

Grace brought Davis even closer to her mouth, his tiny feet now brushing against her soft, glossy lips. She could feel his minuscule heart pounding like a hummingbird's against her fingertips as she held him suspended in the air, a wicked gleam in her dark eyes.

"I wonder what you taste like," she purred, her voice low and husky. She stuck out her tongue, the wet, pink muscle sliding out from between her plump lips to lick at Davis's face, leaving it coated in her saliva.

Davis shuddered in revulsion, feeling his body shrink even smaller at the overwhelming sensation and intimate contact. He was now a mere 2.5 inches tall, small enough to fit in the palm of Grace's hand. The heat of her breath and the wetness of her tongue sent waves of fear and unwanted arousal through his tiny form.

"Mmm, you're quite salty," Grace commented, smacking her lips. "I wonder how the rest of you tastes..."

She brought him closer still, until the tip of her nose brushed against his chest. Davis could feel the warmth of her breath filling his lungs, making it hard to breathe. He squirmed in her grasp, trying to escape her hungry gaze, but it was no use.

Grace's tongue snaked out again, wrapping around Davis's waist and lifting him up like a tiny, wriggling snack. She brought him to her lips, her mouth opening wide to reveal a glistening cavern of wet, pink flesh.

"I think I'll have more than a little taste," she whispered, before popping Davis into her mouth. Her lips closed around him, engulfing him in darkness and heat, assaulted with her moist saliva and hot breath billowing from the depths below, washing him with the taste of her lipgloss and the scent of the wine she'd had at dinner.

Grace's tongue swirled around him, tasting every inch of his tiny body as it was pulled deeper into her mouth. She could feel him shrinking even further, his body convulsing in fear and unwanted pleasure as her saliva coated him. She sucked on his body and lapped at him playfully with a tongue larger and certainly far more powerful than his entire body. A thunderous giggle echoed around him.

Davis was trapped, engulfed in a dark, wet cavern, the humid air growing thicker and heavier around his tiny, trembling body. Grace's mouth was a swirling vortex of sensation, her tongue a writhing serpent that coiled around him, squeezing and caressing his bite-sized form. He could feel every bump, every ridge, and every contour of her oral cavity as it pressed against his skin, the textured surface sending shockwaves of unwanted pleasure through his shrinking body.

The heat was intense, like being trapped inside a steam room. Davis's heart raced as he struggled to breathe, his tiny lungs burning with each shallow inhale of the humid air. He could feel his body growing weaker, his muscles losing their strength as he shrank even smaller, now a mere 2 inches tall.

Grace's tongue swirled around him, rolling and flipping his body like a tiny rag doll. She pressed him against the roof of her mouth, the hard, bony surface digging into his back as her tongue curled underneath him, lifting his hips and exposing his most intimate areas to the touch of her tongue. The realization of what she was feeling elicited another monstrous giggle. Davis shuddered and squirmed, trying to escape the intense stimulation, but it was no use. He was completely at the mercy of this cruel woman's whims.

As her tongue undulated around him, Davis could feel the slick, muscular invader pushing and prodding at his body, squeezing him from all angles. It curled around his legs, coiling around his thighs and calves like a serpent before unraveling and slithering up his torso, tracing the lines of his ribs and spine with agonizing slowness. The sensation of the slick, wet flesh gliding over his

skin was unlike anything he had ever experienced, and Davis found himself growing more aroused despite his fear and revulsion.

Suddenly, Grace's lips parted slightly, and a flood of cool, refreshing air washed over Davis's overheated body. At the same time, a burst of light flooded the cavern of her mouth, and Davis could see the dim outline of her teeth, gleaming and sharp like a shark's grin. Grace's tongue pushed Davis against the backs of her teeth, the hard, enamel surface digging into his skin as she grinded her teeth together, threatening to crush his tiny bones.

To Grace, she was just gently teething and gnawing at him like one would a pen cap, but to him it was as if he was trapped between deadly vices, threatening to crush or tear him apart. He feared they would until the tongue suddenly shifted, placing itself square behind him and launching him from her mouth. He screamed as he fell, spinning through the air. He bounced off of a perfectly formed, perfectly firm bare breast and landed upon the sheets once again. Once again he was beneath her, between her legs. Now though, she was as naked as he was.

Even bare to the world, she still radiated power and control as she undid the bun of her hair and shook her head, running her fingers through it until her brown curls draped over her shoulders and down her back. She then turned her eyes down to him. His entire body was now shorter than her vulva was long. It quivered at the thought of how much power she held over him.