

The Worst She Can Do Is Say No 2: Christmas Crush

Lisa, the office manager of a mid-level firm dealing in various forms of technological experimentation and application, had always been a bit shy and reserved, preferring to blend into the background. She took pride in her work, but her timid demeanor often meant she went unnoticed and underappreciated at the office. That is, until Jack, the charming and flirtatious marketing manager, transferred to her department.

Jack, with his dashing smile and quick wit, seemed to bring a new energy to the office. He was always eager to chat with Lisa, and she found herself looking forward to their playful banter each day. Jack would often linger by her desk, complimenting her on her choice of lipstick or the way her hair looked. Lisa would blush and stammer, unaccustomed to such direct attention, but she couldn't help but feel a flutter in her chest at his words. As the weeks went by, Lisa began to come out of her shell, thanks in large part to Jack's encouragement. She started to wear brighter colors, a little more makeup, and even a new perfume that made Jack's eyes widen with appreciation. Lisa felt empowered, and it showed in her work. She was more confident, more assertive, and even more daring in her ideas.

The office buzzed with the news that Lisa had purchased a shrink ray for the company, a novelty item to be used for "team-building exercises" and "creative brainstorming." Jack teased her about it mercilessly, asking if she planned to shrink the competition or just the annoying coworkers. Lisa laughed and batted his arm away, feeling a rush of excitement at his playful teasing.

As the holiday party approached, Lisa found herself looking forward to it more and more. The office was decorated with twinkling lights and festive decor, and the air was filled with the scent of pine and peppermint. Lisa wore a new dress, a deep green Christmas-themed dress

with red highlights that hugged her curves in all the right places. She felt beautiful, confident, and ready to let loose. At the party, she saw Jack across the main room and felt a twinge of jealousy to see that he was talking to Keri, the office slut. Lisa had worried her green elf dress would be risqué, Keri's red dress was scandalous, making her look like she stepped out of a secretary-themed porno.

Jack walked up to her, saying, "You look great," with a warm smile.

Lisa involuntarily shivered, feeling a rush of heat spread through her body. The blonde woman had dressed in a skimpy dress designed to be a sluttier version of Zooey Deschanel's elf costume from Jack's favorite Christmas movie, *Elf*. She took a sip of her drink, a spiked eggnog, that it seemed half of the office had added more liquor to, until it had to be constantly stirred to keep a sheen of liquor from floating on the top. She had been drinking it since she got there and felt her inhibitions melting away. There was also beer and a bartender making cocktails as well.

As the party progressed, Lisa found herself growing more and more tipsy, her earlier confidence bolstered by the alcohol coursing through her veins. She laughed louder, spoke more freely, and even put her hand on Jack's arm a few times, feeling the firmness of his bicep beneath his shirt. Each time, she noticed Jack pulling away slightly, his smile tightening almost imperceptibly. But Lisa was too focused on the warmth in her cheeks and the buzzing in her head to pay it much mind.

Around midnight, Lisa took Jack to her office, closing the door and blinds behind them. Lisa sat on her desk and tried to strike an alluring pose. Lisa turned to Jack with a mischievous grin, only to see him back away a bit. Her grin faded and she sighed. "Hey, Jack," she said, leaning in close to him, "I've been thinking... all this time, I thought you were flirting with me. But you're not, are you? You're just... friendly. Really, really friendly."

Jack looked a bit uncomfortable, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "Lisa, you've had quite a bit to drink," he said gently. "Maybe you should slow down a bit?"

But Lisa was on a roll, her inhibitions lowered and her mind racing. "No, no, I'm fine!" she insisted, waving her hand dismissively. "I just... I want to know. If you could have any kind of woman, what would you want? What do you look for in a partner?"

Jack sighed, considering his answer carefully. "Lisa, I... I appreciate your interest, but I'm not sure this is the right time to have this conversation. You've had a lot to drink, and I don't want you to say or do something you might regret tomorrow."

But Lisa was persistent, her eyes narrowed in drunken determination. "Come on, Jack. Tell me. What do you want in a woman?" She swayed slightly on her feet, her words starting to slur together.

Jack hesitated, then spoke slowly and exasperatedly, as if talking to a child. "Lisa, if I'm being honest, I admire confidence. I like a woman who knows what she wants and isn't afraid to go after it. Someone who is assertive and not afraid to take charge sometimes. You know a big personality type."

Lisa blinked, processing his words. She thought she had been all of those things. Then a slow, drunken grin spread across her face. "Oh, I can be assertive," she said, her voice rising in tone a bit. She reached over to an open drawer on her desk and pulled out the shrink ray. Jack paled, but before he could say anything, she fired.

Instantly, Jack was three inches tall on the thick carpet below. Lisa slid off her desk and stepped over Jack, closing the door. She then turned and straddled him, a green heel on either side. He looked up, realizing that he could see her green panties under her green skirt. Festive.

“How’s this for a big personality?” She giggled.

From Jack’s new diminutive perspective, Lisa loomed over him like a towering giantess, her elf costume hugging her curves in ways that made his mouth go dry. The green fabric of the top strained against her modest but perky breasts, the neckline plunging just enough to hint at the soft, creamy skin beneath. Her waist dipped in tightly above the flare of her hips, the skirt riding up dangerously high on her thick, shapely thighs.

The skirt, if one could call it that, was far too short for a proper office party. It barely covered her ass, the hem fluttering just above her knees as she shifted her weight. Jack could see the lacy edge of her green panties peeking out, a tantalizing contrast to the emerald and red fabric of her elvish outfit. The skirt hugged the curves of her rear, the round cheeks bouncing slightly as she moved.

Lisa’s legs seemed to go on for miles from Jack’s new vantage point. They were long, toned, and shapely, clad in sheer, silky stockings that caught the light with every movement. Her calves and thighs were thick and powerful, the muscles flexing as she shifted her stance. Jack’s eyes roamed up her legs, taking in every inch of exposed skin, from her knees to the tantalizing expanse of thigh above her far too short skirt.

As Lisa straddled him, her perfume filled his nostrils - a heady, intoxicating scent that made his head spin almost as much as the alcohol. She smelled like vanilla and spice, with a hint of something darker and more sensual underneath. It was the scent of a woman who was feeling bold, a woman who was ready to take what she wanted. That was him, he now realized with a gulp.

Lisa looked down at Jack with a drunken, mischievous grin spreading across her face. Her cheeks were flushed a pretty pink, and her eyes sparkled with a newfound confidence and

desire. She swayed slightly, the movement causing her skirt to ride up even further and giving Jack a clear view of her panties.

“Like what you see?” Lisa giggled, noticing where Jack’s gaze was focused. She did a little twirl, letting her skirt flare up and giving him an even better view of her ass and the lacy green panties hugging her curves. “I got this costume just for you! Who wore it better? Me or Zooey Dewchel- Deachenal- Desc- the girl from *Elf*?” she slurred, her words still tinged with flirtatiousness and some of her old nervousness.

Lisa loomed over Jack’s tiny form, a wicked grin spreading across her flushed face as she reveled in her newfound power and control. She slowly hiked up her skirt, inch by tantalizing inch, until the hem was bunched around her thick, muscular thighs. The lacy green of her panties was now clearly visible, damp and clinging to her most intimate area.

“Come on, Jack. Don’t be shy,” Lisa purred, her voice dripping with false sweetness. “You don’t want to disappoint me, do you?” She shifted her weight, grinding one heeled foot down next to Jack’s minuscule body, the spiked heel glinting menacingly.

Jack gulped, his heart pounding in his chest as he stared up at the towering woman. He shook his head vigorously, trying to back away, but there was nowhere to go. “Lisa, I don’t think this is a good idea,” he protested weakly, his voice sounding small and distant to his own ears.

Lisa just laughed, a harsh, tinny sound that could barely be heard, even in her small office. “Oh, but it is a good idea, Jack. The best idea.” She leaned down, her breasts swaying heavily above him as she invaded his personal space. “I know you want this. I can see it in your eyes.”

Jack shook his head again, resisting the urge to cover his face with his hands. He didn’t want this, didn’t want Lisa. He had only ever seen her as a friend and coworker, nothing more.

But now, trapped beneath her and at the mercy of her drunken whims, he wasn't sure how to make her understand. Lisa, however, was too far gone in her inebriated state to notice or care about Jack's reluctance. She thought this was all just a sexy game, a thrilling power play that would make Jack fall for her. She didn't realize that her assertiveness was coming across as aggressive and unwanted.

She reached down with one hand, a single finger nearly as long as his body, brushing against Jack's cheek almost tenderly. But there was an undercurrent of dominance in her touch, a demand for submission that made Jack's skin crawl. "Don't fight it, Jack," Lisa cooed, her breath hot against his face. "Just give in. Worship me like the goddess I am."

Lisa's grin faded as she noticed Jack's continued resistance, her eyes narrowing with disappointment and a hint of anger. She had expected him to be putty in her hands, to melt at the chance to "worship" her like she had always dreamed. Instead, he cowered beneath her, looking at her with fear and distaste rather than the adoration she craved. A flash of hurt shone in Lisa's eyes, quickly replaced by a steely glint of determination. If Jack wouldn't come to her willingly, then she would just have to make him. She straightened up, towering over him even more imposingly than before.

"Jack, I'm so disappointed in you," Lisa said, her voice still saccharine but now tinged with a cold edge. "I thought you would be more... cooperative. But it seems you need a little motivation."

She lifted her foot, the spiked heel hovering inches above Jack's chest. He could feel the heat radiating off of it, the promise of pain if she decided to bring it down. Lisa smirked cruelly as she saw the fear in his eyes.

“Now, pay attention,” she commanded, her tone leaving no room for argument. “You are going to worship me, Jack. You’re going to tell me how beautiful and amazing I am, how much you want to serve me and pleasure me. And you’re going to do it enthusiastically, or else...”

She trailed off, letting the threat hang in the air. Lisa’s heart ached with the need for Jack’s love and admiration, and she was determined to have it, no matter what it took. She had always been a shy, quiet girl, but now, drunk on power and liquor, she was ready to take what she wanted by force if necessary.

Lisa ground her heel against the carpet, the spiked tip digging into the plush fibers. She looked down at Jack with a mix of hurt, anger, and cruel determination. “Well? Start worshipping me, Jack. Now,” she demanded, her voice rising in pitch. “Or else you’ll see just how assertive I can really be.”

With a heavy sigh of resignation, Jack reluctantly got down on his hands and knees, trying to ignore the painful stab of his pride at having to debase himself like this. He stared at Lisa’s feet, his gaze fixed on the shiny green heels that now loomed before him like a gateway to a nightmare.

“Lisa, you are... very beautiful,” Jack said, his voice strained and unconvincing. “Your costume is... lovely. And your... your legs are so long and shapely.” He forced out the words, each one feeling like a betrayal of his true feelings.

Inside, Jack’s mind raced as he tried to find a way out of this humiliating situation. He could hear the distant laughter and chatter of the other partygoers, the sound of their voices making him ache to be among them, to be free of Lisa’s drunken obsession. Jack’s eyes darted to the side, catching a glimpse of movement outside the office door. His heart raced at the thought of making a run for it, of squeezing through the narrow gap and escaping Lisa’s

clutches. He knew it would be a tight fit, but the alternative was to stay here and subject himself to more of her unwanted advances.

As he knelt there, looking up at Lisa's towering form, Jack felt a mix of fear, anger, and disgust churning in his gut. He had never wanted to hurt Lisa, but he was starting to feel like he might have to just to get away from her. He needed to find a way to appease her, to make her think she had gotten what she wanted from him and then make his escape.

Jack bowed his head, pressing his forehead against Lisa's foot in a show of reverence. "Your feet are... so beautiful and perfect," he forced out, his voice muffled against the smooth leather of her shoe. "I feel so lucky to be in your presence, Lisa. I'm honored to worship you. There is so much of you to worship now too." The words tasted bitter on his tongue, but Jack knew he had to say them to get out of this mess. He just prayed that Lisa would be satisfied enough to let him go or let her guard down so he could escape.

Lisa giggled with wicked delight at Jack's forced words of worship, misinterpreting his strained compliments as genuine admiration. "Oh, you love seeing so much of me to worship, don't you Jack?" she cooed, a manic gleam in her eyes. "Well, if a little is good, then more will be even better!"

Before Jack could react or protest, or even process that drunken logic, Lisa reached for the shrink ray and aimed it at him. A blinding flash filled the room, and Jack felt a wave of disorientation wash over him. When the spots cleared from his vision, he found himself staring up at Lisa from an even smaller size. The tip of her green shoe actually was above him like a slight overhang. He had to back up to actually see the woman looming above. Jack's heart raced as he took in the terrifying sight of Lisa looming above him, now a colossus that blotted out the ceiling. From this new perspective, her figure was even more intimidating and overwhelming.

Lisa gazed down at Jack with a look of smug satisfaction, her chin jutting out proudly above him. She wiggled her toes, the tips of her heels now the size of cars to Jack's tiny form. "Don't you just love getting to worship even more of me, Jack?" Lisa asked, her voice booming down at him like thunder. "It is Christmas," she said, thinking aloud. "Have you been naughty? Because I'm tired of being nice."

Lisa giggled again, a sound that now rumbled through Jack's tiny body like an earthquake. She squatted down over him, the green and red fabric of her skirt stretching tight across her thick, muscular thighs. The skirt rode up as she bent, giving Jack a full view of her panty-clad ass, the lacy green fabric straining against the curves.

"Like what you see down there, tiny?" Lisa purred, reaching a hand down to give her own ass a playful smack. The sound of her hand impacting her own flesh was like a gunshot at Jack's sensitive ears. "I bet you do. I bet you want to get even closer to this big, juicy ass, don't you?"

Lisa leaned forward, her fingers now looming larger than Jack's entire body. She reached out, and with a surprising deftness for someone so inebriated, pinched Jack's minuscule form between her fingertips. Jack gasped as he felt her fingers close around him, the pressure threatening to crush the air from his lungs.

"Let's get you an even closer look," Lisa said, lifting Jack up with a wicked grin. She brought him higher and higher, until he was staring directly at her panty-clad crotch, the lacy fabric now the size of a building to his diminished size.

Lisa's fingers were like a cage around him, the tips of her nails now as long as his body. She wiggled her fingers, jostling Jack around as she lifted him even higher, until his face was

pressed against the damp fabric of her panties. The scent of her arousal was overwhelming, filling his nostrils and making his head spin.

“Isn’t this so much better, Jack?” Lisa cooed, rubbing his tiny body against her crotch. “Getting to be so close to me, worshipping me up close and personal? I know you love it, even if you won’t admit it.” Her voice was a low, breathy purr, and her eyes gleamed with a manic, drunken hunger.

Lisa let out a shuddering moan as she rubbed Jack’s tiny body along the damp, lacy fabric of her panties. The sensation of his tiny form squirming against her most intimate area sent electric jolts of pleasure rippling through her body. “Ohhh, Jack,” she gasped, her hips twitching and bucking slightly as she ground herself against him. “You feel so good, even at this size. I can’t wait to feel more...”

With a wicked grin, Lisa lifted Jack away from her crotch and dangled him over the swell of her ass, the round cheeks glistening and straining against the thin fabric of her panties. She hooked a finger under the waistband and slowly peeled it back, revealing the crease of her ass and the shadowy depths within.

“Maybe I should just drop you in and let you worship me from the inside, hmm?” Lisa teased, her voice a low, breathy purr. She hovered Jack over the entrance to her ass, the opening now a yawning cavern to his tiny eyes. “Wouldn’t that be a treat? Getting to be buried in the ass of the goddess you claim to worship?”

Lisa’s eyes unfocused for a moment, and she blinked, a flicker of uncertainty crossing her face. She was drunk, but not drunk enough to fully ignore the small, rational voice in the back of her mind screaming that this was a terrible idea. That Jack clearly didn’t want this, and that she was scaring him more than arousing him.

Lisa moved her hand away, reluctantly. She looked down at the tiny form of Jack, barely able to make out his face. She felt a bit of guilt at what she wanted to do. She hadn't had enough alcohol yet to bring herself to believe this was a great idea. She needed a drink.

"I think... I think I need a stronger drink before we continue this," Lisa said, her voice still breathy but now tinged with a hint of hesitation. She lifted Jack up to eye level, her warm, alcohol-tinged breath washing over him. "Don't go anywhere, okay? I'll be right back with a... a special cocktail. And then we can continue your worship session properly."

With that, Lisa stood up, Jack still dangling from her fingertips. She looked down at him and bit her lip. She lowered him with one hand towards the top of her dress and used the other to pull it back, revealing a stiffening nipple beneath a shadowy canopy. She held her breath as she lightly tossed him into her top and let it snap shut, sealing him within. She could feel him squirming on a nipple nearly twice as large as his body. She took a deep breath, the swelling of her chest pinning him tight as she did. She fixed her dress and then walked back out to the party in search of a drink.

As Lisa walked, each step sent shockwaves through Jack's tiny body. Her breasts, now vast and fleshy plains to his diminished size, jiggled and swayed with each movement. Jack found himself pinned tightly against one of Lisa's nipples, the stiff peak pushing into his chest and forcing him to contort uncomfortably. The nipple was nearly twice as large as Jack's entire body, and its heat and firmness made him feel like he was being branded by it.

The air inside Lisa's dress was warm and stuffy, filled with her natural scent mixed with her perfume and the lingering aroma of alcohol. He was taken aback by how sweaty it was. He never thought that a woman's breasts could sweat so much or be so damp. The combination was intoxicating and disorienting, making Jack feel lightheaded as he struggled to breathe in the confined space. Every step Lisa took, hell every breath she took, affected Jack. He could feel

and hear the distant rush of her heartbeat. It was a primal, overwhelming reminder of the vast difference in their sizes and the power imbalance between them. As Lisa walked, Jack had no choice but to be jostled and bounced against the pillowy flesh of her breast. He was trapped in a fleshy prison, at the mercy of Lisa's every movement. The experience was terrifying and humiliating, a stark reminder of his helplessness in the face of Lisa's drunken obsession.

He had no idea how drunk she was and how drunk she would get, and that terrified him. Jack could only pray that Lisa would not forget about him in there, that she would remember to let him out before he suffocated in the confines of her dress. He had never felt so small, so insignificant, and so completely at the mercy of another person's whims. The walk to the bar seemed to take an eternity, each step a new form of torture as Jack waited for Lisa to get a drink and continue her twisted game.

Lisa grabbed a strong, fruity cocktail from the bartender, the glass condensation already dripping down the sides. She scanned the crowded room; her brow furrowed in annoyance at how many people were still lingering at the party. She had hoped to find a quiet spot to breathe before going back to her office to continue her "private time" with Jack, but everywhere she looked, there were still clusters of drunken revelers laughing and chatting. It was after midnight; do they not have lives, she thought bitterly. She did like the idea that no one in the room knew that Jack was on her breast the entire time.

As she was about to settle for a secluded corner, Lisa was approached by a wobbly, drunken Keri. The redhead's eyes were glazed over, and she had a stupid grin plastered across her face. "Heyyy, Lisa," Keri slurred, stumbling slightly as she invaded Lisa's personal space. "Have you seen Jack? I can't find him anywhere."

Lisa rolled her eyes, irritated by the interruption. She clutched the cocktail tighter, the ice cubes clinking. "He's... he's in the middle of something," Lisa said vaguely, not wanting to reveal her secret game with Jack. "I'm sure he'll turn up eventually."

Keri leaned in closer, her breath heavy with the scent of alcohol. "Mmm, I bet he is," she purred, her eyes roaming over Lisa's curvy figure appreciatively. "I am getting a little hungry for some fun, if you know what I mean. Ready to show him what this mouth can do." She licked her lips and made a sensual O shape before looking back at Lisa. "Maybe you would like to find out too..." Keri reached out a drunken hand to trail a finger down Lisa's arm, her intentions clear.

Lisa stiffened, not wanting to encourage Keri's advances. As much as she craved attention and admiration, Keri's touch felt clumsy and unwanted compared to the power she held over Jack. "I appreciate the sentiment, Keri, but I'm not really in the mood right now," Lisa said coolly, taking a step back.

Keri pouted but didn't take the hint. She swayed closer, her hand now resting on Lisa's hip. "Come on, Lisa, don't be like that. I could make you feel soooo good..." Keri's words were slurred, but her meaning was crystal clear. "I am going to get a drink. Maybe we will see where things go later?"

With an exaggerated sway of her hips that nearly caused her to fall, Keri sauntered away to the bar. Lisa shook her head and took a sip of her drink. Then an idea popped into her head. She discretely pulled Jack out of her top and dropped him into her mixed drink. She watched him float for a moment before taking a sip, making sure not to accidentally drink him.

Jack found himself plunging into the icy, fruity liquid, the sudden cold shocking his tiny body. The alcohol and fruit juices splashed around him, the colors of the drink now a vibrant, swirling world surrounding his diminished form. The cocktail was a kaleidoscope of flavors and

textures, the fruit pulp and ice cubes looming like islands in the vast, alcoholic sea. As Jack sank deeper, he could feel the alcohol burning his lungs, stinging his eyes. The fruity scent was overwhelming, filling his nostrils and making him cough and sputter as he struggled to keep his head above the surface. The liquid was so thick and viscous that it felt like he was swimming through syrup, his limbs growing heavy and sluggish.

Jack could see Lisa's fingers, now as large as trees, attached a hand the size of a building to his eyes, gripping the edge of the glass. He watched in horror as Lisa brought the rim to her full, glossy lips and tilted the glass back. The liquid began to slosh and churn as she drank, and Jack felt himself being pulled towards the vortex of her mouth. He could feel the heat radiating from Lisa's mouth, and he knew that if he was sucked in, he would be doomed. The alcohol would intoxicate him, the saliva would drown him, and Lisa's body would dissolve him. He knew her drunken obliviousness and flirtatiousness would ensure she didn't realize the danger she put him in until it was too late.

Jack kicked and struggled, trying desperately to keep afloat, to stay away from the swirling, churning danger of Lisa's mouth. His heart raced, and his lungs burned as he gasped for air in the thick, alcohol-soaked atmosphere. She lowered the glass from her face. Jack looked up at her, smiling down from above, oblivious to how much pain she was putting him through. He had never felt so vulnerable, so powerless, and so terrified of the woman he once considered a friend. Now he saw her as a drunken menace, a goddess drunk on power and alcohol, playing with his life like a toy.

Keri stumbled back over to Lisa, a new cocktail in hand, the same fruity concoction that now trapped Jack's terrified form. She took a long sip, her eyes widening as she felt something solid and small slide down her throat. She coughed and sputtered, looking down at the glass in confusion. She had almost choked on an ice cube.

She turned to Lisa with a wicked grin spreading across her face. "You know, Jack and I were supposed to go back to his place tonight for some fun. Hope he turns up. I'm ready for some fun."

Lisa's eyes flashed with anger and jealousy at Keri's revelation. Her grip tightened on her own glass, the ice cubes clinking ominously. She glared down at Jack's struggling form, her expression unreadable. Inside the glass, Jack's heart raced with panic. He had no idea Keri would blurt out his plans with her, but the fact that Lisa now knew he had been planning to be with someone else filled him with dread. He could only imagine how angry and jealous Lisa must be, and he braced himself for her wrath.

Lisa said nothing to Keri, keeping her gaze fixed on Jack as he thrashed and spluttered in the drink. Her mind raced with jealous thoughts, wondering how dare he make plans with someone else when he belonged to her now. The realization that he had tried to leave earlier because he was not interested in her and wanted to be with another woman filled her with a rage that threatened to boil over. Lisa gripped the glass tighter, her knuckles turning white, as she stared down at Jack's terrified face. She took a sip of her drink, feeling him bump against her lips, and shuddered at the thought of him leaving with Keri. She had to make him pay. She looked up at the drunk woman who was greedily sucking up her drink and got an idea.

"Hey, Keri, you like me and you like Jack, right?" She asked, letting the alcohol remove any inhibitions.

The drunk girl nodded, "Yeah, he's hot and you, you got this cold boss vibe thing going, and you clean up really nice!" She slurred, taking in Lisa's tight outfit.

Lisa looked Keri over, taking in her drunken, lust-filled gaze. She smirked, an idea forming in her alcohol-soaked mind. "Come with me, Keri," Lisa said, her voice low and commanding. "Let's go somewhere more private to... discuss this further."

Keri nodded eagerly, stumbling along as Lisa led her by the hand out of the crowded room and down the hall to Lisa's private office. Lisa unlocked the door and pulled Keri inside, locking it firmly behind them. The room was dimly lit, the air thick with tension.

"Jack wanted to be shrunk and played with by me," Lisa lied smoothly, watching Keri's reaction. "He asked me to do it before he disappeared earlier."

Keri's eyes widened in surprise. "Really? Jack wanted to be your tiny little toy?" She giggled drunkenly. "He never mentioned that to me. I wonder why? Where is he?"

Lisa smirked, picking up her drink and swirling it around. "He's here, in my drink. He's been enjoying my body for the last hour." She took a sip, feeling Jack bump against her tongue. She soft him back into the glass. "Want to see?"

Keri leaned in closer, squinting at the glass. "Where? I don't see him..."

Lisa held the glass out, letting Keri peer inside. "Look closer. See that tiny, struggling shape floating in the fruit pulp? That's Jack, now a tiny little plaything for me to use however I want."

Keri's eyes widened as she finally spotted Jack's minuscule form, his limbs flailing as he struggled against the alcohol and fruit juices. She let out a drunken gasp. "Wow, he's so small! And trapped in your drink? That's crazy!" She looked up at Lisa with a wicked grin, her inhibitions lowered by the alcohol. "I want to play with him too. Can I have a sip?"

“Hmm... sure. Just don’t swallow him, k? I have other plans for him. “ She said, passing the glass to the drunk and greedily lustful Keri.

From Jack’s perspective, Keri’s face loomed above the glass, her features distorted and grotesquely large. Her lips curled into a drunken, mischievous grin as she peered down at him, her eyes glinting with a predatory light.

“Well, well, well... look who we have here,” Keri slurred, her words dripping with false sweetness. “Little Jack, I wanted to see how big you were. Now I can barely see you. So, you want to play with the big girls, hmm?” She giggled, the sound rumbling through the glass and shaking Jack to his core. “Aren’t you just the cutest little thing, all tiny and trapped and at the mercy of a couple of sexy ladies? I bet you love this, don’t you Jack? Being a tiny little toy for Lisa to play with? Well, I only play with big boys, and I never play with my food.”

Jack could only shudder in terror, his small body trembling as he floated helplessly in the fruity liquid. Keri’s voice was a low, husky purr, the sound waves vibrating through the drink and rattling his bones. The alcohol burned his lungs and stung his eyes, making it hard to focus on her face above. He watched, heart pounding, as Keri’s lips parted and she tilted the rim of the glass towards her mouth. The opening was a yawning chasm to his eyes, and he knew that if he was sucked in, he would be doomed. The heat of her breath hit him first, washing over his tiny body and making him gasp.

Then, before he could react, Keri’s tongue, now as large as a beach ball to Jack’s tiny eyes, plunged into the drink. It was a fleshy, slick intrusion, invading the liquid and churning it around him. He felt himself being pulled towards the warm, damp cavern of Keri’s mouth, the suction growing stronger by the second.

Jack screamed, but the sound was swallowed up by the slurping and sucking noises of Keri's greedy mouth. He thrashed and fought against the current, his limbs growing heavy and sluggish as he was dragged closer and closer to the edge of the glass. Just before he was about to be pulled in, he heard Keri's muffled laughter, the sound vibrating through the drink and making the liquid slosh around him. Then, with a final, hard suck, Jack felt himself being pulled from the glass and into the hot, wet embrace of Keri's maw. He tumbled across her tongue, the slick, fleshy landscape looming around him as he struggled to crawl towards the open lips. Teeth and lips clapped together to seal him in complete darkness.

Poor Jack atop the fleshy surface of Keri's tongue saw a flash of light as her lips parted and then darkness as they closed around him once more. The world was a swirling vortex of heat and moisture, the air thick with the mingled scents of alcohol and Keri's perfume. Jack could feel the muscles of her tongue undulating beneath him as she spoke, the vibrations nearly knocking him off the slippery surface.

"Nuh-uh, didn't swallow him. He's right here," Keri slurred, her words garbled by the presence of the tiny man on her tongue that they boomed around. She stuck out her tongue, presenting Jack to Lisa like a prize.

Lisa leaned in close, her eyes glinting with a wicked light as she took in the sight of Jack's minuscule form perched on Keri's tongue. A slow, sensual smile spread across her lips. "Ha, there he is. Such a naughty boy, letting himself get caught like this."

Lisa's face filled Keri's field of vision, her glossy lips parting as she leaned in closer. Jack's eyes widened in terror as he realized what Lisa intended to do. He opened his mouth to scream, but all that emerged was a pitiful squeak that was swallowed up by the pressure of Lisa's breath as her lips merged with Keri's. Lisa's lips met Keri's in a deep, passionate kiss. Her tongue snaked out, sliding along Keri's and pushing Jack along with it. This was not passionate

for poor Jack. He tumbled and slid across the slick, muscular landscape, the slick flesh undulating around him as the two women made out sloppily. Jack struggled and fought against the invading tongue, but it was useless. He was pushed and prodded, sliding across the bumpy surface of Lisa's tongue until he was trapped at the tip, his legs dangling over the edge. He could feel the humidity of Lisa's mouth, the wetness of her saliva coating his tiny body. The air was thick with the scent of alcohol and lipstick, making it hard for him to breathe. He was trapped in a fleshy prison, at the mercy of two drunk and lustful women who saw him as nothing more than a toy to play with.

For Jack the kiss between Lisa and Keri was a disorienting, overwhelming experience. The world became a swirling vortex of hot, wet flesh and the clashing of lips and tongues that loomed like giants above him. He could feel the slick, muscular undulations of their tongues as they explored each other's mouths, the sensation of being passed back and forth between the two women like a tiny, helpless parcel. The air was thick with the mingled tastes of alcohol, lipstick, and the natural musk of their saliva, making it hard for Jack to breathe. He could only struggle and squirm, trapped in the fleshy prison of their passionate embrace, his tiny body coated in their spit and slick with their desire. The kiss seemed to go on forever, the two women making out sloppily and without regard for Jack's predicament, using him as an unwitting pawn in their drunken game of one-upmanship.

For Lisa, the kiss with Keri was a means to an end - a way to assert her dominance over Jack and make him pay for daring to make plans with another woman. She could taste the alcohol on Keri's lips, feel the sloppy, uncoordinated movements of her tongue as it tangled with her own. Lisa used the distraction of the kiss to plot her next move, her vengeful mind already racing with ideas of how to humiliate and punish Jack for his betrayal. As their tongues slid and writhed together, Lisa made sure to position Jack at the very tip of her own tongue, balancing him precariously on the slick, muscular surface. She could feel him struggling and squirming,

could taste the salt of his skin and the fear that rolled off him in waves. It only fueled Lisa's desire for retribution, her need to put Jack in his place and remind him of his proper role as her tiny, helpless plaything.

As the kiss finally broke, Lisa pulled back, a string of saliva connecting her lips to Keri's. She could see the dazed, lust-filled look in Keri's eyes, the way her chest heaved with each ragged breath. Lisa smirked, knowing that she had the drunk redhead right where she wanted her. With a final, deliberate movement, Lisa pushed her tongue forward, forcing Jack to tumble off the slick surface and onto the waiting flesh of Keri's own tongue. She watched Keri's face go from bliss to excitement as she started sucking and swishing Jack around in her mouth.

Lisa's mind raced with a deliciously wicked idea, a cruel smile spreading across her face as she plotted her next move. From her perspective, Jack was nothing more than a two-timing ass, and she was determined to use Keri to teach him a lesson he would never forget. Lisa's gaze raked over Keri's drunk, eager face, seeing the perfect instrument of revenge.

Lisa's tongue flicked out, licking her lips as she considered her next move. "Keri, sweetie, I have an idea. Why don't you put that naughty tongue of yours to good use and eat me out? Actually, I want you to bury your face in my ass until I cum all over you."

Keri blinked in confusion, her drunken mind struggling to process Lisa's lewd request. But as the words sank in, a slow, wicked grin spread across her face. "Mmm, fuck yeah, I love eating pussy. Haven't done a rim job before. I bet a bitchy boss like you tastes so fucking good," Keri slurred, her eyes glazing over with lust.

Lisa smirked, satisfied with Keri's eager response. Without hesitation, she turned and bent over her desk, hiking up her tight skirt to expose her ass to Keri. Lisa reached back and

pulled her panties down, letting them drop to her ankles before kicking them off to the side. She wiggled her hips invitingly, presenting her most intimate area to Keri.

“Come on, Keri. Bury your tongue deep in my ass and make me cum. Show me what a good little slut you can be,” Lisa ordered, her voice dripping with condescension and cruelty. She turned away from Keri, rolling her eyes. She knew that by using Keri in this way, she could humiliate and punish Jack for his betrayal, all while using his tiny body as a toy for both of them to play with.

Jack could only watch in horror and disgust as Keri eagerly moved behind Lisa, her eyes gleaming with drunken lust and curiosity. He felt the sweaty heat of Lisa’s bare ass radiating against Keri’s face as she leaned in close, her hot breath washing over Lisa’s most intimate area. Jack struggled and squirmed on the slick surface of Keri’s tongue, trying desperately to escape the impending violation.

At first, Keri’s licks were tentative, almost shy. Her tongue, a warm, wet muscle that seemed to fill Jack’s entire field of vision, flicked out and made contact with Lisa’s ass. The sensation was electric, sending a shudder through Lisa’s body that Jack could feel from his precarious perch. Keri grew bolder with each lick, her tongue delving deeper into the cleft of Lisa’s ass, the slick flesh parting to reveal the tight, puckered hole of Lisa’s anus.

Jack gagged and choked as Keri’s tongue pushed forward, the rough, textured surface rubbing against his tiny body as it probed Lisa’s most intimate area. He could feel the rigidity and tightness of Lisa’s anal ring as Keri’s tongue circled and massaged it, trying to coax it to relax and open up. The scent of Lisa’s ass filled Jack’s nostrils, the musky, intimate aroma overwhelming his senses. As Keri’s licking grew more intense and focused, Jack could feel the vibrations of Lisa’s moans and gasps radiating through Keri’s tongue and into his own body. The sensation was intense, almost painful, as the slick, muscular landscape undulated and quaked

around him. Jack could only cling to the slippery surface, his tiny fingers digging into the soft flesh as he braced himself against the onslaught of sensation.

Keri's tongue pushed harder, the tip pressing insistently against Lisa's anus, trying to force entry into the tight, clutching hole. Jack could feel the pressure building, almost hear the tension in Keri's jaw and the strain of her tongue as she bore down, determined to please Lisa at any cost. He knew that if Keri succeeded in pushing her tongue inside, he would be trapped in the most intimate, violating place imaginable - buried deep in the ass of the woman who had shrunk him and now sought to humiliate him. The thought made Jack shudder with revulsion and dread, his heart pounding in his chest as he was pressed against the tight, foul orifice.

Jack felt more than saw the sickening sensation of Keri's tongue pushing past the tight ring of muscle, the slick, fleshy invader forcing its way into the clutching dark heat of Lisa's rectum. His stomach churned as he was shoved deep into the dank, humid cavern of Lisa's ass, the walls clenching and rippling around Keri's plundering tongue. The stench was overwhelming, the reek of Lisa's most intimate musk filling Jack's nostrils and making his eyes water. He gagged and retched, the acrid taste of Lisa's ass coating his tongue as he was buried alive in the sweltering confines of her anal passage.

As Keri began to tongue-fuck Lisa's ass with gusto, slurping and slobbering noisily, Jack was bashed and tossed in the churning, undulating flesh. He slammed into the slick, clenching walls of Lisa's rectum with each thrust of Keri's tongue, the force of the impacts knocking the wind from his lungs. The heat was oppressive, the air thick and cloying, making it nearly impossible for Jack to breathe. He could feel the pulsing, throbbing rhythm of Lisa's body as her arousal grew, the walls of her ass clenching and fluttering around Keri's invading tongue. To make matters worse, Jack could feel the slick, slimy film of Keri's saliva coating his body, the drunken redhead's drool dripping down to mix with the pungent juices of Lisa's ass. It was a

sickening, revolting combination of fluids that left Jack feeling dirty, violated, and utterly miserable. He wanted nothing more than to escape the fleshy prison that had become his world, but there was no escape from the relentless onslaught of Keri's tongue as it plundered Lisa's most intimate depths.

As Lisa's pleasure built, her moans and cries of ecstasy vibrating through Keri's tongue and into Jack's battered body, he knew that his torment was far from over. He would be trapped in this hellish, stinking pit until Lisa had her fill of using Keri to humiliate and degrade him. The thought made Jack want to scream, to beat his tiny fists against the clenching walls of Lisa's rectum and beg for mercy. But he knew it would be useless.

Keri's tongue flicked hard at the inside of the chamber, launching him deeper into his former friend's rectum. He landed in the dark passage and rolled a bit, covered in saliva and worse things. He got a brief glimpse of light as the tongue retreated and the anus clenched shut. He was alone inside of Lisa. He could hear a cacophony of organic sounds echoing around him as Lisa moaned in pleasure. Each shift and thrust of her hips tossed him about anew.

Lisa's moans grew louder and more fervent as Keri's skilled tongue worked her over, the drunken redhead slurping and suckling at Lisa's most intimate area with wild abandon. Lisa could feel the pleasure building, the heat coiling in her core as Keri's tongue plunged in and out of her tight, clenching ass. She had been fingering herself the entire time, her digits plunging into her dripping pussy, matching the rhythm of Keri's oral assault on her backside.

As Lisa's climax approached, she let out a guttural moan, her body shuddering and stiffening as the first waves of orgasm crashed over her. "Fuck, yes! Don't stop, Keri! Eat my ass, you dirty slut!" Lisa cried out, this time meaning it, her voice ragged with lust and impending release.

Just as Lisa hit her peak, she could feel Jack's tiny form tumbling deep inside her rectum, bashed about by the clenching and rippling of her anal walls. The knowledge that the man who spurned her was now helpless and trapped inside her own body as she came sent Lisa over the edge. She came. Hard.

Her pussy clenched and spasmed around her plunging fingers, a gush of feminine nectar splattering her hand and dripping down her thighs. Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head, her mouth falling open in a silent scream of ecstasy as she rode out the intense waves of her climax. As Lisa's orgasm finally began to subside, she went limp, slumping against her desk with a satisfied sigh. She hadn't felt this fulfilled in a long time. She was basking in bliss. Said bliss was interrupted by a drunken giggle behind her.

Keri pulled back from Lisa's ass, a string of saliva connecting her lips to Lisa's puckered hole. She licked her lips, savoring the taste of Lisa's most intimate area, before bursting out laughing. "Wow, that was so fucking hot! Did you feel that, Lisa? Did you feel that little fucker getting tossed around in there as you came? That's gotta be the best thing for a little perv like him, huh? He did ask for this, right? Hope I didn't swallow him. Would hate to end his fun. Hehe if I did, he would eventually be in my ass too!"

Keri slapped Lisa's ass hard, the flesh jiggling from the impact. "Hey Jack, you still in there? Hope you're enjoying your new home. I bet you never thought you'd end up as a toy for Lisa's ass, did ya?" Keri called out, her words slurred but filled with wicked amusement.

Lisa smirked over her shoulder at Keri, still catching her breath from her intense orgasm. "Mmm, he's not going anywhere. I think I'll keep him in there, my personal little ass toy. He can spend the rest of his life as a prisoner in my butt, reminding me how much I own him."

Keri giggled, the idea of Jack being trapped forever in Lisa's ass filling her with dark glee. "Fuck, that's so hot. You're such a dirty bitch, Lisa. I love it!" She slapped Lisa's ass again, harder this time, before leaning in close to whisper in Lisa's ear. "That was amazing. But now it's your turn to return the favor. I want you to eat me now! Think you can handle that, boss?"

Keri stepped back and hiked up her skirt, revealing her lack of panties and the damp patch darkening the fabric of her dress. She turned around and bent over, presenting her pussy to Lisa, looking back at her with a drunk, lust-filled gaze. "Well? Don't keep a girl waiting. Eat me, Lisa. Make me scream."

Lisa looked blankly at the drunken girl and just blasted her with the shrink ray.

"Okay. "

Lisa sighed and pulled her skirt back down, straightening out her clothes as she came down from her post-orgasmic high. She turned to look at the shrunken Keri, who now stood at about three inches tall, still bent over and presenting her tiny pussy, but now stumbling forward and screaming as the size change caused her to lose balance. Lisa looked down at her with a mix of disdain and annoyance.

"Listen Keri, I have to be honest with you. I've always found you rather annoying and irritating. Your constant flirting, your slutty behavior, shirking off your work, it's all just so tiresome," Lisa said bluntly, her voice dripping with contempt. "I only brought you here to use you as a means of punishing Jack for his betrayal. But now that he's been dealt with, I find I have no further use for you either."

Lisa aimed down the shrink ray with one eye closed like she was a cowgirl in a western, a wicked gleam in her eye. Keri's eyes widened as she realized what Lisa intended to do, but

before she could protest, a blast of green light enveloped her tiny form. Lisa mouthed the sound of a gunshot as the ray caused Keri to disappear.

“Bang.”

Keri screamed as the world around her grew larger and larger, until she was shrunk down to a mere half an inch tall, her naked body now smaller than Lisa’s fingertips. She stumbled back, her tiny limbs flailing as Lisa loomed over her.

Lisa picked up the shrunken Keri by her legs between two fingers, holding the tiny, nude girl aloft and examining her with a critical eye. Even at this size, Keri’s drunken state was evident in how she flopped and flailed around. No coordination. Just drunk. Speaking of, Lisa looked over to the edge of the desk and saw Keri’s glass. Lisa could see the remnants of the mixed drink still filling about half of the glass. With a wicked gleam in her eye, Lisa held the tiny girl over the glass at shoulder height and let go. She watched as the tiny woman fell what likely felt like hundreds of feet before landing in the pool of alcohol with a tiny splash. She watched with amusement as Keri thrashed and flailed in the sticky liquid, her muffled screams lost in the dregs of the drink.

“Bottoms up,” Lisa said with a cruel chuckle, before raising the glass to her lips and downing the rest of the fruity mixture in one long gulp. She could feel Keri’s tiny body sliding down her throat, the shrunken girl’s struggles growing weaker and weaker as she was pulled into Lisa’s stomach.

Lisa set the empty glass down with a satisfied sigh, a wicked grin spreading across her face as she patted her stomach. “Ah, that hit the spot. I must say, you make a rather tasty little snack, Keri. I hope you enjoy the rest of the party, digesting in my belly. I hope you enjoy your

new home inside me, just like your little friend Jack. I have a feeling you two will have plenty of time to get to know each other intimately in there. Well, in me.”

Lisa licked her lips, savoring the taste of vindication mingling with the sweetness of the drink. She could already feel the alcohol warming her belly, and imagined the tiny, wriggling sensation of Keri’s body as it was slowly broken down by her stomach acids. It was a delicious thought, and one that Lisa knew she would have to repeat now that she had discovered how much she enjoyed the taste of her subordinates. She leaned her fit rear against her desk, wondering how the little skirt chaser was doing in there. That was a delicious thought, too. She could hear some stragglers at the party in the main office. She decided that she wasn’t going to let these two ruin her night. Maybe she could see if the others wanted to continue the party at a bar. Maybe she would pick someone up. Oh! Like that cute guy who just joined accounting.

Yeah, that sounded like a plan, she thought to herself as she sauntered towards the door to her office, putting an extra sway into her hips as she went to join the others. For the two people inside of her, it would be a wild night.