

Fraulein scuttled into class a few minutes early with something fidgeting in her sweaty fist. The lecture hall had blessedly emptied out just a few minutes after the last class had ended, giving her a narrow window of opportunity before students started arriving for Environmental Studies.

She needed to act fast.

Instantly she spotted her target: A rinky-dink seat made of cool eggshell vinyl, curved into a butt-shaped divot. The plastic was well-worn, especially towards the middle, where the infinitesimal pattern had been scrubbed clean from years of fidgeting freshmen.

Fraulein ran her fingers through her half-buzzed wolf cut and grinned buck-beaverishly. Digging into her shoulder bag, she produced a roll of clear plastic tape procured from the student store. And now for the *pièce de résistance*...

Her left hand unfurled, revealing the cowering half-inch form of the Tiny she'd snatched up earlier. She cooed as the little thing tried to scramble across the leylines of her palm. She tilted her hand and watched it plummet towards the smooth surface of the chair.

It might've been a student—Possibly a shrunken classmate of hers. Perhaps a staff or faculty member. Maybe even a random nobody who was just passing through and happened to shrink at the worst possible moment.

Or maybe... it was just a Street Tiny.

Some insignificant pest born into a worthless existence Fraulein struggled to fathom.

Either way, she didn't give it much thought. For all she cared it was just some bug who'd stumbled into its bed and would now lie in it.

*Vermin*, best served as a topping on a hot slice of buffalo blue cheese pizza...

The mere thought made her heart flutter and her stomach growl as the Tiny faceplanted on the chair. Her finger quickly came down, pinning it to the seat. It squirmed beneath her fingerprint, still trying in vain to escape her clutches. "*Quit resisting,*" She hissed.

*She was FINALLY giving some meaning to the poor, pathetic thing's miserable little life. It should've been THANKING her...*

Her heavy breath washed over the trapped Tiny as she knelt in close. With her quivering lips inches from its face, she confided, *"I'd give ANYTHING to be in your place..."*

As the distant sound of footsteps approached, she prepared the altar. Keeping the Tiny pinned to the plastic seat, she tore off a scrap of tape and deftly smothered it from the neck-down; The head left deliciously exposed to the elements. A part of her thought about covering the face too, but she didn't want to risk suffocating it.

*It'd be SO unsatisfying if the little thing died before it got to serve its purpose.*

With everything prepared, Fraulein scampered to her seat directly behind it. Her nails pressed into her neatly-folded hands as her classmates began shuffling into the room and took their usual seats around her. She prayed none of them would think to look down at the open seat—She prayed even harder that nobody else would *rudely* claim it for themselves before her mark made her appearance.

Finally, *she* arrived.

Fraulein swallowed dryly.

*PJ Flax...*

*Sweet, sweet Penny Jubilee...*

*So neat and clean and joyful and beautiful and... good.*

*Everything Fraulein wasn't.*

*She was like the bright, sparkling light of her life; which she surreptitiously scurried and scuttled away from like a cowardly little mouse desperate to hide away in the darkness.*

Coated in a light spritz of post-workout sweat, PJ came trotting into the room with a towel around her neck, her binder tucked neatly in one arm and a hydroflask swinging freely in the other. She was positively radiant, her hair tied in a bun with a sweatband slapped across her forehead and warm smile spread across her peachy face. Her tank top, slightly damp, clung to her chest and conformed to the shape of her perky breasts. But the real star of the show was all that *junk in the trunk*.

Bright orange gym shorts hugged a pair of supple, rippling thighs thicker than her goddamn head. Each step sent shockwaves across each voluptuous leg that came together to form the textbook definition of a *FAT FUCKING ASS*. A *certified, double-wide dumptruck bubble-butt*, the *JUICIEST* rump Fraulein had ever laid eyes on. It jiggled hypnotically as she spun around, putting that big, bouncing booty on full display.

Fraulein's heart caught in her throat as PJ began side-stepping towards her usual spot, scooting past a number of already-seated students and giving each of them an awkward faceful of ass.

If Fraulein had any guts she would've planted herself directly in the line of fire. Her face being so close to her steaming buns, mere inches from her divine derriere...

She wouldn't be able to help herself—*She'd plunge her face right between those cheeks.*

The truth was, prissy, preppy little Fraulein Katz was a freak. *A horny, horny sex freak who was just OBSESSED with this girl.* The nights she'd drifted off into unconsciousness with images of PJ swimming in her mind, touching herself to the thought of burying her face in that ass. Rat nose nuzzled between her meaty cheeks, trembling as her quivering lips parted and she set out lapping up every drop of buttsweat. Her tongue delicately tracing the wrinkled rim of her asshole before diving right in, grip tightening around those thick thighs until she drowned in PJ's pussy juices *or broke her fucking neck—*

Fraulein blinked.

PJ had finally reached her seat, and she found herself staring directly at the girl's peachy cheeks parting as she leaned forward to set down her things. They left nothing to the imagination with the way they greedily ate up her gym shorts. Her heart pounded as the welcoming crevice of PJ's asscrack beckoned her, daring the girl to give in to her wicked temptations right there and then.

*So tantalizingly close...*

*J-Just one teensy little touch...*

Her hand twitched, images of carnal desire flashing in her mind's eye.

*But... What would The Little Madam Fooshe think?* Vivienne Fooshe and her fabulously wealthy family, who'd given her everything to make her part of their household—*They*

*needed to keep up appearances, after all. And the girl daylighting as their unshrunk "daughter" being swept up in peasantry scandal was NOT acceptable. Not until she actually inherited the family business and let her hair grow out a little, at least.*

That's why she was even pursuing an MBA, to prove herself a worthy successor to the family fortune she'd been painstakingly arranged to inherit, and to secure untold riches and record profits for herself and the Fooshe Foods™ empire. From humble origins, the Fooshes had moulded her from an upper-class army brat with a gift for mimicry into a fine young noblewoman in their own image. *Or rather, in their daughter's.*

*She was a thoroughbred, an Elite—an Alpha. She was superior to the FILTHY PEASANTS she still associated with by the mere fact that she had a greater purpose laid out before her—A future in the Fast Food Industry!*

*A future she could kiss goodbye if she laid so much as a FINGER on that huge, sweaty ass wagging before her...*

Gulping, Fraulein neatly folded her hands and lowered her gaze submissively.

*Just like a good little girl.*

*Like a spineless shrew of a woman.*

...

*...Well, if she couldn't have that big fat ass all to herself then this was the next best thing.*

Gripping the edge of her chair, Fraulein leaned forward, eyes nearly bulging out of her head. Her shrunken victim was right where she'd left it, struggling helplessly and staring up at the horrifying sight of PJ's bubble-butt hovering mere inches overhead.

Sweat dripped off her steaming cheeks and splashed around it as PJ leaned back. Her scrumptious gymwear had already sunk into the vast cleft between her overwhelming glutes, swallowed up until they rode her like a thong that left much of her bare ass on display. A death-sentence of a sight for the poor Tiny taped to her seat.

*The little sacrifice prepared JUST for her godly buttocks~*

Fraulein's heart pounded as PJ bent her knees and lowered onto—

"Hey!"

Fraulein leapt out of her skin. For a heartstopping second she feared she'd been found out—*That PJ had discovered what a horrible, horrible freak she was and she'd tell everyone and she'd lose everything and her entire life would come crashing down around her.*

Fortunately, her wicked plot hadn't been uncovered. The voice had come from someone else: A wide, plodding girl with ugly, uneven bangs and tacky round sunglasses like the ones in *The Matrix*. She smiled with a set of squarish teeth lined with gaudy rubber-banded braces and waddled over to PJ.

Fraulein felt her nails dig into her torn jeans. She didn't know who this new girl was, but something about that rotund build and the gilded cage necklace dangling from her sweaty neck was dreadfully reminiscent.

"You're *Kappa Kappa Chi*, right?" The girl drolled, running her tongue across her braces.

"OMG Darcy hiiiiiii!!!" PJ trilled excitedly, springing to her feet and giving the girl a hug. "It's so nice to see another *Chi* Sister! I didn't know you were in this class—We should sit together!"

"Yeah, it was kind of a last-minute add," Darcy huffed, plopping into the open spot next to her. "I'm not crazy about this professor, but it meets the requirements, y'know?"

As the two girls glided into conversation, Fraulein simmered silently. *How DARE this girl just waltz in and— And act like she could just TALK to someone completely unannounced. It was RUDE, just imposing yourself on somebody. Who even DID that???*

She was so preoccupied with the obnoxious chatterbox she almost missed the critical moment as PJ started sitting down once again.

The rounded window carved into the small of each seat gave Fraulein a perfect view of the little treat she'd left in the dead-center of the impact zone. The terrified Tiny squirmed deliciously, utterly helpless as PJ's planetary asscheeks descended upon it. It thrashed fitfully, fighting for even the slimmest chance at surviving what was to come.

And Fraulein sincerely hoped it did.

The struggling peasant-bug took one last breath of fresh air before PJ plopped down, sealing it between her buttocks. Her doughy cheeks spread across the flat surface, spilling over the edge slightly as she sank into her seat, utterly clueless.

*Of course she hadn't even FELT the writhing half-inch lump disappear up her ass crack. Even if it was one of the larger Tinies, it'd be nearly IMPOSSIBLE to feel something so small and insignificant compared to that MASSIVE ass... Fraulein's thoughts were awirl.*

She could only imagine what the little speck must be going through. Buried beneath such unfathomable amounts of ass, surrounded by nothing but the softest, *plushest* cushions imaginable. The sheer pressure from having to contend with both immense glutes bearing down on them from either side would've been extraordinary. *And with only a thin layer of gym spandex separating it from the juiciest depths of her asscrack...*

PJ wiggled her hips back and forth, trying to find her sweet spot as she made herself comfortable—*Each fickle fidget wedging that Tiny deeper and deeper.*

*Lucky bug*, Fraulein thought, practically drooling as the professor took the podium. She placed her bag on her lap as a subtle hand snuck inside her jeans and snaked under her waistband. An opportunity like this couldn't be passed up, as much as she was trembling in trepidation.

Slowly, she began to massage her clit.

*Fraulein Katz—A thoroughbred, an Alpha, the successor to Fooshe Foods—Pleasuring herself in public, in the middle of God damn lecture!*

The audacity of it only added to her mounting titillation.

Slumped in her seat, she made sure her eyes never left PJ's bubble-butt, shifting from side-to-side like gelatinous icebergs. Biting her lip, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine what it must be like...

*Stuck between those perfect ass cheeks hundreds of times your size. Less than an itch to the bright, bubbly girl who didn't even know you were down there. Such a nice, perfect girl who'd never hurt a fly, totally oblivious to the fact that you were enduring absolute hell trapped under her sweltering bubble-butt, and each passing second only made it worse.*

*It was an irony more delicious than a slice of buffalo blue cheese...*

Midway through lecture, PJ frowned. She could barely pay attention to the professor prattling on thanks to all her fidgeting, failing to iron out an uneven lump underneath her. Finally, fearing the worst, she daintily leaned over and lifted a single, hefty buttock off the seat.

The Tiny that had been trapped beneath several hundred tons of booty-blubber spasmed to life, gasping desperately for fresh air as their clueless tormenter granted them a slight reprieve. The wrinkled remains of her shorts winked down at them from the dredges of her buttcrack as PJ tapped the girl next to her on the shoulder.

"Hey," She whispered to Darcy, "My chair's really uncomfortable. I... THINK there might be something down there... Or..." She gulped. "S-Some...ONE... C-can you check real quick—"

"What? To make sure you're not SITTING on someone?" Darcy snorted snidely. "C'mon, you're part of Kappa-Kappa-Chi. If you sat on a Tiny, you'd KNOW, wouldn't you??"

"W-well..." She wrung her hands together anxiously. "I... just wanna be sure."

Darcy sighed. "Look, does it FEEL like you're sitting on someone?"

PJ reached underneath her rump and felt around experimentally. Her lithe fingers clumsily explored her own supple posterior, and then the chair itself. The glossy texture of the tape blended in with the seat's smooth surface, rendering it virtually invisible to the touch. Her fingers effortlessly glided across, failing to pick up on the Tiny pleading for her to notice them.

But their efforts were in vain, as PJ switched to the other cheek, entombing them in her butt crack for a terrifying split-second as she leaned to the other side. The girl's fingers explored the vast landscape of her mountainous rear, but her search still turned up fruitless.

*"...Nope! Don't feel anything!"*

Darcy nodded confidently. "See, just your imagination! Now ME, I'd know right away! I'm, like, an EXPERT at feeling stuff out with MY booty. I could tell you EXACTLY what I'm sittin' on, I've got TONS of experience."

Leaning in, she whispered, "There used to be this one dick in high school who always used to, like, ball up scraps of paper n' straw wrappers n' shit and put 'em on my seat before I sat down. So when he shrank, *I gave him EXACTLY what he wanted...*" She grinned and devilishly ground her shapely hips into her chair.

PJ gasped and shoved her playfully. "*You're evil!*" She laughed a little too loud. A sudden hush swept through the lecture hall as dozens of eyes turned to the tittering girls.

Feeling the weight of guilt, she leaned back onto her seat, burying the Tiny taped to her chair in a tidal wave of cheek meat once more.

But Darcy was unperturbed. "If you think that's bad, you've got NO idea what I put THIS GUY through," She continued, holding up her necklace. Inside the little cage dangling at the end was a Tiny, about half an inch tall and covered in football gear. "Say hi to my little hubby."

"Oh wowww, he's SO cute!" PJ cooed, peering in at the little man. He greeted her by violently slamming his helmet into the bars. "Um, I dunno about keeping him in a cage though. I don't think he likes it..."

"Nah he loves it," Darcy replied nonchalantly.

"It just seems so... *inhumane*, you know?"

Darcy adjusted her glasses smugly. "*Welllll... if you don't wanna keep track of your Tiny in a cage you could always go with the ol' tried-and-true method.*" Demonstrating, she opened her mouth and slowly lowered her shrunken boyfriend's metal chassis into her mouth like a hollow bathysphere. He let out a half-squeak as she clamped her lips closed, sealing him within. "*Keeps 'em safe n' secure in one place—Don't even need the cage!*"

"*You don't?*" PJ was intrigued. *Using your mouth was... a choice. But it didn't seem look it hurt the little guy, and Darcy really seemed like she knew her stuff!*

"Well if you're good you don't," Darcy said, absently-mindedly chewing on the little trinket. "*Don't worry babe, we'll share some quality time once we get home,*" She blurbled to her boyfriend. Aside she added, "He LOVES IT when I sit on him. It's like, his FAVORITE—You'd get a kick outta it too, even if you're not AS gifted as me! *If you went bare-butt even YOU'D be able to feel 'em squirming down there!*" She laughed obnoxiously.

PJ chuckled along and shook her head. *Like being able to feel a Tiny under your butt was such a big deal! Her new friend had said it best, she was a Kappa girl! If she was sitting on somebody, she'd TOTALLY be able to feel them! It couldn't be THAT hard...*

Satisfied, she wiggled her hips and went back to doodling in the margins of her notes, completely forgetting about whatever she'd been worried about in the first place.

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After a long, boring 80-minute lecture on local watersheds, class finally drew to close.

As PJ rose from her seat, Fraulein's gaze immediately zeroed in on her shorts, scanning for a trace of anything that might've gotten stuck to her. Any pieces of tape—or *remains of a Tiny caught up in those churning cheeks*. PJ briefly leaned forward and took a second to adjust her gymwear, which had practically turned into a wedgie over the course of class.

*Ohhhh to be that pair of gym shorts, sucked in and chewed up between those JUICY—*

Fraulein slapped herself. *She needed to focus, damn it!*

Her eyes followed PJ as she trotted out of class and narrowed as they spied that bespectacled lard-ass still clinging to her. Fraulein couldn't stand satellitic sycophants—People with such paper-thin personalities that they attached themselves to more interesting, rich and popular people to suckle on the teat of their success.

*Truly, they were the scum of the earth.*

Fraulein did her best to casually linger around as the rest of the students dispersed, and a small handful annoyingly stayed to talk to the professor about the upcoming midterms. Once the room had completely emptied, she made a beeline for PJ's seat.

*Please still be there, please still be there, please still be therrrrreeeee...*

Fraulein dropped to her knees before the abandoned seat.

The Tiny was still there.

Yes.

And it was still alive, too.

*FUCK* yes.

Nestled in the middle of an unmistakable assprint, her miniature victim thrashed as her shadow fell over them. Once more a crackling grin spread across Fraulein's lips. She gripped the edges of the seat and opened her mouth to taunt the little bug, to ask how it felt to be buried alive under such PERFECT buttocks, but no words would come out.

She could still feel the *warmth* radiating off the seat several minutes after PJ had left, the fading silhouette of her asscheeks was *still moist*...

Her husky pizza-breath washed over the Tiny as her shallow gasps thickened into long, ruminating breaths. Her vision blurred—

A thought shot into Fraulein's mind.

She drove her face into the seat, rubbing it right where PJ had sat mere moments ago.

She wanted all of it, she wanted to be a part of it. She wanted to close her eyes and imagine what it must've felt like to be buried alive beneath that bubble-butt. It gave the girl goosebumps and butterflies in her stomach as she took deep breaths in a desperate bid to hold onto the girl's intoxicating aroma.

The Tiny still stuck to the seat helplessly endured these rampant affections, mashed against her cheek and slathered in her spit as she blindly licked the sweat off the seat. The tape kept it from being sucked up her nose as she huffed the remnants of PJ's essence, but Fraulein still had plans in store as her eager eyes fell upon it hungrily.

*The delicious little thing had been practically... MARINATING under her ass for an hour...*

She unfurled her tongue and let it roll across the surface of the seat, soaking up whatever remained of PJ's ass sweat until it identified the smooth texture of the tape and the faint outline of the Tiny beneath it.

"You," Fraulein whispered, her dull grey lips hovering inches above her captive snack while her shuddering breath buffeted it, *"Are going to taste SO fucking good..."*

Her lips drew closer and planted a wet kiss upon it, which quickly transitioned into full tongue service, smothering the Tiny with her sopping taste buds. She licked it again and again with wild abandon, trying to lap up the little ass-snack. Her fumbling fingers gripped the edge of the tape and peeled it off quickly—*She was through playing with her food.*

With a bloodhound's intuition, Fraulein was upon the fleeting treat in an instant.

Her mouth opened wide, practically inhaling the little morsel. While she'd lost sight of the Tiny beneath her protruding rat-nose, she could still feel it as she licked along the length of the seat and lapped up its squirming body. Once her snack had been secured, she carefully curled the tongue back up, drawing it into the dripping den of her mouth.

Right away she started sucking on it like a hard candy. It was the ideal way to consume the larger Tinies—You had to sap out all their strength and energy first so they wouldn't put up too much of a fight going down. Pursing her lips, Fraulein started extracting every last molecule of PJ's lingering essence through her swishing spit.

She could taste the juices of the girl's sweaty ass. The rich taste of her buttcrack that had been baked into the Tiny's very being. The distant aroma of gym shorts that had gradually been eaten up by her cheeks until they had to be dredged out of the depths.

Fraulein purred at the thought. *This was the closest she would come to eating PJ's ass...*

When she'd finished, she let her snack flop onto the surface of her tongue and waited. Slowly it picked itself up, and just as it began to take its first timid steps within the greasy prison she lifted her tongue and slammed it into the roof of her rigid palate. It was pressed against the inside of her cheek, ran over her beaverish teeth, twisted and turned around until every ounce of enjoyment had been squeezed out of it.

And when she'd finally wrung out every last drop of resistance to her peristaltic forces...

*She swallowed.*

The best part about the bigger Tinies was that you could actually feel them as they went down. After every bit of flavoring had been sucked from them, getting to *feel* the little snacks struggling uselessly against the automatic indifference of the esophagus was one last little bonus for more adventurous eaters like Fraulein.

She traced the struggling lump's path as it traveled down her svelte, sculpted throat and disappeared into her chest. She could still feel it. *Fighting, writhing, crying out in despair*, until it dropped into her stomach, and was gone.

Fraulein sighed wistfully, rubbing her stomach.

*It was the best meal she'd ever had~*

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As she rose to her feet, Fraulein caught a flash of movement out of the corner of her eye.

Standing on the edge of one of the lecture chair's side desks was a Tiny. *ANOTHER Tiny.*

*Was it a shrunk student who'd been left behind? Somebody's pet?? Janitorial staff???*

*It didn't matter.*

*It had seen everything. Every second of her gross debauchery and disgusting obsession.*

*She had to get rid of it.*

Fraulein quickly snatched up the speck, the sole witness to her dirty deeds. It was a truly puny thing, less than half an inch tall—MUCH smaller than the Tiny she'd just eaten. *She wouldn't even feel it slip down her throat*, her mind buzzed as she unhinged her maw and prepared to send it tumbling in after her latest snack.

*It probably wasn't even one of the ones that could speak, but she couldn't risk leaving any witnesses.*

*NOTHING could be allowed to threaten her ascension to alpha wolfess...*

*"Um, pardon me?"*

Fraulein screamed.

*FUCK.*

She shot to her feet and whipped around in a hectic frenzy, her heart pounding as none other than PJ-fucking-Flax approached with a look of distress dashed across her face.

*This was it this was fucking it she'd been caught red-handed red-fucking-handed in the middle of trying to eat somebody she was going to jail she was going to fucking jail—*

"Sorry to bother you, but... I could REALLY use your help," PJ said, clasping her hands together and fluttering a pair of watery auburn eyes like a sick puppy.

Fraulein stuttered dumbly, tripping over herself. Finally she decided the less words that left her mouth the less she could incriminate herself and simply nodded, hoping the girl wouldn't notice her resemblance to a deer caught red-handed in the headlights.

*"Have you seen my Tiny???"* PJ brushed past the girl and knelt before her seat. "I SWEAR I left him here on the desk during class, but—but he's not here, and I—I'm worried maybe he got stuck on the floor— An—And somebody mighta... s-stepped on him..." Her eyes started to water as she choked back tears.

Fraulein politely tried not to notice and nodded along, tight-lipped.

*"I'm—I'm always SO careful with him, I dunno how I coulda forgot... and NOW he's so all alone somewhere and it's all my faaaaauuulttt..."* She let out a whimpered cry and put her face in her hands.

As PJ broke into blubbing sobs, Fraulein glanced down at her hand. She could feel the Tiny desperately beating its fists against her clammy skin ever since PJ had showed up.

*N-No...*

*It couldn't...*

Discreetly, she parted her fingers and peered down at the Tiny. It was a young man, dressed in all-black with a little cape, shoes, shoulder pads—*Definitely somebody's pet.*

She grimaced, slowly turning her gaze up to PJ.

The girl's usual carefree attitude had completely deteriorated into a mess of ugly crying. Her button nose wrinkled, her cheeks flushed red with bubbling tears streaming down her face. Her chin dimpled as her lips quivered, teetering on the brink of despair.

This wasn't the look of somebody who'd merely lost a disposable dollar-store trinket.

*"D-Did you see him??"* PJ asked with a quavering vulnerability in her voice. *"Can you help me find my little Mitchy? Please??? He means THE WORLD to me..."*

Fraulein blinked.

...

*Oh God damn it.*

*"W-Well—"* Fraulein cleared her throat. *"Well, I might've—Could you describe—"* She stammered uncertainly before abruptly unfurling her hand. *"Isthisyours???"*

PJ's face lit up. *"Mitchyyyyyyy,"* She squealed, *"I'm SO sorryyyyy..."* She delicately snatched him out of her hand and nuzzled the Tiny against her face. *"I PROMISE I'll NEVER leave you leave behind again! I—I just got distracted and... If something happened to you—"*

The feeling that was worming its way through Fraulein was difficult to pin down, but she felt like she should say something to lighten the mood. *"J-Just in time, too!"* She said, in that squeaky, stammering voice of hers that she hated. *"I almost ate the little guy!"*

The air chilled around PJ. *"What?"*

Fraulein grinned tightly. *"I-It's just a joke, y'know? 'Cause SOMEONE might've thought he might be a... Like—Like one of those Gourmet Tinies, y'know? The ones from Fooshe Foods™?"* She sensed she'd crossed a line somewhere and was precariously trying to feel out where.

*"Oh, I HATE those things!"* PJ spat. *"Selling TINIES as FOOD!! How could some EVIL corporation do something so CRUEL!? And just think of the IMPLICATIONS!"*

Fraulein coughed. *"Y-Yeah, they're... It—Uhh—it's p-pretty messed up."* She knew the intricacies of the business well enough to make the girl's head spin...

A third voice waddled into the conversation to spare her any further *faux pas*. *"Didja find your little pet?"* Asked the big-bellied nerd with the ugly bangs from before, chewing on her necklace.

"Darcy, I found him!" PJ beamed, showing off her dear Tiny. "*This is Mitchy!* Well, he USED to be called Nicky, but now he wants me to call him *Mitch*," She said with a satirical surliness, then cocked her head to the side curiously. "I dunno why..."

Darcy nodded, then turned her hog-like snout up at Fraulein. "And who's this?"

"*I'm Kitty!*" Fraulein jumped at the opportunity to reinvent herself. She'd been meaning to try to get this name to catch on, but Vivienne refused to humor any nicknames she hadn't come up with herself. "*W-Well, it's—It's not my REAL name. But my last name is Katz, so, y'know, everyone calls me Kitty. Get it? Kitty? Katz? Like kitty-cat?*" She grinned.

Darcy nodded, unamused. "*Uh-huh. So are you a Chi sister also?*" She asked, swishing her necklace around inside her mouth methodically.

"*Uhh, Chi?*"

"*Kappa-Kappa-Chi!*" PJ chimed in. "It's our sorority!"

"The ONLY mixed-size sorority on campus," Darcy added, adjusting her glasses. She put her hands on her hips and thrust out her belly matter-of-factly. "We ONLY take in people who are SERIOUS about Tinies, like us—*REAL Mixed-Size Allies!*" She huffed haughtily.

Fraulein choked. "*Oh, I—I LOVE Tinies!* I was just joking, uh, earlier after I helped find—"

"*Omigosh,*" PJ gasped, shoving her explanation aside, "Darcy PLEASE tell me you won't tell the rest of the girls what happened with Mitchy, it'd be SO embarrassing!"

"See, ya gotta keep him somewhere SAFE," Darcy needled her. "I NEVER forget my itty-bitty-boytoy." She opened her mouth, revealing her Tiny boyfriend's spit-soaked cage. "*Never forget what he TASTES LIKE either, hehe!*"

Fraulein shuddered. *EATING the little guy would've been more dignified...*

"*I dunnooooo...*" PJ moaned uneasily. "I don't think Mitchy would like that..." She glanced at the little man in her palm fidgeting fitfully. She seemed squeamish, but Darcy wouldn't back down that easily.

*"Trust me,"* The portly half-pint lisped, slurping her boyfriend back up between her chubby cheeks. "It's, like, psychosomatic shit for Tinies. Calms 'em right down. *RIGHT, Kitty-Kat?*"

Thrust into the spotlight, Frau—KITTY sputtered helplessly as both girls suddenly turned to her. *Was this a test? Were they fucking with her??*

Darcy winked at her behind PJ's back, running her tongue over her braces.

*"That's—Oh, YEAH!"* She nodded frantically. "Yup, that—I've heard about that, uh-huh."

"See!" Darcy said confidently. "Even the newbie knows how you're SUPPOSED to take care of 'em!"

PJ stared down at her pet uneasily. *"Well... I'm not too sure about this, but..."* She slowly pried her lips apart and stuck out her tongue. Trembling, she pinched the Tiny between her fingers and delicately lowered him onto her quaking tongue. Once she felt his little feet on her tastebuds, PJ gently swaddled him in her spit and closed her mouth.

*"Thaw we 'o..."* She struggled to eke out, trying to keep from flapping her gums too much.

Kitty's jaw dropped. The look of sheer terror on that Tiny's face as PJ sealed her lips shut was nothing short of *pure delicacy*.

Clearly, she'd misjudged this Darcy character. She wasn't just some bumbling know-it-all aimlessly running her mouth, this was all clever manipulation. The delicate gaslighting of such a sweet, innocent soul, slowly corroding her better judgment bit-by-bit. If this *gormless blaggart* could so effortlessly convince PJ to pop her precious Tiny into her mouth like a little breathmint, Kitty trembled at the thought of what she could accomplish if SHE could get PJ to put such blind faith into her.

*All the dirty deeds they'd get away with in the name of "helping" these worthless bugs...*

*She NEEDED to join this sorority.*

*"So... 'ow 'ong a' I 'uppo'ed to kee' hi' in 'ere?"* PJ awkwardly managed to articulate, maneuvering her Tiny around on her tongue. She finally seemed to get him in a position where she wouldn't have to worry about accidentally swallowing him and spoke more clearly, "It's kinda hard to keep track of him."

"Ah, you'll get the hang of it." Darcy waved her off. "ANYWAY, I'm gonna get goin'. Nice to meet you, Kitty," She said, spitting out her shrunken boyfriend and letting his cage splat against her bouncing bosom. "We'll be seein' ya~"

Kitty watched her go with newfound respect for an unsung master of her craft. A true titan of industry, if you could somehow make a living off torturing Tinies.

"SO!" PJ drifted to her side and started walking with her out of class, "D'you go to the gym on-campus?"

"Uhhh..." It was difficult to pay attention to what she was actually saying. With each word that flew from her flapping lips, Kitty caught glimpses of the barely-visible speck bouncing around inside her mouth.

A dancing vision of leaning into a passionate kiss with the girl floated across her vision.

*As they locked lips, her tongue would invade PJ's mouth and wrangle the struggling Tiny out of her grasp. When they separated, she'd send the little thing on a one-way trip down her gullet, permanently silencing the little snitch and PJ would never—*

"Kitty?"

Kitty blinked. "Uhh. N-No, I... don't really work out that often—"

"Hold up..." PJ's bottom lip bulged out slightly as she quickly tucked the Tiny in front of her teeth like a wad of gum. "There we go—OMIGOSH we should be gym buddies! It'd be so fuunnnnnn~"

"Yeahhhh... Yeah! I—That'd be good." She smiled, genuinely. "I'd like that."

*It wasn't exactly sloppy makeouts, but it was a step in the right direction.*

"Yayyyy! Alright, sounds like a date!" With a friendly wave, PJ started to drift away. But the Wolf of Jealousy ached inside Kitty, howling desperately as PJ took her leave.

"WAIT!" Kitty snapped, causing PJ to pause. "Uh—Could I get your number? Y'know, so we could actually keep in touch and make plans for getting together?" Every part of her

wanted to scream, to brush it off as a joke and then avoid this girl for the rest of her life, but that was the old her, Fraulein Katz. *Cowardly, timid little Fraulein Katz...*

*Now she was Kitty, and Kitty was going to be a bit more confident.*

All the effort paid off as PJ broke into a sheepish grin. "Oh, thanks for reminding me!" She airdropped her info and added, "And if you're ever interested in joining *Kappa Kappa Chi*, just lemme know! We could use more people like you!" She said, winking.

*P-people like her...*

"Alright, see you at the gym!" PJ called over her shoulder. "Just be sure to pick out some good work-out clothes! I swear, these things ride up like CRAZY!"

Kitty watched as PJ reached behind her and plucked the thin polyester shorts out from between her jiggling cheeks before trotting away. She bit her lip and gulped.

*There went the girl of her dreams.*

*Sweet, sweet Penny Jubilee...*

A dazed, dopey grin spread across her face as the next class's students slowly started trickling in.

*She couldn't wait to corrupt her...*