Half Inch Adventure

"Half In Adventure"

By BradenGTS

A story set in the SH Inc. Universe

SH Inc. is a multinational company that both hires people of all sizes as well as developes technology for the exact purpose of changing ones size.

This story is a sequel to "The Smallest Trial" where we learn more about the character 'Matt' and how he dealt with the aftermath of that chane encounter.

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The last year had been eventful for Matt. After a chance encounter with a gorgeous woman, he found himself exposed to a whole new world. Bonafide shrinking technology had been invented. The stuff of science fiction was becoming more and more common, and now, a year after his efforts to test a shrinking pill, he found himself ready to experience it all over again, on his terms.

Over the last year, Matt moved into a beautiful apartment, found a gorgeous girlfriend that was way out of his league and was finding himself to be very fortunate in anything he took on. He felt like he couldn't lose and his confidence was at an all time high.

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Matt had discussed the idea with Shannon, his girlfriend, ad nauseam. He wasn't entirely sure she even believed his stories but she always listened in such a way that he could tell she was letting her imagination run wild with the concept. She would ask questions and explore not just the physical changes, but the emotional. Matt loved how much interest she showed and now, with a few advanced sample doses of the soon to market "Shrink-eaze" he could show her exactly what happened that morning one year ago. They could live out the fantasy together.

Eagerly, he dumped the contents of the bottle into his hands. The familiar red glowing pills tumbled out, each one capable of a life changing experience. His eyes watching as the pills came to rest on his palm, his heart began to pound in anticipation of what was to come.

He had relived that morning in his head so many times, but as the faint red glow of possibility now rested in his hand, the eagerness to relive it was overwhelming.



At the peak of his excitement, all reason went out the window. Matt lifted his hand and swallowed every pill he had just removed from the bottle.. Matt, gulping out of instinct failed to grasp the basics of upping a dosage on a pill designed to shrink a human being.

"What did I just … all of the pills?" He thought, as the numerous pills made their way down through his throat, a surge of fear hit him, unsure of what happened next.

What he did know… is that the pills shrink you… The effect happens in only a few moments… The shrunken person is far more durable than when at their full size. That last finding, about durability, was actually a happy finding from the trial he was involved with just a year ago. In her reports, Malinda had noted it as a "Fortunate outcome and favorable side effect."

The fact he survived purely out of luck was one of the things that had him feeling so confident. He approached Shannon, and asked her out on a date fueled by that very courage.

His luck was not about to run out now… and with that the effects of the pills took effect.

Far more intense than what he remembered, Matt rapidly began his descent. All of his senses were overwhelmed by the rapidly changing world. The window shooting up, the Lamp extending to the sky and the room blew up all around him in just moments as the heavy dose of the shrinking agent surged through his body.

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Whatever sounds of panic Matt offered from his surprise was greatly suppressed to any normal detection as he was minimized faster than any human had been before. He descended down to the wood floor below, collapsing to the ground from an extreme case of vertigo.

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Matt lay prone as the sudden change in elevation made it impossible for him to stand. The wood floor, cold and unfamiliar, was unforgiving as it expanded out in all directions farther than he could perceive. The world already spinning, everything out of place, his mind raced to make sense of what had just happened.

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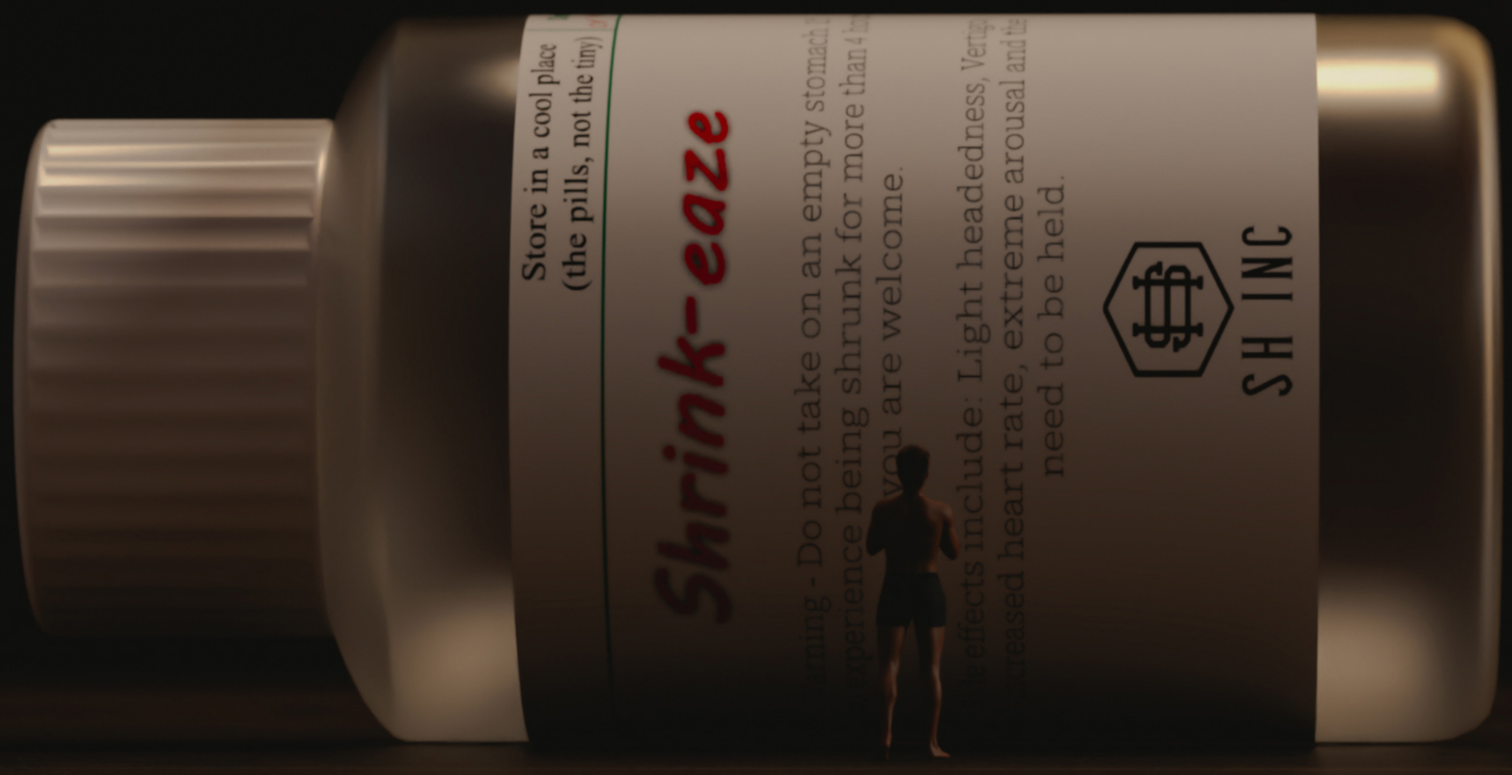
With a crash, the bottle slammed into the wood just feet away. Shielding his face, Matt's more primal instincts kicked in, ensuring he avoided the falling object, only to realize, as it settled, it was the very container he was holding a moment ago.



As the bottle came to rest, Matt slowly came to the realization of exactly what he had done. Taking all of the pills had multiplied the effect. He was far smaller than before. By his own quick estimates he had shrunken to far less than an inch tall. Focusing on the label, reading each large print word slowly, he attempted to come to terms with his current predicament.

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The approaching steps of his girlfriend were felt through each footfall. Shannon was coming to the room to investigate what she had heard. A yelp or perhaps a stubbed toe, she came out concerned only to find that Matt was nowhere to be found.

She had been getting ready for movie night, a wonderful tradition they had started soon after getting together. Their early dates would always dive into discussions about movies they enjoyed and quickly the ritual was born. They would try to find movies that the other had not seen, and for both of them, became the favorite night of the week.

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Shannon approached faster than Matt could comprehend, quickly overtaking him where he had stood, flatfooted, standing in awe at his massive girlfriend. His pleas and yells from below were erased by her casual steps as each foot came to rest against the wood. His impossibly tall girlfriend standing directly above him, he continued to try and get her attention, putting all he could into shouting up to her.

"Shannon! Down here by the bottle!" he shouted up, her attention unshifting as she came to a stop in front of the window.

Shannon began speaking to herself, confirming Matt's worries.

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"His car is still here..." She said out loud, surveying the nearby streets for clues as to where Matt had snuck off to.

Matt, with nothing else he could do, continued to try and get her attention.

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"I guess I will go ahead and get started without him." She continued. Her idle movements of shifting her weight back and forth between her feet were powerful demonstrations to her boyfriend below. Natural and uncaring to her, but serving up a realization to Matt.

She couldn't hear a thing. His tiny body produced nothing perceptible to her ears, and she had no idea he had even gotten the pills in the first place.

Matt felt defeated as he stared up at the soles of his girlfriend. He was so close to experiencing what he was so excited to show her... and had no ability to get her attention.

With a sigh she turned and left the window. The sudden displacement caused by her movements sent Matt cowering behind the massive pill bottle as his only means of protecting himself. He not only was reminded she didn't notice him, but at this size, he was in immediate danger while in her direct presence.

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Matt remained cowering in place as Shannon left the window, her steps booming, as she made her way to the couch. Matt watched as she moved away, attempting to formulate a plan on how to get her attention without putting himself directly into harm's again.

The thought of being squashed and forgotten on their floor brought back memories of his first time being shrunk, and how he was used. He didn't want it to end then, and he surely doesn't want all he has now, to be lost.

As she settled on the couch and started the movie, Matt figured now would be the safest time to get her attention. Once she settles in for a movie, she often gets sucked in and immerses herself into whatever they are watching. It's one of the things he loves about spending time with her. She fully engages with movies, conversation and their long talks about his experience a year ago.

From the relative safety of below the couch, Matt began the long trek alongside the sectional. Looking to protect himself from a stray foot adjustment, he made his way to where she was seated, hoping he could turn the night around and enjoy the best night of the week with her.

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As Shannon sat, making small comments to herself about the popular action movie, Matt began to appreciate the need for more cardio in his life. The run for him took far longer than he anticipated. As he approached her foot, tired from the run he was left with the same problem as before. Anything he could do to get her attention was overcome by the sounds of the television.

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Looking up at the underside of her foot Matt realized she could completely wipe him out without noticing him, and no matter of screaming or hollering would prevent that. No muscle in his body could resist even the softest of steps. He realized his current plan wouldn't work for one reason.

"I need her to see me..." he thought, as he surveyed the room for a way to get into her line of sight.

Looking around, he and began the trek back to the couch corner. It was the only place that met the ground, and he would need to get up on the couch if he had any hope of her noticing him.

The unfortunate need to make the run back far outweighed the risks of continuing to try and get her attention down below, which was made even more difficult thanks for the movie she chose.

As Shannon watched the movie fully immersed into the danger and chances the hero took, her boyfriend was performing equally heroic feats in the name of survival. While in the movie, the hero overcomes all odds and gets the girl... Matt's ending was still to be determined. The booming music of one of his favorite movies helped motivate him to continue the climb.

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Matt was wasting no time. Climbing with all of his strength and no way to rest until he got to the top, he covered the distance as hastily as his body would allow him.

As he finally made it to the top of the couch and began to make his long awaited approach, she had turned the movie off, mildly frustrated. To her, Matt had skipped out on their ritual with no explanation. She'd grown tired as she drifted away from the movie into the thoughts about where he could have gone, and found the warmth of the night comforting as she slowly drifted off to sleep.

Matt ran towards the mountain range that was his girlfriend... and for the first time since he shrank, began thinking back to the original plan of enjoying a whole new experience with his girlfriend...

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Shannon was out. Her breathing sounded almost soothing as her chest slightly rose and fell, and as Matt had made his way through the forest of her ponytail, all while shouting up to his slumbering partner, the impossibility of getting her attention became abundantly clear as he felt hoarseness from the repetitive attempts at yelling.

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Matt, worn out from the running and climbing, caught his breath having reached her neck. His calls up to her unanswered, he started to look around for other options when he started to survey his surroundings with a different lens than before.

First off, he was appreciating the exact situation he was in. Shannon was a knock out by any standards, but having this breathtaking view of her chest before him, he took a moment to truly bask in the moment.

Whatever urgency had motivated Matt to get Shannon's attention for his own safety had faded. His fantasies about being shrunk with a beautiful woman were right in front of him, and he had to just put one foot ahead of the next to experience it.



Matt had talked to Shannon about his prior experience in vivid detail. About how the woman convinced him to take an untested pill, how she looked over him coldly and worked him against her body roughly and without concern for his well being. He told her how the fact he was remarkably durable at his smaller size was a finding they did not expect... and how lucky he was after the way she abused him.

Shannon always listened in and asked questions, almost as if she wanted to believe it was all true. Matt loved that about her.

Matt thought about these conversations vividly, as he slowly approached the great chasm that was her cleavage. He was on the doorstep of his fantasy, so to speak, and the last year thinking about all the possibilities had him ecstatic to navigate her curves.

His lingering concern at the moment was, would she be understanding of all this? Would she wake, find him and be angry? Would she be disappointed she missed out? Or would she even believe him if she slept through it all?

He was open about his desire to be shrunken once again, and he knew if anyone would understand why he did it, she would.

Ultimately he decided that the risks were worth the reward, and ventured forth.

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As he moved to the cramped space between her large breasts, Matt found himself, as small as he was, tight on space. Her breathing would shift them ever so slightly causing them to nearly touch at times. With all his might, he planted his hands and back against her soft flesh, hoping to impede the weight from coming together. Only through the fact her chest was exceptionally supple, was he able to give the slightest of resistance to the soft bodies colliding.

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As he slowly made his way through the great canyon, his movements, unlike his shouting, did not go unnoticed. Given where he was, committed to forging through her cleavage, completely missing the warning signs that his movements were agitating the slumbering giantess.

BradenGTS
SIZE ARTIST

Mumbling to herself, Shannon shifted her head and back as the slight irritation on her chest caused her to instinctively adjust herself, looking for relief.

The movements were not deliberately aimed at Matt, but applied with minimal effort needed to relieve herself of whatever was disturbing her rest.

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Collapsing all space between her breasts as she shifted, Shannon's hand brought both soft bodies together, relieving herself of her itch. A slight groan escaped her lips as she was satisfied with the efforts, unaware that anything of consequence was happening.

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Matt had only moments to react, moments that would not make a difference in the outcome he would soon endure. Her breasts, malleable and heavy, collapsed on one another as Shannon pressed. All air and light vanished from her cleavage as his girlfriend's impressive chest completely engulfed him.

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Shannon was used to adjusting her chest in her sleep, a necessity given her braless nature, and before today, was a harm to no one. Matt actually enjoyed that about her a lot, and it often led to nights where their light sleep would be interrupted with some stray hands finding something sensitive... which almost always escalated to something intimate.

Matt however was not able to appreciate his girlfriend's lack of chest support at the moment, as he was struggling to stay conscious amid her attempts to smother him.

Shannon shifted slightly some more in her sleep, finding a new comfortable position. Her minor annoyance dealt with, she was able to avoid fully waking up and found herself drifting back off to sleep quickly.

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Having been literally crushed between two soft, massive bodies, Matt was surprised to be alive. The light bouncing off her skin gave him a sign of hope as he squirmed his way free from the soft fleshy prison and made his way back out into the night.

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He crawled out, cautiously now, as his movements, as slight as they may be, were not undetectable by his gargantuan girlfriend. He made his way out, as subtly as he could manage, onto her toned stomach.

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SIZE ARTIST

Matt had slowly made his way across her abs. Caution faded as he approached her hand, hoping to both get his bearings but get back to the task at hand.

He weighed the risk and rewards after his recent stroke of luck. Relieved he was ok, his confidence returned taking in view from her tummy.

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Her thigh caught light coming in through the window. As a pillar before him, her leg shot out into the distance, extended across the impossibly large couch. Her toned legs, monolithic, were strong. At his current size, they were impossibly steep to climb and majestic in how one would view a beautiful sunset. You simply must be present in your appreciation. You are fortunate to have such a view.

Seeing them, in all their glory made it clear he had made the right choice.

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As much as Matt would love to sit and look upon her beautiful body, his more intrusive thoughts started to win. His gaze into the distance however moved down as her panties below were only a few steps away. Matt's mind began to run with the trouble he could get if he could make it down there. Matt's hand resting on her finger was shaky. He knew this idea was dangerous... but he also would never forgive him for missing this opportunity.

He reached out with his foot, looking to use her pores for enough footing to continue his descent...

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On cue, Shannon's hand reached for the irritation on her stomach. Her hand extended immediately looking to remove what she could only assume was a bug.

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SIZE ARTIST



"Disgusting!" Shannon said, in a half stupor as she reached down to catch the little critter on her stomach.

She was much more awake now. Not to the point of seeing or thinking clearly, but the second disturbance caused her to be a bit more alert.

Matt, hoping his cries for help would not go unanswered, protested as he watched his girlfriend's hand approach to end his adventure short. The digits pinched his body and hastily lifted him into the air. For the first time, Matt was completely helpless, whisked up into the air by a recently agitated giant woman.

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SIZE ARTIST

Pinched in her fingers, Matt flailed around. Matt panicked as her face came alarming close. Her grip was tight and only his arms and legs could be moved, to which he hoped the movement would draw her attention in a helpful way.

"Shannon, it's Matt! Your Boyfriend" he belted out, doing his best to resist her fingers from coming together. Matt did the best he could to make his case to the groggy woman.

"I took some shrinking pi..."

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SIZE ARTIST

Unfortunately for Matt, Shannon wasn't fully awake. His pleas to her went unnoticed as she stared on at the dark, flailing critter pinched in her grasp. She tried her hardest to focus on the incredibly small creature between her fingers, but she just could not get her eyes to see clearly something so miniscule.

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If she could have seen clearly, she would have seen her very tiny boyfriend thrashing about between her fingers. She would have come to the realization he had shrunk and was currently living out his fantasy on her body.

But she could not see clearly.

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Through Shannon's glassy gaze, she could only make out that something small and writhing was between her fingers.

Matt's only saving grace now was that Shannon was extraordinarily cautious with bugs they would happen upon in their apartment. She would often cast them aside or help them find a window. She never intentionally ended one that came across her path.

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SIZE ARTIST

With a quick motion she flicked the tiny figure away. While not ending him right there, the casual ejection of the tiny creature was anything but gentle. The virtually weightless Matt now flying through the room, discarded as to hopefully discourage it's continued annoyance of her during her sleep.

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SIZE ARTIST

Disgusted but satisfied she had dealt with the bug appropriately, Shannon watched as the creature faded from view, and after a second disturbance in her sleep, laid back down, hoping to get the rest she actually craved after a disappointing unexpected night alone.

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SIZE ARTIST

Matt, having been discarded, laid motionless on the couch for quite some time. Partially to make sure Shannon was back to sleep, but also due to the trauma he suffered landing and rolling to his current position.

Shannon had fully flipped over and was back to sleeping, now on her stomach. Matt always knew, even if she was fully aware of him being shrunk, that there would be risks, but knowing about them and experiencing the very real danger are entirely different things.

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"Was it worth it?" He asked himself. The dangers were obvious and presence would not go unnoticed. Should he continue to try and live out this fantasy, or should he find a safe place to hide, limiting the danger and awaiting his return to his normal size? Matt was finally having doubts as his efforts to return to his feet felt more labored than before.

Looking on at his girlfriend's generously curvy form, the lights from outside, bright as ever, highlighted all of her features before him. The shine of her cheeks, her long toned legs, all the way down to the grooves of her feet. She was an absolute goddess to him at the moment.

Matt scolded himself for thinking about backing down. He stood at the very foot of the mountain once again, and with renewed vigor, pressed on once again.

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Matt was never really into feet. He never understood why someone could be so enamored with this part of the body. The smell could be unpleasant, the skin becomes calloused even with just regular walking and they are regularly very ticklish to the touch...

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Ticklish… the thought hadn't occurred to Matt until he was in the middle of her foot. The toes behind him curled, clearly reacting to his movements as Matt attempted to freeze himself in place on the unsteady sole.

How could he be so careless he thought to himself. Shannon's foot was clearly reacting to his movements and given how she reacted before, he was in a place where he was just asking for trouble.

Moments passed and her toes slowly unfurled. His efforts appeared to not be in vain.

"Whew, that was a close one." He said, foolishly outloud.

Her toes rapidly clinched and her foot lifted with no warning. With nothing to grab ahold of, Matt went flying into the air, helpless to stop it.

Looking back at her foot he realized how foolish it was to cross such a sensitive spot, but given how the night was going, he needed to focus ahead, not backwards.

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As Matt reached the top of his launch, he began to figure out where he was going to end up. With what could finally be some good luck, Matt was greeted with the sight waiting cheeks below as his landing spot…

Thinking positively about his change in circumstance, Matt braced for a cushioned impact.

Unfortunately for Matt, Shannon's rear was not soft and supple like her chest. It was toned and firm. Matt landed with an absolute thud on the unmoving taught skin of her cheek, stunned by the realization that his girlfriend does not skip leg day.

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The wind absolutely knocked out of him, Matt laid motionless trying to recover. He had just flung half way across the couch, again, still alive, but showing signs of wearing out. Whatever durability he had gotten from the pills surely helped him weather this onslaught of abuse, but how much more could he possibly take?

Committed to the cause and having removed any consideration from backing down, he was left with only one course of action.

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As he attempted to right himself, he was quickly going to test the durability once more as he tumbled down her cheek, greeted by the darkness of where her curves come together, to form her well shaped butt.

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SIZE ARTIST

Matt quickly found himself pinched between her cheeks. Her firm flesh had pinned him in the tightest spot, helpless.
Unfortunately for him, the reason he was pinched was not out of luck, but agitation. Shannon was already primed for a tiny agitation on her body, and unfortunately this was the final straw.

BradenGTS
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Waking this time with more fury than grogginess, Shannon let out some muffled expletives as she stirred awake.

"You just won't give up, will you?!" she said, tensing up and gripping the pillow. Annoyed by the constant pestering of the unknown critter, she had finally decided to deal with it a bit more aggressively.

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Hearing her directly addressing him told Matt that she was no longer asleep, but actually awake. As he lay pinned between her cheeks, Shannon's hips and thighs tensed up as she rapidly brought her cheeks together around him.

Matt, positioned as he was, made it clear something was on her, and in a very naughty place.

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"For the love of…" Shannon began, furious at what is apparently a new type of perverted insect. She stood up carefully, clenching her cheeks as to not lose the greedy interloper.

"I'll show him." she said, reaching behind and feeling for the bug.



"Gotcha!" Shannon exclaimed.

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"You must really have a death wish, little guy." Shannon said as she slowly extracted the unknown creature from her behind. She couldn't imagine what kind of bug would keep making its way over her body like this, and she was determined to figure out what kind of creature could be so determined to ruin her sleep.

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Shannon's eyes twitched as she focused in on the annoyingly pervy intruder. "... Matt, is that you?" She asked, stumbling over the words as she could hardly believe what she saw. There, between her fingers, was her absent boyfriend, less than an inch tall and struggling against her grip. The boyfriend who blew off movie night was actually there all along...

Matt tried to speak up but his voice was so small it barely registered to her. He began explaining to her how he wanted to surprise her, and how he wanted to share the experience with her and how quickly it all got out of hand.

Shannon heard none of that. She continued looking him over, coming to the realization that what he had said was actually true. Recalling the discussions from before, his helpless predicament and how he had hoped to, one day, do it again but on his own terms.

Everything she was crystallizing at this moment however was overcome by a singular emotion.

Anger.

"What you did was so stupid." She said bluntly. "You could have gotten yourself hurt, or worse!"



Shannon was, at her core, an extremely caring person. She was deeply concerned for Matt, but at the same time was herself presented with a unique situation.

Between her fingers, her boyfriend with a desire to be shrunk and around large women happened to be in the hand of a woman who, all along, yearned to lord power over a small, helpless person.

Shannon had loved his stories largely in part for the hope that it actually could come true. She lived vicariously not through the eyes of Matt in his stories, but from Malinda's. She wanted to have a small man all to herself.

Shannon was getting turned on just thinking about it as her hand slipped to her panties, discarding them as they dropped to the floor.

"I think it's time I share my fantasy with you." She said, breaking the silence.



Before Matt could even comprehend what was said, she turned her hand over sending him free falling without warning. Matt screamed out in horror, as for the first time, she was aware of what she was doing to him. She intentionally let him fall what was hundreds of feet to him, without a moment's hesitation.

Maybe she had assumed he would survive given how the night had gone. Or maybe she remembered all he talked about his ability to withstand the punishment from Malinda before.

But mostly, he thought about the sudden realization that she was far more eager to have found him than he could have ever anticipated.

Shannon was talking to herself, excitedly, as Matt fell towards the table. The excitement was running through her head as she made her way out of the room to find a relic from her single life.

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The hardest surface he had hit tonight was as unforgiving as could be expected. The wind again knocked out of him, and durability aside he still needed to catch his breath. He could hear Shannon fumbling around in the other room as he worked on controlling his breaths.

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As his girlfriend is still rummaging around the bedroom on the other side of the wall, Matt gets his bearings and starts to get up.

"What could her fantasy be?" he wondered out loud. He started to feel even guilty. He had this extraordinary thing happen to him and it has been top of mind for so long, he never really listened to hear what Shannon's deep desires were. She knew about his experience and how after the fear of it all faded, he wanted to experience it again, with someone special. He shared that with her directly.

But he never really asked her what she wanted... He never even suspected that her interest in everything he told her was related to something she wanted to experience herself. What could she possibly have been keeping to herself all this time?

Lost in his own thoughts, Shannon made an exclamation, from the other room, as she found what she was looking for, sauntering back into the room.

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Matt looked up and saw the most massive dildo that could only be described as aggressively pink. Her hand didn't even fully wrap all the way around it, it was so girthy. The sultry walk she made back into the room didn't help his confidence that the addition of that 'toy' could only mean more tests for his waning durability.

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What made matters worse was the realization that there are not many things someone could want to do with such a 'device.' Shannon didn't address him as she made her way back to the couch, consumed by her own thoughts. From Matt's perspective though, it was a cold separation making it abundantly clear that he is at the mercy of her desires.

Desires that up to this point, are up to his imagination.

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All night, outside of some intrusive thoughts, he had hoped to get her attention. For safety, first and foremost, but also to engage in his own fantasy. But now, as she locked eyes with him, he wished nothing more than to be an unknown observer to whatever she had in mind. She locked eyes with the miniscule man. Paralyzed under the weight of her gaze, he watched as her powerful thighs brought her body to rest on the couch.

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"So about my fantasy..." she began.

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"I've loved your stories about being small and at the mercy of a powerful woman." she said. "I will admit the fantasy is sort of inline with my own."

Shannon had liked being with Matt partly because, as they grew closer, she felt she could share her more personal desires with him. He was so open about his own, and given it actually happened to him, she was excited to show him exactly what she had fantasized about all these years.

More importantly, she had built the confidence that he, more than anyone, would be the perfect partner to explore it with.



"I've always wanted to have my tiny boyfriend to get lost on my body." She stated. "The idea of him trying to get my attention, but can't because he's just so tiny and weak... it makes me feel so powerful. I become your whole world and you just have to go along for the ride." Shannon had always had a fascination for things that were so tiny, and each interaction reminded her of those inner most desires.

"Come join me little Matt." She said, slightly wagging her foot. Her whole body tingled in anticipation as she watched him break into a run across the table.

Matt obeyed with an overwhelming fear and excitement. Shannon wants this... and he soon realized that the best part of his own fantasy...

Was his lack of control in the situation.

Her foot was truly massive. She had larger feet for sure, but as small he was, each groove looked like something he could climb. Unlike his previous time, he was given a 'choice' to participate in what was clearly going to be an experience for her pleasure. This time though, he was ready and willing to do whatever he could to make that experience amazing for a woman he knew... and loved.

"Wow... I do love her." He thought during his run. He'd never told her that before. She was the perfect woman for him, and now he had to survive the night so he could tell her. Was this the start of something amazing? Or incredibly dangerous...

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The strength and rush of adrenaline needed to mount her foot was no small feat. Shannon had not even started but let out some low moans as Matt struggled to climb. Getting to the top of her ankle he rested for a bit. Of mind he was willing more than any other time in his life, but his body had physical limits that even the realization he loved his girlfriend, couldn't overcome.

Shannon watched on in anticipation as she slowly began stroking and manipulating herself, fueled by the feeble efforts of her little lover.

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Shannon was always a bit more vocal during their sex in the past. She would always let him know when he was hitting the right spot, and given she was doing the driving herself, she knew exactly where she liked it. She loved when Matt would play with her nipples, and knowing they were literally bigger than his whole body, only increased how every stroke against her womanhood sent pleasure to every end of her body.

BradenGTS
SIZE ARTIST

Shannon began to understand what Matt had been talking about. The fantasy would pop into her mind from time to time. She would, especially before coming to live with Matt, would explore it online... often leading to a solo session like she was having right now.

But the actual fantasy coming true, her tiny boyfriend making her way up her leg was on a whole other level.

BradenGTS
SIZE ARTIST

Each step for Matt was a powerful movement towards the goal of fulfilling his girlfriend's command. Driving on each step into her toned thigh, he bolted towards the unknown.

BradenGTS
SIZE ARTIST



"I can feel you running Matt... it feels amazing." She said through heavier breathing. What was Matt's grand effort to make his way closer to his girlfriend, were the most subtle and even ticklish sensations across her leg as he came up. It served as a way of letting her know how close he had gotten, her imagination envisioning his view of her great body rising and falling to her self-manipulation.



Matt, on the other hand, did not need to use any sort of mental imagery. He looked up at the great sight before him. This was not a sleeping, dormant mountain range anymore. This was an active volcano that was violently close to erupting, and there was absolutely nothing he could do to avoid it, much less stop it.

He was along for the ride, and as looked up at her heaving chest, he realized he had nowhere else to run.

He hadn't thought this far ahead...

Shannon had herself right at the edge. She didn't want this to end, and as she removed her hand from below, she reached for what would be her grandest climax ever.

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Shifting her leg just a touch, she sent Matt down tumbling between her thighs. She knew he was around but as her more primal brain was yearning to release, she completely got on a one track mind. That thought was about being filled by the largest phallus in the room.

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"Don't feel threatened Matt... This thing is even big for me..." She said, cooing as her whole body reacted to every brush of her clitoris, her hand keeping her right at the edge.

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Matt, having another fall, was almost getting used to the impact at this point. His body could take it. The real exasperation came when the lights from the lamps outside caught that pink dildo overhead.



Shannon sized up the giant pink instrument. She had not used it since before Matt. She was honestly in one of the happiest relationships she has been in. Most nights they spent together already and there wasn't really a need to relieve that much stress. But, given the night and how it's going, her big pink friend will be something that actually brings them closer than ever before.

Matt ducked in a way like when a helicopter is above. It's not right above your head but the mere presence and fast movements of something so powerful above you causes you to protect yourself, instinctively. Matt could hear the sounds from inside her womanhood parting as it made way for the gargantuan pink pleasure toy.

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Cooing as she inched the massive pink unit into herself, she carefully brought it in at a pace that felt good, but caused just the right amount of pain.

"Maybe... you should be a 'little' threatened." She said between breaths, as it was bigger than she remembered. Matt was by no means 'small' but having not exposed her lady parts to its girth in some time, there was some adjustments that had be made to accommodate such a tool

Matt watched in fear and awe as Shannon began pumping the artificial phallus in and out at increasing speeds. Her moans were heavy on each retraction and insertion. The sounds and suction were amplified from his prone position between her thighs.

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Shannon was back to her sole desire to finish what she started, her mind focused almost solely on the rhythm she had established while thinking about Matt and how it must look for him.

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"Oh... I'm... right... there..." she squealed as the pumping led to euphoria. She let out a squelch as she came, clamping down her insides on the pink behemoth. It took minutes to finally finish as she shifted her thoughts away from her peak and back to her miniscule boyfriend who was... hopefully alive.



As she slowly pulled out the dildo, evidence of her coming followed, stuck to the tip. As she fully extracted the artificial member, her juices oozed out and completely covered Matt. An unintended consequence but entirely fitting nonetheless.

Drenched in her sex, Matt could only struggle against the torrential downpour of juices and cum as she was plastered to the couch cushion between her legs. Shannon looking down was blown away by the experience, and finally coming out of her post-orgasmic bliss, she searched for her boyfriend. He had helped her experience her deepest held fantasy ever and wanted to make sure he was alright.

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"Wow Matt... you truly are tiny." She said, fishing him out of her juices. Being stuck to her finger made the extraction a bit easier. Plastered to her finger, she pulled him up to her face.

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"How was that for you?" Shannon asked, genuinely curious but knew he had no way of telling her. He laid there mostly limp on her finger tip and cautiously she watched for some motion to make sure he was alright.

Matt slowly lifted his hand, half waving to her as an indication he was still with her.

While having no medical training or experience handling a tiny person, Shannon took that as a confirmation he could continue. She was too excited to show her appreciation for his participation.

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Shannon on the other hand wasn't done. She'd always wanted a shrunken boyfriend, and now that she had him, she couldn't wait to pay him back for such a valiant effort. He had told her in enough detail what the theme of his fantasy was... and it would be a shame to waste the perfect opportunity.

She was twitching in anticipation.

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"You've told me in so many ways what you've wanted." She stated, recalling past conversations. "Now that we finally have that chance, I want to give you a whole new fantasy to think about."

Matt, still covered from head to town, tried to wipe some of the fluids from his eyes to understand what she meant. He wasn't sure if the 'lack of control' part of this fantasy was great for his health, but he had no time... or ability to protest.

Shannon shifted back on the couch laying back down. Through the warped view of her juices still clung to her finger, Matt had a crystal clear idea of where he was headed.

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Her finger, with Matt plastered on, rushed between her legs after she got situated. Her goal was to make him completely forget about that mystery woman from the bar... and fantasize about something even bigger.

Even more intimate...

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Shannon watched as she lowered her miniscule man towards her awaiting clit. He was going to use his half inch body to please his colossal girlfriend... with a little help from her.

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Sticking him directly on her happy button, she slowly started moving him around. The juices helped keep him in place as she began stroking herself, her boyfriend between her finger and her sugar plum.

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Biting her lip, his mostly limp body rode over her button in a way that both of their fantasies could come together. Him trapped against the sex of a much larger, and frankly merciless, woman and her having the tiny boyfriend at the absolute mercy of her desires.

She sped up. If Matt was contributing she wasn't really aware of that effort, but in her mind he was giving it his all, and that let her abandon any last bit of caution as she started to bring herself closer and closer to the edge again.

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Matt was fading in and out, durability or not his body had hit its absolute limit. If this was the end, he had no regrets and the sensations of his body being tossed around against her sex would be a fitting end if it so came to it...

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Shannon worked him masterfully. She began to moan as another orgasm came over her, even quicker than before, as Matt's last ounce of stamina drained from his tiny, hapless body.

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Shannon howled as for the second time in mere minutes, the thoughts of her tiny boyfriend, powerless against her sex brought her to orgasm.

His final thoughts were about bringing his girlfriend to one last orgasm as the world faded to dark... wondering if he would wake to tell her how he felt.

"I love you Shannon..."



The apartment was quiet. Matt was sleeping peacefully on the couch. Shannon, after all of the pleasure and living out her deepest fantasies, had a very real concern for her boyfriend.

He had laid motionless for sometime once she calmed down, and she began to worry. She laid him out on the pillow, and looked for any sign of life.

Seeing just the slightest of breaths, she was relieved. What had come over her was so feral and exhilarating she felt guilty and worried she took it too far. Overnight, she made him a makeshift bed on the couch, sleeping close by and waking throughout the night to check on him. His tiny chest would rise and fall and each inspection built her confidence.

Early in the morning a foot pushed into her thigh, and when she woke, he was there, back at his normal height. He had returned to his normal size sometime throughout the night and outside of looking exhausted appeared to be in good health.

Babe
Next time you want to try some new shrinking Drug out, Tell Me First

Try to get some more though cause I've never felt closer.

Enjoy your rest.

Shannon

He slept well into the afternoon. Feeling comfortable that he was in no immediate danger, she left the house for a bit to keep it quiet and let him rest. She left a quick note about her time for whenever he woke.

The experience was surreal. She understood why he brought it up all the time, and now she had an experience of her own. She shared it with a man she had gotten so very close to, and hoped he would be eager to try it again.

She wondered just how he had gotten his hands on more of the medicine in the first place... hoping he could get some more. She was so excited for their future together.

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For now, Matt would need to recover. His body was mostly shut down as he slept in a dreamless sleep.

But, who needs dreams when your every fantasy has come true?

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