

She Sees His Potential 3: She Seizes Her Pleasure

Barbara's finger pressed against Caleb's back, the sharp nail digging into the flesh of his neck as she pinned him firmly against her nipple. The sensation was overwhelming. The soft, pliant flesh of her little peak yielded slightly under the pressure, but the sheer size of it dwarfed him completely. At around two inches tall, Caleb couldn't fight back. Just her index finger alone overpowered him. Her areola was longer than his entire body, stretching out to either side of him, reminding him of an area rug he used to play on as a kid, though this was made of textured skin. Stretched out, the tips of his fingers and tips of his toes couldn't touch the edges of the dark circle.

He could feel each breath Barbara took, the rise and fall of her chest lifting him slightly off the ground before setting him back down with a gentle bounce. It was disorienting, being carried along with the rhythm of her breathing, the sensation of weightlessness and pressure alternating with each inhale and exhale. The air around him was filled with her scent. The musky aroma of her arousal mixed with the lingering sweetness of the champagne she'd consumed.

"Come on now, don't be shy," Barbara cooed, her voice taking on a teasing lilt. "I want to feel that tongue of yours working. I want you to worship this nipple like it's the only thing that matters in the world right now."

Her finger pressed more insistently against his neck, the nail digging in hard enough to make him wince. The message was clear. She wouldn't take any hesitation or reluctance from him. He had to obey her demands without question. Caleb took a deep breath, trying to steel himself for what he had to do. Slowly, hesitantly, he leaned forward and pressed his lips against the dark peak of her nipple. The flesh was warm and soft, the texture smooth like velvet beneath

his mouth. He could feel the blood pulsing beneath the surface, her heart beating below, the heat of her arousal radiating out from the center of her breast.

He started to lick, running his tongue over the sensitive nub. The taste was unique from anything he'd ever experienced. Maybe it was the size difference affecting taste? Coppery, musky, and slightly salty, with an undercurrent of sweetness that reminded him of honey. Her body wash, maybe? He could only imagine how intense the sensation must have been for Barbara, his tiny tongue hopefully more than a mere whisper of stimulation against the vast expanse of her breast.

"More," Barbara demanded, her voice rougher now with growing arousal. "Put your back into it. I want to feel that tongue of yours worshipping every inch of my nipple. By god, put your hips into it too. If you can't fuck a nipple, I'd hate to see what you'd be like at full size."

Her finger pressed down harder, the nail threatening to break the skin of his neck if he didn't comply. Caleb had no choice but to obey, to give in to her demands. He started to suck, his small mouth closing around as much of her nipple as he could manage. The flesh filled his mouth completely, stretching his jaw wide as he tried to draw it in and lavish as much of it as possible with attention. He could only get parts, so he licked, sucked, and gnawed whatever he could as he ground his groin and legs against the hard nub.

Barbara let out a low moan, her back arching slightly as the stimulation sent jolts of pleasure through her body. The movement caused her nipple to press even harder against Caleb's mouth, threatening to break his jaw and his nose. He had to pull back slightly, suckling and licking frantically as he struggled to breathe around the massive intrusion.

"That's it," Barbara purred, her voice taking on a breathy quality. "Just like that. Worship Mummy's nipple like a good boy."

Her other hand came up to cup the underside of her breast, lifting the heavy weight and Caleb higher into the air, like raising an offering to herself. She softly cooed down at him, and he could see her eyes looking down at him, heavy with arousal. He could feel himself growing lightheaded, the lack of air, the pressure on his back from her finger, and the overwhelming sensations making his head spin. But still, he persisted. Still, he licked and sucked and flicked his tongue across the sensitive peak, determined to please her no matter the cost to his own comfort and safety. For in that moment, pleasing Barbara was all that mattered. Her pleasure, her satisfaction, her whims and desires. These were the only things that held any importance in Caleb's tiny world. His life depended on it.

Her finger pressed down harder against his neck, the pain sharp and insistent. The message was clear. He wouldn't be stopping until she was fully satisfied, no matter how much his jaw ached or his lungs burned for air. Caleb had never felt so small, so insignificant and powerless. And so he continued to worship her nipple with all the fervor and desperation of a man who knew his very survival rested on it, the surrounding world fading away until there was nothing but the taste of her skin and the sound of her increasingly ragged breathing. Barbara's eyes fluttered shut as the pleasure built and built, her fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of her breast as she held it and Caleb up to her face. He could feel her heart racing beneath the skin, could taste the salt of her sweat as it beaded on her skin and mingled with his saliva. Her breath washed over him in ragged gasps. In that moment, pleasing Barbara was his only reason for being. Caleb surrendered himself completely to the task at hand, determined to bring his boss's wife, now his terrible goddess, to the heights of ecstasy.

"Don't stop," she gasped out, her voice tight with impending climax. "Don't you dare stop until I tell you to."

“Please me,” Barbara hissed, her voice a command and a plea all at once. “Please me like you’ve never pleased anyone before. I’m going to put you down there if you don’t. Make me cum or I’ll cum all over your tiny face until you’re drowning in my pleasure.”

Caleb had no choice but to obey. He had no choice but to give her everything she demanded and more. For in that moment, pleasing Barbara was the only thing that mattered. The only thing that would ever matter again. She left him no choice. He would be her servant, her devoted worshipper, willing or unwilling, until his last breath. And maybe, if he was very lucky, she would let him live long enough to do it all again. This was his life. Heat, pressure, and lust.

Barbara paused for a moment, lifting her finger from Caleb's neck. She looked down at his tiny form pinned between her fingers, a wicked grin spreading across her face. “You’re doing great, love,” she purred, her voice low and thick with arousal. “But Mummy thinks she needs a bit more from you.”

With that, she dragged him down the vast expanse of her body. The journey was a blur of soft, warm skin and the scent of her musky arousal growing stronger with each inch. Caleb's heart raced as he was carried past the underside of her breasts, over the flat plane of her stomach, and finally, to the juncture of her thighs. Barbara paused there for a moment, letting Caleb get a good look at what awaited him. Her pussy was glistening with arousal, the pink folds slick and swollen with need. Above it, her clit stood out, engorged and throbbing, begging for attention. A neat thatch of blonde hair, trimmed but natural, framed her most intimate area.

“Now then,” Barbara said, her voice taking on a challenging tone. “I want you to show me what a real man you are. I want you to worship Mummy's cunt like your life depends on it. Because it does, darling.”

Before Caleb could react, she rubbed him against her wet vulva. The sensation was overwhelming; the slick heat, the silky softness of her folds, the way they seemed to clench and flutter around his tiny body. He could feel her arousal coating his skin, making it hard to get any kind of grip. Panicked, Caleb started to kick and thrash, trying to wriggle out of her grasp. But this only seemed to please Barbara more.

“That's it,” she cooed, her voice high and breathy with growing excitement. “Fight for it, little man. Struggle against Mummy's power. It only makes me want you more.”

She rubbed him harder, grinding his squirming form against her clit. The sensation was electric, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. Barbara could feel her thighs tensing, her stomach muscles clenching as she chased her pleasure. His tiny body was nothing more than a toy to her now, a plaything for her to use for her own satisfaction.

“You're doing so, so, good for Mummy,” Barbara praised, even as she used him like a sex toy. “Such a strong, virile little man. I can feel how hard you're fighting, how much you're struggling. It's wonderful. Such a wonderful spirit, so full of potential. So strong. Still, so...small.”

Caleb could only whimper and writhe, trapped between the impossible choice of pleasing this goddess or dying at her hands. He had to be strong, had to endure, no matter what she did to him. For in that moment, being a real man meant being a devoted servant to Barbara's pleasure, no matter the cost. And god help him, but some dark part of him was starting to enjoy it. Enjoy the powerlessness, the utter domination. Enjoy being nothing more than a plaything for a goddess's lust. In that moment, he knew he would do anything she asked, anything she demanded. It's not like he had a choice anyway, part of him said. Anything to feel her pleasure and approval. Anything to keep her happy. Anything to keep himself alive. This was his purpose now. His reason for being. And he would fulfill it, no matter how much it destroyed

him. This was his life, his fate. To be used, to be dominated, to be the toy of a goddess's pleasure. And he would embrace it, even as it broke him. Especially as it broke him.

No. Not that! A part of Caleb's mind screamed in panic as Barbara's fingers pushed him towards the glistening, slick entrance of her pussy. He struggled and fought against her grip, kicking and thrashing with all his tiny might. "No," he cried out, his voice muffled against the folds of her sex. "I won't be your toy! I'm not just a thing for you to use!"

But his protests fell on deaf ears as Barbara ignored or simply couldn't hear his struggles and pushed him deeper into her tight, wet heat. The walls of her pussy clenched around him, gripping his squirming body like a vice as she slid him further inside. Caleb could feel the slick walls pulsating around him, threatening to engulf him completely.

"I won't let you break me!" he yelled, even as he felt himself being pulled in deeper, the suction of her arousal threatening to consume him utterly. "I'm a man, not a toy!"

But no matter how hard he fought, he was no match for Barbara's overwhelming power and lust. Her pussy alone seemed to overpower him completely, the tight, silky walls squeezing and rippling around his struggling form. He could feel her juices coating every inch of his body, the scent and taste of her arousal filling his senses until there was nothing else.

"Shh, just relax, little man," Barbara cooed down at him, her voice echoing strangely in the tight confines of her sex. "You can't fight it. You can't fight me. Just give in to it, let it happen. Let Mummy make you feel good."

He could feel the heat of her, the raw, primal energy of her desire, threatening to overwhelm him completely. The walls of her pussy seemed to pulse and throb around him, growing tighter and more insistent with each passing second. He was utterly at the mercy of her lust, drowning in the slick, scorching heat of her most intimate place.

"I won't...I won't let you..." Caleb gasped out, even as he felt his struggles growing weaker, his body slowly succumbing to the overwhelming sensation of being consumed by Barbara's ravenous pussy.

"Hush now," Barbara purred, rubbing her clit harder as she felt Caleb's resistance fading. "You can't fight your destiny, little man. You were made for this. Made to please me. And you're going to do such a good job of it."

With a final, brutal thrust, Barbara pushed Caleb all the way inside her, burying him in the velvety heat of her cunt. The world went dark as she engulfed him completely, the tight walls squeezing and rippling around every bit of his tiny body. Her body arched with pleasure at the thought. For her, this was his purpose, his reason for being. To be used, to be dominated, to be the plaything of a goddess's lust. Her lust.

That was all hyperbole, his mind trying to rationalize what he was experiencing. His reality was that he was trapped in the inky darkness of Barbara's pussy. Caleb could only tremble as the walls rippled and pulsed around him. The sensation was overwhelming, like being caught in the churning surf of a lustful ocean. Her inner muscles kneaded and massaged his tiny body, squeezing him from all sides at once. It was as if he was being pummeled by a constant force, the slick, velvet walls relentless in their undulating rhythm. He gasped and choked as her arousal flooded his mouth and nose, the thick fluid making it nearly impossible to breathe. The taste was overwhelming, the scent dizzying. It was like drowning in the essence of Barbara's desire, the primal musk of her lust filling his senses until nothing else existed.

Caleb shuddered as he felt Barbara's fingers brushing against his legs, his back, his arms. Her touch was electric, sending jolts of sensation through his petite frame with each fleeting contact. It was clear she was touching herself, using his struggles and squirming as a tool for her pleasure. Occasionally, her nails would rake over his skin, leaving stinging kisses in

their wake. But even that pain was lost in the overwhelming onslaught of sensation, the unrelenting pressure and heat of her inner walls.

He could feel the building pressure of her climax, the way her pussy clenched and fluttered around him as she chased her pleasure. The sensation was terrifying, exhilarating, and utterly overwhelming. He was nothing more than a toy for her to use, a plaything for her to bring herself to the heights of ecstasy with. Caleb could only clench his eyes shut and pray for it to be over, even as his body betrayed him, growing harder and more aroused with each passing second. He was drowning in Barbara's pleasure, sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of her desire. And he knew, with a sinking certainty, that he would never be the same again. Was she right? Was this his purpose now, his reason for being? To be used, to be consumed, to be the plaything of a goddess's lust. Then he had no more time for such thoughts because she came.

The sensation of Barbara's orgasm crashing over her was overwhelming and nearly indescribable for Caleb. The walls of her pussy clamped down around him like a vice, squeezing and rippling with a ferocity that stole his breath away. The pressure was so intense that he thought his tiny body would surely shatter under the force of it. He had no point of comparison for any of these sensations. He could feel the blood rushing to his head, the air forced from his lungs as Barbara's climax consumed him completely. He thrashed and struggled, trying desperately to breathe, to survive the onslaught of her pleasure. But it was no use. The world turned to utter chaos around him, the darkness of Barbara's sex swallowing him whole. He could feel the wet, slick walls undulating around him, the muscles clenching and unclenching as Barbara rode out the waves of her release.

Just as Caleb was certain he would black out and die there, drowning in Barbara's lust, he felt a sudden, sharp pain. A searing heat that seemed to split him in two. And then, just as

quickly, it was over. The pressure around him lessened, and he could breathe again. Gasping and choking, Caleb felt the sudden space around his body and realized with a shock that he had been shrunk. Somehow, miraculously, in the heat of her climax, Barbara had shrunk him even more. The walls took a moment but then hungrily clamped down upon him once more, though not as tightly.

Caleb was stunned. He had survived, but at what cost? Well, the cost of more of his height, obviously. At this new, minuscule size, the threat of drowning in Barbara's arousal was even more real. He could feel the thick fluid sloshing around him, the heat of it searing his tiny skin. He was so small in the vast expanse of Barbara's pussy, utterly at the mercy of her every movement and whim. As the last waves of her orgasm shuddered through her, Caleb could only tremble in the slick, churning sea of her arousal. He was terrified.

But even as he shivered in the aftermath of Barbara's climax, Caleb couldn't shake the fear that gripped his heart. At this new size, even the slightest movement from Barbara could spell disaster. Sure, she'd saved him from her clenching for now, but what of the future? If he ends up in the wrong spot, a shift of her hips, a clench of her inner muscles, and he could be crushed like an insect. And the threat of drowning was ever-present, the thick arousal that filled her pussy a constant danger. How small was he? If he slid out of her, would she feel him or just accidentally crush him under her ass on the bed?

Caleb could only pray that Barbara would be careful, that she would remember he was still alive and whole in her. Because at this size, he was utterly at the mercy of her every action and reaction. His life, his very existence, hung by a thread. And that thread was the whim of a woman who saw him as nothing more than a plaything, a toy for her pleasure. He could only hope that she would not forget about him completely, lost as he was in the vast, churning sea of her lust. Ocean of lust, he reminded himself. She'd said she'd needed him. She wanted his

potential. What potential did he have if he drowned inside of a woman nearly twice his age on New Year's?

Looks like poor Caleb is in a difficult situation. Now, it is time to decide what happens next. He can't escape from her vagina on his own and will only get out if she lets him. So, how long does she keep him inside of her?

Not long, she pulls him out nearly immediately.

She keeps him inside of her all night.

She keeps him inside of her for days.