not Charlie..." Brie muttered to herself as she watched the display. They'd been married since before they joined the cult. She'd been worried when she couldn't find him earlier, and now her worst fears were confirmed. She hoped the goddess would spare him, but she knew what could happen to those who were deemed heretics...



"I'm so sorry," Charlie pleaded. "I was shocked about what happened to the old Mother, but I can see the light now... I can see you're the true successor..."

"Silence," the Mother said. "I've decided your fate, and it's better than you deserve. Girls, you may do what you wish with him..."


“With pleasure,” Kimiko said. Simply being held by the Mother had already made him smaller and weak, and he was now dwarfed by the three women. He quickly gave up on trying to break out of their powerful grip, and instead tried to reason with them.

“Gianna, please, don’t do this,” he said to the brunette, as she gripped his arms tightly. “As long as you’ve known me and Brie, I know you can’t do this...”


Gianna laughed. “Of course I can,” she said with a cruel smile. “You knew I had my eye on that pretty little wife of yours, but you wouldn’t let me lay a hand on her. But when you’re gone, she’s going to be all mine...”

“Oh Gianna, you wouldn’t...”






“Of course she will,” Kimiko said, before gripping Charlie more tightly. “And I wanted you too... But you kept turning me down, because you wanted to keep your love between you and your little wife. So selfish... But now we’ll get to share you!”



“You don’t know what you’re doing!” Charlie protested. “I feel weaker already. You’re going to--”

“Of course we are,” Kimiko said with a cruel smile. “Now try to enjoy it, will you?” She reached her hand down and grabbed his cock, which was soft and malleable in her hands. “Aren’t you at least going to get hard for us, Charlie? Are we not sexy enough for you?”



“It’s not that!” Charlie said. “It’s just that--”

“I’ll make him hard,” Raquel interrupted. “Come here, little man...” The Brazilian woman pulled Charlie to her chest, and held his head firm between her cleavage. “I know you like my breasts, Charlie,” she said as she mashed his face against her breasts. “I’ve caught you staring at them while you fuck that flat-chested little wife of yours...”



While Raquel grinded her hips against him, she felt something poking at her groin. "His little dick is starting to get hard," Raquel said. She could feel herself starting to drain him. Almost instantly, Raquel started to grow, while Charlie slowly diminished. The Brazillian thrust her head back and smiled with pleasure, as the waves of warmth pulsated through her body...



Raquel flipped Charlie around and placed him on her lap like a child. Charlie was utterly powerless to fight them, and was utterly humiliated. His wife had grown bigger than him countless times in the Atrium, but this was different. They were treating him like an object. They clearly reveled in tormenting him, humiliating him, and it was impossible to say how far they'd take it...

Raquel took his tiny cock in hand. It was quickly becoming hard. "Look!" Raquel said, "it's too small for me to jack off with my whole hand, but I can do it with just two fingers!"

Gianna looked thirstily at him. "I want to suck his cock, before it gets too small..."

Charlie watched helplessly as the Italian woman bent down and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. It felt good, undeniably good... but with each jolt of pleasure, he felt himself getting smaller and weaker.

“What’s wrong?” Raquel asked cruelly. “Does your wife not give you head like this?”





Kimiko leaned in closer, with a wicked glint in her eyes as she began to taunt him. "You know your wife is watching now. She could try to stop this, but she won't... She's just going to stand there and watch as you get smaller and smaller, until there's nothing left of you..."




It was the pleasure that gave them power over him, and Charlie tried his best to not enjoy it. He tried to ignore the sensations, to fight against the overpowering lust that he felt, but it was impossible. It felt so good, even though he knew that lust was killing him...

Charlie heard the sound of wet lips smacking. Gianna had taken her mouth off his cock. He knew he should be breathing a sigh of relief, and yet he desperately wanted to have her lips on his cock again. Maybe, he hoped against hope, they'd let him go...



But Kimiko had other plans. While Gianna and Raquel turned their attention towards each other, Kimiko grabbed him by his leg and lifted him up. He had gotten so small now, or perhaps Kimiko had grown so much, that she could pick him up with a single hand.



"You're mine now," Kimiko said. She lifted his emaciated form to her face, and wrapped her thick, pouty lips around his little cock. She could feel him getting smaller, thinner, weaker, as his energy became her own...



Kimiko was sucking on his cock so hard that Charlie feared she was going to suck it right off of him, but the pain paled in comparison to the profound pleasure that he felt. As the energy was pulled out of his body, he could feel a wave of intense warmth going through him, bright and powerful, like an ember flashing one last time before it goes dark. He wanted so desperately to cum, and felt like he was on the verge, but he couldn't quite get there. That release would have let him escape their hold over him, he realized, and Kimiko was not willing to give that to him...

Kimiko stopped, and held Charlie out in front of her. She puzzled over the tiny man. "He's like a little doll," Kimiko said to her friends. "He's so small and weak, I almost feel bad for him..."

"Please, let me go!" Charlie begged.





“Nah,” Kimiko said, “this is way more fun!” She held him up against her cleavage, and thrust his cock in between her tits. “You’ve still got some juice left in you, and I’m thirsty.”



The Brazillian walked over to her. "Come on," Raquel said, "I want some action too..." She planted her lips on Kimiko's, squeezing Charlie's body between their breasts as they felt up each other's bodies.

Raquel wasn't content with mere foreplay. Without warning, she pushed Kimiko onto the ground. The Japanese woman was pleasantly surprised by the initiative that the dominant Brazilian woman showed. "Fuck me," Kimoko said.



Charlie could see what they were planning, and he was increasingly nervous. He tried to back away, but even the smallest movement took more energy than he had. The Brazillian woman pulled his body down to Kimiko's crotch, and the giant woman crouched down, pinning Charle between their groins.



Raquel pressed his cock against the walls of her vulva and thrust her hips against Kimiko's. Charlie was trapped in the middle as they two women scissored each other, and with each thrust his body was pressed forcefully between them, overwhelming him with pain and pleasure.





With each thrust, Charle's body was diminished, and with each thrust the blows hit harder, yet even with all the pain Charlie was still overwhelmed by lust and pleasure. It all felt so good, the way Raquel grinded the folds of her warm, wet vulva against his cock, and the intense musk of her pussy. He was undeniably aroused by it all, by the women's dominance and and raw physical power over him, even as his body was crushed under her weight...



Finally, the pressure let up, and the Brazillian woman got off of him. Charlie's bones were broken, but he knew this was his chance to escape, and he crawled pitifully across Kimiko's thigh in an attempt to get away. But he scarcely moved before he bent his arm the wrong way, and he let out a cry of pain that alerted Raquel. "Where do you think you're going?" The Brazillian woman asked aloud, and she grabbed his leg between two fingers, each of which was vastly stronger than Charle's entire body. He clung desperately to Kimiko's thigh as he pleaded for his life, but he was utterly powerless against her...



"I hope you didn't think we were done with you already," Raquel said as she laid back on the ground. With her hips in the air, she slipped Charlie's feet into her pussy. "You're about the right size to use as a dildo," she said. "You'd better not get any smaller..."

"No, please!" Charlie begged. "I feel so weak, I can't take it anymore!"

Raquel slipped Charlie's legs between her pussy lips, and let him sink in further, until he was waist deep in her pussy. She thrust Charlie's body in and out, using him like a dildo, and moaning in pleasure with each thrust. Charles tried to resist giving into his lust, but every time his cock slapped against the walls of her labia, but he was powerless against the temptation.





Finally Raquel stopped, and pulled him out of her pussy. "He's too small to use as a dildo," Raquel complained, "and he shrunk before I could finish. Do you want to finish me off, Gianna?"

The Italian woman, who had been watching silently, walked over to Raquel and knelt down in front of her. "That depends," Gianna said, "would you mind if I made him into a snack?"

"Not at all, Gianna," Raquel said. She stared longingly at the Italian woman, while the brunette's lips neared her pussy.



“Please... Don’t...” Charlie begged, but his words were so faint that Gianna could barely hear him. “Think about her... Think about Brie...”

“Oh I think about Brie all the time,” Gianna whispered to him. “I’m going to make her my bitch, and she’ll like it. And unlike you, I won’t try to keep her all to myself. I’ll be generous and share her with the others... I’ll make her into a good little slut...”

“She’d never let you do that...” Charlie said. “If you... eat me... she’ll never... forgive you...”


Gianna chuckled. “You’d be surprised,” she said. “Oh, I’m sure she’ll be mad at me for a while, but she’ll get over it soon enough. And once she gets over the worst of it, I’ll tell her how sorry it was, that The Mother gave me no choice. I’ll be her shoulder to cry on. And after she forgives me, I’ll tell her what it was like eating you... What you tasted like. We’ll laugh about it together.”



Gianna gently placed her lips against Raquel's vulva like she was giving it an open-mouthed kiss. She slipped her tongue between the walls of Raquel's pussy lips and lapped it against Charlie, tasting the Brazilian woman's musk as she glided the tip of her tongue around Charlie's tiny body. With the tip of her tongue Gianna flipped Charlie's body around. Her wet tongue rubbed against his cock, and to his shame this aroused Charlie further, diminishing him even more...



Gianna spun Charlie's body around and wrapped her lips around his toes. She pulled him eagerly out of Raquel's pussy and dangled Charlie's body from her mouth, then slowly sucked him up feet-first. Charlie tried to fight her, but it was a pitiful struggle, and the pathetic display only amused Gianna. She sucked him in until his cock stroked her lips, and then she stopped for a moment, and rubbed her lips against his cock so he shrunk even smaller.



Finally, there was nothing more to take. He was a tiny, pathetic, emaciated shell of his former self. Every possible ounce of youth, strength and energy had been drained from his body. What was left was a pathetic, mewling husk, but Gianna still wanted more. She had always been the type to suck every last drop of marrow from the bone, and there was only one way to get what little energy was left from him. With her index finger, she forced his head down into her mouth, and swallowed.



What was left of Charlie disappeared between Gianna's lips with a gulp, and she let out a sigh of satisfaction. It was a pleasure she'd never had before, one she'd always craved, and it felt even better than she had imagined.



Gianna sat down, and the others laid down besides her. She was pleasantly surprised to see that she was now much taller than they were, so long after taking the Nectar of the Goddess.

The Mother spoke. "I'm pleased to see you enjoyed my blessings," she said.

"Yes Goddess," Gianna said, her face beaming with satisfaction.

“Good,” the Mother said. “Now bestow upon me the pleasure that you received.

“Yes Goddess,” the three said in unison. They knelt down and crawled towards the goddess, eager to give as much as she wished to take.



END OF PART 1



