

Peak Peril

The twelve tiny researchers clung to the towering, leathery surface of the woman's left nipple, their hearts pounding as they began their harrowing ascent. The nipple loomed before them like a fleshy mountain, its peak stretching high into the sky, blocking out the light and casting them into shadow. They had to squint to make out the details of the textured landscape before them, the skin stretched taut and glistening with sweat. As they climbed higher, the researchers found themselves navigating a treacherous terrain of ridges and canyons, each one deeper and steeper than the last. The nipple's surface was a patchwork of creases and wrinkles, some as wide as canyons, others shallow ditches. They had to use all their strength and skill to pull themselves up and over each peak, their tiny fingers sinking into the pliant, warm flesh.

The air grew thicker and more humid the higher they climbed, filled with the scent of Connie's natural musk. It was a heady, intoxicating aroma that made their heads swim and their hearts race. The researchers had to stop frequently to catch their breath, their lungs burning from exertion and the lack of oxygen. As they neared the summit, the wind picked up, whipping around them and threatening to tear them from their precarious perches. The woman they were on was breathing surprisingly heavily. A normal man may have considered her breasts heaving to be heavenly, but for them it was just heavily. Continentally, landform shakingly heavy. Even at such a minute state, they could tell. Each inhale and exhale sent shockwaves through her flesh, making the ground tremble beneath their feet. Each breath was a tumult of air. They had to dig their gear in deep, clinging for dear life as they battled against the gale-force winds. Why was their subject acting so strangely, Ramon, the team leader wondered.

At last, after what felt like an eternity, they hauled themselves up and over the final ridge. As they crested the peak, the researchers paused to catch their breath, their hearts pounding

wildly in their microscopic chests. And then they saw it - the underside of Connie's face, her chin and neck stretching out like a vast, pale expanse before them. Wait... pale?

Panic gripped the tiny explorers as the horrible realization sank in. This wasn't Connie's face at all, but the face of a stranger. From the underside of her chin they could see, almost in slow motion, the gigantic woman look down at them. She was blonde, with creamy, pale skin that seemed flush in the dim light. The researchers exchanged terrified glances, their minds racing as they put the pieces together. They weren't on their intended subject, but on someone else entirely. Someone with a body that was far more unpredictable than their carefully vetted and studied subject. They had no idea what to do. They tried to radio their shuttle but heard nothing in response. They were stranded on the left nipple of a woman who was flushed and breathing heavily. They turned to take in the rest of her body as it stretched into the horizon, and then they saw the cause of her arousal. A massive man in the far distance was at her feet. Said feet had been toying with a cock the size of a city. And now he was coming their way.

The dozen tiny researchers clung to the peak of the stranger's left nipple, their hearts pounding in their chests as they watched the scene unfold before them. From their microscopic vantage point, they saw the gigantic form of a man looming over the woman's body, his features distorted and grotesque in the extreme close-up. It was clear that he was leaning down to kiss the woman, his face filling their view like a horrific, fleshy moon.

As their host and the man's lips met in a passionate kiss, the researchers felt the world around them tremble and shake. The woman let out a soft moan that shook the very foundations of her being and by extension, theirs. The sound was a deep, resonant rumble that the tiny explorers could feel in their bones, a sonic boom of pleasure that threatened to dislodge them from their perches. At the same time, the woman's nipple began to change shape beneath their feet. They watched in awe and growing dread as her fingers reached up and started to

tweak and play with the sensitive peak. Her fingers were like buildings compared to their tiny bodies, each one easily as thick as a skyscraper. They could only imagine the pleasure she must be feeling as she tugged and rolled the nipple between her fingertips, the flesh stretching and distorting like putty.

The researchers had to grab onto the nipple with all their strength as it was manipulated from above. The sensation was incredible, the skin stretching and contracting around them, the blood rushing to the surface and making it throb and pulse like a heartbeat. It was like riding a wild, fleshy rollercoaster, and they were at the mercy of the woman's whims and desires. They barely were able to hide in the crevasses of the wrinkles, like massive canyons to them, to avoid her plying fingers.

As the kiss deepened and the woman's arousal grew, the researchers could feel the heat radiating off of her skin, could see the goosebumps rising on the flesh in the distance. It was like watching large hills grow from the ground. The entire topography changing from her pleasure. The air grew thick and humid, filled with the mingled scents of the couple's arousal and the woman's natural musk. It was intoxicating and terrifying all at once, a heady perfume that made their heads swim and their hearts race.

The researchers could only watch in growing dread as the woman's fingers pinched and tugged at the nipple, her pleasure mounting with each passing second. They could feel every tug, every squeeze, every pulse of sensation that raced through the sensitive flesh. It was a miracle they weren't shaken off or crushed. They clung for dear life to the peak of the stranger's left nipple, their hearts hammering wildly in their microscopic chests as they watched the terrifying scene unfold before them. The man's head moved down, his mouth latching onto the other nipple like a fleshy vacuum. The researchers could see every detail of his tongue as it

began to lap and suckle at the sensitive peak, each stroke of his tongue sending shockwaves through the woman's breast.

From their precarious perch, they could see the other nipple stretching and distorting under the onslaught of the man's ministrations, the flesh swelling and pulsing with each suck. They knew all too well that there were at least a dozen of their colleagues trapped on that titanic mound of flesh, and they could only imagine the terror and panic they must be feeling as the man's mouth worked hungrily at their tiny island. The surviving researchers on the free nipple had to focus all their attention on simply surviving the woman's increasingly rough handling of her own breast. Her fingers were like living monoliths as she groped and kneaded the supple mound, squeezing and massaging the sensitive flesh. Each squeeze sent a shockwave through the nipple they were on, threatening to dislodge them or crush them into the yielding surface.

As the man's sucking grew more intense, the woman's breathing became more ragged and labored. Her chest heaved with each gasping breath, the motion sending the researchers bouncing and jostling like ragdolls on a stormy sea. They had to dig their fingers into the pliant flesh, sinking them in as deep as they could, just to avoid being shaken off or crushed beneath the woman's writhing fingers.

The researchers watched in horror as the woman lifted her heavy breast, a breast that could hold cities of millions, towards her open mouth, the nipple stretching towards the awaiting maw. They could feel themselves being pulled taut, their bodies straining against the sudden motion and g forces, hearts pounding wildly in their microscopic chests. The woman's hot, humid breath washed over them as she tilted the nipple towards her lips, the air growing thicker and more pungent with each passing second. It was like being caught in a hurricane of scent and sound, the woman's arousal filling their nostrils and ears.

Suddenly, without warning, the woman's tongue emerged from her mouth, a slick, fleshy expanse that seemed to stretch on forever as it snaked out towards the nipple. They could hear the wet sounds of it sliding past her lips. The poor little researchers could see every detail, every ridge and groove, as it crept closer and closer to the throbbing, aching peak. They could only watch in unheard terror as the tongue made contact, the slick, wet heat enveloping a good portion of the nipple and the unfortunate souls still clinging to it. The researchers felt themselves being dragged forward, the suction of the woman's mouth and the weight of her tongue pulling them towards the warm, wet cavern. They screamed and clawed at the flesh, trying desperately to find purchase, but it was like trying to climb a waterfall. Several of them were ripped away, their tiny bodies tumbling and spinning as they were pulled towards the woman's waiting mouth.

The researchers watched in horror as their colleagues disappeared into the fleshy abyss, swallowed whole by the woman's saliva sliding down her ravenous tongue, pulling them down her throat. They could only imagine the terror and panic those poor souls must have felt as they were engulfed, their bodies stretching and distorting as they were pulled into the wet, fleshy tunnel. Those still clinging to the nipple could only hold on for dear life, their hearts racing as they felt the nipple beginning to shrink and harden, pulled into the woman's mouth like a piece of taffy. They could feel the blood rushing to the surface, the flesh throbbing and pulsing around them as the woman's saliva coated the nipple, making it slick and treacherous. It was cacophonous. They knew there was nothing they could do, save for trying to survive.

The remaining researchers, now a mere five in number, clung desperately to the woman's nipple as it was engulfed in a deluge of her own saliva. The thick, warm drool cascaded over the fleshy peak, drenching them completely and turning the surface slick and treacherous. It was like being caught in a sudden, fleshy downpour, the viscous fluid clinging to their bodies and making it nearly impossible to maintain their grip. As the nipple was drawn further into the woman's hot, wet mouth, the researchers could feel the flesh beginning to

stretch and distort around them, the blood rushing to the surface and making it throb and pulse like a heartbeat. The suction from her breath was incredible, pulling at them from all sides, threatening to tear them loose from their precarious perches. They had to dig their climbing gear and even their fingers in as deep as they could, sinking them into the hardening flesh, just to avoid being ripped away and swallowed whole like their unfortunate colleagues.

But the true horror came as the nipple was pulled between the woman's lips, the firm, fleshy surfaces scraping and crushing them from all sides. The researchers could feel themselves being squeezed and compressed, the woman's lips and teeth kneading the sensitive flesh like dough. It was an agonising, disorienting sensation, being crushed and massaged by the woman's own mouth, her lips and tongue working the nipple like a piece of gum. They could hear the lewd, wet sounds of the woman's suckling and nibbling, the obscene noises filling their ears and making them want to scream. The pressure was immense, the friction of her lips and teeth against the nipple threatening to grind them into paste. They could only imagine the pleasure the woman must be feeling, the intense sensations of her own mouth on her own flesh, as they were subjected to the same treatment.

The researchers had never felt so helpless, so utterly at the mercy of another person's desires. They were like tiny playthings, trapped between the woman's teeth and tongue as she suckled and nibbled at her own nipple. The sensation was overwhelming, the pressure and the friction and the heat of her mouth threatening to overwhelm their senses. They could only pray that it would end soon, that the woman would tire of her own game before she crushed them all to death in her greedy, lustful mouth.

Despite their desperate struggles and the best efforts of the remaining researchers, the cruel fate that befell their colleagues was not to be avoided. The woman's ravenous suckling intensified, her lips and teeth bearing down harder on her own nipple with each passing second.

The researchers could feel the flesh compressing around them, the skin throbbing and pulsing wildly as the woman's arousal reached a fever pitch. One by one, the tiny scientists were ripped from their tenuous hold on the nipple, their battered bodies tumbling and spinning in the swirling eddies of the woman's saliva. They could only watch in mute horror as their friends and colleagues were sucked away, disappearing into the churning abyss of the woman's mouth.

Some of the researchers were crushed by the woman's powerful jaws, their bodies flattened and ground into the slick, fleshy surface, the instant a tooth took a little nip. Others were drowned in the deluge of saliva, the thick fluid flooding their lungs and filling their mouths as they gasped and choked, struggling futilely against the onslaught. A few of the unlucky researchers managed to hold their breath and ride out the initial wave of drool, only to be sucked away by the incredible suction, their tiny forms hurtling through the air like ragdolls before disappearing down the woman's throat with a sickening gulp. They couldn't even feel the powerful muscles of her neck constricting around them, pulling the saliva carrying them deeper and deeper into the fleshy tunnel, the darkness and pressure increasing with each swallow. They were too small to feel those muscles and far too small for those muscles to feel them. They were nothing to this massive, unaware goddess.

As the last researcher was ripped away, the woman finally released her nipple from her lips, a strand of saliva connecting the peak to her mouth like a fleshy thread. She licked her lips, savoring the taste of her own essence and the pleasure that her husband was giving her other nipple, completely unaware of the tiny lives she had just extinguished with such careless abandon. The sole remaining researcher, Dr. Elara Vasquez, found herself trapped in a bead of the woman's saliva that stretched between the nipple and her lips like a liquid bridge. She clung desperately to the slick, translucent strand, her heart pounding wildly in her chest as she was suspended high above the churning abyss of the woman's mouth. The saliva was warm and thick, as it stretched and swayed with each movement of her lips.

Dr. Vasquez could feel the bead of drool begin to stretch thinner and thinner as the woman's tongue dashed out, lapping at the nipple and the strand of saliva that held the researcher aloft. With each lick, the bead grew tauter and more translucent, the edges thinning until it was like a strand of glass, ready to snap at any moment. As the bead of saliva grew thinner, Dr. Vasquez could feel herself being pulled inexorably towards the woman's waiting mouth, the suction of her breath and the weight of the droplet far greater than the weight of her own body was too much for the fragile strand to bear. She watched in horror as the nipple moved away as the strand began to disappear between the woman's lips, the fleshy landscape shifting and distorting around her.

With a final, unknowingly cruel flick of her tongue, the woman sealed her lips around the remains of the saliva strand, the last vestiges of Dr. Vasquez's lifeline. The researcher had only a split second to realize what was happening before the darkness closed in around her. As the woman's lips sealed around the last strand of saliva, Dr. Vasquez found herself plunging into a yawning chasm, the slick, fleshy walls rushing past her on all sides. She tucked herself into a tight, protective ball, bracing for the inevitable impact and the horrors yet to come. Just as she began to prepare herself for the agony of being crushed or drowned, she spotted a narrow gap between the woman's bottom incisors and her gum line.

Acting on instinct and desperation, Dr. Vasquez dove, or rather dived through a sea of saliva, towards the gap, wedging herself into the tight crevice just as the darkness closed in around her. She managed to jam herself into the space, her body fitting surprisingly well into the contours of the woman's mouth. It was far from a snug fit; she had ample room in a space so small the titaness likely didn't know it existed. She could feel the heat and moisture of the woman's saliva and breath surrounding her on all sides, but at least she was no longer tumbling helplessly into the abyss.

For now, at least, Vasquez was safe from the immediate dangers that had claimed the lives of her colleagues. She could hear the constant sounds of the woman's breathing and the distant, guttural noises of her sucking and shifting saliva, but in this hidden crevice, she was momentarily spared from the horrors that awaited her if she were discovered. It was a slim refuge, but it would have to do until she could formulate a plan for escape or rescue that she could only pray would come.