

One-Two-Three-Four-Five-Six-Sevennnnn...

No, that couldn't be right.

One-Two-Three-Four—

Zari pouted.

Uno-Dos-Tres-Cuatro-Cinco-Seis—

No, no, no, it just wasn't adding up, She sighed. No matter what language she counted in, she was missing somebody.

Her hips swayed from side to side as she strutted down the sidewalk, her denim-clad rump wiggling while she hunched over the small cardboard box balanced delicately in her grasp. Inside, six colorful characters less than an inch tall were jostled to and fro with each swiveling step. The only one spared from the shrinking, Zari had spent the better part of a day rounding them all up. Their little lives were literally in her hands...

Zari gulped.

Well, this was what happened when they couldn't keep up their Streak, suffering another one of Duo's detentions. As punishment for their pitifully tiny learning streaks, the whole gang had been reduced to a pitifully tiny size to match. Or something to that effect—That owl was as cryptic as he was sadistic, and crazy about piecemeal linguistics.

Looking back, the only reason Zari herself had been spared was due to her daily tutoring sessions with Lily—

LILY!!! Zari gasped sharply, rattling the box in her hands. The shrunken students jumbled around like the last grains of salt in the shaker as she fumbled with them.

"Augh! Perdóname," She whispered, gently helping all of them back to their feet and taking another headcount just to confirm her suspicions.

Bea, Oscar, Eddie, Vikram, Lucy, Lin—But no Lily.

C-Could she have dropped her, somehow? Did she even have her to begin with??

"Lillyyyy..." She called, carefully watching her step lest she squash her friend underfoot. *"¿Dónde estás, amiguita?"* Her cheeks lightly flushed. She wasn't sure if she'd reached that level of familiarity with her yet, but Zari never missed a moment to practice diminutives.

Speaking of which, the clock was ticking and she still hadn't done her daily lesson yet...

Lily didn't even know why she THOUGHT she could scale Zari's mountainous rump.

After almost getting *sat on*, the ant-sized girl had let out a deep, resigned sigh, latched onto the sturdy cotton threading of Zari's jeans and started her ascent butt-first. She figured it was her best chance at NOT getting smeared under her ass—Lily knew how much her friend liked to fidget in place without something to keep her busy, and with a butt THAT big any bugs hanging around were bound to wind up beneath it.

Unfortunately, Zari's behind proved to be much, MUCH bigger than she thought at her pitiful scale. The tiny goth had only made it a fraction of the way up one of her vast cheeks before Zari had risen to her feet and started walking.

And that's when her misery truly began.

Each footstep sent ripples across the surface of her jeans, the flesh barely contained within jiggling rhythmically. And Lily could feel every undulating wave upon the ocean of ass.

She desperately clung to the hem of Zari's back pocket, perched upon the precipice like a cat stuck in a tree.

"Well, this is great," Lily mused dryly. *"Stuck climbing a giant butt just because I missed ONE lousy lesson, is THIS enough punishment for you, Duo???"*

She immediately regretted asking.

A round, wiggling hand approached, its fingers whittling curiously. From the looks of it, Zari hadn't found her tiny friend yet, and a part of Lily prayed she'd wait until she could get away from her big fat ass first. Unfortunately, she wouldn't be getting far.

"Phone... Phone... Teléfono..." Zari hummed. Approaching a bench, she set down the little box of her littler friends and started patting herself down. *Where'd she put itttttt...?*

A series of booming bootyquakes exploded all around Lily as Zari gently papped her palms against her pants, trying to feel for where she'd stashed her phone. Each vigorous pat-down sent ripples soaring across the surface of her ass, Zari's massive, meaty cheeks clapping like thunder.

Lily's precarious position quickly gave way, and she tumbled down sideways—into the depths of Zari's awaiting back pocket. A brief opening from the ensuing ass-jiggling had allowed the shrunken goth to slip inside, and a second later she was hammered with a face full of crushing curves as they came to a rest.

"Zarrrriiiii," Lily moaned, squeezed tightly against the curve of her girlfriend's firm buttock. *"Get me OUT OF HERE!"*

Her demands were met with a swift **SMACK** as Zari idly clapped a hand against her back pocket.

Not in there... How about the other one?

Zari's face lit up as she felt the firm outline of her phone. Her doughy hips hadn't even felt the six-inch screen, which left little hope for the girl trapped against the other cheek. *"Ah, aquí!"* She said triumphantly, coaxing it out of her tight pocket.

Wherever Lily had gone off to, she hoped she still had a way to text her...

"Ayyy!" She yelped, fat-fingering her phone. It slipped from her grasp and tumbled to the ground, landing screenside-down. Zari felt her heart skip a beat and hastily scrambled to recover it. *"Ohhh no-no-no-no..."*

The force of a hydraulic press bore down on Lily, flattening her into a sticker on her girlfriend's ass. She could barely move as Zari cluelessly stuck out her rump, stretching her jeans to their limit as she bent over. The clueless girl's overwhelming butt squeezed the life out of Lily, leaving her grimacing form flatter than a thin, crispy *buñuelo* as she lowered herself to the ground.

Mercifully, Zari stood back up before Lily popped against her titanic cheek. But the near-squishing experience had been more than enough motivation for the shrunken girl to slowly start wriggling her way up the curve of the oppressive buttock.

"I am NOT dying under Zari's BUTT," She grumbled, wiggling whichever direction she hoped was up. *"Not this time..."*

"Pleeeeeease be okay..." Zari pleaded, trembling as she flipped over the gel casing and stared down at her reflection in the uncracked surface. *"YES!"* She squealed, leaping into the air.

Lily's stomach lurched as she felt a terrifying weightlessness...

"God damn it, Zarrriiiiiiii—"

—And then sudden, crushing pressure as the girl landed on her feet. Her weighty hips dipped momentarily, *SQUEEZING* her shrunken passenger against her ass one last time.

Lily popped like a sour little grape.

As Zari sprang back up, the jiggling recoil liquified whatever was left of Lily, smearing her across the rolling waves of pink denim. She wouldn't have felt the sudden release of pressure from the little lump in her back pocket even if she'd been paying attention. But instead she was busily typing up a message for her missing friend.

Lilyyyyyyy<
¿Dónde estás, chiquitita?<
Te estoy buscando<
Llamame por favor<

She breathed a sigh of relief, not knowing that her messages would go unanswered.

Now to catch up on her streak!

The rest of the shrunken students gazed up at Zari's wiggling rump, shifting back and forth as she buried herself nose-deep in another impromptu Spanish session. Their voices rang out in horror as her knees started to bend and she slowly lowered herself onto the bench, still tapping away on her phone.

The girl had been so obsessed with Lily and now her learning streak that she'd completely forgotten them. Just a single cheek was wide enough to completely flatten them, both would be unimaginable, yet they came bearing down upon them like twin meteors.

Over the dopamine dings from the app, Zari collapsed into her seat with a heavy **WUMPF.**

Feeling the flimsy cardboard give way beneath her, it immediately dawned on her what she'd done. Without a word, Zari leaned over and peered down at where she'd just plopped her rear and utterly demolished the remaining survivors, the shrunken students she'd sworn to protect.

They'd been smeared across a single jean-clad ass cheek, flattened beyond recognition.

"Not againnnnnn," She moaned glumly, tracing the outline of destruction she'd left in her wake.

And so Zari had found herself Duo's weapon of choice for this week's punishment yet again. At least it'd been swift this time, despite the girl's best efforts to keep them safe.

Sighing, she picked up her phone and went back to the daily challenge.

Her only hope to avoid an even worse fate was to keep her streak up.

She shuffled her hips, flattening the box and whoever else remained beneath her.

Pump that streak up, no matter what.