

“Jessica Next Door” Part 1: Stress Relief

Jessica trudged into her room, her 4'8" frame weary from a long day of classes. The petite blonde often found herself dwarfed by the taller students walking between the towering buildings on campus. Not so, though, in her personal sanctuary. Here, she was the big one. Her blue eyes, framed by long lashes, flicked around her small but cozy bedroom in the apartment she shared with her boyfriend Zeke. He wouldn't be back from his own classes and labs for a few more hours, which was perfect. Jessica had some stress to blow off, and she knew exactly how she wanted to do it.

She tossed her backpack onto her bed and unzipped it, reaching inside to pull out a small, nondescript box. Inside, nestled among the freshly worn panties she'd stuffed in to give some soft padding, were four tiny twats, as Jessica had addressed them upon shrinking them. Each one was about an inch tall. All of these girls had towered over Jessica, but now she towered over them. She had shrunk them down after spotting them leaving the lecture hall, having cut her off and taken the last parking spot near the building earlier in the day. Their parking there meant she had to grab a spot across campus. Jessica was furious, but she found a much healthier outlet for her frustration after class.

Jessica sat with a contented huff on the edge of her unmade bed, the springs creaking faintly beneath her negligible weight. She kicked off her canvas sneakers, letting them thud to the carpet, and peeled away her socks to expose pale, narrow feet with toenails painted a pastel pink. With deliberate languor, she crossed her legs at the ankles, her calves forming a loose diamond, a casual cage of smooth skin that trapped the four tiny women she dumped on the rumpled duvet between her thighs. She wore a pleated skirt she'd thrifted, and it fit her proportions perfectly. From their vantage, the shrunken students stared upward into that shadowed triangle, the cotton blend hiked high enough that her sex was bare to the afternoon

light filtering through her blinds. No underwear. Now they knew why the panties in the box had been so warm and fragrant.

“Alright, bitches,” Jessica breathed, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper that nonetheless seemed loud to their minute ears. She tilted her head, blonde hair cascading over one shoulder. “I’ve got front-row seats to the show. Better entertain me.”

She nudged one of them, a brunette with her arms still crossed in indignation, with the tip of her pinky finger. The glossy nail was hard on her back.

“Kiss. All of you. I want to see tongue. And groping.”

The four tiny women huddled together, their bare feet sinking into the soft blanket as they stared up at the blonde goddess looming above them, her legs forming an inescapable prison. They blinked in confusion, trying to comprehend the abrupt and terrifying change in their circumstances.

There was Tina, the curvy brunette with the fiery temper, her green eyes flashing with defiance even as she trembled. Beside her, Sarah, the petite redhead with the heart-shaped face and a smattering of freckles across her button nose, looked on the verge of tears. Melissa, the athletic black girl with the toned physique and braids, rubbed her temples as if to clear away a bad dream. And finally, Olivia, the bespectacled Asian girl with the shy smile and the perpetual blush on her cheeks, peered around in awe and dread.

They were all still processing the fact that mere minutes ago, they had been walking out of their afternoon lecture, a bit later than normal, arguing over where to eat. Now, they were the size of dolls, trapped between the thighs of a short blonde who seemed intent on humiliating them. The reality of their situation hadn’t quite sunk in yet, but the fear was palpable. Their hearts raced as they looked to each other for guidance, unsure of how to react to Jessica’s command. Kiss? Each other? Why? Yet the alternative...

Jessica's normally delicate, but now massive, fingers closed around Tina's tiny waist. The brunette yelped as she was lifted off the bed, dangling in midair between two of their captor's digits. She kicked and flailed, but Jessica held her aloft with infuriating ease, as if Tina weighed nothing at all.

"Did I stutter, bitch?" Jessica hissed, her blue eyes narrowing as she glared down at the other three terrified girls. "I said, kiss. Now."

Her other hand raised up, holding a small device that gleamed in the light. It was sleek and silver, with a blinking red light on the side that pulsed like a malevolent heartbeat.

Tina's eyes widened in panic as she saw the device. She opened her mouth to scream, but no sound emerged; she was being held so tightly. Tears streamed down her face. "Please," she gasped out, "Please, I'm sorry. I'll do anything. Just don't..."

Jessica cut her off by thumbing a button on the shrink device. A quick beam of light shot out, engulfing Tina's tiny form. In an instant, she vanished, her body shrunken so small that it was lost in the air currents from the blonde's body heat. She would eventually settle somewhere on Jessica's body. Probably. But Jessica rubbed her fingers together as if to free dirt from them and paid no mind to where her new parasite would end up. She had three more dolls to break in.

Sarah, Melissa, and Olivia watched in horror as Tina disappeared before their eyes. They huddled closer together, their hearts pounding in their chests. The reality of their situation crashed down on them like a ton of bricks. They were completely at the mercy of this sadistic blonde goddess. One false move, one hesitation, and they too could be reduced to less than nothing in an instant.

Jessica smirked down at them, a wicked gleam in her eyes. She crossed her arms below her chest, her elbows resting atop her knees as she leaned forward to get a better look at her new toys.

“Well?” she asked, arching one perfectly sculpted eyebrow. “I’m waiting. And let me remind you, I can always get more. So you better make it good, or else...”

She left the threat hanging in the air, allowing it to sink in. The three remaining girls gulped, their eyes darting nervously to where Tina had once been. They knew they had no choice. Slowly, hesitantly, they turned to face each other as they leaned in to obey their new mistress's command.

For Tina, the world didn't just get bigger; it exploded into a chaotic abyss. As the beam hit her, the giant bedroom scenery vanished, replaced by a terrifying, violent blur of motion. She felt herself plummeting, the air rushing past her like a hurricane, a roar of wind filling her ears that drowned out any hope of a scream. She was no longer an inch tall. She was less than a speck to a mote of dust in the vast atmosphere of the room. Gravity took hold of her microscopic form, and she felt herself being swept along in the air currents generated from the warm, humid heat radiating from the gargantuan goddess above.

Tina couldn't make out any features as she plummeted by abstract walls of flesh and fabric and hair. Eventually, things began to take on a semblance of recognition. She looked up, or was it down? She had no control. She was simply falling toward a vast, pink landscape that loomed closer and closer. She braced herself for impact, shutting her eyes tight.

The surface beneath her was soft, damp, and warm. The air itself was drenched in humid moisture. As she opened her eyes, she realized she was standing on a slick, undulating expanse of something massive and organic. To her left and right, towering, fleshy pillars rose up

like organic skyscrapers, blocking out the sky. What sky she could see was dark red. Was she in a cave? She scrambled to her feet, her tiny hands slipping on the wet surface. It was thick and cloying. She was so small she wasn't even breaking surface tension! She raised her head and gasped. Before her was a massive silver ball the size of the moon. She recognized it for what it was. Olivia's tongue stud. She was standing on a tongue.

Above her, the sky was darkening. A massive, moist roof was descending, descending with a slow, inevitable momentum that filled Tina with absolute dread. She turned and ran, her feet splashing through shallow pools of saliva that were, to her, the size of lakes. But there was nowhere to hide. The roof, Olivia's upper lip, hit home.

Tina looked up just as the great fleshy mass of Olivia's tongue began to roll and swell, rising up to meet something. The taste buds, once microscopic bumps, were now jagged mountains of flesh that rose above her and threatened to crush her.

And then, the impact came.

Olivia's tongue surged forward, meeting Melissa's in a desperate, forced kiss. The force of the collision was indescribable. Tina was swept up in the tide of saliva and muscle, tossed around like a piece of debris in a storm. She was overwhelmed by the sheer scale of it, the warmth and moisture engulfing her completely. Above, the two girls were lost in their mandated kiss, Olivia's tongue dancing with Melissa's in a clumsy, reluctant dance. Neither of them had the slightest idea that their friend Tina was currently fighting for her life, a microscopic speck of a girl being tossed about within the cavern of Olivia's mouth, a hidden passenger in a sea of spit and tongue.

Tina thrashed and struggled against the undulating tide of Olivia's tongue, the slick, muscular surface shuddering and rolling beneath her feet. She gasped for air, but all she inhaled was the thick, heady scent of her friend's saliva and the faint taste of cinnamon lip gloss.

The heat was stifling, the air so thick and humid she felt like she was drowning. She scrabbled desperately at the tongue's surface, trying to find some purchase, some handhold to pull herself up and out of this fleshy prison. But the slick, glistening expanse offered no respite. With each undulation of the tongue, Tina was tossed and rolled, flung this way and that like a speck of sand in a powerful wave.

Above, the kiss between Olivia and Melissa grew more fervent, more insistent. Jessica smirked cruelly down at them, enjoying the sight of the two girls being forced to make out for her amusement. They were trying to give her a show, but she could see the reluctance in their movements, the stiffness of their postures. Still, they were being good girls, at least. They were obeying her command, even if it made them uncomfortable.

Lost in the humid, fleshy landscape of Olivia's mouth, Tina had no idea of the scene unfolding above. She could only focus on her own desperate struggle to survive. The taste buds towered above her like skyscrapers, their ridged and furrowed surfaces casting long, undulating shadows in the dim, saliva-slick light. Tina's lungs burned for air, her muscles ached from her fruitless struggles. She wanted to scream, to cry out for help, but who would hear her? Who would know she was here, trapped in the vast, cavernous mouth of her friend? She never got her answer. A wave of saliva and a particularly strong suction sent her tumbling down Melissa's throat.

Jessica watched with a predatory glint in her eyes as Olivia and Melissa's lips continued their clumsy attempts at making out. The sight of their trembling bodies and the slight, wet sounds of their forced intimacy that she could barely hear sent a thrill of sadistic pleasure through her. She wasn't done playing, though. The entertainment needed a more personal touch. Her hand drifted down, her fingers sweeping across the comforter like massive, pale pillars until they found Sarah. The redhead was shivering, her eyes wide and glassy with terror as Jessica's thumb and forefinger closed around her waist. She felt the tiny girl's fit body and firm breasts through her shirt, a fragile little morsel that could be crushed with a single, careless squeeze.

With a wicked smirk, Jessica lifted Sarah up. The girl's legs dangled, kicking uselessly in the air, her tiny hands grasping at the titanic fingers of her captor. Jessica didn't bring her to her face; instead, she lowered her toward her own pleasure center.

Said heat hit Sarah first, a sweltering, humid atmosphere that smelled of musk and salt. Then, the sensation of the landing. Jessica pressed Sarah directly onto the swollen, hypersensitive nub of her clitoris. To Sarah, it was like being dropped onto a warm, throbbing mound of pink flesh, a massive, pulsing organ that seemed to vibrate with a life of its own.

"Get to work," Jessica commanded, her voice a low, earth-shaking rumble that vibrated through Sarah's entire body. "Make me feel good, or you'll be the next one to vanish."

Jessica leaned back on her elbows, her chest heaving slightly. As Sarah struggled to find her footing on the slippery, twitching mound of flesh, Jessica reached up with her free hand. She pinched her own nipples through her thin shirt, twisting and tugging at them with a sharp, playful cruelty, her eyes never leaving the spectacle of the kissing girls while the tiny, frantic redhead worked on her clit.

The friction of Sarah's tiny, frantic movements against her clitoris was driving Jessica to the brink, but the weakness of a miniature girl was starting to frustrate her. She wanted release, and she wanted it now!

With a sudden, impatient movement, Jessica reached down and scooped up the three remaining girls, gathering them into the shallow bowl of her left palm. They tumbled over one another, a heap of tiny, terrified limbs. Without a second thought, Jessica brought the silver device up.

Zap, and they were gone. Almost.

The world would never know they were there, but Jessica did. The sensation of being shrunk was a sickening, compressing lurch that left them feeling weightless and dizzy. When the light faded, they weren't even an inch tall anymore; they were mere specks, barely a millimeter each.

Jessica lifted her right hand, extending her index finger. She carefully scooped the three microscopic morsels onto the tip of her normally petite digit. To the girls, the finger was a warm, slightly textured island of skin, rising up like a fleshy platform toward a goddess in the sky. Jessica raised her hand, bringing her finger inches from her face so she could loom over them like a celestial entity. She held her breath, her chest tight, terrified that a single, uncontrolled exhale would send her "toys" flying across the room like dust motes.

"Look at you," Jessica cooed, her voice a deep, thunderous vibration that rattled their very bones. Her blue eyes, massive and unfathomable, peered down at them. To the girls, her iris was a vast, swirling nebula of blue, her eyelashes like thick, dark columns of redwood trees. "You're so small. So insignificant. You're practically nothing, aren't you?"

She let out a tiny, controlled giggle, a sound that felt like a series of low-frequency booms to the tiny women.

“Just little little specks of dust for me to play with,” she taunted, her breath a warm, humid gale that smelled of the lollies she’d had earlier. “One sneeze, and you’re gone. One flick, and you’re lost in the carpet forever. Do you feel it? How much power I have over your entire little existence? Even as small as you are, you’ll still have a great purpose. Just knowing you’re there will help me get off.”

A sharp, amused snort escaped Jessica's nose as she chuckled at their terror, and the unintended consequence was a sudden, forceful puff of air. To the microscopic girls, especially Sarah, it was a burst from a hurricane. She was lifted clean off the fleshy plateau of the finger, tumbling head over heels through a dizzying, golden-lit void. She screamed, but her voice went unheard as she plummeted toward the vast, pale landscape below.

She bounced off a warm, damp ridge before she landed with a soft thud on a cold, metallic surface. She scrambled to her feet, gasping, only to realize she was perched on an emerald-colored gem set in a silver ring that sat like a massive, unyielding guard at a canyon of flesh. She was stranded on Jessica's navel piercing. For Sarah, the silver ring was a titanic, polished monument, and the flesh surrounding it was a warm, undulating valley of skin that stretched toward the horizon.

Jessica, oblivious to the tiny redhead's new predicament, turned her attention back to the remaining two and lowered her right hand. She brought the fingertip containing Melissa and Olivia down toward the dark, damp crevice between her thighs. As the finger descended, the girls were met with a wall of heat so intense it felt like approaching a volcano. The scent of Jessica's arousal, thick and musk heavy, washed over them like a tidal wave.

They looked down into the abyss of her pussy. It was a yawning, crimson-hued canyon of wet, pulsing folds that seemed to reach up to swallow them whole. The moisture was everywhere, a shimmering, viscous sea that beckoned and terrified them in equal measure.

“Down you go,” Jessica giggled, her eyes half lidded with anticipation as she prepared to deposit her tiny, microscopic passengers into the warm, wet depths of her hungry sex.

Their descent was a chaotic plunge into a humid, pink abyss. As Jessica’s finger pressed the two remaining girls into her opening, the sheer force of her entry sent them sliding deep into the slick, pulsing cavern of her vagina. Melissa and Olivia were swept away by a torrent of thick, translucent arousal, the walls of the canal squeezing them with rhythmic, unrelenting strength. Jessica’s breathing hitched, her hips beginning to buck in a frantic, desperate tempo. She drove her fingers inside herself, her movements becoming a blur of friction and heat.

“Oh... god...” she moaned, her voice a monstrous rumble that vibrated through the very walls the girls were clinging to.

As the tension reached its breaking point, Jessica’s entire body stiffened. Her internal muscles began to spasm in the violent, rhythmic throes of a massive orgasm. For Olivia, the sensation was terrifying; she was swept into a tight, muscular crevice, the walls contracting around her with the force of a hydraulic press. As Jessica’s climax peaked, a massive, crushing contraction slammed Olivia against the pulsing, wet wall of the vaginal canal. The pressure was absolute, pinning the tiny girl so tightly that she could barely even draw a breath, her microscopic form crushed by the sheer power of the short goddess's release.

Near her, Melissa was caught in a different fate. As the waves of pleasure surged, a heavy deluge of slick, viscous juices flooded the canal. Melissa was swept deeper, trapped against the throbbing cervix, where she became hopelessly ensnared. The thick, tacky fluid acted like organic glue, sticking her to the soft, undulating wall. She was trapped in a warm, dark, pulsing world, unable to move, listening to the distant, thunderous thuds of Jessica's heartbeat echoing through the flesh.

Jessica slumped back against the pillows, her chest heaving, a dazed, blissful grin plastered on her face. She felt a slight, strange tingle deep inside, a tiny sensation that she dismissed as nothing more than the aftershocks of her intense pleasure. She had no idea that one of her “toys” was now a permanent, microscopic resident of her most unseen depths. Even if she did, she wouldn’t care. They were beneath her and not worth noticing if they weren’t bringing her pleasure.

After the storm of her climax subsided, Jessica let out a long, satisfied sigh. She felt heavy and languid, her muscles humming with the afterglow of her release. She sat up, feeling the sticky, drying residue of her arousal clinging to her thighs. With a groan of mild annoyance at the mess, she stood up to head to the bathroom to clean herself up.

As she rose, the sudden shift in gravity and the force of her movement acted like a catapult for the tiny, stranded redhead. Sarah, left forgotten about and clinging desperately to the silver ring of the navel piercing, was jolted loose and launched from Jessica’s body. She tumbled through the air, a silent, invisible speck, before landing deep within the labyrinthine folds of the titanic blonde’s messed-up sheets. To Sarah, the sheets were no longer fabric; they were vast, mountainous dunes of white and pink cotton, smelling of sweat and musk, trapping her in a valley of tangled, suffocating fibers.

An hour later, the door creaked open. Jessica returned, smelling of vanilla body wash and fresh soap. She was clad only in a pair of thin, green lace panties that hugged her hips perfectly. She looked refreshed, her skin glowing and damp from the shower. Without a second thought, she flopped back onto the bed, her weight causing the mattress to heave and the sheets to shift violently. The movement sent a tremor through the fabric, dislodging Sarah from her hiding spot. The tiny girl was tossed into a fold of the sheet, caught in a sudden rising gust of air as Jessica pulled the heavy comforter up to her chin, covering them both. She was once again trapped on the body of her tormentor.