

She Sees His Potential Part 4: How Long Is Too Long?

After surviving the initial onslaught of Barbara's orgasm, Caleb hoped and prayed that she would let him out soon. Surely, after such an intense experience, she would have no further use for him. But as the minutes ticked by and turned into hours, he remained trapped in the stifling heat and darkness of her sex. The air grew thick with the musky scent of her arousal, and the walls of her pussy seemed to pulse and twitch with a mind of their own. Caleb did his best to conserve his strength and stay calm, knowing that panic would only lead to exhaustion and despair. He tried to focus on anything but the claustrophobic confines of his prison, but it was difficult to think of anything else when every movement of Barbara's body sent shockwaves through the slick, undulating walls around him.

Caleb huddled in the slick darkness, his body began shaking as the heat of Barbara's arousal rose around him. He was on the verge of a panic attack from the stress. He could feel his heart pounding. He also could hear the muffled murmur of voices above, and the creaking of the bed as someone new joined her. Fear gripped his heart as he realized it was likely Barbara's husband, Charles. The man he worked for, the man who had previously held his livelihood in his hands. Though that seemed less important now that his wife held him in her snatch. The thought of being trapped between them as they... no, he couldn't even think about it. Caleb's heart raced with fear as he heard them murmur to each other, their voices low and intimate. His body was shaking nearly as badly as when Barbara had almost crushed him with her own shaking earlier. He started to count backwards from a hundred, taking a deep breath of the warm, tangy air of her cunt with each number. It was not helping.

"Did you have a good time at the New Year's party?" Barbara asked, her voice sounding different somehow, softer yet simultaneously more aloof than when she had spoken to Caleb.

“Mmm, it was alright,” Charles replied, his voice a deep rumble that Caleb could feel vibrating through Barbara’s body. He was lying close to her. “We had some fun. Spent too much on booze. What about you? Get what you wanted out of it?”

“Mmm, yes indeed. Maybe even more than you tonight,” Barbara said, letting out a low, breathy laugh, followed by a light yelp and moan. Within seconds, Caleb could feel a fresh gush of warm, slick arousal flooding the tight space around him as the heat went up. She giggled and squirmed again. Were they playing? Despite what Barbara had said about their arrangement and Charles’ well-known philandering, it was clear that her husband still had some effect on her.

Caleb’s heart pounded as he braced himself for what was to come, horrified that the couple would soon begin to make love. He was terrified at the thought of being trapped between their writhing bodies, at the risk of being crushed or smothered in the heat of their passion. He could hear kissing and grunting reverberating through the woman’s body. This went on for minutes. Each minute that passed left Caleb wetter, warmer, and more scared as Barbara ground her hips against something firm.

Caleb could only listen in horror and fascination as the sounds of Barbara’s ministrations to her husband filled his auditory world. Her body shifted, and Caleb found himself sliding down the vaginal tunnel a bit. Then he heard the sounds. At first, he heard the slick, lewd noises of a hand job, the wet squelches and schlicks of saliva being spit into a hand and pumped over an erect cock. That rhythmic sliding of flesh on flesh. He could feel a slight shaking as Barbara’s arm was moving with purpose, the vibrations of her strokes even reaching through her core and into where Caleb was trapped.

“Mmm, that feels so good,” Charles groaned, his deep voice rumbling through Barbara’s body like distant thunder. “Keep going just like that, baby.”

Barbara let out a low, breathy laugh, the sound sending a shiver down Caleb's spine. "Oh, I intend to," she purred, even as her hand continued its relentless pumping and teasing. The wet sounds grew louder, more obscene, the air around Caleb growing thick with the mingled scent of her arousal.

No, Caleb realized, the sounds had changed, grown more intimate and intense. Caleb heard the unmistakable slurping and sucking noises of a blowjob, the lewd schlicks and gurgles of Barbara's throat working around her husband's cock. Each pull of her mouth sent a rush of air through her body. Each bob of her head affected her entire body, even causing her powerful muscles to flutter and pull at Caleb, threatening to disorient him.

"Fuck, your mouth feels incredible," Charles grunted, his hips rocking slightly as he fucked Barbara's face. The wet sounds of her slurping and sucking grew louder, more frenzied, the vibrations of her moans and gargles sending jolts through Caleb's shrunken frame. He could feel the heat of their passion, the way Barbara's body flushed and grew slicker with each passing second. The sounds of their coupling were all-consuming, the wet squelches and schlicks, the lewd slurps and gurgles, the grunts and moans of their shared pleasure. Caleb was trapped in a world of sensation, the slick, churning sea of Barbara's arousal his only reality.

He could imagine what was happening above him, could only picture the debauched scene of Barbara's head bobbing in Charles's lap, or her hand pumping what he couldn't see. Caleb could feel the change in Barbara's body, the way her muscles tensed and then relaxed as her husband found his release. A deep, guttural moan rumbled through her chest, vibrating around Caleb's prone form. He could feel the heat of Barbara's arousal rising, the slick walls of her pussy fluttering and clenching around him as she worked Charles through his climax with her mouth.

As Charles's moans subsided and his body went slack with satisfaction, sliding into the mattress with a thump. Barbara slowly pulled off his softening cock. Caleb could hear the wet, obscene sounds of her licking her lips, perhaps savoring the taste of her husband's seed.

"Happy New Years, darling," Barbara purred, her voice low and husky. "But you know our deal, Charles. It's not over until the lady gets off."

Caleb could feel her body move in a strange arc, followed by a sudden drop and a muffled grunt from Charles... now below him? As she ground her hips, Caleb realized she had swung a leg over to straddle his boss's face. Caleb could feel the shift in her body, the way her thighs clenched, and her hips tilted as she positioned herself over her husband.

"Well, are you going to eat your wife's ass or do I need to smother your face until you do?" Barbara demanded, a note of playfulness in her voice despite the command.

Caleb again tried to imagine the scene above him, the debauched sight of Barbara's ass hovering over Charles's face, her large cheeks and dripping slit poised to smother him. He could feel the heat of her, the way her arousal gushed and trickled around him, growing warmer and thicker by the second. It was an oven. All I had was darkness and heat and pressure.

When Charles began to eat her out, Barbara let out a low moan, her body shuddering with pleasure. She started to grind her hips, riding her husband's face with growing enthusiasm. The sensation of her movements sent shockwaves through Caleb's tiny form, the slick walls of her pussy rippling and squeezing around him.

Based on the feeling and sounds in his new home Caleb knew Barbara's fingers had joined the mix, and could feel the way her body tensed and then shuddered as she worked herself towards her own peak. He was trapped in the churning sea of her lust, the wet squelches and schlicks of her fingers pumping in and out of her dripping cunt filling his auditory

world. The pulsing and squeezing of her inner muscles, along with the gyrating motions of her hips filled his physical world. Occasionally, the tip of a monstrous finger would hit him, the nail swiping at him and pushing him deeper into her recesses. Better the tip of a finger than a cock.

He could feel her growing closer, her muscles tensing and fluttering around him as she chased her high. He knew first hand what was to come and tensed and curled into a ball as her walls squeezed him tighter and tighter. And then, with a cry of ecstasy, she came undone as she came. Barbara's orgasm crashed over her, Caleb felt like he was being squeezed in a vice. The walls of her pussy clamped down around him with a ferocity that stole his breath away, the muscles rippling and undulating as they spasmed with her climax. He could feel the heat of her, the way her arousal gushed and flooded around him, the slick walls slicker than ever as they clenched and fluttered around his tiny body.

Once again, it was a disorienting and painful experience for Caleb. The pressure was immense, the darkness and heat nearly unbearable. He could feel himself being pushed and pulled with each clench and shudder, the muscles of Barbara's sex gripping him like a fist. He curled into a tight ball, trying to make himself as small as possible as he endured the storm of her pleasure. He couldn't believe that after all he'd experienced tonight, he was actually wishing to be smaller!

Eventually, Barbara's climax finally began to subside, and Caleb could feel her body relax, the walls of her pussy going slack around him. He heard a wet squelch as Barbara lifted herself off of Charles's face, and then the creaking of the bed as she swung her legs over the side. Caleb could feel the shift in her body as she stood, the muscles in her thighs and legs flexing and tightening. He felt more than heard the padding of her bare feet on the carpet as she walked towards the bathroom, the sounds of her moving and shifting surrounding him.

A low, steady rumble emanated from somewhere nearby. He could hear the sound of running water, the rush of the toilet being flushed. The sounds of Barbara relieving herself filled the small space. He was glad he was so deep inside of her that he couldn't see or smell it. Instead, he was trapped breathing the stale scent of her sex.

As she finished and washed her hands, Barbara called out to Caleb, her voice muffled strangely in the tight confines of her sex. "Happy New Years, little man," she said, a note of satisfaction in her voice. "You've certainly made this a climactic start to the year for Mummy. I hope you enjoy the year to come. If not, it doesn't really matter."

Caleb could only shudder at her words, his body aching and sore from the ordeal. He wasn't sure he would use the same term as Barbara to describe his experience, but he knew better than to argue with her. Not that she could hear him. He was completely at her mercy, utterly powerless to do anything but endure whatever she had planned for him next. She walked back towards the bed and lay down, asleep within minutes. He lay there, worried about what she had planned for him when she took him out upon awakening.

Yet, she did not take him out the next morning, nor that evening, nor the day after that. She didn't even acknowledge her presence until she'd play with herself and occasionally hit him with a finger or toy. The passage of time became a surreal blur for Caleb after the first night. He existed in a strange, timeless limbo, where days and nights melded together into an endless cycle of overwhelming sensation and darkness.

The first few days were the worst. The walls of Barbara's pussy were slick and warm, almost suffocating in their embrace. Every small movement she made sent ripples through the tight space around him. He could feel the pulse of her heartbeat, the gurgle of her digestive

system, the subtle shifts of her muscles as she went about her day. It was overwhelming, disorienting.

By the third day, he began to notice a pattern. Barbara seemed to be enjoying keeping him trapped inside her, using him as little more than a living dildo or a source of amusement. She would occasionally finger herself a few times each day while he was trapped deep inside, her moans filling the space around him as she brought herself to orgasm. Each climax was a fresh hell of squeezing and pulsing walls, the pressure so intense he felt like he might burst. She would sometimes shift her position, rolling onto her back or her side, and Caleb would be jostled about inside her. He could feel the weight of her body pressing down on him, the way her thighs clenched, causing her inner muscles to clench around his tiny form when she was aroused. The sensations were constant, relentless.

What drove him crazy the most was that he had no concept of time, no way to measure the passing hours except for the cycle of Barbara's pleasure and the shifting of her body as she moved above him. The darkness was complete, the heat oppressive. He was trapped in a world of slick flesh and muffled sounds, the wet squelches and schlicks of Barbara's fingers and toys occasionally penetrating the thick walls that surrounded him. He spent most of his time deep within her near her cervix, though sometimes he would try to crawl out and would sometimes slide down just from her hips swaying as she walked. A few times, a toy far larger than him would slam into him, forcing him deeper.

He didn't need to eat or drink, didn't feel the pangs of hunger or thirst that would have driven him to desperation. The spell Barbara had cast ensured that his tiny body required nothing for sustenance. Yet, he still felt the passage of time in other ways. His muscles ached from the constant pressure, the walls of her pussy squeezing and fluttering around him even in

her sleep. The air grew stale, thick with the scent of her arousal and constant juices. He could feel the moisture seeping into every pore, orifice, and crevice of his minuscule form.

The first time Barbara spoke to him was on what he thought was the seventh or eighth day, though he couldn't be certain. Her voice came from far above, muffled and distorted by the layers of flesh between them.

"Mmm, good morning, little one," she purred, her tone almost mocking. "I hope you're comfortable in there. You've been such a good boy, providing so much stimulation for Mummy."

She shifted slightly, and Caleb felt the world tilt and sway. The movement sent fresh waves of warmth and moisture flooding around him. He could hear the sounds of her stretching, the creaking of the bed as she sat up.

"I've been thinking about you," she continued, her voice growing more playful. "I wonder what it's like in there, trapped in the dark and wet. Do you ever dream, little man? Can you even sleep? Or do you just exist in a haze of pleasure and pain?"

She reached down with her fingers, inserting them as deep as she could to feel for him. Caleb felt them brush against him before retreating. The touch was gentle, almost teasing. He could feel the vibrations of her laughter above him. The way her entire body shook with amusement.

"I'm going to take you out soon," she said, her voice dropping to a whisper. "But not yet. I want to let you marinate in there a bit longer. Let the experience sink in. I want you to remember every moment you spent as a part of me. You'll crave the warmth and safety of my cunny before long. For now, get comfortable. Mummy has a Lagree and Pilates class this morning, and it's going to be especially intense after a few weeks off."

The first few minutes of the class were relatively calm. Caleb could feel the subtle movements of Barbara's body as she performed her warm-up stretches. Her hips rolled and swayed, her core engaged as she moved through the basic Pilates exercises. The sensations were constant, the walls of her pussy flexing and contracting around him with each movement.

Then the Lagree portion of the class began, and Caleb's world transformed into a chaotic symphony of motion and sensation. Barbara went to work in the Megaformer, and Caleb went through hell. Caleb felt the rhythmic pulsing of the machine, the way it lifted and lowered Barbara's body in controlled intervals. With each jostle, movement, or bounce, her pussy squeezed and released around him, the walls rippling like waves. The pressure was intense, almost overwhelming.

As Barbara moved through her workout routine, the intensity increased exponentially. She performed squats and lunges, holding and shifting, and Caleb felt her entire body shift and sway with each movement. The pressure on his tiny form was incredible, the walls of her sex clenching and releasing around him in a relentless rhythm. He could feel the heat of her exertion, broiling him alive. He imagined the way her body glistened with sweat as his own mingled with her juices.

The Lagree's movements were unpredictable, sometimes slow and smooth, other times jarring and abrupt. Caleb was tossed about inside Barbara's pussy, his small body jostled and squeezed with each bounce. He could hear the sounds of her grunting and panting above him, the wet squelches of her body moving, the rhythmic whooshing of air as the class cycled through its patterns.

At one point, Barbara did a series of what he imagined were crunches, based on the movements. With each crunch she took, her vagina crunched on him. The pressure was so intense that he couldn't move, his tiny body compressed and squeezed between the walls of her

sex. He could feel the heat of her core, the way her muscles flexed and tensed around him. Her body was beautiful, and he was now experiencing a small part of the horrors that went into keeping it so.

As the Lagree class finally ended, Caleb could feel Barbara's body start to cool and relax around him. The rhythmic squeezing and pulsing of her pussy slowed, the walls no longer clenching and releasing with each breath or movement. He could hear the distant chatter of the other women in the class as they stretched and cooled down, oblivious to the tiny man trapped inside their friend. Barbara waited until the locker room had emptied before making her way to the bathroom. Caleb could feel the shift in her body as she stood and walked, the motion sending fresh gushes of her juices sloshing around his tiny form. The darkness and heat of her sex had been his only world for days, and he was beyond starting to feel lightheaded and disoriented.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Barbara reached into her pussy and pulled Caleb out into the bright light of the bathroom. As his eyes adjusted to the sudden illumination, he saw her hand holding him up in front of a mirror, and gasped at the sight of his own body. He was tiny, barely an inch tall at most, his skin slick and glistening with Barbara's arousal.

"Well, well, well," Barbara laughed, holding him up and examining him like a specimen. "Look at you, all small and sticky. Practically drowned in my juices." She brought him closer to her face, her warm breath and husky British accent washing over his miniature body. "You're pruny already. Let's get you cleaned up."

With that, she popped him into her mouth, her tongue swirling around his tiny form. Caleb could feel the rough texture of her tongue, the way it probed and caressed every inch of his skin, lapping up the sticky essence that coated him. It was an oddly pleasant sensation, the wet heat of her mouth enveloping him, her saliva mixing with the slickness of her arousal. He

was coated by her slimy saliva, but it was different from the constant slick of her vagina. Despite himself, he liked it. He also liked what came next.

As her tongue passed between his legs, Caleb gasped at the sudden jolt of pleasure that shot through him. To his shock, he realized he had an erection, his tiny cock throbbing and twitching beneath Barbara's ministrations. She seemed to notice it too, her laughter vibrating around him as she sucked and licked.

"Mmm, what have we here?" she purred, her voice booming around his body. "Someone's enjoying himself. Don't worry, sweetheart, you're safe with me. I'll take good care of you... in more ways than one."

Barbara continued to tease and suck on Caleb's tiny body, her tongue swirling around his sensitive skin. She could feel him trembling in her mouth, his little body quivering with each lap and caress. She could taste the musky essence of Barbara's arousal that coated him, the flavor of her sex mingling with the salt of his own skin.

"Mmm, you taste divine," Barbara purred, her voice vibrating around him. "Like a little treat, all for Mummy to savor."

She suckled harder, her tongue flicking and teasing the head of his tiny cock. Caleb could feel the pressure building, the heat coiling in his loins. He tried to hold back, to make it last, but it was no use. Barbara was too skilled, too experienced, even with someone his size. With a final, hard suck, she sent him over the edge. Caleb came with a gasp, his tiny body convulsing as he spilled his release into Barbara's mouth. It was intense, overwhelming, unlike anything he had ever experienced. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed over him, his small form shaking and twitching with the force of his climax.

Barbara let him slip from her mouth to her palm and held him up to look at him with a wicked grin. "Well, well, well," she teased, "Looks like someone couldn't hold back. Don't worry, darling, you've been marinating in Mummy's juices for over a week now. Surrounded by pheromones and the scent of sex. It's only natural that you couldn't last very long."

She laughed, the sound rich and warm. Caleb blushed, embarrassed by his quick finish. Barbara just smiled, teasing and condescending, but not unkindly. "No need to be ashamed, sweetheart. It's a compliment, really. You're a man, after all. And Mummy's pussy is a powerful thing. You did well to last this long."

She brought him closer to her face, her breath hot on his skin. "Besides, we're not done yet. Not by a long shot. Mummy has so much more in store for you. You're going to be seeing a lot more of me... and my body. Inside and out." She licked her lips, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Now, let's find somewhere to put you for our walk home. Then we will get a proper bath."

Now, dear reader, it is time for you to pick where poor Caleb is going to be as Barbara heads home.

In her shoes
Between her breasts
Up her ass

I will post a poll for this soon.