

Peak Cosplay

The elevator doors slid open with a ding, revealing a bustling crowd of colorful characters spilling out into the hotel lobby. Among them was Kaylee, a striking young woman with a cascade of raven hair tumbling down her back, and piercing green eyes that sparkled with pride and accomplishment. She clutched her second-place ribbon tightly, her heart still racing from the adrenaline of the cosplay contest. Kaylee had poured her heart and soul into her Tifa Lockhart costume, painstakingly crafting every detail to match the iconic Final Fantasy VII character down to the last stitch. Well, almost every detail. She put her own personal touch on it, in more ways than one, wanting to bridge the original design with Tifa's Advent Children look, as she really wanted to practice working with leather. So it was the Advent Children look, but once the jacket was unzipped, it revealed the white crop top and suspenders from the original design. She thought it came out great, and so apparently did the judges.

As Kaylee made her way through the sea of superheroes, anime characters, and fantasy creatures, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of self-consciousness. Her breasts, a modest B-cup, strained slightly against the tight fabric of Tifa's iconic top. Though it was only straining because she designed it to make her modest chest look a little more impressive. She knew the character she emulated was renowned for her voluptuous figure, but Kaylee had always been proud of her athletic, toned physique honed by years of martial arts training. She believed her passion and dedication to the craft of cosplay outweighed any physical discrepancies.

Lost in thought, Kaylee almost didn't notice the tall, blonde woman stepping into her path until she nearly collided with the Amazonian beauty. The woman, dressed as Power Girl from DC comics, stumbled back with an indignant gasp. Kaylee quickly apologized, but the woman's blue eyes flashed with rage as she looked Kaylee up and down, her gaze lingering on Kaylee's chest with a sneer.

"You're Kaylee, right?" the woman spat, her voice dripping with disdain. "I'm Jesse. I came in third, right behind you. How could the judges have been so blind? Your costume is inaccurate, plain and simple. Also, Tifa doesn't have a flat chest like yours. You don't deserve to be on that stage."

Kaylee felt her cheeks flush with anger and embarrassment. She took a step back, trying to maintain her composure. The woman seemed especially belligerent. Was she drunk? The party night for the con was kicking off soon.

"Uh, I worked just as hard on my costume as everyone else," she said evenly. "My interpretation of Tifa is based on more than just physical attributes. I actually sourced, dyed, and hand-stitched the leather, and-"

The blonde scoffed, her chest rising and falling a bit in an exaggerated way that Kaylee was pretty sure was intentional. Kaylee turned on her heel, eager to put some distance between herself and the venomous Jesse. She strode towards the elevators, her head held high despite the sinking feeling in her stomach. The judging had been tough, but she refused to let this one bitter woman ruin her night. She'd go upstairs, rest and unwind for an hour or so, and then join her friends at a party in the main lobby later that night. Just had to get to the room...

As Kaylee waited for the elevator doors to open, she could feel Jesse's piercing glare burning into her back as if she had Power Girl's heat vision. She tried to ignore the prickling sensation of knowing she was being glared at, focusing instead on the soft hum of the elevator machinery. Finally, with a cheerful ding, the doors slid open, revealing an empty car. Kaylee stepped inside, hitting the button for her floor, and breathed a sigh of relief as the doors began to close. But her momentary respite was short-lived. Jesse shoved her way into the elevator at the last second, causing Kaylee to stumble back in surprise. The blonde smirked cruelly as she turned to face Kaylee, her hands on her hips.

"What? Trying to run away?" Jesse taunted. "I won't let you hide from the truth. Your costume is a joke, and so are you for thinking you deserve to be in the top three."

Kaylee's green eyes flashed with anger, but she bit back a retort. She refused to sink to Jesse's level, no matter how much the woman goaded her. Instead, she crossed her arms over her chest, unintentionally drawing attention to her comparatively much more modest bust as the elevator began its ascent.

"I won't listen to this anymore," Kaylee said coolly. "You had your chance to prove yourself, and the judges made their decision. I suggest you respect that and move on."

Jesse's eyes narrowed as she took a step closer to Kaylee, her ample bosom straining against the top of the white Power Girl bodysuit. "You think you're better than me, don't you? With your little girl scout attitude and your pathetic excuse for a chest. Tifa Lockhart deserves better than a flat-chested wannabe like you."

The elevator dinged, signaling their arrival at Kaylee's floor. Kaylee wasted no time in exiting, but Jesse followed hot on her heels. "I'm not letting this go until you admit the truth. You don't belong in the top three. You're a fraud. You probably fucked one of the judges. Your tits are so small I need a microscope to see them."

Kaylee's patience finally snapped. She whirled around to face Jesse, her eyes flashing with a fury Jesse had not seen before. Kaylee quickly reached into her bag and pulled out a small device that looked like an old garage door opener, pointing it at the stunned blonde who was blinded by a flash of white light. Jesse felt a strange tingling sensation, then a rush of wind as the world around her began to expand at an astonishing rate. Jesse's eyes widened in shock as she realized what Kaylee held: a shrink ray, illegal and unregistered. The elevator walls, the floor, Kaylee's face: all grew to towering heights as Jesse plummeted down, down, down towards the floor.

In a matter of seconds, it was over. Jesse stood in stunned silence, her head barely reaching the tip of Kaylee's boots. She looked up at the towering woman, her mouth agape in disbelief.

"What... what have you done?" Jesse stammered, her voice now a mere whisper compared to the boisterous shouts of moments before.

Kaylee smirked down at the tiny blonde, a wicked gleam in her green eyes. "Leveled the playing field. You said something about microscopic tits? I wonder which of us that applies to now," she replied coolly, reaching down and scooping Jesse up in her palm. "Now, let's continue this conversation in private, shall we?"

With Jesse clutched tightly in her fist, Kaylee exited the elevator and made her way down the hallway to her hotel room. She entered the spacious suite, kicking the door shut behind her with a dainty foot. Turning to the tiny woman in her hand, Kaylee opened her fingers, allowing Jesse to tumble out onto the plush bedspread.

Jesse scrambled to her feet, trying to brush off the clammy sweat from Kaylee's palm from her Power Girl costume. Kaylee was wearing gloves but some of her sweat had soaked through them a bit. Jesse glared up at Kaylee, her small fists clenched at her sides. "You can't do this!" she shouted, her voice still a mere squeak. "I'll report you to the authorities for using a illegal shrink ray!"

Kaylee laughed, a rich and throaty sound that seemed to shake the very walls of the room. She crossed her arms over her chest, unintentionally drawing Jesse's gaze to her modest but toned breasts straining against the cloth and leather of her top.

"Oh, I don't think you will," Kaylee continued, her voice dripping with malicious intent. "Not after I'm done teaching you a lesson about respect and sportsmanship. Now, let's see how you like being on the other side of the breast size for once. Even as big as they are compared to you, I've had flea bites bigger than yours. And Power Girl? Really? A big-titted blonde bimbo dressed as Power Girl. What'd that take to come up with, like a minute?"

With that, Kaylee reached down and slowly began to unzip her leather jacket, revealing more and more of her toned midriff. Jesse watched in trepidation as Kaylee shrugged the jacket off entirely, letting it fall to the floor with a soft thud. Next, she reached down and removed her

suspenders and then the white crop top, pulling it over her head and dropping it to join the jacket on the carpet, along with her skirt. She shook her hair out a bit; she'd actually grown it out to match Tifa's long hair.

Jesse's eyes widened as Kaylee's small but perky breasts were revealed, her pink nipples already stiffening in the cool air of the hotel room. Kaylee smirked down at the tiny blonde, enjoying the look of shock and awe on her face. She could see Jesse's gaze darting from Kaylee's chest to her own ample bosom, now looking comically small in comparison to the petite mounds before her. The tiny girl's breasts were smaller than Kaylee's nipples.

"Like what you see?" Kaylee taunted, cupping her breasts and giving them a slight squeeze. "Too bad you won't be seeing much of them for long. Or will you be seeing a lot more of them? Come on, let's compare sizes after all."

Jesse gulped, realizing the predicament she was in. What little buzz she had earlier had vanished. The liquid courage to confront this behemoth was gone and now she was in the power of another girl. She would have found it ironic in a way, were she not so scared at the moment. Kaylee reached down and pinched her up between two fingers.

Kaylee then laid down on the bed and propped her head up with a pillow before dropping the inch and a half tall girl atop her right breast. She smirked for a minute and then frowned. She was a small B-cup and was annoyed by how much space the tiny girl covered on her breast. This was not proving the point Kaylee had hoped it with, quite the opposite actually. Jesse was trying to gather her wits when she saw the familiar form of the shrinking device rise up and point at her.

"Let's get you down to size. I have a party in a bit, so for the next hour or so, you're going to learn to appreciate and worship my 'tiny tit,' you little parasite." With that, Kaylee pressed the button, and the world ballooned around Jesse once more.

Jesse felt the now familiar sensation of shrinking, the world around her expanding at a breathtaking pace as the shrink ray's energy enveloped her. The hotel room, once a spacious suite, now stretched out into an endless expanse of distant walls and furniture. Kaylee's form loomed above her, the raven-haired beauty's features blurring into an indistinct, titanic shape as Jesse plummeted down, down, down towards Kaylee's chest.

The descent seemed to last an eternity, yet in mere moments, Jesse found herself staring up at a living, breathing mountain of flesh that filled her entire field of vision. Kaylee's nipple, once a modest pink nub, had grown to a colossal, pinkish-brown peak that towered above the diminutive woman like a distant mountain. The wrinkled areola stretched out around her like a vast, uneven plain, each crevice and fold a yawning chasm threatening to swallow her whole.

As Jesse struggled to process the sheer immensity of her new surroundings, she was hit by a wave of heat radiating from Kaylee's skin. The scent of sweat and the musty aroma remaining from the leather jacket and top mingled together, creating a heady, intoxicating perfume that filled the tiny girl's nostrils. The air hung heavy and thick around her, making it difficult for Jesse to breathe in the stifling atmosphere of Kaylee's chest.

Jesse tried to stand, but found herself falling short, her feet unsteady on the shifting, heated flesh with each step she attempted. The texture of Kaylee's nipple was unlike anything she had ever experienced: a strange, slick mixture of rough, textured wrinkles that caught on her fingers and toes as she clawed desperately at the colossal surface before her.

In the distance, the sound of Kaylee's heartbeat pulsed like a steady drumbeat, a bass-heavy rhythm that Jesse could feel reverberating through the titanic expanse of flesh surrounding her. But the sound was so low and distant that it was hardly more than a muffled thrum, the sound of a giant's heart beating in the far-off haze of a pinkish-brown world.

Jesse's mind reeled as she tried to comprehend her new reality. She was so small, so insignificant compared to the living mountain of Kaylee's nipple, that she couldn't even begin to fathom how large the outside world was now. She fell to her knees and looked up at the monolithic nipple looming in the distance.

Jesse found herself in a desperate predicament, she was apparently trapped on the surface of Kaylee's colossal nipple. The air was thick and humid, making it difficult for her to breathe as she gasped for oxygen in the stifling atmosphere. The scent of Kaylee's sweat and the musky odor of the top that had recently encased her breast mingled together, overwhelming her. She could feel the heat radiating off Kaylee's skin, the warmth seeping into her own flesh and making her feel as if she were being baked alive.

As Jesse tried to regain her bearings, she looked around in awe at the vast expanse of flesh stretching out before her. The wrinkles and folds of Kaylee's areola loomed like canyons and mountains, each one a towering barrier that seemed to mock her attempts to climb them. Jesse could see no end to the pinkish-brown landscape, no matter how far she strained her neck to peer into the distance.

With a determined grunt, Jesse began to scale the nearest wrinkle, digging her toes and fingers into the slick, heated surface. The flesh was surprisingly firm and unyielding as she crawled along its surface. It made sense, she supposed; her own nipples had a different texture than the rest of her skin, and she was so tiny that she may as well be climbing up a leather mountain. She could feel the blood pulsing just beneath the skin, the steady rhythm of Kaylee's heartbeat sending tremors through the titanic nipple with each beat.

As Jesse climbed higher and higher, she began to feel the effects of the immense size difference between them. The humid air grew thicker and heavier, making it more and more

difficult for her to inhale with each passing moment. She could feel the sweat dripping down her brow, stinging her eyes, and making it hard to see where she was going.

Suddenly, a low rumble emanated from deep within Kaylee's chest, reverberating through the flesh and sending shockwaves through the wrinkled terrain. Jesse clung to the sweat-slicked surface for dear life as the nipple quivered and bounced beneath her, threatening to toss her off into the abyss. She could only imagine that Kaylee must be moving, shifting her position on the bed, but from Jesse's microscopic perspective, she had no way of knowing for certain. The rumble subsided as quickly as it had begun, leaving Jesse shaken and disoriented. She blinked away the sweat stinging her eyes and continued her arduous ascent, determined to reach the peak of the nipple.

Jesse's climb up the colossal nipple was a grueling, arduous journey that tested her strength and endurance. The sweaty surface made her hands and feet slip and slide with each movement, forcing her to dig her nails and toes into the pliant flesh just to maintain her grip. She feared encountering an actual drop of sweat at her size. The coating on the nipple was already shin deep. An actual drop would likely drown her. Do nipples actually sweat? She pondered, unsure. All she knew is that it was damp and humid. The texture of the nipple was a maddening mix of silken smoothness and rough, textured wrinkles that snagged her skin, tearing at her clothes and leaving her exposed to the oppressive heat radiating from Kaylee's body.

As she ascended higher and higher, Jesse began to notice the nipple changing around her. What would be soft and supple flesh at normal scale started to tighten and harden, growing firmer and more unyielding with each passing moment. She could feel Kaylee's heartbeat pulsing faster, the rhythm growing more intense and insistent as the nipple swelled and lengthened before her eyes. The wrinkles and folds that had once loomed like canyons began to

smooth out, the skin stretching taut and glistening with a sheen of sweat. The pinkish-brown hue deepened to a darker, more flushed shade.

The heat, already oppressive at the base of the nipple, grew even more intense as Jesse climbed higher and higher. The humid air, thick and heavy with the musky scent of Kaylee's arousal, made it harder and harder for Jesse to breathe with each labored breath. Her costume, soaked by the humid atmosphere clung to her. It seemed as though conditions were worsening with each passing second. Was Kaylee getting aroused? Was this what it was like when her own body got turned on?

As the nipple continued to grow and swell before her, Jesse had to redouble her efforts to keep climbing, lest she be left behind by Kaylee's rising excitement. The sound of Kaylee's distant, thunderous breathing grew louder and more ragged, the steady rhythm of her heartbeat quickening to a feverish pitch. Jesse could hear the strange, wet, organic sounds of Kaylee's skin shifting and stretching as the nipple hardened, the lewd noises filling her ears and drowning out all other thoughts.

The journey seemed to stretch on for an eternity, each inch of progress a hard-fought victory against the unforgiving landscape of Kaylee's nipple. Jesse's muscles burned and ached, her lungs screamed for air, but still she climbed. The nipple continued its relentless growth, swelling and lengthening before Jesse's awestruck eyes. She could feel it throbbing and pulsing with each hammering beat of Kaylee's heart, the titanic peak now towering above her like a monolithic mountain peak. The heat radiating from the flushed, glistening surface was unbearable, the air shimmering with the intensity of Kaylee's arousal.

Jesse's clothes clung to her own sweaty skin like a second layer of flesh. Her outfit was not meant for rough conditions. In fact, she regretted ever buying it, though it was not designed for these circumstances. Every movement sent rivulets of perspiration cascading down her

body, stinging her eyes and blurring her vision. Her lungs heaved and burned as she gasped for breath in the stifling atmosphere, the humid air somehow growing thicker and more oppressive with each passing second. She could not decide if that was reality, or her own imagination. Regardless, every moment was a struggle.

The nipple's surface had become a rock-hard and unyielding expanse of flesh. Jesse's fingers and toes ached and screamed in protest, the skin raw and tender from her relentless ascent. She could feel the pulse of Kaylee's heartbeat, likely pumping blood vessels that rivaled her in size, the hot, sticky fluid surging beneath the surface like lava in a volcano. Inflaming and causing this mountain to grow as rivers that gave Kaylee life flowed beneath the surface. The scent of Kaylee's arousal hung heavy in the air. Everything was so overpowering. This was only a nipple! She had to remind herself of that.

As she climbed, Jesse clung to the fleshy mountain like a woman possessed, her nails digging into the unyielding surface as if her life depended on it. And in a sense, it did. For if Jesse were to fall now, to lose her grip on the titanic nipple, she would plummet into the abyss of one of the many canyons covering Kaylee's nipple, lost forever in the vast expanse of her not-so-bountiful bosom. There would be no escape, no hope of rescue, only an eternity trapped in the suffocating embrace of Kaylee's breasts. So, Jesse climbed on, determined, driven by some primal instinct to reach the peak before it was too late. Too late for what? She did not know. Some primal need urged her to head for higher ground. The throbbing, shifting landscape around her was nightmarish to traverse. The nipple, now a deep, angry red and throbbing with a heartbeat that shook the very air around her, loomed before Jesse like a fleshy mountain.

A sudden, shuddering gasp from Kaylee above sent a shockwave rippling through the nipple, nearly knocking Jesse off her precarious perch. The nipple surged upwards, growing even larger and harder, the tip now a pulsing, engorged peak that glistened obscenely in the

dim light. Jesse could feel Kaylee's heartbeat pounding in her ears, the rhythm erratic and desperate, matching the desperate pounding of her own heart.

With a final, herculean effort, Jesse hauled herself up and onto the summit of Kaylee's nipple, collapsing onto the damp, searing surface as if she had just climbed a mountain. She gasped for air, her lungs burning and aching, her skin slick with sweat and exhaustion. The view from the top was breathtaking, a dizzying expanse of flushed, heaving flesh stretching out in all the directions she could see ahead.

Jesse could feel the nipple pulsing and throbbing beneath her, the sensation sending jolts of adrenaline through her exhausted body. The heat was intense, searing, the air so thick with humidity and the musky scent of arousal that Jesse felt drunk on it. She struggled to keep her eyes open, blinking away the sweat and the haze of exhaustion, and looked up at the towering form of Kaylee's arms, and head looming in the distance like Lovecraftian beings.

In that moment, as Jesse lay panting and spent atop the titanic nipple, she felt a strange sense of triumph mixed with a deeper, more primal fear. She had made it to the top, but what would happen now that she was here, trapped on this fleshy peak with no way down and no hope of escape? Jesse shuddered at the thought, her heart hammering in her own chest as she waited for Kaylee's next move, then she looked up towards the opposite direction. There in the far distance was Kaylee's real nipple.

After all of this time... she had only been climbing a single hardened bump on the vast mountain range of Kaylee's areola that circled around the nipple. Jesse sank to her knees and began to cry. Screamed until her throat felt raw. She was so small that a bump on an areola that most people probably would never even notice was mountainous. She ripped off the remnants of her cape and curled up into a ball, finally broken, draping the cape over her shaking form like

a blanket. She lay there, listening to the sounds of Kaylee's body all around her. She only hoped Kaylee would restore her soon.

Kaylee, meanwhile, lay up against the headboard, panting, her heart pounding. She switched off her vibrator and dropped it to the sheets beside her, her left-hand tweaking and playing with her left nipple. Her eyes were occupied with its twin, staring at the hardened, glistening nub. She sighed, reluctantly. She supposed she should grow the poor girl back. She's probably learned her lesson. Kaylee grabbed the shrink device and tried to activate the grow setting, but found a problem. The device couldn't detect Jesse at all. Kaylee knew she was down there, but she'd made Jesse too small for the device to even detect or target. Kaylee lay there for a moment, her chest heaving as she was still coming down from her climax while processing this new development. She stared at the nipple, even more intently now. Somewhere on there was a tiny woman, small, petty, but well endowed. Now, she would live the rest of her miserable existence on Kaylee's much more modest breast.

"Oops. Too bad I don't have a microscope to find you and your tits like you said." Kaylee joked, mostly to herself. She had no idea if the tiny parasite could hear her. Yeah... parasite, Kaylee pondered. That's all this girl really ever was anyway. The buxom brat may as well live on her like one.

Kaylee stood up, cleaned her toy and her nethers, and got back into her costume, this time pinning the ribbon over the breast that now held a tiny woman prisoner on its surface. At least Power Girl got close to her ribbon. Kaylee adjusted her outfit in the mirror and gave both breasts a playful squeeze as she prepared to join her friends for some drinks downstairs.

"Come on, girls, let's go party!"